

Owl Light Texting

Pallas Athena & Jampa Dorje





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Only when the dusk starts to fall does the owl of Minerva spread its wings and fly.

Is freedom a property of our being
or are we a property of freedom?

So many thoughts, so many feelings entangled in them

A bird outside a window singing and a dark-haired woman washing a teacup go on dreaming
new dreams

This evening's sunset, twilight's birth

Somewhere in the dream, the dark-haired woman speaks of
twilight, and I feel purple shadows travel from her eyes to mine

**Thank you for the light, the lightness you bring,
makes the task at hand joyful**

Stay light and bright, my sprite

As the flower's face follows the sun, so do I

A river fell in love with a maid/ Her image penetrated deeply/ When her image is gone/ His soul
floods with longing, and the longing returns the longer you're gone, be this right or wrong, I'm
leaving these songs—as the Zen poet, Ikkyu, once wrote— “I still worry about how I look my dry
white hair oh age wanting to fuck but I'll sing no matter how things are”

**Watch twilight approach on lavender wings awaiting lover luna.
Stars fall to their knees and praise the coming of night****

I want to make art with you under the stars

Our colors mix well

Luminous matter in hollow air/ spontaneous flight

Waxing crescent dream

Goodnight

Looking for my face before I was born I found the woman of my nameless love poem

**whispered names breeze the same
a flirtation or two
thinking of you**

I caught a thought, a serene serenade
before the burg's busyness began

**My day has already gotten that way,
unfortunately serendipity escaped**

If the day releases its grip, whisper
I would like to talk to you before I talk to anyone

:)

To be undressed next to you
Exploring your aura
Questions answered
And new questions
To be addressed
Or arrested next to you
Driving way over the limit

**Undressed arrest may be addressed
Regardless the limit posted**

Sending a whisper

**Thanks for the softness
Tender emotions front and center
Wanted you to know I know you feel me
I received your whisper just as I
Was beginning to cry, a timely gift,
Your intuition, your text, your love
You are beautiful to me**

Hope your spirit is revitalized
Sending Medicine Buddha mantra
Freeing you from all ailments
TAYATA OM BEKANDZE
BEKANDZE MAHA BEKANDZE
RADZA SAMUDGATE SOHA

:)

I'm here having a cup of tea in morning light
Wishing you were here, feeling you close
Just a whisper away

**Strange to feel like I'm standing between two worlds
in a moment**

Worlds within worlds
But not to worry
There's world enough and time

Do you know that you glow? You should look in the mirror

Thank you for polishing my mind, and you, sweetheart, glow from a kind heart

It's deeper than your mind, and thank you

My lady is gone
Leaving only the air

I draw to me the air
Everything she's touched
Rejoices me

words not

kiss want

tantrant

slip knot

feeling

One kiss is worth a thousand words, yet a thousand kisses no truer than this poem, and as these words slip pass the sentry of your heart, I count the seconds of my imprisonment till I am hung. I may have misread your poem. I do not want to go beyond what you want. I hope you do not feel trapped

Oh sweet. Don't worry. We understand one another very well. I have lots of thoughts that I haven't been able to put together yet, but I will. And I'll share. Soon.

A singer sings in a court of singers a song of love amid false songs sung to a lady beneath a gaze that changes. The singer sings of being unable to sing. He complains, and his lady knows he's steadfast since false lovers sing the same, so singing praises sounds suspicious. This is one strategy. The singer sings of the lady's aloofness, yet claims she's faultless. She knows he's lying or a fool when he claims he only wants to serve her and promises he will worship the ground she walks on, yet he persists by reaffirming his devotion. This is another strategy. The singer can sing of another lady and how his lady's charms fall short in hopes of turning her vanity towards her like a mirror. This may backfire and the singer receive her ire. I'm a fool for revealing strategies when love can't be won through strategy

There seems no strategy to win that which is truly a mystery, a gift

Only to being open and honest and humbled

Depression desiccates

Passions purpose barely lift

Eyes to sun

Lengthening shadows

Threatening sorrows

Fearing darkness

**Has won
Isolate
Hibernate
Keep everyone away
Die alone
Then go home
Call it a rainy day**

**So humble I stumble on my heart
Fear of loving, of attachment,
Of falling in love, of mixing up my mind
And heart and losing it all. In my mind,
I'm lying on the bank of a river under
The bough of a moist cedar tree. I am
Having a hard time but holding on**

For now, lift your eyes and give your blues to the sky
You're close to hope and close to despair, past and future fears
To retreat is defeat and advances mean more conflict

So, there you are in wonder at your emerging
Life takes a new course, but life is not a love story
It's a gamble

Brace yourself and flight
Choose light or night
Knowing rightly a knight

**illuminating her premonitions
the knight hangs the moon and stars
within
without
with love**

one flame ignites another flame
two lights too light
floating heavenward with words burning

**periwinkle velvet
twixt light**

and night

You are becoming more precious to me every day.

**Soleil is shy
Hides her face
On silver high
In deep embrace
Crimson sweets
Hung in June
Almost black
Most maroon**

Tempting to pick and taste this luscious fruity flesh
It's been said, "Life is a chair of bowlies."

I'm here now. Would you like to come over?

Earlier in the day
We picked raspberries and talked of the path
Our feelings have taken

Earlier in the day
I had been asked if I had anything planned
And I said I was looking forward
to picking raspberries with a pretty girl

And now, I use my wordsmith way
to mold this prose into thanking you
Not just for the deliciousness of your presence
But for the nectar of your lovely words

And uttered so no one would think that much had transpired,
A strategy, but I read in the foot I held the flow of flames
That consumes me on my path to reach your lips

**Diesel trucks
Jackknifed trailers
Lips wagging
Cowboys hats**

Rainbow sparks
Twinkling eyes
Two lights
Take a carpet ride
On Main
X

On Main down
This way, the day
Relaxes after a fax
Sent to UC Berkeley

Seeing you sent an X
Hoping my beard
Wasn't rough

Soft as a whisper :)

I was watching a film I like, and I want you to see a part, where a man shaves his beard

I would like that, sounds interesting.

Petrarch sang the world
Is but a flitting dream
Impermanent, Buddha said

Reaching you in dreams
With dreamlike words
To tell my dream

Is momentarily real
But lasts until the last
Dreamlike truth dissolves

Dreaming of a cool mid-summer eve

Yes, I can perform Tantra on the level you asked about, I just haven't had a suitable partner. And as to "falling in love," by this I mean I needed to choose between remaining as a monk or moving towards you with the serious intent of having intimate relations, and I can't do both in good faith, and your unique characteristics have determined my path [and, I have decided on giving back my monastic vows]

You are precious and I thank you for your explanations. I feel honored that you find unique characteristics in me that are attractive to you. Likewise. Our whole relationship is unique, and I value it very much.

I was sad, and now I'm happy again.

Don't worry, be happy :)

You want to converse in verse
Just not light verse
But you ain't seen the reverse
Cause you can't yet trip w/o rules

Let's flip our wigs and bop w/o stop
Let our hair down, lay it down across town
We've gone round and round
And you blow me a kiss like you're blowing me off

We move a step or two and you get distracted
Round and round we go, no time to think
No time to know
No time
What's next?

I won't lie to you
I want you to lie next to me
Midnight passions, be careful what you ask for
At least you got your reain

:)

We go a step or two, and you
sidestep— lead on, my lady

Thinking of you and your appointment [with the doctor for *Viagra*] today.

Love,

Your dakini

In a bikini

:):):)

the writer pens
magic memories
fiery fingers
burn the sun
into the ground

**my door is open to a sound like a sigh
your feet could bring you but you evaporate
my gaze lifts to the stars
hoping I see you in my dreams**

**

Moonlight gleamed through,
and though the living wears down,
he finds a luminous, stubborn joy

Good morning, young man, your tenacity for life always inspires me. I look at the reflection of my naked body and am amazed how narrow my hips and petite, my frame. I remember being so pregnant that I could balance a bowl of ice cream on my belly.

Riding the wind your way

Meditative morning light and a cacophony of crows causing chaos. Shotgun?

There is crow language, are they to your right or to your left, east, west, north, south? If east, your prayers will be answered, overhead, a guest will come

As the crows fly, they switch and bank from this side to that. I bid the "guest" adieu and sleep. Coiled angel...I'll never be the same

A group of crows is called a murder of crows, you should have used the shotgun

Seriously? Murder? How appropriate. Those barking birds could wake the dead. Your poetry is mind altering. Coiled angel...wow

Ikkyu was awoken by a crow with no mouth.

He was having a wet dream. Sorry, I couldn't resist...

Of Orpheus's body, only the head was left, it bobbed away on the swirling surface of the river, still singing

Now, that's tenacity. The women of Thrace are shredded in their next lifetimes by Eurydice who is reincarnated as a Leo.

Eurydice, for you I am building a brand-new world, wonder if love can exist between us, what you are I want, feel this gushing through these early morning whispers

I think of you and all that is, seeing new light through old windows

The perfect poem has only a few words and is whispered in the ear of the beloved— a little Windex goes a long, long ways

Take it from a pro window washer, Windex sucks...It's all in the blade and the one who wields it...New Light from Old Windows was an album by Chris Rhea...I've always like the idea of new from old, rebirth

Life is not that opaque. Your words lighten my mood and illuminate my mind, that Athena knows well from whence to draw her metaphors

I liked to hear your difficulty pronouncing Eurydice. And that you made the effort to learn to say it a different way. That's cool, I thin. You are different and that makes all the difference to me.

New light through an old window, an old song
New love through an old heart, a new life—
August and November eternally return

Okay, you take the cake, that's beautiful, truly

As are you, and the frosting is delicious

Mmmm:)

**Curvular wisp
So ginger there
The blushing wine
He drinks of her
She plaits
His silken hair**

Morning tangle
And a new angle
An angel with angleness
Or an angle with angelness

**Rolling along
Not minding the signs
To my surprise
Time stopped
I stood down the
Gentle breeze that blew my mind
To thought and imagination**

Poetry comes up from our hearts and tangles in our brains— an angel arises, then devises a morning inspection of dreamland's reflection— how perfect you were, moonwalking last night, as was I

Perhaps our steps will cross and circle again soon

Any chance swift-footed Athena will put in an appearance?

She is scaling rays of light and will come down from her loft before night falls. Feathering a nested heaven.

Odysseus sang to you, Athena, love me, love me as much as you can. Your owl replied whooo. He orders the crows to guard you, as your owl in its lofty nest rests from the lofty light.

I'll be on my way to your door soon

Athena, chaste and circumspect, goddess of art, wisdom, and the craft of war
Hot in battle, hot between the sheets, if you can get her between the sheets
You blinded Tiresias but gave him second sight
If I were to choose to whom to give the golden apple
I'd choose you

A challenge only approached by the confident and tenacious :)

**And here we are
With bare feet
And a beginner's mind**

I take a step into space
A foot of space, a foot
Of time, in time with you

Good morning

Ah, bright eyes, your radiance
Rivals old Sol, invigorating my mind

**Your silver tongue
Relects the sun
We shine**

Oh, entwined bodies and entangled minds
My silver tongue is far from through with you
Praises, I speak of praises...

Mmmm, hmmm:)

Although your absence has not been long,
The lack of your presence means I can't
Take pleasure in anything

My heart is sore. Someday I will be able to be light-hearted [about relationships] like you are with yours. Just not there yet. I think about when you left town to get away from the

torment. Sometimes I want to run too. I've run inside and I've run outside. I've always come back around. It's tuff to live without attachments.

It takes time, my love, to love those that are insensitive to your real Being, not realizing how raw and vulnerable you are. Sit quietly, breathe, and with each breath reclaim your confidence in the truth of who you need to be. I wish I could make this anguish vanish, but it is the cost of growth. Don't run. Sit until the ground trembles.

Confidence is who I need to be

Anguish

The cost of growth

I thank you for your words

I know you understand

I draw strength from their truth

The meaning of Tantra is continuity

The Buddha's last words

All is impermanent, keep on keeping on

If all is impermanent, then there doesn't seem to be a point or purpose to anything. That feels empty in a lonely way. It's hard wrapping my brain around that when I feel sad and crave assurance and security...Thank you for your text earlier. You must have felt led. I'm glad you followed.

There's freedom with impermanence, we can liberate with this, rather than be held back, trapped by our ideas of permanence, try to relax, you are secure, I have your back, you make the meaning you want, now is the time to get real with the Four Noble Truths, thus becoming one with your training

So it begins

See you at noon at the zendo, do you want to swim, after?

Can't decide which suit to wear

Whatever SUITS you

I'll play it safe, save the bikini for another time, when we won't have company

I sing of what I desire
Though it makes me wonder
Will this blunder
Bring me asunder

She makes me hope and wait
I loll about her gate
Kissing her feet and knees
And not what I please

Clouds have cooled the air
Though not my ardor
My heart is clear
My mind in disorder

Sometimes

But mostly

Then and again

And twice on Sunday

More or less

I'm sure

One minute she's serious
The next, she's whimsical
She's a lady fair with snakes in her hair
A tragic heroine, a musical comedian

:)

In morning light I reflect upon the tender
wisdom of your embrace
That briefly held me in a caring caress

I read that the Gnostic description of God's name is The Shadow of the Turning. I've never thought of God and shadows, only light. An unusual and beautiful description. Just thought of you and wanted to share this new and interesting find.

With this new knowing you can have a better understanding of the opening stanza of Yeats's poem, "The Second Coming" and you might google that poem for the full impact of what you've discovered.

Turning and turning in the widening gyre/The falcon cannot hear the falconer/things fall apart,
the center cannot hold/Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world

Sounds intense. I'll look it up after I drift back to sleep for a while. Reading made me sleepy.

She whispered, God is the turning of the shadow
And in return, he quoted Yeats
Then they drifted off to sleep
Theirs is a happy marriage of minds

And dreams

Dreams in which our lips touch

**A fantasy
A dream I'm told
Of days when we were young...**

**Ok, where is this coming from
Sounds old and like someone else
Now I'm all nervous**

You're just touching into poet lore, ours
Is an ancient lineage of mind trippers,
And we're all present

**On an ordinary day
Your extraordinary way
Takes what I give
And treasures it**

**What if you saw a manatee fly
By your house while popping glitter
As it screamed "Holy fish paste!"?**

In that instant, the emotion would become an object to be transferred into poetry.
And the treasure of your ways merge in the poetry of your smile.

Do you feel cute? Or handsome?

I feel pride in being myself, handsome is as handsome does, but cute will do

I think you carry more handsome than cute. Cute is the twinkle, the playful boy. Handsome is the man behind the fur. Serious is the guy in the beard and robes with pinpoint pupils. Sexy is he guy I'm peeking at from behind the curtain. Watching thru blue. I'm glad we finally have met. I've looked for you without even knowing I was.

Hoping to share many sunrises and sunsets with you and to sit with you in silence

I might make some sounds

A giggling at the seriousness is permitted

I might not take it seriously enough. My playful nature might turn into a sexy nature and the silence be broken. You are only two blocks away and I think my walls are vibrating. (Newsroom beeps in background: There's going to be an earthquake that will take part of the continent away.) Everything seems to be vibrating on an atomic level. Like the table of elements are dancing my day.

As a being of flesh and spirit, you are many atoms and many sprites united
Body, voice, and mind, you are blessed with the ability to go far but keep in step to the music

Yes, in step so I don't slip off the edge of an astral plane

I have tripped the edge of sanity and recognize the razor's edge

I think I know, but know I don't, it's that slick

And I know that you get it

You are absolutely precious to me

So there!

Will we have fun?

It's my experience

The fun will come

What I have done

Given the choices

Is chosen Athena

As the most fair

What I have done

Cannot be undone

****thinking****

Your visage is before me when I sleep

When I awake, through the day's travails

This sudden change, my lady, is a cloud

Covering my hope for your heart's kiss

My kisses will be kept for a time when they can be released and enjoyed fully. I am practicing respect and honor of self and of you and am finding the woman I want to be.

I appreciate your patience with me as I know you would like to spend more time together. I am needing to have time alone. Try not to be nervous. I am still here.

:)

Good morning, sunshine. Sending love. I'm looking forward to seeing you.

Had we but world enough and time, this coyness, lady, were no crime...but at my back I hear
time's winged chariot hurrying near, and yonder lie deserts of vast eternity...let us, then, roll all
our sweetness up into one ball and tear our pleasures with rough strife through the iron gates
of life. [Apologies to Andrew Marvell]

**Light wings ring
like a bell
thru the dark
would he love
to love her
She rules the night
like a bird in flight
who will be
her lover
All his life
he never saw
a woman
taken by the sky**

**Would he
stay
if she promised
him heaven
or give up
the fight**

He'd stay until the conversion of the Jews

:)

Were I to try and explain this feeling
Seeing your face in my heart

As I sit in my wicker chair
Listening to traffic on Main
Knowing you are but a whisper away
I'd say it was a miracle

We both are blessed. I am honored you feel the same.

That was a lot of data, yesterday
you are always an inspiration

I'm glad I was able to share my thoughts with you yesterday evening. It's important to me to be clear about where I am so you don't think I'm playing games. Thank you for hearing me and for being a gentleman.

At this juncture, it's hard to know which direction you'll go— romantic love, tantric sex , or a mercy fuck. . .

I don't have Ikkyu's libido
He was blessed Love is blind
I still enjoy a good blowjob
Even if it's in my dreams