

Poetry Series

Joshua Lewis White

- poems -

Publication Date:
2014

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Joshua Lewis White()

A modern Beat-Generation-inspired poet, Joshua L. White's poetry is inspired by music, Buddhism, life, and death.

144 Syllables On A Winter Morning

I sit in a chair,

Looking out the window, at the trees,

The long black branches, bare of any leaves

Images of tropical cities fill my mind

Scraps of paper lie to the left of me, notes of a poet's imagination

I begin to feel the cold

A house stares back at me, windows empty

Nobody moves

The wind blows heavily against the walls of what I call home

Howling, bellowing, beckoning

Sounds of distressed songbirds distantly arise

Frost covered fields, a frozen lake

White sky

A clean slate

The wind blows through the trees

Silently calling

Howling, bellowing, beckoning...

Joshua Lewis White

A Descent Into The Subconscious (Madness/Genius?)

Where does madness become genius?
Where does genius become insanity?
What was it you said?
Reality amidst a sea of dreams?
The confusion of the genius, the simplicity of the fool?
Where are your thoughts born? Where are they raised?
When do they finally stumble from your mouth?
Confusion/Reality
Inescapable dreams
The sea of dreams into which the sailor ventures deep
Never knowing/Never returning
'Death, the unknown country, from which no traveller returns'
Madness, delusion, paranoia
Just what is normal?
Escape/Escape/Escape
A monster under the bed
A delusion, dreamt by a madman/a genius?
Where does madness become genius?
Where does genius become insanity?
The lone ranger rides endlessly into a stream of meaningless thoughts
Next in line is a man who has no features
No identity
Where did he come from? Is he real?
Nobody knows just what happened
Where/Why/Where/Why?
Jumping jack flash
Where/What/Why?
The dance of death
The skeletons ride into the night
Into the morning into the light
Cobblestones glisten under a gas lamp's light
Blood flows gently along the groove in a sword
A scream is heard from the bowels of the castle
Where?
Somewhere a madman screams
What?
Will we ever know?
Do we ever really know anything?
Will the theories ever be proven?

Will my questions be answered?
Will humanity come to a conclusion?
Where does madness become genius?
Where does genius become insanity?
What was it you said?

Joshua Lewis White

A Fable Of A Nightmare Reality (Conclusion)

Am I swimming in a sea of confusion, of nothingness, or am I dreaming?
Behind black curtains stands a figure with a lamp
A book lies, crumpled, containing the memoirs of a man - long forgotten
A ghost, or a man who nobody notices?
Floating faces, dead eyes, dead bodies, fake people
Animal/Human?
Materialism shatters the foundations of perception
A male figure adorning sunglasses stares at the moon
Is there anybody out there? /Is there anybody in there?
A mass of blackness sweeps the sky
Bitches Brew/Berlin/The Times They Are A-Changin'
The poet lies, the prophet dies
Feet numb, body cold
Slow. Slender. Stealthy.
A monocle lies, bloodied on a bedroom table
A bookcase is consulted
A hollowed out book containing a necklace lies open, waiting to be discovered
Discovered/discarded
Thoughts?
Dizziness, light headed.
The moon burns with light
Apologise/Apologies
Reality blurs with fiction
Dreams/Life
Realise/Real eyes/Real lies
A dog lies sleeping amidst a world of non-conformity
War breaks out between like-minded citizens of the same nation
Fingers pressing buttons that are meaningless
Dead.
Lovecraftian fiction spills onto a blank page, a new canvas, a fresh start.
The window is open/closed
Neither here nor there
Art thou mad?
No-one can see me like this
The creator becomes the creation
Meanwhile a cosmic lion rampages throughout a galaxy far too wide for its own
good
Cars drive, penguins dive
Lights flicker, children snicker

After what feels like an eternity, nothing happens
Do they know? Obsolete, confused.
A barn door is open, a light flickering inside.
Death is banned, the subject is off.
The TV set is disconnected, the nation cries for help
Where is my mind?
Where is my logic?
My path to clarity?
Am I swimming in a sea of confusion, of nothingness, or am I dreaming?

Joshua Lewis White

Dreaming On A Winter's Evening (Movement I)

I lay in bed, dreaming.
Dreaming of Allen Ginsberg
Of the future
Of travel
Of pine trees in the wind
Of the Rocky Mountains
Of the snow-tipped crags of Scotland
Of Jack Kerouac's adventures
Of the golden peace of the East
Of the Kagyu Samye Ling monastery.
Dreaming of friendship and foes
Of love, of life
Of death
Of the future
Of peace,
Of impermanence.

Joshua Lewis White

Experiences On A Cold Winter's Beach

The dark expanse of the ocean in the corner of my eye
The desolate plain of sand
The harsh, cold sea air blows wildly
Seabirds squawk from above, flying
The clouds cover up the weak rays of sun
No boats in the water
As I look out onto the horizon
I contemplate the emptiness of reality
On this bleak plain
I feel alive

Joshua Lewis White

Freedom/The Boatman-Like Bodhisattva - Haikus For Enlightenment #1

The preciousness
Of this human life -
Enlightenment frees

All beings,
In an endless cycle -
Nirvana liberates all

Silent thoughts
A clear mind -
The path to freedom

Compassion, knowledge
Freedom of thought -
Wisdom reigns all

Beings in samsara
Suffering, sickness, and pain -
Enlightenment frees all

Joshua Lewis White

Haiku

A silent, dead window pane
A false illusion -
Everything true disappears

Whether the truth is faceless
Is another point -
Does anyone really die?

Falling leaves from a dead branch
Signify true love -
Is there a way out of here?

In the end we all collapse
A cycle of pain -
Into the never we ride

Death, life, death, life, death, life, death,
Into the darkness -
Everything true disappears...

Joshua Lewis White

Iconoclasm/Better Git It In Your Soul (An Outline Of Charles Mingus)

Iconoclasm sweeps the nation, destroying all, creating all
People fade in/out
Fingers slowly tapping at the foundations of a generation
The swing rhythm - heartbeat
A mountain range in the mist,
An umbrella shading the light of the moon
The music pouring in the window,
Melodies and rhythms unheard of
Instrumentation/Characterisation
Mist, fog, rain
The insides of the brain
The ballroom lights up with intense ferocity
A man in a white trench coat, waiting/reaching for the train
I read in a solemn tone a newspaper filled with forgotten memories
A soloist, an artist, an anarchist
Iconoclasm sweeps the nation, destroying all, creating all
People fade in/out
Trumpets sound the beginning of a new era
Fingers slowly tapping at the foundations of a generation
Accounts of meaningless encounters with the subconscious
Into the sea it disappears
Long forgotten, but the memory remains
Endless lines of fire
A figure in the dark
Nameless bodies, an empty cloak
The body lies bare, swinging on the pendulum
Fuel/Fire
The darkness, the cold ground
A long hard look at life, this mortal coil
Is anyone out there?
Iconoclasm, the burden, the creator
All is lost
All is found
The end of confusion, clarity is found
Iconoclasm, the burden, the creator, the beginning, the end.

Light Behind Dark (Into The Light/Out Of The Night)

The sun sets behind a blank mountain range
'Fire' he yells as the colour red enshrouds the soldier's vision
Everybody runs, crying
When did it end up like this?
An old man tells a tale of a young boy
Frogspawn / Hopscotch
Nobody realises the true nature
The primordial reason for anything
Fate/Luck/God
Do you think they'll drop the bomb/Should I be worried
It's funny you should say that
On the windowsill a bear attacks small villagers made of wax
A floating face appears as music travels far and wide
Microwave/Into the light

...

Stuck in my head
A worm burrows into its target
Scraps/Scraps/Scraps
Slats/Slats/Slats?
Where did it happen? When/Why/Who?
Everybody turns around in awe/in horror
A crunching sound
A peeling of the skin
Piggy, what have they done?
Eyebrows fall down the face of a young maid
She? He? Who?
What happened here? What's all this then?
When? Why? Where? What? Who?
Yes? No?
The vampyre turns, blood tinged teeth bared in the light
Into the light/ Out of the night
Exit through the giftshop
Chekhov/Checkout
A man wanders aimlessly under the streetlight, kicking a can/a stone?
Inner horror/Inner trauma/Inner light
Window into the future
Into the past
The man from space/The day of the robot
Can we rebuild him?

Piles of parts lie restless
Everyone knows you're insane
Pretentious/Pretend
Quoth the Raven
'Can I have some more? '
A blackened staircase
A figure descends holding a knife
Steel reflecting in the light of the moon
Are we really here
Or are my thoughts just an illusion
Are yours?

Joshua Lewis White

Oblivion (An Overture Of Inevitable Idleness)

Shining out the walls
Comes a feeling of gratitude
Of which no-one knows
A strange race of misunderstood creatures
Struggles to reach its peak in knowledge
Despite their views of oblivion
Of the questionable probability of desolation
Of broken dreams
Of forgotten memories
Of disaster
Of separation
Of abandonment
Does anyone know
Where they came from
Where they went?
Nothing is left
All is gone
Hope/Fear/Oblivion

Joshua Lewis White

Sketches Of Spain/The Ballroom

Sombre sunset behind a dark cloud
Somewhere a bell tower calls out/singing
The sound of a guitar can be heard, crying
In the flesh
In the flesh?
In the flesh? ?
When does the horizon become the sky?
Light pours in through the windows of the ballroom
Shafts of crystal light reflecting from within
A sharp dressed man wanders into the streetlight
Death enshrouds his sight
A skeleton escapes from a cab, pulling out a letter from between his robes
His ribs shine between the cloth
A head full of confusion
A bed full of nothing
An empty book, an empty head, an empty mind
A small house beside a lake looks terrified in the light of the moon
Will we ever get out of here?
(A songbird sings)
Climbing a ladder going nowhere,
Climbing stairs that lead to the beggining of time
Nowhere/No-one/Nothing
A record store, a spiral staircase
The colour blue becomes all that one can see
As the angels fall from the ground
Spanish skies, a fallen glove
Between the fields lies a secret passageway
A ballroom dancer topples gently, spinning
Light pours in through the windows of the ballroom
Paradise/Paradise/PARASITES/Paradise
As the book falls, so does the author, the poet, the creator
Light fades out
Darkness enshrouds the mind as time starts playing in slow motion
This is the end
Is this the end?
Light no longer pours through the windows of the ballroom
This is the end.
Is this the end?

Springtime In The Void

The misty mountains of the Himalayas
invading my thoughts -
Little train descending the slope from Darjeeling,
delivering tea to my cup as I ponder jazz in the moonlight.

Dreams of the Buddha -
City flying past bus windows,
Red apples - Japanese ceremonial,
Smells of tea pervading the room,
Dreaming of a girl at night.

The smell of smoke
On a spring morning
The delusion of time, dreaming,
Desire controls!

Religion -
forced upon weak minds in the street -
All within the void.

Through the floorboards music thuds -
Television draining consciousness
Endless hours spent searching
-wasting away.

Warm comfort of friendship
Evident in sunny days of rainfall
-is this it?

Sketches of the beyond
Adventures unheard of
Mandala in the gravel
Yab-Yum, spirituals

Girl with flowing red hair,
Her beauty unmatched...

Drinking from warm cups
in the company of like-minded 'angel-headed hipsters' -

It's all the same old void.

Joshua Lewis White

The Green Enso Scriptures

I

The umbrella of suffering
Covers this world
Only those who can become the rain
Will be freed.

II

If words are spoken, but no truth spoken
Then what use is there in words?

What is faith without truth?

III

Fearing Suffering
Fearing death
Feeling lost in a pit of delusion,
I slowly waste my days.

IV

Death's inevitable arrival
At any given moment
Compells the mind to fear
But fear is not the remedy

V

Your life is not complete until you die

Joshua Lewis White

Waves

I

Beginner's mind
Rough waves in a small pond
Perception obscured

II

Master's mind
Still water in a vast sea
Perfection obtained

Joshua Lewis White