

## Photographs and Poems by T.Collins Logan

“They are like diviners or soothsayers who also say many fine things, but do not understand the meaning of them.”

– Aristotle regarding poets, from Plato’s *Apology*



### **Inner Roads**

Hard going  
those inner roads  
    delving deep  
    turning unexpectedly  
        to new unknowns

Can we learn  
to walk calmly onward  
    fully feel each step  
    and carefully consider  
    every marvel in our life?

Can we pass by our pain  
    anxiety dissolving  
    into lasting peace?

Hard going  
those inner roads  
    with so many equal choices  
may we see clearly enough  
    to discern the signs  
    and follow the wiser path  
may we be brave enough  
    to face forward  
    without forgetting where we've been  
may we be loved enough  
    to seldom feel alone  
and may tranquility linger  
    long enough to turn to joy



### **Continuum**

That brief instant of knowing  
just before we laugh  
a half-glimpse of perfection  
shining through a child's smile  
the curious anticipation  
as we bend to breathe  
the fragrance of a flower we have never seen  
and sudden joy  
when someone we love  
unexpectedly arrives:  
these small things  
define our greatness  
these forgotten moments  
are the glue which binds the cosmos





## Shaping Apples

Worm inside the sheaves, my love  
thick raucous leaves upon that tree  
so long ago we wandered from  
    the tiny chasms of each dark stroke  
    to dip beneath the superficial green  
for what?  
certainly we wondered then  
    our reason for reason  
    canals of vital probability  
    light-filled, greedily beheld  
    shifting in the breeze of Eden  
and there your finger lifts to turn  
    purposed without contrition  
    the velvety rasp of knowledge  
    two worlds on edge  
    beneath a prohibition  
past  
    fiction for our guiding truths  
future  
    sweet syllables you bring to me  
    all innocence and joy  
    plucked from the gardens of hyperbole

and so, intoxicated by delightful heft  
I ponder the dogmatic shape of apples  
    this *pneuma*, this perceived instant  
    a careless Word which carries us  
    from hypnotic ignorance  
    to manifest divinity  
    your disheveled hair  
    and pursing quiz of contemplation  
    as you gaze into a page  
I can't help but smile  
    to witness life  
    thriving despite its mortal banishment  
together  
    let's prance wantonly  
    in the warm illumination  
    of our questing souls  
together  
    let's harvest untamed miracles  
    of virid Spring beyond the Fall.



## **Outside Myself**

I burnt my eyes today  
looking into the sun  
hoping it would flood through me  
into all the darkened places  
and force these scurrying little worries  
to run out my mouth  
and hide under some rock

But I'm still full of the dark  
and my eyes ache fiercely  
like when I cry  
or when I force myself to sleep too long  
or when I waste time  
searching  
for answers outside myself





## **White**

White, white  
swirling out of nothing  
new shoots, old branches  
bending, giving in  
why now, in my mourning?  
why now?

White, white  
swirling out of nothing  
all variety uniform  
all light bleeding out  
every moment consumed  
in cold persistence

Unexpected winter  
I have felt you before  
without hope or comfort  
in my trudging, lonely silence  
and still I search, defiant  
blinking off your frozen kisses

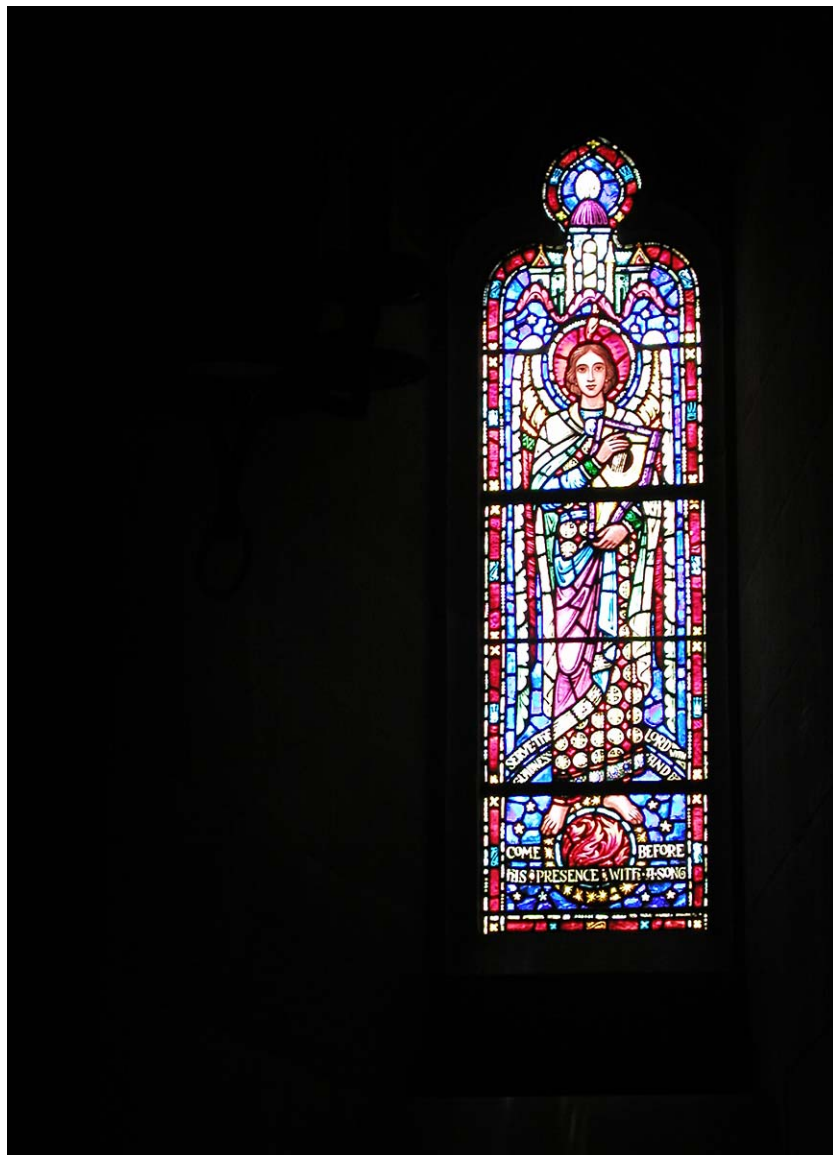
Touch me, lovely and delicate  
melt across my upturned face  
noble sacrifice for beauty  
blanket every memory  
change me, cause all my fear  
to swirl back into nothing





## **The Nature of Evil**

The boy has a stick  
he wanders the hot parking lot  
hitting things  
hurting inside  
His sister is missing  
the Greyhound arrived  
at the station  
late last night  
and no one could pick her up  
Or someone did:  
a car full of friends  
the gangbanger with a flashy smile  
the ever-helpful stranger  
All leading her with lies  
luring with a pretense of warmth  
and acceptance  
she can't find at home  
Down the alley, across the park  
through the wooded lot  
just outside of town  
they take her  
"The cops are looking," the boy says,  
he is nine  
and worries about tomorrow  
wonders why his sister left  
where his mother's anger ends  
wonders: why?  
He grips his stick tighter  
and hits things  
hoping that someone  
who cares enough  
will show him how to stop



## Day

A bright blue veil  
drifts self-satisfied across the sky  
hiding  
the starry bride-to-be  
a sparkling counterfeit  
who lies through sanguine lips  
about the tenuousness of darkness





### Summits

O! that you thought beauty  
was fixed and eternal, but no  
beauty was the open air  
around the statue at the Louvre  
full of light and breath and dust  
always in motion  
its purpose unknowable  
and the truth you sought not noble  
or lofty or fantastic  
but crude like a kitten at its mother's teat  
nourished by brute force  
and patient tolerance

And how you measured your materiality  
entombed by liquid suddenness of change  
ignorant of any purpose  
but solipsistic now  
what wasted perfection!  
what a dirtied mirror of much-flawed happiness!  
for could there be – transcending the rigid  
precepts of our age –  
intersecting worlds of chance  
just beyond the edge of giant IFs?  
a cliff for our transgressive pride  
from which we fly or fall  
where higher edicts prove in absolute  
the antithesis of every certainty?

My truth is bold tonight  
and beauty lays her head upon my heart  
and life rolls out the windows of my soul  
to pierce inanimate forms with heavenly light  
I have forgotten everything  
given all away but this most precious thought:  
that Self is resolute, hard-won and real  
that I belong to me by right of will  
that my imagination is a self-sustaining force  
for good and just and loving-kind  
and if I close my eyes and dream another way  
that, too, becomes my waking life  
so firm this grasp on wanting what I think I am....

Giving in does not occur to me  
but somewhere *Not Quite Here* a notion drifts  
animated by things alien to Man  
as potent as our surest wish  
that we are too enamored of this Self  
which anchors us to failing flesh  
and if we could believe apart from sight  
we would find peace and purpose  
in much grander work  
perhaps a healing of this Universe

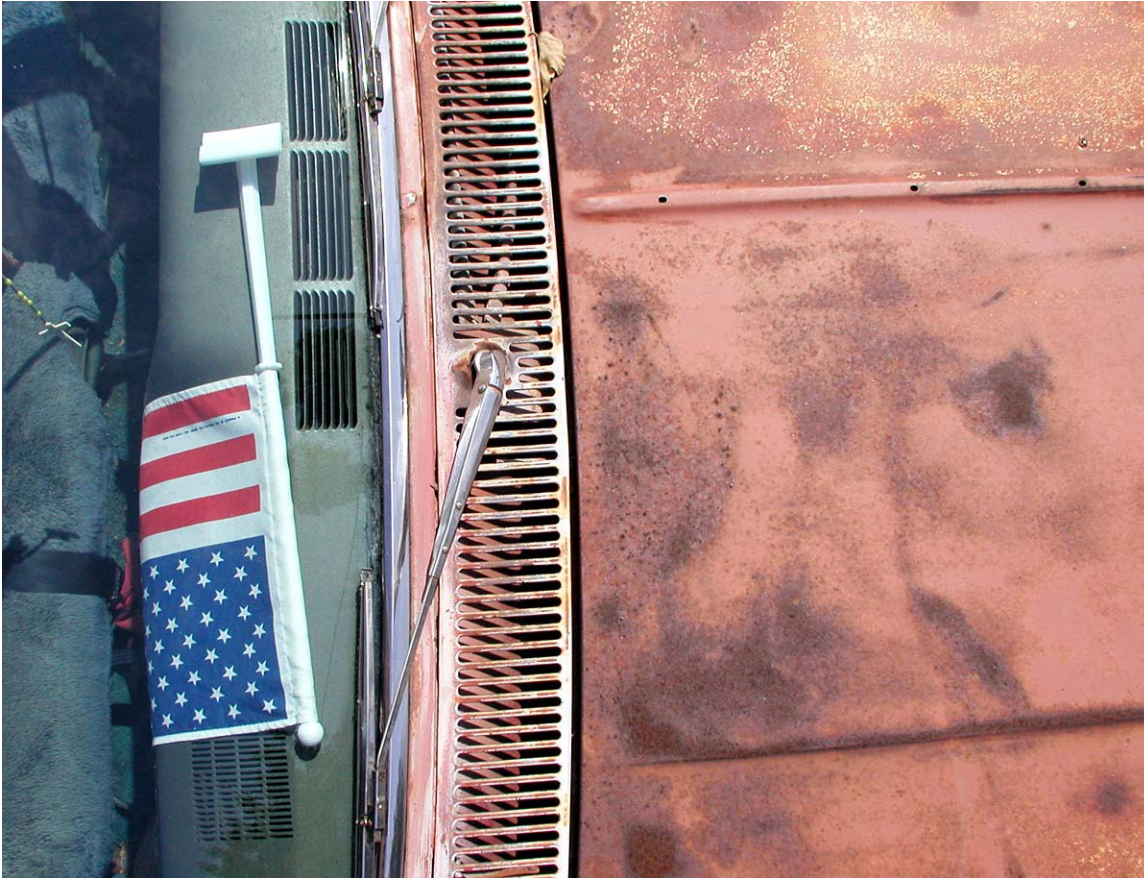
So when I tire of toiling  
will what I wait for wait for me?  
or is it likely that we manifest again  
(ascending at an angle spirits know)  
to summit every lesson we forgot to learn?



### **Riding the Tiger**

A love which cannot speak  
passes between us when we are least aware  
    like a tiger roaring silent in our hearts  
    thrashing at the hope of freedom  
We can't order it neatly in our lives  
    or delay it, or even make sense of it  
But sometimes, if we choose courage  
    we can take a thrilling ride astride its back  
    swift and safe through the desert of our fears  
    beyond a wild expanse of possibility  
    to arrive we know not where

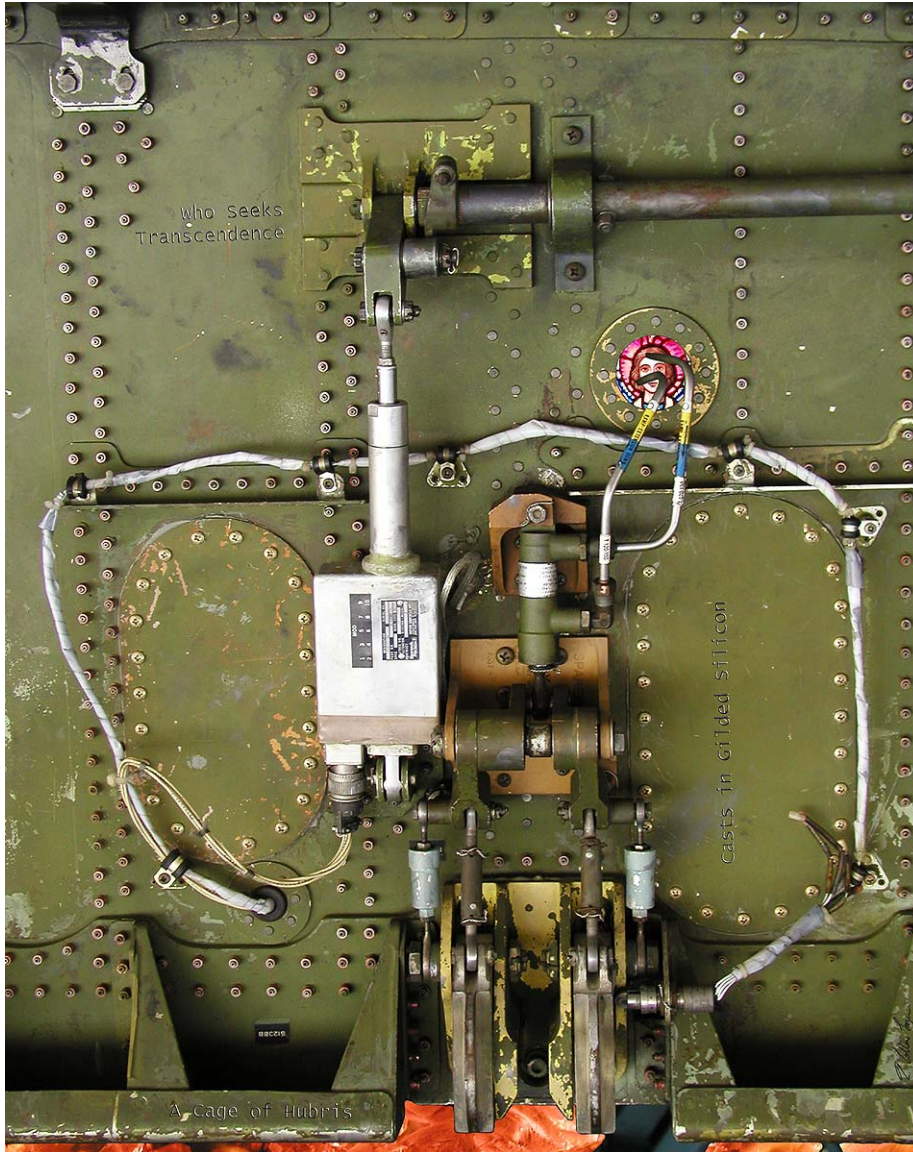




## **Apathy**

Walking alone and hopefully unnoticed  
through a war zone of unpleasant options  
I studiously avoid the land mines  
of empathy and self-sacrifice  
hastily duck the flying shrapnel  
of conscientiousness  
with smiles, nods, and tight-lipped silence  
I enforce cunning ignorance on myself  
stilling my soul and all its sensibilities

Why not stop here, on this sterile plot?  
why not dig a hole and climb in  
to sleep a sweet release  
from all responsibility?  
by greater force of will than it takes to act  
I deny I can change anything  
and bow my head  
in sad but vaguely eager anticipation  
of self-fulfilling doom



## Technology

who seeks transcendence

casts in gilded silicon

a cage of hubris





### **The Jester is no Fool**

Smiling silk of golden words  
    draping like a well-toothed laugh  
    across my warring mood  
this lucid mask hides nothing  
    but beckons every curious eye  
    to pry beneath its mirth  
why then this flighty fellowship  
    this acting troupe of two  
    which plays an empty hall  
    or not at all...?  
is there anything as fair-weathered  
    as this torn curtain  
    across a cluttered stage?  
here, take these dusty props:  
    a mindless frolic in the park  
    the stony echo of simple song  
    the feel of mountain breezes  
        on your rising brow  
    a few passionate exhortations  
        spaced carefully  
        between precious sips of beer  
    and friendship  
        draped warmly about your shoulders  
take these, and invoke that uncanny craft of yours  
take them  
    and make some meaning in the world



### **Heart Who Walks Broad Vistas**

Heart who walks broad vistas  
brave clay facing chilly breezes  
thoughts to center, ever-deeply  
    fragrant with felicity  
how inspiring your strength  
how admiring this pleasure  
    sitting near you  
        listening to your world

Heart who walks broad vistas  
brimming with decisive sense  
you lift your hands to open sky  
and lean with wistful promise  
    into the opening warmth  
        of life's secret blossoms  
how beautiful they are  
    these many parts of you

Heart who walks broad vistas  
what will you do  
when you stumble, startled  
    into what you so desire?  
may all your journeys  
    be as brightly lit  
as the moments  
    you have given me today





## **Muse**

Fantastic

chaotic-with-joy kind of state  
no craving, no incessancy  
purpose emblazoned by commanding hands  
sigils of hypnotic language  
strength of love's sweet stench  
undulating sweaty gleam  
throbbing intoxication

I am numb and blind

to any temptation outside your glowing sphere  
what was ever loneliness?

You are Creation

endlessly fertile  
thighs spread wide like the arms  
of a beckoning Siren  
imprison me in the miasmic steam of lust  
until I am born, O, again and again  
all anxiety balmed by aching acquiescence  
each sacred, unrepentant want  
joined by gentle articulation

then

when my desire dissipates  
and the whining mongrel of daily obligations  
disrupts our reverie

then

my lover, my loyal heroin  
tell me your name  
cradle my seething soul  
and entice me once more  
with your sensual oblivion  
crying out elation  
to all that Spirit is



## Piecemeal Loss

Door closes

*blam!*

'nother one gone

Hapless bamboo rake

scratch scratch

amid scattered, reaching pages

what my heart takes, aches

and the words pile up

"Baby, you left the closet door open!"

old luggage

angry, hungry luggage

from waaaay back

snap!

'nother one gone

Rings, rings on my true love's hand...

oops, already got one

round and round we go

eye + want + word = own

same sad sappy song

'nother one gone

Sweet charity

why do you smell like summer to me?

why hot kisses like warning beacons

carving the meat of me?

eat of me!

salvation, salve-hate-shun

Maybe I'll leave the thriftless

shifting of desire

in the evening's gentle choir

who goes to bed early nowadays?

'Nother one gone, oh.





## Affairs of Consequence

It is 12:17 a.m.  
It will be an hour before I see my love.  
I feel like I am waiting to be born.

She comes, her smile shining in the night.  
My passion says, "I am flame in a bubble. Touch me."  
This curving warmth is home.

Before dawn: "Please stay," I whisper  
knowing that when she leaves, I die  
my soul departs  
my body cools.

"Time away from you is just passing time," she says.  
But slowly, quietly, she dresses  
then slips back into the Outer Darkness.

Eyes turning away  
kisses fading more quickly  
her touch comes less often.  
Yes, she loves me, but she fears  
*not enough.*

A phone call in the afternoon.  
It's over. Emptiness.  
I will not seek answers  
here among the dead.  
Relief is a heavy stone rolled aside.  
I am risen.



## **Spacious World**

Spacious world  
unlock our hearts  
plunder us with wonder  
unveil your indescribables  
define what we cannot  
awaken every senseless sense  
with mysteries of emptiness  
and overfilling all we are  
illuminate our hearts  
in certainties which contradict  
now bound harmonious  
by laws our spirit deeply knows.

This thoughtful creature  
a paradox that walks  
tries wooing your shy depths  
in reckless love  
intent on conquering  
until its ego's hasty denouement  
forgive us, then  
your earnest prodigals  
when we belatedly return  
from panicked journeying  
away from what we are  
to rest beneath your spanning grace  
heads bowed before the gift of life.

Inspire us, spacious, wondrous world  
as we begin again  
like joyous children with a friend  
each moment rich with sharing  
and listening from deep within.





## **Satisfaction**

To be satisfied  
to have contentment  
is a cradling warmth within the soul  
a heat, like midnight love  
or rising wonder  
or the finest pedigree of hope  
turning in its flame  
all unseen possibilities.

Greatness draws near  
for light and comfort  
sorrow scurries off  
into the unseemly night of undoing  
and fearful shadows  
hide behind themselves.

Now our bliss can dance naked  
a flickering laugh of *chroma*  
spirits climbing  
up, up, up  
delicate white ashes  
from the embers of desire.

Picture List By Page Number:

1. No picture
2. San Diego, CA
3. Grand Canyon National Park
4. San Diego garden
5. The ghost town of Bodie, CA
6. Zion National Park
7. A basalt boulder in Mammoth Lakes, CA
8. National Cathedral, Washington, DC
9. Yosemite National Park
10. Rainbow Plateau, AZ
11. San Diego, CA
13. Mount Laguna, CA
14. Southern California coast
15. Southern California coast
16. Outside Phoenix, AZ
17. Bodie, CA
18. Yosemite National Park
19. San Diego, CA