Rainbow Bridge

There is a bridge from Saturn to Uranus,
Chiron reaches out to all who come to cross,
tread carefully intrepid traveller
Saturn's hold is strong.
I tried to cross the rainbow bridge
from past to promised future,
I lost my nerve and fell
falling, falling fast
like a leaden autumn leaf.

The abyss opened her withered hands
covering me in cloying darkness,
frantically I tried to struggle free
but like quicksand
I became engulfed,
as though wrapped in spider's web
soft, silken and sticky
I bound myself in deeper.

Pure white light
pulsated above
trying to penetrate the abyss of my ignorance,
all was out of focus
like peering through watery, tear filled eyes.
I searched desperately for Achilles the healer,
friend of Dionysus
to remove the arrow from my heel
so aeons of self-deception could drop away.

– Mr. Rob Harle*

The Return

Drifts of memory surface
then fade, taunting me
the Potala Palace is beckoning
centuries ago my home
calling me back
with the echo of conches.
The subterranean passages, dark
hold secrets the invaders will never know,
arcane inscriptions by senior lamas
coded in the universal language of light
passages to higher dimensions
transcending the material.

Young husband's British superiority,
his guns and arrogance useless
the invader's fear and ignorance mocked
Lamas come and go still.

New invaders
driven by ideologies of insecurity
armed with yellow-steel machines
drones, infrared eyes and satellites
all useless against the secret of invisibility.
And still the lamas come and go.

The fragrance of sandalwood
lingers far beneath the golden turrets,
I must return to complete the Yantra
deep in the mountain rock vault
the place of my Little Death Ceremony.

High on the roof of the world
arcane secrets wait patiently,
The Dali Lama clearing the way
as the focus of white light
emerging from the universal matrix
will manifest through the interlacing Yantra.
The sacred symbol will pulse
channelling the healing energy
like radio waves around the earth
peace and unity will soon return
resonating and clearing the turmoil of centuries.

– Mr. Rob Harle*

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