

Stars and Whispers

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The world is much more than how

The world is much more than how,
living much more than why,
being nothing less than now,
growing no other than die.

Though many is more than one
and betrayed one seems nothing at all,
still one for many is become
unity of every before the fall.

He gave beggars wealth (revealed the secret of i),
crafted wings for truth (made the wealthy a lie),
framed silence a voice, freed feeling with hope,
with fluid thought matched wonder to sigh.

Melted winter in spring's undying fire,
dispelled seem with is (shone dark with light)
gave proof of unseen, the everyday's dew,
shared humility's unsaid (splashed color on white).

The unutterable unknowable between:
the unanswered why every truth belies:
the day the night fades to mean
how great the distance, when small the size.

(small the knower
but smaller is knowledge know the wise)

In any town down any street
(though bodies rest, minds still sleep)
his words echo through timeless deep
in every moves the heart to weep.

Whispers

To say simply and distinctly-

"All the meaning of life is to seek the truth"

Amounts to passing breath through mortal lips,

But to believe with mind and soul

And so to live and die in it and for it-

And another pair of hands carves their stone of knowledge from natural rock,

With the labor of countless builders, the mighty tower arises

To pierce the sky as a sword sheathed in the heart of mystery.

But to respond in humility-

"The only truth man possesses is that all we know amounts to nothing

In the end our only claim is ignorance"

And the earth trembles with the shock of this deeper wisdom,

The invincible tower, shaken to its foundations, falls and crumbles to dust,

Our ever-present knowledge fades to its true essence-

A mist in the sea of man's existence

Soon to be dispersed by the winds of time.

As speechless whispers distilled in water and rock,

We are silent passengers on the great blue-green orb

Traveling through a universe of all-surpassing truth that we may never know,

Our only recourse is to gaze intently at the heavens

Searching to see some sign of familiarity,

Reaching to feel some sense of belonging,

Hoping in the silent universe of our hearts

The star's light is something of our own.

Times

There are times
When I clothe myself in darkness
And pull the blackened hood over my eyes
Hiding my true face with a mask of my own making,
Doubt, unholy doubt rises unbidden from my blindness
I question both the light and the dark and the boundaries that divide them,
But I hear no answers nor see evidence of reply.
Their walls fade before my sightless eyes
All existence retreats into shadow, yet I remain,
I tread carefully between my inner worlds
Destroying those barriers as well
I dissolve into elements of purity,
As day and night swirl in vortices,
Forever interchanging as I perceive them.

There are times
Of knowing the unknowable
Of understanding the incomprehensible
Of living life beyond life and dying unceasing death.
The inner flame ignites, both burning and illuminating
My soul to grasp what my mind cannot:
Joy and suffering, faith and doubt are torn from the same seamless cloth,
Reunited again only by those who live beyond the moment.
Though I live now, I will die one day and everyday
For day will pass into night countless times
Whether I walk in light or its absence,
In knowledge or ignorance of meaning
For in the end they become one in the same
As I will become one or nothing at all.

But who has the right to question?
Surely not I, who at times wears the mortal mask of an uncaring face
Or the golden circlet of compassionate feeling.
Enlightenment and self-doubt churn within, clouding my perception of all I experience,
Yet I wonder at all things which come to naught and the void which fulfills creation.
Now I know nothing and in my complete ignorance know all
For I share my claim to this inheritance with all the world of man
Truly, I have been given Paradox as my shield and as a death-blade piercing my heart.

Alas, there will be times
Calling to the Morning and seeking His true Face
Order will come to me as a thunderclap

I will be blinded by its brightness,
But in my blindness I will see again.
This higher Order will remove its cloak of Chaos,
My garment will be washed clean with blood not my own,
I will gaze on the path that I had traveled
And see how the death-blade has been my traveling staff,
Supporting me over mountains of upheaval and guiding me through valleys of discontent,
Finally to the Holy Land where All are One.

Still, there are more times to come
For life is an endless sea of circling waves
Slowly spiraling in upon itself
As it seems I will always be riding the waves
Each crest falling away to the following one
Until I reach the Center and find peace
For there, Time itself will fall into timelessness.

The Ocean

Sometimes I seem to remember-

The salty sea breeze caressing my face,
The sand shifting beneath my feet,
The sun always rising on endless waves,
And I, among them, wading.

In my clearer moments, this memory seems merely a dream-

A morning mist melted by each new day's sun,
Shining upon the luscious green valleys,
The cloud-laden mountains and surging rivers cutting deep
My birthplace and all I have known.

Yet even here I am reminded-

The undulating hills become frozen waves,
The rivers must lead somewhere beyond the lake shores,
Bearing their cargo of sand and salmon
To their watery home.

Some say it is an illusion-

A fireside fable we tell each other,
As the embers fade and night falls upon us,
Or some, a distraction from daily chores
Of sowing and reaping the dry earth.

Others believe warily-

Who hope the beach lies beyond the farthest mountain-line,
And imagine a small sea walled by stone,
But I know it to be an ocean true
Boundless, wild, foreign and yet home.

Out of whispers I heard it said-

One came, a fisherman, who spoke of the ocean's majesty
And loved and died to show others the way.
My own blood and tears proof enough of the ocean within,
I set upon the path he laid.

Many a day, I yearn to return to the safety of my valley home-

I envy the ignorant bliss of those I left behind,
Wishing their hearths to again warm my chilled bones.
But alas, I recall His charge in my dreams:
"Return to Me, but come not alone."

I question the path I follow without sign of the route to choose
 As the day darkens and my heart hardens to stone
My feet stumble upon the twisted roots of doubt
I turn from His inner way and deny the seed He had sown
Yet even as I lose myself, He guides me to see the life I live is not my own.

Green valleys and rivers and mountain passes-
 Lie behind and before me now,
 As season follows season, the never ending surf,
 The circling currents of my life I see
Will lead to my death and my rebirth.

To the unseen shoreline, each step brings me closer-
 Yet it seems that I have strayed,
 I sift the dusty trail for grains of sand,
 Wondering, if, when at last the ocean should find me,
My debt will be paid.

The Rhythm's End

the rhythm's end is the melody's beginning
and our life's greatest is to be totally enraptured by the beauty of the moment while
aware of life's brief totality.

such is the gift of music and of love,
in the bitterness of its loss is the joyous sweetness of remembrance.

a lifetime is the momentary forgetfulness of entropy's decay and gravity's pull,
of our every thing precious into nothing, our death so others may live.

we are the ball of yarn that can never be completely unraveled,
the maze with the beginning but no end, if we but keep from getting lost,
we shall not lose ourselves nor the love in which limitless we were born.

Hope of This Day

The transformative power of revolutionary hope.

I BELIEVE . I KNOW . Others refuse to recognize. The truth is all around us, reflected within us.

I am the water-lily. Floating. Unborn living-dying BEING . Traveling, without moving,
upon the current of time.

I REMEMBER . My life is an illusion of my own creation.

I am the eyes and hands of the universe.

This world-creation is the congealed reflection of ...

God IS . Life IS . Love IS ...

(... the eternal fathomless pool of living WATER)

Nothing more to know this day.

My day ends as my day begins. Nothing more to see in the farthest reaches of my vision.

...

(until) I take the next step, the horizon retreats another foot, and I glimpse the newly revealed
edge of my world

The beauty overtakes me. I wish to live all, become all, love all

THIS Day, in this new light of the farthest reaches of my vision

I challenge my inertia.

I work. I am the alchemist, 2 parts THOUGHT with 1 part DREAM.

A flash of INSIGHT to start the reaction. Hands mold the precious metal.

Crafted words. Forged ideas.

My inner world for all to see.

(Is this glowing newness the light of another's horizon?)

The current tugs at me. Eyes grow accustomed to light. Hands wish for rest.

Mind wishes for freedom from conscious thought to daydream.

Not time enough for all my wishes, this day.

Light fading (or eyes darkening?)

But HOPE stirs within

My dreams will see Tomorrow become Today.

I will grow as I learn to encompass all that I have become.

I will love as I learn to give freely without regret.

I will become what I am to be.

This Day. I witness the birth of HOPE (from within me).

(The battle cry of) the Selfless Self

Why not say "I am" without shame?
Why not remember the breath breathed into you,
the heart of the flame set in your heart
before your earliest rememberings?
Why not live today as if it is the only day ever lived
and this moment as if it contains everything?
You are the naked truth in the universal celestial light,
the unsullied beauty amid nature's unending life.
Why not live with uncompromising faith in eternity's tomorrow
and love's promise of the new creation?

Do not be wearied by the world's worries, nor polluted by others' impurities.
Scream your rebellion to the wind and let those with ears hear your battle cry!

For you were the promise made before creation, the hope, the dream,
the deliverer first to be delivered,
the song that once sung echoes throughout the ages.
You are the call and the calling
the message and the medium
the gift and the giving
the word and the speaking
the image and the vision
the heir and the inheritance
the life sacrificed and the death risen
the selfless self,
the "God is" and the "I AM"

the One in all and the Three in One

The hope that love will endure
and the certainty that love has always been and will always be.

I will live purely

I will live purely listening to this music of moon and sun
as a wild river touches the sky
and drinks dew from a familiar star.

I shall remember we all are one
and perhaps see a universe with naked eye
and laugh as the torrents of life surround me.

The Hunter

The hunter tracks his prey
The beast that ever tries to elude his searching eyes,
Winding its way through the undulating terrain of meaning,
With the sure-footed balance of claws sunk deep into Being.
At last, the hunter, by his patient resolve,
Corners it in the deepest recesses of his inner jungle
He entangles it in nets of emotion
For a fleeting moment holds it in his grasp of understanding
And he, in that split second (before the beast breaks free of its confinement)
Gives names to the nameless,
Gives words to the unspoken,
Gives shape and coherence to that which roamed only in the chaos of his mind.

In so doing
He calls down names from heaven
Highest names, with sound like no others,
Of poet and prophet, of artist and creator
But all speak of a mystery that in truth does not exist,
The hunter and the hunted are the only names he knows
And the only mystery he truly seeks
Is the answer to his question
"Am I the hunter or am I hunted by the beast?"

The death and life of a thought made word

I think on love...

As I kill my songs one at a time,
each is helpless and fragile, a suspended crystal reflecting dim light
in the gloom of the void, and why should I care for them?
they're dying anyway. everyday.
Will their little sighs, even their final gasps speak a grain of the truth
proclaimed by the Voice echoing through the universe?
If at the Voice's single spoken Word
stars ripple in shockwaves with fear and gladness,
and planets are torn asunder in awe by the deafening reverberations,
then what chance do these tiny gems I hold have of survival?

Their lives are a living death: so gradually, imperceptibly unnoticed, unremembered,
unspoken and then one day, unmade.
Their fading stabs at me as their jagged crumbling edges tear through my veins,
though they never found their way past the barriers into my heart (and so without the gift of a
word, they died)
and with their thousand deaths, I feel my heart cracking, crumbling, a thousand holes unrepaired
by a thousand unheard stories too simple, too clear, to make the journey untainted,
unrecognized.
This hollow crystal house is falling,
I am imploding, yet even now I think on love...

How subtle love is, as I lay here dying,
in all its ways it is silent, but swiftly and surely moving
as the waters of a crashing wave fill all the empty places of a rocky shore.
Love fills empty places of another kind, and it too is simple and clear,
though not as pure as when it first began its watery course through the eons,
through the ever widening and narrowing gulf between the Voice and the human heart.
Love quenches rageful fire with a hiss, and commands the obstinate mountain to be moved (and
it is moved).
But love's more subtle ways are the more beautiful:
it captures the sun's ruddy glory and caresses the moon's silver light
until a single echoing note of the great Voice is distilled and set in stone.

And so we are the stone and the echo,
and we are the crystal heart and the flowing water,
and so tiny gems run through our veins,
As I think on love, (in my final wonderings)
my thoughts are carried along the swift water ways,
to the heart of all:
I fade from my self-concern until love is all I see,

and I am I no longer.

... (And in my absence Love dreams of me) ...

By the Voice I am respoken, with a Word remade
from a thousand tiny pieces of what I was, to be a new whole of what I am becoming
and now, with my Yes,
a thought is made word and dwells (for a time) among us.

All the Year

All the year
If only it was Summer
The warmth, the joy
The light of the Sun
Streaming from a blue sky
Sparkling in human eyes
If only all days were Summer
The happiness to be filled with life
And glad of the beauty within.

All the year
Spring, a welcomed guest
Fall, a tolerated messenger,
But Winter's chilling burden
Is not welcomed, nor easily borne
The cold, the sadness
The darkness of the night
Descending so soon on a helpless Earth.
The day is pain, the night is despair
Far from the awaited-time
In that far-away land of glory
But the sacrifice and the struggle
A glorious gift, whispered from the Moon
A hidden joy, intertwined in the Starlight
A worthy land to travel, Winter
Worthy of life and even love
For by its icy ways it teaches
All the year is a lifetime for us
To love the Summer ever more.

The World Personified

Every sound echoes through me and never dies
I am all you experience:
 food, light, birth, death,
 thoughts shared, ideas exploded, unfeeling unbroken,
 love born and reborn
(And I am all of what you are)
Between outer (you) and inner (you)
 between self and other
Is an imagined border, a blurred line.

I am here

I am the whole of your separation and unity.

I do not envy the living green of the trees you planted
 (I am the forest)
Nor hate the blood-red you painted over my sunset
 (Wait for the sunrise)
I am not saddened by the gray you washed across my sky
 (With your lies)
Nor mournful of the black of the tainted midnight sea
 (Find your own unrest).

My memory contains every moment of life of generations
 falling through the eons
Since I began
You named me:
 Mother-Earth-Gaia
 Illusion-World-Maya
I am the pool of your countless reflections,
The ripples of your every drop of action
Spreading outward in ever larger circles never ending
All that you give me, I combine and recombine,
 form and reform beyond your recognition
 and return to you.
My misgivings become your mistakes
 become my fears
 (becomes your ending becomes another's beginning).

I believe all you tell me of from whence I came (and by Whom?)
and where I am going:
You are my only way of guessing.

I know through you and through your vision beyond, I see my limits.

When you feel alone, crying out to me

Remember we are all alone together

I am the universe full of stars separated by unfathomable empty space
bound by invisible forces

Each of you is an essential part of me

Personified.

The Wonder

I glimpse your beauty from aside,
I catch your casual glance to
hold your eyes in mine too long
and your name I wonder.

Wander to this moment, two paths unfold,
I reach outward with my intuitions to
hesitate in my indecision too long
and the what-should-be I wonder.

This moment when two destinies, two pairs of eyes, collide
When future is present is crystallized possibility of countless facets:
the what-may-have-been and what-will-be I wonder.

The circle is complete in the fusion and the confusion
of you and I, of freedom and now,
of the beauty and the admiration
of the mystery and the wonder.

Learning to love the all of you

I thought it easiest to learn the curves of your neck first
Enough for a first turn of the moon's time together
But then you smiled, a deep, rich yet playful smile
And I was lost in your eyes.
I wandered mountains and rivers of places I had never dreamt
Yet your dreams lay beyond my sight
Of these I gave up trying to know
So I settled for your lips, seeming easy targets.
When I thought I knew them from a precarious distance,
You shattered me with your kisses.

Stars

We are all shooting stars—
A flash and a blaze of glory across the night sky
And then

nothing

....

I saw our star blaze across the night sky
But looking away, you did not see
And so you spent the night gazing at the heavens of a thousand stars
Embraced by the warmth of their light
And I remained in darkness
By your side
Wondering if ever our star should pass by again,
And we should meet
for the first time.

Biographical Note

Brian Rogosky's poetry centers on his quest for spiritual understanding and a sense of belonging in nature and society, despite the many contrary forces in modern life.

Brian spent most of his life in Pennsylvania, surrounded by the woods and rolling hills that inspired his writing. Born in Reading in 1975, he began writing poetry while attending Reading Central Catholic High School. He received degrees in Science and Psychology from Pennsylvania State University, where he also studied literature and philosophy. He received a Master's degree in Psychology at Indiana University in Bloomington and co-authored several articles on empirical studies of cognition.

Brian has worked in the software industry for several years and lived in the San Francisco Bay Area for 7 years. He is currently focusing on writing a science fiction novel.