

Far Away

Luc Sala



Travelling far, inside and outside of me
looking for the light

Far Away

Poetry along my path
through
physics, business,
science, computers,
and esoteric wanderings
but always
in good company



Far Away

Poetry in English and Dutch

2016

by Luc Sala

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Introduction

by Hans Plomp

What do we have here? A kind of poetry we hardly ever encounter nowadays: didactic, moralistic, religious - but in a narrow sense. The voice of a student of the Mysteries, who teaches as well. Isn't every student a potential teacher? The fruit is in the seed.

Many questions are asked in these verses:

“Who am I but my friends in me?”

“How can we doubt that there is direction?”

“Is there a song to sing, a heart to feel, a child to heal in us?”

And many answers are given:

“The lesson is/ whatever we do/ we cannot go against the stream.”

“The secret of life is death.”

In the Netherlands -Luc Sala is Dutch but also writing in English- we have to go back many centuries to find statements as bold as those made in these poems. God was a popular topic in Medieval times with mystics like Ruusbroec and Hadewych. In the so-called Golden Age (when the Dutch expressed their newly gained independence from the then existing European

Empires by terrorizing and colonizing other peoples) our country was teeming with didactic poets.

Emblemata Amatoria and Emblemata Moralia were rather popular in the 17th century. Poets like Roemer Visscher, Jacob Cats and Jan Luycken, who are among the greatest of the Lowlands, presented their teachings in verse, illustrated with metaphorical engravings. Love and morals were the main subjects. About God these capitalistic, rationalistic, cosmopolitan Protestants spoke less and less. The witch-hunts had been abolished here, and the Dutch were more interested in exploiting the world than in exploring heaven.

Religious became the realm of a few zealots and puritans, most of whom emigrated to the new colonies, particularly the USA.

The psychedelic revolution, of which there is more than a whiff in these verses too, brought a new kind of spirituality. As Aldous Huxley's friend and guru Dr. Humphrey Osmond phrased it:

“To fathom hell or soar angelic, just take a pinch of psychedelic.”

Indeed the spirits are raised again, and not only the male gods, but also the great goddesses of old.

This first part of the 21st century not only marks a chaotic new global era, but this may very well be the time of reckoning, of which many prophets spoke.

“God” has been proclaimed dead, we are witnessing “the end of history” (fair enough, let's hear her story now), we are living in the post-modern and the end of the world by either fundamentalist upheaval or global overheating has been announced and can be felt.

The poems of Luc go one step beyond all this. A new spirituality rises from the ashes of the prevailing religions. But is it so new? The Orient comes to mind, as we read Luc Sala's verse:

"O, God, how far do I have to go to grasp the closeness of your heart in mine" (Sala)

or:

"O Lord, I have gone through it all

The distance between us is closed now

Deal directly with me.." (Tukaram, India 17th century)

Sala's poems are part of a new age, a new vision. Or rather, an ancient vision which has been sadly ignored for so long. It is part of the "archaic revival", the search for truth unpolluted by centuries of civilization. In this small book of verse Sala grasps such a truth. He grasps it rather than feels it. The eagerness of grasping is present in these lines. The seeker has peeped into the inner sanctuary, then quickly withdrew to run back to the world and tell everybody.

The poems in Far Away are what Luc Sala has to tell us about the sacred highs he has been visiting.

Ruigoord,

Hans Plomp

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Far away

A bit is only information if it bytes

Friends

Who am I but my friends in me

Who are they but the Friend in me.

Then what about my enemy?

Who is he, who is she?

in me?

Incantation to the moon

Come out in the light

own your darkness

own your anger

own your joy

own your reflections

Come in the light and show me your soul

Then speak and be my truth

Come live and be my love

alive, forever young

a life, renewed by love

(Ireland May '94)

Rejection

Outside

Out of love

Out of control

Out of self

Maybe in touch

with the other

so deeply imprinted

a chance to meet

the Dark One

who is

me

too

Wisdom is not knowing

How can it be found in the world

How can it not be found in the world

How can it be given

How can it be received

as it is

Knowing wants to be free

a connection in the soul
no separation
no knowers, no known
just stillness
not of the mind
but of the heart of hearts
the stone one,
inscribed by the Gods we meet in others
For wisdom is not knowing
not knowing is love
feeling the truth
I am only different
as I have not yet learnt
to be the same

Crying

I don't need another prison
reminding me of my failures
but if we can break down
the prisons inside
a new day
happened
just now

Love

For those who don't know
For those that don't feel
For those who are not
Them I can love
unconditionally

Chief

(for Wouter)

You like the indian chief in me
his strength, wisdom, posture
However, the real task of a chief is to carry, to lead in not
leading
to be of service
so who is it you are longing for inside
you are the chief
I am just holding the mirror
so you can see the thousand faces
of yourself

Wounded Heart

God, when I feel different
when I feel better
when I feel wiser

just know that then I need your grace
So remind me,
that the grass grows
and the sun shines
and my wounded heart fights dirty

Share

I feel so far away
So out of place
So dark
Hold your words
Hold your invitation
just share your cold hands
maybe they will warm
my soul
Please
Don't talk
Don't think
Don't move
just go your way
anew
now
Mannheim june '94

The reality temple

I am told by many
My body is a temple
a house for the soul
that deserves to be honoured
But then the world
is also a temple
to be honoured and cared for
because it houses my soul
like a shell

Silken elegance

I like your ease
your silken elegance
your soft moves
But I love
your smell of sweat
your stink of fear
your body's anger
as they remind me of me
and the love I hide
by all means
but comes out through the cracks

Amsterdam June '94

Doubt

Fighting the holy fight
loving the holy love
tripping the holy trip
How can we doubt
that there is direction
that our guidance is guided
that our struggle is worth it
even when
doubting the holy doubt
sinning the holy sin
and living the unholy life

Stillness

Is there a place to go, a time to be, a God to see
in us
Is there a song to sing, a heart to feel, a child to heal
in us
Being still to listen
to the world
in us
We can hear the echos

of the soul, the heart, the child, the song, the God
in us

Mount Tamalpais

Between me and the mountain
only God knows
how much I need him
The mountain is but another mirror
of the same longing
equally unable to express itself
but in the being, praising out loud, silently.
Between me and the mountain
only God to enjoy

Long Trips

When the car becomes a cell
a moving prison or a monastery
we have but two choices
a trance hibernation
warm and safe
feeling at home
or being in the moment
alert and engaging
feeling in the world

both can lead to insight
and liberate the soul
to do its service work on the mind
and sometimes on the body

Icy Roads

It's not the ice that worries me
it's the un-complacency
the sudden danger
the unexpected bends
the suprising changes
like moving snow, the sun in my face
a frightening intrusion
into my trance

Pride

Planning life is like planning love
not a game
I am even supposed to master
Being played
is all there is
following the cues
as far as I can hear them
Grace is to see joy and pride and bliss in that.

Missing the point

What a stupid thing to do
To contract a love
to find the counterpart
to our mind's needs
to our machine's games
to our body's programming
not waiting for Heaven's cues
What a stupid way to go
but do we have a choice
we better love the soul
look for the flame within
But then, the machine is all we have
most of the time.

Aim

In stating the goals of life
one can make endless list
about dreams of happiness
and the pursuit of wisdom
In the end
one is only left with humbleness
and the being in soul
Nothing exceeds living in the shadow of God's love.

A House

Cleaning up, clearing out, burning sage
For what, this messy rage
A house is not a home until we rest our case.
Our soul is not our own until we stop the chase
A home is a metaphor, not for the soul, but its
uncovering, the finding of the self.

Change

Growing is more and less than change
Accept and see and feel the comfort of perfection
in the evolving process,
taking away the stumbling blocks
by accepting what is
matching our real needs
making the enemy inside our dearest friend

Love or live

Life is more than love,
but is then love less than life?
My answer is that the one
cannot be without the other,
and both are part of the celestial unity.
What was under the stars

not a timebound itch of the soul
As it was, it is.
The now expanded friendship felt as destiny
The “Friend in us” awakened.
You, me, there is no goodbye,
just the happiness
and gratefulness
of the now.

Finding

O, God, how far do I have to go
to grasp the closeness of your heart in mine
How deep do I have to probe and search
to feel the perfection of your body in mine
How hard do I have to beat the drums
before I hear your music in my ears
Yet you are in the going, searching and drumming
so your grace is with me

Choice

To have or to be
To make or buy
To create or accept
To invent or open up to

To shift or be shifted
The choice seems ours
Magus or mystic
Earth or heaven
Man or angel
Who are we to guess the face of God.

Love's Route

The steps on love's ladder
don't feel too smooth
there is no way of telling
how far I have come
It isn't even sure
whether it goes up to heaven
or down to hell
I stumble on
Will someone please
take me by the hand
and pretend, even for a short while
to know the next step.

Fall

The clouds, so full with rain
play joyfull with the sun

their game of light is not for me
but for itself
and thus for all of us
I watch and feel
the tyranny of change
so far away, so utterly beyond.
Those clouds
are maybe just the hands of God
his game of light
for them and thus for all of me
The blue sky is in all of us
These clouds of separation
are they so different?

Direction

Is there direction
or do we just follow the river of life
as it runs its course
Can we paddle a little
or can we just look back
and realise
the wake of our boat
was inevitable anyway
It never goes against the current

The lesson is,
whatever we do
we cannot go against the stream

Humbleness

People, ideas, inventions
aren't they like the strands of a rope
what seems new or bright or special
is nothing but another twine surfacing
each in turn showing itself

The connectedness of the rope
gives the meaning

The spirit flows in all
no less in the ones inside

All are essential.

Silence

There are inspirations in the mind
fruits of the soul
waves of the heart
too light to be put in words
too heavy to escape
but for Him to hear
to take back

what is His.

To die for the light

The secret of life is
it has many names
it carries many fears
it comes in many forms
the sacred one is to surrender
to lighten the light
in dying for it
for the secret of death is life

Simple

Give me the grace of simple happiness
where the joy of being
does not transcend
the beauty of the mountain
the smile of the flowers
and the gentle breeze
where the now of love
doesn't outgrow
the beat of my heart
the reach of my hands
and the sweetness

of finding You
in my company

See

The meeting of minds
bears in itself
the fruits of compassion
in accepting the other
The meeting of souls
is love and passion
I have yet to learn
the distinction.

Reality

We start out accepting
then discover our power
are tricked into fooling
the world and ourselves
enjoying the feeling
until grace halts us.
And if we care to look back
we end in accepting.

Heaven

This plane or living now is not only the base
This life should be the culmination,
When the self comes full circle,
recognizes and greets its old friends,
the mountain that is a mountain again,
the man that is man,
the I am that I am,
the depths of our soul are but shadows of this beauty
showing itself in the moment, now.

Time is a mortal thing

I wander
seeking the truth in my soul
staggering and falling
the miracle is always one step away
one inner door only leads to the next one
the unfolding directedness
becomes manifest when looking back,
love only admitted in the rear mirror.
Is the path really heaven?
I wonder, maybe I live the wrong way around

Driven

There is no control over what truly matters
reality seems flexible
the rocks of life, however
are hard to move.

All I can do
is to see them as stepping stones
pushing them forth costs more energy
and if they move
how can we be sure about the mover?

Smallness

If God is infinite
without and within
the alef alef and the smallest physical uncertainty
who is then the fool
separating me from Him
the wise in me
has to learn to play that fool
if I want to be
beyond the becoming
the transfinite ego

Future Lights

What holds us in its hands
Is future, past and present
at a moments notice
our light is gone
our flame blown out
But even then there is hope
we hold it in our hearts
we can lighten the light
from within

Visualisation Stress

I am not a great visualizer
I try
Reaching in for the light
scanning the inside of the eye
the wanderings of the mind
to no avail.
There is no great inner theatre
no grandioso visions
this seems not given to me.
I feel locked out
limited to eye-sight.
However,

this makes the world outside my heaven.

My destiny is shaping it,
walking the straight road
no straying off to secret dreams.

Reality is my thing
reaching out for the light

Umpiles

Death Valley 1990, travelling with JP Barlow

Looking down from their unmoving stands
Creatures with long lifes and little space
not organized and yet structured
empires in themselves, tremendous energies
slow in the moving, stable in consciousness
touching us in timeless moments
Mountains are, and planets,
humans not, the soul maybe

Escape

There is no way
no sun or moonlit path
no daylight pass
that leads to the escape of self
for the self travels with me

then why is it so hard to enjoy the journey
as it is in such good Company
all the way.

Being Home

It is not the hectic love
It is the melting of your eyes
The easy opening of your soul
It's when you share your cold hands.
And this that other kind of love
that you called God
in us
forever
And so you honor me
with you
being
home

Little Light

When you have the gift
to accept the energy of others
your path will always be lighted

Life

The art of living gracefully
is not in being at the right time and the right place
because we are.

The art of living graceously
is not in the trying
because it is granted.

Beijing

A city
too young to live
or feel the heat of hell
in cleanliness and rigid order
divided up by empty spaces and streams of bikes

A city
too old to die
or lose the love of heaven

Lhasa

Holiness beyond words or matter
The ones high up and those far down
share the one path
and embrace the symbol
All against repression

and in the name of freedom.

My question remains:

What freedom at what price?

Happiness beyond ideology or arms

has no need for direction.

Katmandu

Coming down to the blue light

from the sacred highs

the town is embracing

full of generous warmth

Emerged from the waters

of unconscious knowing,

there is no order, just friendly acceptance

Here the head and the belly meet

in peacefull chaos of the heart

This is living the God within

in the Golden light

of the One

who sees

Kosmos

When tears of happiness

are fighting the smile within

the moon of my body
pushes the sun around me
and the Friend speaks.
But then, loosing that touch,
there is the dry sobbing of my soul, •
alone in an ocean of separation.
remembering to be
like the water in the water
like the octopus
in fluid friendship to my world

Sex and love

There is no separation
between the two,
if one embraces the defenses
so close to us
so dear to us
and yet
keeping us away from ourselves.
Sometime I can laugh at the difference
sometimes I am obsessed by it.
I become myself
when I can feel it as the eternal breathing
of the universe in me.

Zen

The sound of the universe
is like the clapping of one hand
you only have to listen
and if you can't hear it,
think about what the other hand is doing
and try to discern
what is not the universe.
The paradox dissolves in unity.

Traffic

On the highway of life
some are with you for only a short time,
maybe till the next exit
others are with you for a long stretch.
We all move,
in the same direction
and we all arrive.

Sad Eyes

Is there an ocean
deeper than your eyes
are there shores
more beautiful

even when the tides of time
have left their traces,
honoring you
for what you have seen

License to Love

Do you need recommendations
a list of celebrity appraisals
signed endorsements
and my measurements
or can you just take the risk
and accept.

There is no certain outcome
but if you never play
you always loose.

Final

Death is when we remember that we're not alone
And so is life
And love

Stealth

Take my love
when I am not looking

as giving it
is too painfull

Garden

Poeple, friends, enemies
Flowers in the garden
Showing their colors
Not the same
Not all the time
Not all so bright
But together a full bouquet
Do I care about their roots
Do I care where they came from
or where they are going

Little moments

A hand, a little music
a pause in our seeing
a pause in our being
only remembered
when it is too late
to forget about time.

Heaven and Hell

in honor of the Cathar faith

We are blind to God's love
so curse thou Devil
for giving us eyes.

We are deaf to God's breath
so Evil One why give us ears.

May the sacrament of union
the force in our hand
bridge the gap
and console and heal us

Enemies

We are all Gods
We are all Life
but some of us
have the honour of hiding it
as we need Devils
as we need death
to see the One

Sword

Love is the fire
Love is the sword

Ironhard and bittersharp
Whoever gave the sword needs a clean cut
Love is not whatever we want it to be
It is beyond the name
and without the edge

The game of no games

I hate you and I want you.
No easy mellowing
a constant struggle
your image against my words
my lies and your excuses.
The game of no games
just a lie to play
one level deeper.
The endless staircase made visible
deep patterns emerging.
It frightens me, I want to run
I can't stand the bedrock breaking
trusting to mine the deep.
We are in such a need to love ourselves
but willing to compromise in loving you
I hate you and I want me

Digital Devil

That damned computer
I want to shoot her
Holding my data
She took my heart
But I can't erase her

Sam's koan

Who let the sun in

AlgoSaibi

The Arabic poet Chazi A. AlgoSaibi wrote beautiful poems, he inspired me to:

Journey

I traveled
Is there a place more restful
than your heart
A destination further
than the far stars in your eyes
greeting the weary traveller
rejected by all harbours
seeking a trusting refuge
I traveled
Followed beauty — faces

enhanced by art, and always
smiling smiles that never
did snare happiness.
Your face — no longer innocent
reflects my sadness, hunger, fear
Is there a place more lovely
than the endless mind-sky
I traveled
Met philosophers;
spent nights dissecting life
reviewing mysteries
Yet, for what reason
As your mind has tackled
the unknown riddles, claimed old wisdom
it knows good and evil
without the pointing words

Another poem, inspired by Alghosabi:

One and two
When I am with you
We become what we both know
and face the sun, the moon, the light

accept and be accepted
by glorious grace
A miracle of nowness
we feel, we live our place
to honour God in either form.

Pebble

*Inspired by RD&M's hottub
And a star from heaven
In the shadow of Mount TAM,
The temple of the sleeping goddess
Where pebbles are slowly born*

From the fire into the light
Long life, little karma
A small piece of creation
Just a formless stone
No obstruction to the ways of the world
A nameless trail through time and this space
Only known to the One

I travel
Loose and light
Mostly
Unseen

Throw me in the ocean
Of your darkest mind
And I will wash ashore
In a new shade

My destiny and my longing is
To trip you in awareness
But you can also stumble on
To serve some more

You are welcome
Either way

Maha Kumb Sangam

Alahabad Kumb Mela India jan 29, 2001

The battlefield of belonging

We walked
to wash our souls, to shed our sins, to sense our kinship
We came
to where the rivers join
in sangam,
in simple unity
rivers of holy water
rivers of eternal souls
10 million of us, maybe more

in simple devotion
the holy dip
Doing sangam, being sangam
the Ganges as a surprisingly cold door
to being at one
a simple sacrament
flesh and water
the crowd feels like one
the black naga tongue of the serpent
freed by the police polo-game
reaching out, at the auspicious moment
shivering cold in naked holiness
chaos outside, love touched, order inside
the Lord's immanence
in the coloured crowd
the misty red rising sun
in the eye of the beggar
so simple
It touched me
like an inescapable truth
just creation manifest
Brahma's grace
and Krishna as my simple charioteer
Honda driven

September 11th

Back to feodality!

Shiny flyers in a clear sky
Our proud birds of righteousness
Saintly driven onto the pillars of power

At the heart of the bull market
Where money bred money

Holy smoke, no virtual movie inferno
But real people, real disaster
It lurks in the corners of our mind
Haunts our dreams
Twin towers
Portals to hell
Gates to heaven
The symbol of death
And of renewal
Of war and peace
And of a faint new hope

However
The feudal Lords dance
Around the table of peace
With al Jazeera
As their mouthpiece
Rattling their gear
Throwing their spells
Showing their deaths
An eye for an eye
Proportional killing
Bin for Bin too?

The new Warlords preach
And whisper and lie
Hypnotic procedures
Controlled penetration
Of our minds
Do you need proof or

Are we believers?

We live the new symbolism
Tarot towers
Atomic signposts
The green altar of Mammon
Birds of doom
The white anthrax coke
Big brother Goliath
And bin David on the run

Not We

The Hindu wisdom says
Find out what is not self
To uncover the self
Sacrifice and fire is their way
Of talking to the gods
Agni is their gate to heaven

So this question haunts me
Who prayed so loud
Through the twin tower inferno
And to what god

Or was it done
For us?

Who staged this great appeal
This Grandioso bloody ritual
A holy sacrifice
Of human flesh

For us or for God
A call to battle

Awakened when it rained people
Twin towers toppled
Horror and disbelief
The movies in real time

Beyond anger, beyond adrenalin
there grew wonder
Zooming out to the wider picture
I feel called upon

A reminder to see
That good and evil
Are in all

Who thinks we
Do you?
And to what NOT we
You see?

Magic returns, the ceremony has only just started!
(and many ritual attacks have followed since!)

The new heroes:

Who thinks we?
Does Bin?
Does Bush?
Do you

Who thinks we?

And how about the NOT WE
Us and them
US and them
The faithful and the infidels

Who thinks we?
We, the world, the wider we
The total we
Who sings that we
Who walks that we

Do you

Do we?

On the Bus

Jan. 4, 2003 Paradiso Ken Kesey memorial

Kesey, Kerouac, Leary, Ginsberg, Grootveld
We made them giants of freedom
Heroes of the new love, symbols of lost paradise
Be here now was Ram's battle cry
Which brings up the Haight, the Park, the sixties,
het Lieverdje and the Bus

Ken ruled, on the bus, off the bus
You were in or out
Today, being on the bus is not about acid,
It's about the road to Kabul, the road to Baghdad
It's about standing up against the Bushfire of fear,
Against the phoney war on terror, the new imperialism, the
global righteousness

Today, being on the bus means being there
(And I testify to Ram's change of hearth)
not only in Seattle, Amsterdam, Genoa
but being there for you
No hat, no rainbow colours, no slogans, just a smile will do for
fare

Today, you, you rule about being on the bus
The bus of humanity, the bus of greater reality, the bus of inner
glory
As we are love
And the faces of truth
Just as Ken and Tim, and Allen were,
We, we are on!
Now

Firedance

summer 2003

Who got the fire in
who let the dance begin
a dance of transformation
a circle of inspiration
when I came they were people
but as we danced
they became giants
giants of love
carrying me
living the inner truth

manifesting the grace from above

I got the fire in

it made my dance begin

anew, anew, anew

The Firedance event in 2003 inspired me to the only song I ever wrote:

My FireDance song

Who got the fire in

Who made the dance begin

Who was that liar

Who stole the fire

It was Prometheus

And he's in all of us

Who dared the mighty Zeus

And gave us fire to use

Who was that Titan

Who betrayed Gods for Man

It was Prometheus

And he's in all of us

Dancing around the Fire

Firedance, Boulder Creek

I side with the small people, because that's all I can

I side with the small people, because that's what I am
I side with them, as they make the giant steps
that help me move an inch
I side with the small people, as they help me see
that we are but the shadows of our own light
I side with the small people, as they are my family
no service, no condescending help
Just circling and circling
paying our dues
to the fire, to life
in love

The temple of my inner fire

April 2005

O lord, do I need your grace!
At the entrance of the holy place
I see the altar, feel the sacred
but sense the barriers, right in here
where armour, ego, doubt and hatred
prevent me from a lusty stride
to race towards the holy grail
I stand, only my eyes travel
my body frozen, my soul chained
O lord, help me move one feet

to start a journey of a thousand more
You got me here, I made it to the door
and even if you make me trip over this threshold
then at least I will move forward
Thou art my true love
helping to hold you in my heart
to include the world and all above
even me, the hardest one to love
so, help me kneel,
as being closer to the earth
will help me move towards to the fire
the inner joy and utter rapture
that I see before me
but cannot embrace, yet

Garden

2010

Morning, breaking the nightly fast
The flowers awaken
Dew for them, coffee for the rest of us
We share the light, the rising sun
The green, rejected by the trees and plants
Nurtures us, gives us what we miss in the sun's spectrum
The great game of nature unfolds

Do I care to understand
Or is understanding just another way of escaping
The joy of morning, in the garden

Groups

(2010)

I hate groups
The invitation to gauge, the innate urge to judge
I know, it's just defense, unease, fear, hidden anger
but hey, it's a challenge too
not to judge
not to look for shortcomings
and enjoy
god's bouquet and the promise that
we is more than me
And start to belong

Smarter

May 2012

Fear has led to anger
But as anger wasn't accepted either
I became smart, smarter, sensing the faults and shortcomings
of all
A false security, that seemed to help me through life
Gave me power, wealth, insights, but cost me a lot.

Envy, hate, not belonging, being outside and finally the body
kicked in

Trying to tell me, what I hid under the smartness

In not a nice way, immobilising me with pain at times

The deep message, that feeling and harmony is what my inner
child wants

I have yet to embrace fully

DICHTE GEDACHTEN

Als God me geen drie waakhonden had gegeven,
had ik hem niet horen kloppen.

Je kinderen zijn minder een band met de toekomst,
als wel een herinnering aan je verleden.

Voor mijn kinderen

Het wonder in ons leven
is niet dat jullie van ons leren,
maar dat we in jullie tocht
de leidraad voor de onze vinden
niet dat jullie groeien,
maar dat wij met jullie groot worden
en blijheid kennen.

Dichtbij

God is niet minder dan ongrijpbaar,
maar in jullie lachen, vechten, groeien

is zijn licht
soms zichtbaar
en zijn kracht
tastbaar.

Keuze

Kinderen hebben we gekregen
en wat maken we er van
Gelukkig wisten we ook niet beter
en deden we gewoon ons best
Vanonder het gevoel van schuld
kruipt de notie vandaan,
dat jullie tenslotte ons kozen
en we daar best vertrouwen in mogen hebben.

Zwakke

Schitterende, etterige, krenigige
prachtige, vervelende wonderen
Wat kan ik jullie geven
aan mijn eerlijkste gedachten
mijn liefde, kwaadheid, zachtheid
mij zelve, in mijn broze zwakheid
zoekend naar s'levens krachten
zodat jullie voluit zullen leven

mijn zwakte is een broze wegwijzer
die jullie zelf omhoog moeten houden.

Wanhoop

Als een kluwen vechtend,
gillend, ver van mijn ziel
sta ik daar vaak machteloos
toezien,
hoe jullie leren omgaan met je rechten
in dat spel
zie ik de wereld
maar nog meer mijzelve.

Generaties

Waarom is het toch zo moeilijk,
wijsheid te stellen tegenover regel
liefde tegen wet en orde
ons gevoel te leven en de verstikkende realiteit
weer in te slikken.
We kennen de eeuwenoude fouten, maar we durven niet aan
de achterhaalde werkelijkheid onderuit te halen.
Dus leven niet alleen wij, maar ook onze kinderen
in de schaduw van het onwijze.
Onze zonde is onze vrede

Mijn zonde is dus mijn vrede
Laat ieder zijn manier om dat te leren.

Hemel

Het koninkrijk der hemelen is dichtbij
in tijd en ruimte is het nu
de perfectie van onze schepping
maar hoe goed is dat verborgen
hoe diep weggestoken in onze onsterfelijke ziel
waar alleen genade het ons doet vermoeden
en de zoeker slechts vindt,
indien hij gevonden wordt.
Dat tijdloze moment
is genade.

Gevecht

Wanneer het schuimt in mijn ziel
de maalstroom zich een weg naar buiten vecht
en ik ronddraai in mijn zielekooi
dan voel ik dat de rivier van het mijne
zich meet met de oceaan van het goddelijke
en het ik niet meer is dan een toeschouwer
van de eeuwige dans tussen mij en mijn al
zoekend en draaiend, een wervelende bede

om doel en richting.

Ego-beeld

De kern van mijn wezen is onbereikbaar ver
gevangen in het web van mijn dromen
achter de wolken van mijn geloof
waar ik slechts die Ene kan vermoeden
maar ik nooit kan ervaren
dan in mijn vorm en mijn taal
Tussen dat en de wereld een machine
vol met programma's en reflexen
vol met schuld, boete en kortstondige beloning
vol met angst en vrees en woede
goeddeels automatisch.

Computer

Het is niet voldoende
De programmering te herkennen
aan de output
Het gaat om de input
en die te omarmen
als de ware leermeester
De machine doet zijn werk,
het gaat niet aan

het resultaat te veroordelen
zonder het programma te willen kennen.

Data

Een bit is pas informatie als het byte

Eigendunk

Mijn ego is een tweesnijdend zwaard
zonder die baas doe ik niet veel
met die ballon doe ik de verkeerde dingen
waarom heeft God
geen speld meegeleverd
en een autoexec file.

Wezen

Slechts in de stilte van mijzelf
en in de liefde van de ander
vermoed ik
dat de triomf van het leven ligt
in het herkennen van de Ene
in het geheel van mijn schepping.

Protest

*(verscheen als advertentie in de kranten na invoeren
identificatieplicht*

Ik wil geen nummer zijn
geen burger zonder ziel of rechten
geen byte in andermans computer
maar strijden voor het licht
in jou
in mij
in allen.

Liefde

Voor wie niet weten
Voor wie niet voelen
Voor wie niet zijn
is mijn geheime liefde
van hen mag ik houden
van hen kan ik houden
onvoorwaardelijk
zonder rekening

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