

## **THE GREEN DOOR**

A free association of international artists intent on focusing on work rather than personality

No statements will be made  
No manifesto will be issued  
No dogma subscribe to

**THE GREEN DOOR** does however see the spiritual (individually defined rather than collectively expressed) the creative and the erotic as three expressions issuing from the same source

Therefore work which reflect this unity will be distributed from time to time, via the Internet via a variety of formats

Email: poetry, prose, etc

Audio and visual material will also, in time, be added

To introduce the magazine two contributions, both anonymous, are offered as an example of the work will follow

Readers are advised that the second of these works is a poem of an erotic nature

Should you wish to be added to the mailing list then please confirm your interest by email to [editorsgreendoor@gmail.com](mailto:editorsgreendoor@gmail.com)

Should we not hear from you then you will not hear from us

### **POEM 1**

Mirages are real....a human answer.

In the desert of my eye mirages are teeming  
but,  
in a fata-morgana,  
you see-  
you see what is behind the horizon.

Hence mirages are real, said the poet,  
behind the sight line of an image-making mind.

The more I try to disentangle them the more they swarm  
the more they teem.

So, when keeping my eye calm,  
and released,  
the mirages become clear,

readable for my creative imagination,  
where they float between:

"to be" and "not to be"; where "yes" becomes "no" and "no" becomes "yes";

saying words, uttering sounds,  
gesturing and winking to the awakening mind of the poet who does not search for words but  
lets them come with the sweet-smelling wind which waits for the story that congealing and  
growing within.

This tells, and shows, what I don't or didn't know when my mind was self-poisoned in false  
reasoning;

but I am simply breathing now, talking with mirages which give a very human answer.

In poetry no compass -only necessity.

Imagination must be a creation where the body becomes a spirit and the spirit makes a poem  
with(in) the body.

## POEM 2

Woman/ sweet woman / wise woman / witch woman

To kneel before you

To kneel before the honey of your sex

Drops of which fall upon my tongue

*o sweetness*

*o sweetness*

See –even now / at the thought of it

My flesh is tingling / and rising

As my hand reaches again

For the flesh it wants to offer you

*My seed to your seed*

*My honey to your honey*

*You astride me*

*I astride you*

Yet I am jealous / of the child who drinks from you

I should be the one who brings

The poem of his lips to the poem of your nipple

I am the one who should be fed by sweet milk

Even in saying this / even in the writing

I taste the sweetness of your breast in my mouth

I am hungry / I cannot get enough / my seed spills yet desire remains

I fondle my flesh because you are not here to do so  
My hand becomes your hand to my mind  
In the light behind my closed eyes you undress for me  
Offer your breast  
And stroke me as only a witch woman can into total oblivion

I will have nothing else!  
I will have nothing else!

*My seed to your seed*  
*My honey to your honey*  
*You astride me*  
*I astride you*

Allow me my dream if you will allow nothing else  
Enter my dream  
Come while I sleep and stroke my thighs –

Something I am now doing because you are not here  
To do it  
Though you have caused this burning