



Upon the Veil

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Argotist Ebooks

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For Robin

We cannot elude the snare of slumber, it stalks us at day's end, the call of restful sleep lures us into the darkened chamber and hushes the mind, only to stir again as dreams flow that we cannot remember.

The lights of the city sparkle and the rabble flits about seeking dark corners to hide their sins,
what will morn disclose as the sun exposes landscapes that extend to the horizon.

The rambling of the masses lightly interconnected through touch and thought, tender and raw, dull and sodden by the daily drudge. Waves of reality bringing gasps and groans, weeping and wailing. Hope sets in to lighten the mood and raise the smile from the darkness and brighten the outlook to what rests and calls out beyond the veil.

Remember the ignorance of the human mind, instinct can do more to save a person from doom than knowledge. Knowledge is what we have learned either by book or by experience. Experience lends more to the success of the species, if you survive the training course life gives you. If not, all of that is lost. The best minds and best talents in the art world are hidden in the dark shadows of distrust and disdain for the public's current view. It is when death comes the closets are opened and the talent once left shelved is flung on the floor for all to see. If a discerning eye can catch a glimpse of the true spirit of art glimmering through the dust a new page can be written in posthumous ink. Then the experience can be extracted by those with vision.

Ignorance was bliss, the knowledge we had was the tool we used to exist. Scraped knuckles and brandished ids, rudy in the dim glow of the kitchen light and the turntable spun life with each new LP applied.

Got to be fifth dimensional. Living in edge, stealing time from the other side, piercing the veil to extract tidbit visages of the alternate realities that only consume our dreams.

Ragged seams torn by the stress of distance demanded, roughened surfaces buffeted by the hands
of time.

The pace we travel belies disagreement with ourselves. Will we ever trust that the day is ours and tomorrow belongs to no one?

The stark denial, opinions of the mindless given, you and I envision reality darkened by the truth, our part in evolution is chaos nondescript, beyond our own vision, chance she dances and tosses petals fallen from times wilting flower along the path.

The sixth [dimension] may be either fathomable or unfathomable. The choice is to seek or not to seek what may exist. As some put it, the existence is what we can think, I know everything exists with or without our existence.

The phases of life. From one to the next, each thought passing, building the frame of our existence, fragile and tender the body holds the soul until the buttresses fail and the release presses through the veil.

It is that transition of frame to ash and smoke, taking the essence from body to the next level.

We keep getting these reminders. As our friends pass. As body parts submit to rust and age we have to think in larger terms than just what might be done this day or this year. The eternal horizon looms. We have to get our sails ready and be ready to catch the wind when it comes.

The issues of man are just a thing of the past rehashed day to day. There is no humanity in man, man has created humanity to satisfy his need to be differentiated from the animal kind-dom, we wear clothes and create tools, these will always include articles of war and distraction. To deny it is to deny the inevitable truth. It is why we seek a truth that can never exist until nothing exists.
Only then will peace reign.

We accepted that knowledge was not enough, to exist beyond knowledge is the goal.

We remember, age brings subtle and harsh changes, as we rise above the landscape we are exposed to the world, we gain knowledge and expand from within, our outer shell weathers from the elements and glistens taut with pride, time brings the haze and our exterior dulls and withers. In the end we burst and plummet back to earth. Our inner spirit is released to continue the journey unencumbered by the hindering forces of nature.

Some seek vigor from contempt and contrition, others healing idle in the solemnness of solitude.
The shattering of the silence, engulfing our souls lashing tongues bare raw our senses. Back to
the silence to heal once more purging wounds and soothing scars.

I plod along, looking to the end of the day, assuming that dreams will come, and the morning will break and roust me back into a new day. What comes need not be jagged and corrupt, oh to drift among the clouds milky white and whisper quiet breeze to push us along.

Smooth soft sheets, cool to the touch, a gentle embrace, whispered wishes of love, pushing off the morning, dim light merges, emblazoned rises a new day.

The senseless wander about, cackling discordant tones, worldly to self, distorting mastery of truth, gazing unaccountable upon living death.

Sullen eyes stinging, aging cheeks stained with salted tears, pensive posture taken, unuttered
expression longing love lost.

Where does life take us, paths strewn with memories, soaked in sweat and blood, we look back to the distant green glens of our youth, calling out to the horsemen, slow, slow, onward.

Life is the journey onward to death, carried along the hardened streets, the wheels grinding along the stones, the breath of the horsemen and steeds drift across the way, the veil parts and the horses take wings astride with angels coursing the golden way to heaven's gate with heralds sung by those gone before ringing softly hallelujah.

I would rather see the big one from nature rather than man, I have seen so much natural destruction I am always in awe, the residual presence of the power hangs like a mist, the silence and lack of sounds is chilling but cleansing.

The void is the creator of all things, without the vacuum of space nothing would exist, it is what drives us to think about filling the void, it is a basis of life, the void allows gravity to exist with all things coming together. Study of the singularity helps bring it full circle, I dare not step on the stage speaking as where it is or where it came from, that creates a void in my brain that will only implode, so I generally just step away slowly.

Clusters of carbon drifting on the winds, returning to the dust to recreate life fresh, time details the erection of monuments to named anonymity, what great things we have done is whispered on the winds as the element is once again recreated. Our senses are raw to the touch with the daily rasping from the world around us, we grind hard against the information before us, our nerves are stripped of feeling and rage with pain, no release is given, and the dull throb darkens the light to the soul.

Death to me is release, not a burden or a dark shadow at the end of the path. This body I inhabit is rusty dust and hold no more value than it's sum of it's parts. While fresh it may offer life, sight or extended life to others, exceeded to expiration it is no more than fodder. We should learn to embrace death. Not fear it. Live a life that demands celebration in passing. Not a parade in memorial but gifting true happiness to others where pain and suffering fade.

A wandering soul does not have to leave. It is at home in the journey. Your mind takes you places your eyes will never see, nature provides a different view when you get the chance to wander. The mind can rarely replace nature's true beauty. Like a painter can never paint the true picture but nature cannot show the true mind. Nature is designed to inspire in many facets. What I may perceive as beauty you may see cancer and rust. There is inner understanding. Either intuition by divine inspiration or genetic encoding.

A place with no beginning and no end. No boundaries yet all inclusive. What mind can yet understand the ends limitlessness. Motion mind, deprived of rest, grinding teeth and bitter bile. Ideas flourish and time dies. When you grind the grit gets in the way. Let the dust settle and rains of rest wash the mind clean.

Poetry and prose. Separated only by simple arrogance. We speak our minds in written words, left to the world to decide its fate in honor or disgrace. The world knows what is told to know. If they could only step away from the fear, sit in the darkness and stare into the void of inner knowledge.

Upon the Veil

Edging ever closer
Straining eyes that fail
Reaching out in wonder
Touching lightly upon the veil
Leaning softly tempting
Pushing harder wanting
Joy embrace in passing
Whispers lightly laughing
Linger upon the veil

About the Author

David Samuel Smith is a wanderer of the world, having lived in the USA, Asia, Africa and traveled through many rural developing countries plying a passion to help others to access energy and the basics of life.