

## Hornby Desolate Cliffs in Sunny August

High cliff above ocean  
Province of north country island  
Clear day woods filled with life  
Me at age fifty  
22 years before I sat on bridge in Basel  
Speaking intellectual about  
Chemical discoveries, history, chemical purity  
Purify your mind  
Refine matter ever more precisely  
Ascending frequencies of light  
Each notch with its own recapitulated terrain  
Waves of light  
Yet few waves in the ocean in this ocean now  
Gradients of blue  
Go meditate she said  
I needed water  
Time stretches  
Go away I want to be alone  
Gazing in her eyes I had felt love in compassion  
Suddenly replaced by cold indifference  
I wandered away  
Some cliffs were high above the water  
Others so low you almost could walk to the ocean below  
Along the path small khaki packs, shoes, a blue hard plastic water  
container  
Market the spot that my two friends had retreated  
Into the woods  
Naked  
Intense experience  
I was abandoned once again alone  
Hot and dry  
Wandering in the desert  
Searching  
The day has duration  
Time creeps slowly toward the days ending  
Just as everyone has before it  
*Tabala* ever more rapidly  
Beats  
I finally find Rita  
She walks past me  
Later on a memorial bench

Pointed at the ocean  
She talks to me like Hermine in *Steppenwolf*  
Archetypal thoughts penetrate deeply  
If I were to speak my love  
It would echo into an empty chasm  
There is no love here yet I am hungry  
A master at many things  
I am an innocent in the ways of love and life  
Walls everywhere  
Disappointment  
Amidst the ecstasy of my friends  
I find my waves have crashed on desolate rocks  
We return to the small cabin  
Rita falls asleep  
I talk until exhausted  
Sleep alone and chaotically dream

**August 29, 1998**  
**Salt Spring Island, B.C. Canada**