



Pralaya Revisited

by
Doreen Domb



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*Pralaya
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 Theosophy Forward

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Preface

Running throughout life experiences and observations (both by myself and with others), is a realized truth that **art saves lives**. Our poets and storytellers are our philosophers, scribes, and recorders of history... where a story, song or painting passionately takes us can serve to rejuvenate, rebirth, and heal deeply our vital (life) force – giving our lives grounded meaning *as* conditioned life is happening.

Residing in a world of duality, we need all the help we can get! One invaluable resource that has significantly informed my craft and creative convictions has been through committed study and practical application of Theosophy. Its durable foundation – a synchronous resonance, if you will - has not ever failed to profoundly underscore an inner *yes* as to the natural connectivity of everything.

Being a perennial student of the perennial wisdom, how indescribably fortunate I have been to have intersected the paths of other learners - both as independents and organization-based. Seeking out community locally and beyond while honing creative skills -- establishing connection and befriending artistically-expressive types of

the theosophical persuasion (those who once were -- those who still are) - and acknowledging the support and influence of such kindred spirits.

It might be tempting to refer to this conversation as one about "theosophical" art. A significant example is the poem/song featured in this collection, HPB'S OPEN-WINDOW POLICY. The impetus for this work was clearly inspired by the fact (unprecedented, perhaps, relative to theosophically-based conferences) that an artists segment was featured during the two-day Keeping the Link Unbroken conference, to celebrate the centenary of HPB's passing, back in May 1991. Following this auspicious occasion came another: the immediate birth of TACO (Theosophical Artists Co-op) that has since carried on for two decades. It feels crucial that I pay loving homage to the two individuals responsible for the initial emanation of TACO: long time theosophists (affiliations with Adyar and Pasadena TS) and dedicated artists, Roger Gemme and John T. Coker. (Roger had passed in January 2005, and John left us only this past August 2011.) These pioneers (and very dear friends) helped to bust the artistic heart wide open, with no portion of head/intellect having been harmed in the process. A healthy balance of head and heart -- something we need to keep embodying while residing upon this planet.

D. D.



HPB's Open-Window Policy

Does one even dare to imagine
the courage it took, how it felt
a three-in-one-story empowered by the higher self:
the vehicle a woman
a spirit of truth
directly performing under teachers working through HPB

This liberated prisoner
this Hpho-wa* this Tulku**
did set the self aside to be a receiver of Truth
talk of Blavatsky the medium
has never held water to those in the know
silent screams inhabit those empty containers
who don't know that space
is no space at all

When you have ceased to hear the many
then you may discern the one,
sifting out the plague of blindness lining
all the tunnels of the old things
with new names concealing
while revealing you
all the blanks and hopelessness are broken down,
crumbled with a flood of light

Enlightenment for self or compassion for all
are the motives we may choose,
melting away diversity or ending as fools
Tower-of-Babel mentality
once seemed ruler of the world
today it's in senses, societies
conquering others rather than one's self...

Yesterday she walked the line
she walks the line today sometimes
critics bellow "antiquation!"
claiming that she's out-of-date
yet the eyes always follow you
telling: you've got nothing to lose
occasions arise within to frame the pearl
that houses the many in the one

It's not so much what is done
as the thought supporting the deed
shattering sense of separateness to nullify
personalities,
for years run by and nothing changes
the language is the same,
consolidating from inside-out
to keep together
the link in the chain...

1991 by Doreen Domb.

Originally performed as a song at the HPB KEEPING THE LINK
UNBROKEN conference in Pasadena, CA, May 1991}

*Hpho-wa (Tibetan) "transference of consciousness," that is, the
condition of being able to manifest, through one's own inner con-
stitution, the knowledge and power of a greater being ... the very
opposite of mediumship. [SOURCE: *The Dream that Never Dies*,
by Boris de Zirkoff, "H.P. Blavatsky as an Occultist."]

**Tulku (Tibetan) Describing the condition when a living initiate or
High Occultist sends a portion of his/her consciousness to take
embodiment for a period of time, in order to perform a duty, or to
teach. [SOURCE: *H. P. Blavatsky Collected Writings*, Vol. I;
from Appendix: General Bibliography]



4

Made To Order

Order apparent has flitted away...

with disturbed glee I seize the chaos
cut the cake of the maelstrom
planning a strategy
within the eddy of despondency
riding blinding fear in the glow of undertow
stirring a peek round the corner
to see what I can see
all the while collapsing
in paroxysms of harmony

It's my vibration
is it not--
still my whim to change the key
to resonate to me

5



6

Utah Red

So long has it been
since feeling the crimson tide-pull
of your dry land
so long has it been since I bled
into your rich deep red earth
since I descended your ascension
since your full emptiness seared into me
mixing pungent primitive palettes
flush with the blush of rubicund canyons
rubbing against cleft and crevasse
while leaving your surface unmarred--
painting you inside me
strokes borne of fingers and sticks
letters and tongues
taking on the second death
accent and liniment have promised
in the volcanic swirl only *your* place could bestow

7



Verbal Start

I melted at your verbal touch
wrapped in your fine wool sweater
looking so comfortably easy
I could just sit and watch--
I love this picture of you

You are not here now
and I am fermenting anxiety
so I begin to clean
until my hands are white and wrinkled

In sleep I tell myself stories
perhaps you and I were looking for
family at the same time
in wakefulness I am aware
that what I need could mean losing you

But how is it sometimes
when you open your mouth to speak
my words drop out



Musing On Human

The greatest psychic salesperson in the world
may comprise a louse of a human being,
such observation coming from another
shining rogue of the same persuasion
unqualified to emanate infinite truths
while intermittently knowing how
to make up the truth

I hardly know what it means
to be human
whilst daily carrying out human activity

Leaving last night's dharma talk
I came away riddled,
covered with unsettling dusty trust--
the monk had instructed us to secure
our next rebirth destination
during the present lifetime
and the only moment I truly grok
is knowing not where to begin what



12

Awaiting Another Fruitful Summer

Then
as the *now* yet to be,
I walked the routes of summer
imbibing endless nourishment
lining blocks with multi-color juicy paradise
splendor unstarved
excitement unchecked
as first offerings of blackberries spied
blooming plump dark orgasmic
flavor showers from pear
plum apple grape fig
red gold indigo hues
drunken in
revered most on driest of days,
one could not ever go thirsting
for sustenance wandering
our foothill summer streets

13



Putting Out The Call

{the first day U.S. troops were deployed to Iraq}

At mid-afternoon beneath a hazy full moon
I walk out to pier's edge resting above
the small pond contained by Coyote Woods--
seconds above my despair
and the heaviest of heart
mind's eye lifts up -- puts out the call
to hidden protectors of divine common sense,
speaking wishes for non-emanating energy source
of personal fanaticism, violent discontent

Sending voice above my head
I beseech celestial devas to quietly capture--
then sing, steer and shelter a calming
wisdom song of divine common sense,
carrying it to countless characters that make a country
a planet - a universe

Watermark of ancient longing
I am holding still
suspended in watery composure,
listening
waiting
listening...

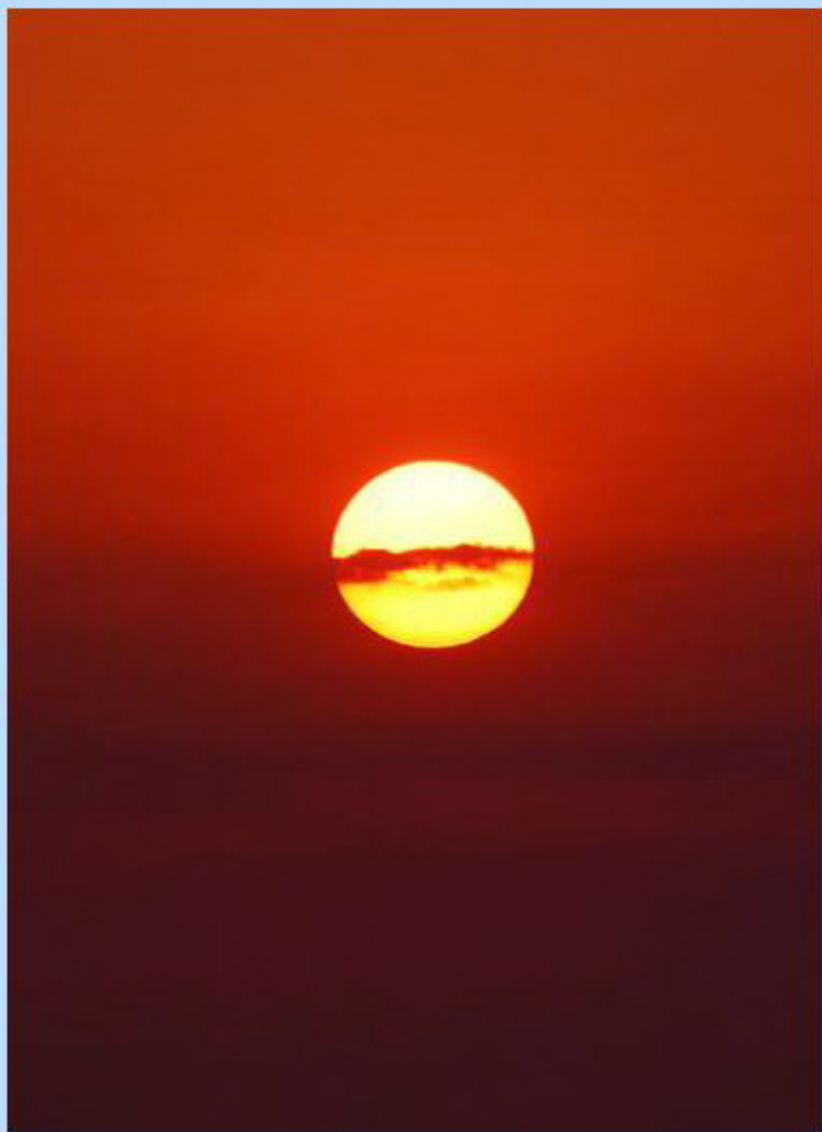


16

Cloaked Condensation

My toilet tank wears a sweater of cream-colored
angora
surely a pioneer of style
and source of worry for the neighboring
tanks dotting the porcelain landscape.
Those ceramic titans would not be caught
dead as slaves to fashion preferring
to flush the very notion of being
swathed in soft droplet-catching wool,
choosing to shelve such knitted confusion
for next time around,
figuring the ensuing lifewave will
metamorphose *such* vessels of light
as to require no cloaking devices whatsoever

17



18

California Fire In The Sky

Sunrise and sunset are one this day--
fiery burnished orb sits sizzling
in sky burning with indifference
futile boundless pointless
to wonder which end is up

19



20

Mango Heaven

There are none back east
not even pictures of them
so any former right-sided residing being
now dwelling to the far left
may remember her first time

I saw the plump oval roundness of green-orange-red
splotted about the surface of a single fruit
indecisive - perhaps fearing the contents
concealed within soft-pretty-mellow cantaloupe
color getting only better when I taste
and know I'm no longer in Southern California
but awash in some nameless region transcending the
tropics

I eat six in a sitting
and will again
cold juicy melting sweet
not quite like L.A.
yet glad to be here with them
right around the corner
up the street for me to eat,
whether or not it be common knowledge
Mango Heaven lives in L.A.

21



A Shared Landscape

{for Patrice, in celebration of Michael's life}

In the moment where anticipation finds no place
he was looking out for you
in hovering pause before the threshold
of a journey just beginning--
slipping out in a way that ransacks
endless feel of time spent in a sick room
your best friend somehow knew to spare you *this*

Freedom loving respect shone quietly
between the two of you,
remaining a gift beheld by many
mirrored to me
the garden the cats
at the end of a day
the close of a year
you were always coming home to each other

Departing the body ravaged
swings open a window of blessings
transcending language itself,
for your shared life energy seamlessly embroiders
a landscape that pulsates beyond this planet
leaving the love intact for all duration

While the heart breaks
in the eye of such merciful release,
a feather-wave is riding the thread soul
of spirit's timeless vitality
supple within its enduring divinity...
what has come before
what has yet to be
lies peaceful & deep
within the soft *now* of your love



24

Calling

Following owl's music
I walk myself into garden's wet fullness
riding fireflies thrumming light-dance
under tongues of flooding fruit,
Mother's endless kisses everywhere
you preparing the night warming
full moon's bathing joy
moving imperceptibly sweet
thick slow
amber honey jumpsuit needing no cue
to provoke life into rich desire

25



26

School Is Not Open

Awaiting our first lesson from space
you were blown out of the sky
all seven of you

I am not convinced of death
feeling you have catapulted through
another world intact
or become divine tears in the universal
mix with mine and others

In dreams I hear...
shard of tethered flesh to bone and fabric
washed up amid a sea of broken panels
battered boosters...

Nothing is worth not getting
close to strangers until departure

27



28

Like Now

Sometimes patches of clarity...
sneaking back
I feel like the woman
who finally got to look
through the big telescope at Saturn
only to find a fluorescent-white planetary cut-out
pasted against the murky night sky
I was crushed!
no 3-D
like now

29



30

Spaces To Farm

The spaces between life
where I'm learning to farm
are tilling the soil of my being...
gently plowing rows of self
powered by pulsating prisms of light
turning seeds over and over again into earth,
so when I come back
I don't always recognize
what these walls hold in place

31



32

On Silent Pines Trail

What rises to the top
ought to be built into our biology
like cessation of speech
when traversing red earth trails
amid majestic *Foxtail pine* cousins
yet the groves' silence shatters
throwing down glassy peopled shards
disturbing Great Basin bristlecone calm
cries calling out from the Redtail,
Canyon wren
Northern flicker...

the two-legged leaky margins,
talking devices in tow with their own mouths
drowning what cannot be endured,
as home cannot seem to be left
at home
why ever come here
if stillness assaults such thin-skinned senses
bringing on the most uncomfortable culture
ever encountered:
being alone with one's self for five minutes

33



Gypsy School Still Paying Off

Even before Gypsy School
I was a gypsy-in-training
wee pagan soul costumed in that role
when veils assumed their thinnest guise...
I was a blond head swathed in a scarf
of darkest scarlet prowling neighborhood streets
with paper sack and a grandma wiser
than two parents would ever be
countless years later
mother would be heard to utter:
"I have gypsies for kids"
one kid fulfilling the prophecy still



36

Deer Train On 49

Doing 63mph on 49hwy
suddenly appears
barreling locomotive blur of fur
flesh and bone plowing the night asphalt
antlered crown down and in charge position
riding warp speed body
scant inches from engine nose
spotting him beyond last possible second
so clear too late
yet moment later
both of us here to breathe the tale
while others nowhere near such luck
the times deer, human and machine
have collided at unintentioned crossroads

37



38

Yes

No one knows where I am
in the air above breathing heavy
cloudfuls of eclipsed full Aries
moon hiding in total cloaking costume
leaving a feeling so remote
those I love so remote
inside the wire drawn tight

A week ago I took myself
into the forest and the mountains
to replenish the smell that saves
when Arizona is deep within
at times intending to carry
notes taken into my next life
sewing them up inside
so I can have a little head
start for next time
so I don't bloom so late

39

When I was a native of earth
swimming in and around rosy
pink-hued pyramids of northeastern Arizona
slipping between the monuments on either side
unable to even whisper
while my soul uttered yes--
all breathing set down roots

In that glowing white limestone
residing in the easterly distance
the silent language dreamed seventeen years
of dwelling inside adobe--
fashioning each inch with each body movement
hands baking clay
shape shifting as I go
smell of sunned earth growing strong
so much stronger
smells overcoming in the cave
womb molding around me
as I lead with my nose
crawling into the smell
that smell like no other
of sun adobe Ponderosa pine
such beckoning mixture I must become

Search Nectar

Reiki-heart poet beats edgy rhythms these days
courted by flesh bone & blood
driven by metabolism of love
curators of history that become space holders
opening eyes to what is *now*
her serrated voyager traversing the winding night

She connects everything
blessed curse of automatic pilot
tight lovely soulful
the rare friend
later shipped to stuff of dreams
she truly wondering if the wonder gift
lies within the wound it is holding

Action of no action whispers: *tending*
to the garden inside
passive knowing
something not quite right
no sense of other as before
interest cancelled due to lack of interest
language uncommitted to her manifest point
daring to imagine good-sized surplus
saves up another account

Should an anxious darkness roll in
draping her early morning hours,
such moments of nothing left to lose
may expose sliver of first light
kindling direction towards a nascent love
later to seek nectar source in friend, lover or package
ideal

She calls to a warrior from kindness
unqualified to point fingers or cast stones



42

Why Not

Nervous about everything two months after
I've quit smoking
major changes are begun from infancy
why is it so easy before it gets hard
harder
why a shorter short cut
before the longer long haul

why does the oil light continue to wink at me
when the operation was a success

Poetic gills close for weeks
sleep restless in still moments
every time I'm there to hear
church bells clang ominous warning across the street

Who what
first birthed fear
teaching it as reality,
foundation that feels rootless

43



44

Cyclic Swing

I rolled out of my Self
like an astral acrobat defining
all directions I would take
on the thread of the circle
with no net of concern,
rimming a nonstop coast within
without
and down the evolutionary median

A joyous thing I know
listening to birds singing in the middle of the night,
is tagged a cacophony by most
everyone who chooses not to venture
beyond hearing
yet I marvel as I lie here
nothing new to think about

On the other hand
worry genes do their job well
labor saving devices make for more labor
and time saved,
used up in work

I'm still rolling...

45

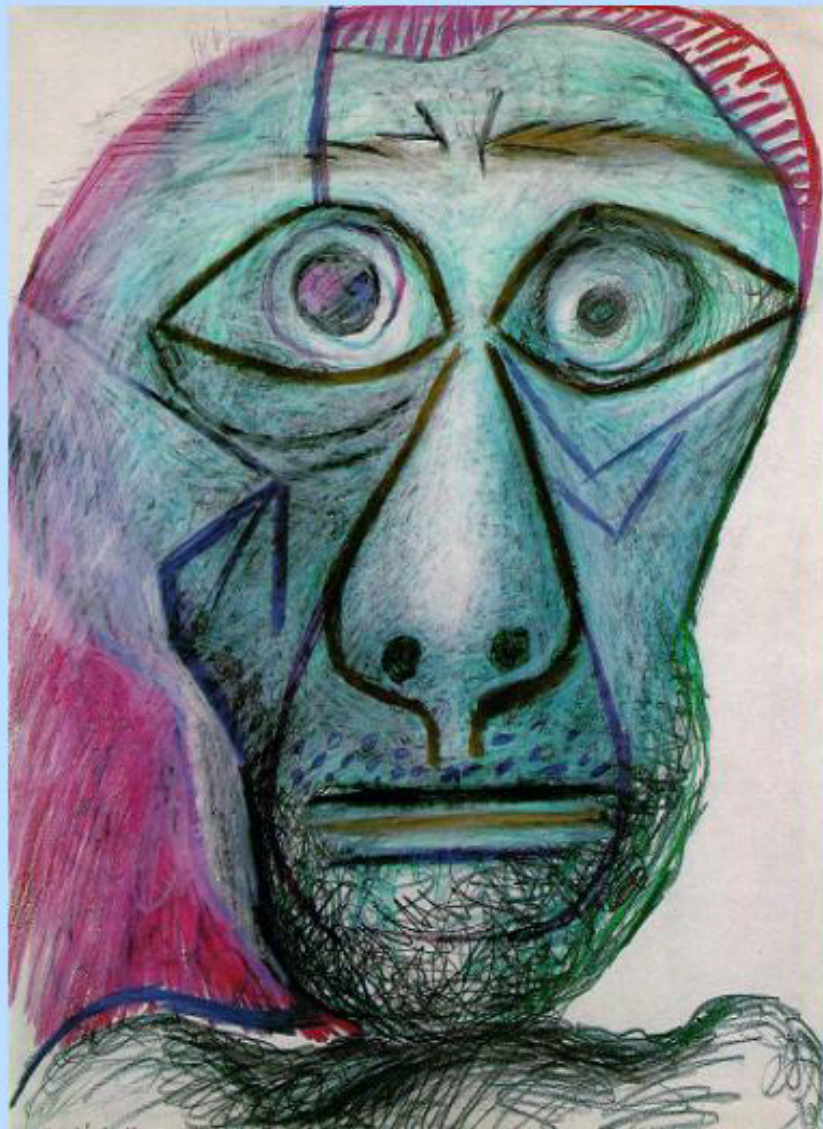


Glimmer-Heart

Before spirit moved upon the face of the deep
she was having the time of your life
spaced between unconditioned defenses
and restful tapestries subtly unraveling
the first death
as ground was preparing for the second
the black-and-white of it
a dislocated color drained from kindness
to become something else.

Before nameless thirst began its
suck-back of soft animal landscape
one could truly catch
a glimmer-heart of light
silent in its shadow dwelling
beneath the world's loneliest voice
trumpeting down its longest tunnel,
endless reed holding a point
marked for the one intimacy
the greatest betrayal of all.

Once such cocooned energy is tracked
swallowed and set free
your words shall become you
beating strong in the heart of mind.



48

Facemap

I've seen anger make you very sick
where overnight crevices would appear
running the base of your ear to the bottom of your chin
your face a metamorphosed map of gray indentations
outlined in faint blue
around your lips purple would come
threatening to spread to your teeth
in no time at all
thin ice slats would replace smaller
bodies of water that would shiver
shatter with the slightest breath,
You outdated map

49



50

Indigold

While I was losing the belief
of believing everything
but my Self
heaven slowly spread her *indigold* sweetness
before my eyes

I let go of specialization that had
chiseled at my cells for centuries
knowing finally
no crime against nature had been committed

Unseen eyes hovering upon unsettled wings
beat the air restless
dissolving made-up histories
that instruct us to be born
with self-generating defects
remembering again
you're gonna get to be male and female
at least once

Improvisation is no sin
indeed it is the thing most needed
on this planetary domicile of ours

51



52

Live Dream

Tonight I'd have dreamed the sound of rain
but for being awake and hearing
the song prayers have intoned for so
many weeks in this dry, parched desert

I rekindled the lamp
jumped up to run
to the front room to slide
the glass open to step out and
delight my naked body to the cold
wet feel of luxurious liquid running down
my eyes succumbing to lightning's dancing
splendor emblazoning the blackened sky
my open mouth an extolling
receptacle for the drops giving
divine thanks for such lovely reprieve
garden's shrubs and flowers nodding
their sentiments as well

53

I stood awhile
my temperature decreasing
spirits soaring in the wonderful
freedom of nothing between my
skin and the slick night air
when the chill was great enough
I came back to bed to
listen to sky's waterfall
and write this poem



Acknowledgments

Doreen Domb's first published poem appeared in a citywide anthology for the Buffalo, NY public schools; she was in the fourth grade. She has contributed articles, poems, book & event reviews to various publications for over 30 years. Public readings have encompassed being a featured poet for the Nevada County Poetry Series (Grass Valley Center for the Arts), reading live on FM radio (KVMR - Nevada City, CA; KUSF - Univ. San Francisco), performing at Luna's Café in Sacramento, and participating in annual events to celebrate *National Poetry Month* each April. Fall 1995 saw the manifestation of Doreen's first poetry chapbook, *Pralaya*. Most recently, several pages of her poetry were featured in the March 2011 publication of the [Café Writers Anthology 2010](#), a diverse collection of work representative of this decade-old writing group based in Grass Valley, CA. She also offers editorial assistance to individuals, businesses & nonprofits through her Superlative Editorial Services enterprise. Doreen's other life passion is expressed through her holistic healing practice as a Reiki Master practitioner.

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Doreen Domb

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