

Moksha' Gypsy Forest

Spiraling up
On a collision course
The gypsy's soul is on
A vertical ascent
Fleeing the barking dogs
And the ***hate of the hunters***
Who killed the child...(Moksha Smith 10)

Why do they hunt? Why must these purveyors of “truth” hunt their heretical children to the death? Because, in the righteous murder, the heretic:

...crashes on [Moksha's] soul,
both fuse in mid space...(10)

Because, in the murdering, the heretic is assured that her heresy is Truth. The searing tongues of the stake's flame, the fall of the guillotine's blade, the cacophony of gunshots, the sizzle of electrified chair's charge – they all usher the heretic and the heresy into the sought-after union with Moksha. It is then that the temporal flames, blades, bullets, and thrones of the actual heresy of mortality are extinguished.

This was my death and resurrection, my gypsy soul colliding with Moksha. The flames, blades, bullets, and electrical pulses were just as real as if I had been placed before a tactile firing squad. However, my fatal wounds were received by my soul, my spirit, instead of the flesh. The purported furnishers of truth enact these executions every time one of their faithful loose the binds of the “True Faith.” The faithful heretics are murdered into the arms of Moksha, becoming One. My death squads were fellow Evangelicals, friends, siblings, parents. They all stood, barrels pointed, hands on levers, torches held at the ready. My rejection of the tenants of *The Faith* brought them to their righteous feet in order to perform their holy obligation. ***CRUCIFY HIM!*** was their

charge, sentence, and consummation of the penalty. I was murdered. I died. I too resurrected on the third day.

He had to stop dreaming
and become a man, *someone* said (Chasing the Moon 36).

Who is this “someone”? *Someone, they, them?* They’re always telling the sheep what to do and they are always telling the sheep *God told them* what to tell. I became a man at age 8 when I accepted Jesus as my Lord and savior. I spoke in tongues at age 9. I stopped dreaming at age 10. My Holy Spirit died with the *evidence of speaking in tongues*. I stopped dreaming in order to save my parents from having to deal with a third black sheep. I became a good son. I stopped dreaming. They forgot about me at the nursery that day. Because I caused them no problems, they forgot about me every day. (They told me they wished they had forgotten about me in the womb). No acid dropping; no LSD trips; no cocaine; no bundles of marijuana hidden beneath brumal coat; no Security Police visits to Lt. Col. Tom and Laura Noonan’s residence at 3210 Ward Street, Carswell Air Force Base, Texas 76127, on my behalf. I was the good sheep. My wool remained an effervescent white. It blended beautifully with their concepts of a holy surrounding. They lost sight of me in the blender. They lost sight of me in the divorce. They lost sight of me in the schism of the family, one in Texas, one in New York. Jesus forgot to die for me. I stopped dreaming. I was a man. I was an adult. They only had to care for two other dysfunctional sons and three teetering sisters. As an adult at 8, I had already left home. No adults could live under a roof among six children. My quietly compliant presence confirmed my departure. Now, having been executed, having been forgotten, having died (in the place of a savior), *I dream*, once again. I am a child, once

again. I have replaced the brilliant white synthetic wool for the organic grey of Being Human.

Can a wax tablet teach the soul
As a poppy in bloom? (Chasing the Moon 39)

...I cover the world with a parasol
of theory and substitution frames
I do not create, I conceive,
I do not feel, I think,
I do not flow or vibrate,
I negate the gods of the light
By pinning names upon names
on the walls of the road of life
Till the soul and the road
are as blind as I am.
I am a shadow and god. (A Blind God 84-5).

Nietzsche was correct and thank God he was. God *is* dead. God and his sheep have murdered him. It was a suicide. Tommy committed suicide. I did too, back in the late summer of 2001. Thank God. Now, once again, She exists. Now I exist, once again. Now I can be Her child. Now I can once again talk to April trees and May butterflies and June poppies. Once again, They talk back to me and whisper loving reminders through the wind. They never stopped talking to me; I just couldn't hear. They tell me that I Am Them. (NOT *them* them. But One with the real Them, the Moksha Them. Them: the October trees, the November butterflies, the December poppies). Currently, I am majoring in Philosophy. At the end of this semester, I will cast Philosophy aside and be free of the desperate need of *them*, who deem it necessary to compartmentalize God and humans into deconstructed and easily defined frames of reference. Thank God She cannot be contained within prescribed boundaries. Thank Kevin He cannot be either. I hope Tommy is free as well.

...a tree felled by the ax of love not found...(The Fool 217)

I can see the forest because of the trees. I am the forest. I am the tree. The Trees confirmed it during the walk through the Timicuan Preserve last Saturday. I am aware, awakened to this Life. My death and resurrection in 2001 was the place in time. If I knew my physical body would come to its end today, I would tell those who would listen that I have lived a full life. I have Lived. In just two years, I have Lived. Yet, I have not Loved. I have never been *in Love*. Until recently.

...was she not a prisoner too?...
I felt her pain so deeply...
Am I the prisoner of her pain
or is she the prisoner of a man
she does not love? (Prisoners of War 96, 97, 98)

I am certain it was Love. Sadly, fear prevented its rooting. Not mine; hers. I am the felled tree.

Punctuated Marks – by Kevin Noonan (10/03)

Numbness.

Punctuation marks in these sentences
I write with raw nerves
penned there by the hand of pain.
The numbness surrenders easily to these intrusions.
The ink of the question mark burns preparation
for acidic impression left by
subsequent exclamation points
Those are my questions.
Those are my answers.
Why did she reject me
I'm not allowed to add the question mark
with my own pen. Instead, Pain comes
to my heart's journal marking
the end of each desperate query
with the identifying brand:
“?”
It's not like the hot bath I ran last night
I could pull my scalding foot quickly
from the furious water
if I wanted too.
(Strangely, I didn't.
Instead, I attempted to drown
my innocent right foot in order to boil the flesh.
Unlike my heart, the foot has a protective shield of skin.
Perhaps I should not be allowed skin over all of my body.

Then she would see:
Exposed
Vulnerable
Transparent
No, wait.
I thought that's what I was.
I thought that's what Love was supposed to be.
Wrong.
That wasn't acceptable.
So remove the flesh
boil it off.
I could be an animated diagram
in Gray's Anatomy:
muscle
naked nerves
fatty tissue
cartilage
bone
Even better:
a cadaver.
Yes, that's what I am,
a soul devoid of the only form
anyone is willing to see
What am I doing...Shit...
There's a question and an exclamation
and I should have closed this parenthesis long ago.
I guess I was just trying to hide forever
within the safety of the leading arc.
Yet, Pain's branding iron screams and
sparks brightly just above my attempt at escape
waiting to end this particular question
that rages against the walls of my heart).
(There, much better. I've closed the parenthesis)
Now I gaze with pleading eyes up into her eyeless face:
I don't want to ask any more questions.
I don't need the question marks to close
sentences I no longer want to write.
It really isn't the branding of Pain's mark
that is too much to bare. It is the sustained
electrical impulse that Agony's exclamation points
conduct, as I writhe to the written answers
my questions concede. Each application of the exposed
and charged wire is proscribed at the end, the beginning
and in between the searing tears that comprise the words formed.
Salted water conducts electricity well.

I still know nothing of Love, save the certainty of Her despair. Therefore, I cannot die
today. My body must remain in the land of the Gypsy until I can know this *falling in*
Love. Until I can Love and be Loved. *Not* by a concept, but by one like me. Then I can

know I have lived a full life. Then, I can realize the fullness of my collision with
Moksha. I will be Moksha then. The forest is indeed the place for this.

I see trees, I hear sounds,
I feel an irresistible urge
to extend my fingers
and touch all the dark
openings of the forest
as a thousand hands
pull me down to the moisture
and softness of the earth,
as a thousand things quiver in the tall grass,
a thousand stomachs
heave in sensuous demand.
Are not these sensations mine?
Is the forest not inside? (Swords 231).

Yes, the forest is inside. It is dark. Some light penetrates bringing sharpness to
an otherwise, at times, indiscernible vision of what I newly see.

Much like October trees, there is so much dying still to do.

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