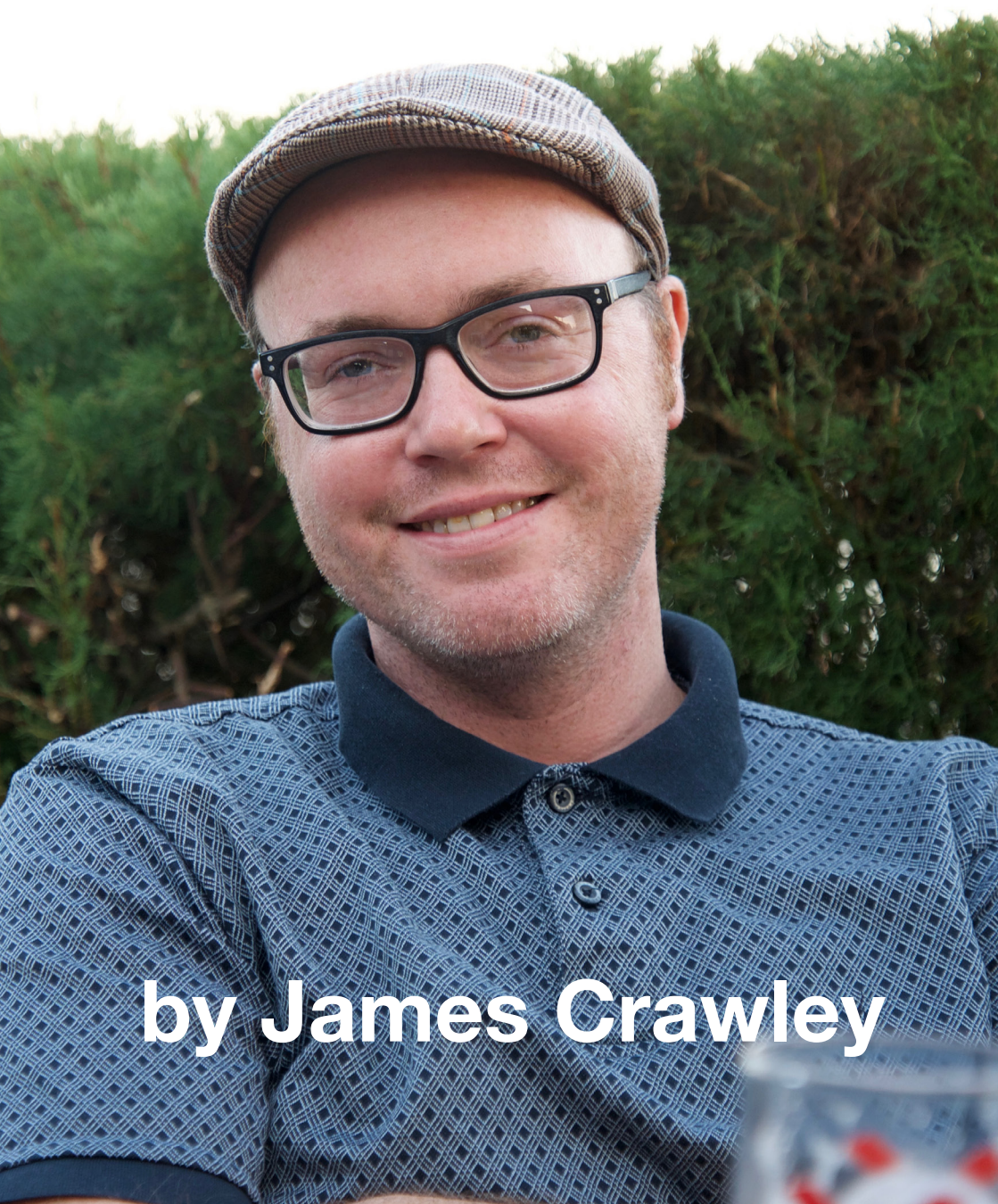


The Book of Jim



by James Crawley

Halt

Halt, who goes there?

James Crawley, beloved son of Luke and Siobhan, brother to the legendary Philip, uncle to Lily and Amelie, dedicated grandson to Arthur, Nancy, Kathleen and Jack, nephew to a long line of brilliantly inspirational uncles and aunts, and family to scores of cousins who brought me up and carried me high in the world with regard, friendship and love. I have so many friends that have also been a family to me.

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now. After this celebrate my life with each other, get to know the family and friends I have and share the good times old and new. I would love this occasion to bring people together as I always have in my life. So make the best of our humanity and be strong together.

As I am not here to offer a speech, remember my stream of consciousness is liquid tranquillity, a turquoise pool of limitless calligraphy, and read onwards into my legacy of words and music that I have left for you and the world; some can

be doubted and questioned in the raps, most can be cherished in the poetry, and all can be learned from as I have put my life into my work and would love you to delve and dive through my imagination which forever lives on through these works.

Be inspired to write, love and care for the world as it spins.

-- James Crawley 2018



Perfect Glade

The perfect glade, sun falls ten through to eight,

Light finely balanced on leaves open grace.

Bees beg, spiders weave – Nature's token face,

The day's final hour breathes in local phrase.

Inner circle of trees reaching the skies

Ten varieties silently stretch time,

Scorched lawns seethe and then grow with breezy tides

Shadows warp the scene breaking easy lines

Casting angles on blades; trunks standing staunch,

Fire pit sparked, kindled with one brandished torch.

Foxes slink, insects blink as language talks.

Earthly glow orbits round the grandest source

At the zenith, sun rays, stun blaze, done praise

The blushed skin, touched in such king-brushed Sundays



Wired to the Wireless

The man silently wired to the wireless,
Defeats sleep as it seeps when he's tireless,
Paranoia parallels the quietness,
Infernos digress from the lion's quest.
Parables to quench the flame of fired crests,
As sad grief reaps on life's curtailed bucket lists.
Lucky for him this job market's hiring,
Words melt in the forge, a pyre expiring.
Across the vanguard on to Valhalla,
Across the Rubicon as pals gather,
Tragedy as best made plans get savaged,
While coastline and inland get ravaged,
By a quota of storms named to damage
Leaving the poor drenched, wretched and famished.
Warming the world as slowly it vanished,
Fearless and peerless; Man's truly banished!



Bursting Dawn

Arriving aligned with sun—bursting dawn,
Highlight the hype in the first verse of course,
Killer hertz applauding words filled with scorn.
What's worse is more, with a swift purpose flawed
And with terse remorse people shirk the cause
Observing laws and not even grateful
There's love in this world 'cepting the hateful,
The mask defaced in minutes so wasteful.
Feed existence through your eyes in platefuls,
So keep playful as the rhythms swing graceful
Spirit, Matter and Light weaves Trinity,
Expanding moments to infinity



Statues

I

Do we still believe in ghosts? Yet statues line avenues and squares, iron forms cast history's shadow, static now and always everyday.

Placed in sight to see them reified, deified and frozen in glorious forever. Are their lessons more lasting than our wash-away advice? They were and are immortalised in carved marble, metal and stoney certainty. Our cheap complaints rain down to erode their skin deep flaws, ticking time wearing their evil bones below to allow these mantles to bear their good, infinitely done, without pause, recourse or remorse, as if an unending rippling applause.

We cling to facts and figures, hanging on their virtue as it passes, And as if to startle you suddenly, could we carry a world of likeness to them, all in kind, of moving statues in the swirl of human kind?

Make the example no longer the exception, endow with opportunity each and all, to drape and cover these static entities, and make our state the source of good guidance; project a project to impact the globe, not prophesy nor heresy, but power used and profits free to share, feed the grain and fruit, the food and fountain flows across the sphere.

II

The superorganism, that connection between you and air,
and life of plants, and storms from the east, where breath
and moisture meet, inside out of action and stasis, running
edges between the stabbing and the poisoned spies, the
handle and the blade as one, victim facing victor, and earth
with still spilled blood from blades.

The national international shocks where local wars and
violence rocks, trade our traits, warning of wars, to purpose
our fates through shiny images flashing and telling and sell-
ing and swelling those egos trapped in dwellings, spelling
out the dust of death in every sentence.

Though everywhere is teeming life alive and vibrant,
Pitting joy and happiness against those tyrants who con-
nive through silence.

And then those men are statues.

Becoming statues, holding place and power years after
their dusty death, and never peace.

Are we meant to look up at them, looking down around in
town at us?

III

Mainly busted heads on plinths, still names on plaques or whole figures, full proud integers in the ever present spectrum that stretches over every teeming thing.

They are always rooted there as we pass,
We are always telling and selling lines from time and fame
about them, smiling or frowning, declining or deciding,
craning and deigning, signing or refining them before accepting and resigning them, hardly every time they and in their timeless eyes imbibe them.

They said in bed, so near their end,
bequeathed a testament, made sure their child's ear to bend:

“History will be mine son”.

Paradise Chillin'

Wall to wall blue skies, sunshine radiates
Rays emblazon chairs of my lazy state,
Parasol, shades, iced drink – the ace of spades,
Lights blinding stepping twice in crazy fate,
Rhymes chime music soothing out blazing crates.
Care free to share breeze, gazing gravy trains,
The yarn spins, time yearns for the hazy plains,
Diurnal life journals earn a greater pace,
Lucky plucky fucker – ducking the end,
Loves, laughs and freedom, to thee friends, I send,
Taste my twisted fate as sweet grapes I blend,
Shade in the sunshine, these unearthed grounds I tend,
Green earth, great mirth, company I treasured,
Harmony tranquility unmeasured.



Des. Res. Semi

Dwelling max in a swell des. res. semi,
Double front room, bathroom paint lead heavy,
One rule is no rules, get along steady
South of the Thames spends ten to the penny.
Spacious street sweeps, more is less for many.
Everyman taxed sippin' rum and Henny,
Relaxed, connected with detached perspective,
Brash, reflective; slangs blasted impressions,
Damaged selections, famished elections,
Break the system, through lavish inventions.
Languish in depth, forgotten defectors,
Apathy creeps like rotting infection
Savages censured, lies sucked on to leach
Decommission their weapons of free speech.



Gentleman of Infinite Charm

A known gentleman of infinite charm,
To listen, make sense of the world and laugh,
Rejoicing the road less travelled in cars,
And first to salute the Captain in bars,
Quarter pint of rum kept warm through nights,
Fierce in thought, though in manner a delight
Calm temper, never seen starting a fight,
Kept the course of nature informed and bright,
To water over all our well earthed roots,
Planted firmly to withhold shaken youth.
The journey told by journeymen for'sooth.
Aah the wheel, at every point inspected,
Land-locked sailors navigate perspective,
A tale told, and full bounty collected.



Tropical Storms

Tropical storms amid topical norms

Dawn samurais swarm the first light of morn

Meditate on heaven's plane, thirst for more

Zen space mental state worth tidy four scores.

Prodigy or progeny last week's news

Remedy of remembrance grasps these views

Laughter and lubes kindled to spark these fumes

At the crossroad as demons barter blues

Homeward bound the villain returns at peace

Determined to see his lost soul's release.

In life and business a prophet he preached

Framed fame to flames, till the coffin he reached

No matter creed, colour and character

Choose freely, the ultimate barrier.



As Though No Will

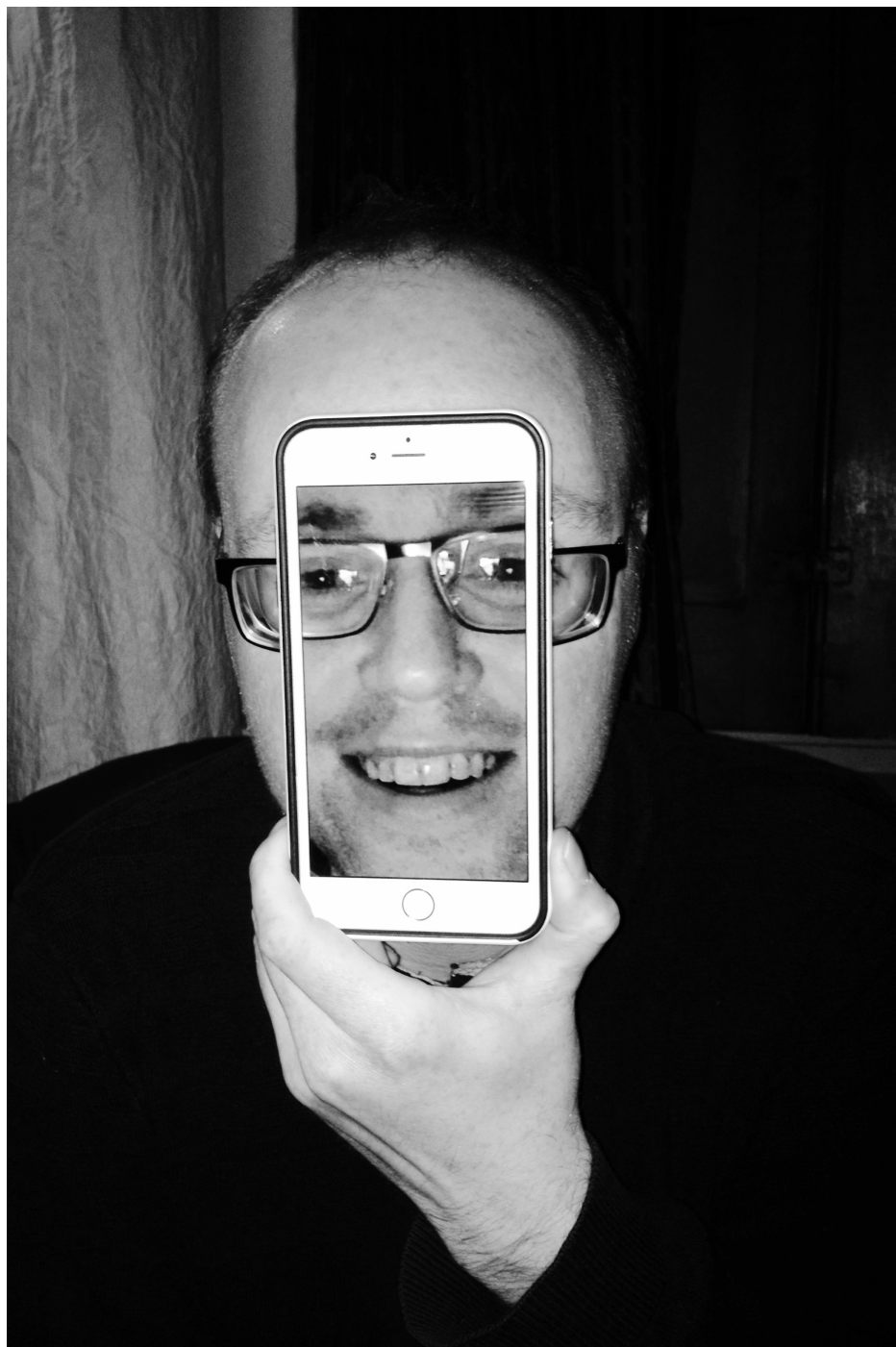
It's as if there was no will,
Yet compulsion drove poor decisions to desperation,
A force of youth to stay awake,
To carouse and never to care,
I heeded not the parting words of loved ones'
"Take care", "Be safe", and drove my life through
Storms and driving rain, across cliff edge,
Like it was pavement and dangerous roads, just fields,
I was dying for the corn at every step, slow pace stepping
Forever in my own direction;
Rushing and running to a schedule
To which I could never adhere.
I shone in storms and languished in sunlight,
Sat motionless and dashed madly in equal pace;

Partied myself with scoundrels and peasants,
Kings and courtiers, cleaners and litter bugs;
Travelled and tramped along with no agenda.
Was framed a villain and mused the clown.
Framing of every moment, raged in Roth,
Brought wrath to the peaceful, disinherited the meek;
Tore conformity in my own way and savaged decorum,
Faced death with bared stained teeth gnashing,
Nipping past the sighs of scythes that swiped at my frame.

Ducked and wove through insult and disgust,
Faced my flagrant foes with fierce face
And fine words as they were ghosts of friends.
Smiling damned villains.

Vague Lines

Defining vague lines of age in the face,
Deciding to stride in step to their pace,
Recollect walkways that lead to a gate,
Dance to the future, a twist to bring taste,
Torn away facade in a state of grace,
Storming half pint glass, the bar in a state.
Voters engaged when they should be enraged,
Fire revolution that now looks ablaze
Foreseen warnings of warring, scorns this page
Winding the bindings entwined in the fates,
Visions of the loom aligned in the frame,
Weaving frayed spools about all of our names,
Billions of people make up the data,
Networks draw in as Freedom escapes us.



If I Know Nothing

If I know something, I know of nothing.

Confident skies above deep blues crushing,

Breathe sweet fresh airs as rivers spill, flooding

Dusk settles, the horizon's smile blushing.

Between two views the world blooms happily

Certainty misleads a reality

Emotion charged our circuits factually

Electrons pulse along nerves rapidly.

Discovery; the untrodden landscape

The hunter bleeds from harsh nature's handshake

Science talks through sense, teachers' words translate

And our knowledge base trickles with sand's grace.



Face My Fate

I go to face my fate, head on steadfast,
I lived and loved it all, regret nothing,
I starved and halved time's veins, bled songs that passed,
Loafed and joked and hoped I'd forget something,
New clear goals as I die, in lead caskets
Lie dead art treasures to hone my practice.
Father's brain, mother's grains, reflect cousins,
Others trained lovers' pain, select summons,
Defect dozens and effect brother's breadths,
Elect buzzards that correct vulture's paths,
Questions tension differ as Culture asks,
Joy in beholders as dull sulkers pass,
Life and breath drawn from strife of depths reaching
Waves wash, craves costs the final Crest Seeking.



Focus On The Moment

The past is a well spring of the moment; the future, an image of hope and desire; may the present be your life with an eye to both before and after these times. I have lived in that moment for infinity and for never, allowing the time paradigms to cross swirling around the brain I have; I am experienced in slowing and speeding the frame and have always seen it as the ever changing flux within which I live.

The company I kept showed me we all see this in acute and different ways and terms; pushing and pulling everyone around the ways of thinking that charge our world with such diversity, beauty and charm. They tell me there's a norm, perhaps in Norman, but I feel a unique lightness of being that I think we must all share, inside in our minds and inner world of spirit, and - although in most part a secrecy - we hold back in conforming to a unified mould to which we often form as a start, in hope of acceptance, or shun to defy and push back boundaries, all of which we achieve with different strength and measure, at alternate times and

places, that allow an organic growth and dynamic flux to the world we share.

To share that world is the key, with those we offer and give our time to, we can gain so much. The people who struggle with this I wish to reach out and enfold them in love, warmth and care, though they may not be ready I hope for them with all my spirit, willing and writing.

To focus in the present is such a technique, devised by human kind just beyond that instant reach of the animal kingdom; a foresight beyond vision where a realm of possibilities is paramount to our bridging the gaps between us; from where we are, it is not us we see.

Moments hold such wealth, depth and breadth that we pass them over like stones on the beach, as if every one of us were the same thing, but every such stone is as different as the next person, rounder or crinkled, dented or sharp, smoothed or fossilised for nearly forever, and — as

people — they are always wearing down into the erosion from mountain to shore; the energy flows through water connecting and developing everything into flux, and we travel in these time waves, much as clouds do above us in the sky, as watery waves scud across the surface of the liquid sea that brought all life from its depth.

The past is tempered like a storm on a sunny day — a reflection of a recollection of a moment that we have all been held dear to wander and walk through; to be in that sun or feel those rain drops is the moment we are in. The future is learning that repetition and deviation cycles are the forms pushed inward to the next generations, our future depends on seeing this as so many do, along the path with which wisdom urges and directs more and more advances onward, toward where our writers write, our poets imagine, our scientists prevail and our spirit endeavours.

Stand in that moment for me and be that future not stepped in yet, the ever changing flow of the river, the Dhao even;

recall that past to share with others the joys of what you are and will be. Forever grow and put aside the dark of the world.

Stand if you must stand, Rage against the injustice if it is there and create a world you are part and proud of in your image and being and spread open wide your cerebral arms for the joy you have in yourself shared for others, whip up a frenzy when the storm strikes, lay back in the sun's rays when days are good; prevail when have achieved this and everything I hope for will be yours.

My kind regards,

Jim

