

# Gypsy Heart



lee timmerman

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Poetry and artwork by Lee Timmerman

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*Lee ~ October 1, 1949*

## Contents

<i>THERE'S A hot wind blowing tonight</i>	1
<i>SOME WILL offer you shelter</i>	3
<i>I THOUGHT i heard her sing</i>	9
<i>WELL I heard rumors</i>	12
<i>I STAYED for a while</i>	16
<i>I STUDIED with a man</i>	19
<i>AND I remember meeting up</i>	22
<i>I JOINED a small army</i>	24
<i>I TRAVELED across millenniums</i>	27
<i>SITTING DOWN to my first cup of coffee</i>	30
<i>I SEE you walking by my window</i>	33
<i>I SAW someone point off to the distance</i>	35
<i>WITH THE rain falling down</i>	37
<i>I WENT to a wedding where everyone</i>	41
<i>I WATCHED you dance again</i>	44

<i>YOU ARE the alpha and omega</i>	45
<i>A FULL moon tonight</i>	50
<i>WERE YOU there in the garden</i>	57
<i>LILACS AND fireflies</i>	59
<i>BLUE SKIES and sunny days</i>	63
<i>ANOTHER FULL moon</i>	70
<i>I LOVE the way the sun</i>	76
<i>WELL HERE i am again</i>	86
<i>I WENT to the temple where it</i>	92
<i>THERE ARE dark clouds</i>	100
<i>LOOKING THROUGH the eyes of God</i>	106
<i>SITTING ON my back porch</i>	110
<i>IN THE dark of the night</i>	118
<i>SOMETIMES IT seems we walk</i>	121
<i>THE RAIN is falling on the mountains</i>	127
<i>ONE MORE night looking up at the stars</i>	131
<i>I WATCHED while the clouds rolled in</i>	136
<i>A BIG yellow moon</i>	143

## *Illustrations*

*All artwork by Lee Timmerman*

<i>boy and girl</i>	4
<i>self-portrait – meditating</i>	13
<i>picnic by the ocean</i>	15
<i>girl on the beach</i>	21
<i>Kelsey and Willow</i>	29
<i>picnic table in the meadow</i>	31
<i>Kelsey reading</i>	39
<i>the earth and the sea</i>	43
<i>lighthouse</i>	47
<i>sailboats</i>	50
<i>flower and butterfly</i>	53
<i>self-portrait – laughter</i>	55
<i>portrait of Maggie</i>	68
<i>Jesse and Kelsey</i>	77
<i>self-portrait – balance</i>	78
<i>self-portrait – reflections</i>	85
<i>bare tree</i>	94
<i>Maggie beneath the bridge</i>	99
<i>young couple</i>	105
<i>Asher and Kelsey</i>	109
<i>child on the beach</i>	117
<i>Phoenix rising</i>	125
<i>self-portrait – in bathtub</i>	126
<i>Om symbol</i>	130
<i>Kelsey</i>	135
<i>palm tree beside the ocean</i>	139
<i>child and dandelion</i>	142
<i>couple</i>	146

*Front cover: flowers*

*Back cover: self-portrait*

*THERE IS a hot wind blowing  
across the desert tonight  
hurricanes coming south by southeast  
earthquakes around the pacific rim  
even a few bombings and a little hatred  
here and there in the world*

*some are saying it is a sign  
of armageddon  
others are pointing towards  
global warming  
seems to be signs  
of some kinda change  
tremors from the struggle  
maybe throwing off the darkness  
and walking in from the wilderness*

*well here i stand beside the road  
feeling kind of old  
and a thousand miles from nowhere  
someone is saying it is a journey  
just another thousand miles  
to the promised land  
some are saying  
it is the dawning of a new age  
and some are just calling it night  
oh i wish someone  
could just make up their mind  
  
oh Mary have mercy on me*

*SOME WILL offer you shelter  
for a day and a night  
even make a place for you  
amongst all their ruins  
maybe even promise  
to keep you in their heart  
for awhile*

*i was so very young  
when i first heard those whispers  
stories about a promised land  
where my soul would find peace  
and my heart  
would never weep again  
somehow i knew they just must be true*



*oh but i was so very young  
and my heart was so restless  
just like some gypsy boy  
searching for a secret garden  
i went wandering  
down by the river  
watching the water go by  
i fell into the arms  
of someone young and sweet  
i didn't even know her name  
but someone said  
she was the devil's daughter*

*she showed me every secret  
her body could reveal  
and then she whispered promises  
she knew she would never keep  
then she just laughed and said  
come dance with me  
and i will give you my heart*

*oh Mary have mercy on me*

*we walked in the springtime  
holding on to each other  
laid down in wildflowers  
and golden fields  
and danced naked beneath the stars  
we laughed and cried  
and wrote songs in the summertime  
and at night we would drink wine  
made from the nectar  
of the forbidden fruit*

*one of those sweet summer days  
i began to wonder  
where this all was going to lead  
there just has to be  
something more than this  
she turned to me with a tear and a smile  
i told you it could not last she said  
it was never meant to be forever  
maybe we'll meet again  
in another lifetime*

*and as she walked off into the night  
i heard her whisper  
i will remember your smile  
will you remember me*

*sometimes it seems like her beauty  
is the only thing written in my soul*

*I THOUGHT i heard her singing  
the other night  
a song about  
somewhere between heaven and hell  
you will find  
the grace of God  
in the human touch  
it seemed like the ghost of another time  
every moment etched in my mind  
like it was yesterday*

*i thought about her song  
and i thought about my youth  
they both seemed to be  
filled with promises  
we could not keep  
it has been such a long time  
since i sat beside the river  
and just watched the water go by*

*sometimes it seems so easy  
to get lost  
on your way around the sun*

*oh Mary have mercy on me*

*i'm not saying i didn't have fun  
but it wasn't the promised land  
and to steal a line from Cohen  
who says it so well  
oh it looks like freedom  
but it feels like death  
it's something in between  
i guess*

*i got a few scars along the way  
and not all of them on my knees  
from praying  
well there comes a time in everyone's life  
and it came for me  
i had to fight down some demons  
slay a few dragons  
even  
plant a few flower seeds  
and walk for awhile in the sun  
before my heart would heal*

*WELL I heard rumors maybe even myths  
about an ancient serpent  
with seven heads  
rumor said it still lived  
in the eastern sun  
and if you survive all seven bites  
you could live forever  
in the promised land*

*i was still kinda young  
and my heart freshly healed  
still a little restless  
but feeling pretty strong  
so i went searching for that serpent  
and his seven tests*

*oh sweet Mary have mercy on me*



*maybe i was lucky  
and maybe i was blessed  
but i found that serpent  
hidden in the morning sun*

*the first three bites  
they were the worst  
the rest were kind of easy  
still they all had their effect on me  
i survived the serpent's venom  
even though it changed me some*

*and to this day  
if i'm quiet  
i can see the gates of eternity*



*I STAYED for a while in the promised land  
where the nectar was sweet  
lived on milk and honey  
and manna fell from the sky*

*then i heard some talk about  
a few of those ancient ones  
who sailed on the waters  
of the seven seas  
and my gypsy heart began to beat  
that ol' restless feeling again*

*and here i am looking for that ocean  
to sail upon  
some say it is just a dream  
like searching for tomorrow's sun  
but i think i'd like to sail  
on those seven seas*

*maybe i'll go searching for Atlantis  
or lend a helping hand  
to the golden phoenix  
and other endangered species  
maybe walk beside the ocean  
on a distant shore  
learn a new dance or two  
or maybe just chase  
some of those illusive dreams  
  
oh Maya have mercy on me*

*I STUDIED with a man for a while  
who came from a foreign land  
he taught me how to sing  
learning about rhythm and breath  
and then he taught me  
some of his songs  
when i knew them in my heart  
he taught me how to be still  
and hear the voice  
behind the singer and the song  
and to sing my own song*

*i wandered into a temple  
with holy scriptures on the wall  
where everybody was singing  
singing songs to someone else  
it confused me for a moment  
but when i began to look around  
everyone had their eyes open  
and were gazing at the sky  
and as i kneeled down to pray  
i began to hear each voice  
they were all singing different verses  
of the same holy song*



*AND I remember meeting up with a girl  
who said her gypsy blood was pure  
come with me to the secret garden  
she said  
as she took me by the hand  
i will show you all the beauty on earth  
we can watch as the flowers open  
and we can cleanse our bodies  
of all that is impure  
by immersing into the water  
and surrendering to the waterfalls  
that stand so high in the mountains  
the air is still pure*

*and there we will find the passion  
that rises into the sky  
we can bathe our soul  
in the fires of heaven  
until we see the sky  
with the hearts of children*

*I JOINED a small army  
of mostly freedom fighters and poets  
who were trying to lead a revolution  
we were so young and bold  
first we stormed the outer walls  
and then we stormed the city  
so sure were we of our truth  
we began to dance and sing  
rejoicing  
as we were just trying to be free*

*and the people began to laugh and cheer  
offering us flowers and wine  
but it was just another trojan horse  
there really was no surrender*

*many lost their way  
some even their lives  
a few lost their faith  
and some their religion  
and the music was losing its soul*

*oh we lost so very much that day  
all in the name of freedom*

*there are a few fires and passion  
and revolution  
still burning in the country sides  
and cities around the world  
in villages and coffeehouses where music  
is beginning to sound sweet again  
where people are still singing and dancing  
and trying to be free  
and they still welcome a new song  
  
oh Maya have mercy on me*

*I TRAVELED across the millenniums  
and took a virgin bride  
for my wife  
we lived for a while  
in the great north country  
there were rivers and lakes  
and innocence  
there was the laughter  
and the joy of lovers  
mixed with the beauty of youth  
and the four seasons  
cats and dogs  
and a small garden  
of vegetables and flowers*

*and like all hunters and gatherers  
before us  
we were so thankful to the land*

*we joined a small community  
and just like the Essenes  
they allowed our children  
to be young and innocent  
and the air was mixed  
with the joy  
of singing and laughter*

*and like the Holy Virgin  
before us  
we were so thankful  
to share in their lives*



*SITTING DOWN to my first cup of coffee  
of the day  
i could see by the morning light  
it was going to be one of those days*

*blue skies and flowers*

*songbirds and whispers of the wind*

*and trees dancing in the sunlight*

*and i could see your smile  
from clear across eternity*



*my gypsy heart longs to be with you  
like a river  
to the ocean  
and when i see the mountains  
pierce that skyline  
sometimes my heart's desire for you  
just takes my breath away*

*and sometimes it just comes easy  
it looks like it's going to be  
one of those days  
and don't you just love it  
when love comes so easy*

*oh sweet Lord have mercy on me*

*I SEE you walking by my window  
again tonight  
oh Lady Midnight  
what are you looking for out there  
are you just out for a walk  
seeing what you can see  
maybe a glimpse of the next chapter  
hoping for a little meaning to it all*

*i think it was someone who said  
love is all you need  
love and the air that you breathe*

*Lady Midnight*

*i don't think they meant  
the love you find in the dark  
why don't you come in  
and lay beside me  
we can make a new plan  
with the morning light  
but for tonight we will be fine  
we can let the candles burn down  
even let the fire burn low*

*i know they say the devil comes in the dark  
but for tonight we will be fine*

*I SAW someone point off to the distance  
there goes the twelve tribes of Israel  
the desert child of Egypt  
and the constellations of the zodiac  
and just when i thought i could see  
the resemblance  
a dervish appeared out of the mist  
talking about twelve facets of reality  
but only one sky  
and singing a rose is a rose  
and these are the days to cherish  
for these are the days we're alive  
a rose is not without flaw  
yet a rose will always be beautiful*

*and these are the days to cherish*

*when that dervish glanced my way  
i looked into his eyes  
and i could see eternity  
and the dance of his soul  
waves of beauty  
waves of love*

*a dance of ecstasy*

*WITH THE rain falling down  
and the river going by  
it took me back to the summer of 1960  
learning to drive on back country roads  
in a '49 chevy pick-up truck*

*spending most of my time  
in summertime play  
and wondering about ancient times  
a few vague memories of someplace else  
sure awakened the gypsy heart*

*in the summer of '66 i left my childhood behind  
i hardly even looked back  
and 1968 and the summer of love  
found me dancing in the streets  
and looking through libraries  
for ancient memories*

*and by the summer of 1970 i knew  
the road ahead wouldn't always be easy  
it wasn't even about choice  
the only death there really was  
was in not living each day  
and i hardly even looked back*

*oh there is sure something to be said  
for rainy days and rivers*



*just sitting here  
letting the river go by  
all the flowers will open  
in their own time  
and with their own beauty*

*and just like the sky above  
every day will be changing and new  
and always we will know  
it is still the sky*

*I WENT to a wedding where everyone  
was in love with the bride  
we all wished them well  
and reminded them of Copernicus*

*if we offer up a prayer to the light  
and remember to remember the lessons  
we learned from Copernicus  
about revolution and evolution  
and things to come*

*we can be more  
than just another line in destiny's song*

*we can have sunshine and friendship  
all of our days  
flowers and butterflies and love  
in our life*

*they say we do not live by bread alone  
but by every word that comes from  
the mouth of God*

*i think i'll just sit here by the river  
and take in some of those words*

*just sit here and watch the river go by*



*I WATCHED you dance again last night  
the flowers you wore in your hair  
were so white and pure  
and you had that far off look in your eyes  
with a smile that looked so holy  
your every motion promising  
the love i have been looking for*

*and i want to touch you for a while  
like the sea touches the shore  
and when our desire frees us  
i shall be with you  
like the river is with the ocean  
and the ocean is with the river*

*oh my Beloved have mercy on me*

*YOU ARE the alpha and the omega  
the Lord said to me  
and i am without beginning  
and without end  
so sail on sail on  
sail on into the sun and beyond  
you will never be far from me  
i am the ocean and i am the wind  
and i am the sun and beyond*

*so sail on silver seas  
sail on home to me  
sail on to another sunrise  
sail on in the name of love*

*sail on sail on  
for it is i  
who gave you your gypsy heart  
sail on to me*



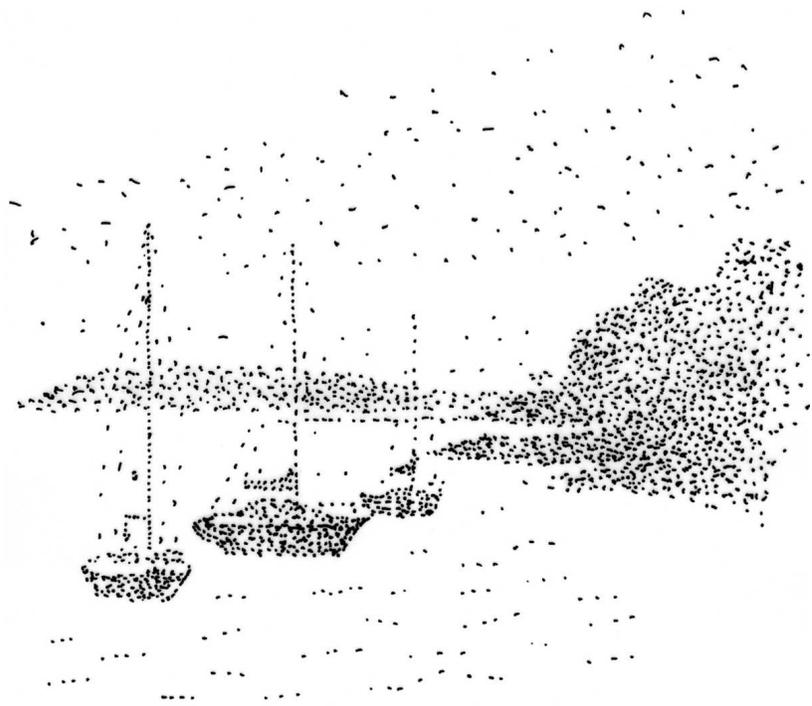
*sail on heaven and earth*  
*sail on between the stars*  
*sail on golden sunsets*  
*sail on to love*  
*sail on grace*  
*sail on sail on to me*

*come dance with me on the water  
with one hand on the sunrise  
and the other on eternity*

*oh gypsy boy  
i do believe you have found  
your heart's desire  
come dance with me*

*dance with me in the morning light  
and dance me to the night  
and then dance me through eternity*

*come dance with me  
dance with me tonight*



*A FULL moon tonight  
and a glass of red wine  
they said there is a cold front  
moving down from Alberta*

*and oh by the way  
the devil's on the loose again  
something about atonement  
and sins past due*

*looking up at the moon  
the light and shadow  
seem to walk hand-in-hand  
sometimes as lovers  
and sometimes as strangers*

*whether you bring flowers  
or whether you carry a cross  
we must pay the fiddler  
if we are going to dance tonight  
whether it be sweet  
or whether it be sour  
we must all give the fiddler  
his due*

*well here's to atonement  
another glass of wine  
and a dance with the devil*



*just like the sea and the shore  
and a lover's touch  
another spring has come  
with blossoms on the trees  
fragrance in the air  
and flowers everywhere*

*you can feel it in the air  
that rhythm  
coming from the earth  
the rising of the moon  
and a smile coming from your soul*



*a gypsy heart dancing on the mountains  
with nothing between you and i  
except the sky*

*oh nothing between you and i  
except the sky  
and the fragrance in the air*

*oh you can feel your heart beating  
to the rhythm of the earth  
and the rising of the moon  
and a lover's touch*

*WERE YOU there in the garden  
that night at Gethsemane  
did you hear his prayers  
and the calling out of his soul*

*was it his love song  
that inflamed our passion  
was it our will or his will  
or just another story  
about heaven and hell  
and the freedom of our hearts*

*and was it the glory of the heavens  
that washed over our bodies  
as we embraced in the garden  
that night  
or just a quarter moon  
traveling across the sky*

*sometimes it feels  
like it is sent from above  
and sometimes it feels like  
a train coming from below*

*but i know  
if it weren't for love  
the journey wouldn't be worth making  
days of beauty  
nights of grace  
isn't that just the way  
in the garden of Gethsemane*

*LILACS AND fireflies  
and a young heart  
a soul half as old as eternity  
and a body aged somewhere in between*

*a jet plane slicing across the moon  
coyotes howling off in the desert  
i fell to my knees  
with a prayer on my lips  
maybe i just need to understand  
that song of freedom*

*was it in the desert winds  
and the earth below  
or was it in the sky  
with the moon and the heavens above  
was it in every song  
and every smile  
that touched me in some way*

*maybe it was in the love  
that stands above heaven and earth  
maybe it was that cry  
rising out of my soul*

*lilacs and fireflies  
and the beauty of a young heart  
days of beauty  
and nights of grace*

*well it sure seemed like  
a restless heart  
and a spirit of hope  
were friends of my youth  
together like a holy trinity  
we looked for a love  
that was pure and perfect*

*three young maidens all freshly bathed  
stepping from the river  
like it was the holy Ganges  
offering up their body and their soul  
and like all others before us  
we were so willing to give everything  
for a glimpse of your perfect beauty*

*and one by one  
we surrendered our will  
to touch your perfect body*

*lilacs and fireflies  
and young hearts in love  
days of beauty  
and nights of grace*

*BLUE SKIES and sunny days  
a thousand smiles yet to see  
holy wars and holy rivers and there is  
dancing in the holy land  
as if there is no judgment day  
i think we may visit that ol' Judas tree  
before this day is done*

*sunsets and wheat fields  
the smell of rain in the air  
dark clouds building up  
lightning in the sky  
looks almost like Armageddon  
coming our way  
i think we may need some shelter  
and let this old storm pass away*

*the moon is rising  
and the sun is sitting on the horizon  
just sitting on my back porch  
watching the rain fall  
a déjà vu of days gone by  
maybe days yet to come*

*a restless heart  
a spirit of hope  
and the beauty of heaven and earth  
so pure and perfect*

*days of pussy willows and cattails  
country roads and sitting beside the river  
orange marmalade toast  
and the smell of coffee  
in the morning  
soft lips and youthful bodies  
and hearts overflowing with dreams*

*we were so much younger then  
walking hand-in-hand beneath the stars*

*summer rains and thunderstorms  
gentle breezes and the sounds of raindrops  
candlelight and music  
northern lights and starry nights  
and the sound of the wind*

*more beautiful than the red gold  
of your hair  
even more beautiful than the singing  
of the birds and the summer breeze  
was the moment the heavens opened  
and there was only love and beauty  
and grace bathing my soul*

*we were so much younger then  
but that was a moment  
that is etched golden  
in my heart*

*you began to study the Bible  
and i began to explore the heavens  
you became too earthbound  
and i became too ethereal  
you began to pray for a better day  
and i just kept on exploring*

*but for a summer  
it was a time of innocence  
of love and beauty and dreams  
there was a perfection  
of heaven and earth  
that touched my life  
in that golden summer*

*when we still walked hand-in-hand  
and looked up at the sky*



*they say no one can turn back  
the hands of time  
but every now and then i long  
to embrace that innocence  
of youth and love  
and your sun-golden body*

*ANOTHER FULL moon  
and the night seems so peaceful  
still i can hear  
of Robert Johnson's voice  
ringing like a bell in my soul*

*oh gypsy boy you know  
you can't just watch the moon  
pass across the sky  
and then pray for a rising sun  
to warm your old bones*

*you better keep on moving  
moving on down that road  
for sure enough  
them ol' hellhounds  
are on your trail*

*and even angels can get lost  
in the promises and illusions  
of the moonlight and the night*

*well it seems to me  
i'm walking on ancient bones  
that are all crying out  
for flesh and blood and another day*

*they say if you don't learn  
from your past  
you are doomed to the same misery*

*so i began to study ancient scriptures  
about gods who came to earth  
to sing and dance  
and taste the wine  
who laid down with maidens  
and walked in the Garden of Eden*

*and there were goddesses who walked  
in the meadows of paradise  
with flowers and sensuality  
and taught mortals  
about love and beauty*

*it was a time  
before the Nile  
gave birth to a civilization  
and Eve was just a woman  
Satan was still an archangel  
living in heaven  
and there was no talk of rebellion*

*life seemed so simple then  
maybe we were just naïve  
there were seven golden temples  
where we sang and danced  
we drank sweet nectar  
and laughed and prayed*

*this was long before anyone knew  
about sin and redemption  
but just as sure as the tides  
come and go  
night did come to the land*

*we began to live and learn  
by the light and illusion  
of the moon  
with enough time  
beneath a veil of darkness  
seven deadly sins began to appear*

*but that was then  
and this is now  
and if you look past the old shadows  
you can begin to see  
a light in the sky  
like a messenger of the sun  
the sunrise of a new age*

*picking flowers and chasing dreams  
we all want to do  
and everyone knows the devil  
cannot live in the coming light  
maybe it's time once again  
to sing and dance and pray  
and taste that sweet wine*

*I LOVE the way the sun feels  
on my skin this morning  
almost like a caress and an invitation  
to come dance with the sunlight*

*with our eyes so young  
and on the sky  
our hearts so innocent  
our feet barely touching the earth  
and our arms reaching out for  
the beauty of the sun in the morning  
i love the way  
you come to dance with me  
in the morning light*





*well i haven't traveled to many places  
in this old life  
but i've done it so often  
it seems like a long journey  
and my time here  
simply feels like a temporary stay*

*i have seen what lies beyond the stars  
and i have been to heaven a time or two  
even seen eternity  
sometimes the journey seems to go on forever  
and sometimes it still seems fresh  
to this gypsy soul*

*every revolution i have known  
seems to be about freedom  
and is fought by the young  
for the freedom to be  
what we will be*

*as i laid down on that cold table  
with doctors all around me  
they were all saying  
my body was in ruins  
and my heart would need mending*

*so i took a moment  
as they opened up my chest  
to travel to the other shore  
not knowing if i would make it back  
but i needed to see for myself  
what brought this body to ruin*

*i know it sounds so trite  
but it seemed quite simple at the time  
all it was going to take  
was just a little more love and beauty  
to heal this old broken body*

*but while i was on the other side  
i saw three rivers  
each with their source in heaven  
one was filled with beauty  
another overflowed with joy  
and one was flowing with eternal love  
and each ran through my soul  
on their way to the sea*

*when i was a younger man  
someone wrote  
the Chinese character for happiness  
across the sky  
with the purest of white strokes*

*it was an invitation  
to a sacred gathering of ancient ones  
it was all quite mystical  
but i know  
they wrote something on my soul*

*and after all these years i'm still not sure  
if that scroll has been opened*

*but every now and then  
i am reminded  
of the writing in the clouds  
and that holy gathering  
of ancient souls  
and the message in my soul*

*well someday  
the secret of that gathering  
will come cascading  
out of my heart  
like the waters of a mountain stream*

*but for now  
there is a big ol' orange  
crescent moon  
hanging in the night sky  
just like a portrait  
a splash of mortality  
against the backdrop of eternity*

*i think i will  
just take some time  
to enjoy the sweetness  
of the love and beauty  
that is being offered tonight*



*WELL HERE i am again  
walking down the old roads  
they're even playing some of the old songs  
and it's bringing back the old memories*

*it seems like  
it was just the other day  
i was sitting here writing some poetry  
and wondering how my life  
was going to unfold*

*well it's been thirty-five years  
marriage and children  
and a few scars on my heart  
but i'm sitting here once again  
writing poetry  
still wondering about this ol' life*

*some might call this nostalgic  
but this moment  
somehow feels a little too relevant  
just to be old memories  
i'm not sure if the wheel  
is coming full circle  
and i'm just taking notes for myself  
or this is another step along the way*

*it does seem vaguely familiar somehow*

*there are clouds in the sky  
and lush green trees  
wildflowers seem to be in bloom  
everywhere i look  
the beauty and fragrance  
seem overwhelming to the senses*

*my attention is shifting between  
the moment and the past  
with a few ancient memories thrown in*

*with feelings of being adrift  
waves of time seem to be  
washing in on my soul  
i'm not saying i'm lost  
just a little uncertain  
in that old familiar way*

*the people all seem a little younger  
rivers are still flowing  
and the four winds are still blowing  
the colors of the earth  
and the sunshine and the rain  
all seem more beautiful than ever*

*rolling hills and rock bluffs  
an eagle soaring overhead  
the great Canadian Pacific railroad train  
just sitting along the banks  
of the Mississippi river  
stretching out for miles  
opening another page of my past*

*and like the water of that big ol' river  
i feel like i am just passing through  
on my way to someplace unknown*

*like a sailor must feel on dry land  
or a gypsy at sea  
i seem to be adrift  
on the waves of my soul*

*dragonflies and clover  
and sunshine for the day  
and fireflies lighting the night*

*if the Tao is the truth  
and love is attained through surrender  
then let the four horsemen ride  
for their race must be run  
before the sun can go down  
on this day*

*dragonflies and clover and sunshine  
and fireflies lighting the way*

*I WENT to a temple where it was rumored  
God could be found  
but they told me at the door  
that no man  
could see the face of God  
and live  
but if i would please follow them  
i could develop the faith  
that would please God when i died*

*so i went for a walk by the river  
stopping in a field of beauty  
i picked a wildflower  
to send it floating down to the ocean  
it seemed like the right thing to do  
but they told me the flower was protected  
as they all wept  
and turned their backs to me*



*so i went wandering in the wilderness  
for so long that i forgot my name  
well it seems this was the sin  
that was unforgivable  
and now i had to leave  
i went down to the edge of the water  
to cross to the other shore  
but the river said to me  
only drowning people or saints  
could come in*

*well i went looking to the east  
for i had heard the sun rises there  
i met a swami who asked me  
to sit at his feet  
in the perfect posture  
i practiced sitting  
until I could no longer walk  
and when he caught me looking around  
he said i could not stay  
i was not ready to become his truth*

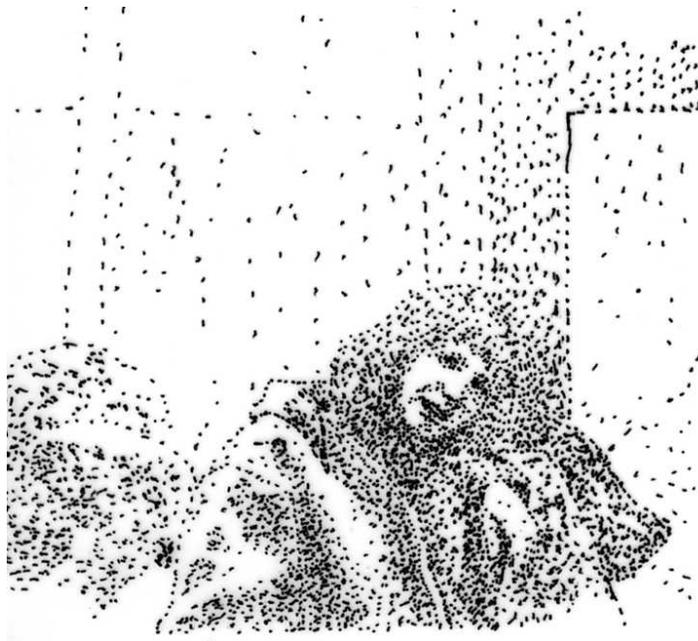
*when i left that inner circle of stone  
i felt so all alone  
but fortunately for me  
there were those  
who were happy to care for someone  
each in their own turn  
lay their hands on my body  
until i could no longer feel my soul*

*they all gathered around me  
singing and dancing  
and promised i would get well  
if only i had someone to touch  
but i knew i would not be staying  
when the touch of her body  
just made my heart more restless*

*so i went wandering once again  
this time beside the sea  
and I heard a young man in Galilee say  
that foxes have dens  
and birds have nests  
but the son of man  
has no place to lay his head*

*i was beginning to feel his pain  
as his words rang in my soul  
and then his eyes pierced the darkness  
touching my heart  
and resurrected us both*

*like the transfiguration  
of a big yellow moon on the night*



*THERE ARE dark clouds  
building up all around me  
i think we may see  
a little rain today  
maybe it will be a good day  
to stay inside  
and work on breaking these chains  
chains of sorrow chains of the past*

*fields of clover and wildflowers  
heaven and earth coming together  
like a lover's touch  
rolling hills and flowers  
and bombing in the holy land  
rivers of beauty rivers of blood  
with just enough heaven and hell  
touching the earth  
to make anyone weep*

*awakened in the night  
with the sound of rain  
outside my window  
thunder and lightning so far off  
in the distance  
i barely noticed it was there*

*as i laid there listening to the rain  
i thought i saw the tears of the saints  
falling to the earth  
and the laughter and smiles of the dervish  
as they danced with their beloved*

*as i laid there in the night  
you came to me in a dream  
and lay down beside me  
in your naked body  
and then you disappeared  
back into the night  
leaving behind only a trace  
of your beauty and your freedom*

*and just like the beauty  
of a rose and her thorns  
the great whore Babylon  
also rose up from her bed with a smile  
and in her eyes  
the sunrise and the sunset  
of our love  
and just like Delilah and Jezebel  
before her  
she asked for my heart and my soul*

*laying here in the summer night  
with the memory of your kisses  
and the touch of your breath  
on my body  
well i don't need you naked  
in either your body or your soul  
but i do love your heart  
when it comes through your smile*

*wildflowers and rivers  
and fields of clover*



*LOOKING THROUGH the eyes of God  
i'm not sure i'll ever tire of...*

*thunder and lightning in the night sky  
or the sound of the wind  
and rain falling to earth*

*puppies and kittens  
and young children laughing*

*summer days by rivers and lakes  
blue skies and big clouds  
fields of gold at harvest time*

*the color of autumn leaves  
and frost on the trees  
snow falling on the mountains  
or snow covered fields and forests*

*full moons and quarter moons  
and any moonlit night  
northern lights and falling stars  
and all the stars in the sky*

*sunrises and sunsets  
walks beside the ocean  
and the smell of the sea*

*the feel of the wind on my face  
and the sun on my skin*

*the fragrance of a rose  
and the delight of flowers  
or the fresh smell of the earth  
after a rain*

*wildflowers and wildlife  
and the rivers and the meadows  
the ocean and forests  
and the stark beauty of the desert*

*and i'm not sure i'll ever tire of  
the smiles and the beauty  
of the souls  
that adorn both heaven and earth*



*SITTING ON my back porch  
watching the rain fall  
and like so many times before  
i'm just wondering about it all again  
about the beauty and the wonder  
and the grace of it all*

*ancient scriptures talk about  
a holy war we must wage  
i'm pretty sure they're talking about  
conquering our inner enemies  
not becoming conquistadors*

*the devil has hands of fire  
and a heart of stone  
a touch that burns passionately  
but leaves you cold and empty  
and wearing shackles on your soul  
so be mindful when he comes  
to your door  
with all his illusions and charm*

*it is said that man  
is made of clay and breath  
and he walks upon this earth  
between birth and death  
with one hand reaching for love  
and the other hand reaching for freedom  
and the real tragedy of it all  
he never quite finds the balance  
for the fear  
of being with himself*

*as the raindrops fall  
the children laugh and play  
and the flowers open in the summer rains  
sometimes it seems so clear  
and then there are those  
other times  
like the moon across the water  
so beautiful it takes your breath away*

*and the night seems to have its secrets  
hidden in the shadows of darkness  
but just like a mirage  
dancing on the desert sands  
when the morning sun rises  
it is revealed to all who can see  
that the night  
has no secrets after all*

*there is mist rising off the mountains  
giving the earth a look of softness  
big dark clouds rolling in the sky  
an ominous touch  
to a horizon of beauty  
a summertime feeling in this ol' life  
maybe brought on by the rain  
or the whispers of flowers  
and the fragrance in the air*

*sometimes you come to me wild  
and sometimes your touch is soft  
i've even seen you dance with the sunlight  
and when the moon is covered  
and the night is dark  
i hear your soft cries  
and the whisper of your prayers  
as we hold onto one another  
beneath the stars*

*and i've seen the delight in your eyes  
with each new lover  
you invite to our wedding feast  
well i'm not jealous of your beauty  
nor am i Cain  
who wants to possess you  
but i do love to be next to you  
dancing on the earth  
or rushing into your fire  
in that way that allows  
the heavens to open*

*as i lay down next to you  
i surrender my body to the beauty  
of this thin golden web  
you have woven so delicately  
around my soul  
waves of beauty  
waves of bliss  
like a holy stream of ecstasy  
as i touch your heart*

*and i awaken each morning  
to find that you have gone  
some memories  
the sweet taste of honey  
and a bottle of leftover wine  
is all that i have left  
to begin this journey back to you  
looking for that love  
that is so deep and pure  
we will embrace eternity*

*then we can laugh and wonder  
about the beauty and the wonder  
and the grace of it all*



*IN THE dark of the night  
the moon and the stars  
have taken their place in the sky  
fulfilling their destiny*

*and that ancient river is running tonight  
carrying my soul along*

*the orange blossoms have stolen the night  
like the tide steals the shore  
and the mockingbirds are singing those songs  
that were written in the dark  
where i kept all my secrets from you*

*and here i stand  
naked and bare at the edge of eternity  
beginning my pilgrimage to you*

*the saints they have all gathered  
to raise the chalice  
and sing hallelujah  
to dance on the grapes  
of next year's wine*

*and as i drink from that cup  
of all that is beautiful  
all of my sins  
are being laid out before me  
like a feast at the devil's table*

*oh take me down to that ancient river  
and bathe my body and soul  
wrap me in all that is holy  
for tonight you are standing  
naked and bare  
at the edge of my desire for you*

*tonight we will dance on the water  
to the rhythm of that holy song  
and drink from the nectar  
of a thousand golden flowers  
all gathered from beyond the moon and stars*

*for tonight we will dance in eternity*

*SOMETIMES IT seems we walk  
towards that far horizon  
chasing the wind  
like it was a holy shrine  
a pilgrimage to sun devils and dust*

*off in the distance  
ride the four horsemen of the apocalypse  
racing the sun to the edge of my days  
i knew their names for a while  
they were friends of mine  
when we were all so very young  
and we prayed that the heavens would open  
and grace our days*

*but somewhere in our youth  
something innocent was lost  
and we drifted apart  
maybe it was that dance of Salome  
and the ghost of the Baptist  
maybe it was written in the stars  
or maybe we just wanted more*

*we were singing and dancing and praying  
and trying to see beyond tomorrow  
living for today like it was  
some sacred place of the heart  
but with the coming of the sunrise  
we let go of those ancient ruins  
and went looking for a new day*

*we were drunk with last year's wine  
when we stumbled upon  
some old hope for lost poets  
something about God and nature  
and things to come  
but we could not wait for heaven  
for hell was knocking on our door*

*we didn't want our fortunes told  
we were just looking for a better way  
it didn't have to be a sacred heart  
just something we could keep  
beyond our days*

*still there is shadows on the mountain  
and the sweetness of summer  
an eagle's cry of freedom  
and big clouds in the sky  
the fragrance of wildflowers and weeds  
with butterflies and hummingbirds  
a little closer to the earth*

*it all seems like it could be  
a satori in the morning sun  
with that distant horizon  
seemingly a long way off  
and the edge of my days  
has unfolded into  
the sunrise of another day*





*THE RAIN is falling on the mountain  
and in the valley below  
the thunder reminds me  
of a drum i need to mend*

*like an iron dinosaur  
standing alone in the field  
that old rusty windmill  
has got me thinking of the past*

*old gypsy poets  
and the message of the ages  
ancient warriors and golden slaves  
silver idols and lust and illusions*

*honeysuckle vines and long stemmed roses  
youthful bodies in the sun  
and a rebirth of love and beauty  
that is beyond our heart's desire*

*you know the sea remains the same  
with the rising and falling of each wave  
but the waves are the dance  
that fills the heart with love*

*earth, wind, fire, and rain  
can not sustain heart nor soul  
the essence of love alone  
will cause the flowers to bloom*

*the hanging gardens of Babylon  
and the angels singing above  
the beauty of the sun  
is in the song of the soul*

*this old gypsy heart needs to remember  
to laugh with the children  
and dance with the dervish  
and why we are here at all*

*thunder rolling across the mountains  
sunshine breaking through the clouds  
rainbows beginning to form  
like a promise of days to come*



*ONE MORE night looking up at the stars  
another full moon shining on me  
and lighting up the night  
and still in love with you  
with that feeling of a young heart  
and its first taste of love  
and a yearning for that freedom  
that i know will be mine  
when i give everything for love*

*like a warrior in an ancient world  
or Jesus walking on the water  
that cry of freedom  
comes from every soul  
whether you have a gypsy heart  
or you want to till the soil  
that song of freedom  
and the love in your heart  
becomes the bride  
and the grace of God  
the honeymoon*

*the embrace of bodies  
the beauty and joy  
and the rhythm of souls*

*and like every lover before me  
i will dive into your ocean*

*the moon dances tonight  
with the grace  
only angels could imagine  
in the garden of light and shadow*

*and while the music plays  
some come to say hello  
and some will say good-bye  
some will give blessings  
and some blame the stars*

*and the moon will dance through the night  
with grace and perfection  
will dance with the mountains  
and dance with the trees  
will dance with the tides  
and dance with lovers  
dance to the rhythm of heaven and earth*

*and i long to embrace you beneath the light  
of that beautiful moon*

*and dance one more time  
dance across the water  
maybe even dance across eternity  
to the other side of night*



*I WATCHED while the clouds rolled in  
like some majestic ocean of white  
then i watched as the clouds rolled past*

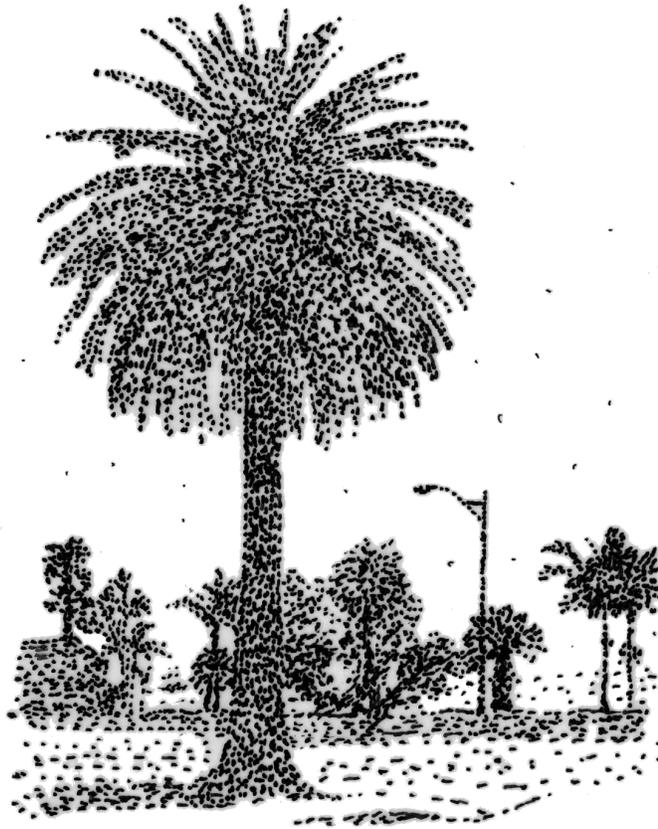
*and there was thunder on the mountain  
calling to me like some old memory  
of my innocence  
and my youth  
both a long time gone past*

*i went for a walk  
up on strawberry mountain  
in search of the holy spirit  
i heard she had built an altar there  
but some said it was just the beauty  
that would quiet a man's mind  
both voices were well traveled paths  
that would lead me to the heart*

*as the thunder rolled across the mountain  
i saw a rainbow  
that some men called heaven  
where there was no loss  
and there was no gain  
where the heart laid unawakened  
in a grave  
that all men call hell*

*in the eternalness of the moment  
the birds were singing  
and there were wildflowers and green grass  
and buds on the trees  
i became aware that spring  
was awakening the senses  
just like the thunder  
was shaking the mountains*

*i heard the sweet sound of music  
coming from the heavens  
and then i heard it again  
in the songs of the earth  
sung from the tears  
of children laughing  
and the tears of lovers embracing  
being sung from the tears  
of the war-torn bodies  
and the oppressed*



*there were songs being sung from the tears  
of the joy and anguish  
of love and hate  
that flowed across every land  
like a holy stream  
that touched every heart along the way*

*and as the thunder shook the mountains  
i saw the soul  
crying out to be free  
too long held captive on its journey  
by the chains of pleasure  
and the illusions of love  
in this paradise  
that all men call the world*

*by the light of the moon  
beyond all the shadows and the ghosts  
i could see a thousand dancers  
naked in their beauty*

*and it was revealed to me that night  
that when i awakened my heart  
and attuned to the rhythm  
of that holy dance  
my soul would be set free*

*and when i could look  
into the heart of every man  
i would see the face of God  
and be set free*



*A BIG yellow moon  
is rising above the land  
or maybe it is  
the golden hair of Radha  
as she moves across the night*

*oh she is looking so beautiful  
as she dances on the water  
in a sheer white gown  
and i can feel her desire  
reaching out to my soul  
and awakening my desire for her*

*sometimes i wonder  
if she had ever gone away  
for we have traveled together  
for such a long time  
and now i want  
to dance once again  
as we danced before*

*isn't it just like your gypsy blood  
to wander on one path or another  
chasing after that journey  
that will take us beyond the sky  
and the stars above  
looking for that path  
that all men can follow  
looking for that path  
that will take me home*

*and i think of her often  
even called out her name a time or two  
and wonder when we will meet again  
will it be in the heavens  
or dance here on earth  
wanting to embrace her once again  
so pure and so sweet*

*somewhere between the roar  
of the ocean  
and the quiet of the mountains  
i remember the first time  
she brushed my lips  
with her naked heart  
with a kiss so deep  
it still touches my soul  
every time i think of her*



*there are a thousand stars overhead tonight  
the scent of lilacs fills the air  
a songbird is singing somewhere in the dark,  
i can feel each heartbeat  
and the touch of your breath  
and i can tell by your smile  
and the fire in your eyes  
that we will dance tonight*

*oh we will dance again tonight  
like we have so many times before  
oh dance me through the night  
until we sink below the sky  
then lay me down on the earth  
as we wait for the dawn*

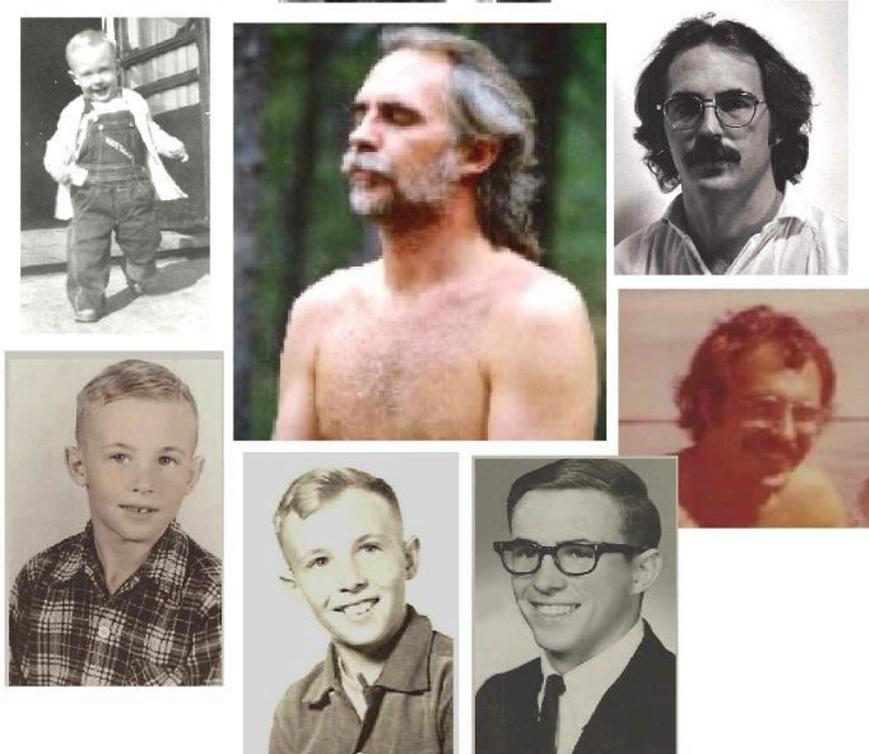
*then dance me as you rise  
with your golden body on fire  
and your mystical breath  
touching my soul  
all the way to my body*

*oh take me down  
to the edge of that sea  
where the sisters of the sun  
dance naked on the sand  
and dance me oh dance me  
with your golden body on fire  
and your mystical beauty  
holding my soul*

*oh dance this gypsy heart  
like sunlight on the water  
and let me embrace your golden fire  
until the sea comes for my body  
and carries me away*

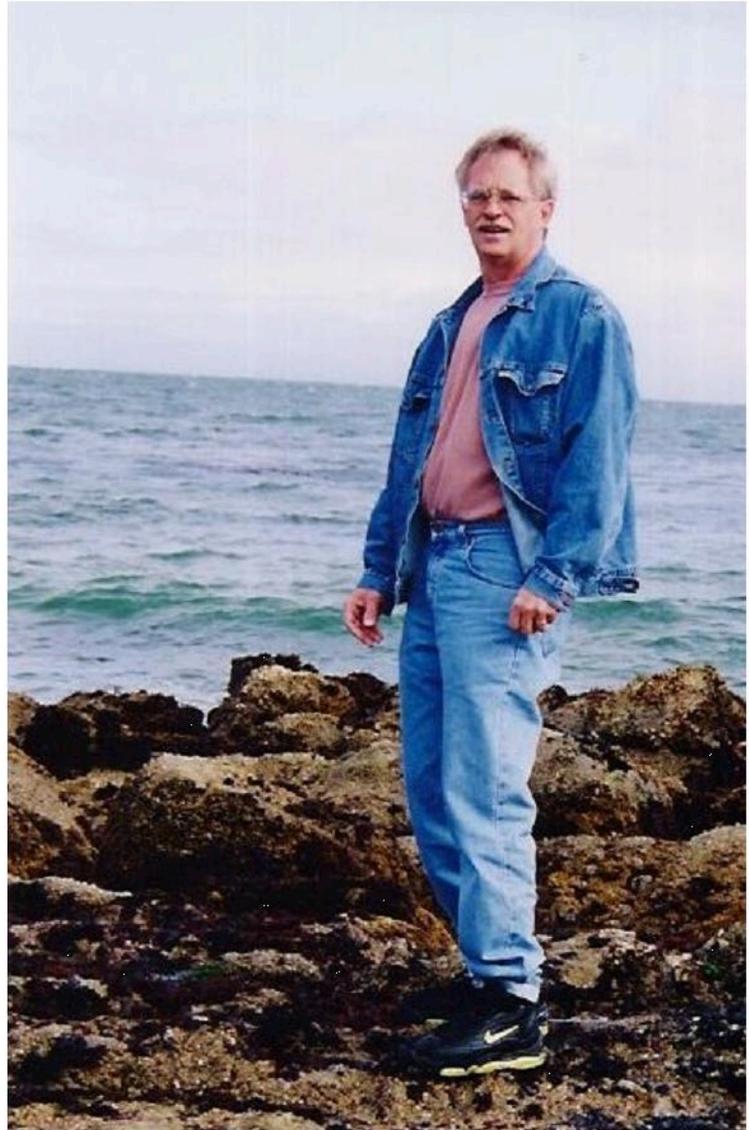
*oh dance my golden body  
until the sea is on fire  
and carries my soul away*

# *The Life and Times of a Mystic and a Poet*



A brief biography, for more information about the author, please visit  
[www.leetimmerman.com](http://www.leetimmerman.com)

*i walked down  
to the edge of the ocean  
with the waves at my feet  
and my eyes on eternity  
i got a glimpse  
of an ancient mariner  
on his voyage home  
a dance  
of the sun and the sea  
and somewhere beneath the sky  
and before the sunset  
i felt my soul begin to dance  
and a smile  
as i started singing hallelujah  
oh hallelujah*



*I remember  
the life and times  
of a mystic and a poet  
six white roses  
and the sky above  
lay upon that altar*

*there was music  
and there was wine  
dancers  
with only flowers  
in their hair*

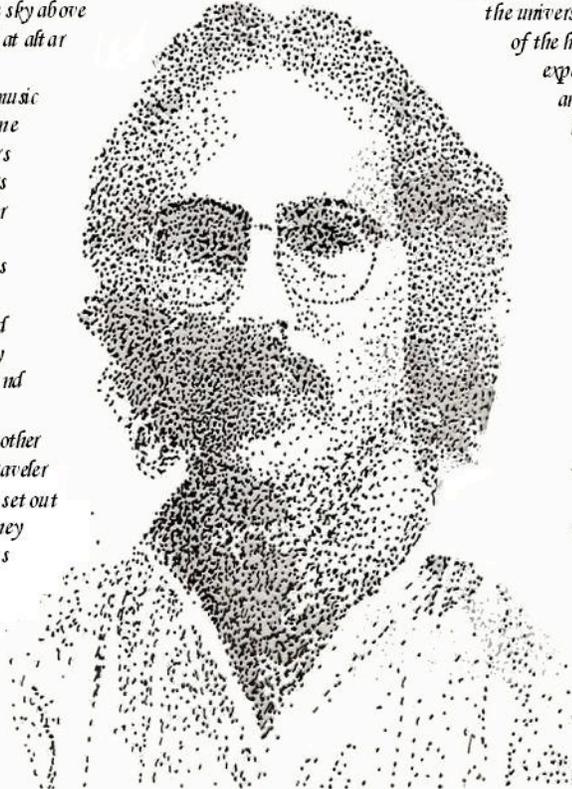
*we are all pilgrims  
on our way  
to the holy land  
on our way  
to the holy land*

*I'm just another  
traveler  
who has set out  
on his journey  
I believe it was*

*the ancient banks  
of the Nile  
from which I set sail*

*but there are some  
who say  
it is heaven I am from  
it's been such a long time  
I've been upon this ocean  
that I really don't remember*

*But I do remember  
to be a follower of love*



*I have tried to make  
a journal,  
understand,  
and express  
the universalness  
of the human  
experience  
and the  
human spirit.*

*To record  
this journey  
from the  
perspective  
of someone  
who has had  
both material  
and mystical  
experiences  
throughout  
life. Poetry  
is how I have  
attempted  
to express these  
wholistic experiences.*

*There is a universal-  
ness to humanity, but  
there is also a unique-  
ness of each spirit.  
Knowing our Self,  
we will know that  
which is common to  
all of humanity, and  
that which is unique  
to the Self.*



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