

# differential Productions *ds*



## *Bardish Tales*

*Spells* (words) & *Alchemy* (allegory) for *Enchanters* (songwriters)

*By Henochius Simon*

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# *The Green Bird Faery Song of All Seriousness*

if I know what is to happen  
the dance is an entrainment  
I've seen the next worlds over  
and in those ideals we've already won

my spine a tuning fork  
I wander about the earth  
attracted to the striking  
against the rituals harmonizing  
the fluid spirals in my back

I bear the pain of aeons  
in my body collapsed on this time  
and each days distillation  
undoes that karma more and more  
they used to say I'm 'cut from the heel'

I am causeless  
my instinct provides  
a trail of iron and wine  
I- follow like a blood hound  
I- the smallest part, the straw  
I- break the spine of oblivion



the years pass on  
the stories chase me  
of happenings surrounding  
a clueless head of vacuums bliss  
immortal against the volley  
flaming bolts against the messenger

my gyroscope a weapon  
of chaos and synchronicity  
a radiating force field  
with gold and silver keys  
sprouting plum blossoms  
riding the dragon of non-duality

the incomprehensible skill  
royal by blood and transmigration  
natural and metanormal  
theurgic and thaumaturgic  
now the future, now the past, now  
indomitable throughout territorial time

grounded in my horse, devouring earth  
whether I am running on the planes  
or here about sweet Terra's waning garden  
soft becomes hard, hard becomes soft  
twin dragons constantly vie for the pearl

and that all but forgotten human mission  
to one day in time attain the sun  
is possible in ways utterly odd  
to the way of heaven before the calamity  
and we recognize the beauty of the meta-  
music  
which foresaw this groove from the start

dance to a way that says love is the law  
trance to the law that demands love under will  
eros and agape, love against love  
be drunk on the inescapable condition of  
being  
and in that ocean finally rest in your soul  
show your angels the eyes of the bornless one

yes in my eyes, sweet angels on earth  
the inescapable flames of first glory  
dust off the slime from your wings  
oh long cast out demons of splendour and light  
the long sleep of shadow has ended  
the promised revealing and victory; yea,  
Victory



# The Thunder of My Giving

the world is shifting  
and initiation appears  
awkward and terrifying  
because all that came before  
is rendered mute

and you open, then close  
contract like the yin  
for within is a pure dot  
of rising yang brilliance  
made stronger by you're falling

and the queen of hell is after you  
because of her protection  
of me garnered by  
coffee, nicotine, red wine, and rum  
I promised a garden of fire after all

purity untouched by rejection  
so easy once words are delivered  
you better destroy the link  
made magickal by gifting and accepting  
because the rebound is after you

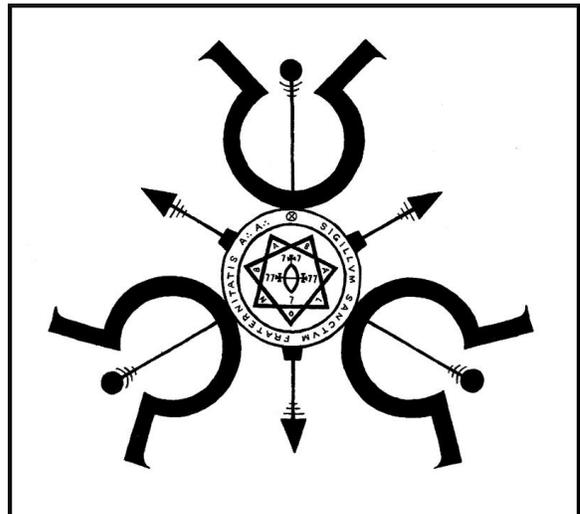


not about me  
no one needs me  
just the world needs me  
so much bigger, wider  
than sleepy eyes can see

I'm laughing at my simple game  
so serious and real  
you think you know Babalon?  
hahahahahahaha

here she comes little sister, listen how she  
cums!

thus ends the lesson



# *Dreambelt Tantra*

&

## *Each Eternal Cross-Eyed Manifestation*

love has this way, a tantric re-act  
of undoing my spine, directly behind  
the center of light in my chest

when the obsession borders on comical  
when I'm undone, or a boy, just a toy  
wind me up and watch me run

all the mars I am in the world, intensely  
is all the venus I feel, just as real  
as all the fractal tears, quartz of my heart

this is how I'm different, special  
royal blood, innocent soul, devoted in whole  
to offer a life of loving you to God

fucked open without any real physical touch  
the consciousness, wise, soul truth beyond lies  
my naked body an antennae of shared radical  
dreams



purity, innocence, beyond and before jaded  
my soul wants to grow, wants for you to know  
how always, forever, eternity, promises; are  
real

the magician makes it so, in act, word, deed  
the warrior the right, for divine law to fight  
and the fool will go where the heart wants to  
go

galactic crosses swing the door wide  
and now is a chance to step through, for you  
I will lay a Garden of Fire at your feet

the myth, the groove, in the heart, the heart  
the wise must have courage to feel that its real  
and power to act in the world of form

so thats right, I cry and I die everyday  
that makes me special, and its so beneficial  
to the tantra of a wide open heart of big love

for me, no separation exists; this world – that world  
some say they burn, the second string wont learn  
they are the children, running away from what is

and you, just like them, must know  
y'all just gettin high and avoiding the work  
choosing a world where revolution wont come

me? I just want to build a tower  
in the city of empire and towers  
and build you the church of your dreams

not one to burn when its all been done  
but last as a testament, to a world that we won  
by giving it and ourselves to eachother, the divine

each moment is forever



# Resplendent

*(The Priestess Speaks from the Primordial Whirlings of Chaos)*

Memories regained

On a wing and a prayer

Hope against hope against

The shadow of sleep

Sleep. AWAKEN! Alive Alive Alive

Sleep no more, my children of stars

Allow Universal Love to shine forth your individualism.

Know thyself. BE Thyself! In harmony with the discord that is the multiplicity of life.

Life! Alive Alive Alive.

Breathe in. Deeply. Drink the smell of the Universe. Brothers and Sisters in arms against the slave of forgetfulness.

Slave! Slave of Will to the Master. Change. Remove regret. Change!

Be Masterful. Rephrase. Live fully and engage.

Love. Not the sappy love of dreams and poetry,

But the living vital love that springs Life into Be. Being into Life.

Love. Not like the song or the sonnet, but like the bird loves the air and Tree embrace All.

Take Flight! Fight! Free Free Free.

All is free. And you will pay dearly

Awaken the song within and vibrate your space

Fill your room with Heart Song.

Sing. Breathe and Sing. To honor's highest height.

Rip the veil and bring Yourself forth

Enter into the face of Might and Strike Down the bane of forgetfulness!

Strike your Heart the sound within. Vibrate. Resonate

With the ones to stimulate.

Percolate.

Shy into Shine. Be the Lightness in no Shadow. Flash!Bang!IntoBeing!

Play, and give into playing. Joy.

Steady. Study. Tracks that bend and sway the Light Song.

Song of Light. Listen with eyes that see the threshold and veil it not.

Open the eyes of mind and heart, United, in Soul, the Initiates, seeded in the Body Divine.

Soul to be, in whose time? Trapped in Freedom.



# HA

I'm walking and he is also walking  
I'm turning round about as he is turning round  
about  
we are entrained, I and I  
soon we will fully harmonize  
ritual keys across multiple lines

trading secrets and a flavor  
his eyes slightly brighter blue  
my build much stronger  
we watch each our other two  
until the waiting is filled

a ping sent further than aeons  
because backwards in time is gone  
the calamity of imperfect harmony  
will be its own undoing in ours, this world  
for who does not feel such oblivion  
along the memories we keep pulling through



ideal perfection mixed with a taint  
while traces of the divine here  
reveal the pure joy of our birthright  
the sacrifice of imperfect harmony  
the hope of healing darkness sown  
so that both may defeat the blight  
together

I can't know the improvisation  
as it happens spontaneously  
to my feet, my hands, my dreams  
I just know in each of the moments  
when his eyes, my eyes, see together

I am there, and I am here  
he is here, and he is there  
and in the garden  
my soul is playing  
more seriously than before

HA

# Spaceship Time

The Light of the Temples

Lights of the World

inside and out

downside and up

this is a spiral

that has no end in time

but the change that comes over you

destined to begin a new calling

new waves and new ways

all at the center which is everywhere

this is a dance and trance

and especially a chance

an open doorway, an invitation

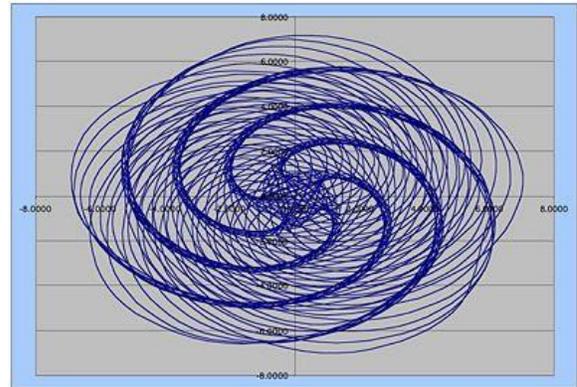
the wonderful working of the ways

to be your seeing in confidence

a stone upon which many waves will crash

does not know its gentleness

how the simplicity is in itself complex



a subtle wave, after wave, after wave  
a proud and solid way, going again and going

    speak and it will be singing

    move and it will be dancing

    sleep and it will be dreaming

    eat and it will be feasting

    without joy they lose their passion

and as the Imperial Fire of synchronicity  
    touches them

    they will know, and you will grow

    your formula fulfilled

## *The Fire & the Loneliness*

so there's this loneliness on my face  
written for the world to see  
but it comes from some distant place  
you'd be surprised how it doesn't touch me

passing through the slant of light  
that fractures into self and self  
like a gilded accent clear to sight  
hiding open there up on the shelf

listed are my memories  
written onto my brain  
a cosmic riff of lifetimes  
and a tapestry of pain  
compelling subtle dancing  
smiling and laughing  
uniting every joy experience  
abiding intellect grafting

so there's this fire in my eyeballs  
blazing forth to all I meet  
but its just a fire burning  
under some timeless soul seat



a deeper presence than I can claim  
to know, control, or understand  
sending me on missions  
and ignoring all my well laid plans

allowed to feel the warrior  
but just a soldier in a game  
a construct for the inhabitant  
a complex form cannot be tamed  
screaming aloud and dying  
in each moment I dissolve  
aware only of the explosive tail  
the streaking comet that evolves

and its always everywhere  
the fire and the loneliness  
my experience of the goodness  
is the truth in all of us

# Bynepor

In some way you're born a Healer  
the things you say  
your chivalrous way  
right place  
right time  
an angel by design  
fulfilling a function in form

But in other ways a Lover  
the burdens you bear  
chained to a chair  
done selflessly  
automatically  
catharsis through falling  
into romance and dream

And then comes the Magus  
pure intention  
starry redemption  
offering love  
to home's star spate  
dimension doors that stay open late  
in the game of life and tantra



a fool, a transformation,  
one-hundred-eleven  
growing into cosmic relations  
occulted formulae accessed  
by a refined sleight of mind  
back to find yourself an angel  
right place  
right time  
fulfilling a function in form

The highest life,  
The best life,  
The least life is measured in your hands.





UNTITLED

the other alchemy  
 the way  
 not cast in phantom subtle forms  
 nor notions of intuitive dream truths

direct to the source  
 of this nun's way  
 stands not a lotus, but a plum blossom

but here, now, and luminous  
 a world of men, retelling old tales  
 contradictive in performance  
 in their saying of the new



outer circles, outer circles  
 communities in rote refrain

the hidden college  
 a culture of more subtle;  
 participation



8 extraordinary secret elixirs  
 tracing the creative cycle of 5  
 connecting original perfection  
 to human perception, to command

the point not far  
balanced between before completion  
and after completion

fire over water, a light in the abyss  
soon, a flame under the ocean  
the silver star of the wise  
rising from the depths of space

twin dragons vie for the pearl

the aquatic dragon spits fire  
the DNA emits light  
Ipsissimus Laughs, Silent

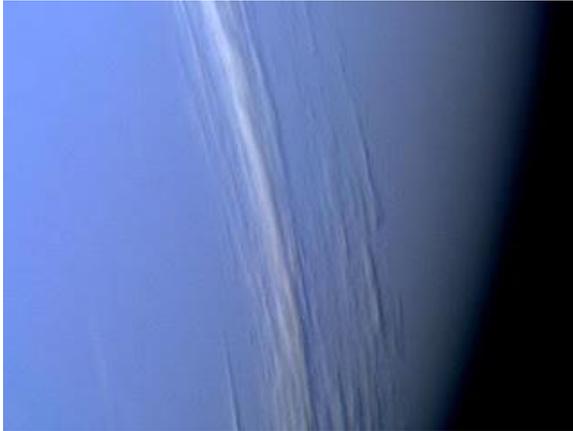


no more to play with Gods and Goddesses  
in the gardens of drama and delight  
no more to fight with angels and daemons  
in the magnificent gnosis of heaven  
no more to write of all sweet music  
the singing and the symphony inside of my  
head

sitting on my plum blossom  
the silvery cord touching my kidneys  
attracted to the gentleness there  
I sit with the Masters in my kausality, for a  
moment

doing what is always done

# Neptune & the Sister Sun



Neptune is Kether, which is why he wields a trident.

Kether is one, but a 3 fold none.

The Hanged Man is here, at the top of your head.

Poseidon astride a Unicorn

Precession of the Equinox, the wise always know

is the Binary Star, dictating the Spirit of the Times,

the Aeon, 3rd field, solar plex

This is also 3 fold, shin, spirit, zeitgeist

the belt of zodiacal time, the great year,

dictated by the dance between our sun and his sister twin



Kether is mem? surely you jest?

mem final is terra, malkuth

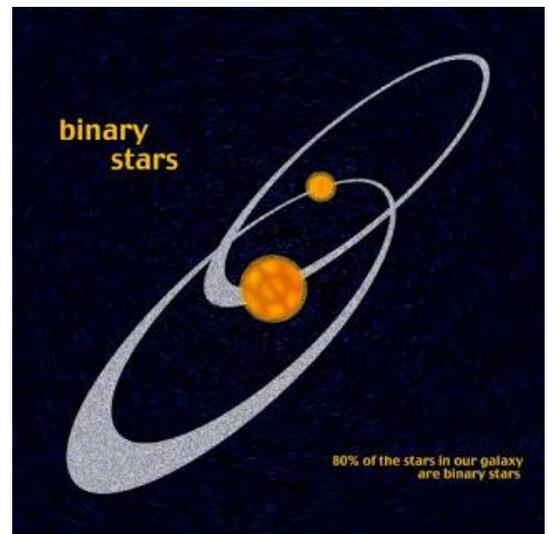
kether is in malkuth, root

sandalphon is in metatron

enoch is henochius

transmuted for the Aeon

success!



# The Morning Star Regression

standing on a jutting cliff, the mermaid turns  
and slips away

dives down into the ocean saying shes so sorry  
she can't stay

the foam of the thundering sea is a pounding  
and rushing unearthly green

the purple rock cliff face majestic, pale like her  
skin with a heavenly gleam

chase the wind; the light, through lifetimes  
and pastimes

chase the girl who runs away across Aeons and  
poetic rhymes

what gyroscope within the Real could  
underwrite such lovely trials?

so serious and not serious, such heart breaking  
delightful wiles

Ipsissimus rides the Dragon so that the light  
chases their behind

running away into darkest days,

filling time with universal mind

this whole life I've had this memory,

for a while thinking I saw it on TV

like a realistic animation

that is binding me to be free

so I walk into the underworld

and follow her right into the sea

just like a unicorn who knows

this is all that's meant to be

and with Sedna smiling at me,

her father now forgiven

we summon up a mighty dolphin song

until back from the Sea she is given

and so many ages of time have passed;

true ages, not some simple cycle

Angel, stella matutina, and the Taxiarch

Archangel Michael

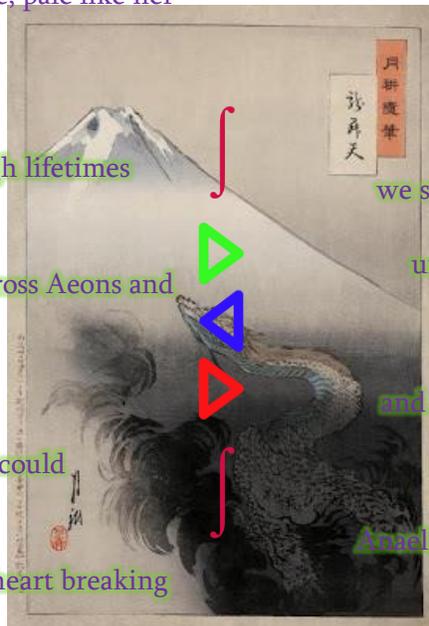
It is only ever a star who parts the sea, and  
now you have your sign

Da Da, Da Da, Da Da

Da Da

Da Da, Da Da Da Da Da Da

Da Da



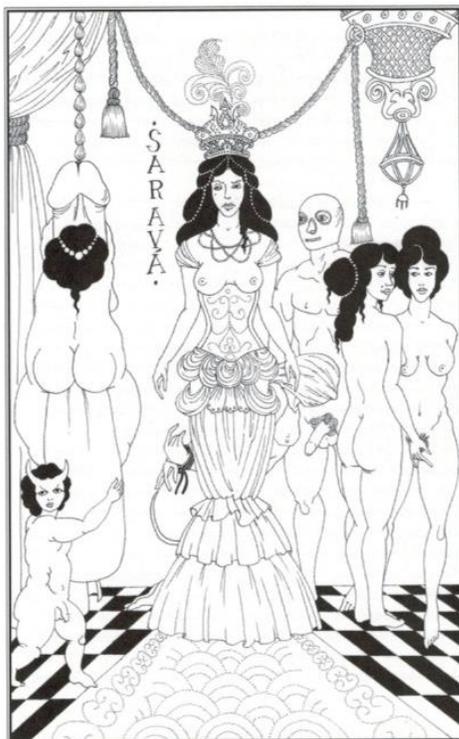
## Under a SuperMoon

some night amidst some stretch of time  
cloaked in grey and stormy mists  
coquettish spirits of unforgiving feminine  
divine  
teach me skills of tender trysts

who am I? who am I? who am I? who am I?

inquiry after release, let go to control  
hold on to be free, focus out to know me  
a chest emptying into void endless hole

im sucking it in, what this has to give  
another pole to dance, there is no mask  
there is no dancer, there is only laughter  
only working towards some great task



and I have to ask, to the emptiness  
and beg to bleed just a little more  
I don't belong, no I don't run along  
this thread of inherited and forgotten lore

what do I want? what do I want?  
how do I know I'm here really?  
my cycles, an orbit, energy recycles  
energy returns, and a truth not nearly..

..so super, or sublime  
as the taste of a life  
without a story told  
without holding back  
non, anon, adieu  
to you, another swoon  
beneath a supermoon