



Traveling Light

Janne De Rijck

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We all need to break away from this 'mad, war-infested globe' from time to time, and what better antidote than the poetry of Janne De Rijck? Her 'inner globe' is one of peace and serenity, with a wink to mythology. It sometimes reminds me of the poetry of William Butler Yeats and Rabindranath Tagore, and it is no coincidence that Ireland and India are two of her favourite traveling destinations. So, sit back and relax, no need to labour over intricate structures. This is, pure, intuitive poetry in which rivers, stars and rainbows offer you a 'doorway to our next existence' and in which the spark of divinity that lodges in each of us, can be felt.

Gerda Casier

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Traveling Light

Minerals and magnolia

Somewhere there is a volcano erupting
its fumes incubate a deep red glowing fountain
like the sphere in a bed where love is
in motion
expressive
a chronic desire to erupt
finally
space and time flow
from the darkest claustrophobic earth chamber
where gasses are transformed into liquid metals, fluid stones,
to the skies
where all its fiery dreams floated, eons long.

Somewhere there is an ocean rolling
soothing on the beach
its salty saliva licking us clean
kissing us like the tiny mouths of fishes
they love our dead skin
rejuvenating our being.

Somewhere it is summer
Bodies relaxed and in comfort
not fighting humidity and frost
a place where being just human feels good
soft to the touch
marinated in sea minerals and magnolia soap
and in that season a lover
sets our energy free
recharges us,
healing melancholy.

Path to a valley green

We have the colour magic in our eyes
Light hitting dust reflects inside us
The shades we perceive are the tints
that deepest affiliate with our mind
Some will see bluer skies.

Make up your mind
What vibes will you chose to rule you?

The kicks and shoves of life that hit home.
Reds of lava
Burning, torturing all potential life
making hills out of nowhere, hills holding nothing
to the eye.

The deep furnace, subconscious desire,
the lower chakras going berserk
Longing
Yearning for belonging
to just love and do the absurd.

Time leads to the culprit of unforeseen explosions,
and to a path to a valley green.

Mail

Stunning!

All of a sudden

a 180 degree rainbow

fills the three windows of my room

An unannounced shower

turns into hail

In all of this the sun is shining

I would almost think

my muse sent me a mail.

Spooked

The fibre is in the silver lining
Joy in things overlooked
The timing of hail is a sign, yea,
When love turned to ice has you spooked.

Time stands still

Every moment time stands still
as we embrace its beauty;

Every breath strengthens our will to
handle a new day's fury.

Who is who

I am not a bitch, nor a cow, nor a pussycat,
though I do fight to survive.

I'm not an eagle or a heron for I couldn't kill a fly.
I'm not a spider, nor a busy
buzzing
lie

I am not a psycho either.

What I am I am not sure
Rodin's thinker is not obscure

A part in the cosmic comedy I play
What am I?
Who is who to say?

Gate nine

Ah the little secret collections hidden under the bed
waiting in closets and drawers
winking like dawn in the head.

The little secret selections of strings and things attached,
a cupboard full of memories
unleashed in a photo stash.

Light of love, “dreams of love love love”
Flutter, dove, conjure up the rabbit.

Alice in Wonderland with the mantis prays,
What’s the hold up, Mad Hatter?

The night is a shell

The night is a shell,
a smooth cover to recover under
Quietly undercover
thoughts to discover
when all flower hearts are closed and asleep.

The black in the gamma of colours
grant us rest and peace;
from social expectations
emotional disgrace
(r)evolutionary phases.

A lovely echoing pearl shell,
eyes tired of colours too weak
A spring when first yellows are sparkling
but the sky stays a pale white sheet.

The night is a shell
The Sirens of the sea always there.

Heaven itself

It is easy to love life
when bones don't ache
from coldness

It is easy to love life
when hunger comes back
with the spring.

It is easy to love life
when you manage to give up your lost lover
Rip the scent out of your heart
and look for the four-leaved clover...

Nature says "Enough is enough!"
No man will ever comprehend you.
Love all the rest, the beauty, engrossed
and heaven itself will commend you.

On the roll

If a heart turned into stone –
a big old sandblasted pebble
hiding geological treasure –
like the one I split my toe-nail on,
would it roll easier through life
Every bump kicked upon
transforming into a speedy process
let's say 'progress'
Keep going while on the roll...

Let the sun-rays talk, and the finches
Hugging what we have, the gifts
Rest your heart, just a
pebble in a stilled pond
while the waterfall retreats for its
summer sleep...
Unseen to the public eye, it
lives its pure zen existence
the pebble in the lotus pond
once a heart wild and intense,
a rocking rolling stone.

Would life on the lake-bed finally
connect us with the soul
our semi-precious core now
finally tune in to the cosmic knowing...
that love means going
alone
yet never disconnected.

Where the rolling stone stops

Where the rolling stone stops
is where I'd build my home
Mountain slopes at rest and green
under grazing herds.

Where the rolling stone stops rolling
to warm up in the valley bed
is where I'd like my back to lean
your shoulder for my head.

Atmosphere

As the strike of lightning, fierce,
melts grains of sand into a glass sculpture –
so changes
the impact of traumatic experience
the substance of our mental being.

It is up to us
to make up our mind;
to turn the new shape
in such way into the light
that we perceive its beauty
in its uniqueness.

One beacon of light we are
a bundle of electromagnetic inventions
in the vastness of billions

If all unite, a grand Concerto of light
The fastest traveling energy
Soul speed, let's say
will lead us on
to a greater, more loving atmosphere.

Hey my loves

Hey my loves,
too quickly it stopped, the agreeing
too difficult for us to cooperate

When our inner self cannot grow properly,
when there is nothing really left you can share

the spiritual growth will commend you
the magic does not longer work
the duet cannot continue solo
it's where the creative power gets hurt.

So a spiritual partnership ends.

Incomplete we are baffled.

Disorientation

Hey my loves
I was possibly too pushy
Spiritual growth has its individual pace
for me to find the motivation
only love for Life and harmony has a place.

Hey my loves
Gratitude for the lessons
we do not possess or control
the flow in a spiritual partnership
When it is time to go, we must go.

Cause inside slumbers our authentic power
when our personality
convenes
with the soul.

Who flies high

He who flies high may also fall low.

Falling is a martial art,

thank god we can train for it.

Head roll!

Serenity

Serenity is what this planet needs
to embrace its fragile structure
to reconnect our mind and soul
with universal clusters.
Power to find happiness
Ways to express tenderness.

Serenity is what earth breathes
An ethereal vibration
of exuberant gratitude.

Serenity is what makes us strong
in a treadmill of big egos
that almost destroyed this planet
The wishing well is the key.

For when we bow for nature's ways
and where our insight fails, it fails,
we also hug evolution.

Heading towards it

Our mother, Earth, chooses to sooth us
after hell itself made the Himalayas shake –
leaving many faces wet, bewildered,
bereft of almost everything.

Here in the Lowlands mother Earth chooses to soothe us,
after six months of cold, gray indoor life
She calls us, with the perfume of colours,
the lilac and pink, purples and the saffron of spring
The happy faces of apple blossoms
overwhelming with flash-backs of childhood and youth,
when promise was all the world held.

Does one ever get tired of the familiar?
Is the grass that shoots up lush
not forever the healing carpet, through our toes...
as they hold all meridians.

Is the blue sky with cotton wool clouds
not always a feast of liberation?
Sadness and rain,
both an intrinsic part of life, often travel together.

How sad is a sun scorched, drying farmland
the green heads dying of thirst
calling for salvation, for rain first.
To be alone is in a way also being free;
perhaps why free-thinkers,
rebellious individuals, un-meeek minds,
are always heading towards it.

Drowning moon

A poet dies – silently –
when that big,
enormously big full moon,
peach yellow,
bears no face of love anymore.
When the still pond doesn't stir,
her ethereal corona –
once the mirror of your joy –
tries to lighten your dim aura....
Silently the poet dies
when stars appear like traitors
and the promise of the moon
lasts but a brief moment,
just long enough to taste,
before the river swallows it.

Let's love the sky

Let's love the sky
that keeps us earthed,
both our feet and backbone drawn to
the planet's core by gravity.

The sky where we came from,
our home,
our original source made of chi
and the inexplicable...

Let's love the sky
with the same passion as we love people
as the difference is what makes us complete.

We need air, like we need love
symbiosis of a pure essential appearance.
What do we give the sky?
Our sorrow and tears and discontentment.

Why don't we love the sky,
embrace its heart, adore
it's immaterial consistency.

Dance for the horizon where you meet,
always there, caressing.
Listen, the air is looking for you.
The space in the room says
"Enjoy your meal girl!"
That is love.

Puzzle away

From day to day we puzzle away,
where do new pieces fit?

Keep our eyes on the old for sure
they hold a key to the click.

What does our heart want, our mind, our soul?...

Why does the body cry out so bold...

From day to day we puzzle away

And weave our own tapestry.

The picking

Vibrations did not only
happen in the Sixties
Love was all we needed and still do
Sensing peace still heals all being
Harmony still feeds us like a womb. .

Hunger happens, kids no longer playing
Planet shifts and earth quakes in the air
Gun powder and crippled tribes
A war zone, Gods taboo or fancy fair. .
In the other valley there is peace and music
At the other cliff edge people don't go to jump
In our own backyard of wishes fruit is waiting
for the picking, for the picking, to belong.

The Pond – haiku

What is the story?

Where is this pond you speak of?

A splash would be great!

Light - haiku

Sun set and moon rise
this is our dome for this life,
let light shed its light.

Silently

Deep sadness has a hold on me
Summer draws to an end
The consoling sun hides far away
The mirror is in shock,
I see
eyes that lost the spark of joy
A mouth that says: stupid you,
you failed
to keep a family, failed
to hold on to the love you craved.

Raised at a table counting eleven
now food does not appeal
If I believed in
God I'd know
none of it is by his fault
Nature itself is cruel and harsh
my free spirit dies hard.

Deep sadness has me in its grip
Oh life, why last so long
Till all dreams are faded
and there's no more to come.

Why was I born so sensitive?
Why was I born at all?
To give birth perhaps,
to just one child
that can't stay near, must roam around.
Oh life why don't you let me go

All I had to do is done.

At night I dream of mum, of dad
I dream of lovers lost
that aren't even dead, it's worse
They left me voluntarily.
Day after day I thank the skies
for the beauty all around,
but what's the point of working hard
when no-one's here to share?

Made to be a two-headed team
I am crippled, lost the signs
Like a bee tortured by kids
My heart silently bleeds.

After watching the world news

Who, a helping hand of the ethereal kind
Reflection in our eyes of Light
A magical bow aiming for heart in fight
A dose of needed love, yes, a mirage...

Whoa, breathtaking sign of reaching angels!
Light years far they traveled to be here
Just to make your door a cradle
and the field across your house a sea
– with a wink of Moses and The Old Man.

Where they shine in all the radiance
any painter or lab can't paint
Chasing thick clouds that threaten with cloudburst
that struggle so hard to keep reign.
Whoa, it is perfect, Heaven's feast ribbon
Over one hundred and eighty degrees
A fully rayed rainbow it all its glory,
is it God's smile one sees...

Like a tiara
highlights
the princess
so does a rainbow
uplift us from this world,
this world so full of insane complication,
from this mad,
war-infested
globe.

The straw in barns

Today I find myself
in black and white
loving bright coral red flowers
A touch of purple dark,
touch of divine sparkles.
and a touch of ocher like old straw
stretching to a new season.

Today I'm wearing black and white
to let my balance grow
to see the rain brings out the greens –
the seven shades of grass and trees –
my scarf the straw of childhood,
of chicken feed,
the straw in barns on farms,
we had that dream of making love
no less than Emmanuelle did.

We had the illusion of love for real
both mental and physical
when mystical charm, spirituality,
and the colour of lavender and heather,

The balance lies in that touch of white
our inner globe expanding
our mental hope, our innocence,
our eternal, unfolding wings
our unsung song that sings.

Something special

The muse – that wicked spirit – knows
when you have done enough.

She evaporates like the first morning mist on a late summer's day
Vanishes unblemished, making room for quietude, written silence
Bewilderment even.

Leaves you to dive alone into the numbing pool of non-expression.

The muse knows when you have given your all.

She has more mercy than man or god, no sacrifice involved.

She offers us the greatest gift of time:

Time to do nothing, nothing special.

Time to create nothing, nothing special.

Time to simply be. To simply be...

something genuine, something special.

The bubble

They made love
not war
Never before
she had climaxed so easily
– she had to be fifty for that –
They made love
so truthful, so bare naked
Never before
had he been nurtured that way,
so free, so natural, so majestic even
– he had to be thirty-five for that –
In the euphoric afterglow
she felt
nourished by the heat, the comfort and by hope,
that true love she'd been looking for
– the love of two eccentrics – sloped
in her direction.

In that warm embrace with smells of intimate sweat
she almost purred and asked
“Are you happy?”
It took a few moments before he said:
“I am content. Happy I will never be... at the most content.”
A turn off for a girl in love?
This gorgeous man, the deserted baby that grew up so well,
would never really recover... It saddened her.
Would she?
The magic bubble, the castle of Eros the goddess,
was facing a slow death
Splashing all over the steep cliff edge

where Eros and Thanatos hold hands,
ancient companions.

One for the boys

Sugar babies.

Perfect, naked bodies, embracing
Fingers touching, caressing, interlacing
Arms sliding, crawling, grazing
Legs kicking, rubbing, pacing
Necks reaching, spines twisting
Teeth clattering,
by accident...

Sugar daddies, not so young.
Suit on the chair, hair too fair
Sweating, preying, panting, playing
playing love like it were real
paying dove on tiger's wheel

Warm yellow light
sunshine at night
corny delight
Opens a black hole, in lone dark
when all you touch – for real –
is air, and the “Power Off” button.
One channel is worse than the other.

A hermit in the green xxxx
The visionary said he'd seen...
a hermit in the green
A loner with a love for peace and living harmony.
Little could I then suspect
what road it was I chose
Although the guru in my dream had warned me early doors.

"It's not the easy way you pick, to leave behind this wealth,
the paved road of an elite, family, society..."
waving at the castle, at the ladies parasols.
Little did my poor heart know
what cruel thorns were dealt.

With passion like an eagle soars
it burned and it gave...
Now like a dinosaur so old my soul,
detached, still grows,
to live alone amongst the green
Like it was always foreseen.

Etch of time

Does the etch of time cover my soul,
my wings scorched, reaching for water...
Is the blur in my eye's iris too vague a universe?

The earthly mind

The earthly mind yearns
The body almost aches,
our body parts, made for procreation yelling
silently, pulsating,
like a magnet never exhausted wanting iron,
like a melon seed dreams
of soil to sprout,
a desire embedded in its genes.
The psyche ticks, wondering
what the soul really
has in mind...
To build a vessel for loving
and yet keep puncturing the tyres.
Then the divine mind whispers
forget the keys you lost
love life itself, sublime, in sublimation
and we'll take care of the rest.

The magic life of chi

Visual euphoria, a feast
the eyes light up in surprise
The otherwise so loyal greens
have lost their youth,
traded midlife
for all shades of yellow, red and
ocher
A festive cloak to celebrate
the coming to wisdom, the next
critical moment

Like every leaf we have to let go
of the life we knew before...
Stretch out our bones, our nerves, fully,
in the autumn soil,
to sense our breath eager for connecting

Slowly fading
into the universe,
or at least the atmosphere,
body and mind.

As a pretty, daring carpet, a patch-work
of leaves makes a new firmament

The ground in the wood becomes a playground
where moss grows and squirrels collect acorns,
an Alice's doorway to discovery, insight
a connection with life's growing,
the never absent will power, life energy,

the soul's communicator, the chi,
dormant, showing what living can mean,
introverted, optically still,
burning inside with the magic life of chi
a bare winter tree quietly growing.

Doors (haiku)

The discoverer alive
Deep in all of us
Rare doors creaking.

Teach me to be a poet

To be a true poet
one needs to have a lazy side
To lie on your back, still, easy
and search for distant stars that might
be the doorway to our next existence...

One needs to take time to sit by the stream
where many muses flow
Crystal clear their voices mingle

If we are the blessed bread
our thoughts make up the dough.

Crumbling

Can we follow gracefully
when after summer autumn leaves,
shall we manage to avoid
to drop with the foliage into a
rotting carpet of melancholy,
retreat into silent reminiscing
of happy sunny days and vitamins for free...

.

The sun laughs at us from the other side
She comes on postcards
sending us colourful greetings
saying "Summer's Bliss",
She shows off on facebook
showing her pearl white teeth...

.

Will we follow gracefully
into that freezing zone where grays prevail,
the head held up high
aiming to win, over the humbling crumbling
which age and time rule all seasons with
Sharpened by the gloom of war
transforming a place of peace into
a shameless blood bath, a circus of paranoia

Can we follow gracefully
into a fearsome stretch of new history,
as if we have to pay now
for decades of murdering Crusades...
this space, where cat and dog lived together
quite in harmony,

till a delusional pack decided to make an end to it

Could we follow this path gracefully
without spreading fear and hatred, as a disease.

Stop the terror-boomerang,

Accept the winter, pale and cold

Perhaps

it came to exist to make us appreciate
what joy and unconditional harmony we have,
when we have it.

Let us follow gracefully

the golden thread deep in our heart

that wants to wipe out cruelty, the madness in the name of God,

and wants to share its carpet

from which no race is barred.

Water under the bridge

The water under the bridge I am
My best moments lay behind me in the past,
ahead awaits the salty sea,
its polluted, struggling creatures
People look mostly down on me
the muddy, broad river
the water under the bridge
They would not believe when I told them
what I had seen in my life cycle...
As from the deepest core of earth I sparkled up one day
a new born mineral baby, that
trickled along till it could flow
and watch the life above , below
the acres of farmland, cattle, deer,
through forest and mountains and
sunny green dales...
being hauled up
by people of a colourful race, to be served at a ceremony,
a god offering case
to land in the soil again, and sink through the sand
to evaporate in the morning
in the dew on the grass
perhaps the most thrilling experience of all
as water is ready then, to leave the globe
The sensation of levitation
is a feeling sky-high,
too hard even, to describe.

And then, the big unison up in the air
lighter than a feather, we all flock up there

New age formations and
synchronous-condensing...
we love it, the cloud ballet,
our water-molecular wooing and flirting,
our consciousness crystal clear,
our magnetic antennae sensing.

Life as a cloud can sometimes last a long time
you can travel the world, see it all,
then come down somewhere they love you to fall
you can choose to go and serve
in Ethiopia, or another heatwave on earth
You can fly on safari to see the African wild life,
though the animals are worth it, the tribes are also dry,
drift to Cape Town overland
or cross the mighty ocean...
watch the whales blow, catch the potion,
lick up the tasty splashes,
watch a penguin egg that hatches...

You could go and pester the lowlands and flood people's houses
if you are driven in a scheme that was
not your own plan...

They wouldn't believe, what I saw
on some scouting travel, I won't forget the Serbian war,
or Pakistan, the Himbas or
a day with the Tibetan Dalai Lama,
where they carried me like a king
worth my weight in gold.
This water under the bridge
could fill a leaking barrel.

About the Author

Janne De Rijck (also known as Mary Jane) has been writing poetry since the age of 15. For two decades she was the flutist and manager of Scottish singer-songwriter Brian Nelson, who recorded several albums.

From 1990 onwards, as a freelance journalist and photographer, she had over a hundred articles on art, music and travel published. Her travel stories from Europe, Asia and Africa have appeared in the national newspaper *Het Laatste Nieuws* and in several magazines. Her photography has also appeared widely.

Her most recent poetry books are *Magma in the Breeze*, *Through the Crystal Veil* and *A Hundred and One Ripples*. Her poems have also appeared in ten anthologies with the Poets with Voices Strong group and with the group Rejected Stuff.

In 2014, her first novel, *Saved by the Swell*, was published by Brian Wrixon in Canada, and is currently being re-edited. Her website is: <http://jannederijck.wordpress.com>