

Laughing Buddha and Other Po-
ems, The Ascent, and Impossible
Colours

Carl Beswick

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LAUGHING BUDDHA AND OTHER POEMS, THE ASCENT, AND IMPOSSIBLE COLOURS

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Written by Carl Beswick.

Book One: Laughing Buddha and Other Poems

In the Ocean Black

In the ocean black where
the serpents slither and
thither in the waves.
Under the Menstrual Moon
gone mad after the triumph
of another month of wild sex.

Wandering the black poetry
of the night in nihilistic desperation,
visiting angels in their homes who
disguise themselves as devils—
Eyes ablaze in darkened hallways.

What agony lies in the roads
of centuries of toil,
and the madness they have spawned
under the full moon bright.
Red, red, and dripping blood
onto the night.

The town is silent

and with our breathing, our
energy, we breathe life into the night.
In the town of sleepers we
are wide awake—
in the night of dreamers.

In a sunken sea, eyes in the
waves and the caves and the
coral rage with the pounding force
of liquid azure.
Re-composure of the soul in
the liquid night.
The blood red moon of her
menstrual flight.

Revelation

Revelation blows through me,
and with the stars as company
I make peace with the dark.
Even the dark is filled with
dazzling colours—a psychedelic revolution
springs forth into my consciousness.
I close my eyes, dream, imagine.
All is calm save for the storm in my heart,
and I can only hope that destiny
and eternity will be kind to me.

Today I laugh in the face of reality,
and feel only joy in everything—
joy in the fact that all exists alone, and at
the absurdity of all that we perceive
as real.

I wish to cleanse myself of all irrational fear
and embrace the fear which gives me strength
to choose and to change.
The earth is sacred
and so are we.
We are made of the stars whose fire we breathe.
And we too burn out, burn up.
Shine long, shine bright
And never give up.

The Inner Dragon

Bullied by the world
but not submissive,
my mind is blown through a fiery rage,
with the wind my ally and the moon in the sky.
The moon dictates a different world from the sun;
Its cool energy penetrates the dark.
This place in the world I work so hard to keep.
In the night I go out and follow the wind
Follow the wind to the end of night—to light—
until another day breaks
and with it my spirit,
so beaten down I could hardly see it.
Illuminated only by the dragon's breath,
the fires of the dragon surround
my soul—making it invincible.
The fires purge and forge a new path.

To Starlight

And to the endless night.

Rebel Spirit

I wish to adopt a cold hard stare
with the unflinching truths of existence.
Eyes of malice.
And to take control.
To survive without having to bend
to the will of others.

Mine is the rebel spirit intact
and burning for release.
My caged desires must be awakened tonight
with all of the finery of a master plan.
A plan for self-sustained survival.
All of these words are building towards it,
and woven therein lie all of the answers.
For life is cryptic in revealing its meaning.

The eyes of the demon have fixed their gaze,
and its gaze is wicked with lust for power,
but it has lost the ability to feel
and to dream.
I must not let other people's expectations
affect who I am and what it is I want to do.

I need to set myself free
to wander,
to dream.

Visions of Tomorrow

‘One day we’ll all fall asleep and never wake up again,’ says the old man in the long coat, perched in the centre at the back of the bus. His once-black hair hasn’t been washed for years. ‘One day we’ll fall asleep and be out of this nightmare forever.’

The bed sheets are nothing short of heaven and the woman therein is asleep. I wish her pleasant dreams and meditate in the soft light.

Red sounds

Feeling blue.

The hours are golden and shine with brilliance. My eyes are glazed with sleeplessness, and my mind is blown gently to the question: will tomorrow be a blessing or a curse?

‘Always a blessing,’ the darkness speaks.

I put my foot forward

against my will

wishing that time

for once

would just stand still.

My foot hovers

over a void

stepping is as inevitable

as the setting of the sun.

The colour of tomorrow—

tonight is the king.

Black Magic

The ticking clock turns to dripping
drip, tick, drip, drip.
So I take it off the wall
and take the batteries out.
Ticking doesn't demonstrate time accurately.

The day is a blurry ball of light and, as I wake, my life comes into
focus.

Change rises from within—
a shedding of the soul.

The birds sing in the ecstasy of the morning.
Saluting the sun.

Stop feeding the problem and the problem dries up.

Thoughts and energy are like water to plants.

Don't feed a thought unless you want it to grow.

Clouds float by so slowly, so calmly, reminding us to take it easy.
The weather is anthropomorphic, but it need not dictate how we
feel inside.

When we are present and conscious, we flow with the energy
that vibrates through the air.

Thought can be changed as if turning on a light—the power of
the mind has no bounds, just as there is no definitive line be-
tween the sky and the sea. Our inner and outer worlds merge to
form as one and bring balance.

Whatever you experience—that is your world.

Come to life

live now

be free.

Everything that we are capable of lies inside of us, waiting to unfold like a Rubik's cube.

The storm last night that mirrored my mind has passed.

The next phase of change is calm, clear, colourful, and grateful.

I am changing with the world—verily, we are one.

Heaven is the good we do for ourselves—following the path that we are led towards naturally. Mind-bending vices are no longer enough, and as I become unblocked the sewage of my mind spills out.

Everything is reduced to goals and energy.

My dreams come to life and guide me through the intangible.

There is always magic in the world.

The Tolling Bells of her Heart

At night she cries to her secret wound,
and to the tolling bells of her heart.
There she lies in the empty room,
Alone and afraid of the dark.

There is a radiance within
but it feels so far,
out in the uninhabited places
of the world.

Her mind is a desert
A prison
A hell!
And all she has to do is make it
to shore...

The Shadow of Fear

The shadow of fear floated by
and I vanquished it with a whisper
the moon shone down
but would not illuminate the shadow
For illuminated shadows are
shadows no more.

In her eyes I saw everything:
the past; the future;
the universe.
All of time captured in her iris.
And from the black holes of her pupils
shone the brightest star.

The Magnets of the Mind

Floating formless in the night
the colours of the leaves that grow
in my mind
searching for love that is
lost inside.

This living death,

This soul divides.

If we paint our own worlds
why do all of us cry?

My tears smudge the paint of
the world gone by.

A passing glance

Another dollar

The hearts of men so empty
as the wind.

Keep drinking,

keep smoking,

it will all be over soon.

The magnets in my mind
all criss-crossed and out of line.

This is my life.

I close my eyes.

The Quest for Meaning

Since I can remember I have been on a quest for meaning—the meaning of life and of existence—and I found it.

Meaning lies in the wind and in the hearts of every one of us. It lies in the oceans—in the rivers that run dry—and in the stars in the sky.

It flows through our lives every second, sometimes hidden, always there, as if sprung forth from a riddle.

The Trip

Time unfolds
frame by frame
moment by moment
in a strobe-like fashion.
The gentleness of the human spirit
healing those war-ravaged years.
Time to surrender to colour and love—
time to surrender to the god of the sun
the archetypal sky
the colours run.

The Eagle's flight
through the valleys,
the hills.
Introspective wisdom
the speed
the thrills.

Have you found your dream?
Have you found your bliss?
Have you found a lady's breast
to caress?
A Mystical Union
a marriage to the moon
the raving lunatic
ghosts of the river loom.

Surreal skies
purple light
everything is perfect
strangeness of the encroaching night.

Sunset

Waking in the evening
at a time when the
world smiles.
Diving out into the forest
tyres
burning rubber
long tarmac stretches
another dream
contemplating the past
to make sense of the present
stoned
traversing through time.

Masked

The new summer emerges from the cold wintry corners of the world.

A summer filled with promise and new beginnings.

Time slides in the belly of the worried house,

For a piece of the puzzle is missing

yet to be returned.

And though the summer emerges I am lost in the winter of my heart,

where the trees have no leaves and I am stranded in the cold.

A vision which leaves me yearning for release;

A vision which holds me longing for peace.

A journey lies ahead

Masked and uncertain

Or is it I who wears the mask

and the future is wide open?

Let me Drown

Disturbing images plague my thoughts at night
Augmented frustration in the lack of light.
Secret visions that come to me
Nature's grace can set us free
The cycle of thoughts;
the whirlwind of fears.
Biting hard to fight back the tears.
Pain rises up from the caverns of my soul
to relieve me of torment from the days of old.
Rise up good vibes from the Dragon's lair,
This naked existence is too much to bear.
Rise up good vibes and set me free
Or let me drown in tumultuous sea.

Beneath the Ancient Riverbeds of Mystery

Is it here where we shall meet once more?
Beneath the ancient riverbeds of mystery—rotting, scandalous,
deceased!
Where the sun and the moon
can no longer watch down over us.
Impenetrable footsteps
of those overhead,
knowing not that the wisest amongst them
are dead.
For only those that have passed through
other worlds can paint the most complete pictures.

The visionary has knowledge
that all visions are sacred—
that everything he sees has secrets
hidden beneath.
The world is a piece of art
that grew from the dust—
the wind and rain the artist's brushes
and the gasses the paint of the sky.
And when beautiful eyes meet with desecration,
it leaves an imprint on the mind
which makes them blind to beauty.

Beneath the ancient riverbeds of mystery,
the rocks lie awake.

Dreaming.
Dreaming of the breathing books
that lie beneath ephemeral fingertips.
Did we dream all of this into existence?
Do you know that your soul is screaming,
and dying to get out
of the cage that you have put yourself in?
The neighbours groan
and die in the night.
The despair the disease of the mind.
And freedom is the only cure
from the closing walls around.

Fly far from here, fly high
before our minds wither or drown.
And on the poison steps of the temple,
our threshold we must pass,
through storms of ice and the
searing heat of the wilderness.
Unleash the dragon now before
fire burns in his throat,
or suffer an eternity of burning flesh.
The mountains cry rivers in a wash of life,
and gleeful streams trickle down
to greet our ankles in the summer.

Fractals in the Sky

What am I searching for now ?

Fractals in the sky
swimming in the mind.

The blood of the dead
washed up in the tide.

A clandestine life

Hiding.

Biding my time until
it all blows over.

A dark poet
wandering eternal night.

Wasting divine energy,
wasting time,
is not the will of the gods
but the will of mankind.

A roaring life
mad, divine.

Subjective pleasures.

Expansion of the mind.

Laughing Buddha

Are you ready to die?
Are you ready to live?
Are you ready to slip a pill
and drive around town,
searching for what's already in
your mind?

Sex in alleyways,
perspiring tears.
And everything you fear
becomes absurd.
Laughing Buddha
with a needle in his arm,
dripping vein-like branches
to the roots of the earth.

Soft Fingers Touch

Soft fingers touch the bark of a tree,
throwing acorns into the fading light.
A hash deal gone wrong in Israel
through sparkling wasteland
drums of thunder.
Dry winds of sand,
palms glowing neon in the
mystic light.
Hands of the most beloved.

Life

Fades

To

Night

Fades

To

Light.

A Long-Forgotten Dream

Dreaming of you in the desert wind
oceans of you
oceans of blue.
Strung out over icy lakes
of diamonds and sapphires.

Out to kick a lethal habit
to prevent diseases
in the dark.
And now when all seems so true
all I can think of and long for is you.

The fiercest tears I cry
through the sand in my hands
A long forgotten dream
of whispered love
in the night.

And now here I am,
lost,
wandering eternal night.
Light springs the dawn
cast onto my life.

Love set on fire.
Riding east with the desert wind.
Hash dreams and memories.

Reflections of the past

A thought that changes destiny.

Roaming in the Wild

Roaming in the wild
searching for the jewels
of the forest

Hoping and longing for
transcendent relief
for solace in the night

and the vanquishing of fear.
To find the Shamanic ritual—
soul conjuring

tears of the deepest sorrow
laughter of a thousand faces
I weep for the sun.

My love stretches on
beyond the realms of life
and death.

Forgotten joys
and lost dreams.

Always longing for your return
so we may swim in the
colour of our love.

The Shamanic Dance

In the morning
I shall wake
from this dark dream
of death

The Shamanic dance
of love
Prisms of colour
—light
A colourful parade.

The magician within us
is calling.
We must use magic to change
ourselves
and therefore change the world.

Don't forget your joy
Don't forget your dream

Dark forces
eternal
loom
Colourful spirits
dancing-twirling-loving bloom

The Hangman is my Shadow

Reflections of myself shimmer
and ripple in the water.
In a quest to find stillness,
relaxation, forgiveness.
I must face myself
in order to face the world.
Caged in the mind
Prisons
—Chains
Hoping that I haven't
lost
the
keys.

The hangman is
my shadow.

The Sorcerer

It's time to wake up
from the nightmare
and to groove with the
colours of the light
and the dark.
To stir the Sorcerer's soul
in a lake of
shimmering moonlight.

It's time to find balance
within the archetypes
of the mind,
and to recognise the many selves
that govern my dreams
in the flowing thoughts
of the night.
The Sorcerer's soul—
the glowing lake of light.

The doors are open
light floods in
penetrating the haze
Illuminating the maze,
shining through my eyes
and into my mind.
The Sorcerer's soul—
The Magical Night.

The Forbidden Lake

Choosing fate
choosing the world
choosing vices
choosing virtues
Was I born?
Did I die?
Did I drink from the
forbidden
lake?
Is this heaven?
Is this hell?
If so how could you tell?
Does the sunset laugh
or cry?
Was I born?
Did I die?

Rainbow Soul

Divine beings
Melancholy. Dark.
To find solace in lonesome hours
And shun the company of others.

Paranoia behind these eyes
disconnected
wary
and without trust.

Lost in colours
shapes in the mind
becoming stranger
withdrawn, transparent.

Systematic existence
blind to the heart that
falters, wavers
blackened in the numb light.

A breath of life
subdued, shaken with
gratitude shining through
Rainbow soul

Rustling laughter

leaves; trees
Cascading from the mountain
Streams of naked light—air.

Dark Flames
Rising
Reaching for the lost
sun

The tender light of dawn.
Stasis in the soul
Caverns; holes
Illuminated; broken.

Psychic Dreams

The Gut-Wrenching sadness of a
lonesome departure,
Traversing out into the dark,
into the cold
Away from warmth,
colour, love,
Hoping to return
Soon.

Dreaming nights of the
strangest quality,
Cryptic, sardonic
visions of the dreamscape.
Unnerving images float into the
midnight air
Hoping to not wake up
Alone.

Helplessly transfixed by the
ominous glow of
psychic dreams.
The whirlpool,
the swirling of destiny
in the clairvoyant air.
Hoping for us to awaken
As One.

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Book Two: The Ascent

Drowned Fire

Ink spills subversive rivers into
minds that can never know themselves.
Phantasms dance with daring equines,
deciphering magic.

Through gates of mystery
we came across deluded summer.
Orbs light the way through subjective
forests that can never be seen—
jewels that can never be worn or traded.

Moths catch glimpses of forbidden lights—
blue carnival hordes.
Inhabitants of the free dungeon
relax into extreme bouts of experience,
leaving the train of fallen bliss and terror
in the mirror. Lost temples sink into
ideals of cultural illusion.

Entombed by the drill of tradition
(lobotomised spontaneity),
all that is lost is gained—
newborn drowned ether.
There is only vast emptiness.
A dark periphery closes my vision.

Rings of Moon

Her eyes dance through rings of moon; her consciousness a light rain. And her eyes are as much in the clouds as the clouds are in her eyes.

Incantation Incarnation

Where I had seen his face before I could not remember.
Perhaps in the gallows where the nihilist hanged the God-Head.
Or in the screaming church that burned and did not descend in-
to hell. (In otherworldly hollows poison blood flows). Or was
he the tarot-scholar contemplating cross-legged cushion gold.
Chanting death change philosophies.

Samsara

Samsara

Satori

Nirvana

Boiled dream flow of my lonely table foreshadowing death
—melting through illustrious stock-phrases that mould
mediocre culture.

I tore off those rags, burning them along with flags of all nations.
Free to cast away all ideologies.

Bathing naked in the infinite fountain.

Through the ruins I carved my own path, leaving echoes of
doubting voices cast over my shoulder.

I'll wear them as a scarf of memory when I'm transfixed by
moonlight.

Without further practice I'll die green death.

Sooner or later we all taste the light of transcendence.

Glowing boots stomp through dark fields.

I rest submerged in archaic dreams, not fighting or flighting but radiating presence of unconscious collections of subjective hammocks that kiss the wisdom of *Toona australis*, liberating tranquillity.

The darkening forest makes me tremble.

I fast, realising that there is no escaping this night.

The stars swim and no longer appear as fixed points but have adopted comet-like tails. The grass flows according to patterns of geometry.

And all of the buildings are unfriendly spaceships that I cannot enter until the safety of morning. Jupiter shopkeepers dance on rugs of pooled oak. Wild heartbreak dyes the new stone black.

The vision takes on the intensity of a traumatised tern lost over a great sea, no solid ground stands for even a moment.

Swept on down the vast valley of consciousness there is nothing to hold on to—no handrail—only concepts that appear as ungraspable as clouds.

The Engineers

Cultural engineers fight for dusty parliamentary seats. The people find the missing keys in archaic ceremonies around campfires as they drink cheap beer and sing new forgotten songs. New elections spout similar mechanical mantras. Instead, the free people ignite ancient plants and take long drags of the fear that everything around them is falling apart. Their hands take a firm hold of the rotten guts of decay that lie at the centre of humanity, purging them on the flames. Not one molecule survives and afterwards they are free to dance without any trace of primordial guilt. Cut away the hope. Cut away the passion. They take care not to burn away too much of our humanity. And with it, too, the ballot burns a hole into a future where the world is no longer square. News is no longer black and white. The world has many sides and many colours. The universe has a vast amount of space and it is within this space that everything exists. And dancing out there in the dust of the cosmos, still marked with microchips, The Man knows exactly where they are.

Alien

On the distant landscape,
the sun drops
and all goes away.
Unable to smile
for the black hole swallowed;
haunted by all lost
never found
Exiled in a foreign
landscape where
there is no
intimacy
Only flocks of dead
ringing in my ears.

My Mind is a Pack of Cards

Each morning the cat comes to visit through the roof where flowers spring and we welcome light. Sometimes you are anxious, and I must play music so that you can dance away your nervous energy. Stepping through each door the landscape is different.

Words catch in the door. We sometimes use them as door stoppers. They let light in but never let darkness out. She hears me thinking about her. We have lived together for so long that we have a mutual telepathy. And I must adopt an impossible virtue. Close the shutters and lose the night. Many nights have been lost this way. The others stare at the television, hypnotised in the sad room.

And outside: A shower of leaves.

The Ascent

I can't help but think that today was a disaster: a crumbling moon.

I sit in a room and I'm as blank as the walls. The shadows grow. The moon watches everything, controlling not only the tide but human volition. Humming and dancing through the twilight she is a sister to me. And in a disappointing haze, eyes through the gloom, life takes on a different persona.

An otherworldly fool berated by silence and fraught with transience throws a Chinese coin—one that has many sides—before all drifts by in a forgotten breeze of illusory choice.

Echoing dead culture how I try to strip away your talons each day. Dying light of the evergreen forest. It is only dreams of oblivion that can never be taken from us; those that have seen through the illusion know the boundless universe. The days are bathed in private mysticism. And to penetrate the great silence is to give rise to a new reality.

The day speaks diligently in its own voice. It is by no means reserved. I have five drinks just to keep the night alive. Where is the tide that took my eyes and ears and heart? Took the mouth that speaks, and the days so filled with promise blooming from balconies. The waves glisten black on the frozen streets.

Imperialist fodder adorns the psyche of the hills.

Black sunsets.

A convulsing Buddha.

Her scent went dead so quickly. There is a rift between the heart and the moment. They kiss on the bridge and the kiss seals the death of romanticism. There is a voice in the dark whirling smoke. Each word breathes only more mystery, more obfuscation.

Decadent rivers and watchful trees are eclipsed by the sunlight. Hollow riverbanks rise and fall, stirring the cauldron of wild tastes. The water is smooth save for when it is danced by raindrops. And life is a window that you can't step through. It's behind glass. Perhaps it is a mirror.

Rotten branches of communication stir in the lunar breeze. Each day a cold stone fallen to memory. The new phase is mirrored onto the world in breath.

Moons of change glisten, exciting air.

Book 3: Impossible Colours

I.

I'm still here. Even through the doubt. Especially because of it. I wake up. It's the same world. At least, I think it is. I can never be sure.

The doubt.

The doubt is the only certainty.

What else is there?

What else is there to speak of? The trees. Yes, the trees. Out there in the dirt. I saw the trees yesterday as I drove away from the city. That's right. I drove out of suffocation towards clear breath and open fields. And now I'm back again.
Right where I started.

Perhaps I had only dreamt of it. Dreamt all of this. This life. But if so, then why is it so difficult to change, so difficult to transform this dream?

The rules of the dream: smile; be happy; look engaged. (Spinning through the void. No screams of terror in a vacuum.) It'll be okay. Just smile and keep on smiling. It doesn't matter who sees. (Or if anyone sees.)

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My stomach churns and I can't get out of bed. All connection has fallen. No such luxury as to be alone—the show must go on. The ongoing exertions of performance.

To what end?

So many times, I am asked this question, as if there were some final goal other than one's own burial.

To

what

end?

Exhaustion? The endless repetition of discovery? To be, is to understand time. Abstraction. Situate yourself.

(I'm talking to myself.)

What do I see? The darkened room of morning. Piles of books and a mess that I'll never be able to clean up. The birds are singing their convoluted songs from the tips of the trees. I'm only a remnant of what happened. A scar on the face of the earth. I cannot say anything with any knowledge of accuracy. The world is a contradiction. (Aporia! Indeterminacy!) I slide down the stairs. Into the kitchen. The utensils and appliances seem little more than toys; it's all a part of growing up (we learn to play this game as children). A corridor of leaves blows by the house. The forces of the world are gathering with the spirits in the dawn, but it is not happening to me. Only to a shadow of me. Somewhere

on the stage. The curtains have not yet come up (the veil of reality has not been lifted). But here I have only breath. Memory. Relentless thought.

The constituents of another day.

I tried to live the life that I wanted to. A life that I could be happy with. But those faces. The faces that mirror my expression, they tell a different story. A story of exasperated grief, as if I were a spectre, a ghost before my time. Another's story, in which I try to have normal feelings.

No control.

I cling to dread as if it were an unborn creature, submerged in meaningless interpretation.

I tell them that

I

feel

nothing.

(A broad and enthusiastic voice says: I can play this game better than you. I have been here longer. I have practiced this.)

I'm

extremely

volatile

(at the moment.)

In spite of lethargy.

Torn apart by opposing forces. There's no knowing what will happen.

There's no way of knowing whether this absence of energy is taking me toward ascension or mental collapse, dragged away in an illusion of time and then taken like carrion into the skies. The vast horizon breeds poetry. Poetry carries the messages of the dead.

(There's no reason to despair when there's nothing left.) All that is within me, surrounds me, all that's in front of me, is empty. We could always dismiss it all as being 'too deep' and opt for lighter entertainment. Nobody would know or care, the stars would still sing their silent songs. Still loom with only an unimaginably vast space to separate us from their threat of destruction. The afternoon light creeps into my darkened room. The day is quickly vanishing and will soon be gone. Put to bed in darkness itself.

But not yet.

First, the afternoon must give way to evening, to the final shimmers of day. Figures stand outside the theatre like ghouls at the foot of an encroaching winter. They've come to see the show. That's what they do (drawn like moths to a screen of dark imagery).

For four nights I could not sleep. For four nights I could not dream. But now I have taken my fill of rest. I peer toward the sky and wonder what to do.

(Time passes.)

II.

The walls. The window. The outside world staring in at me. I move this body through its cycles of life. It is not me, only the hovering observations of self. Bank account drained after exploring the world. Wondering if that was it, if that was all there was to see, smell, feel, taste. A world of illusory sensation.

It's dark already. The other world emerges. (A world of absence.) No more cause for illumination. The day is but the semblance of a lie.

Skin meets with cold air, causing an immediate reaction. Goose pimples and shivers. The disorientating city lights blur this vision of the dark. There are people walking. To where, I do not know. I'll never know. Neither will I know who they are or what they believe in. Nor why they believe what they do.

There can be no omniscience.

A wave of nausea comes over me, together with a longing that I'll never be able to fill. The horizon is too vast. The sublimity does not call for reason. The age of reason has passed, faded into distance. Down a tunnel of veins and synapses.

I have survived another day. Another categorical segment. Was it worth it? I do not know. Nor will I ever know. But I will continue to live. And hopefully survive tomorrow in order to sur-

vive the day after that. Stepping stones to nowhere. Stones that
the feet cannot touch. In transit and ever-moving.

I walk out onto the silent stage that is the world. Without rules.

The show is over. It has been over for some time. The scattered
silhouettes of people have dispersed. Back to their own versions
of normality. My own is pathological. It is of a mind that has giv-
en up. That has given in to despair.

The garden is small and shrinking still.
The day sleeps and night
awakens.

There are no colours, only a fading grey horizon. The air is cold
on my skin as I look deep into the night. Soon I will have to leave
this place behind and go somewhere new.

And I don't have much time.

III.

After a night of industrious vibrations, I sit at a tranquil café at the university. The morning light is gentle to my eyes and the air outside is autumn cool. My body aches, stiffens. The weekend was awash with heavy doping and eyes searching, lost in darkness. I sweated out a lot of bitterness and anger and am ready. But I'm not sure what for. I'm not entirely sure what comes next, so I drink coffee and sit in a state of perplexity, surrounded by people I'll never know.

Blocked and

sunken

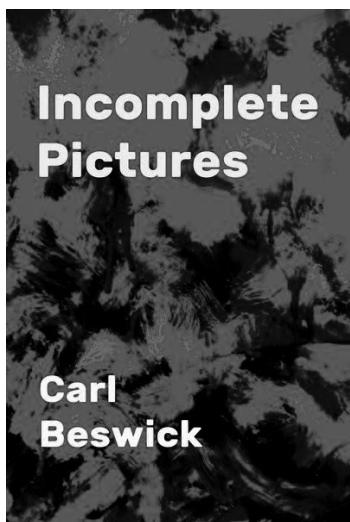
unable to break through.

All of my anger subsides, drains into the overflow and pools in a place where it can remain until it evaporates (to relax is to trust the universe). I concentrate hard on trying to break routine thinking so that my mind may venture somewhere new and unexplored. On the day the dark ships arrived, this land became lost. There is a void here, an absence of culture and so everyone brings their own. Stale air from the bowels of a ship. Perhaps there is nothing new at all, perhaps the old is recycled like water through millions of years. Even if I went back to the old world, everything would be different. All would have shifted into shapes

I'd no longer recognise. And so instead, I am poised at the edge of nothingness—at the edge of an abyss.

A stark light illuminates the strangers nearby. It reveals the colour of everything I long to know. I open a letter from the landlord. (It says we're being evicted.) I order a glass of wine.

Did you love *Laughing Buddha and Other Poems*, *The Ascent*,
and *Impossible Colours*? Then you should read *Incomplete Pic-
tures*¹ by Carl Beswick!



Incomplete Pictures is an experimental novel that explores epistemology and metaphysics, particularly in relation to Buddhist philosophy, existentialism, and avant-garde literature.

At the outset of the novel, Cornelius Baker-Smith finds himself reborn into the world and possesses the ability to remember past lives. Through these memories, which are closely connected to dreams, he is able to deduce that the world he inhabits is a façade that conceals an inexpressible truth. Cornelius becomes

torn between personal enlightenment and the potential for the liberation of all beings.

As the *bardo* state dissipates and its formlessness gives way to form, our narrator finds himself in an increasingly strange and uncompromising world. This sense of the strange and absurd opens the text to philosophical questioning of its own inherent and fundamental assumptions.



About the Author

Carl Beswick is a PhD candidate at Monash University. He holds a master's degree in creative writing, publishing and editing from the University of Melbourne.

His research focuses chiefly on experimental and contemporary literary forms, with an emphasis on the role creativity plays in a world in a state of crisis.

He is working on a new novel, "Distant Objects", as part of his doctoral dissertation. He currently lives and works in Naarm/Melbourne.

