

# after dark

*poetry of the mind  
in silence*

devotional poetry by anton humpe

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## **acknowledgments:**

all my gratitude to sadhguru and  
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and especially to my yogic teachers  
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for laying the foundation for this spiritual,  
poetic and meditative journey.

all my gratitude to all who care.

„asatoma sat gamaya  
tamasoma jyotir gamaya  
mritjorma amritam gamaya  
om shanti, shanti, shanti.“

## **introduction:**

all these poems were written in the inner peace sanctuary in tuscany 2021 during a yoga teacher training after dark times.

all these poems developed themselves within meditation, within asana, within silence, within the spiritual heart, within an oasis of chest nuts.

all these poems were created for you, for peace and focus, for love and awareness, to be read aloud in any spiritual concentration.

„namaste.“

**i.**

**poetry of the mind**

What is the mind and what are we?

who is doing all of this that we are doing and who is experiencing all of it? let us cut it poetically short and come to an answer:

you and your mind are not the same. the mind is a tool for you, same as your body is a tool. it is if you were comparing a lightning ball with light it self, which is not the same either. the lightning ball is a tool which is some how necessary for the light to shine but the light it self is so much more. you are the light.

the, you may call it, problem though is, that in our society we are sort of addicted to our mind, which might go back to the french philosopher descartes who said in the 17th century the latin sentence „cogito ergo

sum" - which can be translated with „i think, therefore i am“, which is not true, or strongly misleading - our thoughts do not prove our being, it is rather the other way round. our mind creating the ego with all those images in our head, building profiles, judging everything, having desires, having fears is indeed the fundamental mechanism of unconsciousness. our mind needs to create drama, to create an illusion of being alive. the mind cares about the future and about the past, but it sort of neglects the presence, or at least it only uses the presences a tool to be regretful about the past and worried about the future. you might even say the presence is working against the mind - as it's enemy.

the mind is identifying it self with images and ideas that have been created by other minds, other egos



before, or it is identifying with our bodies, comparing with others, with all the advantages and disadvantages that we might think that our body has.

our mind is capable to solve crosswords and to build atomic bombs and our mind indeed wants to do those things, it wants to create problems to then solve them, which somehow seems to be the essence of humanity, even though we our selves, as true beings, have no interest in those things whatsoever.

your emotions are actually also thoughts. thoughts with which the body interacts to create new drama, new problems, new suffering. actual love, actual happiness, calmness, peace are no emotions but indeed much deeper states of being which can be reached by overcoming the mind, meaning not allowing it to con-

control your life. indeed you should control your mind not the other way round.

the term „emotion“ comes from the latin word „ ēmōvĕre“ which can be translated with „to disturb, to distract, to move to an excited state of mind“, which changes the meaning of an emotion to a disturbance, a distraction, if not a handicap.

see there are two things that make life unpleasant: pain which is physical and suffering which is psychological. and even though we we have to bare pain we choose to suffer mostly willingly. so suffering is self-created by our mind, by our ego, simply because the mind does not want to accept and appreciate the presence as it is. even though presence is everything there is after all. past and future are like dreams and illu-

sions, really. they exist only as memories or imaginations in our minds.

so we are neither the body with it's pain, nor are we the mind with it's desires and fears, leading to suffering. but if we are neither that nor the things the labels the money that we identify with that we believe in, what is it, that we are?

we are: alive. like light. we are consciousness. right here, right now. we just should take life as it is - with it's beauty and it's pain.

if we don't identify ourselves with our mind and our false self, the ego, the persona (which is also latin, translated to mask or role), but instead with our actual self which is pure being and awareness, we can just

create a dear distance to those and become the observer.

don't judge, just observe, be loving to your mind, which is after all like a child: energetic, needy, lovely, immature.

it is not you who is getting angry or scared.

it is not you who is being depressed.

it is not even you who is falling in love.

it is just the drama and the poetry of the mind.

**ii.**

**in silence**

## **lotus is**

lotus is a lotus  
is a lotus is a  
lotus is a lotus  
is a lotus is a  
lotus is a lot.

as us it is lotus  
like lots of lotuses  
lots of us it is  
what it is, whatever  
is loved if loved a lot.

but om is all is  
om is all is om  
is all is om is all  
like all in silence.

## **daylight and water**

daylight breaking through  
in my heart,  
when the morning gleams,  
as softly and beautiful as fireflies do.

tenderness rises from within  
and sweet stillness greets with a winking eye  
through the song of endless crickets  
and birds in woods - home of all butterfly.

and water flows and drops  
create a fountain in the rain  
in which the marble-made woman  
just continues to spend / water / the same,



so gracefully as if the grace  
and the wonder and the magic of life  
knew no end...  
which it doesn't.

## **it's just beauty**

the sort of beauty  
which we carry,  
which we wear,  
which we practice,  
which we give,  
without opening our eyes.

it's just there,  
in silence, in peace  
it doesn't want,  
it doesn't need,  
it just gives and loves  
without hesitation.

the sort of beauty  
which sparkles in the sun  
which gleams upon the moon,  
which doesn't think,  
which doesn't judge,  
which doesn't do much at all -

but which does the universe  
at the same time.

## **marry and the church**

well if you're holy, spirit,  
come to me now,  
i am here between the columns  
of a thousand years,

mumbling like the marble-made woman  
who always gives water in the garden,  
and i praise her gracefully  
like i praise you.

come to me now, spirit, if you're holy,  
shine on me, crazy diamant,  
even if you're not -  
who is there to care, who is there to judge?

there is only marry and me, behind bars,  
so if you're holy, spirit, come to me now,  
i'm ready, all ready, within the soul of my heart  
in this orchestra of birds and crickets.

devoted to you the old stones gleam  
as sincerely as my soul and the sun do  
yes, spirit, it might be time to come, if you're holy,  
i will be waiting.

## **no words**

there might not be words  
to describe the thunder,  
the vibrations within us  
the falling rain,  
the tear drops,  
the laughing sky.

there might not be words  
to describe a paradise  
in a chest nut forest,  
from which the energy connects  
with the heaven of cacao  
without telling lies.

but we can bow down  
and rely completely.

there might not be words  
to be accurate with this  
emotional collapsing collision  
of nature and us -  
but what there is,  
is enough.

## **four haikus (on silence)**

i.

listen to the birds,  
they'll sing a paradise  
in any reality.

ii.

listen to the bees,  
humming every song at once  
telling every tale.



iii.

listen to the wind,  
who speaks only through sweet air  
about the divine.

vi.

listen to silence,  
who knows there is nothing left  
to ask or answer.

## hello mind

i greet you, my dear mind,  
as friend not as enemy,  
i might not see perfectly the beauty  
because you challenge me constantly.

you are like my child  
which i accept with love and care  
but with which i should not  
identify myself at any time any more.

so i need to learn, my mind,  
to treat you with respect  
but dear distance in silence,  
and just accept you calmly as who you are.

## hello moment

my dearest, i greet you with passion  
are we just friends or lovers even?  
because i live for you and breath for you  
every time again.

since your sparkle and your grace  
keep me fresh keep me straight,  
still and always dreaming within you  
about you, for you - wondering.

you carry love and wisdom  
through the beauty of now - like a flower  
and i am like a bee which tries to receive  
every particle of this, your nectar.

## **what silence is**

i.

what exactly is silence?  
it doesn't say, i cannot ask,  
we don't even look  
into each other's eyes.

is there something like silence even,  
under those singing birds,  
this bumble bees,  
those humming flies?

i don't know  
but the only thing  
i can think is: silence.  
everything else might be lies.

ii.

is silence not only possible in a vacuum?  
maybe not even there?  
is silence a science, holy but rare?  
is silence not also violence?

iii.

this silence is screaming  
as my eyes are screaming  
as my soul is cheering  
as my mind is dreaming.

i want more nothing, please.  
do you get it? do you get nothing?

this silence is screaming  
as my lust is moaning,  
as my trust is rising  
as the stars are falling,

as you my dear  
are advising.

vi.

but look at this mountain, will you?  
it is drowning in silence.

as silently the woods,  
as silently as the lake,  
as silently as heaven, nirvana,  
as hell as well.

so let me just, with awareness, quietly,  
scream my silence into your ears.

## **three little limericks (or something)**

a roof of leaves and bees and birds and so  
and i am sitting, writing, thinking on a swing  
just there below.

all else is meditating and indeed quite aware  
eyes are either closed or on the floor,  
so god beware.

after this i might never speak again, who knows,  
if i'm enlightened or a saint or if i'm lucky maybe  
both.



## **my offering**

i offer my heart to be burned  
i offer my soul  
take my tears, they are turned,  
take my self as a whole.

i offer my hands, i offer my feed,  
if you understand plant wherever your seed,  
i offer dreams, i offer my hope,  
however it seems, i am ready to cope.

i offer my love to be touched  
i offer my life to be taken,  
and if something at some point shall be enough,  
so please, let me be with you awaken.

## **the whole world**

between sun and moon  
there is sometimes just us  
and the clear sky.

and sometimes you can see  
how the sun is shining and being  
reflected by the moon directly.

isn't it sweet how we are sitting  
at the white wall of an old house  
in a toscanian chest nut forest,

trying to understand nature  
and the whole world  
through it's beauty?

## **who am i**

but if i am,  
and let me think this through,  
either something or somebody true,  
then where i wonder is the reason  
for the question: who?

## **positively interesting**

like in a fairytale  
a melancholic and magical one  
a mystical figure speaking in  
an almost unknown tongue

like from a thousand years ago  
with a resting smile in my dreams

reflecting the sun beautifully  
more than positively interesting  
is time spent with a fairy like you  
both funny and fruitfully

sweetly teasing is what we are  
each other in a chest nut paradise  
which is too blessed to be stressed  
in a love-hate relation ship

so let us just focus on anahata chakra  
having more of this delicious supper dip.

## **gate way**

every point within the universe  
is a gate way towards the universe  
is an open field, is eternity  
is indeed super flexible  
is nothing really  
is everything real  
is complete harmony  
is entropy in order  
is infinite dimensions  
is above rationality  
is beyond morals  
is beyond judgement  
is incomplete but perfect  
is uncountable strings  
is an orchestra, a symphony

is a celebration, a party, pure poetry  
is fire works, is wonder, is magic, art  
is god, is breath, is the spiritual heart  
is concentration, is high as hell  
is heaven, nirvana, is completely still  
is dreaming, is awakening  
is there within every point  
here and now as a gateless gate  
for us to enter any time.

## **born**

so i am born and born  
and born again  
on this day or any other  
in any world to any mother

in any time as any thing  
in any kind a homeless king  
and if i have been here before  
so let me wish for next time more...



## **this hanuman**

who is this hanuman  
this man, this monkey,  
this mystic figure, this miracle,  
this holy monster, marble-made,

this magnificent hero,  
this male mother of all of us,  
this savior, to whom we pray  
for whom we bow - and why?

we don't know, we just show  
devotion - because there is nothing  
more to understand which is true

so we repeat without the need  
for an answer just the question - who?

who is this hanuman  
or who am i  
before looking for an answer  
consider the question - why?

## **the present**

present it to me please, will you?  
the present, your presence,  
in public or privately  
like previously presented  
without time, here and now  
in paradise which is your present,  
which is very personal  
but universal, as usual,  
but what not, is, if any at all,  
existing in this and any presence  
which i would like to have  
as a present by you.

## **LOV - E - VOL - V - E**

A - WAK - E - AND - ASL - EEP - WIT - H - PAS - SIO -  
N - BUT - SWE - ET - LY - IN - ANY - RE - ALL - ITY - DEE  
- P - IN - YOU - R - BRE - ATH - IN - YOU - R - SPI - R -  
ITU - AL - HEA - RTH - FRO - MDA - RK - NES - STO - LI  
- GHT - TO - PRE - SEN - CE - OVE - RCO - MIN - GMI -  
ND - AND - TI - ME - IN - PEA - CE - AND - PART - TIM  
- EVO - ID - EVO - LVI - NG - WHE - RE - THE - RE - IS -  
NOT - HI - NG - TO - AVO - ID - BUT - ONL - Y - TO -  
ACH - IE - VE - AND - APP - REC - CIA - TE - WIT - H -  
COM - PAS - SIO - NIN - ANY - RE - ALL - ITY - DEE - P.

## **what everything is.**

darkness is nothing  
stillness is nothing  
emptiness is nothing  
solitude is nothing

death is nothing.

nothing is life  
nothing is god  
nothing is the actual  
nothing is more real

than anything else.

## **my beloved**

my inner treasure, my blush, my gold,  
for you my holy rush, my love is sold,  
is spent, in service,  
for you my faith will unfold.

my beloved, my beauty,  
deepest wisdom, i can bare  
for you, with you, just you  
the truth is open, there -

how lovely can you be?  
bring me from shade  
to shine, my dear  
where i will see you only

through closed eyes  
in endless tears.

## **two additional haikus**

a row of ants here  
on a wooden roof running  
busy in silence.

-

there is no stillness  
as long you live, says the dead  
tree on whom i sit.



# **licht**

ich gebe mich dir hin  
ich gebe auf  
lasse los  
verschenke alles  
auch mein ich  
brauche nichts mehr  
nichts ist wirklich  
nimm mich an  
nimm mich auf  
wer du auch bist  
du bist licht.

**ending with gratitude. again.**