# Through the Green door

Poems of place

Tom Mansfield

This collection was borne of a typewriter and an opening of my voice anew. I was drawn to write on its click clack certainty and so began a 'daily poem' exercise in the midsummer, it bore fruits. I continued the practice throughout my travels with sprints of daily poems for a week or so at a time.

These poems are mostly expressing my feelings about our climate crisis and the good intentions of the heart. I seek with my poetic observations to reconnect with the living system of which we are all integral parts.

I hope you enjoy these observations and feelings as you pass through the green door and I wish that you leave it open behind you...



#### Humans race

Are we running? the human race Our collective noun.

Missing here

The human swarm or hive?

A discredit to the social insects and those magisterial Bees Too coordinated and not acknowledging of our most disruptive innovations

The Human herd perhaps?

Too compliant, subservient? The groupthink of sheep

The sadly latent power of wildebeest.

The human flock? Or shoal?

We lack the essential grace of birds and fish

They flock together to ride the currents of life as one

Oh blessed unions

From pack to pride to pod to murmuration

A Conflict of Humans?

How I long for the Human Play

A Theatre of Personas

A Planet of Actors

PLAY ON!

A Health of People!?

All together - A Love of Hearts.

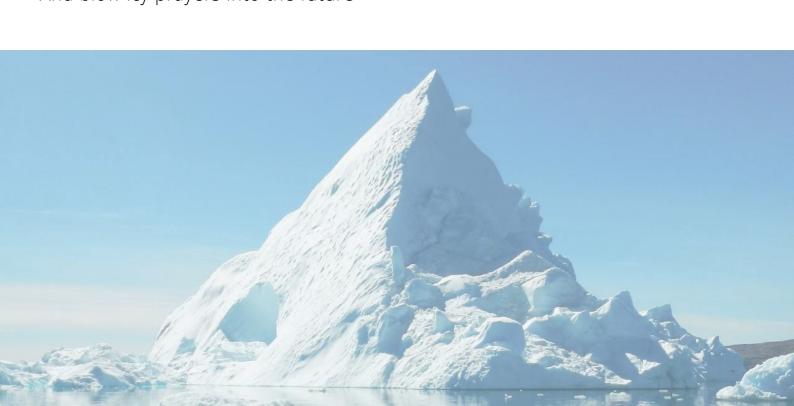
All apart - An Imaginary of Minds

A Dichotomy of Truths - shouted from the rooftops!

Whispered in the Wilderness of caves
Oh, a Longing of Humans!
We are an Orchestra of Beings,
tuning up, tuning down, attuning to togetherness before the show?
This first act of our play coming to a grand dénouement!
All reality a stage for improvisation on separation and interbeing
We rage and surrender in the stage-light heat of our fearful and beloved sun
The human play

#### The Arctic in me

The prickly pears are turning yellow Ripening in the July sun of the early 20's Each year is hotter Than the last The bougainvillea gives up its wash of powerful colour Leaves fall Petals fall We roll around the sun Soon to tilt back Leaning out The easy relief of Autumn Exhaling the growth of the year Until the still empty lung of Winter I long for enveloping cold When my mind can run at full speed and clarity Fueled by the summer fruits of my harvest Prickly pear, fig jam, golden plum compote Cas Ermita is a paradise The world a swirling temple I bathe in the islands summer heat Tainted with fear of temperature trouble Knowing that before long I will pray in Gaias chapels of cold And blow icy prayers into the future





#### Remedies for fever and dissonance

It's snowing in Brazil

Burning in the Arctic

Cities flood and half of the worlds beaches are soon to be

lost forever

This is a new planet now

Hotter and wetter

Faster

More surprising

Tempestuous

Will this barrage of extremes bring us together?

Is there to be any settling down for the latter chapters of my life?

Today I have chores

The laundry needs doing

Turkey is ablaze with wildfires

I've cleaned the fridges

Guests leave

Friends arrive at Cas Ermita

Poetry night on Thursday?

Mens circle on New Moon?

Will this Island catch alight?

There are no maps for these territories!

I make new friends

Deepen dear connections

PRESENCE and CREATIVITY

These are my mobile homes

I commit

When I'm a tree...
I'm holding it down
I'm holding it up
Separation is unacceptable
That means - I wont accept it
Branches
Roots
Seeking
Sensing and responding
I hold tight
I hold open

# Planetary health

Regenerate the earth Reharmonise our needs Catharsis through rebirth Our collective rite of passage Adolescence lost Paradise found Again The spiral turns Counterwise to this gravity well Trees reach for the Star We reach for the Stars Each one of us is no less than the journeywork of suns I straighten my back Breathe deep We come into revitalising service now Time to moisturise the planets skin Soothe her fever Time to do much by doing less Let the verges grow Forests thrive This is no war to win But a transformation of mind The more beautiful world is here And although its not evenly distributed yet We shall spread it like mycelium Weaving a fabric gentle and strong Augmenting all relations Until enchantment overflows the cup Of this spinning place

# Beyond the market

A market of ceremonies Ritual with capital flow Customise your modalities A paid service no less But much more, inclusive of personal growth My conscience is caught on commoditisation Privilege too I imagine... Open source ritual Solarpunk commons Basic income and assets Universal, global All weaponry converted to livingry That includes the insidious, often silent - Weapons of inequality Does diversity preclude unequal distribution? No, equality of access and outcome not the same The spirit of these thoughts -Lets pour our energy into cups not blades Technologies of togetherness Come all Unity through Diversity This human forest Longing to link roots and share the soil Come on Feel deeper

#### Nature cure

Under the Carob tree

Cicada breeze

Crystals hang from the branches

among fragrant seed pods

Crystals hang here in Ibiza, there is giant behind me

Dragged from the earth of India

The crystals are pure and neat

But they dont hold my attention

What holds my attention and changes the shape of my face

with a smile

Is a non human person

I'm beaming at a little bird

Showing me its stunts as it loops the loop

And back to perch among the rich brown carob pods

This fellow is joy to behold

Fly catcher

Feathered angel

"Hello Friend!" I call with mirth

I'm sure it looks at me and acknowledges with a twitch and

flitter of wings

Breeze blows

Seed pods drop

The Cicada fizz simmers on

What I choose to notice affects me

Leaves curl as they dry

Ants on the table are seeking, seeking

The olive trees grow with invisible slowness

So do we

While currents of air swirl fast and gentle

Cooling my skin

Creasing waters surface

Blue shine

# Boiling

The water around me is hotter than it used to be I think

My baseline shifted

My sense of how it was before

Im less comfortable

My legs ache a little with latent movement

Where would I jump to anyway?

Somewhere cool

Rich with insects

Northern Europe?

Siberia?

How's the water there?

Wet

Warm

Tropical

...Intertidal cities...

Focus!

In the present

The water boils and we record the temperature on our phones

Boiling selfies

Sirens in this saucepan

Planes fly overhead

They are trying to put out a fire, right here!

I would jump

There's nowhere to jump to

I will adapt

Deeply

So i'm trying

To relate

# Aerial journey

We lift off from Airship mooring 18, It's a beautiful 'supertree', thick stem spreading conical up to the launch pad disc, Receding below us, Ant people at work, The new venice of london spreads to the south, Wet glimmers among Shards and Gherkins, Many with dirigibles moored to their tips, The great lake of the Thames,

...

Awakening to the arctic latitudes, A verdant vision, Uplighting the gondola with a glowing green, The largest Island in the world, Once white, Now lives its name. Prophecy fulfilled, We soar over green snow, A primal landscape, Algae originating life, Colours swirl and we pass over red territories, The unnameable border of red and green... A terrestrial mimesis of the Auroras swirl, This new earth is full of fascinating change, Everything is possible now, Born again, Purpose overflows, Forests await, The animals with us, Restless with expectation of release

# Denmark



The flat table black
Pens and paper on its back
I go to work now

Sunlight in cool sky Turns sudden rain to glitter We grin with delight

She is always true

It can be uncomfortable

And then most sweet

When I am Air
I expand
Blow adrift
I wear clouds
And sometimes drop rain
To lighten
My dark blue moods

When I am Water
I move through many mediums
Everyone and everything
Welcomes me
Trees soak me up and exhale me to sky
I celebrate
Triumphant as a cumulous cloud

When I am Fire
I want to consume so fast
I will burn out!
I would blaze hot and steady
Keep my flames fed
So I seek reliable fuel...

When I am Earth I often crumble
But only at the surface
Deep below in the dark I hold stone and crystal forms
My skeleton is mineral treasure
All surrounded by my essential substance
Fertile, fundamental
I'm a dark kind of living
My hidden wealth constantly creating
Green surface surprises
7.83 Hz my vibration
Royal, deeply, richly, soil home

Leaving Copenhagen It filled me up Where the sun is shining always, i fly In a cabin of strange and fellow humans I look down upon a patchwork Germany Summer fields and forests dark Palettes of ochres and green Interwoven with roads and rivers Inset with jewels of turquoise lakes This summer haze seen from high I feel as a golden retriever blinking in the sun Sleepy and satisfied My back petted Scratched behind ears Many a forehead kiss I feel at home in Europe I could lean out of the plane and rest face across the fields Feeling the cool press of river on my cheek Hands spread over acres Fingers test the density of soil and resisting bristles of trees I could hug to the horizon Arm around earth curve Warmth on my back Feet in the ocean landscape loving Peace in the sky High with soft hope Like clouds aloft The future changes shape With imperceptible motion



# Shop front

I'm open
I keep turning the sign
The door bangs with a jingle and the blind flaps down, my frown
Blind spins up and door swings open with a smile
Sunlight pours in
I'm open
I'm closed
Don't bother me
Come in!

## Nodal being

When I am a tree
I recognise
My arms are branches, hands twigs
Toes are budding roots
Longing to burrow into earth
I wish a bird would land on my shoulder
Slow growing clothing of perfect moss
Embellished with living lichen
I relate well to others
Standing patient
And tall

## Imminent Autumn

I live in a flower that is showing its first bruises after full bloom Past the peak of exuberance That sinking feeling at the beginning of a downward curve The smell is sweeter than ever Almost sickly Still full of colour Sticky and easy to digest I've pollinated before So fear not the change of tide Fall with the season and allow it I remember "surrender all resistance" "I'm trying!", a holy joke The gradation slides to deeper hues, ascendant sun of yellow into folding oranges and browns Grapes turn pungent and sour on the vine Figs fall I want to drop poems like leaves and let them compost Fears too A new chapter whispers from beyond the Horizon An alchemical phase Distilling what has grown Tasting what we have learnt About our shared home





#### After storm

The mood has changed, The air roars. Throwing all kinds of plant detritus into the sea, I swim amongst it, Like the labradors which shaped me, I lock onto a stick, further out rising and falling on the swell, I must collect it, The mood is green today, Opaque and filled with distractions, It's hard to swim holding a cane, It judders through the water Flexing under pressure I swim with one hand to the shallows Throw my prize A bamboo spear Stuck into the sand A flagless pole By my towel



#### I'm here

I thank the flowers as I pass them by Each Hydrangea a glowing orb of blue, white, pink I cup my hands around each bloom like a seer but peering into now Down the hill overseen by Pines and Plane trees Past my neighbour, young black cow whose chain I break with a straight thought from my heart I pick him a succulent bunch of grass Cows wag their tails too I stoop to smell the luminescent Belladonnas, the Magic, perfume portal the Resurrection Lily! and all the life of world rhymes with my own While I weave its pattering through the loom of my senses A cat on a rooftop napping sits up and locks eyes with me I'm overcome, we stare for the longest time ever Everything except our eyes ripples and wavers, ready to let go of forms I break this moment for the waves only, Down to the beach and eager feet into hot sand As if its volcanic genesis were yesterday It's late summer, pastoral, tropical and evergreen here all in one Oddly perfect, the sea warmer than it looks I wade in to know this teal Atlantic liquid The first heaving wave slaps a laugh right through me And i'm clean with salt and water, breathing, making way for the new and making way for the new and making way for the new and making... My dear friend whose shaping environment I now tenderly explore Holds open a chalice for me to pour into sensitive self fully flowing A cup of safety and trust and care Essential friendship, kinship found

I am in my right mind

anew

#### Sisters and brothers

They leap and my heart follows Missiles of joy Each explosive surface break pulls a whoop of elation out of us - boat bound mammals Their intelligence and fun is palpable Among amassing hundreds we idle the engine Flop awkwardly off the boat I think 'If i relax, they will too and come close' I do, just float They do Blue silver slips Spotted and oh so fine Barrelling a few feet beneath me The water alive with the community broadcast of clicks and squeaks, their inimitable language To my astonishment a vibrating and crystalline object ascending straight upward before me A jellyfish? I fear No, a bubble shaped by sonic sculpture Charged with a Dolphin thought I am blessed to witness this expression Pass by and break surface for sky Just a moment Like a wave Passing perfectly through



Please feel free to reach me at Tom@paleblueperspective.com