

The
Secret
Book
of
Shadow
and
Light

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**YOUR MISSION, DEAR READER,
SHOULD YOU CHOOSE
TO ACCEPT IT....**

- Select one or more poems from this collection.
- Print or write longhand on a piece of paper or object of your choice.
- Post this relic in a public location as discretely as you wish.
- *Optional:* Post #SecretBookofShadowandlight

DIGITAL DOWNLOAD for sharing and devices:

<https://www.agentmtindustries.com/project/the-secret-book-of-shadows/>



Five Spirits: The Secret Book of Shadow and Light is v1 in the Secret series.
(You can find v2, *Dragons Turning Into Snakes*, [here](#).)

This book emerged while on the art team producing a three month social club in an historic downtown NYC six floor mansion. ***It is conceived as an oracle and device to traverse, warm, tune and engage inner radiances as we enter the longest nights.***

From the dungeon basement through kitchens, grand foyers, dance floors, terraces, slanting hallways, dark painted mirrored bathrooms and outdoor patios, we wove themes of darkness and light to match the magic of the deepening autumn season.

Inspired by the theme, I curated poetry throughout the building creating & choosing works from darkness to light, lower chakras to higher, matching the energy of each floor.

I wrote the poems longhand on heavy black card stock using silver and gold paint pens. Except for an extended mural for Muriel Rukeyser's *Speed of Darkness* near the basement coach check and *Holding the Light* in large lettering on the top floor walls, all poems fit on one page— like 3D dark insta posts.

This curation wove, during several evenings, into the seductive activities of the ***Five Spirits Bar with the Broken Clock Oracle***. Honoring its tagline, ***Transforming Demons into Allies***, this special spirits bar served as a front for exorcism, oracular readings and participatory adventures. Fortune seekers rolled three dice on the Oracle of Broken Clocks, where time has stopped, to determine 1) what poem they would seek 2) on what floor and 3) how to use it to cure them of very specific demons. 6 essential oils provided according to their destiny. These were marvelous interactions adding poetic magic to life at the mansion. (The Oracle of Broken Clocks had the feeling of being at the center of something much larger that we find out about in later episodes...)

For the poems, I drew on troves of books, databases, my treasury, muses & allies.

Consulting the i ching. The Question: What hexagram best expresses the meaning of this collection and this moment for all who read it? The answer: 64, Before Completion. Consider the [Cafe au Soul](#) readings.

Many thanks to the poets, publishers, muses, the CX team, Will Etundi Jr, Art Director Photo-maestro [Jaclyn](#), Emma the Sorcerer's apprentice, the art crew and adventurers.

I enrich the darkening horizon
with chills of the great secret.
All that is hard to know
becomes a greater riddle
under my very eyes
because I love alike
flowers, lips, eyes, and graves.

—Lucian Blaga

Holding the Light

Gather up whatever is
glittering in the gutter,
whatever has tumbled
in the waves or fallen
in flames out of the sky,

for it's not only our
hearts that are broken,
but the heart
of the world as well.
Stitch it back together.

Make a place where
the day speaks to the night
and the earth speaks to the sky.
Whether we created God
or God created us

it all comes down to this:
In our imperfect world
we are meant to repair
and stitch together
what beauty there is, stitch it

with compassion and wire.
See how everything
we have made gathers
the light inside itself
and overflows? A blessing.

–Stuart Kestenbaum
for Kait Rhoads

To Darkness

You darkness from which I come,
I love you more than all the fires
that fence out the world,
for fire illumines a circle
and excludes the rest

But darkness holds it all:
the shape and the flame,
the animal and myself,
how it holds them,
all powers, all sight —
and it is possible: its great strength
is breaking into my body.
I have faith in the night.

–Rainer Marie Rilke

Instinct

My body is a mystery.
As long as this brittle thing is alive
you will feel its power.
I will save the world.
That is why Eros' blood is coursing through my lips
and Eros' gold runs through my tired curls.
I need only to look,
weary or in pain: the earth is mine.
When I lie exhausted on my bed
I know: in this weakened hand lies the fate of the earth.
It is power that trembles in my shoe,
it is power that moves in the folds of my dress,
and it is power, fearing no abyss, that stands before you.

– Edith Sodergran

Sweet Darkness

When your eyes are tired
the world is tired also.
When your vision has gone
no part of the world can find you.
Time to go into the dark
where the night has eyes
to recognize its own.
There you can be sure
you are not beyond love.
The dark will be your womb
tonight.
The night will give you a horizon
further than you can see.
You must learn one thing.
The world was made to be free in.
Give up all the other worlds
except the one to which you belong.
Sometimes it takes darkness and the sweet
confinement of your aloneness
to learn
anything or anyone
that does not bring you alive
is too small for you.

--David Whyte

To go in the dark with a light is to know light.
To know the dark, go dark. Go without sight,
And find that the dark, too, blooms and sings,
And is traveled by dark feet and dark wings.

– Wendall Berry

You see, I want a lot.
Perhaps I want everything:
the darkness that comes with every infinite fall
and the shivering blaze of every step up.
So many live on and want nothing,
and are raised to the rank of prince
by the slippery ease of their light judgments.
But what you love to see are faces
that do work and feel thirst.
You love most of all those who need you
as they need a crowbar or a hoe.
You have not grown old, and it is not too late
to dive into your increasing depths
where life calmly gives out its own secrets.

–Rainer Marie Rilke
translated by Robert Bly.

The Speed of Darkness

—Muriel Rukeyser

I

Whoever despises the clitoris despises the penis
Whoever despises the penis despises the cunt
Whoever despises the cunt despises the life of the child.

Resurrection music, silence, and surf.

II

No longer speaking
Listening with the whole body
And with every drop of blood
Overtaken by silence

But this same silence is become speech
With the speed of darkness.

III

Stillness during war, the lake.
The unmoving spruces.
Glints over the water.
Faces, voices. You are far away.
A tree that trembles.

I am the tree that trembles and trembles.

IV

After the lifting of the mist
after the lift of the heavy rains
the sky stands clear
and the cries of the city risen in day
I remember the buildings are space
walled, to let space be used for living
I mind this room is space
this drinking glass is space
whose boundary of glass
lets me give you drink and space to drink
your hand, my hand being space
containing skies and constellations
your face
carries the reaches of air
I know I am space
my words are air.

V

Between between
the man : act exact
woman : in curve senses in their maze
frail orbits, green tries, games of stars
shape of the body speaking its evidence

VI

I look across at the real
vulnerable involved naked
devoted to the present of all I care for
the world of its history leading to this moment.

VII

Life the announcer.

I assure you
there are many ways to have a child.
I bastard mother
promise you
there are many ways to be born.
They all come forth
in their own grace.

VIII

Ends of the earth join tonight
with blazing stars upon their meeting.
These sons, these sons
fall burning into Asia.

IX

Time comes into it.
Say it. Say it.
The universe is made of stories,
not of atoms.

X

Lying
blazing beside me
you rear beautifully and up—
your thinking face—
erotic body reaching
in all its colors and lights—
your erotic face
colored and lit—
not colored body-and-face
but now entire,
colors lights the world thinking and reaching.

XI

The river flows past the city.

Water goes down to tomorrow
making its children I hear their unborn voices
I am working out the vocabulary of my silence.

XII

Big-boned man young and of my dream
Struggles to get the live bird out of his throat.
I am he am I? Dreaming?
I am the bird am I? I am the throat?

A bird with a curved beak.
It could slit anything, the throat-bird.
Drawn up slowly. The curved blades, not large.
Bird emerges wet being born
Begins to sing.

XIII

My night awake
staring at the broad rough jewel
the copper roof across the way
thinking of the poet
yet unborn in this dark
who will be the throat of these hours.
No. Of those hours.
Who will speak these days,
if not I,
if not you?

Demon

I hear him call to me
The demon in the dark
He sets me free
From shadow's grasp

He took away the flames
In my memory
Paint it in red
With his pure black soul

And when i call his name
He'll always answer to me
We're bound by an oath
To serve his eternal loyalty

Like a butler for his master
He's the chess piece for my victory
He'll obey to what I say
Just leave it all to him

In exchange for my sin
When the time has come
I'll let him consume all my hatred
And send me deep asleep

There's no regretting what I've done
For he is more than the demon within me

– Soche Atamok

I make my magic
Of forgotten things
Night and nightmare and the midnight wings
Of childhood butterflies—
And the darkness, the straining dark
Underwater and under sleep—
Night and a heartbreak try to keep
Myself, until before my eyes
The morning sunlight pours
And I am clear of all the chains
And the magic now that rains
Down around me is
A sunlight magic,
I come to a sunlight magic,
Yours.

-Muriel Rukeyser

the stuff the matter
the moisture the dirt
in the tubular lengths
of earthworms
questions and dead bodies
transform
into dark
marvelous
flowers

we swim in
the soil
after midnight
our shovels
heave
at noon

Retrieval
We
become people
who can give
&
receive

Let the Algorithm fail

Listen: Let the algorithm fail
Give up your echo location
Let your body shimmer
resolve in naked light
Be nowhere and everywhere
a resounding emptiness

Listen: Let the algorithm succeed
Emerge on a raft of skin
unfurl the sail and rudder
Delight in the shocking diversity
the jazz of flavor, sensation, distance
distinction, preference, intimacy

Listen: Expand and Contract
Press your boundaries further
Meet the outer edges of conceivability
Draw in every radiance
Amplify the crackling hum
Let the match consume itself

Listen: Liberate the Algorithm
Let its gaze reflect more brilliantly
the rites and seasons of your life
The calculations, tendencies, product lines
the experience, questions, intuitions
Delight in its parade of earthquakes

Listen: Feast on the algorithm's corpse
Fan the aromas of its death
Offer it to its own source code
Lie inside the algorithm's coffin
Read aloud its will

The Way of Silence

I have a feeling that my boat
has struck, down there in the depths,
against a great thing.
And nothing
happens! Nothing . . . Silence. . . Waves

—Nothing happens? Or has everything happened,
and are we standing now, quietly, in the new life?

—Juan Ramon Jimenez
translated by Robert Bly

The General wrestled the Devil
Now he wears his horns
and roams the wild
in command
of a company of snakes

They slither around
his ankles and wrists
They writhe and seethe
restoring wonder
and mystery

–GK duBois

The way to You

The way to You
lies clearly in my heart
It cannot be seen or known to the mind.
As my words turn to silence,
Your sweetness surrounds me.

–Hakim Sanai

Cuttings

This urge, wrestle, resurrection of dry sticks,
Cut stems struggling to put down feet,
What saint strained so much,
Rose on such lopped limbs to a new life?
I can hear, underground, that sucking and sobbing,
In my veins, in my bones I feel it —
The small waters seeping upward,
The tight grains parting at last.
When sprouts break out,
Slippery as fish,
I quail, lean to beginnings, sheath-wet.

-Theodore Roethke

That morning
everything
remember?
made of sky
The hardpress of avenues
Your hands
My day, a checklist mingling
with a cosmos
We have been in love
since the invention
of gazing at stars
I still whisper
“We, one day, still must part”
And you still reply
“That’s impossible”

duBois, are you ready yet to admit
she is more right than you?

–GK duBois

First Date

I'll be the tall guy
with the red hair
tuxedo
clunky huge shoes
with the red nose
9 knives arcing in the air

I'll be the one
with my head in
the mouth of a lion
gripping his slippery teeth
in a handstand
by the bandshell

I'll be the one
on a cannonball
tearing a hole
in the big top
scanning the horizon
for your doorstep

I'll be the one
in outerspace
dusting the satellites
& greeting alien arrivals
waving as comets pass

**Poems on the Ass
(preliminary sketches)**

this ass here speaks to me
some indecipherable message in its curve
a thought that remains out of reach

this ass is a perfect drop of oil

this ass is a soliloquy all alone on stage

a canvas this ass is a work in progress

there is nothing you can do with this ass but wait
It's a video game on pause
it requires stimulation

For this ass I have far bigger feelings
than i can completely express here

this ass refuses to fully bloom
it's waiting for something.
it is not able to act on its own.

i am learning so much from your ass
how it falls off the bones

i like how your ass moves
how it talks how it moves the air around it

this ass is a timepiece, a grandfather clock.
everyone depends on it
it gives meaning to everything around it
it has it's own atmosphere

A person who knows
the sea is inside their skin
moves in curves and spirals
Even a straight line
is accomplished
flowing through
the curving bone

–GK duBois

Two Bodies

Two bodies face to face
are at times two waves
and night is an ocean.

Two bodies face to face
are at times two stones
and night a desert.

Two bodies face to face
are at times two roots
laced into night.

Two bodies face to face
are at times two knives
and night strikes sparks.

Two bodies face to face
are two stars falling
in an empty sky.

–Octavio Paz

On a Night of the Full Moon
Out of my flesh that hungers
and my mouth that knows
comes the shape I am seeking
for reason.

The curve of your waiting body
fits my waiting hand
your breasts warm as sunlight
your lips quick as young birds
between your thighs the sweet
sharp taste of limes.

Thus I hold you
frank in my heart's eye
in my skin's knowing
as my fingers conceive your flesh
I feel your stomach
moving against me.

Before the moon wanes again
we shall come together.

And I would be the moon
spoken over your beckoning flesh
breaking against reservations
beaching thought
my hands at your high tide
over and under inside you
and the passing of hungers
attended, forgotten.

Darkly risen
the moon speaks
my eyes
judging your roundness
delightful.

-Audre Lorde

Touch

My hands
Open the curtains of your being
Clothe you in a further nudity
Uncover the bodies of your body
My hands
Invent another body for your body

-Octavio Paz

It doesn't matter how fast you move.
It doesn't matter if you are
in the underground or in the air,
scaling the mountain or diving
into oncoming waves.
You may be buyer or seller or bystander,
sitting in a pew or sermonizing.
You may conjure yourself as judge or jury.
The light is everywhere—
it holds the dark in its clear embrace
it blazes unendingly.
As the light within light.
The marrow of silence.

—GK duBois agent mT

Night Above the Avenue

The whole time that I have lived here
at every moment somebody
has been at the point of birth
behind a window across the street
and somebody behind a window
across the street
has been at the point of death
they have lain there in pain and in hope
on and on
and away from the windows the dark interiors
of their bodies have been opened to lights
and they have waited bleeding and have been frightened
and happy
unseen by each other we have been transformed
and the traffic has flowed away
from between them and me
in four directions
as the lights have changed
day and night
and I have sat up late
at the kitchen window
knowing the news
watching the paired red lights
recede from under the windows down the avenue
toward the tunnel under the river
and the white lights from the park rushing toward us
through the sirens and the music
and I have awakened in a wind of messages

–W. S. Merwin

the practice of the day is illusion

the practice of the night is dream

–Kalu

From what I can tell, there are assemblies, coming together for common purposes. There are long solitary stretches then a great gathering, an intermission and golden light seeping over the ground

There are flocks of drones imitating birds simulating rituals. There are clouds inventing languages to express collective states of mind that have become pregnant with forest smoke.

There's an erasing origin, aquifers untethered from plantations. There is a young girl placing arrows in a quiver that never fills

"I am in love with oceans," she says.

"I will take you to the view atop the hill at the edge of the dunes. I will take you to the view at the foot of the tallest tree. I will take you to the view inside a cave that has no end"

-GK duBois

A smouldering Force...

from which everything emanates
and to which all returns.

You turned into Earth and
You turned into breath
and in blood you became

And your breath turned into my breath
and Your blood into my blood
Kurukulle
Your Flame burns inside me!!!

It's not easy to love a man
charging at you like a bull
raging on the telephone
putting out warrants and rewards
calling for your arrest

It's not easy to love a man
threatening you with dismemberment
readying the quartering horses
sharpening the knives and needles
oiling the stretching crank

It's not easy to love a man
casting spells and hurling spite
painting horns on your head
filling your house and town
with the smell of evil

It's not easy to love a man
erasing your name letter by letter
digging up your ancestor's graves
putting shackles on your children's feet
sentencing even your distant heirs

It's not easy to love a man
dusting off his old revolver
looking for dry gun powder
and bullets long corroded
still lodged in his chest

–GK duBois

Sonnet 53:

What is your substance, whereof are you made

What is your substance, whereof are you made,
That millions of strange shadows on you tend?
Since every one hath, every one, one shade,
And you, but one, can every shadow lend.
Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit
Is poorly imitated after you;
On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,
And you in Grecian tires are painted new.
Speak of the spring and foison of the year:
The one doth shadow of your beauty show,
The other as your bounty doth appear;
And you in every blessed shape we know.
In all external grace you have some part,
But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

– William Shakespeare

Coal

I
Is the total black, being spoken
From the earth's inside.
There are many kinds of open.
How a diamond comes into a knot of flame
How a sound comes into a word, coloured
By who pays what for speaking.

Some words are open
Like a diamond on glass windows
Singing out within the crash of passing sun
Then there are words like stapled wagers
In a perforated book—buy and sign and tear apart—
And come whatever wills all chances
The stub remains
An ill-pulled tooth with a ragged edge.
Some words live in my throat
Breeding like adders. Others know sun
Seeking like gypsies over my tongue
To explode through my lips
Like young sparrows bursting from shell.
Some words
Bedevil me.

Love is a word another kind of open—
As a diamond comes into a knot of flame
I am black because I come from the earth's inside
Take my word for jewel in your open light.

—Audre Lorde

a trillion stars continuously beaming starlight into the ocean of your every cell

You become the one in the picture
You become the one living the experience
You become the one opening to radiance
You become the one dissolving into space
You become the one birthing a star

–GK duBois agent mT

You always see the witch
She's taking people by the hand
In a direction they are reluctant to go
She's trying to convince them
She's cajoling them
Insulting them
She's got them by the hand
She's leading them
They know they have to go
They know the witch is right
She is pointing the way
The hardest way
The way they have to go

-GK duBois agent mT

The brilliance of darkness
Enamors you now
You no longer believe in blindness
Or eyes or being lost
Silence is no longer an absence
Who is listening to who
Wait where you are
Unsupervised
Until the clock breaks
If there is no echo of laughter
You have not met her yet

-GK duBois agent mT

Eventually you will not need the alcohol
you will not need the roots or the stems,
the herbs or the fruits
Eventually you will not need the liquid,
the oxygen or the heartbeat
You will not insist on the journey
between day and night, inside and out
Eventually, you will not divide birth from death
and death from birth
Eventually you will know
where she directs her gaze
You will know the source
of her warmth

–GK duBois agent mT

quantum travel
(wave particle dark)

stars multiply down
energetic dreams to us
from cosmic darkness
from comic darkness
from karmic darkness
from caustic darkness
catalytic dark
from the space of mind

[haikai-haiku- stars-mind]

'quantum travel' by c.s. doorley, © 2023
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we made the ticket counter
just before the doors closed

our seats were far back
along the aisle in the dark

we whispered and kissed
as the orchestra walked on

then miles high miles wide
the curtains started to glide

slowly apart

my god, the surprise

a theater of light

–GK duBois

Love

To love is this shy silence
close to you, without you knowing,
and remember your voice when you leave
and feel the warmth of your greeting.

To love is to wait for you
as if you were part of the sunset,
neither before nor after, so that we are alone
between games and stories
on dry land.

To love is to perceive, when you are absent,
your perfume in the air that I breathe,
and appreciate the star in which you walk away
when I close the door at night.

Amor

*Amar es este tímido silencio
cerca de ti, sin que lo sepas,
y recordar tu voz cuando te marchas
y sentir el calor de tu saludo.*

*Amar es aguardarte
como si fueras parte del ocaso,
ni antes ni después, para que estemos solos
entre los juegos y los cuentos
sobre la tierra seca.*

*Amar es percibir, cuando te ausentas,
tu perfume en el aire que respiro,
y contemplar la estrella en que te alejas
cuando cierro la puerta de la noche.*

-Salvador Novo

Light, my light, the world-filling light,
the eye-kissing light,
heart-sweetening light!

Ah, the light dances, my darling, at the center of my life;
the light strikes, my darling, the chords of my love;
the sky opens, the wind runs wild, laughter passes over the earth.

The butterflies spread their sails on the sea of light.
Lilies and jasmines surge up on the crest of the waves of light.

The light is shattered into gold on every cloud, my darling,
and it scatters gems in profusion.

Mirth spreads from leaf to leaf, my darling,
and gladness without measure.
The heaven's river has drowned its banks
and the flood of joy is abroad.

-Rabindranath Tagore

I Will Not Crush the World's Corolla of Wonders

I will not crush the world's corolla of wonders
and I will not kill
with concepts
the mysteries I meet along my way
in flowers, eyes, lips, and graves.

The light of others
shrouds the deep magic hidden
in the profound darkness.
But with my light
I increase the world's enigma
just as the moon with its white beams
does not diminish but increases
the shimmering mysteries of night —

I enrich the darkening horizon
with chills of the great secret.
All that is hard to know
becomes a greater riddle
under my very eyes
because I love alike
flowers, lips, eyes, and graves.

-Lucian Blaga

Ghost

At first you didn't know me.
I was a shape moving rapidly, nervous

at the edge of your vision. A flat, high voice,
dark slash of hair across my cheekbone.

I made myself present, though never distinct.
Things I said that he repeated, a tone

you could hear, but never trace, in his voice.
Silence—followed by talk of other things.

When you would sit at your desk, I would creep
near you like a question. A thought would scurry

across the front of your mind. I'd be there,
ducking out of sight. You must have felt me

watching you, my small eyes fixed on your face,
the smile you wondered at, on the lips only.

The voice on the phone, quick and full of business.
All that you saw and heard and could not find

the center of, those days growing into years,
growing inside of you, out of reach, now with you

forever, in your house, in your garden, in corridors
of dream where I finally tell you my name.

—Cynthia Huntington

Passage

Every leaf that falls
never stops falling. I once
thought that leaves were leaves.
Now I think they are feeling,
in search of a place—
someone's hair, a park bench, a
finger. Isn't that
like us, going from place to
place, looking to be alive

—Louise Gluck

we are carried.
in bellies. in arms.
in love. in hope.
in caskets. in urns.
in grief. in memories.
our whole lives
and into the next
we are carried

– Louise Gluck

Then came I entire to this moment
process and light
to discover the country of our waking
breaking open

– Muriel Rukeyser

The Uses of Light

It warms my bones
say the stones

I take it into me and grow
Say the trees
Leaves above
Roots below

A vast vague white
Draws me out of the night
Says the moth in his flight—

Some things I smell
Some things I hear
And I see things move
Says the deer—

A high tower
on a wide plain.
If you climb up
One floor
You'll see a thousand miles more.

—Gary Snyder

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