

Stuyvesant

NIL'S
UNIVERSES

BOOK I



Elevator speech:

I'm Nil, I'm a creative and work within many mediums, including: drawing, writing, music and video. It is my belief that sharing my gifts is my life's purpose. I have chosen to live my life in accordance to the principles of a healthy body, mind and spirit.

My goal is to learn, to grow, to love and to transcend, I achieve this through my art, so as to create a better world, in being the change I choose to see!

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read 'Nil'.

AETERNAM

I don't want my words to fall
into the pit of oblivion.
I want that each sound that I gasp to be
a proverb that sparks a revolution
I want each step to throttle the earth.
I want each stare to become a vision.
I want each thought to be
a spark of light into the world.
I want my life to be
the expression of the eternity that is me.

I AM...AM I ?

I'm the ivy that creeps from within me.
I'm the heretic that weaves the light that blinds me.
I'm the architect of my clandestine vicariousness.
I'm the perpetrator of my perplexities.
I'm bureaucratic for both sides of
an equilibrium which has been fraternised.
I'm the innocuous bastille.
I'm innocent in the house of mine judgements galore.
I'm the witness of torn pockets and no sheer sole.
I quibble as I say my name out loud.
I'm my unrepentant mistake.

I know not of the sway of the sea and it's rumour.
I know not of hands that shred to pieces.

Would we lie to our own faces?

To lift the crown of such dreadful life,
it's weight is full of tremble, it weeps as it keeps
smiling and waving, to a crowd that won't care,
to live the life they would not dare!

No fleeting shadow, a glare, a stare of smoke and
sinners, ought thee be scared?

I'm the lost cause that I fight for,
I'm the concession that is yet to bloom.
I'm the ache I must forgive.
I'm the sorrow I cannot find.

I surprise myself at every corner within a veil that
is my heart, or is it thy, or is it me, that which I'm
trying to sell?

Is this the fable thus my reverting ramblings?

Why does your sun rise?

Is your dawn from mine so many horizons apart?

I inherently trickle down the spiral,
and I see it burn, I turn to ash.

May I reclaim thine love today?
May it fester and spout vanity o mine vanity.
Shalt the forge burn thou fire, and me within it,
and from the fire new light be emerged, edge the
crystal and allow the light to refract onto the world.

I discern myself in all and know myself in nothing.
Reminiscent only the zest that with doubt comes.

I am... am I?

THE MELLOW CURSE OF THE FOOL'S ARSE

The dire scrutiny of the oath which fell upon thy
and was thou dread folly, as with stone eyes it
contemplated and intended to cause piety in the
heart of man, so as to clash as the scorching sun
upon the tender flesh akin to shade and gentile hiss
and thus to serve as the great torch below which
in the horizons, the later lad was to direct to thou
his most costly and final steps, in hopes of reaching,
when he lost weight and only retained his vision,
to the gateways of ether succumbing to the howl
of all the late souls coming home
from corporeal existence.

Myriads of hope trade with heaps of sorrow the seasons
 beacons the mellow sunsets and moonlit seascapes
 the ochre turning leaves are falling and and snowflakes
are already on the rooftops, their quiet revolution fleeting
melting of the shadows and stumbling the dissonant steps
 roam and preach in the synergy of bashing collapse
 then a token to unspoken the splitting of concessions
 which remained undetermined under
 the paving of the scar
 whirl misbehaving you disintegrating
 the figure keeps bending
 whilst marching is digressing the ticking of the vast dot
in the sympathy of an eclipsed hour glass within cracked
 unravelings.

A WAY TO ZEAL

Mind not what you are and what you have,
for they are transitory.

You will Identify as being several things
over the course of your lifetime.

As easy as you come about your possessions,
as easy they may be stolen or lost .

So, strive to know who you are,
strive to bring your soul at peace,
strive to make your actions count,
strive to enjoy the tension and release
for there is nothing else.

FLYING; THE MELODIES OF ZEST

Go beyond the walls
of the room of your illusion.
Reach out to the fog,
let the mist become your guide.

Feel normality crumble down,
it is the blister of your life that is popping.

See the sacred image of the holy ghost
shatter before your eyes.
And contemplate in the rays of true miracle
penetrate your weary and unwillful eyes.

The benevolent sun is now shining.

Watch the crisp morning light
settle slowly on your skin.
Fear no more, be at rest, breathe in peace.

REPLICA TO THE VOICES LOST TO THE TIMES

This sense of dread
This lack of purpose
These rambles through nothingness
This meaningless existence
And it sometimes comes about
that you forget that you are alive.
And in times like these
it is good to remember,
who we are and
where we come from.

We are accustomed to not knowing who we are
We are used to not giving ourselves any worth
We are weary of any sign that points true north
We are akin to despair when it calls our door
Yet it is us who call for it as the night comes our way.

We turn our heads from the sacred vision
And yet ponder why we feel so devoid.
We mourn and weep and are like pray
to the feeble winds that wisp and sway.

We growl and groan, we succumb to our gallows' keep
We fight with foam, bubbles bursting so discreet
Avid nakedness of the bum, twisting our tongue
Shallow helplessness of thou man, always behind

Falling in line, into the abyss
Vision of heathens attending dismiss
Seekers of mire, throttle along

Impending the cross that upon you is made bear
Cradle in hiding, the fable is fair
Fleeing the solace, is the weight of love scarce?

Watch It impinging on your proclivities
See it swallowing your priorities
Make space for it as here it comes

Heaping in paper-cut, daily spleen
fester the morose from becoming seen
Piercing the smoke as it eager's to prey.

Pray for the god-damned as
they doth might risk wrath
pariahs in thou own mind
in they're being no song
no chant to sing nothing
emanates from within
and so it is and so shall it be
so let it be.

LOOKING THROUGH

We are going somewhere
We are not sure why
And as the times come on shy
we remain vestiges of
what we could have been
And then comes sunrise
and our lungs fill
And then the night comes
and we hold on but still

See the cracking smile
See those long goodbyes
Save those poor children we
can't help but bloom as moth
craving the dust we swallow
carving a tunnel in time
until the tunnel ends
and no bright lights there to receive us
and then we'll fade and finally let go
or perhaps we'll just hold on a little stronger
and maybe, even if our scars are swollen,
they will let us stay, and see the dawn of yet another day
a new day amidst the sunshine on our skins
and let old memories sombre, allow their deserved
oblivion
and lay our minds at rest,
in the mist of wrathful haze,
by the refracting conversion of elementals

that have come to be and are now
what now is and will keep on being
the endless mirror tells the story
and as it doesn't seek no lies can it tell
yet our keep is by key held close
yet as we perish it remains
in the dust of the great hall
but an image in a drop of rain contained
and as we twist and turn from light
our spark is made mourn
we feel devoid of all connection
and we start to hide, start to hide
and we push so deep we forget
and restrain from recognising
then we look no longer
into our own eyes
we are made to bear a weight that it not ours
and thus we are made tremble
untrusting of our own two feet
we see the cloud but not the sky
we end up wearing our conviction
as the mask we dare not take off
there lie only visions and echoes
of gruesome truths, so much safer
to wear the mask, to look away
but there will come the day
in which façade is mere dust
in the abolition of disdain
in rejoicing in what it holy
and sparks the light in you.

A TENDER GLOOM

As days doth pass
you become weary.
You exhale the weight you carry,
but it remains.
As your eyes keep
closing so weak
towards your tender
sleep.

And thus your
faith is rotten
as you were
mingled by the stick
and although deep
down you hold no beef
can't you help but be
untrustful of thou fellow man.

As many journeys you
doth dare embark upon,
As many paths you traverse
both in night and day,
As much trial and question
you choose succumbing to
those will be as many doors
as will be made open to you
those you shall discover as
the ever growing expansion
of your horizons known.

As the infinite outward spiral
that zests it's perfume into your soul
and thus becomes lucid as
the genteel heat thou sun bestows
upon your frown, vast as the source
of the intimate, glowing, cheering,
blossoming, eternal Vision.

MESSAGES THROUGH AN UNPLUGGED RADIO

I

We are messengers from the stars and we
have come here to shine a light into this world.
This world of convulsion and controversy.
This world of meandering souls and foggy trails.
This world of cold nights and bright mornings.
We have come to say; here it is.
We have come to say; it is now.
We have come to say; it is you.

II

We say; step into the light
We say; reveal your eyes to a world that is holy
We say; plunge into the abyss of consciousness
And we know; you'll never be the same.
We dream; of awakening the power that is within you.
We speak; the words that the eon's tell us.
We come; all of us from the source so near.
We come; to bring peace to the disturbed vision.

III

We could; talk to infinity, and never go beyond
spreading words that already have sung.

We have; shed many skins to wear
the one that is now bestowed upon us.

We will; become a reminder of the path
of new beginnings, and allow choice
to blossom as seeds in the wind.

All of us might; become misguided to the
flickering of the candle light.

IV

At any moments glance,
where there is doubt in our hearts
there is space for fear to seep in
and blind us to what is but so true
we often look upon it with the contempt
of the river flowing.

Of the leaf dancing

Of the sun rising.

We always look but never see

The power that has come to be

The miracle in all that now exists

The voice whispering gently

Saying; you are pure Bliss.

POEM TO THE AGES

The Soul of Being of Rhye speaks
it's forms assemble as abstract peaks
through veils and mist unknown they come
they're gentle whisper on thy ear is bestowed.

You needn't heap in sorrow,
as the infallible clock ticks
your mind is set at ease
as the Shadow lingers closely
to aid your final rest in peace.

Had begun thou child to smile,
as it's eyes the world started to see.
And couldn't the myriad of horrors
the child's smile but try to steal.

Had the infant increased his wonder
as the shapes and colours his vision
started to recognise.

And did he start to doubt the Truth
that was so fiercely lain before him
as voices of fools plunged from the depths
in attempts to conceal his Holy stride.

And upon him came the day where
his bindings he could endure no more
and soon he began to hear once again
the Voice that long ago had once to him spoken.

He sought it again when it had come to a silence
And many nights and days did pass before,
weeping in quiet desperation on the cold ground,
he succumbed to tender sleep,

and then awoke the Vision,
mesmerising and lucid the Dream,
as vivid as the brightest day had shone
the nectar of Zest that had come his way.

He stumbled for awhile
as the path which was
sombre was now clear

And then came the realisation,
that the guidance which he
ascribed time and time again
only to an entity beyond his reach,
had the same voice speaking
as the one he called his own.

A LINE OF THOUGHT IN BLISS

Be weary of your days
As some day they
will be no more.

You know the sacred truth
Life, Death, Existence

That fragile intense fellow
we all hold so dear.

Why is it that you art here?
Why is it we are alone altogether?
Why is it we act so folly?

We contemplate, everything, dissipating.

What melody art we here to sing!?
Which hearts art we here to touch?

We see the world, as if beyond ourselves,
and we dare not ask, if it is us as well.

Dim, the light in our eye, has been, concealed.

See your **Life**, for it is **Holy**
See the **World** for it is **Holy**
See the **Journey** for it is **Holy**
See the **Light** for it is **Holy**
See the **Source** for it is **Holy**

Come alive now, recognise now, intertwine now
shed a skin now, from within now,
you are here now, it is so now,
become aware, now.

Make **Now** your mantra,
Make **Peace** your friend
Make amends, make amends

Speak a **Proverb**
Offer a **Prayer**
Behold the **Truth**
Share the **Love**

Would you have any inquiries you wanted to address to me, please send me a message to;
nilinglisaltes@gmail.com
and I shall be pleased to answer you.

Also, please consider joining my Mailing List ,
through which I shall offer exclusive discounts, offers, and notify of my most recent projects. For this, also send an e-mail to the one added above.

Thank you for your
time and attention,

Nil Inglis

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Nil Inglis', written in a cursive style.

Universes clash upon contact. A myriad of cosmic debris within a vacuum too eternal to comprehend, even to conceive.

This is Book I of Nil's Universes, where, hopefully, there will be a moment of contact which I intend for it to be as relevant to you as it is to me.

These poems are the first collection of many that are still to come, through them I strive to embark upon a journey, one in which we are able to enhance ourselves when we develop both a passion for and an understanding of life.

Consciousness is the way through which
all else that is of value arises.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read 'Nil', written in black ink on a dark red background.