Each of the over
350 gates of The Gates Of
Paradise is an icon of our world, with idea,
picture, meter, prose, or melody all shaping each other. I
have been making words out of pictures and pictures out of words
for over sixty years. The Gates Of Paradise is a poem that exhibits some of

Part One of the poem The Gates Of Paradise: The Breath Garden Entrance: Explores Breath.

the many ways I've seen living and dead human beings struggling to find happiness inside of themselves and outside of them. These gates are paradisiacals of people, and animals, and objects, from dancing body parts to Las Vegas lounge singers, from Brooklyn Dodger fans to cyborg Babbits, from nerve wracked saints to L.A. bottom feeder rabbits, from lovely air heads to heads of state to heads of lettuce, from black holes to pear shaped planets, with one often transforming into another as the poems proceed. The Gates Of Paradise are created in the light of, yet unconstrained by, Shape Poems from Technopaegnia of the Greek Anthology, Arabic

Part Two of the poem The Gates Of Paradise: The Flux Garden Entrance: Explores Change.

Pictorial Calligraphy, Persian Garden Rugs, Chinese Phoenix Dragon Writing, Zenga, Hyginus, Herbert, Apollinaire, Cocteau, Hollander, et al. In many of these gates, shape burdens as meter might and counterpoints as meter may. Often the picture is the Schubert sunmelody, the words the buried Verdi mosquitogun violins. Often the picture is the Reubens silverfish flesh underpainting, the words the surface Rodin shoepolish. Yes. Shapes, words, pictures, rhymes, rhythms, ideas, jokes, and yokes all at once—This poem is a

For human beings breath and change are the same: And they are different: The same is the gate.

deeply complex work of art, ranging from intricate metaphysical forms to regional dialects, to just plain old fashioned crap. No dimension, or pretense, or any fad
of soul crushing human trainings
are left unilluminated

My endeavor

in the shadow is to create
a light effect that goes down past
the walls of habitual prejudice, down to

Part One of the poem The Gates Of Paradise: The Breath Garden Entrance: Explores Breath.

the training broken buried Self, throughthe escattering of ideas, images, and words, too quick of sador happy for the mercilous dog training to reject. My endeavor is to nour ish the buried

Part Two of the poem The Gates Of Paradise: The Flux Garden Entrance: Explores Change.

real human inside so that if the buried Self ever arises to take its place in the conscious life, the unbound Self will be strong enough to survive the vicis situdes

For human beings breath and change are the same: And they are different: The same is the gate.

of our daily life. Find your Self. Beyour Self. Live from Your Self.