

# MIDAMBLE



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***if p then q classics***

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Published by *if p then q*

*if p then q classics* is part of the wider *if p then q* family

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ISBN 978-1-9999547-0-3





# **Variations for Walkers and Pilgrims**

## **Relics**



Finding ourselves in a dark wood where the straight road no longer lay, we were often simple. Walking in order to research where we were in relation to our desire, we remembered surface. Coming across two roads that diverged in a wood, we stepped into the wood. Beginning nowhere, going nowhere, and arriving nowhere, we deepened the level. Wandering lonely as clouds, we thought ourselves mannered. Investigating the difference between the fantasy and the reality of walking, we clearly saw the void. Noticing that even the best walks—like the best books—had their moments of tedium, we left off modern thought. Treading on ground inhabited by our first human ancestors, we humanized

A baby's mind is mu a banquet arranged by the devil in an inn to lead the dominican monks into temptation a bektash dervish inhaling hashish a biographical note on yasutani-roshi a blessing and a curse a blind beggar receives his sight a body of broken bones a book a breastplate against death a bridge between two worlds a brief account of yoga philosophy a brief history of the medical skills from the monasteries a brief history of your life a brief history a brief introduction to life in the cloister a brief life-sketch of sri sankara a brother who sins against you a buddha a buddhist bible? a buffalo passes through a window a call to persevere a camel and the eye of a needle a cautionary tale of

constraint. Aiming at definite, special goals (they belong to the secret category of research and are therefore not communicable), we ate our quiet ferns. Knowing that our friends and families were standing in a line and waving good-bye to us as long as they could see our backs, we overcame our fear. Embarking on foot, we wrote a new haiku. Deciding to attempt a description of our journey—a journey which since the days of the greatest of our great grandparents had not been attempted—we listened to airports. Paying our debts and making our wills and settling all of our affairs, we were ready to go. Encountering thousands of improvised pilgrimages, often unguided by the principles of a

karmic retribution a child is born a christian hermit on shiva's holy mountain a christian woman a christian's experience of zen a communion of love a condemnation of ephraim a confession of trust a contrary view of karma a contrary view refuted a conversation at paphos—43 ad a cosmic covenant a country vihara a cremation story a crippled woman healed on the sabbath a cry against deceitful friends a cry in distress a cry of distress a cry of the heart a cup of tea a dead girl and a sick woman a desperate year a dialogue on inner purpose a disciple is he who lives the teaching a divine invitation a dragon in the clouds a dream of the staretts a drop of water a drunken buddha a famous

major world religion, and of varying levels of seriousness and sanctity, we entertained no one. Finding it more appropriate to walk across the city to visit the land-art retrospective than to ride the bus, we reconciled nothing. Laughing with the fat Buddha of sweets on a suburban lawn by the path, we lived on park benches. Touching the *Westwerk* door before setting off, we entered the zero. Trying to understand what we saw, heard, smelled, tasted and touched, as well as whatever became evident to our other senses, we repeated often. Remembering that one of our poets had written “the surface is where the depth is,” we reported nothing. Being aware of things outside of ourselves (objects we

tibetan monastery a farewell to t'ien cho on retreat on hua mountain a fight with a kurra a folk novel of china a foretaste of paradise a fork in the path a fresh start for everyone a full-spectrum approach a go-between's business a general survey a golden compass a great thought a group of hasidim faces death a guest of the lamas a happy life a harmony of the gospels a healing buddha a healthy body and a sound mind a higher love a historical grammar of poetic myth a history of taoism a holistic indexing system a house for the naked a house of emptiness and order a husband with many wives a hymn of trust in god a jayanthi for the buddha's enlightenment a job as church watchman a joyful

might have tripped over, other people that we might have walked into, invisible, psychological objects), we avoided junkspace. Using the Sanskrit term *tirtha* or ford to the divine, we ate organic bread. Hearing that ancient scholars began their commentaries on page two in order to illustrate from the outset that completion was impossible, we bought some bus tickets. Starting to generate some momentum of pace but without a plot or course to follow, we tolerated noise. Circumambulating a holy mountain, we were blown into space. Terrifying ourselves with the words *it is nigh a day's journey to a great hill where our Lord fasted forty days*, we heard the leaves crackle. Stopping to

noise a lamp on a stand a lamp unto yourself a letter to a dying man a life of peace freedom and joy a light in the west a list of bad dreams chanted for a cause and cure for missing souls a lone lamp a love poem with witches a man of great strength a man with leprosy a martinet a matter of honour a matter of time not place a meaningful myth? a meditation course a meditation using beads a meeting with khidr a meeting with oneself a member of the human race a memorial for jenny a message from god a mevleev dervish of damascus a miracle a mistake a model of the universe a mohammedan wonder-worker a monk in the cloister of zwettl monastery a monk in the convent of zwettl a monk

hear a siren *dopplering* into the distance, we wanted to be girls. Climbing directly to the summit where the rocks shone oily and black from ceremonial fires, we recorded a drone. Revealing the contours of an idiotic story, we overturned no one. Taking pilgrimage as an allegory of the journey of the soul in order to provide us with a reasonable explanation for our frequent association of walking and death, we wore our trousers rolled. Believing that our walk was life-affirming, we held each other tight. Purchasing permits and taking along a government escort, we recognized a truth. Bringing along a sheaf of maps that we couldn't even read, we questioned a structure. Locating a pre-

walking in jakobsberg a moral universe a more integral map a more measured greatness a mother's advice a mysterious order a natural process of growth a never-ending learning and adapting a new beginning a new buddhist movement a new creation a new earth a new heaven and a new earth a new rule a non-buddhist questions the buddha two faces of prometheus a parable a path in plain view a path of questions a path of self-transcendence a penny less to pay a perfume saint displays his wonders a peruvian dance song a pilgrim's prayer a place of meditation a plea against the wicked a poem for the goddess her city and the marriage of her son and daughter a poem for the wind a poet a poetry of

historic megalith by a narrow footpath on the left, we understood weather. Taking extra care when crossing the road, we studied all subjects. Feeling like the road was walking through us rather than that we were walking on it, we mediated sky. Marvelling at the wisdom that went into creating the human body, we wrote syllabic verse. Knowing from our preliminary research that pilgrims used to pass there with their yaks before the path became so small, we listened to the leaves. Discovering an ancient way, we understood our grief. Arriving at the abbey after walking all morning through poplar and lime, we questioned what was dull. Following original ideas which were different from migrations or

infinite possibilities a point of view on the practice a poison arrow a practical program for monks a prayer for deliverance a prayer for help a prayer for light a prayer for protection a prayer of the afflicted when he is overwhelmed and poureth out his complaint before the lord a prelude: for the feast of st. agnes a present reality a program of spiritual healing a promised prophet a prophet without honour a prostitute living like a wife a psalm for solomon a psalm of asaph a psalm of david the servant of the lord a psalm of david to bring to remembrance a psalm of david when he was in the wilderness of judah a psalm of david a psalm of praise a psalm a pure heart is better than knowledge a quality

making journeys or exploring or being nomads or pilgrims, we operated chance. Taking a break in the afternoon chill to eat pears and almonds and to patch the day's new blisters, we stayed ephemeral. Entering a darkened church to hear a flautist and harpist tuning their instruments, we hoped to rest in peace. Seeing no sign of other walkers, we lacked consistent tone. Taking our socks off to dry them out, we stopped an argument. Spanning many time periods and geographical spaces as well as representing the un-nameable areas that we hoped to encounter, we cleaned our leather boots. Wearing elastic bandages on our legs and sweat bands on our arms, we contemplated love. Strolling beside

must have a vehicle a quantum leap in the evolution of consciousness a question is an answer a question of time a quiet mind is all you need a reader's guide to exploring the bible a reader's guide to the holy bible a realization a redemptive sacrifice a reformed heretic a religious awakening? a remnant to be saved a retreat in crete a rufa'ee dervish in an ecstatic state a sabbath-rest for the people of god a sabbatical year a sannyasi in india a scientific look at mudras a seal upon thy heart a sense of the sacred a sense we have lost a sequence of songs of the ghost dance religion a severe famine a shaman climbs up the sky a shaman vision poem a sheikh of the nakshibendeas subduing a lion by his

an unknown little stream as it wound in and out, we breathed in mindful air. Questioning whether the river was the same famous stream mentioned in the scriptures, we lazed in the sunshine. Prattling about common joys and sorrows and the household news of the village girls who came for water and sat by the riverside in the morning, we organized labour. Marking a kind of de-militarized zone between territories, we studied the *dharma*. Crossing a cobbled bridge, we met our parents' ghosts. Agreeing to set out forthwith, we terrified ourselves. Referring to our journey as the *death walk*, we sang in harmony. Calling it hiking, we were buried by soil. Collecting objects on the way to serve as

spiritual powers a short elucidation of the extraordinary reality of sovereign wisdom a short elucidation of the extraordinary a short history of fasting—and what you can discover in the process a single entity a sister serving food in the convent a small prayer to everything a smile in his lifetime a son promised to sarah a song and psalm for the sons of korah a song of amergin a song of degrees of david a song of degrees a song of loves a song of praise to god a song of the spider goddess a song of the winds a song upon alamothe a sound's true nature a special transmission outside the scriptures a spiritual journey a still small voice a story of moose a stream of creativity a structured day a sufi notebook a

charms, we seared our eyes on sand. Passing a clump of skyborne roots, we learned a silent prayer. Marching on and on for seasons and years, we cried when faced with sums. Rolling with the planet on its long sidereal slide, we responded in kind. Dreaming of all the cities we had passed through, we voted no to them. Entering the land of the peoples of the moon dynasty and their capital—a city of five thousand temples and as many monkeys—we listened to traffic. Finding ourselves saddened by injuries, we sang Hallelujah. Puzzling over the difference between walking in a dream from dreaming while walking, we became forgiving. Resting our swollen feet in the main square by the clapping of

summer of prayer a tale of three lives a teacher of the law a thousand mountains are covered with snow—why is only one peak not white? a thousand prostrations a thrust home a time for everything a tiresome intermediate stage: the arrival of the demons a treasury of 112 types of yoga a tree and its fruit a tree freshly rooted a trinity of love a type of brainwashing a universal revelation a verse on the philosophers' discriminations a visit from lama govinda a visit to spiral castle a visit with a pious family a wife is sought for isaac a wife's rights and duties a wild holy band a wish for harmony a wolf in monk's robes a woman comes out of meditation a word for it a workman approved by

pigeon's wings and the honk of small cars stuck in traffic, we burned our mouths on tea. Stopping in a modern city to replenish our supplies, we drank too much again. Moving across the land at great speed in the dark, we were all converted. Seeing the glow of the earth as if we were running along great lighted pathways in the night, we never could obey. Relying more heavily on the refrain of our footsteps than on the plot and bearing of any map, we entered a time warp. Becoming directionless, we lay down with lions. Carrying on without a destination in mind, we plunged under water. Following the route of our previous studies, we did this we did that. Expecting nothing to happen on the journey, we

god a zen retreat aaron to assist mooses aaron's golden calf aaron's rod becomes a serpent abandon memories and expectations abandon words and speaking abandoning all hindrances abandoning postural variety to contemplate inner vibration abandoning technical righteousness and remaining in the functionality of asana abandonment abasa (he frowned) abdominal (or diaphragmatic) breathing abdominal contraction abdominal massaging abdominal rotation or churning abdominal toning asana abigail pacifies david abijah wars against jeroboam abijah's wicked reign abner deserts to david abnormal effects of pranayama abode of the unmanifest abode of the unplanned

were so super bored. Discerning different configurations as they emerged, we heard the news today. Treading in the footprints of our ancestors, we knew inquisition. Resting among purple blossoms and broken columns, we lost our best players. Approaching a ruined hermitage through a scraggly orchard and some cement picnic tables with our ankles swollen from trudging through the afternoon heat, we wasted our water. Growing lethargic and dreamy, we thought of the Bardo. Imagining a series of random walks along an array of mysteriously interconnected paths held together by a pattern that we would never be able to recognize, we dismembered ourselves. Arriving

affect about antony and basic questions about eating and looking about letting go and relaxing about life and death about moderation and the middle way about mohammed son of isa about prostitutes and courtesans about st. francis and his oil about the best in people about the daily routine about the healing power of compassion about the healing power of feelings and thoughts about the healing power of joy about the healing power of music about the healing power of prayer about the origin of fasting about the seven deadly sins about the sivananda yoga vedanta centres about this mind about time and eternity about wisdom publications about writing and meditation abraham and

at the barrier-gate which marks the entrance to the northern regions, we hummed tuneless music. Joining an annual collective pilgrimage to a sacred tomb, we relied on instinct. Finding words painted on the side of a cliff as we circled the grounds of a high lama's residence, we lost our A.D.D. Climbing a cliff while darkness fell, we found a deeper peace. Wandering through many diverse lands and many provinces and kingdoms and isles where dwelt many diverse folks of diverse manners and laws, we forgot newspapers. Stumbling across the low-fi wreck of a fifty year old radio tower, we sexualized it. Standing on timber stacks, we shook off big cities. Going on foot more than twenty times to the

abimelech abraham and the angels abraham justified by faith  
abraham's faith in god abraham in egypt absalom returns to  
david's court absalom slain by joab absalom's conspiracy  
absalom's revenge absence of expectation absence of the  
unchanging self absence of worldly desires absolute and relative  
absolute conviction absolute perfection is here and now absolute  
reality defined absolute reality is the only foundation absolute  
void absolute abstinence and a 'discerning eye ' abstinence  
bestows strength absurdity and ignorance abundance and  
balance abundance abuse poem: for kodzo and others acceleration  
of restraint accept life as it comes accept yourself acceptance of