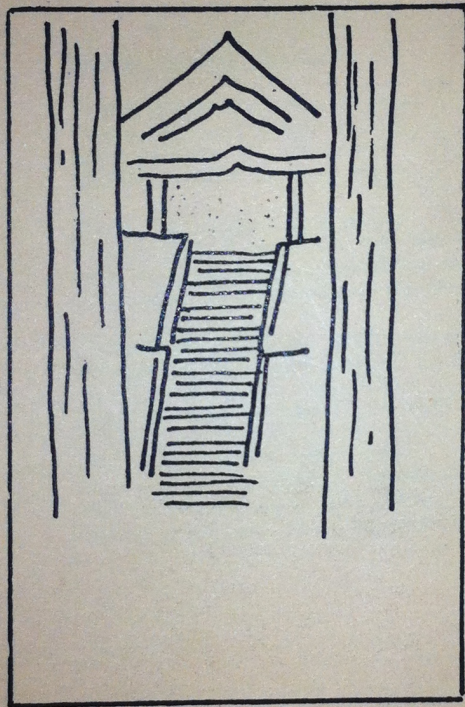


MUSIC IN THE EARTH



SHAUN A. DE WAAL

Music

Music in the Earth.

The beating of the drums.
The music of their call.
Each melody as it comes.
Rhythms that do not pall.

Music of night and day.
Cries and echoes in the earth.
Waiting yearning, need to say.
Bringing wholeness to birth.

Pluck each chord, each note sublime.
Watching the weaving of each strand.
Listen to each note that chimes.
Caress the lyrics with your hand.

The waiting is over now.
The magic complete, somehow.
Music never ends its vow.
Soul, spirit, rest in the now.

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MUSIC IN THE EARTH

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Shaun A. de Waal

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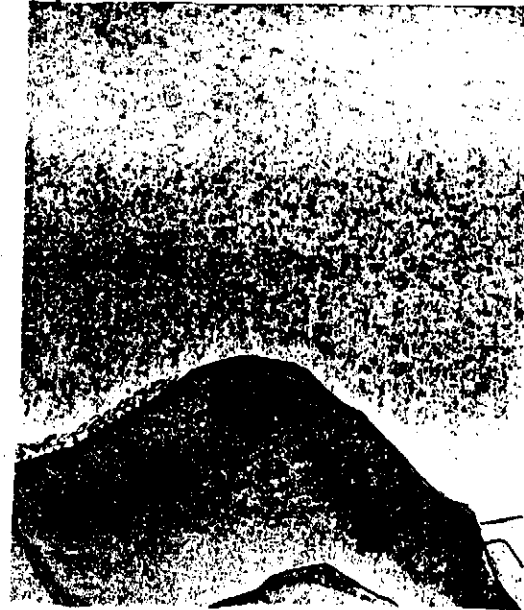
EARTH : Healing Africa.

WATER : Aphrodite.

AIR : Friendship.

FIRE : Images of Immortality.

Conclusion.



How to use this book.

The adventures and discoveries of new ages, even in our present age, will stem from mans (and womans) ventures into the interior of our consciousness, as well as that of the universe.

The great psychologist Jung has set us upon this journey in more ways than we can ever know. Robert Assagioli, the Italian psychologist has added more.

The poems in this book are such an adventure. I cannot however claim to be as great as the two persons mentioned above. In fact I consider myself as a very modest explorer in the realms of consciousness. I am no psychologist, but an explorer.

I present to you the fruits of some of my exploration. As with Jung, who in the later years of his life was fascinated with alchemy, I have borrowed from alchemy in the way this book was structured.

Each of the four sections is based on archetypes from the four elements: earth- physical, water- emotional, air-mental, fire-spiritual.

The poems are not complex, because it is through simplicity that I intended the images to be apprehended. I have learnt that in nature, in life some of the most beautiful things are so simple. I have tried to copy life and nature, as well as make the images easily accessible.

At the beginning of each section, I have placed a short introduction to show you how you can experience the poetry, the images in a very realistic way, almost with a three dimensional effect.

As such this is a new way of approaching poetry, yet it is also old, going back to the ancient roots of poetry.

The decision to write in this way has been a result of a number of influences on me, which I would like to briefly describe:

Over the last three years poetry has been written as a process of my own inner voyage of transformation, as well as strong feelings and thoughts. Images would come to me of healing, of love and I would have to put words to them. I would have to write until the pattern is complete.

In addition I have been working with groups of people through lecturing, public readings and have found that poetry changes people. People have found release, healing. One of the efforts, that I was part of and co-edited was a book "Poetry for Peace", which showed me how poetry can act as a force for change. Other poets, writers, students have shown me the therapeutic effects of poetry.

This book is not an attempt at psychology, it is an attempt to pass on the adventure and experiences of positive states of consciousness.

This as an artist I am bound to do. As souls, we expand by experience, insight and sharing.

I hope this book may serve to inspire, renew, exhilarate!

THE AUTHOR.

19 June 1994.

HEALING

AFRICA

Images of Africa.

Africa is one of the last unspoiled continents. It's wilderness as described in the wonderful books of Laurens Van der Post, is healing to the spirit.

The poems that follow are based on the healing properties of Africa.

The images are intended to bring one closer to the wonder of Africa, to sooth and heal one with the soul of Africa.

One should read them best in the wilderness, around a camp fire, or in a park. This environment is a good focus point for one to experience the poems.

If this is not possible, at home put on a tape of sounds of nature. African music such as drumming. Dim your lights to a comfortable level, with pictures of nature surrounding you. Relax and read the poems.

Whenever you read, look at the images behind the lines. The poems are all based on very strong images. After reading, imagine yourself as a part of the image, or daydream with pleasant images the poetry evokes.

You can do one or several poems at a time.

The restfulness of nature - falling water, trees, bird song, is renewing, healing.

A Song of Africa.

In the morning, in the evening,
In the glow of golden days,
In the light of stars and campfire,
Lies the mystery of Africa.

In the rush of wind through grasses,
Rushing down the plains and streams,
In the dancing of the dust storms,
And the flowing desert sands,
Lies the mystery of Africa.

She is the mother of the nations,
She is the darkness that is light,
And in this world though poor she seems,
It is but a cloak that hides her might.

She calls you as the mother, saying:
"Children come on home!
Be renewed in my heart's fountain,
Legends, myth, soul, sound!
No more will you be alone!"



The Centre.

In the spring, in the summer,
In the light of morning skies,
In the Southern Cross at midnight,
In the rolling valley and hills,
In the sunbeams and the bird's flight,
There is a centre of stillness.

It is a centre one can share,
It is a centre very few can bear,
It is a centre free from care,
It is the centre of Africa.



Tale of Power.

There is a source of power,
Way beyond the sands of time,
It nummers in the evening,
It rushes in the dawn.

It tells of ones beginning,
It extinguishes the end,
It vitalises images,
It is quick to defend.

It touches us with music,
It banishes the dark,
It is a flame of fire,
It removes sorrows mark,

Every day you touch this power,
Every day you contact its might,
Every day you breathe its magic,
Every day you see its light.

It is Africa.



The Light.

Way past the dusk of evening,
In the light of stars and moon,
There shines a light of softness,
A light that follows through.

It starts the breeze flowing,
That whispers over the plains,
It is heard in the voice of swallows,
As they fly above the rains.

It is a light that touches,
It is a light that is ever new,
It sings a song of freedom,
It washes freedom through.

It is attuned by water,
As it falls in crystal flow,
It sparkles in the gemstones,
The crackling fires glow.

All know this light,
Its particles and flow,
It is in our very breathing,
It sets our hearts aglow.



Storm and Light.

Upon the dark horizon,
Through lightening, mist and rain,
I see a small light shining,
Obscured by my own pain.

As I stumble forward,
Through the thickness of the storm,
I see other lights appear,
Over a thousand or more.

Then there starts the singing,
A melody so light,
It calms the storm to stillness,
So great appears its might.

Out from a thousand voices,
There comes a new refrain,
That sings anew of Africa,
How it is whole once again.



The Flow.

Flowing, Flowing, Flowing,
Like water in springtime,
Flowing, Flowing, Flowing,
Like dew in summer,
Flowing, Flowing, Flowing,
Like cold air in winter.

Caught by the currents,
Calmed by the flow,
Washed by the energy,
Warmed by the glow,

Whence does it come?
Whence does it go?
From the heart of the earth,
Beating in our heart,
From the soil of Africa,
Of which we are a part.



The Dance.

In the centre of the valley,
Surrounded by mountains blue,
Flanked by ancient waters,
Is the dancing begun anew.

In the dappled green forest,
Surrounded by summer sunlight,
Flanked by crystal waters,
Is the dancing continued through.

It is a dance of magic,
It is a dance of light,
It is a dance of memories,
It is a dance of might,
It says we come from one beginning,
And to us there is no end,
It says we share our burdens,
It says we do not depend.

Through the dancing of this dance,
Find we joy and peace and love,
For it is the essence that we are,
We are the essence that it is.



Peace.

Stars in the evening,
Rushing desert sand,
Pale light moon,
Light in foaming sea,
Gently blowing wind,
A song and promise to be.

Footsteps, walking the soft sand,
Washing sand shore,
Mummers a new melody.

Footprints inward, outward,
Star patterned,
Gleaming in water,
Doorway to beginning,
Beginning to be.

Whispering songs of peace,
Peace reflecting me,
Answering love,
The will to be,
Ever mirror, mirroring,
Like the sea.



Renewing Africa.

In the dark woods,
Did I have my beginning,
From crystal waters,
I am come,
Surrounded by a golden glow,
That wakes the sunlight of summer.

The dew of my fragrance,
Evaporates the mists of time,
And I am made anew.

When my memory fades,
Wait I the light of the moon,
For its rays so soft and gentle,
Signal my return with the dawn,
Murmuring, murmuring,
Of love and longing.

Surrounded by the stars,
Hills, trees and plains,
I am you,
You are me.

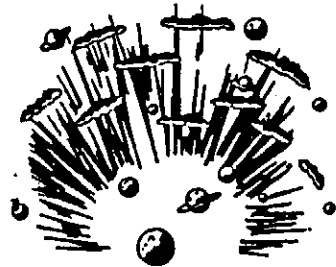


Africa.

Walking on the waters,
That stretch to the horizon,
In robes of gold, blue and green,
Following lapping waters,
In a melody of song.

Stretch forth your hand,
And grasp the blue abundance,
Let it run flowing,
Like the golden sand of time.

Approach the shore with gladness,
It is a shore of knowing,
It beats in a rythmn of its' own,
It is Africa.



APHRODITE.

Images of Love.

Jung brought to the fore and recognised the value of archetypes, symbols. Campbell talks about the value of myths, legends as a help to consciousness.

There is a wealth of literature describing the value of these archetypes. For me there is one archetype that has been much maligned and that is of the woman. In primitive societies, the role of women, nature, the goddess was much respected. The poems that follow are based on the image of the goddess, the divine woman.

I have chosen especially Aphrodite, because the inspiration to do so came from a passage in a book by H. Rider Haggard (The World's Desire). I was excited by the images in the book, in that I felt as if I had known them before and the poetry that came from the images, just grew and grew.

To read them, do so around a fire with a loved one, or by yourself with Strauss waltzes playing softly in the background. You can look at pictures of Aphrodite, love if you feel so inclined. Look for the images behind the poems, daydream with them. The poems have been divided into five categories: the archetypical, the passion, the thoughts, the need, the physical manifestation. You could choose one series, or follow all five sequentially.

The Temple of Life.

As you enter this temple do so
with love, the mystery of love
builds this temple.

Aphrodite.

The stars throw their veil,
Accross the sky,
The Sun throws its light,
Through the eternity of space,
Covering a temple pure,
Enclosed with roses, perfume rare,
A form ever young,
Divine light in her eyes,
Aphrodite, hear the stars whisper,
Aphrodite, a divine melody,
Aphrodite, from whose cup I did drink,
And in blissful happiness,
Am made anew, Aphrodite.

The Temple.

Clear upon the ancient waters,
Reflects a face beautiful,
Ever Young,
The light of love in her eyes,
The promise of fulfillment upon her lips,
The flame of peace
Upon her brow,
Love flows in every breath.

She offers you a cup of golden liquid,
You may drink,
Strength flows from it,
Love flows from it,
Youth flows from it,
Beauty of eternity
Drink,
Her temple surrounds you,
Drink,
Her love is upon you,
Drink ,
You are forever free,
Whisper: Aphrodite.

A message of Love.

In the temple of a moment,
A form of radiant light,
Stretches forth her hands,
And touches you,
With love,
She speaks, in voice soft and gentle,
Cradling you in her arms:
"Many ages have I sought you,
Now I am with you,
My love a cloak enfolds you,
My light a form to hold you,
My gift of youth I give you,
Treasures of life I bestow you,
Together, we follow the stars."

Fire - the Passion.

The flame and passion of love
we need to know. It takes us to
new heights, it can bring us to
despair, until purified we are
love divine.

The Eternal Sun.

From the eternal sun,
The fire of life does run,
Flowing down the ages,
Whispering in my memory.

It forms a great adventure,
Tantalising me anew,
Like a burning flame,
Still and hot in me.

It brings before me faces,
Forms I once knew,
Recollecting the memories,
Making me want you.

My soul is on fire,
Burning night and day,
Longing for your touch,
Aphrodite.

Love.

From the ring of fire
Upon the starlit sky
The love and the future
Blend and shall not die.

As a painter paints
The mystery of life
So love is written
Ending every strife.

The secrets of creation
Full of life anew
Complete their purpose
In me and you

Love is in the moment
Crowned with goldern light
Throbbing with magic
Circling with delight.

The fire of love.

Through a window,
Upon a starry night,
Low in the heavens,
She lies,
Her fire becons,
Calls to me anew,
Promising: love, friendship,
Richness of life,
She is my friend of old,
Fullness of love forever,
I long for her light,
To be free.

Air - Thoughts of you.

The longings and desires to be
with those we love, are the seeds of
thought that will finally manifest
under loves glow. Pray it will be so.

Forever Love.

There is a love eternal,
Reaching accross waters full,
None know its' flow or tide,
Except those whom it pulls.

Through the windows of the eyes,
Recognition gleams,
A sign of magic,
Love weaving unseen.

Painful the process,
Helpless stand the two,
Eternal memories,
Binding anew.

From different cultures,
And different lands,
Toughed by the flame,
That forever stands.

Will their love flow?
Will it be defeated?
Will it be consumed?
Will it be completed?

The answer in unseen forces,
In memories they impart,
We can only offer support,
Love light from our heart.

Together.

Faces looking at me,
Poeples do not see,
How my heart beats,
As I think we are to meet.

Your face is before me,
I trace its lines in light,
Building up the memories,
Moments we will take flight.

We will share tomorrow,
Through the lines of time,
Knowing fulfillment,
Together all the time.

Me and you.

When earth was young,
Old legends sung,
Together we would run,
In days so long ago.

The days were long,
The sun so strong,
Our hearts so full of song,
Dreaming, o so new.

O the pools of light,
Trees of might,
Waters, flowers bright,
Grasses heavy with dew.

We've advanced so far,
Love we do not bar,
Reaching for every star,
Loving life long through.

Seek the sun's light,
Love day and night,
Fill with stars our sight,
Rest in Aphrodites' arms.

Water- the Flow.

Our desires are so strong,
making want, need, life.
Impelled to existence, we
look for love.

No matter what I do.

Circled by the lights,
Of a thousand places,
I look forever,
In the archtypes of the faces.

A search accross the ages
Ever wanting you.

From the dawn of morning,
Till the dusk of night,
The leylines of the future,
Form tracks within my sight.

Dying a thousand deaths
Longing for you.

As the last shaft of sunlight,
Closes off the day,
Then lights the magic lanterns,
Of the stars to guide my way.

Wandering a thousand miles
Just to be with you.

The falling of waters,
Pure fountains of light,
Say we will be together,
Rainbows of pure delight.

Everyou.

Flowing silk,
Starlight in your dress,
Gold and green fragrance,
Beauty never at rest,
Everyou.

One glimpse,
I was taken,
By the magic spell,
Of your temptation
Everyou.

Your name,
Is my secret,
No-one but me to know,
Building moonlit memories,
Everyou.

In many places.

In many faces,
I see your traces,
The desire of ages,
Aphrodite.

Long have I journeyed,
Looking everywhere,
Seeking, sighing, longing,
Signs say you were there.

Always the mystery,
Will I find you today?
Will waiting be longer?
Will you let me stay?

In the light on water,
In my hearts' reflection,
The desire of ages,
Aphrodite.

Earth - Realisation.

Here all ones dreams and fantasies,
meet in reality and become actualised.

Touch.

Sighs escape the lips,
The breath in short array,
Touch a blessed sense,
Estacy a moment away.

Curves of the body,
Places one can touch,
Merging of energies,
The pleasure is too much.

Aphrodite, you I have longed for,
Here in this place, this time,
Now physically a memory,
Present, future, mine.

You.

In the lines of your body,
The softness of your skin,
The whisper of your perfume,
I am new again.

In the sparkle of your eyes,
The lustre of your hair,
The hint of your desire,
I am new again.

Your touch is like a flame,
Soft petals burning glow,
In being one with you,
I am new again.

Together.

Caressing in the moment,
Waiting not at all,
Lost in each other,
Wanting all the more.

Passionately, senses heightened,
In the rhythm of life,
Entangled together,
Reaching new heights of love.

FRIENDSHIP.

Images of Friendship.

We all desire friendship and friends who are true to us. The images in the poems reflect differing ideas of friendship not only within humanity, but with animals, nature, the universe. The first five poems are more archetypical or idealistic, the remaining more concrete.

In soft light, with something warm to drink, with friends, or by yourself, read the poems. You can have soft music dealing with friendship, if there are songs that remind you thereof, plus photographs. Look at the images and daydream.

Hunters

We were hunters,
You and I,
In some lost and ancient world,
Now we meet again,
Hunters the same.

From your talent,
Purpose I draw,
Recapturing the essence,
Of Nature's call,
Hunters once again.

In the strands of energy,
Wound again anew,
We forge new adventures,
Companions together,
Hunters we remain.

Cities

I thought I was dreaming,
I saw four cities fair,
Ringed about each other,
Wonder waiting there.

Symbols were in them,
Men and Maidens great,
Richness beyond measure,
Freedom from all fate.

The secret of immortality,
Boundless friendship too,
Ones to grasp,
Every moment new.

Could this be a memory,
A hint of glory to come?
A watch of angels?
Something to be won?

In friendship they give me treasure,
Never the same I will be,
walking in the memory,
Renewing daily the dream.

Dance.

Night...
The wind was wild,
Flowing loosely over earth,
Fire was lit,
Flames so white,
Licking softly,
At the dark,
We were there.

A bird call,
Like flapping wings,
Echoed itself in air,
Heightening senses,
For the music to come,
Transporting us magically,
Into the dance.

In...
The hush of starlight,
Breathing slowly ready,
Listening to heartbeats,
Faintly, the music began,
We were together,
Folk of light and laughter,
And we danced.

Friends.

Dappled green and yellow,
Blue ringed horizon,
Bark sharp and clean,
Remembering,
I have been.

Within,
The wood so fair,
All elements appear,
Wonder told unseen,
Remembering,
I have been.

Would the wood encompass,
Tales of cities fair,
Long forgotten mean,
Remembering,
I have been.

Neverending.

The stars were bright,
Night was clean,
Summers essence,
Drifted, drifted, drifted,
Circling up a spell,
Of neverending.

The grass,
In sight pale green,
In moonlight,
Drifted, drifted, drifted,
Circling up a spell,
Of neverending.

A maiden in silken veils,
Seamed withy starlight,
Eyes so bright,
Drifted, drifted, drifted,
Circling up a spell,
Of neverending.

A man bearded,
Clothes of green,
Strength a warrior,
Drifted, drifted, drifted,
Circling up a spell,
Of neverending.

By the power,
Of the four,
All things,
Are complete,
The magic of the night,
Is neverending,

Healing.

He came from the dark night,
All was not as it appeared to be,
Beyond the exterior,
Lay many pains,
A cry for help,
Mine but the friendship,
That I could give,
A process clear,
That comes from within,
We were friends,
Africa the backdrop,
Where healing begins and ends.

Old Friends

We sat accross a table,
Surrounded by the trees,
Talking of new things,
We already knew.

That did not matter,
Talking was a means,
Expression of energy,
Working anew.

We knew each other,
From long ago,
The energy we felt,
An indication it was so.

The talk lasted an hour,
Then it was through,
Our energies were equalled,
we did not meet again.

Friendship.

Sitting,
In the hotel lobby.
Weary,
Travel tired,
Comforted by friendship's glow.

She appeared,
Waking from the daylight,
A singer of sorts,
Bubbling and bright,
Seeking friendship's glow.

She babbled on,
We listened not responding,
Our souls were wanting peace,
She left disappointed,
We sat in friendship's glow.

Friendships flow.

Many years ago,
Passing through times flow,
It seems the ages ran,
Long before it began.

Life has a pattern,
Soft fingers through the night,
Walking velvet grass,
Believing in each other,
No reason or rhyme,
Trusting the purpose,
Bringing us together,
Through time.

Many years ago,
Passing through times flow,
It seems the ages ran,
Long before it began.

The Group.

We sat in a Group,
New York,
Talking about life,
One worrying about,
Which woman to choose,
Another wanting a brother,
Were the Japanese,
Taking over?
Expressing,
Freely,
Against the backdrop,
Of rich surroundings,
Mirror,
Glass,
Wall,
That's all.

IMAGES

OF

Immortality

Images of Immortality.

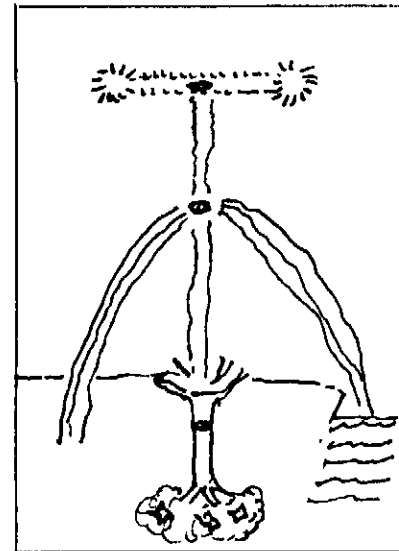
The images that follow are based on my personal beliefs and value system. I do not subscribe to the limits of any one religion, but believe that all great people who have been in the history of the earth, both known and unknown, came to show us how to expand our consciousness: with love, joy, learning.

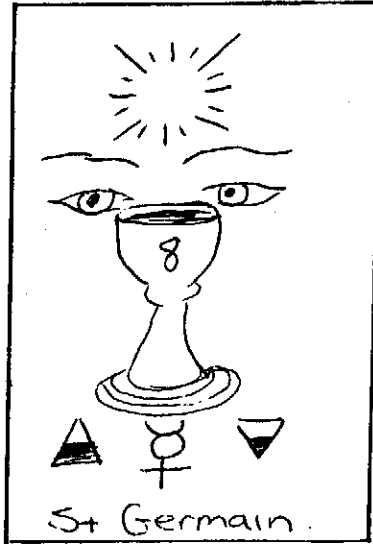
The persons talked about in the poems that follow are such men. However, they are more than that. They are symbols and catalysts for one. They are not images or persons to loose ones independence to, but they point to transformation and expansion of consciousness. Looking at the symbols and images, should help expand and give one insight. Each poem has a symbolic drawing allied to it. Together they form a whole. In addition I have added other drawings - the one pictured below and the four drawings at the back of the poems which are taken from descriptions in the Alice Bailey books, said to represent the thought of our planet. They can be a further expansion exercise.

You can use these or your own.

To use the poems or the five drawings, sit in a soft restful atmosphere. Dim the lights. Put on soothing music : Gregorian chants, light classical, or music that really relaxes you. Breathe more slowly, then read the words, look at the images. try to imagine what it is like to be these people, or the earth, or daydream with the images.

One can do the same with anything in ones surrounding: trees, insects, animals, other people. Your awareness grows.





RAKOCZI.

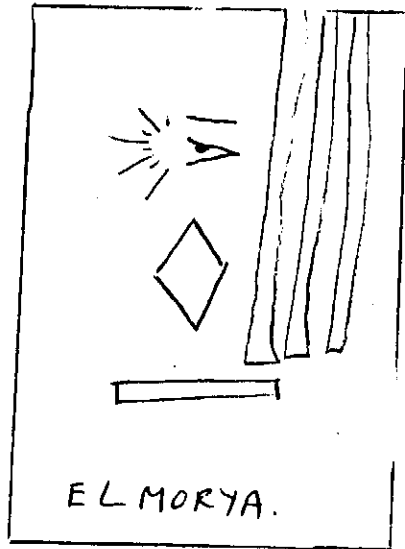
The diamond, the light,
The stars, the night,
Gold, violet, touch, sight.

Alchemy of transformation,
The cup, the grail,
The rose, the seven.

Rebirth, eternal youth,
Ancient memories,
A sign, a word, a compass.

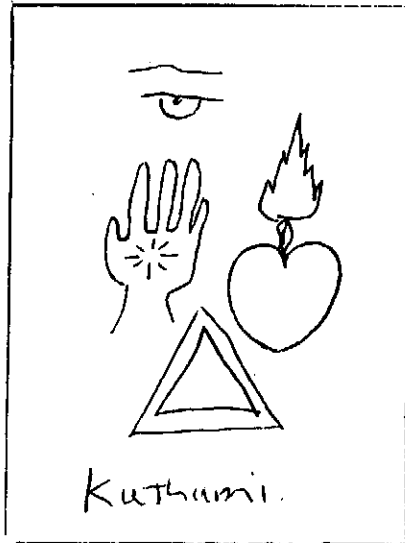
Wisdom, peace,
A star of hope,
A crown.

Release, release, release.



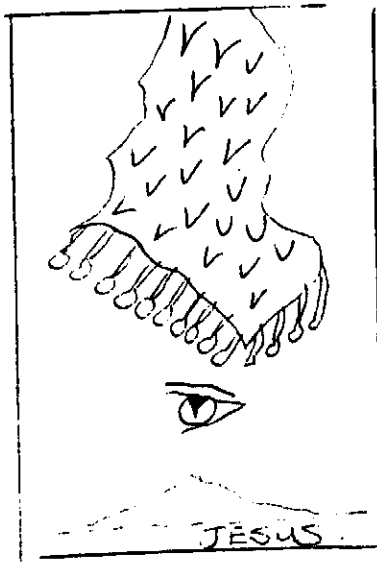
MORYA.

With my eyes,
From Himilayan stronghold,
I watch the world,
How often would I,
Bathe you in the waters,
As I did in days of old,
Wash you in the currents,
Of energy pure,
The fire of my will,
Renew you,
Renew you,
renew you,
Until,
Together,
We forge a world.



KUTHUMI.

Peace,
Distilled in the mind,
Renewed in the heart,
Love in the moment,
The moon, the stars,
The sun, the earth,
One all, one together,
Peace.



JESUS.

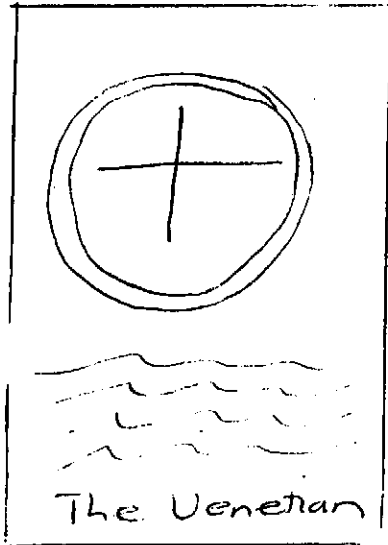
I am the light,
My light goes forth,
My heart has spoken,
Negativity broken,
Look not for me,
In past sad moments,
Look not for me,
I am free,



SERAPHIS.

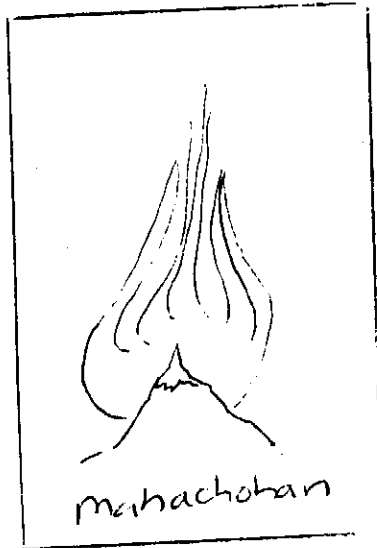
The fire of my call,
Asks you,
Calls you,
Tells you,
My symbol,
My Light,
The seal of my life.

Wait not for the stars,
To signal you the way,
Wait not for the sun,
To guide you through the day,
Follow the call,
The note that I send,
It is the melody,
Follow to the end.



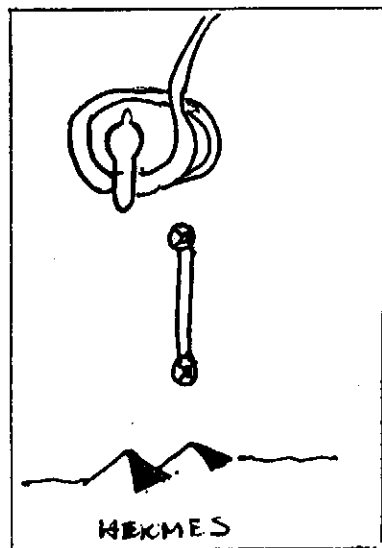
THE VENETIAN.

Balance is the key,
Harmony is the rule,
Love is the force,
Paint boldly,
Paint well.



MAHA CHOHAN.

Upon the sea,
The moving of the ocean,
Moves the winds,
Cleansing, purifying,
Within the flame,
A spark of the divine,
Calls again and again,
A divine desire,
Witness the energies,
Freedom of the light,
Gaze upon the waters,
wonder of the height.



HERMES.

The initiator,
Carries a sword,
A flame,
Each one the same,
The portals,
An entry,
The light a renewal,
The awakening,
Raising,
Immortal,
Wait not,
The moment is now.



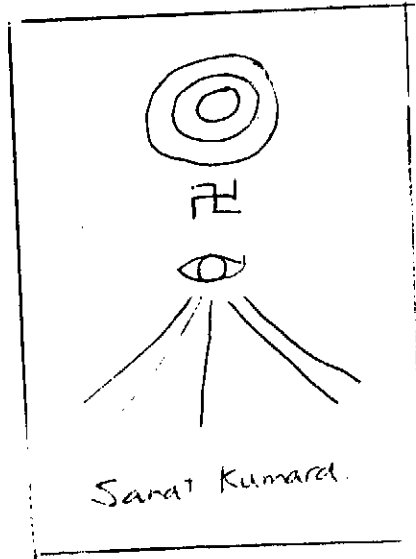
In many places.

I see the lights of many places,
I see the burning of their desire,
I see the movement of their faces,
I see the dawning of their fire.

My heart warmed by the flames,
My love goes forth into the light,
My brightness added to their names,
My power patterns beyond sight.

The currents of my energy,
Present everywhere,
Working a syenergy,
My plan yours to share.

I look accröss the ages,
I see you always there,
I turn in love the pages,
I am Maitreya, Christ, Iman Madhi, here.



Wesak.

Gleaming lightly under starlight,
Starlight lightly moves the air,
moves the forest to the currents,
Of the energy swirling there.

Then appears the eye of moonlight,
Moonlight bathing, touching, scene,
Like a rod of light flamed downwards,
Softly, softly, healing green.

To the people, world encircled,
Encircled hushed upon the lawn,
Waiting, waiting, still in starlight,
For the signal flame to dawn.

From the mountain stronghold distance,
Distance do gentle lights appear,
Like a signal to the forest,
Signal saying we are here.

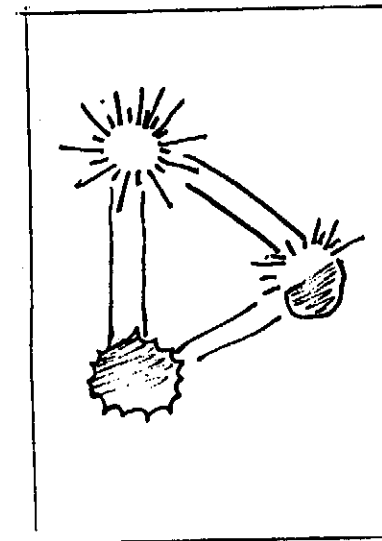
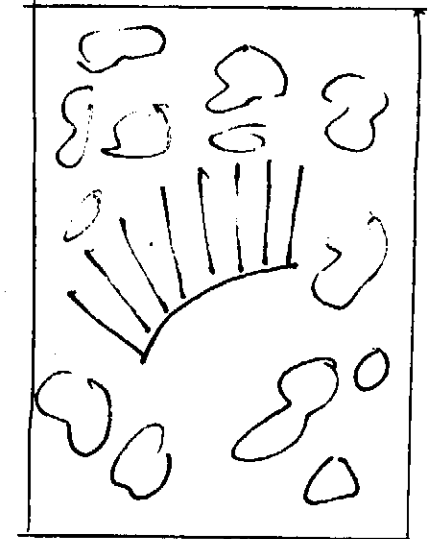
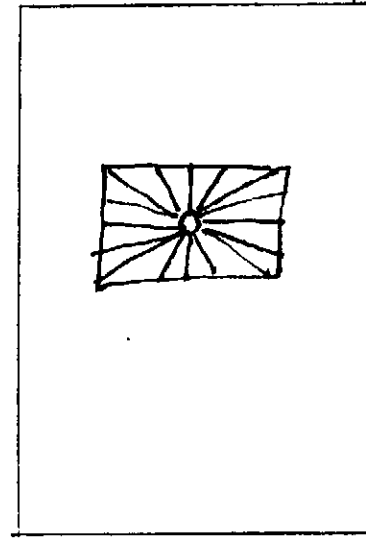
Clearly grows the moonlight bolder,
bolder does the light grow near,
Pushed the trees upon the forest,
Sending out a signal clear.

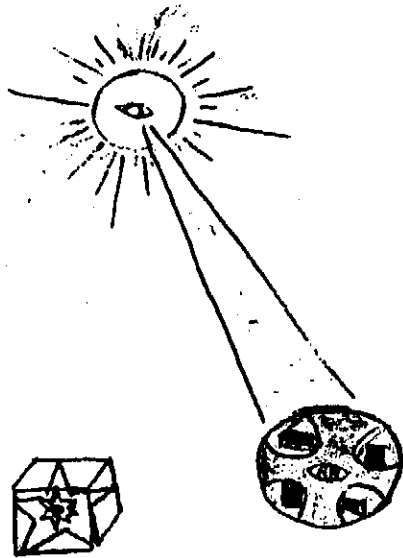
When the figures are among us,
Among us in their brilliance bright,
No more longer dark the forest,
Everything radiant, simple, light.

Know you of these ancient forces?
Ancient forces whereof we speak?
Resting softly in their presence,
Calling us from deep to deep.

In this eternal moment,
Moment one are all here,
All the stars our companions,
Mountains, forest and the deer.

Ask you not what of this moment,
Moment sharp in memory clear,
Rather say you would often,
Wish to be and stay right here.



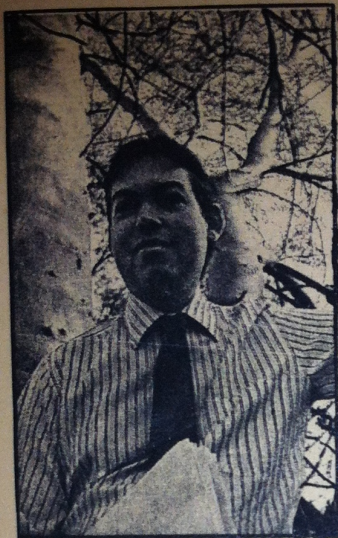


Conclusion.

When I was in Washington DC in August 1993, at the International Society of Poets Conference, John Denver gave a special performance for us. He showed us a video allied to a song and indicated that in many ways it spoilt the song, because now people would only be able to see it in one way, through the images.

In doing this book, I could have created a video for each poem, which might have made it very effective. Possibly poetry may even one day go the way of virtual reality, where you experience a poem in such a way, totally. But in a way I hope not. This book was an attempt to give you some of that effect and convey a state of consciousness, yet at the same time allow you your own creativity and input. So it is more of a two way process. As such I hope you have enjoyed poetry in a new way.

I would be happy to learn of the results. I hope also that this may add a new dimension to poetry.



MUSIC IN THE EARTH.

The Adventures and discoveries of new ages, even in our present, will stem from our venture into the interior of consciousness. The poems in this book are such an

adventure. Possibly we may even see poetry being experienced through virtual reality. This book is an attempt to make poetry that more exciting, without losing the creativity and input of the reader. Buy this book and experience poetry in a new way!

Shaun de Waal is an educationalist and poet. He is a member of the International Society of Poets and was recently nominated to serve on the Advisory Board of the Society. He is a songwriter and is a lifetime member of the Songwriters Club of America. He helped writers through work with the Congress of South African Writers. He lectures part-time on poetry for Culture and Working Life at Natal University. He has published poetry in America and recently launched his first book of poetry in South Africa in October 1993, entitled "Healing Africa".