Through the Green door

Poems of place

Tom Mansfield
This collection was borne of a typewriter and an opening of my voice anew. I was drawn to write on its click clack certainty and so began a 'daily poem' exercise in the midsummer, it bore fruits. I continued the practice throughout my travels with sprints of daily poems for a week or so at a time.

These poems are mostly expressing my feelings about our climate crisis and the good intentions of the heart. I seek with my poetic observations to reconnect with the living system of which we are all integral parts.

I hope you enjoy these observations and feelings as you pass through the green door and I wish that you leave it open behind you...
Humans race

Are we running?
the human race
Our collective noun.
Missing here
The human swarm or hive?
A discredit to the social insects and those magisterial Bees
Too coordinated and not acknowledging of our most disruptive innovations
The Human herd perhaps?
Too compliant, subservient? The groupthink of sheep
The sadly latent power of wildebeest.
The human flock? Or shoal?
We lack the essential grace of birds and fish
They flock together to ride the currents of life as one
Oh blessed unions
From pack to pride to pod to murmuration
A Conflict of Humans?
How I long for the Human Play
A Theatre of Personas
A Planet of Actors
A Health of People!?
All together - A Love of Hearts.

All apart - An Imaginary of Minds

A Dichotomy of Truths - shouted from the rooftops!
*Whispered in the Wilderness of caves*
Oh, a Longing of Humans!
We are an Orchestra of Beings,
tuning up, tuning down, attuning to togetherness before the show?
This first act of our play coming to a grand dénouement!
All reality a stage for improvisation on separation and interbeing
We rage and surrender in the stage-light heat of our fearful and beloved sun
The human play
PLAY ON!
The Arctic in me

The prickly pears are turning yellow
Ripening in the July sun of the early 20’s
Each year is hotter
Than the last
The bougainvillea gives up its wash of powerful colour
Leaves fall
Petals fall
We roll around the sun
Soon to tilt back
Leaning out
The easy relief of Autumn
Exhaling the growth of the year
Until the still empty lung of Winter
I long for enveloping cold
When my mind can run at full speed and clarity
Fueled by the summer fruits of my harvest
Prickly pear, fig jam, golden plum compote
Cas Ermita is a paradise
The world a swirling temple
I bathe in the islands summer heat
Tainted with fear of temperature trouble
Knowing that before long I will pray in Gaias chapels of cold
And blow icy prayers into the future
It's snowing in Brazil
Burning in the Arctic
Cities flood and half of the worlds beaches are soon to be lost forever
This is a new planet now
Hotter and wetter
Faster
More surprising
Tempestuous
Will this barrage of extremes bring us together?
Is there to be any settling down for the latter chapters of my life?
Today I have chores
The laundry needs doing
Turkey is ablaze with wildfires
I've cleaned the fridges
Guests leave
Friends arrive at Cas Ermita
Poetry night on Thursday?
Mens circle on New Moon?
Will this Island catch alight?
There are no maps for these territories!
I make new friends
Deepen dear connections
PRESENCE and CREATIVITY
These are my mobile homes
I commit
When I'm a tree...
I’m holding it down
I’m holding it up
Separation is unacceptable
That means - I wont accept it
Branches
Roots
Seeking
Sensing and responding
I hold tight
I hold open
Planetary health

Regenerate the earth
Reharmonise our needs
Catharsis through rebirth
Our collective rite of passage
Adolescence lost
Paradise found
Again
The spiral turns
Counterwise to this gravity well
Trees reach for the Star
We reach for the Stars
Each one of us is no less than the journeywork of suns
I straighten my back
Breathe deep
We come into revitalising service now
Time to moisturise the planets skin
Soothe her fever
Time to do much by doing less
Let the verges grow
Forests thrive
This is no war to win
But a transformation of mind
The more beautiful world is here
And although its not evenly distributed yet
We shall spread it like mycelium
Weaving a fabric gentle and strong
Augmenting all relations
Until enchantment overflows the cup
Of this spinning place
Beyond the market

A market of ceremonies
Ritual with capital flow
Customise your modalities
A paid service no less
But much more, inclusive of personal growth
My conscience is caught on commoditisation
Privilege too
I imagine...
Open source ritual
Solarpunk commons
Basic income and assets
Universal, global
All weaponry converted to livingry
That includes the insidious, often silent - Weapons of inequality
Does diversity preclude unequal distribution?
No, equality of access and outcome not the same
The spirit of these thoughts -
Lets pour our energy into cups not blades
Technologies of togetherness
Come all
Unity through Diversity
This human forest
Longing to link roots and share the soil
Come on
Feel deeper
Under the Carob tree
Cicada breeze
Crystals hang from the branches
among fragrant seed pods
Crystals hang here in Ibiza, there is giant behind me
Dragged from the earth of India
The crystals are pure and neat
But they dont hold my attention
What holds my attention and changes the shape of my face
with a smile
Is a non human person
I'm beaming at a little bird
Showing me its stunts as it loops the loop
And back to perch among the rich brown carob pods
This fellow is joy to behold
Fly catcher
Feathered angel
"Hello Friend!" I call with mirth
I'm sure it looks at me and acknowledges with a twitch and
flitter of wings
Breeze blows
Seed pods drop
The Cicada fizz simmers on
What I choose to notice affects me
Leaves curl as they dry
Ants on the table are seeking, seeking
The olive trees grow with invisible slowness
So do we
While currents of air swirl fast and gentle
Cooling my skin
Creasing waters surface
Blue shine
Boiling

The water around me is hotter than it used to be
I think
My baseline shifted
My sense of how it was before
I'm less comfortable
My legs ache a little with latent movement
Where would I jump to anyway?
Somewhere cool
Rich with insects
Northern Europe?
Siberia?
How's the water there?
Wet
Warm
Tropical
...Intertidal cities...
Focus!
In the present
The water boils and we record the temperature on our phones
Boiling selfies
Sirens in this saucepan
Planes fly overhead
They are trying to put out a fire, right here!
I would jump
There's nowhere to jump to
I will adapt
Deeply
So I'm trying
To relate
Aerial journey

We lift off from Airship mooring 18,
It's a beautiful ‘supertree’, thick stem spreading conical up to the launch pad disc,
Receding below us,
Ant people at work,
The new venice of london spreads to the south,
Wet glimmers among Shards and Gherkins,
Many with dirigibles moored to their tips,
The great lake of the Thames,
...

Awakening to the arctic latitudes,
A verdant vision,
Uplighting the gondola with a glowing green,
The largest Island in the world,
Once white,
Now lives its name,
Prophecy fulfilled,
We soar over green snow,
A primal landscape,
Algae originating life,
Colours swirl and we pass over red territories,
The unnameable border of red and green...
A terrestrial mimesis of the Auroras swirl,
This new earth is full of fascinating change,
Everything is possible now,
Born again,
Purpose overflows,
Forests await,
The animals with us,
Restless with expectation of release
Denmark
The flat table black
Pens and paper on its back
I go to work now

Sunlight in cool sky
Turns sudden rain to glitter
We grin with delight

She is always true
It can be uncomfortable
And then most sweet
When I am Air
I expand
Blow adrift
I wear clouds
And sometimes drop rain
To lighten
My dark blue moods

When I am Water
I move through many mediums
Everyone and everything
Welcomes me
Trees soak me up and exhale me to sky
I celebrate
Triumphant as a cumulous cloud

When I am Fire
I want to consume so fast
I will burn out!
I would blaze hot and steady
Keep my flames fed
So I seek reliable fuel...

When I am Earth I often crumble
But only at the surface
Deep below in the dark I hold stone and crystal forms
My skeleton is mineral treasure
All surrounded by my essential substance
Fertile, fundamental
I'm a dark kind of living
My hidden wealth constantly creating
Green surface surprises
7.83 Hz my vibration
Royal, deeply, richly, soil home
Leaving Copenhagen
It filled me up
Where the sun is shining always, i fly
In a cabin of strange and fellow humans
I look down upon a patchwork Germany
Summer fields and forests dark
Palettes of ochres and green
Interwoven with roads and rivers
Inset with jewels of turquoise lakes
This summer haze seen from high
I feel as a golden retriever blinking in the sun
Sleepy and satisfied
My back petted
Scratched behind ears
Many a forehead kiss
I feel at home in Europe
I could lean out of the plane and rest face across the fields
Feeling the cool press of river on my cheek
Hands spread over acres
Fingers test the density of soil and resisting bristles of trees
I could hug to the horizon
Arm around earth curve
Warmth on my back
Feet in the ocean
landscape loving
Peace in the sky
High with soft hope
Like clouds aloft
The future changes shape
With imperceptible motion
Ibiza
return
Shop front

I'm closed
I'm open
I keep turning the sign
The door bangs with a jingle and the blind flaps down, my frown
Blind spins up and door swings open with a smile
Sunlight pours in
I'm open
I'm closed
Don't bother me
Come in!

Nodal being

When I am a tree
I recognise
My arms are branches, hands twigs
Toes are budding roots
Longing to burrow into earth
I wish a bird would land on my shoulder
Slow growing clothing of perfect moss
Embellished with living lichen
I relate well to others
Standing patient
And tall
Imminent Autumn

I live in a flower that is showing its first bruises after full bloom
Past the peak of exuberance
That sinking feeling at the beginning of a downward curve
The smell is sweeter than ever
Almost sickly
Still full of colour
Sticky and easy to digest
I've pollinated before
So fear not the change of tide
Fall with the season and allow it
I remember “surrender all resistance”
“I'm trying!”, a holy joke
The gradation slides to deeper hues,
ascendant sun of yellow into folding oranges and browns
Grapes turn pungent and sour on the vine
Figs fall
I want to drop poems like leaves and let them compost
Fears too
A new chapter whispers from beyond the Horizon
An alchemical phase
Distilling what has grown
Tasting what we have learnt
About our shared home
Azores
After storm

The mood has changed,
The air roars,
Throwing all kinds of plant detritus into the sea,
I swim amongst it,
Like the labradors which shaped me,
I lock onto a stick, further out
rising and falling on the swell,
I must collect it,
The mood is green today,
Opaque and filled with distractions,
It's hard to swim holding a cane,
It judders through the water
Flexing under pressure
I swim with one hand to the shallows
Throw my prize
A bamboo spear
Stuck into the sand
A flagless pole
By my towel
I thank the flowers as I pass them by
Each Hydrangea a glowing orb of blue, white, pink
I cup my hands around each bloom
like a seer but peering into now
Down the hill overseen by Pines and Plane trees
Past my neighbour, young black cow whose chain I break with a
straight thought from my heart
I pick him a succulent bunch of grass
Cows wag their tails too
I stoop to smell the luminescent Belladonnas, the Magic, perfume
portal the Resurrection Lily!
and all the life of world rhymes with my own
While I weave its pattering through the loom of my senses
A cat on a rooftop napping sits up and locks eyes with me
I’m overcome, we stare for the longest time ever
Everything except our eyes ripples and wavers, ready to let go of forms
I break this moment for the waves only,
Down to the beach and eager feet into hot sand
As if its volcanic genesis were yesterday
It's late summer, pastoral, tropical and evergreen here all in one
Oddly perfect, the sea warmer than it looks
I wade in to know this teal Atlantic liquid
The first heaving wave slaps a laugh right through me
And i’m clean with salt and water, breathing, making way for the new
and making way for the new and making way for the new
and making...
My dear friend whose shaping environment I now tenderly explore
Holds open a chalice for me to pour into
sensitive self fully flowing
A cup of safety and trust and care
Essential friendship, kinship found
I am in my right mind
anew
Sisters and brothers

They leap and my heart follows
Missiles of joy
Each explosive surface break
pulls a whoop of elation
out of us - boat bound mammals
Their intelligence and fun is palpable
Among amassing hundreds we idle the engine
Flop awkwardly off the boat
I think 'If i relax, they will too and come close'
I do, just float
They do
Blue silver slips
Spotted and oh so fine
Barrelling a few feet beneath me
The water alive with the community broadcast of clicks and squeaks,
their inimitable language
To my astonishment a vibrating and crystalline object
ascending straight upward before me
A jellyfish? I fear
No, a bubble shaped by sonic sculpture
Charged with a Dolphin thought
I am blessed to witness this expression
Pass by and break surface for sky
Just a moment
Like a wave
Passing perfectly through
Thank you for reading

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