

The background features a woman's face on the right side, looking towards the viewer. The entire image is overlaid with a complex digital pattern of glowing, multi-colored lines (yellow, orange, red, and purple) that resemble a circuit board or data stream. On the left side, a hand is visible, reaching out towards the center. The overall aesthetic is futuristic and digital.

Point of Light

Padma Jared Thornlyre

Padma Jared Thornlyre was born in Fort Collins, Colorado (USA), at the base of the Rocky Mountains, in 1959. He has spent most of his life in Colorado, with brief stints in Oklahoma, Wyoming, South Dakota, and Iowa. Currently, he lives in Denver, Colorado in one of the most diverse neighborhoods in the U.S.

Padma has been writing poetry for 24 years-since the age of 12 when, in a moment of epiphany, he “knew” that the Muse’s path would be his own. He has written six books to-date, two of which are published: *Fire Queen* (& related poems) in 1989; and *My Guru, My Midwife* in 1994. He is hard at work on the 20-somethingth revision of *Angel Flesh: Poems 1978-1996*, which he hopes to publish sometime in 1997 or ‘98.

Padma Thornlyre lives with his fiancée, the modern dancer, Julie Dyan McKinney (who has danced with the Cleo Parker Robinson Dance Ensemble and is currently a member of the Kim Robards Dance Company). Padma and Julie frequently collaborate on performances combining Julie’s dance with Padma’s poetry, sometimes with and sometimes without musical accompaniment. They hope to marry in the Autumn of 1997; by then, they should have enough money to spend their honeymoon in Greece!

“Padma Gyalpo” (or Lotus King) was the name given him by his teacher, Chagdud Tulku Rinpoche, when he took his bodhisattva vow as a practitioner of Tibetan Nyingma Buddhism. Soon thereafter, he legally changed his name from Jared Dean Farnsworth. “Thornlyre” is his own invention, suggesting the possibility of art or beauty (lyre) within the world of suffering (thorn).

- Essay on Art
- Forest
- The Point of Light

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Essay on Art

I become porous,
from you no sheltered
substance—a sponge, long-
since yanked from salt-wash
saturation, as
suddenly returned.

I the alpine slope,
you seize the red soil
behind my ribs; my
vessels your roots and
branches become, my
tongue your bursting cones.

From ovarian
sleep tossed, I begin
the Fallopian
descent from slumber
to death; but here you
are, and we awake.

Forest

rocks scatter
pine-root

stretches forest
floor mushrooms

hover windless
clouds claw

*...how earth, sun and moon
and the bright common sky
and the Milky Way
and the outer edge of Olympos
rose into being
and the fierce heat of the stars...*

The Point of Light

1.

O, you whose black
locks were the Piney
River's silver-eddied
currents, I, stone-
phallused, quaffed
the icy silk of your
tributary springs
—now dry—and I
am unslaked: a
lousy ascetic, too
burdened with seed
when celibate, obsessed
recalling your breasts.

2.

I plunged to your
ploy of ripples—
nipples in rapids
and pools—troutlike,
and taken, I gilled
your dark flood,
swift tongue!

3.

But gills resolve
to mere spirit, fins
into wings of flame:
bone becomes marble—

a broken phallus, skull
into silt half-sunk.
I observe this man.
Between his ribs I
wedge a glimpse
but, angelic, astral
or godlike, spirit
without flesh cannot
stand, nor swim,
nor lift the wave—
memory's burden:
your hair's night—
curl around my
veins, its undulations
slashing my muscle
of love into grains:
my marble heart,
by your rare hair's
swish! had eroded,
been emptied
downstream, my
lapis and moonstone
necklace splintered
by thaw after thaw.

4.

My skull's eyes drift
skyward, where
cirrus-muscled
thighs arch to a point
of light, an isolated
star—"Drink deep
from my tongue,
live with me and
discover your own
living heart: abundant,
terrestrial, teeming
with unions. Honey
wine at the Ethiopian
Restaurant, tulips
and *kóta kápama*
at the bubbling
spring of splashes,
our bath of aloe
and rose, in steam
as laughter spring
from our brimming,
bubbling loins.

5.

To live with her
is learning to live
with myself; to
live alone is to live
with you, so adieu,
Tássana, you
no longer quench
that thirst which
is now for cascades
of a single star's
foam. Nude in her
fountains, I
dance, renewed.