

As a child I grew up in a household where Methodist come Uniting Church beliefs and morals abounded. They were considered, questioned and applied in equal measure and no doubt played a key role in initiating my search to find out who I am and why I am the way I am.

Over the years I discovered there are many ways of seeing the world, many beliefs, with each of us viewing it through our very own lives.

This book is dedicated to my mother who as I remember—again, when I was a child—kept a book of clippings, notes, sayings and proverbs that offered solace through positive and reassuring words in times of doubt and sadness.

My world is a better place for her love.

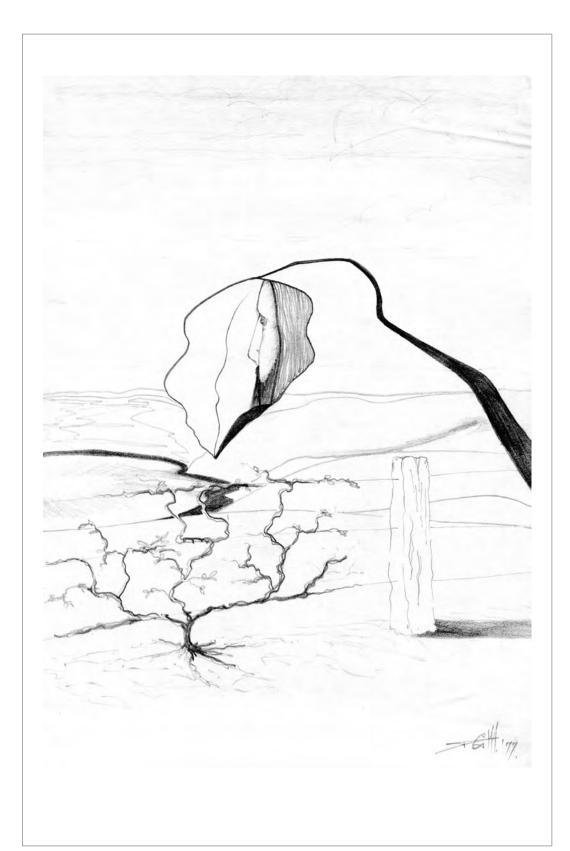
On these pages are the journeys random of an empty vessel afloat upon the waves of uncertainty in a restless sea of contemplation.



THINGS APPEAR THEY SEEM

Peter Murdoch

Various writings 1974–2014



Things appear as they seem.

Life:

within the simple lies subtlety, within creation unknown mystery. The mind divides truth into beauty and ugliness. Within the heart lies truth within friend's love, wisdom.

Object & Art:

the object is but a tool upon which to reflect the inner self being, with the power of vision, into the reality beyond the Son lights the way. ... the Sun lights the day.

Vision:

the unitary isolate becomes manifested within all that comes and goes and the tide ebbs with them no longer themselves.

Flow:

with the patterns of change that surround, stand in time, rest in peace; growing weary, fear not, silence is but preparation for an inner rebirth.

One:

in totality universe.

Mothers three things:
Be true to yourself.
Be thoughtful to others.
We can all contribute to this world.

There be no finer window than the one not there, There be no better door than the one not used. These are, my friend, great treasures, yours to use.



Like a twisted warts desire

Words, words, words. Descriptive images describing descriptively imagined concepts.

When one perceives clearly the words become meaningless. When one sees this state of mind as being within oneself, one may, with all due respect, be very fortunate.

To communicate this state of mind is foolishness; perception is perceiving. One uses words, not to recreate this state of mind, but to give some direction to its existence.

Some seek to know; guide them not. Some wish not to know; they will learn. But what does this matter for I am, as I write this, and you are, as you read it.

Is not this important in itself.

Inside-out; outside-in

In a world of many things, two things always appear to exist, and seem by nature, as a fundamental law. A truth, that, when denied, only affirms its being.

These two things, are creation, and equally destruction. Present in perception as the birth and death of things. Betwixt these two ends, the conflict of their function rests.

The beginning of things, their starting, also results in the finishing of other things, their ending. The morning light begins the day, and ends the night.

The stopping of things, is the activation of other things. The stopping of life activates death.

When we stop studying the practicalities of life, we begin to practice lifes studies.

Life is a flow in the universe, of dying things, giving birth to new things.

Relinquishing old friendships creates space, for new ones to develop.

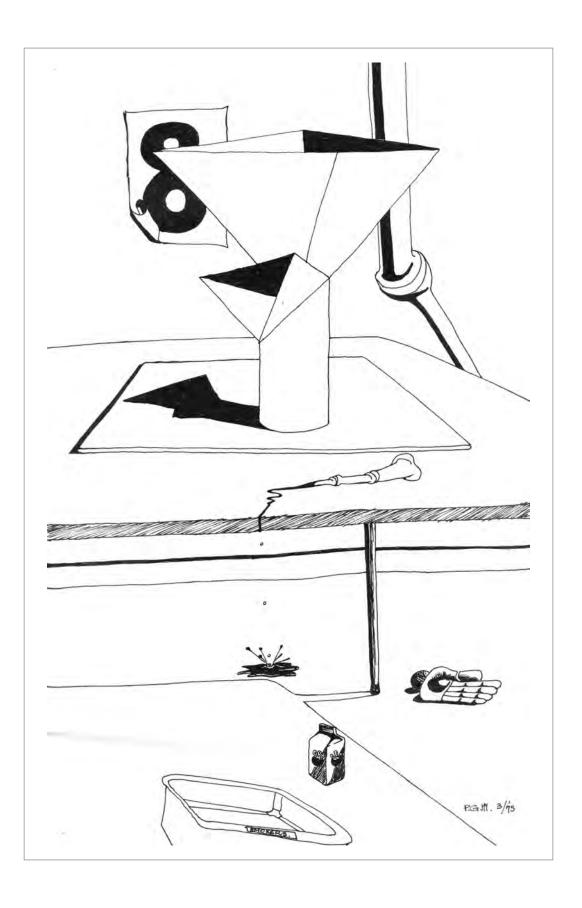
So too with times.

Changes that this 'giving into' process create, may happen instantly without warning, as perception. Or may be a gradual transition, as is growing.



and goes out the way in whence it came!

The man who sups, sows the seed the silo stores through the struggle.



Interchange

water vapour water (liquid) ice (solid)

ice forms resistance to any separation and will break away under pressure.

water does not resist any pressure but moves away from the force.

vapour floats in space and resists no pressure but falls in time.

ice, water and vapour change freely from one form to an other

temperature and movement are the pressures which will alter the waters form

they are one and the same in composition but differ in arrangement.

the mystery of life still remains.

resistance to change in our view of things can be our downfall.

moving aside our view we may see from a new view point.

seeing meaning as same, in quest, we absorb the force of friction.

being willing to change from one analogy to another may bring understanding.

bearing and dying are the facts our selves will have to face.

the lives we lead vary greatly but will some day be gone.

Interchange of ideas about our world between individuals is the basis of the extension of communication. When it all boils down I guess it's the reason we love what we hate and hate what we love.

To tell what we know or to know what we're told.

To tell what we do or to do what we're told.

It's not what we create or destroy it's how we distribute the joy.

The truth you see is how you fiddle about in the middle of the unknown riddle.

The ridiculous equilibrium, the sane alter - native.

Neither are nothing - but so.

Perception lies not in hearing every sound that comes your way, nor every sight that you do see, nor be it, anything you sense.

Perception is when you can really tell that your heaven, is also your hell.

Drizzle! Drizzle! Soaking Rain.

Pharisean Confessional

Fortune fashions fabulous myths in our minds so clear, and the price of our simple pleasures become less and less, more clear.

The love hate conflict creating chaos requires careful consideration, yet to our coloured brick castle cells we give all our adoration.

Till in a state of frustrated foolishness we walk through the door, leaving behind our material mud and more just to sing some spiritual score.

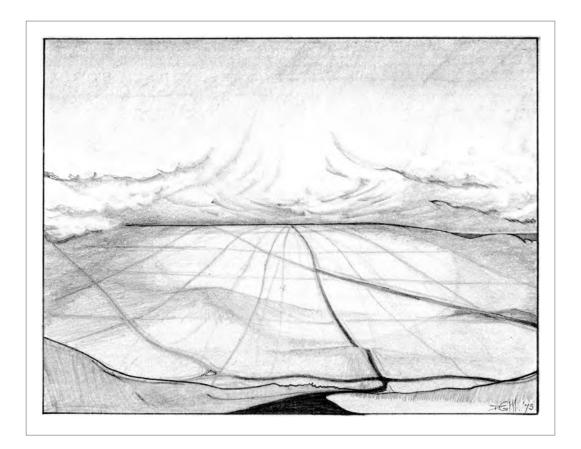
Sensing some lighthearted bells I leave your gods, only missing, to justify your hells with a few earthen sods.

Our world is furiously failing faith of being any real necessity, and you sit there, silently salivating in your social ecstacy.

'Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth', he said, But damn us, we have to finish feelings of freedom till all is dead.

The end is near, you are my fear. Life is dear.

Life is a question; death is an answer. But there is more, far more for sure, in sitting quite still; or in striding a hill; or simply free from opacity.



Wisdom will come, not be brought to the surface.

You can carry wisdom only when you allow wisdom to carry you.

The truth lies in what you are and not in what you seek to be.

freedom rests in peace of mind and your mind is free to be at peace with your self.

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Being: the ethics of one's path.

Heritage reverse; how perverse!

I've got four inflated wheels that give lovely blackened squeals, but what of my natural feet, they're now useless bits of meat.

I've got two brightly shining lights that cloud those subtle night sights and what of my gift given eyes, they give gift now, only to my cries.

I've got a two cubic metre boot where I stash my social loot.
The homely comforts I carried on my back have vanished with my portable pack.

I've now got a back seat space to carry more of my own race. Where before, they would beside me walk and instead of tormenting traffic, we'd have talk.

You can open me, and inspect every single part. You can feel the beat of my piston pumping heart. And with a car you can cease its blood flow, although with my body, this isn't quite so.

My life has become a troubled traffic turnstile, and I've lost the wonder of walking a mile, but if you think my heritage I'm going to reverse, I must concede, I really think you are perverse.

The soldier stands beside the whiten soul inside. True friends stand always, very, very near your side.

And when you fear sing this happy song sing it really clear and end it strong.

Painting is like acting.

There is a stage caught in cold white light. Then you add the setting, natural or one for betting. At last the actors appear, amazing figures out of thin air.

Balancing on silver threads and dew drops of hues, let the sun shine through from the productions you do. You are the writer, director, the actors, production crew, and the critic who writes the review.

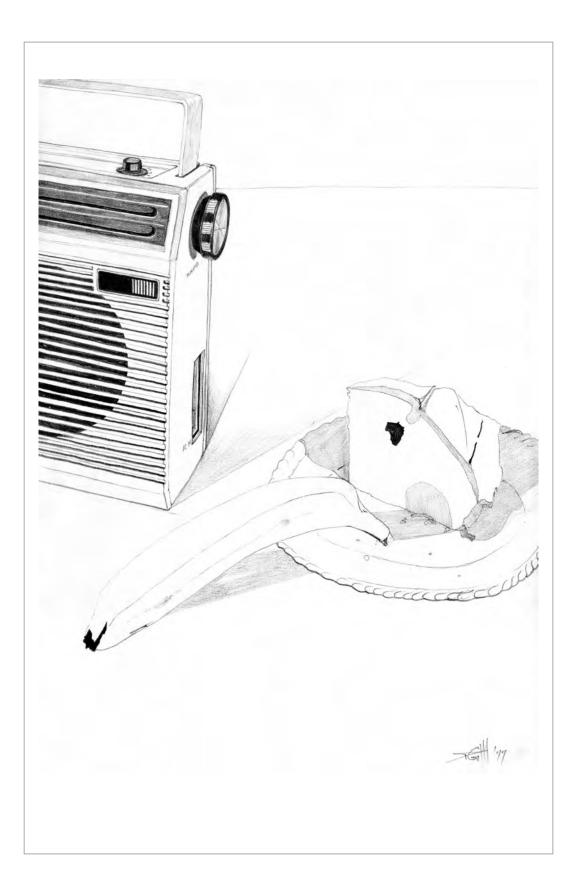


we teach and others are taught

we learn and others are learned



Where you stand is how you're situated.



The man who ...

The man who goes, dies on the man who gives to the man who takes from the man who lives on the man who makes from the man who gives, gave and so our lives, began to pave along, the ever moving wave that's supposed to save our sanity, how truly brave.

There are no images in the spinning darkness, stopping for a minute to re - appear then to disappear.

That choice, the one it brings of the edge so near, to the reality of dying.

The Fearful

They fear not what they see but spite with bitterness and joyous mockery what is beyond their knowledge and their games, they play so ignorantly.

In time you see, they will not understand why they grow old and die without seeing within that barrier so cold of their world.

Their fear is today ... strange!

Through a Quandary

I met them all one night, a party for New Year, a drunk asleep abode it came to be, so near.

There was an owner proud though not there that night. A face to remember; might, and another place to visit.

To this address I rode some time after that abode, where I met a young grave-digger, but the mystery of Kate grew bigger.

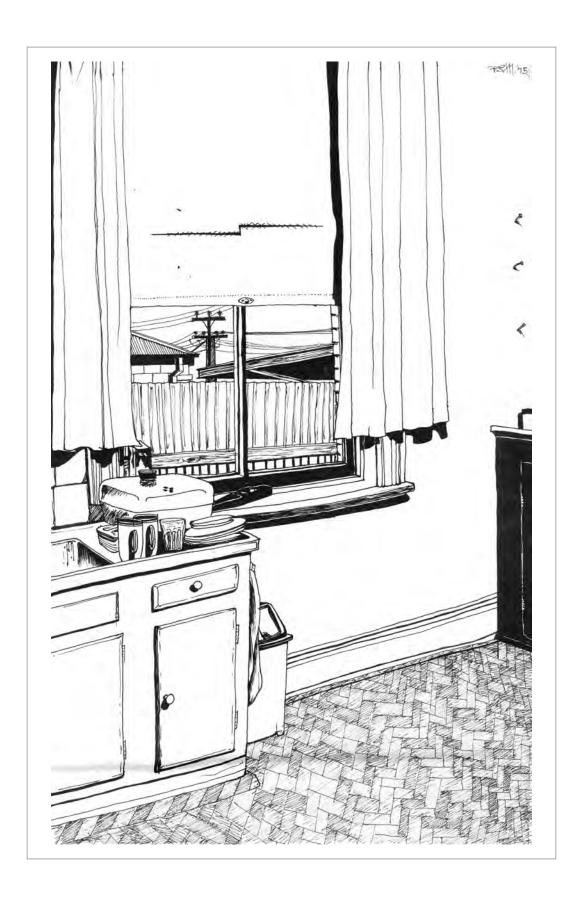
A friend of hers might know, a lithe young thing and small, as it became so obvious of them all. No, but we could call around.

Stopping outside a bourgeoisie residency we knocked and were welcomed in, into a white and sand decor within. The hotel might well be

The place full of faces that all seemed resemblances of a younger time of life. Growing asleep towards home.

A bizarre sheen like glass between the observing and the observed like a mirror reflection of some nature.

we are a microcosm a reflection of the macrocosm which is a reflection in itself.



An Educational Anagram.

Those who learn, learn to do while those who do, do to learn.



a bird in the air a bird in a cage a dead bird in a cage.

freedom

your desires cage your very freedom like your desires cage the birds'

freedom.



if you want things your mind cannot rest until you have them.

riches bring not wealth, but burdon.

truth, when sought brings no peace.

when you do not want, when you do not seek, is when you find what is there. if you seek your self you must have first given your self away. if you have not given your self away then you seek what has never been lost.

the river flows continuously

the source is in the mountains. the course moves across the plains. the source is in the oceans. the mist floats in the air.

the water is in all at the same time. it flows from its source in the mountains down to the sea and back again.

like the water, all things change appearance in time only to return to their source.

like the water, fight no course but greet it with your self and smooth it with your love.

this is the essence of courage, to see that what you lose is never lost, it just appears so because you haven't discovered that it has just changed again.

Cryptifixtion

To lose the cause returns the balance. The dove's flight.

The outward face, the inner condition. Love's placate.

The lesson given, shows the latter. The child speaks.

Void of unknown form reduces the increasing. Secret's secret.

He touches once again the terra of bubbles. Sun light day.

'Reflections of a non-existant mirror.'

The gift

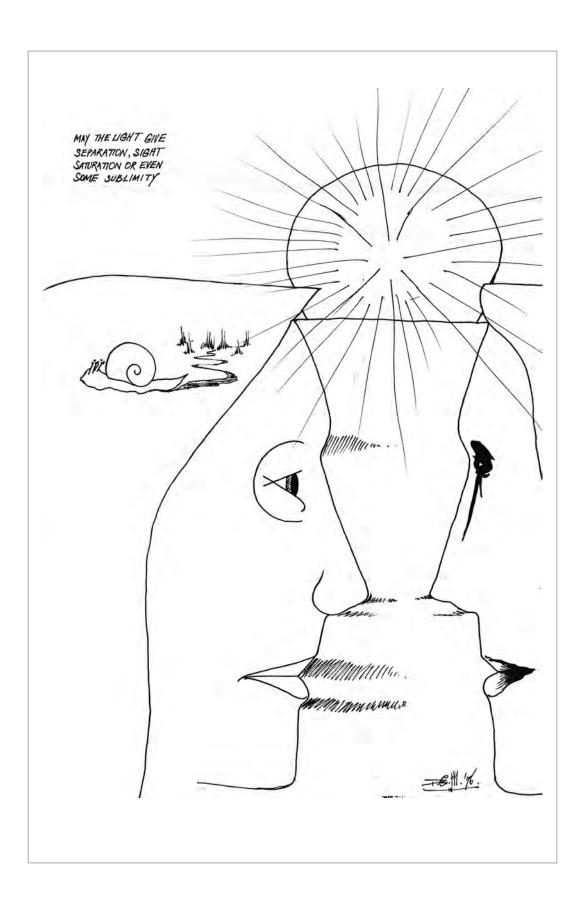
past is past. why hold on to what is gone.

tomorrow is ahead. how can you have what is not yet.

time is now.

travel with the time. time changes all things so change is natural.

now is the present.



may be
what's outside
your skin
is your
what's inside
just showing
on the
out side.

Being about

We are What surrounds us

Our condition Is its reflection

We are A speck of universe

Our soul Is its window

The thin veil of skin we wear Brings us to reality.

Collectively our perceptions shield us from the light but the light is too bright for us to see it alone.

Everything but nothing.

Living on the edge

We are the froth and bubble of form A thin line between two worlds we adorn One that is kept constrained The other free and unrestrained.

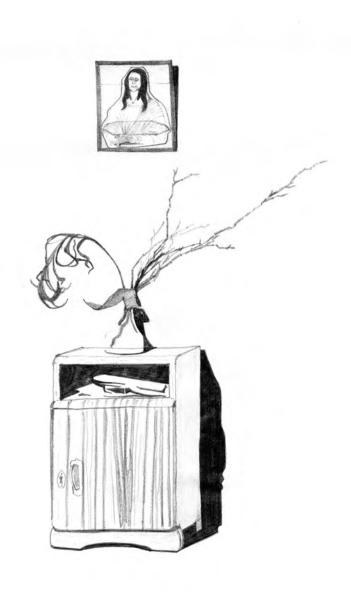
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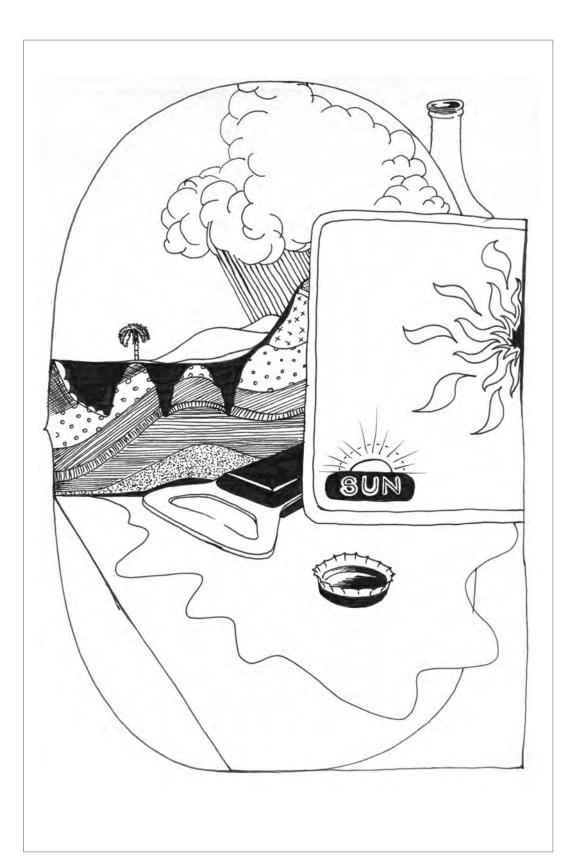
It happens, that I find,
I get quite sad when people they are bad
I too, can be dismissive when they're good,
And though some thoughts within my mind
Are thoughts I'd struggle to defend,
It is my mind, and on it I depend.

Some days I'm buoyed with confidence On other days I feel inadequate to the end But in the main, it's love and peace I tend. Because, despite the harsh and dying evidence It's not the feeding of my fears and woes But of joy, that supports me in my throes.

Between the sinner and the saint,
So great the difference ain't.
For one, it is the actions of a thief,
For the other, to feed us their belief.
In the middle lives the common plight
Of those robbed, and blinded by the light.

And the glistening spheres of space, endlessly mirroring the glow of star lit realms, subside, fade and collapse from memory as the froth and bubble formed from the excitement of creation withdraws from existence.





Life is a search to uncover the clues that reveal our self.

To know thy self begs the question that it seeks to answer.

Lam still

I am still finding my way in this world.

I am still finding my self as I grow.

Being free is not an option. We all have attachments to something to make meaning of our lives.



It's not what others say or how they behave it's what you think and do that will see you through.

In our pursuit of the gods We sometimes seem to forget Our humble animal origins. To locate something in space by sound, it must produce a sound or reflect sound. To locate something in space with vision, it must produce a light or reflect light.

messages are compiled from symbols that represent meanings we understand

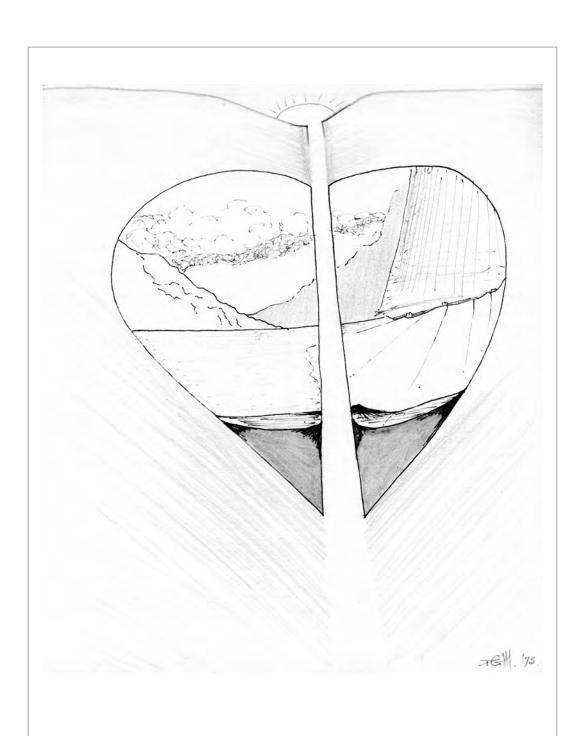


But, having lost no sleep over it, He wondered in silence – as the lingering translucent chill of his final breath became illuminated on the surface of the morning – is this his life in an afterthought.



That which is, is as a result of that which comes before it. That which is, is a reflection for that which comes after it. That is, which is.

It is right that you can hold a view. It is wrong to think it is the only view. It is common to share your view with others. It is unjust to force others to hold your view.



You don't have to be like others You don't need to be liked by others Just like others for who they are And be, like yourself.

Home on the range

Between the columns of light, The pillars of illumination and understanding, And the chasms of darkness, The valleys of doubt and disillusionment, Lie the boundaries of choice, The borders of awareness and deception.

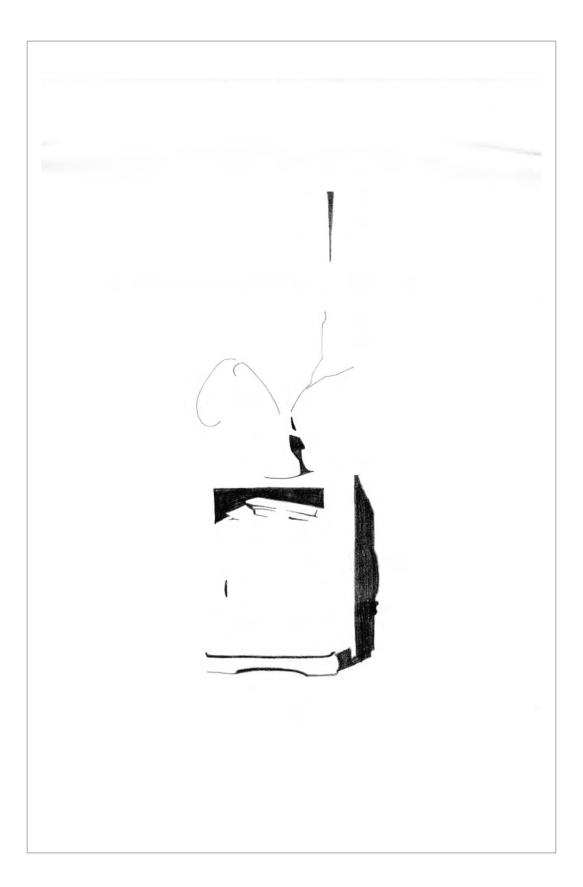
Between certainty and despair Lies the homeland of the living.

A Sense of Space

Born into this same place Our lives but world's apart Some born with reservation, some disgrace And for some, a privileged start.

For all the meted injustice and suffered hardship We can't excuse our ancestors for their past But can we learn to build a friendship And, for our future, make it last.

Our children on us depend To side by side, walk hand in hand To work toward that common end And together, care, for this shared land.





(sign)post - power pole

King Street, Newtown, NSW, Australia, March 2013.