



Austin's
Rediscovered
Quatrains
Art
Scapes

Austin P. Torney

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AUSTIN'S REDISCOVERED QUATRAINS ART SCAPES





These quatrains were too hastily deemed either too plain, repetitive, or not applicable, plus I'd run out of illustrations, and *Austin's Rubaiyat* was already out and very long; but now that I look at them again, many of them are just fine. I still rejected a lesser number—they appear at the end, as *The Discarded Quatrains*.





**Hence old or sick, one might regret or pine,/Giving all to have back some better time.
Now you are young and fine, so be glad, smile;/Ne'er again will you live this life of thine.**



**So now we retrieve the wingéd hours,/Those that drudges stole and overpowered,
Hours gentle and mild, like cleansing showers,/That fill the cup and freshen the flowers.**



**Insight stabs the utter darkness of nought, / As ideas that wink in the mind as thought.
This is the only knowledge to be known— / All else is aforethought or afterthought.**



**Kissing on the rocks, by the riverside,/Our rhythm ripples water, raises the tide,
Rings ship's bells, dances light cross sea and sky—/All vibrations live from hearts satisfied.**



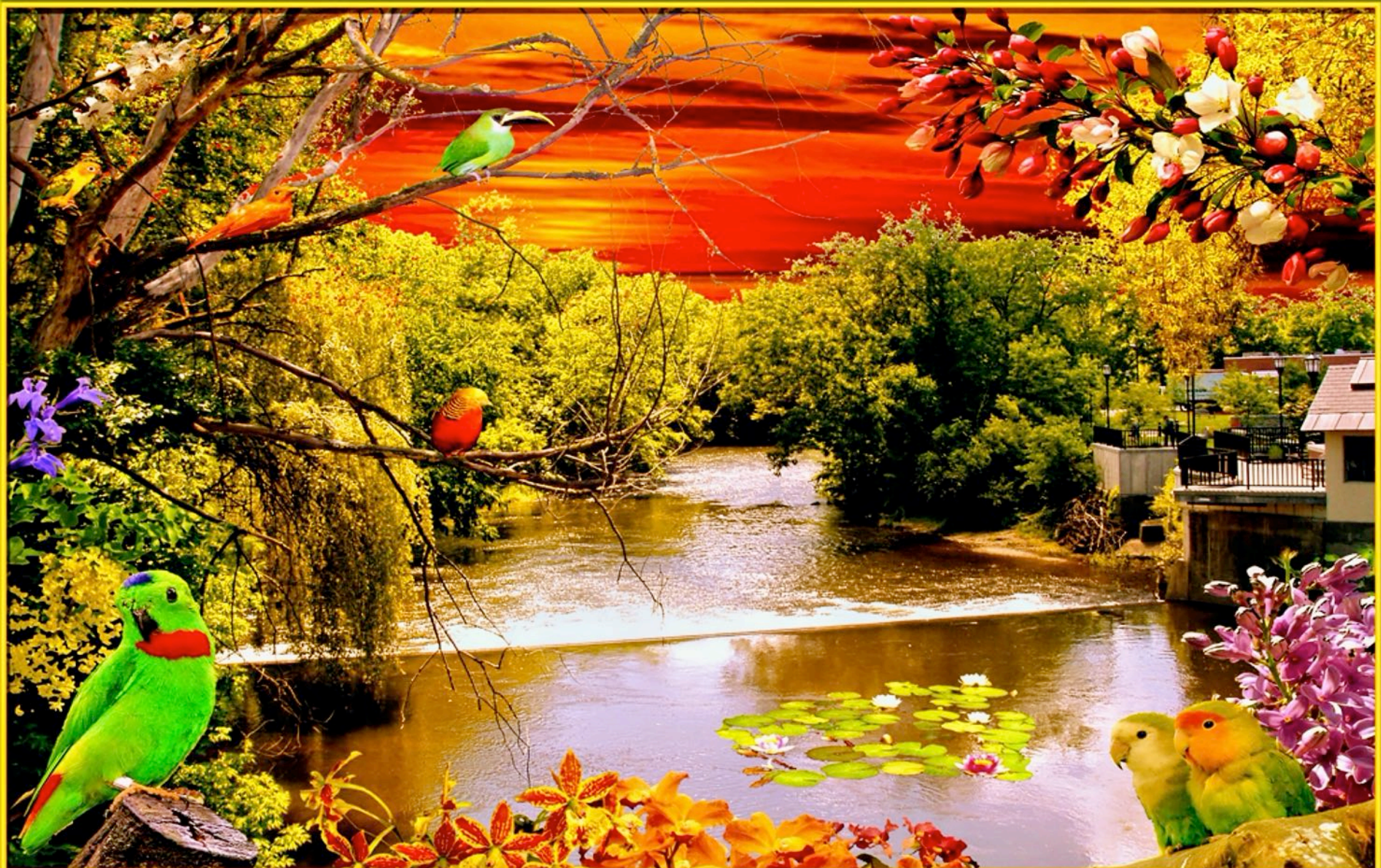
**The well-spring calls, the weary traveler rests,/As from a torrent, when riding waves and crests,
And looks, in depth, to find a deeper source,/And 'hears' by inner sense against it pressed.**



***Soul to soul it says, softly, I'm the light,/Thy spirit's sight, a beauty bold and bright,
An inspiration come from darkest night,/A newborn star aglow with insight.***



***Sunbeams, breezes, dewdrops everywhere,/Nature, love, friends, sensation, adventure—
We have it all; four elements are there:/Life's a mix of earth, fire, water, and air.***



**I notice here a great pittance and dearth/Of words that rhyme with the beloved Earth;
So aside from mirth, how can poems give birth/To all that life on this planet is worth?**



**We dare to walk the line, balancing fun/There, between adventure and misfortune,
For the greatest blunder in life is to/Repeatedly fear that you might make one.**



**Edges dissolve when opposites are balanced;/Time and dimensional space are transcended.
Everything joins yet remains as itself,/For what 'is not' is as great as what 'is'.**



**Opposites are just a different view/Of one fundamental phenomenon:
Light, beauty, and goodness are the inverse/Sides of darkness, ugliness, and evil.**



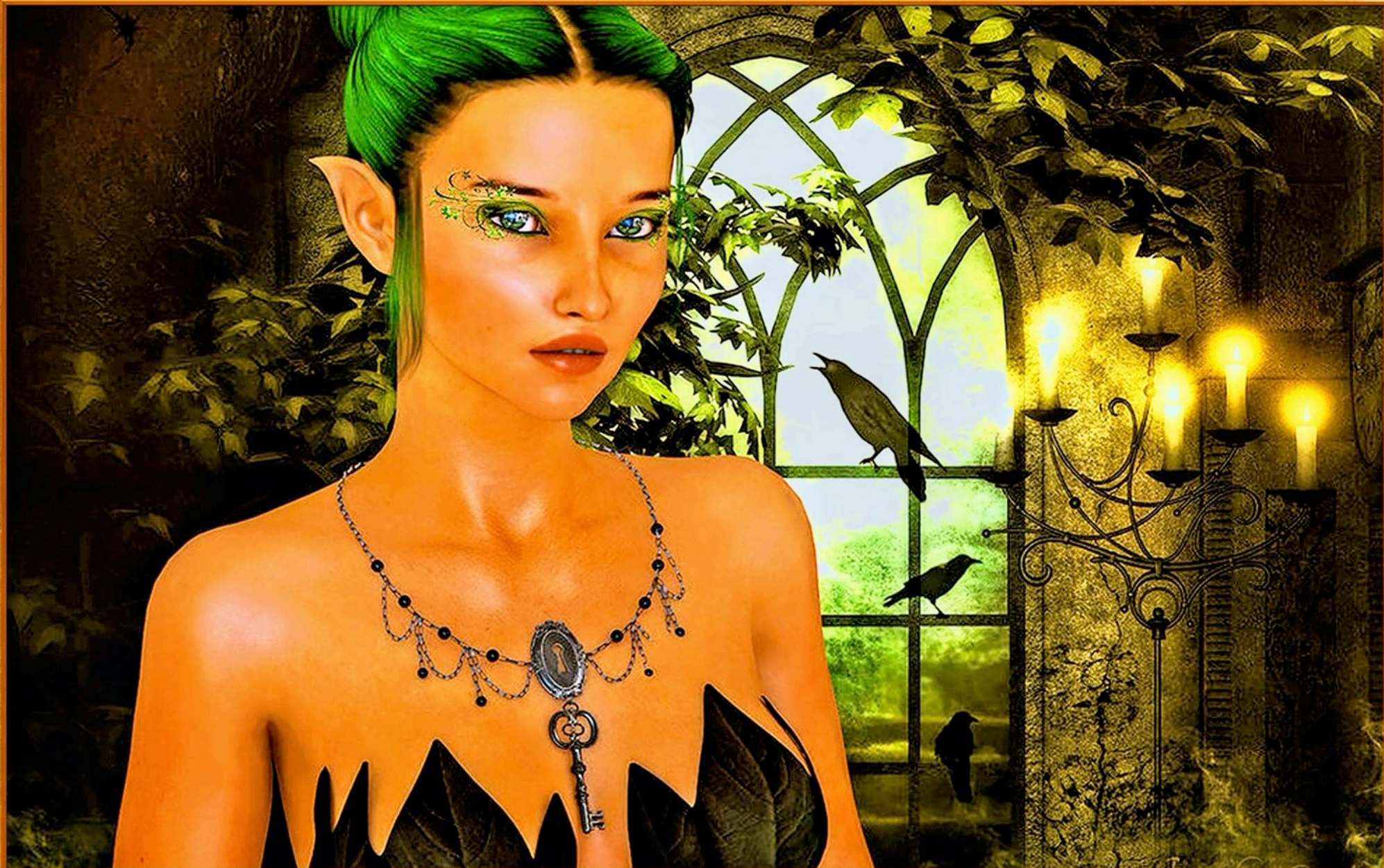
*A moment of eternity in hand,/Caught from a wingéd creature on time's sand,
Yet put aside to later view in peace./It flies! Now pursue it through Never-Land.*



**Oh how life is frittered and thrown away,/By running back and forth this and that way,
In vain pursuit of meaningless details,/When a simpler life could be had straight away!**



**Long we give our time to worry's hurry, / Going breathless back and forth in scurry,
Making a living, but having no life, / Cold, unseeing—blinded by the flurry.**



**Waste not the time of life in gloom's doom! / By these verses, the lamp of life relume:
"This live body full of warmth and bloom / Is worth ten thousand lying in the tomb."**



***No time to taste life's joy or read a verse?/Too busy for friends? Rushing for the hearse?
Then life's lost in the living—that's the curse./Pause; save a life: simplify, start anew, reverse.***



**Castle builders lay stones across the sky;/
Dream merchants give gifts of unreality;
Mirages spring to life, at slightest touch;/
The impossible becomes our reality.**





**After the old excuses we still retell,/And all new advice we as yet expel,
One lone truth remains, undeniable:/There is no excuse for not living well!**



**We are life's eternal creative smile,/Beaming as the universal epistyle.
In beings, the cosmos has come alive,/Thus we borrow life from death for awhile.**



*'Twas a time before birth when we were not; 'Twill be a time again when we are not.
From Death our life is a borrowed debit; / Let's spend it, living it to our credit.*



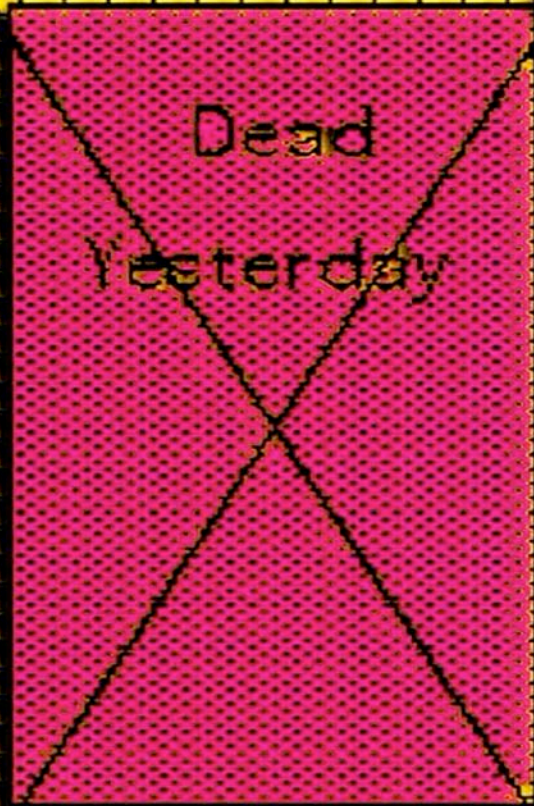


**Heaven rains forth its blessings from above,/In forms of peace, serenity, and love;
Well, either I am lucky, charmed, or both,/For these were the things I'd been dreaming of.**



*Life roots fast in the fertile cracks of day,/From seeds planted along the rocky way.
Like artisans, we mix our work and play,/Nurturing, then harvesting life's bouquet.*

The Calendar Revised -



- It contains only Today!

- torch

There are two days about which we needn't ask, / The one that hasn't come and the one that's past,
For we live in the paradisaal 'now', / In which each moment is eternally vast!



***Which of the following is more worthwhile:/The rainbow or the gold under its smile?
Well, the rainbow is here and now; the pot/May not turn out to be worth the miles.***



**Drink the lifeblood of the grapes you've sown, / Before pressing time squeezes out thy own.
Do toast with thy chalice and all inspire: / "To life's red wine I give all that I own!"**



**Lovely moment, come hither unto us;/Embrace us, then, expiring, give birth to
Another just as sweet—you're ours, all ours,/For you're giving us the times of our lives!**



**Since life's complex, some say, as origin:/It can't make itself or have always been!
Answer: God; but they've begged His Life's question:/He can't make Himself or have always been!**



**Helpful effort, or love, defines what's good;/Goodness, taken to extreme, is called 'God';
Laziness, or non-love, is but neutral;/Evil, or harm excess, names the Devil.**



**When I chased the flitting shadows of some/Unknown and ultimate perfectionate One,
The phantoms fled at my touch, dim images,/Reflected faint, and so far removed from.**



**Good and evil—you can't have one without/The other; so, too, with plenty and drought,
Sadness and smile, life and death, night and day,/Sun and flood, give and take, and truth and doubt.**



**Living well is more a matter of style,/Attitude, and ready reaction to
Opportunity than a calculated,/Scheduled, ponderous activity.**



**Seconds become minutes, smoothing time away;/Through the moving hours, sensations make the day;
Days soon run on, one into the other;/When weeks melt into months, a life's been made.**



"What is the
name
of the rose?"

**Poems necessarily didactical/Give as they must a sense that is practical.
They're remembered best by verse syntactical,/In which the semantics are tactical.**



**The written word stimulates the mind intense,/While illustration feeds the sighted sense.
Back and forth they build, each upon the other,/Till the sense can 'think' what a thought can 'sense'.**



**Riverside, we raise our cups to the zephyr./A diamond wealth sparkles upon the water,
Seen, gleaming, through rosé-colored glasses,/As we relax on a summer noon after.**





**We did not create ourselves, of course;/We're an expression of a deeper force.
Why rein it in or try to control it?/Since it comes from beyond, flow with the force!**



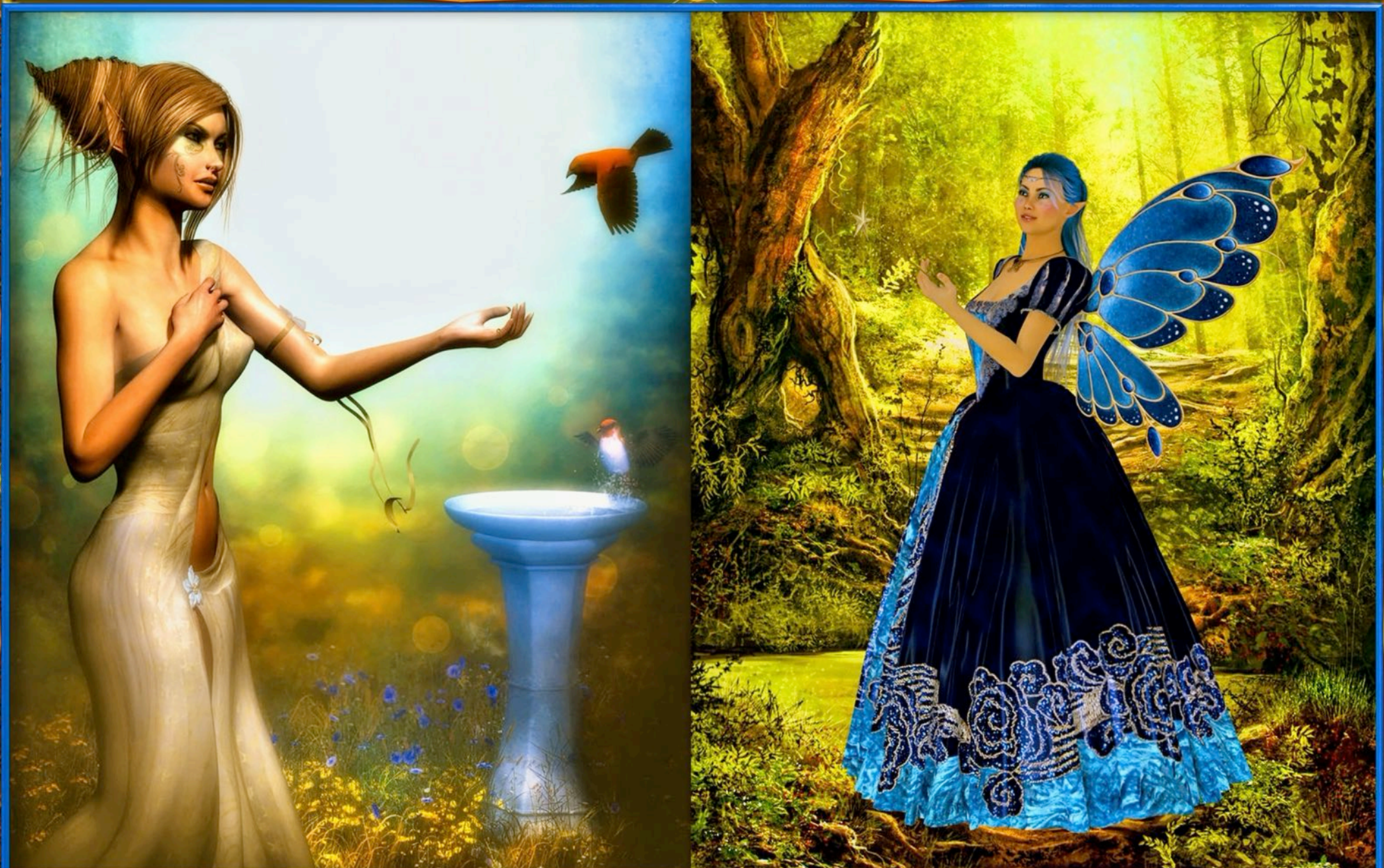
**All things arise, but then away they go, / For life's impermanent and volatile.
Drift and change are normal features of life— / Suffering starts when we resist the flow.**



**Listen to the inner creative source;/The power is in one to set the course.
Don't let the ego get in the way—/Success will then this method reinforce.**



**Experience the oneness of everything,/As manifested in the ways of being.
Become aware of interrelations;/It's a nonintellectual happening!**



*Life suddenly fits us like a glove,/As we float on our feelings, such as doves,
Renewed energy giving us a shove—/Well, could it be that we are in love?*



**Strong, in the heart of the working day,/My love for you burns the hours away;
Long, in the soul of a night of sleep,/I'm with you like a dream that will stay.**



**To your lover, all your kisses bestow, / When life's colors glow in your rainbow,
For as long as love's kisses can live, / Neither age nor time on your life will show.**





**Of your love-sweet companion, take a sup, / While she as your chalice is lifted up.
Drink deep the wine that satisfies love's thirst; / Drink, before the winds of time dry the cup.**





**The capacity for love is boundless;/No “piece for one” and “fraction for the rest”.
Since the sum of love’s parts exceeds the whole,/One can give and give love, never-the-less!**



**As we love and are loved in completeness, / Then this world, with all of its foolishness,
Work, hurry and scurry, pain and worry, / Does fast fade away into nothingness.**



Your partner's heart beats dear against thy own, / Where you're safe, warm, and completely at home, / Surrounding the blossom of your flower, / Enrapturing you, like the words of a poem.



**We're fully immersed in love's boundless dream,/Floating in peace on beauty's quiet stream.
Truth is clearly seen, it's so bright and right;/Purity's goodness swells each sparkling gleam.**



**Cares floated out on the tide, and then some./Sun-sparkles glimmered, danced, and swum,
Alighting on my mind, to become/Ideas about the loving night to come.**



***Can we ever fathom the source of love?/Perhaps its fount springs from Heaven above?
But this we know: Love's rhythm resonates,/Beneath words and thoughts, in depths unheard of.***



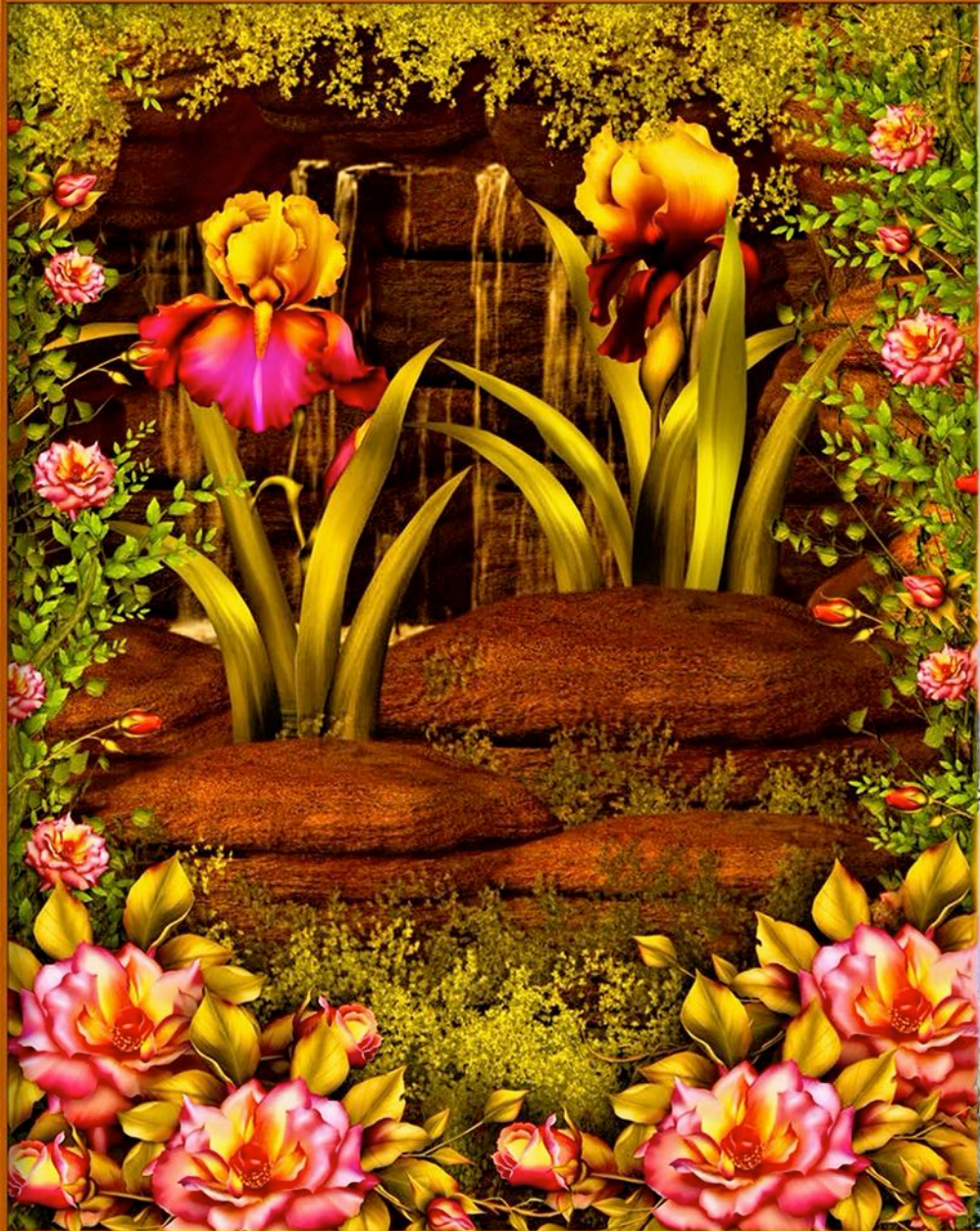
**There, on a remote shore of human soul,/To which I helped restore life and spirit,
I learned that love is the only flame that lights/This life, for she'd taught me how to give it.**



***Oft, we drink-in the pleasures of creation,/For what else could be the point of cognition,
If not to absorb all that comes streaming in?/Life's sensation is the main attraction!***



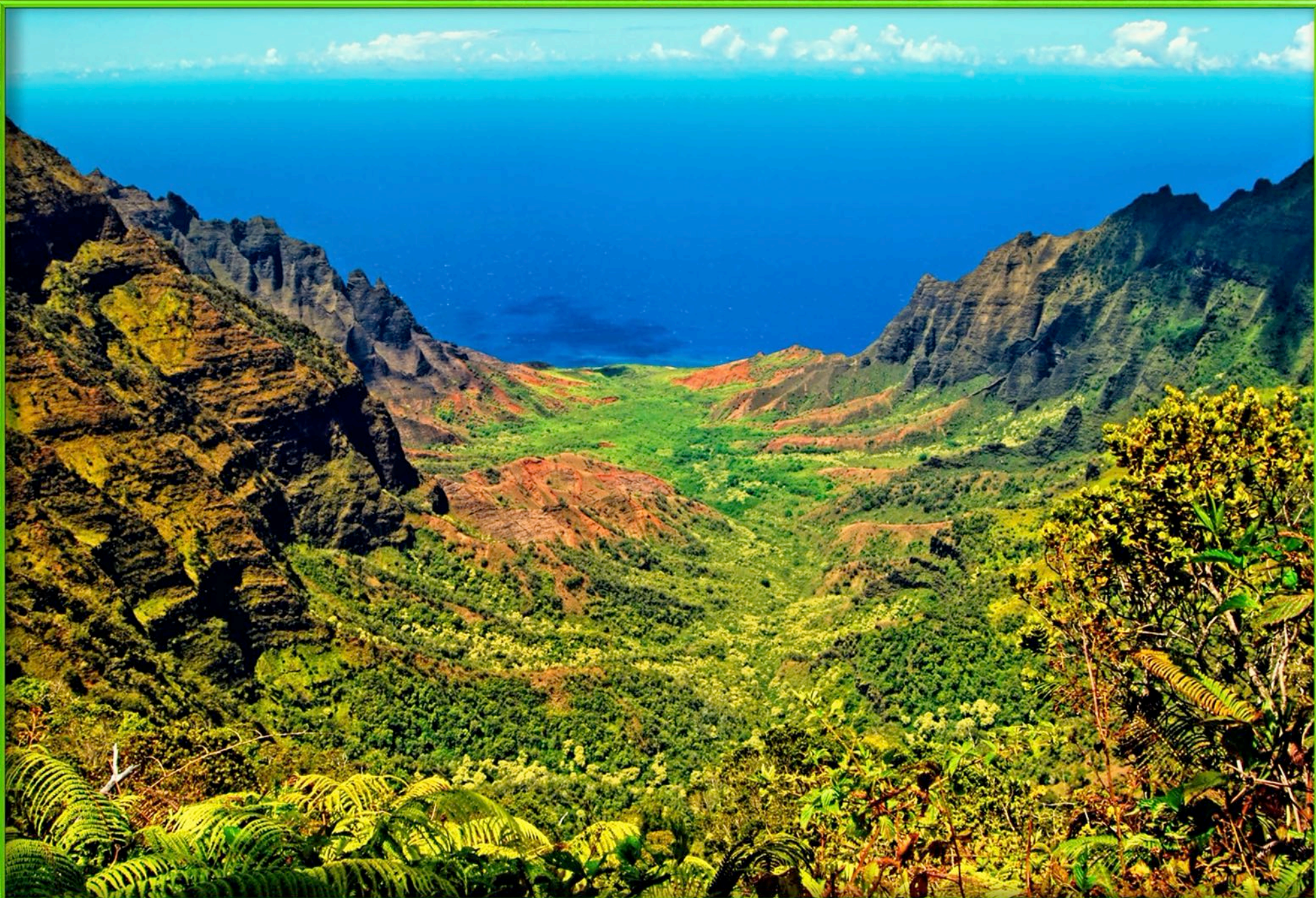
**March, April! Spring! We reign as we May there, / Between June and her sister September,
Then prolong the Fall, till November come / December, when we can sweet Remember.**



**In spring, we rise from the garden in birth./Summer blooms long with the roses' fresh mirth.
Autumn creeps in, we wither on the vine./Last comes winter, when we return to earth.**

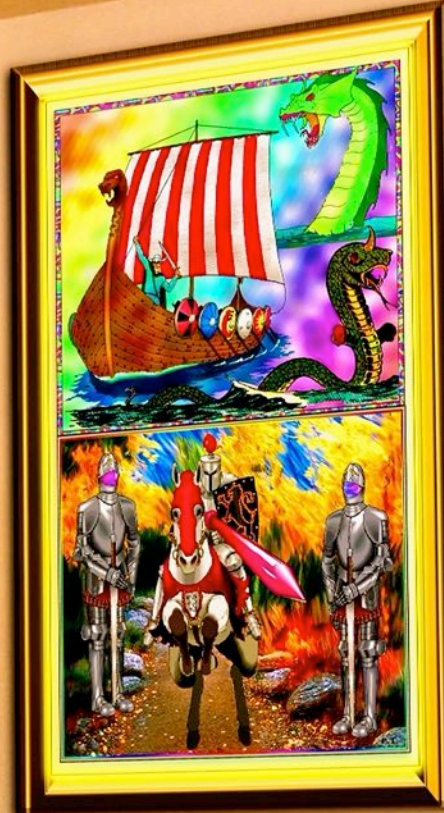


**Take the time to relax; reflect all night:/Think, think, think with the eye of the mind's sight,
Then find serenity, hope, and delight,/For only the heart can know what is right!**





**Only when we hate our hate does it leave;/Not till we live the truth do we believe;
Only when we love our love can it conceive;/And only when we give do we receive.**



**The moment contains eternal reward;/Both past and future are rolled thereinward.
Time never passes; it stays as it is;/Still, it is ceaselessly moving onward.**



**Time, my old enemy, can't vanquish me,/For I've accepted death's final counter plea.
Time may now flow on, even take me beyond,/But time's my friend now, for there's peace in me.**



**Minutes, hours, and days sequence the whole;/Month after month seasons the year, all tolled.
Youth, prime, and old-age actualize a life;/Generations bridge the centuries old.**



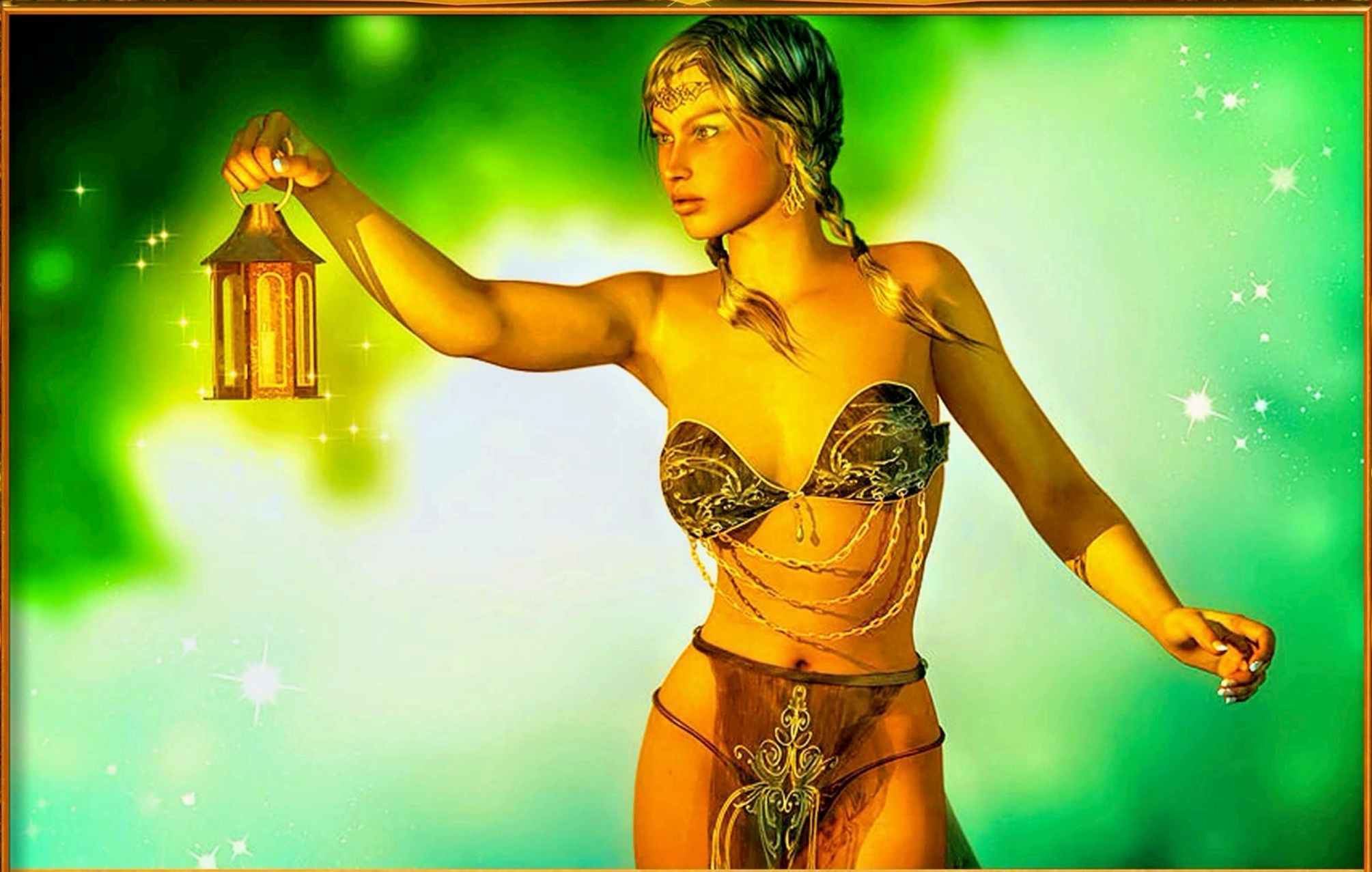
**“Old Autumn is here,” says Jack-in-the-Green/To his seasonal twin, Jack Frost, unseen.
“Here, a leaf breaks loose, and there, another;/I must leave before Winter shuts the scene.”**



**Like the rose, Omar Khayyàm came hither,/From the earth, blossomed, and showed his flower,
With charm, color, and beauty, till, toward earth,/The petals soft floated down to wither.**



**Omar as a tulip was like a cup,/Looking up to take his Heavenly sup.
He happily quaffed the wine of life, then/To earth he was inverted, all used up.**



**Farewell to the starry skies that he knew./Oh, heaven, your eyes will soon rise anew
And search for him all over the planet,/But never find him, for he's bid adieu.**



**Omar's Persia fumes caught me unawares,/Unveiling Sufi mysteries of theirs—
Eternal spirits recondensing from/Universal wisdom he'd gained somewheres.**



**Omar's *Rubàiyàt* was a revelation;/Seven times I read through each edition.
At last it all becomes clear: Life is precious!/Thus to its living I made my transition.**



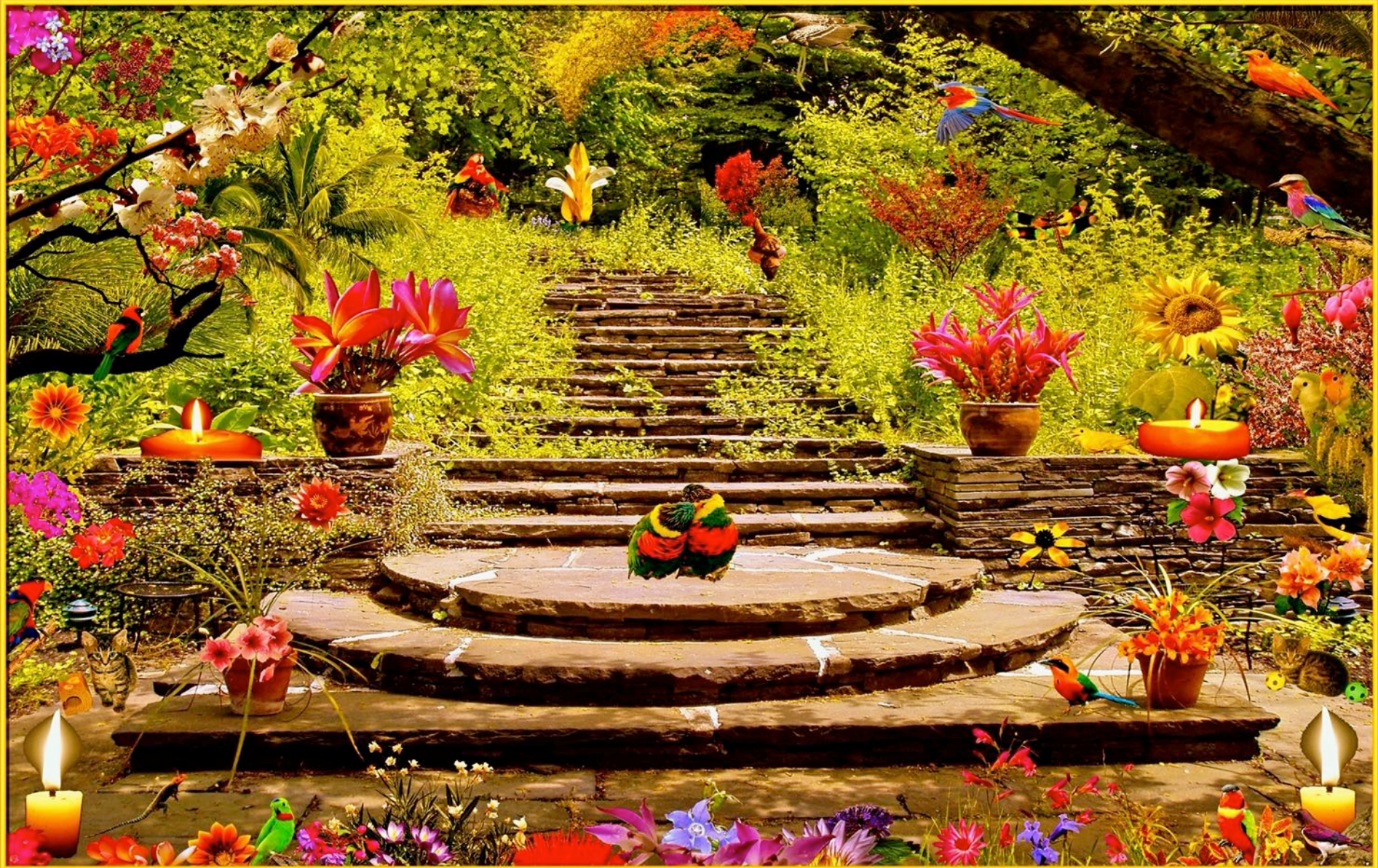
**Long time, old friend, since you lived and died,/Yet you taught us wisdom by the fireside,
Led me and mine along the riverside,/And watered our flowers through the springtide.**

The Ultimate Garden

Life in the Jungle



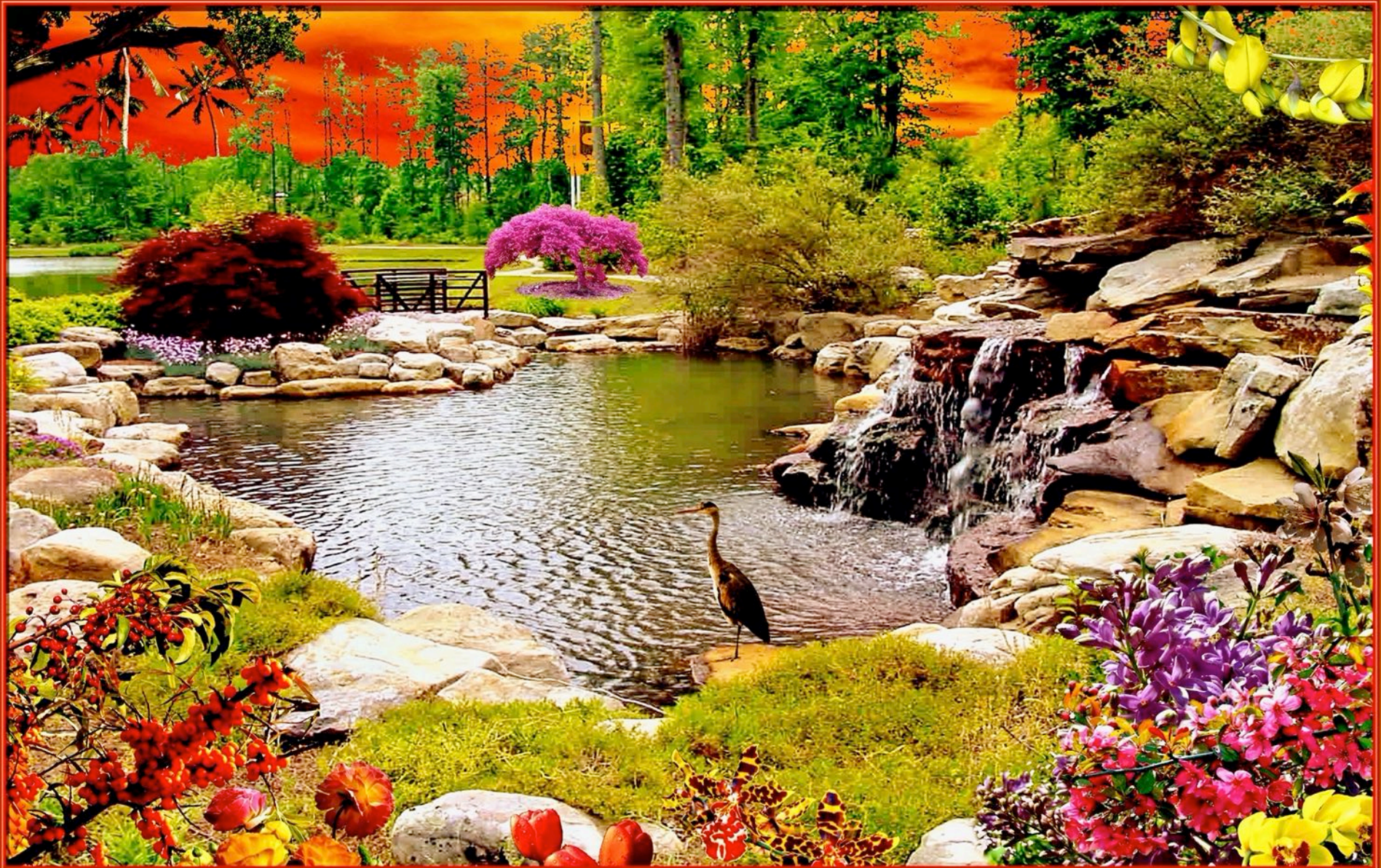
**Many follow the advice that you give, / Enjoying this life by being active,
But others are deaf, dumb, and blind to sense; / You can lead 'em to life but you can't make 'em live.**



**At Omar's grave in Naishàpùr, I see/Blossoms in the dirt, blown from the rose tree.
As I dust my shoes, the clay speaks to me:/“Once I was like you; tread softly on me.”**



**I live forever by my words, a poem/Of life, a conscious dream, an immortal gem.
Read me and the verses will come to life;/By living out my words you will know them.**



**Here, a few drops I pour onto the ground,/That precious drink of his quatrains profound.
It through the soil trickles and seeps,/And to his thirsty lips the way it found.**



**Here on the summer grass where you made one,/We turn down our cups, the feasting begun:
With earth's food and heaven's drink we toast you:/On this sacred summer lawn, we make one.**



**As phantoms from the tomb, the lamps relume;/From promise in the womb, the verses bloom.
Your poetic spirit spreads: Persia-fume,/As you my Book of Quatrains do illum.**



**In his flowered bed, Omar reposes, / Resting in the earth in peace, one supposes,
But, beneath the words and themes on roses / In my quatrain-poems, Old Khayyâm composes.**



**Tonight, before consciousness slips away,/Reflect; plan to dream in a wondrous way.
You'll be relaxed by the visions of night;/You'll be ready for the promise of day.**



**I give no reason for love's passion planned,/Since to do so would be but secondhand,
For the Heart and Soul have many reasons/That Reason can never understand.**



**There's an urge between root and flower,/Plant and soil, leaf and sun, air and water,
Day-star and planet, valley and mountain,/Wind and mist, man and woman, for ever.**



**Oh never do I hear a sound so sweet,/As when you moan like a panther in heat.
You take me on a wild jungle ride,/Then purr like a pussycat at my feet.**



**When a deep truth is known so intensely/That all of its clothing falls away,
Then we have learned the beauty of truth, for/The reality of meaning is beauty.**



**The rose was the promise of Keats' life's blood, / But he died on the vine, nipped in the bud;
Dewy love-tears fell, dripping on the thorns; / Oh how those drops swelled eternity's flood!**



***“Can one really realize life’s benefit/By living each precious minute of it?
Can such awareness withstand all the strife?”/“Yes, if you’re a lover or a poet.”***



**Now my cup is nearly empty and done./There is left but one last drop for the sun
To drink, or with which to make rivers run:/Its flavor bursts in joy—my life is won!**



**I'll play the game and roll the earthly dies,/And through this worldly life enjoy the prize.
If Earth is Hell for love's adventurers,/Then I wish no more for God's Paradise.**



**He slays by flame and flood excruciate;/He entraps; he blames us for his mistake;
He holds grudges for our ancestors' sins;/He throws tantrums and fits; his name, God Sake!**



**Evolution has no real direction,/Except what is advantageous to life;
However, since we are here, the tendency/To exist was in matter all along.**



**The Christian God is vengeful, demands of, / And tortures us with threats of Hellish shove.
Well, if I were a God and ruled above, / You could remove all my powers but love.**



**At noon, upon the river's cliff I play,/On a blanket with my lover each day.
We enjoy wine, song, verse, and sweet embrace./This is Heaven on Earth in every way!**



**It's all right that I'm not young anymore;/I still live as much as I did before:
Morn, noon, and eve have each their own charm,/As all have enchanting paths to explore.**



**Waste not time as if you have endless breath;/Life is to act, and not to do so is death.
So then, live in the way that you would die:/Perform each act as if it were your last.**



**Poetry makes clear what is barely heard,/For it translates soul-language into words,
Whereas, melody plays straight on the heart;/Merged, they create song; heart and soul converge.**



Bora Bora Bored



**We've said "Good-bye" to the dream of forever, / "Though we're too philosophical to be bitter.
Poignantly resigned, we accept, with hunger / And joy, all that's left, whatever, with pleasure.**



**Say "Farewell!" Heaven's promise is bereft;/Yet, live with gratitude; be not distressed;
Still, dismiss immortality's dream;/Accept, with appetite, whatever's left.**



**We seize on life's phantom dream, dimly seen./Tremendous image! We must join thy scene:
Aspiration sires realization!/Living out our dreams soon becomes routine.**



**Of you I dream, phantasm of thought's delight, / Breathing life into you that passions excite.
As the night kisses the day, our spirits unite, / Intertwined in the magic of twilight.**



**Throughout the day, we're living out the dream, / Drifting on air, aloft in the day-beam,
Causing, when condensing in night's dark stream, / Many more such wondrous dreams, it does seem.**



**The revelation hit me, like an hourglass, / One made of the heaviest welded brass;
I rose with a start, my life now begun, / Before more time through me unaware could pass.**



**I live and sleep with my lover, the Earth, / Sensing all her charms, treasures, joys, and mirth,
Taking only what's needed to survive, / And giving back more than received in worth.**



JavierMichael DigitalArt
1/2/1991

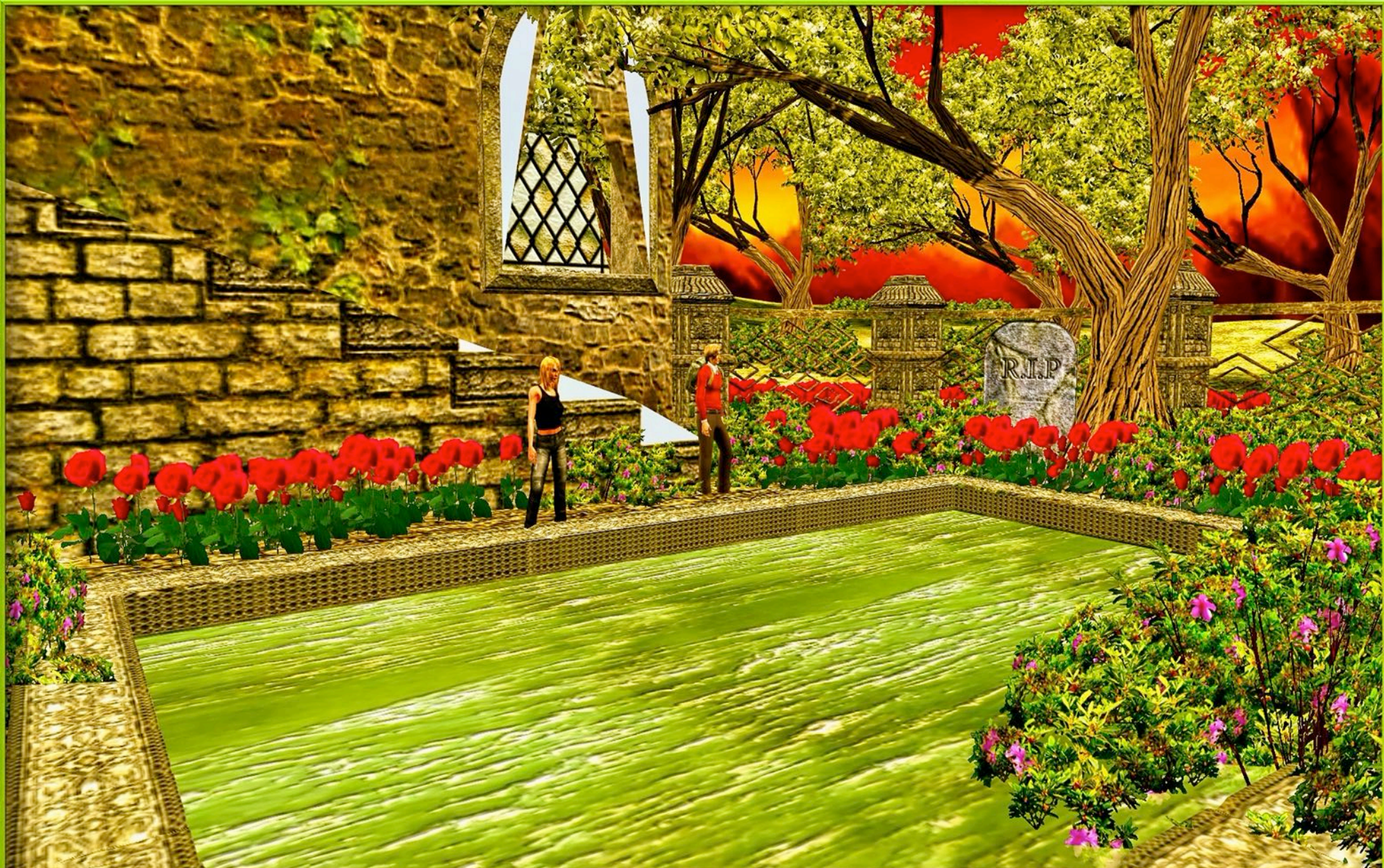
**We pursue the shadows of forms that live/In dreams, perfected ideals that outlive
All the minutes and hours that time devours./We seek what hope creates, what wishes give.**



**In Heaven's darkroom, eternal lights wink./We flash into being, souls filled to the brink!
Like rainbows, we unveil life's true colors,/Till the picture fades, when back to night we sink!**



**As living pearls, we're strung out right and left,/Lovely and beautiful on the Earth's breast.
Her bosom heaves, as one by one we're cleft:/A thousand truths die, until none are left.**



***Currents flash signals through the human mind;/Chemicals decode the impulses in kind.
Where do ideas go when minds turn to dust?/None come back to tell; I must die to find!***



**I burst from the soil and looked for the sky;/Lo, I beheld life's fount and drank it dry!
My poems, they will live forever and ever;/Me? I must return to the earth and die.**



**It's a short tale to tell of how and why/We all come and go through earth, air, and sky:
Out of eternity's flame in the night,/Some sparks grow bright, then flicker and die.**



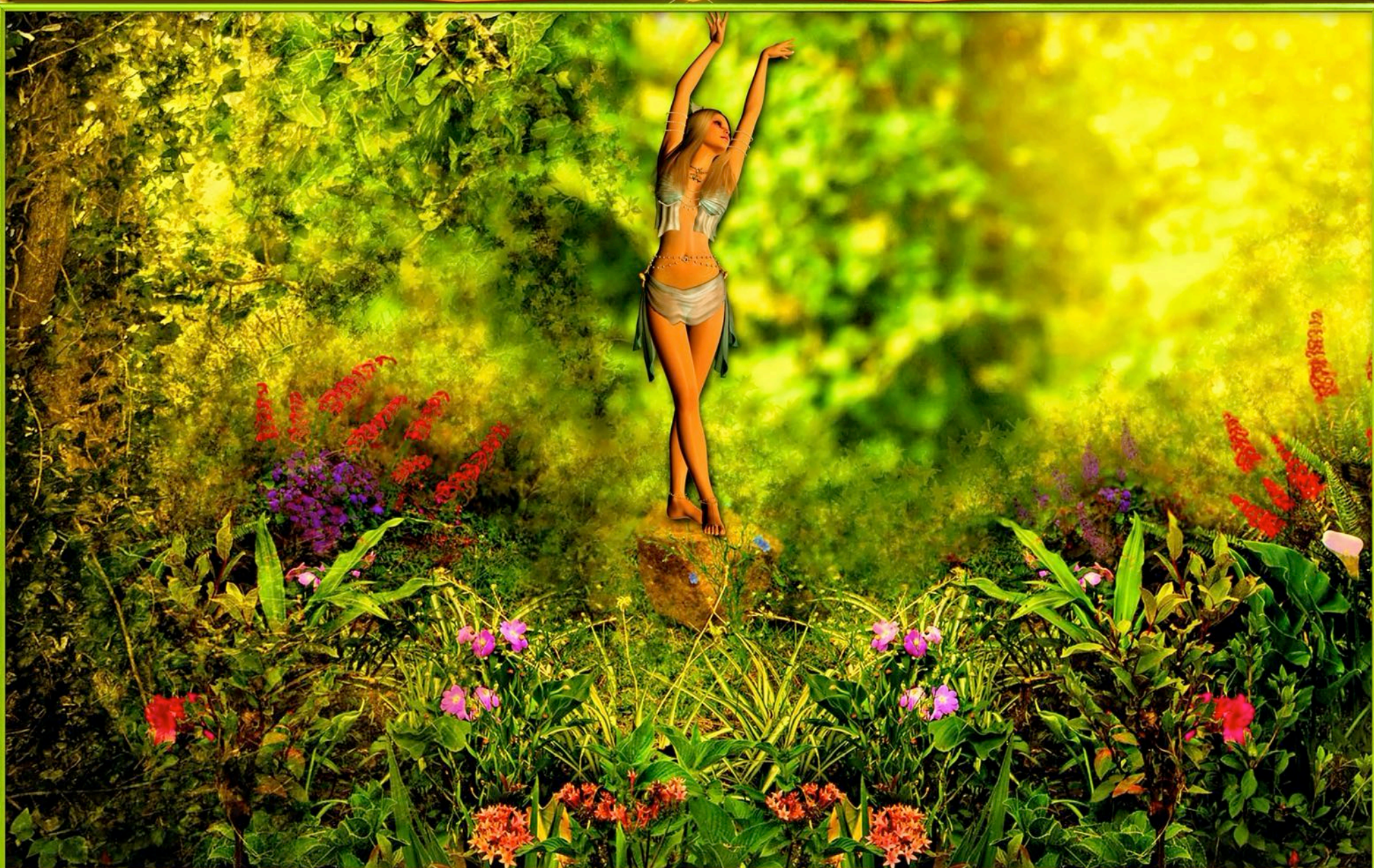
**In winter's cocoon, I lay rapt, thinking:/Imagination is memory's king;
But the mind will rest, the senses will reign,/When spring returns and winter dreams take wing.**



**Just one drop of your tears washes away//The darkest sorrow of my yesterday
As we mingle in half-light dawn or dusk,/For you are the night and I am the day.**



**Sweetness and serenity steal through the flesh,/Like a mist in a valley, filling it fresh;
We drink the roses' dew before the sunrise,/Then welcome the day through twilight's fine mesh.**



**Come, quench your thirst in the wonders of life/This is the day; leave the towns to their strife;
Lift the dawn sun from the field with your fife/Do it now, or you'll be bypassed by life.**



**Waking in the morning-star's glow, I lay,/Watching the sun chase the darkness away.
A dawning wave of joy swept over me,/As I felt the freshness of a new day!**



**Rising slowly from the cold dark hollows,/Where the night airs fell and soundly slept,
The restless wind left her secret bower,/And gaining strength, lovingly surrounded**



**And caressed the willow trees, which wavered/And swooned in her wake, as she, that wild and
Wandering wind, flew by in a cool breeze,/From the west, on her undulating wings.**



**Spreading the incense of the morning to/Nature's world of growing and living things,
She woke the flowers from their slumber/By drinking from them their blanket of dew,**



**Then told the tales of the joyous forest/To the birds, who soon carried them aloft,
Thence to my ears, songs of streams flowing/Freely, and stories of a glowing sky.**



**That promised many sunny hours to come,/In the dreams of those who felt her passing,
As sleep was washed from their languid eyes,/When they'd sensed that new dawn arriving,**



**As if some transparent veil had lifted,/When she gently stirred the embers of the
Last watch-fire, and whispered softly to them/That the stars had gone and day had begun.**



**With dawn's first breath, the birds inspired to sing,/As they felt the promise of that morning;
The sun was opening up the flowers./That was Life's real face smiling and shining!**



**Inhale the life-force of the universe;/Retain, visualize the scene, then traverse
Rivers, canyons, waterfalls, and oceans;/Exhale the breath—you rule the universe!**



**We'll journey to our innermost bowers,/Savoring there the enchanting flowers,
Enjoying the rare visions empowered,/Those that speechless memory has devoured.**



**We strolled out into the quiet evening,/In romantic rhythm, resonating,
And, when kissed by the balmy air, we knew/That we had lived to see another spring.**



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**In winter's sleep, I lay enrapt,/Safe in a chrysalis, thought-bound.
Oh, pleasures of the mind! Enjoy—/They're intensely sweet to the depths.**



**Dreams rival the sense's pleasures—/They're alive even in the mind:
Within is as real as without;/Within is where senses make sense!**



**When I wished and dreamt fantasies,/Life thrived in my sanctuary,
Influenced not by the senses,/But by soul, heart, and memory.**



**Such waking-dreams must ever be fed/If they're going to grow without. So,
When spring returns, dreams take wing—/The senses reign; the mind can rest.**



**When I was alone in my darkest hour,/A budding spirit rose, like a flower,
Bursting from the soil of a garden shared/So radiant, alive, and full of power.**



**We roam at ease, drinking sweets from flowers,/Riding the balmy breezes in bowers,
And accepting nature's dearest favors/That life provides in so many flavors.**



**There is no end to joy, only en-joy—/There's always a higher way to re-joice!
The word for 'un-joy' does not exist,/For no matter what the chore, joy's a buoy.**



**Energy is born from good emotion,/A gushing stream that swirls into motion,
A waterfall of boundless strength and power,/A tidal wave from joy's endless ocean.**



**Joy—forever young—turned toward the glow/Of the fair light that from the sun did show
And basked in its golden beams, spreading/Her radiance to everything that's so.**



**Step back, realize the big picture's total space, / That quibbling occupies a very small place,
And that you're orders of magnitude removed / From participating in the human race.**



**Some try to Have, then Do, so they can Be;/However, it's the reverse that makes one free:
First, you must Be yourself; next, Do what your/Spirit tells you; then you'll Have life's guarantee.**



**We grab all that we crave from the outside,/Expecting life to give us a free ride.
Wrong! First we must be us, and therein trust,/Since emptiness fills up from the inside.**



**There is No excuse for not living well;/Creative energy through you can swell.
Open your mind to the beauty of life/You could even make heaven out of hell!**



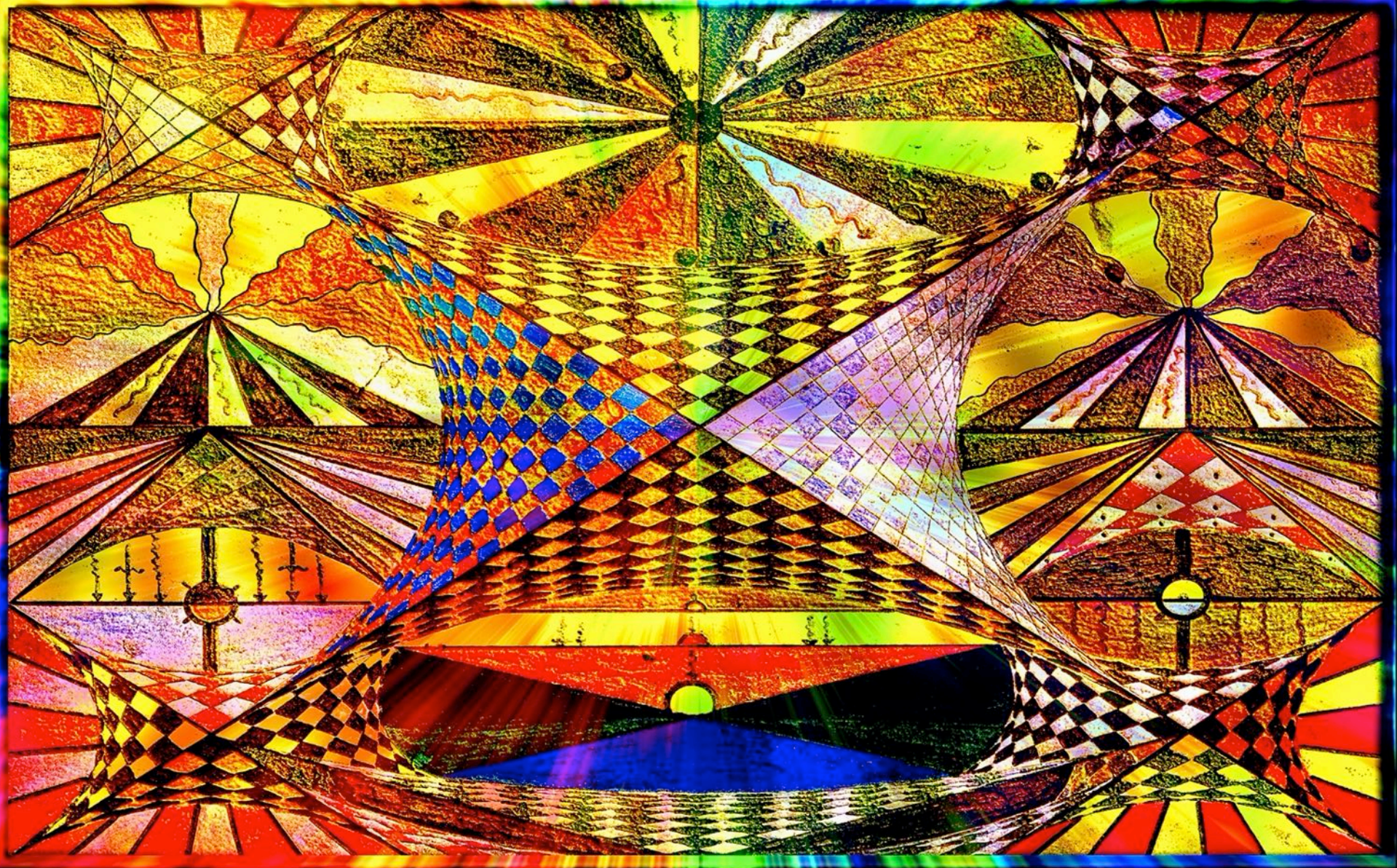
**I give no reason for love's passion planned,/Because to do so would be secondhand;
For the Heart and Soul have many reasons/That Reason could never understand.**



**The deaf hear not the noisy wretched screech;/The mute neither good nor evil can preach;
The sightless are spared life's dreary vision;/The love-impaired know not of love's relief.**



**Poetry makes immortal what is best/In life: it frees images of dreams impressed,
Apprehends the vanishing phantasms,/And sends them forth in fine words, fully dressed.**



**Words echo the soul's vocabulary,/Being just a shadow of what's primary;
But, once ideas have been fully grasped,/Mere words are no longer necessary.**



**Poets love nature, thought, art, and beauty./Keats enchants the senses with imagery.
Shelley unveils the spirit's mystery./Byron lays open the earth's majesty.**



**All this I remember, and much more,/But I shall not write as I did before,
For living and feeling come first in life,/And now I've a garden I can't ignore.**



**In the smile of a sunset rendezvous,/I walk the last glittering way to you,
And take the flames into my weary eyes,/No longer afraid of the sun to view.**



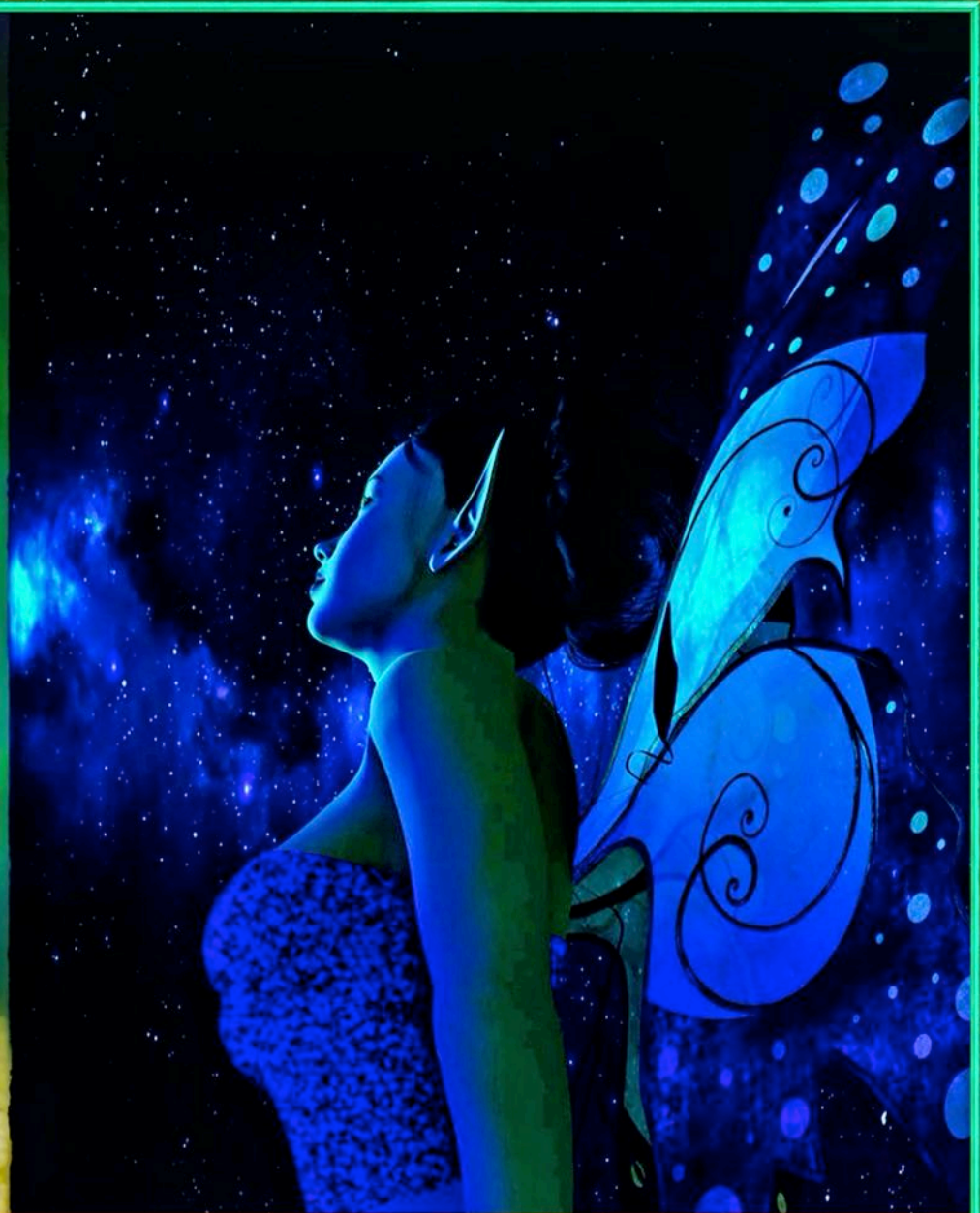
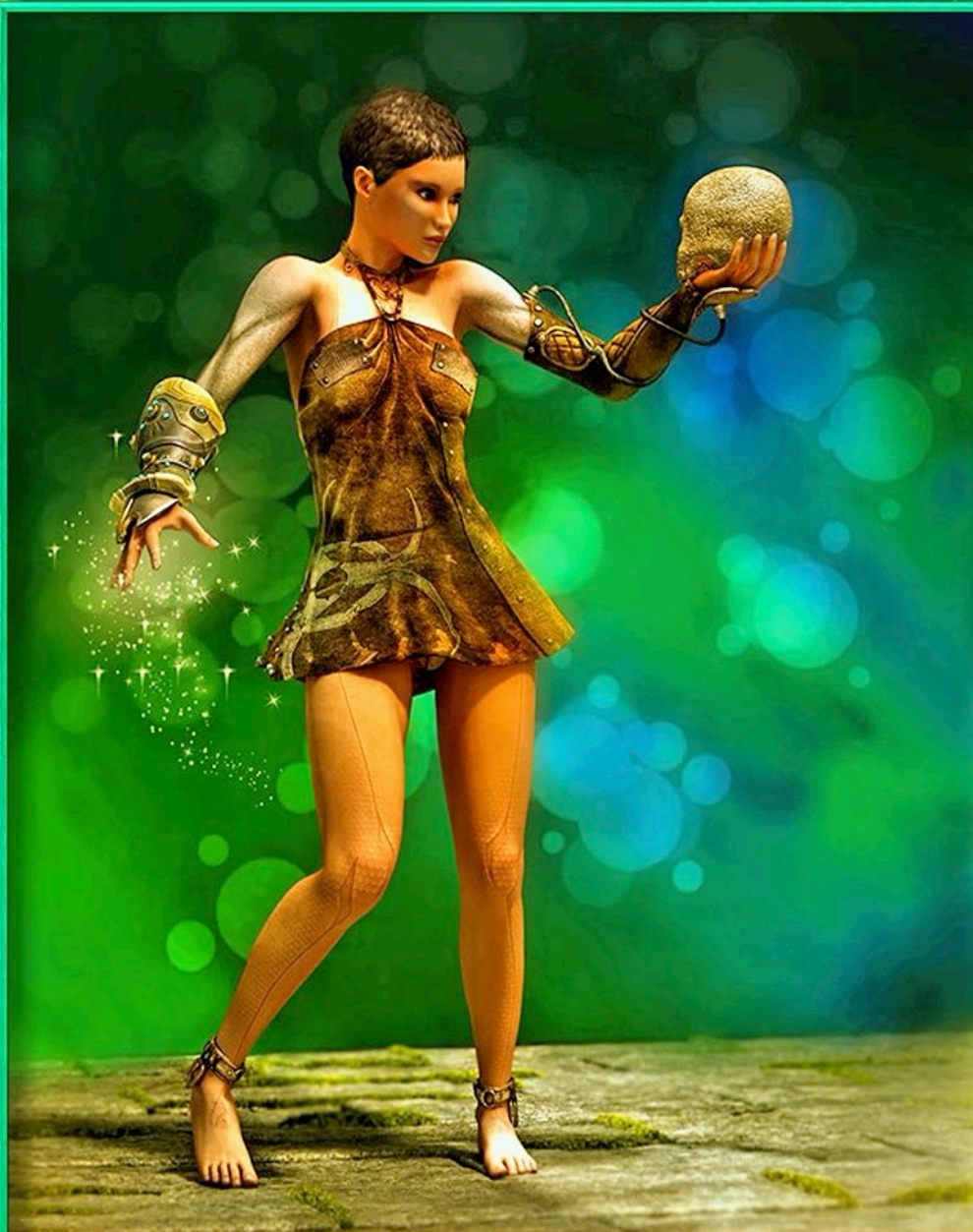
**Whence and whither flown, we've come full circle,/The tetrastiches having been exhumed,
In their otherworldly light—the dream-well/Of perpetual emotion, from its power.**



**Saturate your mind with every quatrain,/Till a life of deeds echoes each refrain,
Till all philosophies are embedded,/Till dream, wish, and life are one and the same.**



**The watch-fire fades, the final curtain falls,/The dust within me to the earth recalls.
No talk of me from thee beyond the veil;/My Bird of Time is flown, this life is all.**



**And when thyself with shining foot doth tread/The journey of life, unborn to the dead,
Take Heavenly sups from this earthly cup/And live your life while the wine flows red.**



**Whither has flown the spirit from the dead,/But rests here as the soul in all I've said,
As all that's left of my earthly remains/Is this Book of Quatrains that you've just read.**

Yesterday Today Tomorrow





THE DISCARDED QUATRINS



Some can't seem to give a love that's fair,
Or won't, since they don't care to share,
Or worse yet, they waste it by hoarding it;
So, therefore, we must give more than our share.

Let us give all the love that is and was,
As such and more we've ever dreamed of.
We hear the call from within and above—
To live this life for the purpose of love.

We mend broken hearts with a love that's real,
Drying the tears of sadness that congeal,
Weaving living dreams out of fantasies,
For we believe that all life should be ideal.

In love relationships, not only banish
Criticism, nagging, name calling, anger,
Punishments, and yelling, but, replace them,
With encouragement, support, and caring.

Since we're embodied, we have desires.
Suppression of desire strangely backfires,
Since, and this is the paradox, it takes
A strong desire to overcome desires!

It's unnatural to suppress a natural urge,
For this is distortion, a most unhealthy purge!
Lack of food, sleep, or sex can lead to neurosis,
So, let natural functions freely emerge.

Head, heart, body, and soul were together built,
So why separate them? Merge them, so thou wilt
Have more awareness of life's experience,
Freeing sensual joy from feelings of guilt.

Hindu goddesses aren't virgins thought of;
Their healthy desires are free to rove.
Enlightenment is sought and reached through the
Profound experience of sensual love.

Pleasure depends but on the permission
Of others if you abide by the shunned
Taboos of society, parents, and peers,
But, only you need approve the mission.

No matter how ethereal love's spirit
Sexual union is still requisite—
Because we are physical beings and
No union is meaningful without it.

True kisses are always new, and never
Lose their freshness, for, like falling water
Or the cyclic moon, the power of love
Renews itself, and sustains forever.

I drink your wine into my two-lip cup,
As meanwhile the giver-of-life comes up;
Petal by petal, your rose wide unfolds—
Passions grow from the dew on which we sup.

Like water, a woman is slow to boil,
And likewise slow to cool down afterward.
Man, like fire, can be ignited and quenched;
Yet fire and water in balance make steam!

"You enclose my universe, yet, it's boundless."
"You fill up my universe, never the less."
"I'll fulfill your emptiness with my fullness."
"I'll empty your fullness with my emptiness."

My dearest: Your wet lips' sensual pout
Draws me to the cooling well, in and out.
Love's sensation touches us everywhere;
At last, the sweet-water puts the fire out.

Hardness rises from the earth element;
Secretions flow as water's element;
Sexual friction evokes sacred fire;
Ecstatic pleasure fills the firmament.

So, the primrose drinks not of the moon's well,
Until the sun, rising from earthly hell,
Exposes evil, outshines it, and sends it
To caves, and under rocks, where shadows dwell.

I am quickly becoming Emily,
As she merges into my identity.
Other poets within me certainly
Welcome her into the family.

Lady, meet Old Khayyâm, poet of myth;
Fly with him, drawn by incense fumes therewith;
Drink wine, live a poem, make love; enjoy his
Second coming, and his third, fourth, and fifth.

A puzzle, if one muddles, can be made to fit,
The parts making a seamed whole, bit by bit by bit;
However, people in unions have edges that sit
Perfectly on one side but not on another.

Oh, no, reader, of course I'm not yet dead,
As though it may appear that you've just read;
No, I'm living, oh, I'm living a poem,
I'm living all the words that I've just said.

God said to Adam and Eve in Eden:
"Do what you like, but don't eat the apple".
Now we know that when you tell children
Not to touch something, they certainly will!

The so-called near-death experience of
Bright lights and a peeking into Heaven
Is but a flood of opiate endorphins—
Causing hallucinations and calmness.

G-O-D is merely the quantum wave function
Of the entire universe, hardly some
Vengeful and overly emotional
Super Being who thrives on adoration.

Most deep religious beliefs are shaped by
Little more than local social forces:
Jewish, Buddhist, Islamic, Christian, or none,
So then, how deep and meaningful are they?

If souls are eternal, then where were they
During the eternity before births?
Nonexistence is nonexistence, whether
It comes before or after a lifetime.

Only a Fool would blame His own creations
For the flaws therein—for His poor craftsmanship,
So, rejoice, there's no Maker of Man; these 'flaws'
Provide for interesting character types!

The Christian concept of reward and punishment
Handed out by an omnipotent, omniscient God,
Is but derivative of family experience,
The child and parent, a conception of our world.

The chimps, with whom we share 98%
Of our DNA, through common ancestors,
Are thus surely as special as we are,
For they have consciousness and feelings too.

Beautiful sentiments call attention;
Style/substance equals emotion/motion.
Gather sentiments, place them on the scale;
They weigh much less than one lovely action!

Plodding along through a life unaware?
Friends can be yours if you just stop to care!
You can't see? Busy going nowhere?
When dead you'll be even more unaware!

Love is giving without gain in return;
Taking is selfish; do you never learn?
Graciously accept all that you receive,
And give kindness to everyone in turn.

Complain not to me of your present hell,
But first, set out to make the spirit well.
Life is no more than what you make of it,
So go build a Heaven, and then me tell.



Off I go to learn just how good life can be;
Woe's not with me, Care's eagle eye can't find me,
Stress is left behind, with the serpent Despair;
I feast on the earth before it feasts on me.

I tried to end the quatrains, but wrote more,
Especially after one hundred times four,
Even went to Heaven and back returned,
For I'm too young to die at forty-four.

The void pulsates in a structured sequence.
A field is present throughout space immense,
Out of which all particles can condense,
Occurring where the field's extremely intense.

Mind reaches out to see what's possible
And what's not, like particles forming
In the quantum world, but, better than that,
It makes the potential possible.

Mind is the ultimate of all there is;
It is the universe: billions of years
Of primordial material, complex;
So, what more can human beings want?

I'll follow every single avenue,
Whether it's brightly lit or a dark alley,
Exploring one-ways, no-ways, and dead-ends,
Until cornered where the truth is hiding.

Brains, the greatest that matter ever wrought,
With the mind, form the Cosmos that is sought.
Observation becomes reality,
The necessary constants being self-taught.

The Universe can only be created
In its own future, through observation,
Of 'mind' granting substance to formula,
Even an eventual single, eternal Mind.

There never was, nor will be, but just 'now',
All things, interacting, a planned know-how,
For mind 'matters', and matter ever 'minds'—
The Universe self-adjusts, as the Tao.

All things are infinitely connected,
As in a hologram, each containing the whole.
Everything interpenetrates everything;
The universe is a seamless web of information.

Every part of a hologram contains the whole,
The whole universe contained within a
Grain of sand, all eternity within a moment,
The universe rumbling when an electron vibrates.

The brain interprets reality and puts
A face on the waves of sound, light, color, touch,
And a sense on molecules' smell and taste.
Consciousness is the brain's perception of itself.

Matter forms inertial knots in space's place,
While space places and separates the knots.
Open-endedness counters form's closure;
It's the ying-yang cycle of appearance.

Pluto's been banished to the underworld,
Charon rowed him to the Land of Forgotten.
Schoolchildren petitioned for his return—
But he's voted off the solar island.

Pride: Ego exaggerates self-importance,
To claim that we're specially created,
Deserving a divine destiny.
Humility: we're electrochemical.

The search for the ultimate happenstance,
Of how we began, leads to exploration
Within and without, a rewarding quest.
Upon return, we know the place for the first time.

Appearance and motion wholly create
Being and time in the arena of space;
We're complex composites, from simple stuff,
Ultimate, perhaps, in the universe.

Of Strong's stability, Weak's dispersal,
Thence, from the stars cometh our help and hope,
As they generate all the elements,
The brew of 'fortuitous accidents'.

Stars generate the lower elements;
Supernovae generate the higher ones.
Atoms form the molecules that lead to
Life's complexity, from simplicity.

Dualities seem to assist nature:
Good-evil, on-off, hot-cold, man-woman,
Up-down, left-right, here-there, past-future, and
So, none can exist without the other.

Time, space, stuff, change, & form
are real-ized from
The Fundamental Possibility,
Becoming the penultimate reality,
One possible from the probabilities.

Our reality comes not from nothing,
But exists always as possibility,
One that amounts to something workable,
Among all in superposition.

No form of a penultimate realness
Could exist alone before the rest, as
Everything was quantum-known-all-at-once;
For what could make a choice among many?

Nor comes it from an absolute nothing,
Since there can be no such 'thing' at all,
So, since either way is impossible,
Fundamental Possibility is.

This ultimate basis of reality,
Though not much like our local reality,
Is hinted at by quantum physics—
It forms reality real as can be!

So how else could it be, for particles
Do appear and disappear from somewhere,
Going from here to there, with no between,
Manifesting from no-where to now-here.

Simple substances rose to everything,
'Chosen' as probable above the rest,
Known all-at-once that they would be the best—
The most promising, the possible ones.

More and more the myths of past ignorances
Give way to the solutions of science,
For example, a person's life force and
Basic traits are her genetic blueprint.

Sleep deprivation can cause accidents,
Immune system damage, and subsequent
Poor physical/mental health, as well as
Memory loss; so, get your eight hours in!

Behavior modification can change us, too,
For the worse, if we see too much aggression,
Or do the same thing too long, such as overtime,
Getting well grooved into that same old rut.

Life is a waking dream, with real input,
One to be enjoyed to the ultimate.
There's no excuse for not having someone
And something exciting to do each day!

Life's object must be mental happiness,
For thoughts are all we can think, feel, or sense;
Aim for this euphoric state of well-being,
For true paradise is a state of mind.

The fullness of the moment can only
Be had by being fully present for it,
For then there are no regrets of the dead past,
No worries quaking the unborn future.



What would count as exciting, yet doable?
Have a romantic lunch on the riverside?
See a new movie, then love away the day?
Then, why, oh why are you not now doing it?

At Heaven's birth, positive energy
Became matter, countered by gravity,
Whose attractive embrace was negative;
So still their sum adds up to nullity.

Everyone's wired differently, having
Their own private, but valid, perceptions
Due to genes, learning, and mental health—so,
Each person is right
to do what she does.

Yes, robots we are, so, therefore, major
Changes, like intro- to extroversion,
Probably even hard wired, get harder
As one grows older, even impossible.

Since personality is mostly genes,
And the rest is hard-wired learned behavior,
We can't expect to change others, big time,
So don't bother to try; just accept them.

Some people are just a little bit crazy,
With some mild mental illness, some genes awry;
We call them socially inept, wayward,
Even persistent, but interesting.

The right to act ends where others begin;
There is no excuse—zilch—for tactlessness.
For if done, it causes damage, surely
Bringing down yourself and the others, too.

Choose what is good for everyone, not just you,
After careful philosophic thought,
Then do it, even though your natural
Inclination may be not to do it.

Close your eyes and realize the light within;
Allow visualization to begin
This attracts into your life: dreams, wishes,
And desires—all that you would believe in!

Use your imagination to create
What you want from life; orchestrate!
Soon enough, success will come to you.
Life grows from visions that you contemplate.

Visions pour forth in positive images,
Thoughts creating life from former mirages,
Ideas developing from the negatives.
Life's emergent dream fast encourages.

Dreams become imagination's command;
The impossible I now understand.
To know that dreams can come true
makes them so.
A real fantasyland is being planned.

I'm a person who keeps things happening,
Expecting that life's ever becoming,
Because each reality was once a dream
Of someone's that was loved into being.

I note that just a few words rhyme with 'life',
For just how often can you kiss your wife?
Is this why poems are so rife with strife?
It's better to fife than to stick a knife!

The simple things are still the best in life:
The familial time with children and wife,
A cool glass of water from the well,
And trusted friends—all antidotes of strife.

As we walk and while away the hours,
We taste a life that's sweet without the sour;
As soul meets soul under love's great power,
We merge what's yours and mine into ours!

Then I slept with her in a dark eclipse,
Till, after some dreams. I felt a light kiss
On my cheek, then more, and on down my chest
And I'm sure you can imagine the rest.

Who's to blame for the genetic defects
That lead to social misfits, obsessors,
And other special personalities?
Does the Maker's hand shake when He makes us?

The best-tasting foods create the most harm,
Clogging arteries, for all of their charm.
The woods are agloom, wicked and evil;
Woe, too, in sea and sky, full of alarm.

We know we should drink less, eat right, diet,
Make friends, give love, work less, relax, quit
Smoking, but, we don't, so, do we know it?
No, we can't know it unless we do it!

Joining crazy cults? Looking for the way?
Embracing every new cause célèbre?
The answer's so simple, might I dare say:
Live and laugh and love, and be loved today.

There's no external creative deity.
Don't worry, this verse has no impiety,
For we are the creative principle;
Intuitive strength is our propriety.

Workaholics give their lives to work's career,
Leaving no time for family, self, or peer.
Health soon fails them;
they work themselves to death.
Alas, they've missed the whole point of being here.

A life ought to be rich with excitement—
We deserve to enjoy complete sensation.
Pleasure's not merely a reward for working
It's life's foremost experience of elation.

Straight-faced, tight-lipped, severe, and intent?
Limiting the ways to become content?
To relax, reorder life's priorities;
Ask yourself, What is really important?

Hey, office worker, you desk-bound robot! Yes,
You with your heart and soul locked up in a desk.
Get up, meet people, give your love, find nature
Salvage part of yourself for life's adventure.

Oh, Techno-man, your life is so complex
It's made of Telex, Xerox, and reflex.
Stop worrying about stocks, checks, and specs,
And through all of those things draw a big X.

If I could've, I would've, I should've!
Yes, I ought to, I need to, I have to!
Life's real tragedy is in what is missed;
Spend time on action, not just intention.

Worko, stop counting all those tocks and ticks;
Deep-six the politics and all its tricks.
You lunatic, just give it all the axe
Forget your fax and just learn to relax.

Living a life that's complete should mean
Playing, working, and forming a routine
Of deep relationships from birth to death
Not just simply existing in between.

Life's still emotionally primitive:
Negative feedback mechanisms in
The central nervous system, now useless,
Send out thousands-of-years-old messages.

Emotions are molecular events,
Some forced upon us all, like jealousy,
And others, like aggression, born from low
Serotonin, but NOT from the Devil.

Let reactions sail on by—just observe them,
But don't act on them. This puts some distance
Between you and your conditioned response,
A space which grants a modicum of free will.



Few people celebrate life anymore.
There's not enough time in the day, they're sure,
To care about life, friends, love, romance, joy,
Wisdom, smiles, books, dreams, art, or adventure.

Some think that the meaning of life is just
To get things done, coming in early and
Leaving late to do them, building some great
Wall—then losing themselves in its shadow.

We busy ourselves making some great thing,
Fussing about it every minute,
Until it greatly overshadows us,
Wherein we lose sight of our true being.

That there are problems and difficulties
In life is not remarkable or unusual;
However, we still get surprised and shocked,
For we know not when the crisis will come.

I've strayed, lost along the wandering way,
Far from the known, the here, the now—away.
From a distance I see what life can be,
So I'll live and love and be loved TODAY.

Being is to doing as ground is to figure
As subject is to object, as essence is to existence,
As Awareness-Consciousness is to mind-brain,
As the ultimate simplicity is to the composite.

She was foreign, friendless, wild, and unstyled,
But in some strange way she asked for love,
Though she didn't even know how to smile;
Being graceless, she wasn't well thought of.

Obeying the kindred light that soft shone
Within a soul that was once without style,
I went to see her again and alone,
Ready with my tears, ready with my smile.

As such, I pursued the protected soul
Of the rough-edged, but haunting China girl,
Whereto adventure led, for she proved bold,
Wicked, mysterious, and wonderful.

I searched for her spirit, for its bright gold,
But shell upon shell hid that inner flame,
And all that many weeks of effort told
Was that she was, oh, so wildly untame.

Long went my challenge to the wanton shrew.
I scrambled up and around a boulder
Thrown in my way along the path I knew;
Then she gave me a chance—I could know her!

I gave her my self, then lived out my dream:
After many a weary way and charm,
I danced, splashed, and played in that stream
Where her soul drank deep and safe from harm.

I entered her being, snuggling in there,
Gently wading where none had ever tread;
Then, like childhood laughing without a care,
I followed that stream to its sparkling head!

There I left a seed on the fertile shore,
Where warm friendship had melted the snow.
Oh, yes, the years will come, and go before,
But flowers grown there will ever wave to and fro.

For once I lived in the Orient's pearl,
Where East meets West and cultures merge.
She now lived neither here nor there—that girl
Was caught in the midst of two worlds converged.

A friend is a friend and great is the need
That you fill when your heart and soul are vast,
For the love given makes worthy the deed
When fulfillment follows yearning at last.

But now, my dearest one, you have to go;
So, farewell; you refriended me; you loved me;
I traced your soul's light: 'twas a meteor show,
Flashing but for a brief eternity.

Now you depart. Farewell to the moon-bow
That glowed with our delight! Often that new
World will rise and look for us in vain, 'though
Time can't scatter the flowers that we grew!

People are but machines going the way
Of their brains, genetics, and chemicals
But you, learning these secrets, rise above,
And at least know that you are a machine.

Are you lovable and accessible?
It's only by social interaction,
By loving and being loved, that your
Individual existence gains meaning.

Numerous will become the friends thou hast,
If their needs you can fill when your heart is vast.
Fulfillment will follow caring, at last,
Though unconditional love is unasked.

Our selves, or souls, are constructed mainly
Out of emotions that come from the outside,
And not so much from what begins inside;
Thus, our identity—our soul—is shared.

Self-reality comes from other people,
Since they bring out all that is within you.
Strangely, one cannot be a self alone
It's friendships that make us individual!

Love is the mutual creation of identity.
To be in love is not a loss of independence,
But rather a shared identity with the lover
That does not destroy the identity of the other.

Moods good or bad are quite contagious;
To hold your tongue when wronged is courageous
When dealing with loved ones outrageous;
In the long run this is advantageous.

Accept your friends' temporary good-byes,
For they're growing towards life's kindred skies.
Love doesn't possess or demand—it frees!
Friendships bloom under the gaze of loving eyes.

Stress is the difference between what we
Expect to happen and what does happen,
Especially when we put our needs ahead
Of other's, oft resulting in needless anger.

CARE, a gentle old man, sat silently
By the sundial in Time's sanctuary,
And slowly marked the hours by the shadows
That crept over the face of eternity.

A summer cottage lone along the shore,
Granted serenity like never before.
Tidal marsh and beach embraced the ocean;
We drank the honeyed moon forevermore.

Sea come shore, the mermaid glided deep on fins,
Till the eventide swept away the sinned.
Warm beneath the quilt, beside the fire's glow,
We dreamt of seagulls afloat on the wind.

Now I've written, for each day of the year,
A quatrain born from thoughts and passions dear,
So that day by day the pages can turn,
And overturn in the mind that will hear.

Of all the treasures on Earth, books provide
The wealth of deepest minds intensified,
Yours free, unless by TV occupied,
Veins rich with golden thoughts qualified.

Some can't seem to give a love that's fair,
Or won't—since they don't even care to share,
Or, worse yet, they waste love by hoarding it;
So therefore I must give more than my share.



Life suddenly fits me like a glove,
As I float on feelings like a dove,
Renewed energy giving a shove.
Well, could it be that I am in love?

Children back to school, Autumn in the air,
Avenues quiet, a bedroom upstairs,
The warmth of a nook; we caress up there
From flesh to spirit, loving with great care.

If love were easy to find, have, or say,
Then its meaning's worth would soon fly away;
But from steady effort love grows to lead
Yearning to fulfillment—and there to stay.

Freely given love returns on the wing,
But if you KEEP your love you'll have nothing;
It's a most wonderful paradox—
GIVE your love and you will have everything.

Poets translate what's within and above,
To exhibit truths from depths unheard of.
There's one deep truth that I know to be true;
I'll tell you too: The truth of truths is LOVE.

The meaning of love is in its GIVING
When there's no motive towards obtaining;
TAKING is the opposite of giving!
Caring? Sharing? They're reasons for loving.

Small town summer, picket fence, grandmothers
Playing cards on the front porch—Hearts lovers;
Country girl brings cookies, rhythm flutters;
Smiling, all approve of what love discovers.

Driven not by desperation or pain,
But purely by love alone, I sustain
Affection through the goodness of giving,
For true love's but pure love preordained.

A mutual self we form, one both friend and lover,
Touching soul-to-soul by language we discover,
Opening each other up to connect our selves
Now we TWO total more than ONE plus ONE other.

I've painted a picture for you to see
The vision of romantic destiny.
Like ghosts, we emerge from the photo film,
Virtually into reality.

Speak freely to me—let me hear your song,
For what you know and feel cannot be wrong;
It is genuine because it is yours.
Such intimacy does our friendship prolong.

Too much aggression in the West survives—
There's too much Yang, and not enough Yin.
Increasing the standard of living seems
To decrease the quality of the lives.

To win the world one must give up all:
Too much money and our friends falsely call;
Heady ambition plots sincerity's fall;
Too much getting makes giving go AWOL.

Someday I want to do all things in this land,
Such as live and love, ere time runs out of sand.
Thou art dead in thy youth—
there's no magic wand;
All one can do is what is clearly at hand!

I saw the life, the awe, the infinite,
As my youth and laughter fought for a fit;
A constant happiness beckoned to me,
As the long revolution dragged on it.

Does Awareness, our soul, have any will,
Before birth or after death, without a
Brain and a mind for memory, senses,
And decisions? No, not as we know it.

The rustling of the trees comes to my ear,
In this, the most mellow time of year.
The harvest brings fulfillment, yearning, too,
For autumn is both a smile and a tear.

A morning walk down a country lane,
A breakfast of orange juice and champagne,
A warm afternoon, autumn sunshine—
The reflected warmth all evening came.

In the whisperings of the after-years
The winds of time slowly dry my tears;
Nor would I take back a single drop, for
From those tears the flowers grew without fears.

As of now I hold reality's attention—
This is the time of my present comprehension.
What is past exists only in my memory,
The future only in my imagination.

Your memory holds, was, and is to be,
The vision enclosing eternity—
All that is, all that was—entirety;
Yet, it ever threads the now, instantly.

It is a great honor to keep your word;
For, once given, it's a promise-flown bird
That you should ne'er recall, 'though you suffer;
Otherwise, you're just one of the swineherd.

Speak freely to me—let me hear your song,
For what you know and feel cannot be wrong;
It is genuine because it is yours.
Such intimacy does our friendship prolong.

Couples who cut off the rest of the world
Soon use each other up; their lives unfurl—
They're no longer what they were when they met.
Never dismiss a friend in the name of love's whirl.

Speak thoughts forth or lose spontaneity;
Never hold back—plunge in with gaiety!
Words grow and build in synchronicity,
When spoken in extemporaneity.

I can never share a mind directly,
For there is no access; we are alone.
Mind melding works only for the Vulcans.
This loneliness leads us to company.

The unbearable solitude of consciousness
Is relieved by literature, social clubs,
Movies, caring, friendships, discussion, writing,
And other sharing acts, but, mostly, by love.

Six hundred ago, the church thought that ills
Of a physical nature were caused by
Evil spirits; however, now we know
They were from bacteria and viruses.

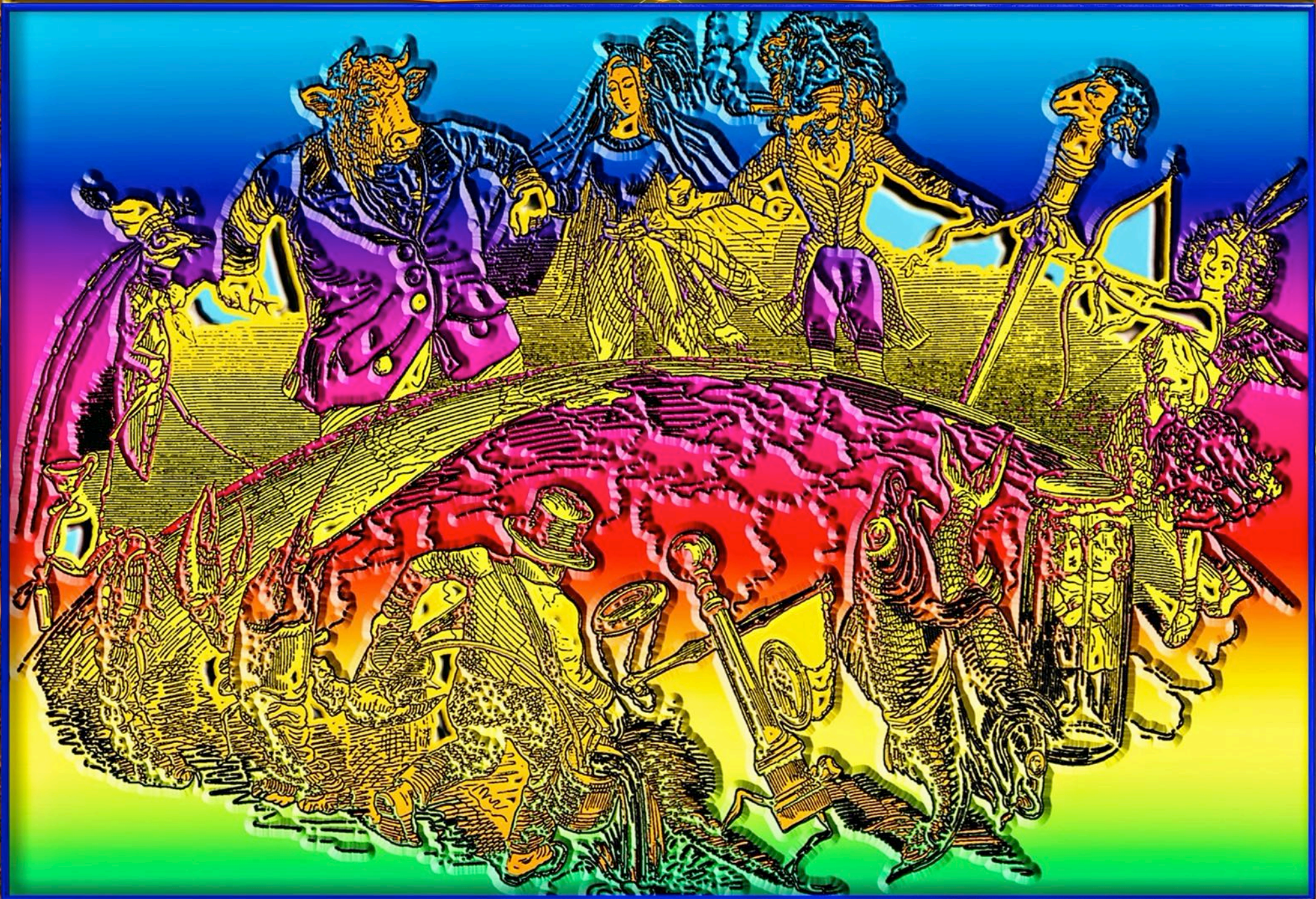
Now the church thinks that ills, or sins, of a
Mental nature are caused by the Devil—
An evil spirit; however, now
We know of brain chemistry gone astray.

Is God a good role model, a leader,
Someone that we would follow, imitate,
Emulate, be like, adore, or follow?
Well, then, what would his example provide?

We could jail people for the sins of their
Ancestors, exterminate humanity,
Allow known evil to exist and tempt,
And devise devious entrapment plans.

We could have temper tantrums and outbursts,
Envy, or not permit competitors,
Grant free will only if matched our own,
And covet worship, adoration, and praise.

Past that was leads to future that will be—
Transformational—"now" in the middle
Rolling smoothly through recall, sensation,
And anticipation. Time is movement!



Space/matter and past-future blend to create
The spirit of life as the pyramid's core
That furthers the sparks of pair relationships
That evolve as the life of our species.

Past matter is history—what's occurred,
While future matter is progression seen.
Matter past to future changes structure,
That which moves and/or reforms through time.

Past space is remembrance—the memories,
While future space is wishes, hopes, and dreams.
Space past to future is a change of outlook
From what is known to what might become.

Remembering history is learning;
Wishing of a progression is vision;
We venture on into creation from
Structural changes and education.

Direction is learning from outlook's change,
While planning's the formation of vision;
Vision and change of outlook beget growth;
All of no-where to now-here as Being.

Life, mind, spirit, form, time, and consciousness
Derive from the fundamental content
That materialized from the unknowable,
And grant us the experience of being.

Would you, even for a day, live without
One you would love, and leave unfound, in doubt,
A paramour, the love of your life? Then
Your standard of living has bottomed out.

We say that we refuse to care and share,
So we can save our heart from wear and tear.
Real love creates—it never tears apart;
The alternative to love is despair!

Love is the ultimate reason to live.
To for-get, it's necessary to for-give.
Habit bows to originality.
Emotion's energy becomes motive.

Better that fear be felt as excitement,
That hurt remind one of where caring went,
That anger's energy be used for change,
That one says, What's my next experience!

The three lower consciousnesses that are
Obsessed with the securing of objects,
With the chasing of sensations, and with
Power/control will never ever be enough.

There are NO actions of people that can
Justify our becoming irritable
Angry, fearful, jealous or anxious if
We give them our unconditional love.

If we don't accept the unacceptable,
Then we lower our level of consciousness.
Our response will mirror their uptightness—
Which can spread the bad moods onto others.

Conscious Awareness, which can but witness,
Is a safe haven from which to observe
The drama of our lives playing in our minds,
Granting us a sobering distance from it.

From a safe subjective place that's free of fear,
Our soul, our conscious awareness, can witness
The strange thoughts and emotions that surface
On the mind, sent by the subconscious brain.

Putting ourselves in the place of others
When hurtful things are done to us,
Expands our consciousness, compassion, and love
Since we can come to know why they did it.

When we converse with ourselves, it is our
Higher Consciousness—our Conscious Awareness
Or I, that questions our lower consciousness
Impulses toward securing, sensation, and power.

Seeing the big picture of life and its stages
And connections lets one not get annoyed, say,
At being cut off in traffic, for s/he
May be old, learning, lost, growing, or angry.

Putting the needs of others ahead of
Our own produces the byproduct of
Happiness and reduces stress, for we
No longer have unrealistic expectations.

A poem provides universal advice;
It's structured, intense, rhythmical, concise—
A unified body of sensation,
Thoughts, and passions.
You'll want to read it twice!

Oft I've deeply sensed thee, phantasm,
Known you in my heart between its spasms,
Found you in my soul among the chasms,
Filled my mind with your enthusiasm.

Undisturbed by the day's bright noise, I sing,
Sensing your soft sweep across my heart string.
My soul plays rhythm to the universe
As you bring calm to every living thing.

A sixth sense is the mind when alive,
For it makes sense of the other five,
By-passing non-sense, and creating
The only way in this world to survive.

Energy is eternal, for it can
Neither be created nor destroyed,
Being made but of itself. Omnipresent,
It's the Mother of all Reality.

The Universe is the ultimate free lunch,
It bubbling out of no-where into now-here
From the quantum foam, via strings or quarks,
The Ground of Ultimate Reality.

We cannot see beyond the quantum realm;
The dusk of physical science arrives?
Well, who knows, for nature is efficient—
So perhaps simple answers will appear.

Leave crowded cities far behind—so long!
And don't bring your contrivances along.
Nature's path will take you back to your roots.
Go now—while you can still hear the Earth's song!

Direction arrives or one goes nowhere;
Growth happens or one vanishes to null;
Creation comes or reaction destroys;
Planning makes a life or it collapses.

The secrets of the universe are all found—
All exists out of consciousness, the ground.
Blame, soul, free will, and God have all fallen—
But it will take a thousand years to sink in!

Behold the Madman! He finally cometh
After all of these years, complete at last,
As he savors the gladness of life—
Upon all worlds his shadow is cast.

Emotion rules, tempered by intellect,
As he fights sadness with madness;
No wait for the world—he comes to it.
Behold the madman in his gladness!

He bites the dust, only to rise again
Through endless skies with every yen.
He directs the madness of his essence
With a shade of thought now and then.

While accepted thought and doctrine
Are madness, and madness is truth,
He loves as no man loves emotion—
For he's met the world and now it's his!



Why Worry?



You can't change the past.



You can't see the future cast.



The present doesn't last.

I ran breathless through meadow and forest,
Fast pursued by the stings of wind and rain;
On and on I wandered, wild without rest,
Searching for a haven from life's dull pain.

The storm chased me till I could go no more;
I stood helpless, backed up against a door.
I fell through it before death could touch me,
My fall cushioned by the dreams supporting me.

I wandered down memory's path,
Aglow in the soft beauty that it hath.
I saw Johnny Keats kissing Fanny Brawne,
As he spoke more than words but less than song.

And Byron, endowing form with fancy,
While Wordsworth penned his thoughts to Lucy,
And Shelley, plumbing the depths of mystery.
I read them all; now they're a part of me.

Deeper still I probed, looking in on it,
And heard Mrs. Browning reading a sonnet.
Poetically I took them all in, even
The shadowy Emily Dickenson.

So there I rested, up against a tree,
Savoring the feeling of their poetry,
Where all the flowers used in Shakespeare's plays
Grew together in a living bouquet.

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