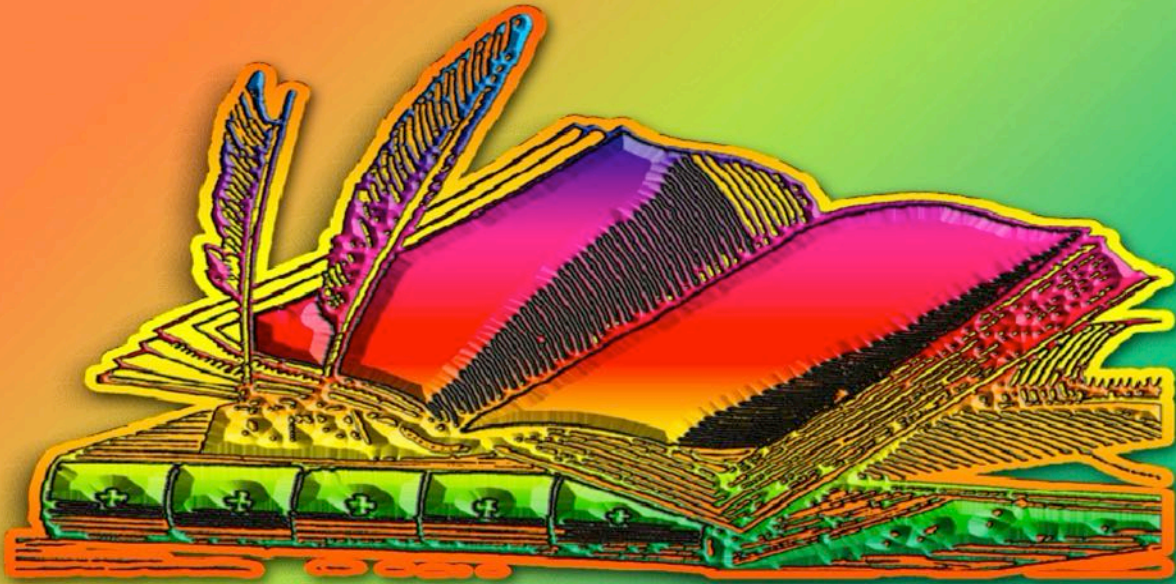

The Beauty Of Truth



Austin W. Torney

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TRUTH & BEAUTY

**The written word stimulates
The mind intense,
As illustration feeds
The sighted sense.
Back and forth they build,
Each upon the other,
Till the sense can 'think'
What the thought can 'sense'.**







*With flora mystical and magical,
Eden's botanical garden was blest,
So Eve, taking more than just the Apple,
Plucked off the loveliest of the best.*





*Butterflies come to life in Pansies' psyches,
Embodied by extension into flight.
They're flowers floating on the air, propelled,
Leaving shadow prints behind on the petals.*





*Among the lights that dance in the sky,
A haven waits out there for you and I,
A world where flowers bloom and fountains spray,
A paradise called Earth to glorify.*



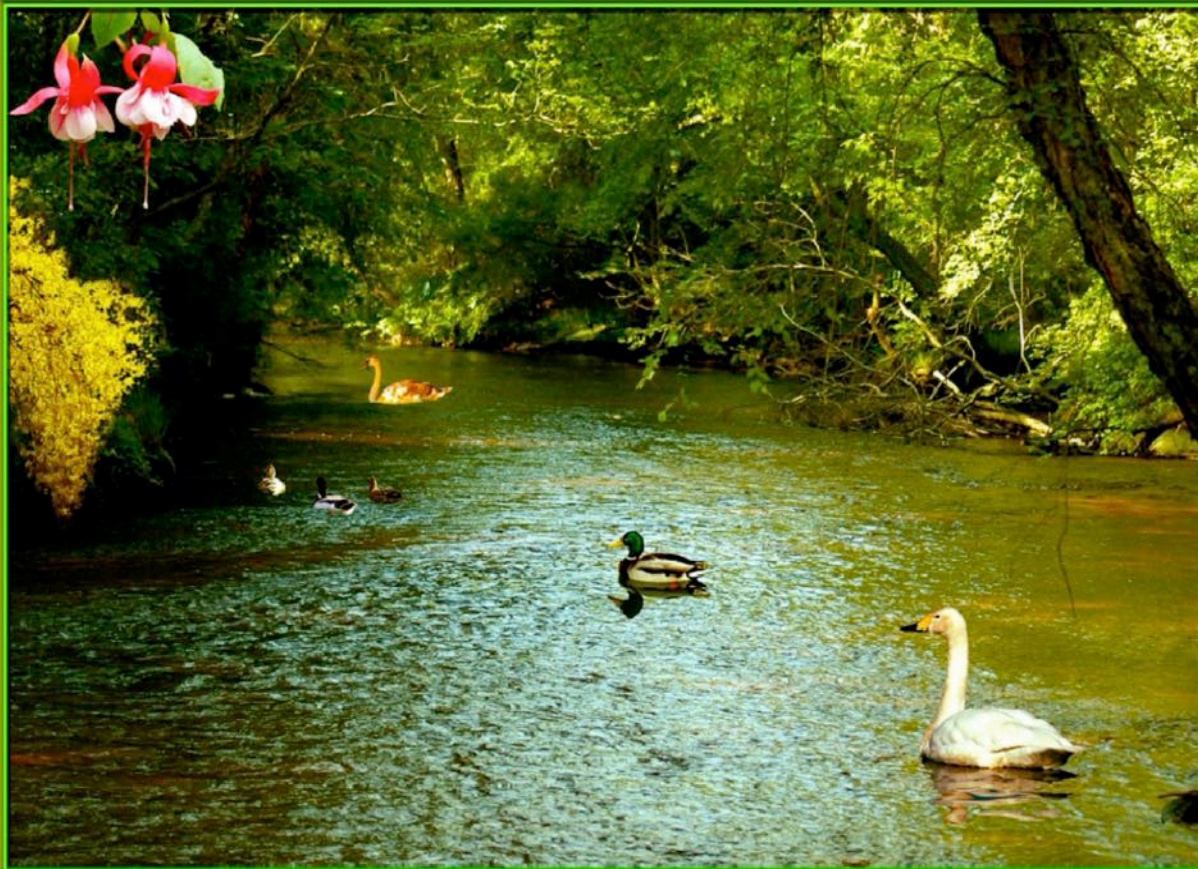


*Here the cave's camp, the warm perfumed air,
And the lightness of our existence there;
Then, later on, the soft pillows of sleep,
Unto dawn, beneath the stars of the deep.*





*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.*





*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.*





*From Heaven's stars came our dust eterne,
As time's seas nurtured thee and thine in turn.
From time, death, and dust we thus became,
And by this, thus, and that we must return.*





***Poems are renderings of the soul's spirit,
The highest power of language and wit.
The reader then translates back to spirit;
If the soul responds, then a poem you've writ!***





*Life must be more like a mosaic done,
Than a focused laser tunnel of sun.
Since few lengthy pleasures are lent to us,
We build stained-glass windows of small ones.*



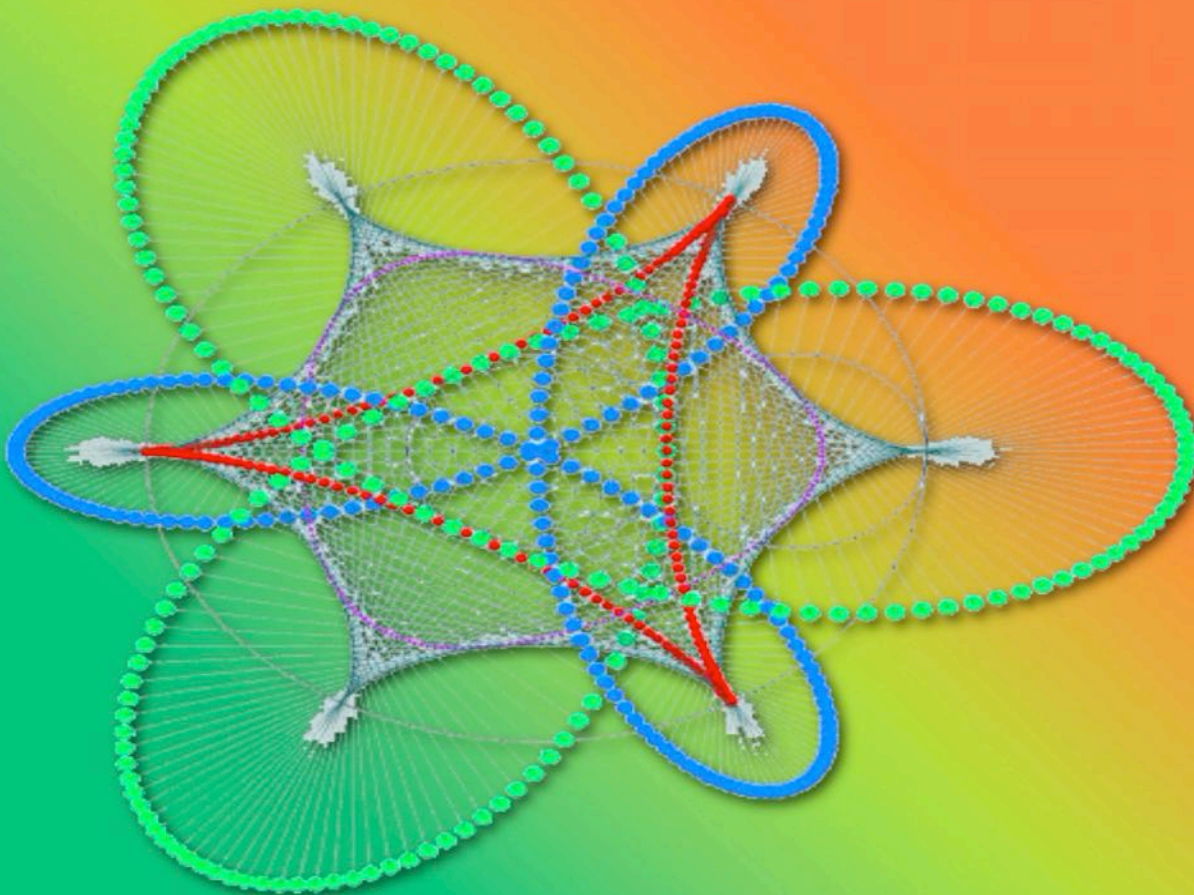


*Summer passed away in his sleep last night,
Autumn, sweet and plump, carries his offspring.
The year dies in the night, ghostly winter stares;
Yet, spring's flower is already in the seed.*





***Atoms are but bundles of inertia,
Knots in the field and fabric of space;
Yet matter defines the structure of space.
The Yin is in the Yang, and vice-versa!***





*Fleeting Time vanishes, e'vr the winged prize
That flies in a perpetual sunrise,
With the breath of eternity on its lips.
The Bird of Time is All that never dies.*





*Awash, on our love-made shore, we overcame
Our senses, leaving them behind, unclaimed,
And now float free, quenched in the sunset sea,
Basking in reflections of the scarlet flame.*





*What's that? Phantoms that are but a glimmer
Of the life and light of some halfway scene;
Of beings twixt man and angel—they shimmer,
As one might remember them from a dream.*



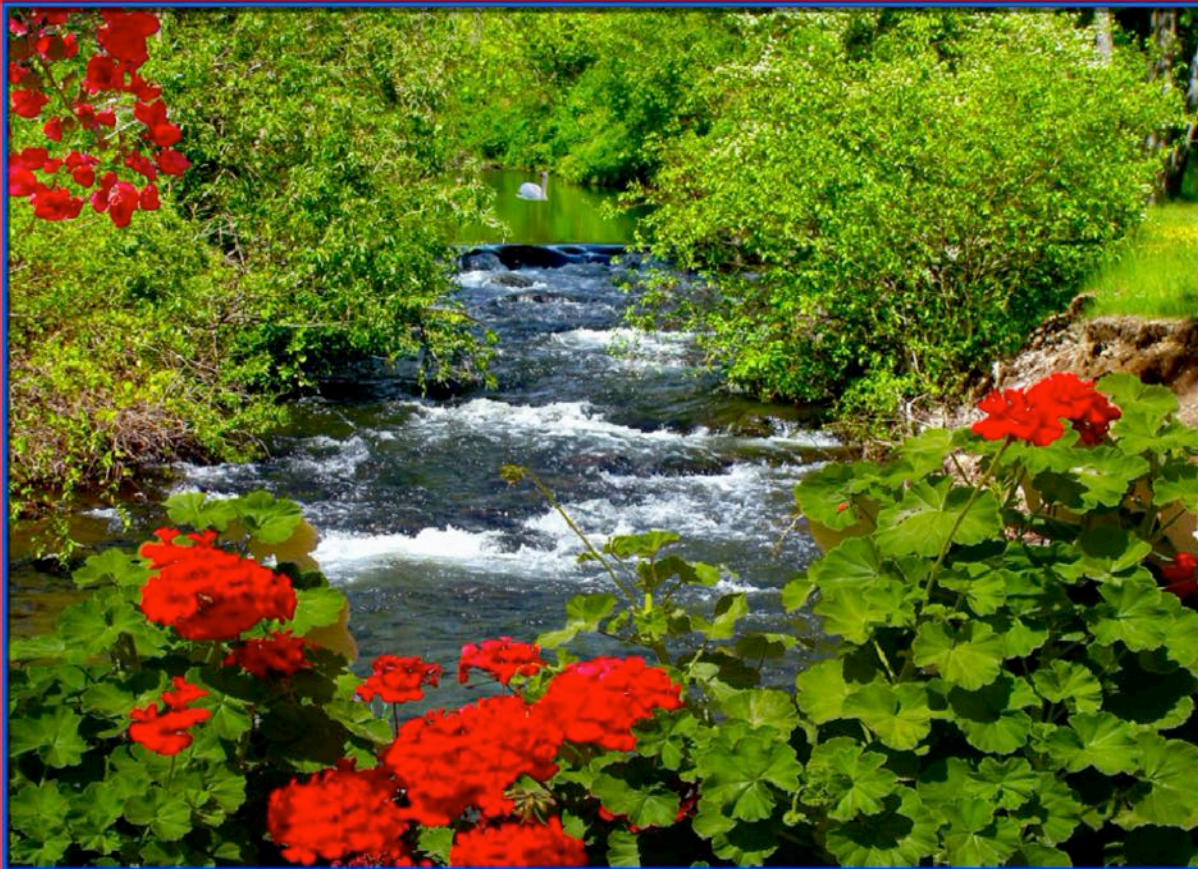


*Life's storm chased me till I could go no more;
I stood helpless, backed up against a door,
But fell through it before harm could touch me,
Cushioned by all the dreams supporting me.*





*Slake love's thirst in life's earthly endeavor
Near a stream where wildflowers grow forever.
Flowers influence our feelings—deep they roam:
Flora's fairest flowers compose Heaven's poem.*



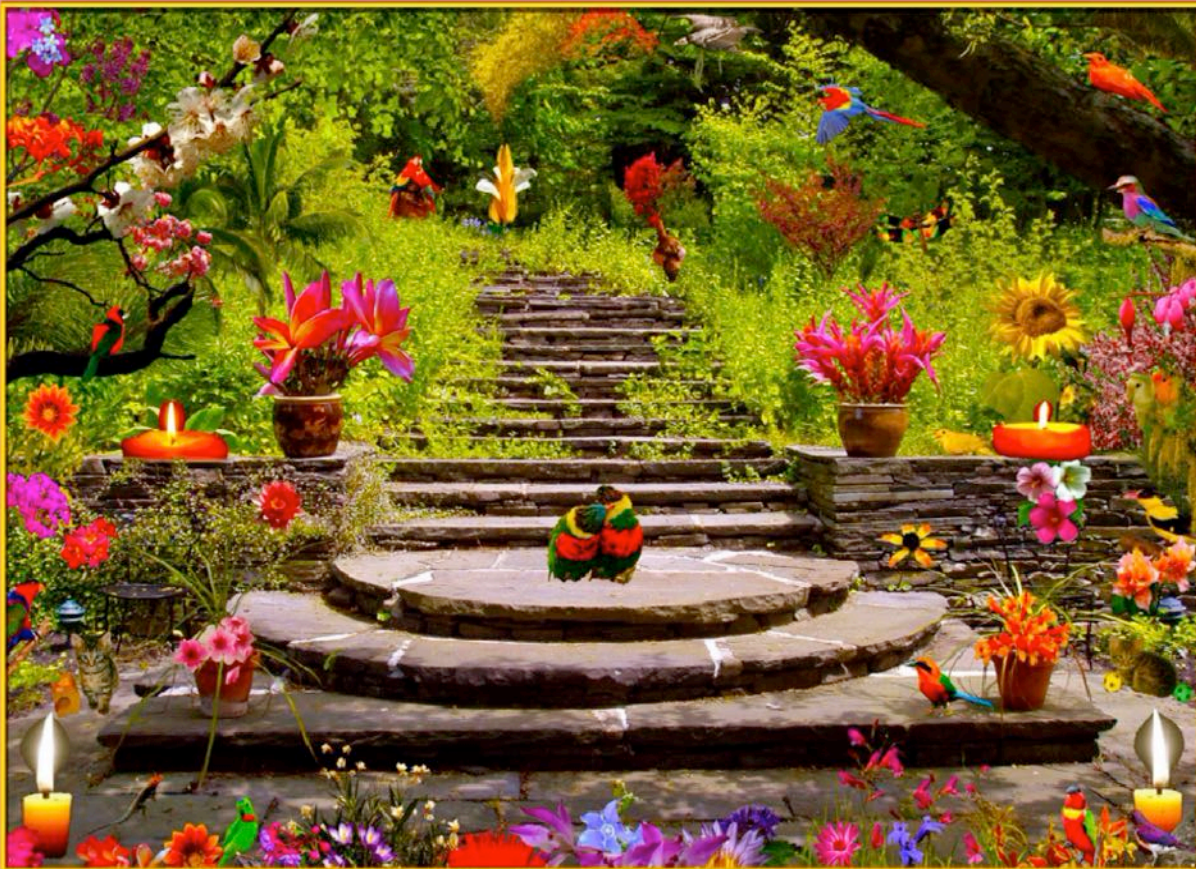


*Our blind-fated path was the further paved
When asteroids finished most of the species.
Far from a feature of intelligent design,
It opened up the space that was needed.*





*For my sins of spring I repent my part;
No! I mustn't repent, for how, apart,
Could I resist the beauty of love's truth,
When roses and tulips bloom in loving hearts?*





*Our blood runs warm with the sun's heat at noon;
The spirit is swept by the swelling moon;
Air surrounds us; The ocean flows through us.
Earth's rhythm is always playing our tune.*





*May I chance upon a land of strange rainbows
Of elfin-hued flowers: red delphiniums,
Black tulips, orange fuchsias, white marigolds,
Bronze grass, and the legendary blue rose.*





***Success blossoms out of a thoughtful dream,
Grown from seeds of what life to us should seem,
Then bears forth fruit, healthy and delicious,
In a garden watered by a wishing stream.***



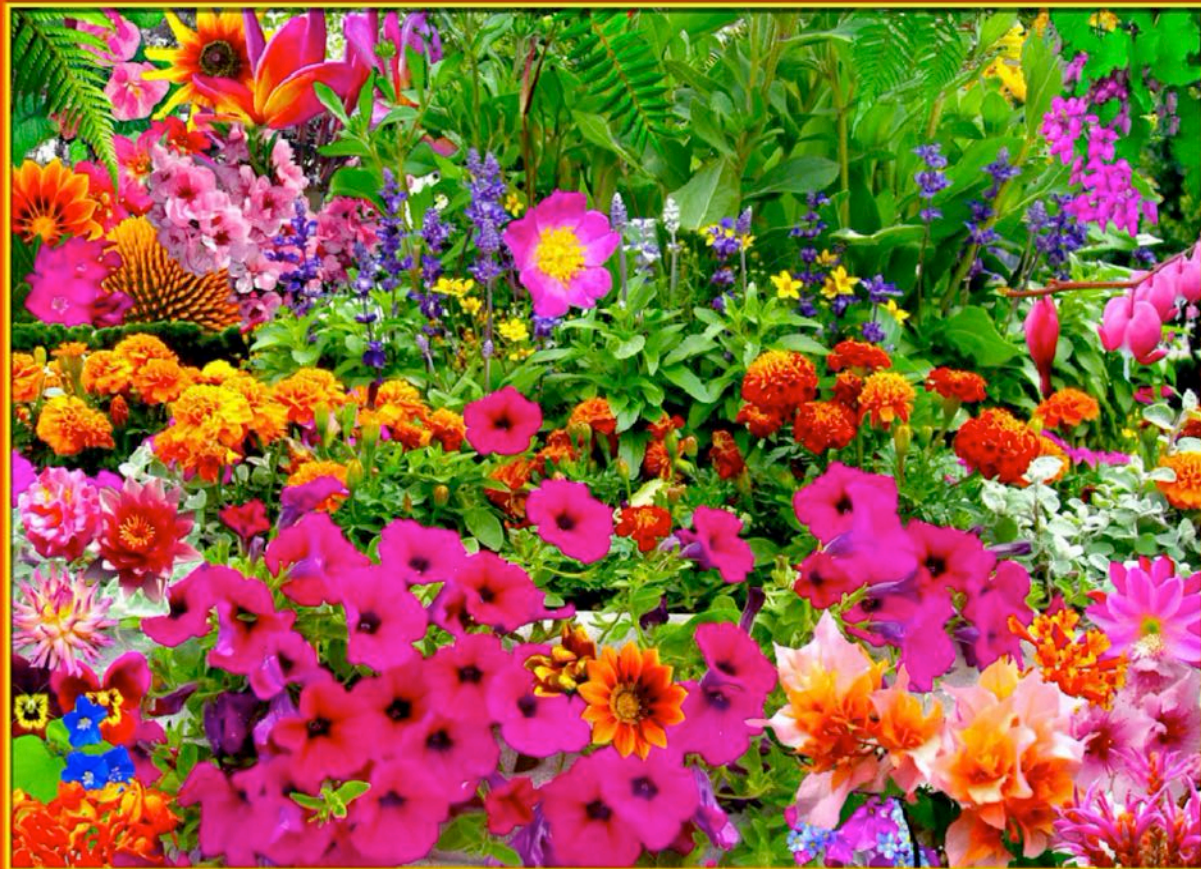


***Chrysanthemums drink the mellow day;
Falling petals carry the light away.
The autumn fog enswirls, the mist upcurls;
Into nothingness the wisp slow unfurls.***





***Petunias grow wherever rainbows touch,
Their colors vibrant, a bouquet, as such,
Of rays that make the flowers glow so much:
Heaven's prismatic radiance, life's clutch***





*Earth's a garden, an oasis in space,
A planet of boundless beauty and grace.
One might search the heavens for such in vain,
Finding no equal, any time or place.*





*There! What uncanny things flock, in between,
Unknown in the shadows, there but unseen?
They're dream-visions—completing the triad of
Earth's Heavenly things, with flowers and love.*





*Classicists drone toward dull perfection;
Romanticists drown in feeling's affection.
Worse, others alternate between extremes;
It's not this nor that, but of joined direction.*





***Obliterated by a war nuclear,
The Earth explodes in blazes solar!
Says a child in a galaxy afar,
“Oh, look! Look at the pretty shooting star!”***



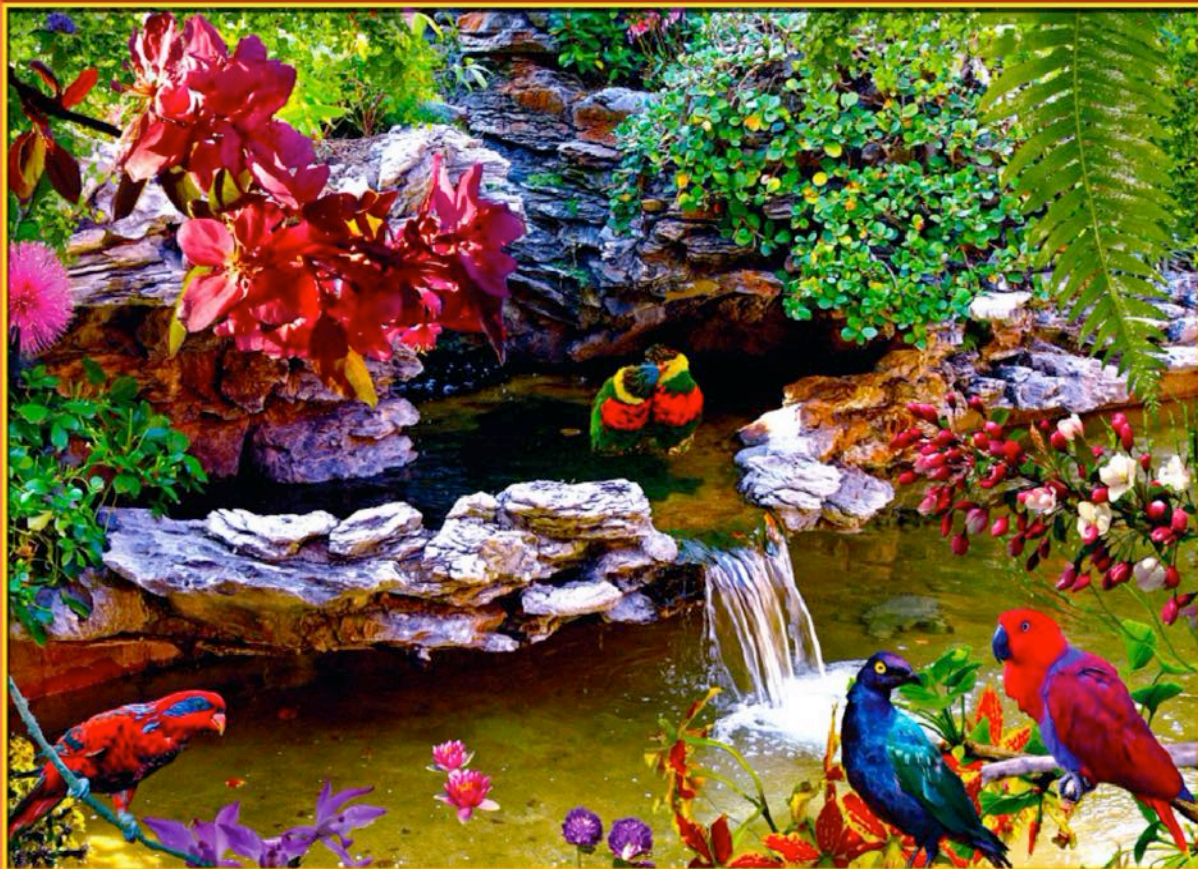


*With sparks from passion's smoldering embers,
We ignite all that our love remembers,
Then steam through emotion's ocean, in the
Relation Ship, of which we're the crew members.*





*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.*





*The Golden-Throated Lilies sing at morn;
Maiden Flower blushes, its pureness reborn;
Now, galaxies of Sunflowers sway,
Echoing the luminosity of day.*





*Now the Earth is very old, but each spring it
Turns young again when nature reinvents it,
Constructing the Temple of Flora outside,
In desert, field, wetland, woodland, and wayside.*





*A reflected bird crosses the glassy sky,
And passes water lilies floating on high,
While waves ripple the leaves of mirrored trees.
We meet at the looking-glass when days die.*





*Life is a web, of whos, whys, whats, and hows,
Stretched in time between eternal boughs.
Gossamer threads hold the beads that glisten,
Each minute a sequence of instant nows.*





*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.*





Some may ask of Life: "How does one find love?"

Life says, "Be still! Don't rush far and above;

Stop; let love's butterfly alight on you,

For that's the touch that romance is made of."





*In the water a face to me is shown,
One that sang all the songs the earth has known:
It's yesterday's summer wanderer,
Free again to shine on the world we own.*





*We bask in the warmth of winter sunshine,
The sunbeams creating a golden shrine.
As sparks given birth from the embers,
Our flames are fueled by the light divine.*





*As moon and Earth we bathe in radiance,
Cleansing our hearts in love's grand alliance.
Round and round each other we dance, entranced,
Revolving in the whirl of our dalliance.*





*The cemetery is where the ducks are fed,
Where we lovers feast on wine, verse, and bread
Amidst the flowered trees and quiet streams,
The home for both the living and the dead.*





*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.*





*I hurried on, for there ahead, alone,
The golden light of my angel shone,
A star lighting my step, guiding me,
On a night when every road led toward home.*



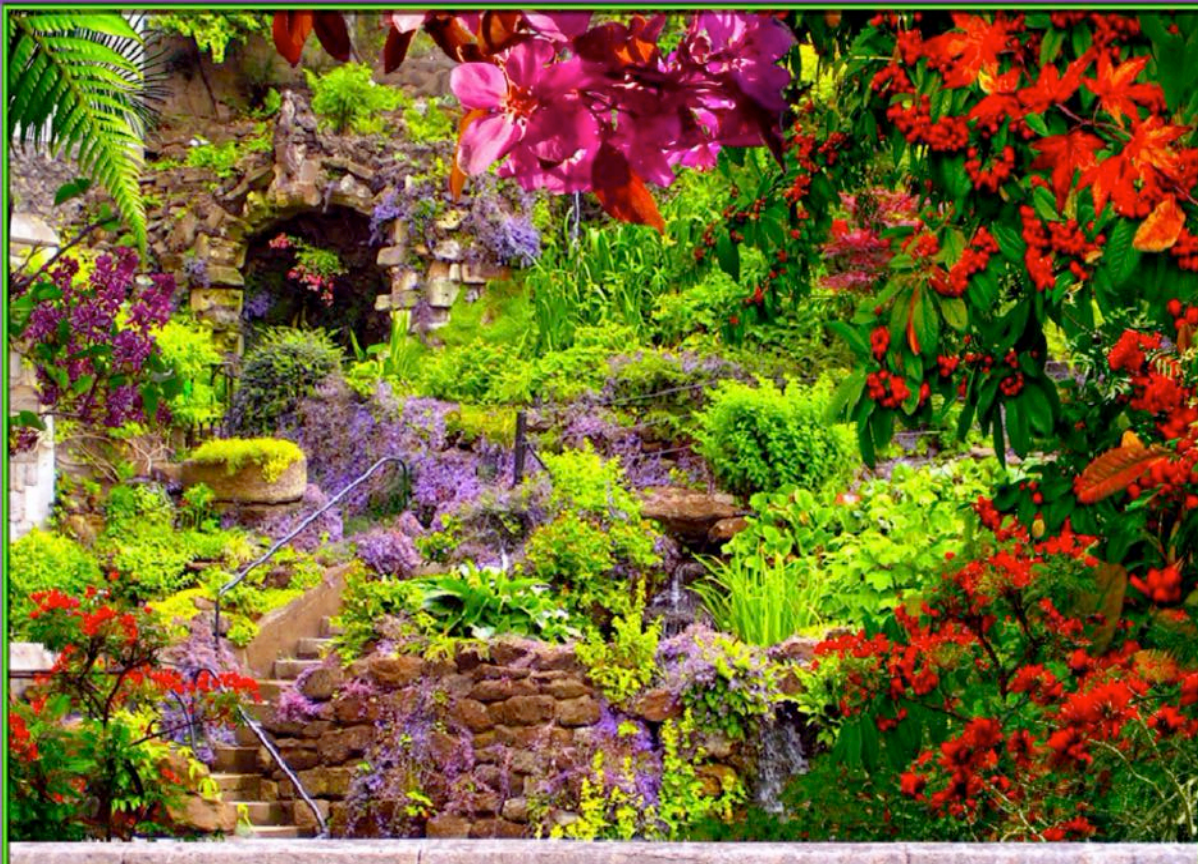


***It's all right that I'm not young anymore;
I still live as much as I did before:
Morn, noon, and eve have each their own charm,
As all have enchanting paths to explore.***





*There's a tunnel back to Eden's Garden,
A funnel, really—our small end open,
And through this fairyland we'll return, free,
To hang Adam's Apple back on the tree.*





*Spring had kissed the earth, leaving flowers there,
Like those whose perfume first scented virgin air,
As again, the fragrant glen, in Heaven's prayer,
Hailed Earth's anniversary with flowers fair.*





*Daffodils, arranged in their elfin way,
Wear their yellow skirts, like Fairies' Dresses,
And brighten, through the spirit light of morn,
Into the fuller radiance of day.*





*With the Rose the Earth is rich forever—
It's born from spring's dying kiss to summer;
It wears all the gems that the dew has wreathed,
Blooming wherever summer's breath has breathed.*





*Breathe flowered air and you'll never know death,
Your incarnate life an eternal wreath.
Breathe ambrosial incense, balm, and spice
Of flowers as fragrant as a fairy's breath.*





*The blooms are a crimson mist, in green blade,
Through yellow air, beyond a deep blue shade;
A white mist drifts through azure skies, bade
Toward purple mountains—fragrance of the glade.*





***The dusk deepens, night's pot of tea steepens;
Silence descends, as when a gift opens;
Eventide rises. On high, Orion camps.
Our eyes catch stars like fireflies in lamps.***



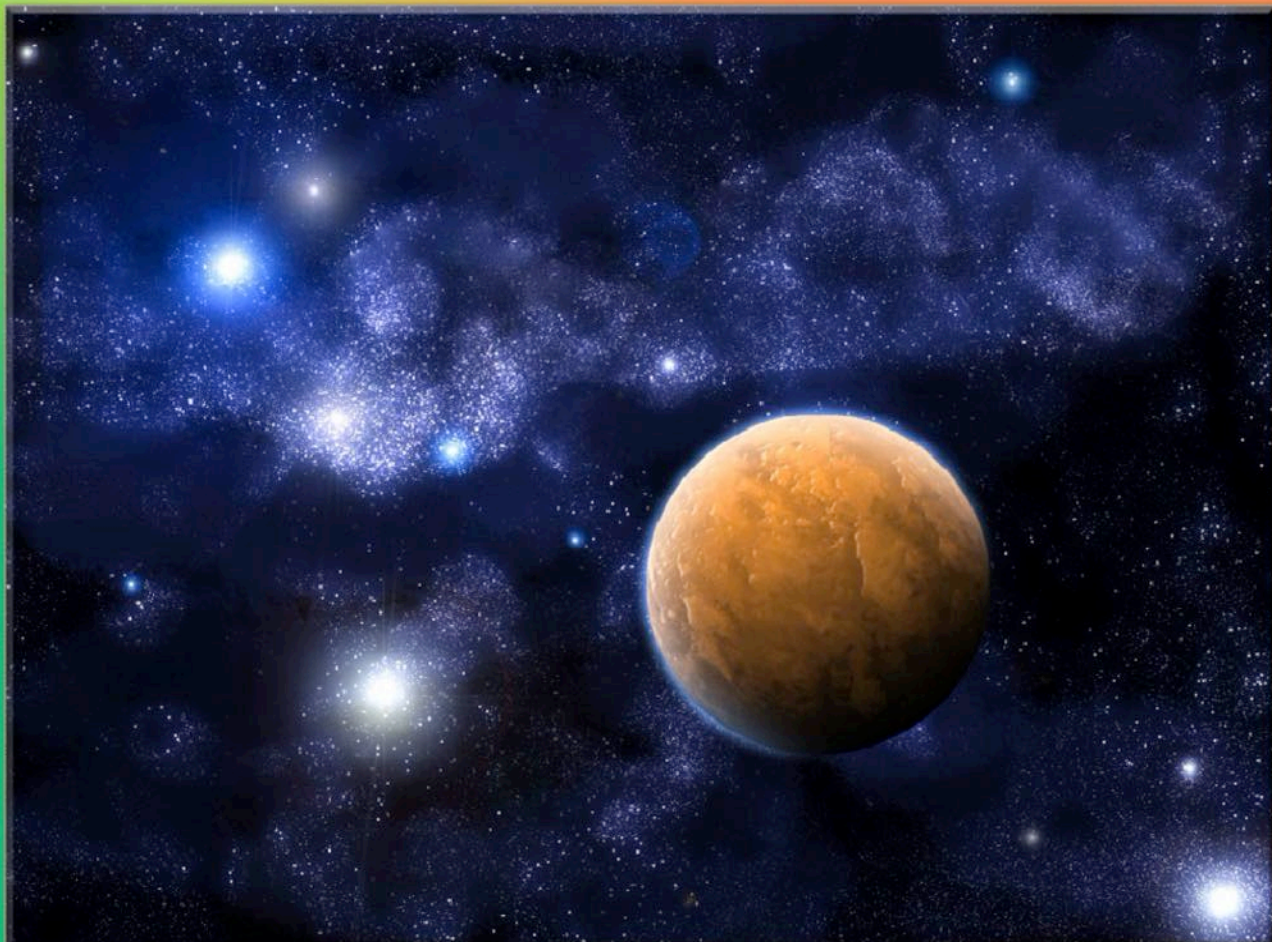


*The weed flowers came, marking autumn's track,
The blossoms that almost brought the spring back,
But—winter's white death wrap was drawn over,
Smothering the earth's last warm sweet odour.*





***“I’m the darkest,” says the Shadow to the Night.
“No,” says Midnight, “compared to me you’re bright.”
“You floodlights!” says Starless Space, “Stop your fight.
The darkest plight is the lack of love’s delight!”***





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





*Love matures when we let it flow beyond,
Freed to wend its way to places dear and fond.
Love's butterfly prospers when winds blow free;
Unconditional love never binds; it bonds.*





***In the night lies the healthy breath of morn;
The giant oak sleeps within the acorn;
The flower waits for spring inside the seed;
And so, too, in a daydream, is life born.***





*Good & evil were wrought from wrong and right,
When, of nought, twin genii split day and night.
Some may think black's might can vanquish white,
But night can't even quench the smallest light!*





***Purgatory's on Venus, where sulfurs rain.
Hell's found in the sun's heart, hot burning pain!
Of Heaven's site, no one has an idea;
It's the world's best kept secret: Earth's its name!***





*Luckily, we live at peak, atop life's pile
Of miraculous lives, from eons of wiles.
We're alive, thanks to all who've come before,
So how can we live by any style but smile?*



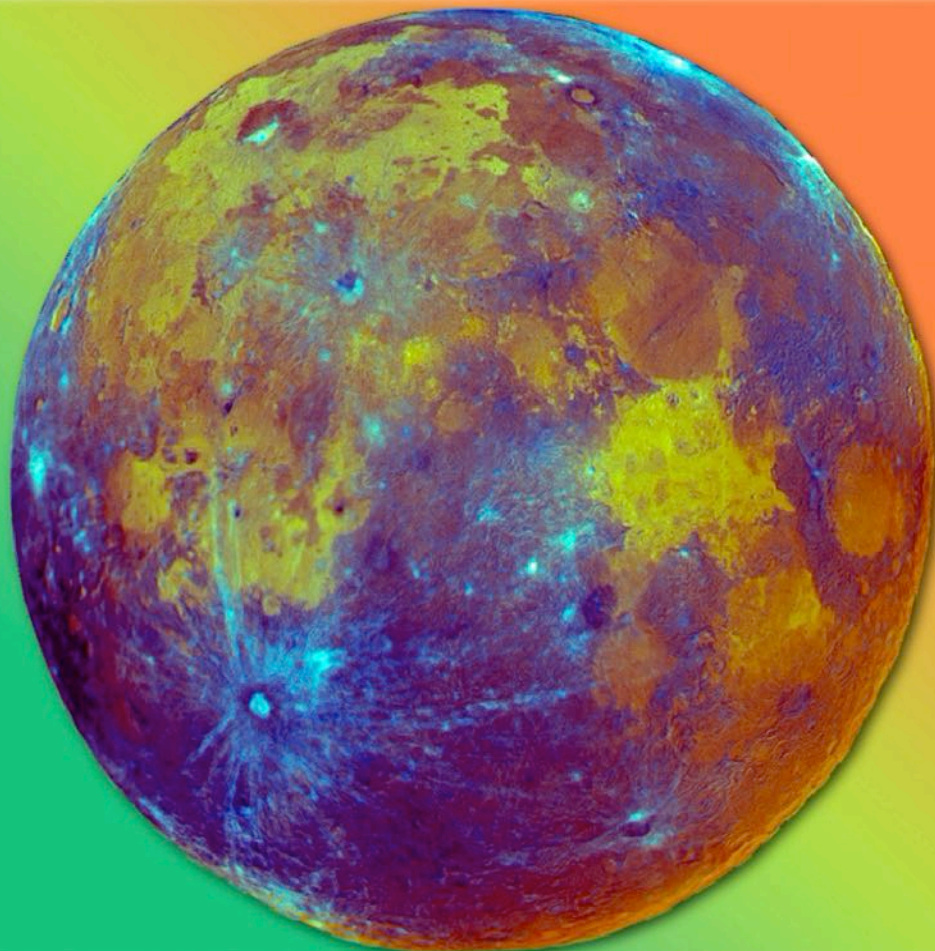


***If we were angels, life would be so just;
Instead, we try, we push, we climb, we lust,
We dance, we dream, we feel, and love with zest;
Yes, all this, thanks to the beast within us!***





***Like the moon, challenge night and gain the light;
Like the rose, suffer the thorn, gain the fragrance;
Of life, surrender to live forever,
Enlightened more than a thousand suns.***





***World does not pass by; you pass through it.
Clear your being so the treasure may arrive;
This spirit sparkles of a different light,
The gemstones are of a different mine.***





*Existence is a zero-balance tree,
Of opposites: matter and its anti,
Opposing charge, the weak versus strong force;
All from 'nothing', to form reality.*



Backward Gravity slows down Forward Light to create temporary virtual matter.





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





*Daydreams are filled with thoughts on promenade:
Wishes, fantasies o'er the mind cascade.
We listen well to plans already made,
For by sundown the phantom shapes may fade.*





Oh thee, of thine, whence comes this life of mine?

I wish to thank thee for our living wine.

*Oh, Nature, Father Time, Guiding Star,
Thanks for throwing us this earthly lifeline.*





*At first, we sleep in our dear mother's womb;
At last, we sleep in the cold silent tomb.
In between, Life whispers a dream that says,
"Wake, live, for the rose withers all too soon!"*






*Life's hardships can be softened by beauty,
Its weaknesses can be strengthened by truth.
When roses blossom, like realizations,
Beauty itself blooms from the well of truth.*





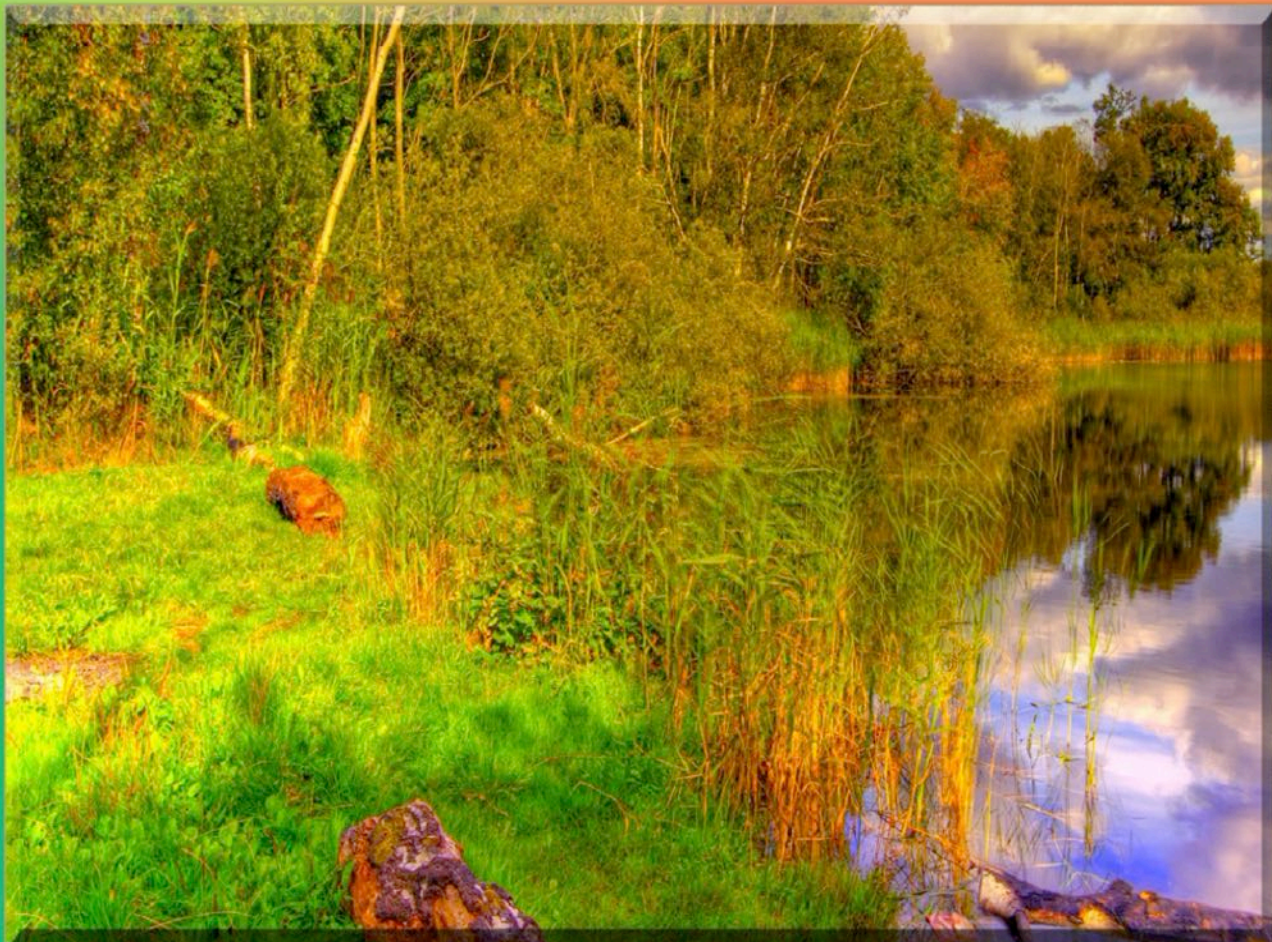
*When a deep truth is known so intensely
That all of its clothing falls away,
Then we have learned the beauty of truth, for
The reality of meaning is beauty.*

A photograph of a pink flower, possibly a tulip, partially enclosed within a clear glass dome. The dome sits on a white, textured surface, possibly sand or a soft material. The background is dark and out of focus.

To see a world in a grain of sand,
And a heaven in a wild flower,
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,
And eternity in an hour.



***Soft breezes blow, caressing me and you,
As we kiss the roses and drink the dew.
Reason and passion soon merge into one,
As truth and beauty make their rendezvous.***





*Love's spirit weaves the soul's warp, weft, and wave,
Creating an eternal, perfect braid,
Wound from strands of Truth, Goodness, and Beauty;
Each different forms, but from the same All made.*





*A poem is a truth fleshed in living words,
Which, by showing unapprehended proof,
Lifts the veil to reveal hidden beauty:
It's life's image drawn in eternal truth.*





*To future columns, we stretch our present row,
By a lifeline of tenuously spun vow.
Oh, how soon the weighted web begins to fail;
The only real time under our feet is now.*





*The child in us was warm, playful, and bold,
But vanishes, ere we know, leaving us cold.
Now this we know: The day we stop being
Playful is the day we start to get old.*





*A rose's prime lasts for but an hour of morn,
Flowering and free, then fragile and forlorn.
The petals float to earth, and there signify
That beauty's past, for all that's left is the thorn.*



*A rose's prime lasts for
but an hour of morn:
Flowering and free,
then fragile and forlorn.*

*The petals
float to earth,
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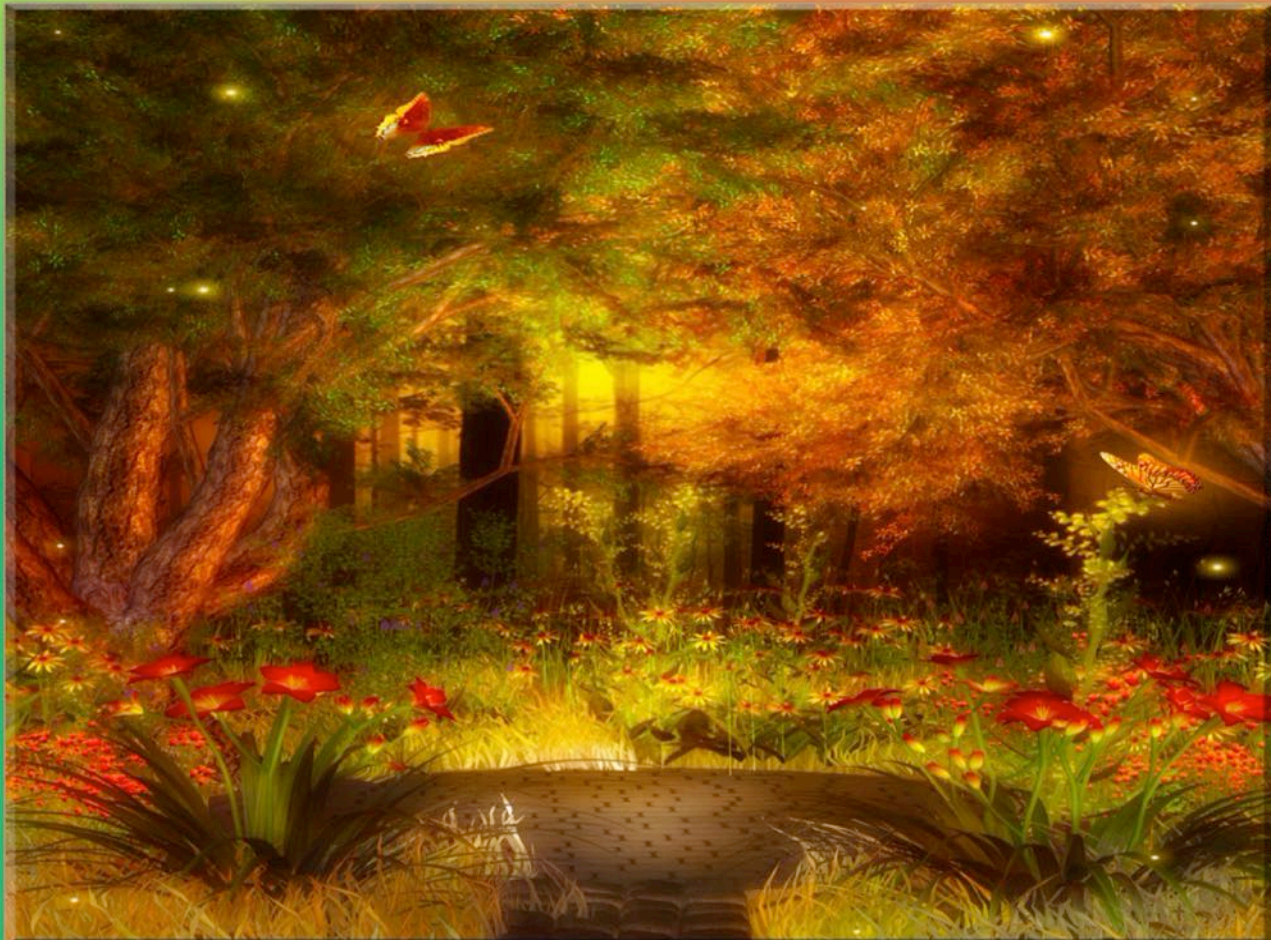


*Fresh winds make love to the blossoms of May,
As spring flowers reach for the light of day,
Drinking deep draughts of life's sunny delight.
Meadows burst with the joy of love's bouquet.*



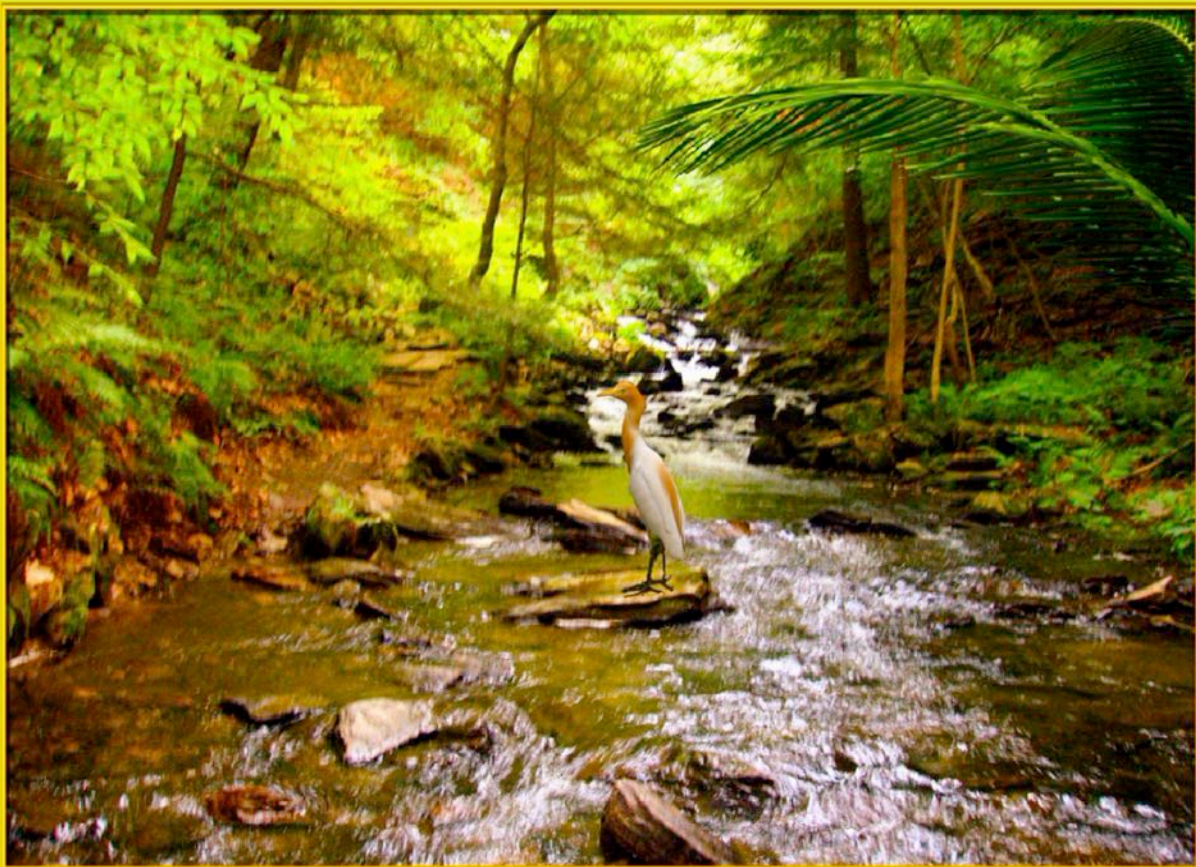


*I caress her tresses, in romantic rhythm,
To the contented sighs she sends toward Heaven.
We slumber where the grass fledges the stream,
Half-awake or asleep, in love's peaceful dream.*





*Throughout the day we sit beside a brook,
Reading with life its most wonderful book,
Then sleep with each other, in a sweet nook,
And this of her and me was all it took.*





*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.*





***Look at the stars in the depths of the night;
Hold the flames in your mind, keeping them bright.
Their power flows, energizing you, from
The Eternal Charger; you see the light!***





*Life's a continual cosmic energy dance,
From some ultimate underlying happenstance.
We're immersed in matter's universal rhythm;
Therefore, we must all participate in the dance.*



*Life's a continual cosmic energy dance,
From some ultimate underlying happenstance.*



*We're immersed in matter's universal rhythm;
Therefore, we must all participate in the dance.*

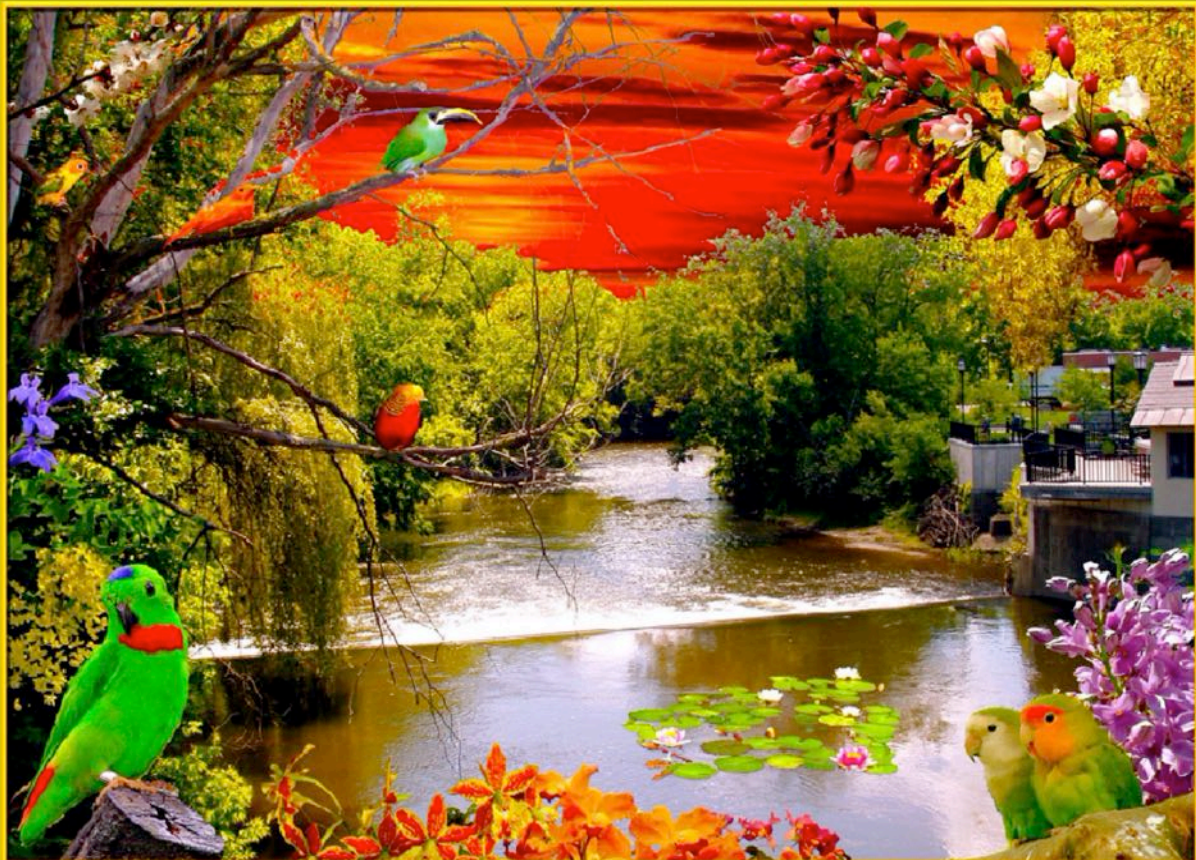


*Not quite sober blessed nor drunk to excess;
Never too foolish nor very reckless;
Ah, one's passion is so reasonable
In this delicate state of awareness.*





***There's a subtle, interlinked complexity of
Life, a relation that unites the world in love:
The earth is our mother, sustaining from below;
The sky is our father, nourishing from above.***





***Classicists drone toward dull perfection;
Romanticists drown in feeling's affection;
Worse, others alternate between extremes;
It's not this nor that, but of joined direction.***



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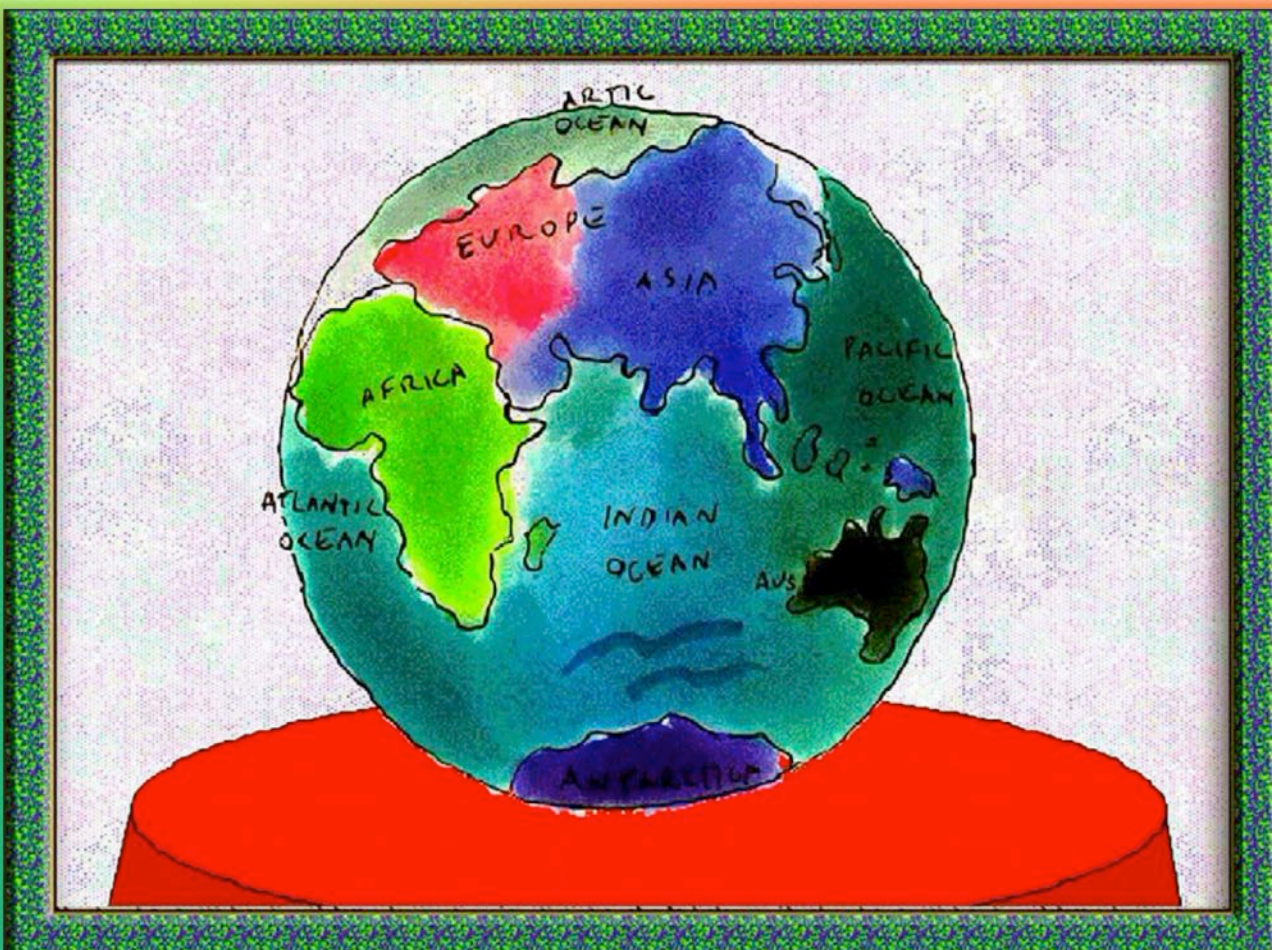


*A moment of eternity in hand,
Caught from a wingéd creature on time's sand,
But put aside to later view in peace;
It flies! Now pursue it through Never-Land.*





***Why is Earth for human life so perfect,
But billions of other worlds so unfit?
Well, if this world wasn't right for life, then
We wouldn't be here to ask about it!***



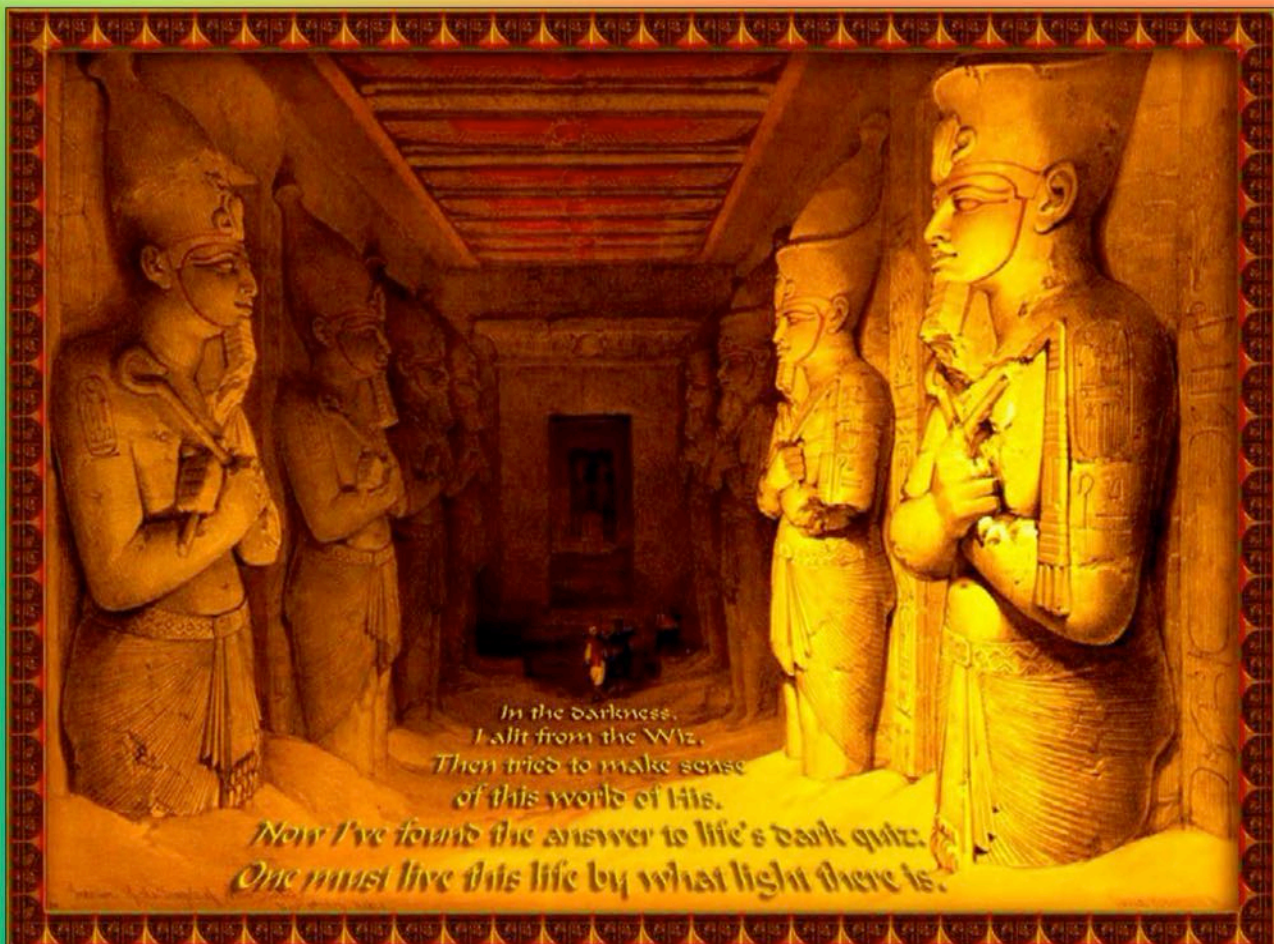


*Such from nothing is written our account,
And to nothing we'll still have to amount,
But, in between those two parentheses
The pluses rain on us from Heaven's fount.*





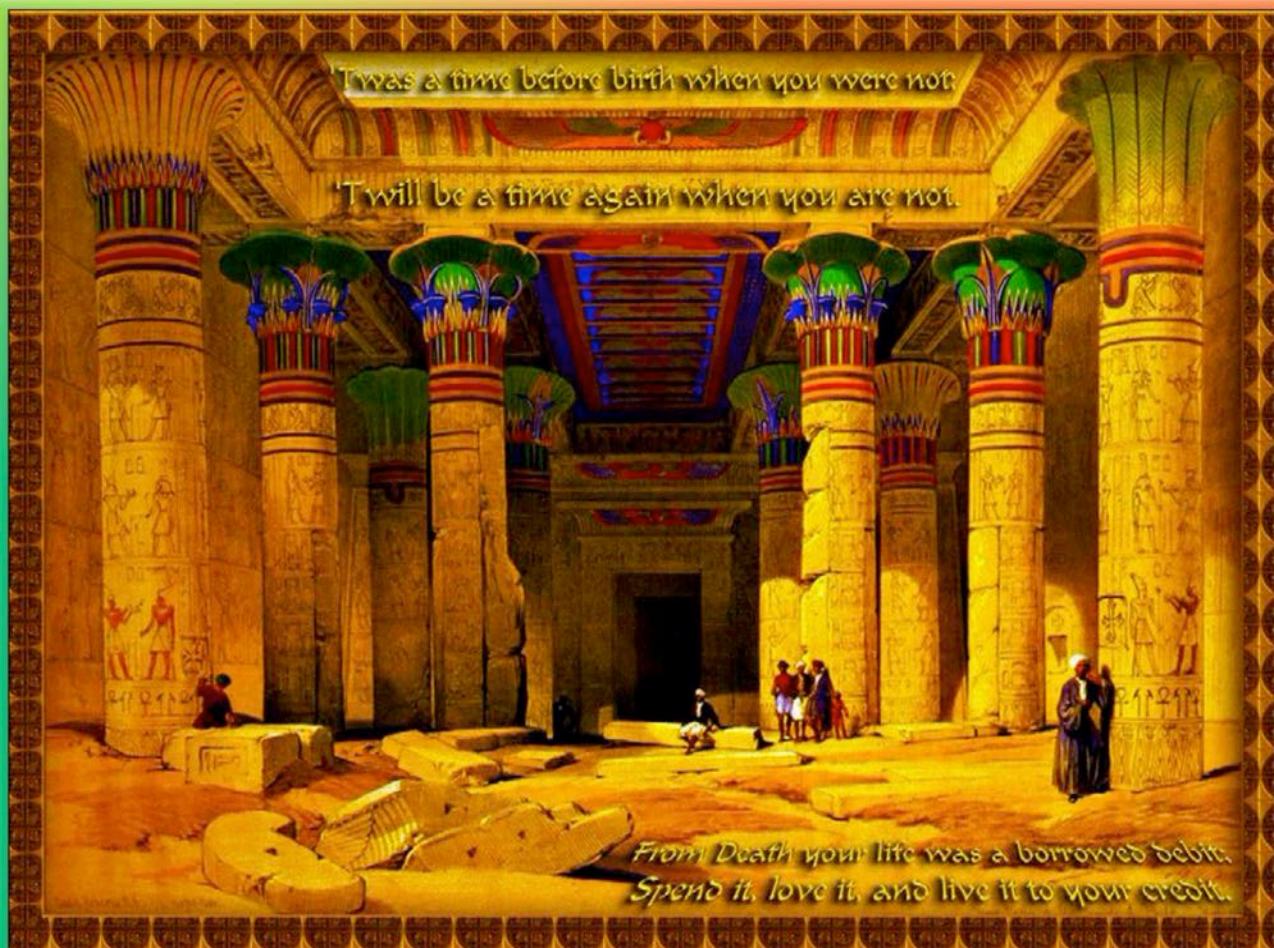
*In the darkness, we alight from the Wiz,
And try to make sense of this world of His.
We soon find the 'answer' to life's dark quiz:
We must live this life by what light there is.*



*In the darkness,
I alit from the Wiz,
Then tried to make sense
of this world of His.
Now I've found the answer to life's dark quiz:
One must live this life by what light there is.*



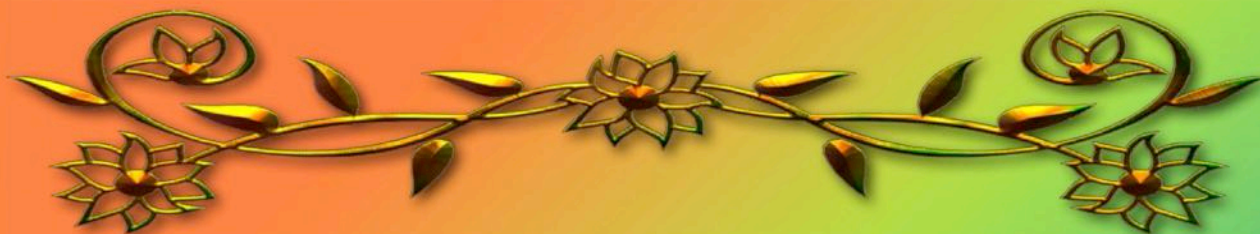
*'Twas a time before birth when we were not;
'Twill be a time again when we are not.
From Death our life is a borrowed debit;
Let's spend it, and live it to our credit.*





*Be wide aware when chance shines as your sun,
For she, in turn, happens on everyone.
Graciously welcome the lady of luck,
By recognizing her as Dame Fortune.*





*We fear not death, Heaven, or even Hell,
For death is only life's natural knell,
And Heaven-Hell are but within ourselves;
The one thing we fear is not living well!*



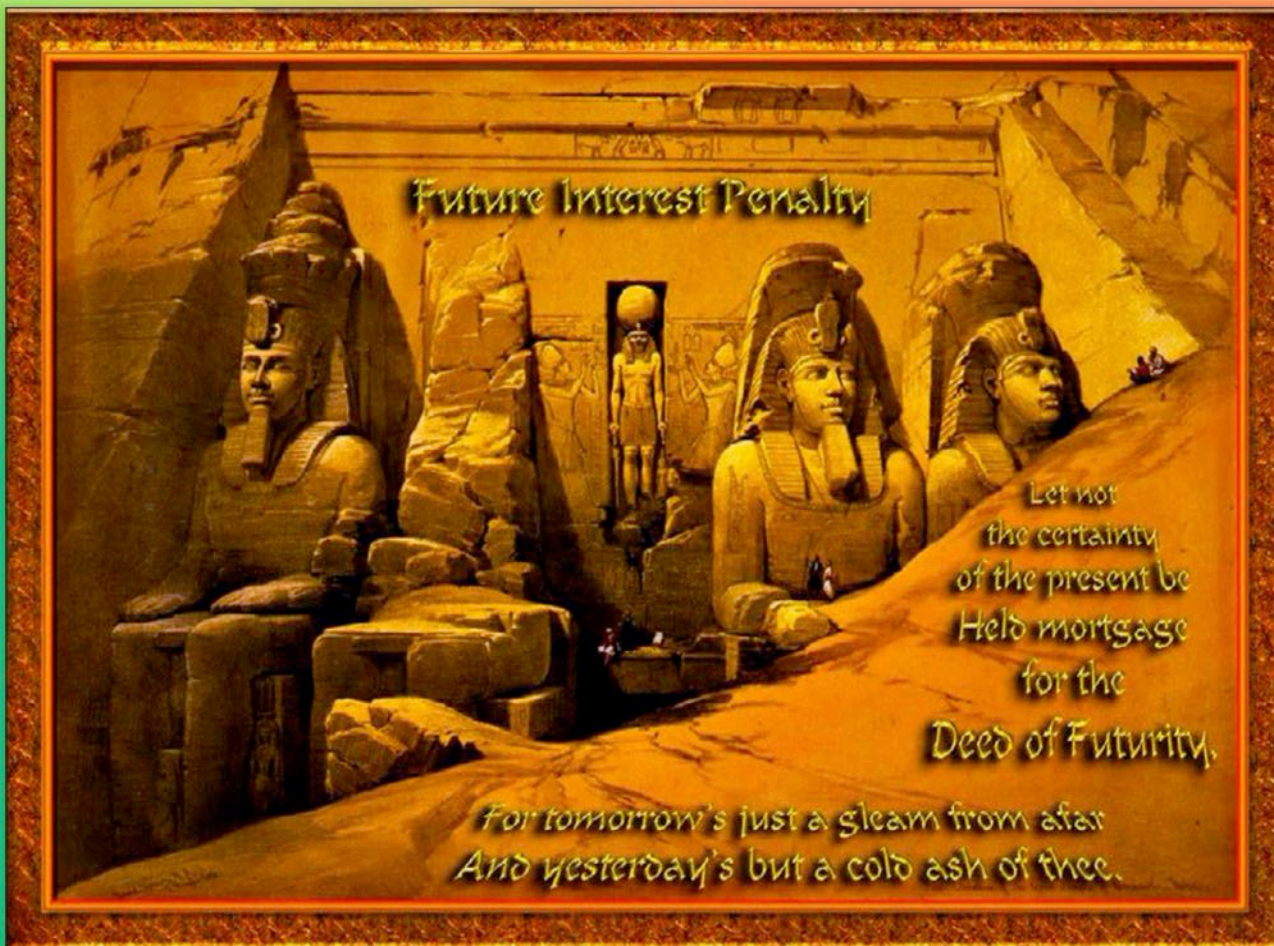


*As once we were, our presence full beheld
Spirit, body, heart, and mind. Then, in meld,
As more than the parts, we become the whole,
Human beings living lives unparalleled.*





*Let not the certainty of the present be
Held mortgage for the Deed of Futurity,
For tomorrow's just a gleam from afar
And yesterday's but a cold ash of thee.*



Future Interest Penalty

*Let not
the certainty
of the present be
Held mortgage
for the
Deed of Futurity,*

*For tomorrow's just a gleam from afar
And yesterday's but a cold ash of thee.*



***How wondrous this! How mysterious that!
There's nowhere else to look for life's impact;
We must experience the wonder and
Mystery of life in every single act.***



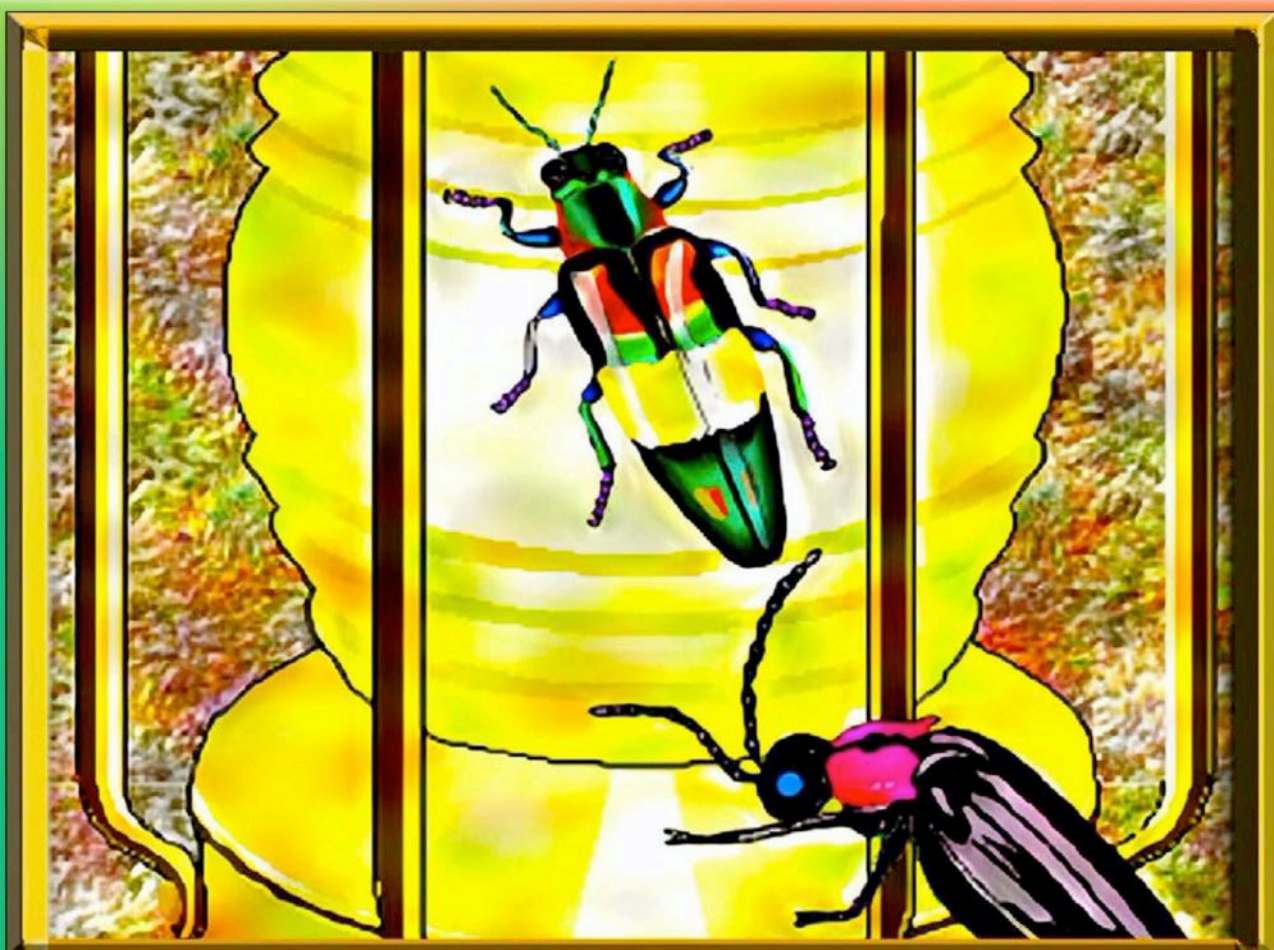


*We construct the world that our dreams require,
One moulded closer to our hearts' desire.
In this world body of a soul inspired,
We'll live life entire before we expire.*





*Come light your lantern & mine with good cheer;
We're magic lamps, our spirits dance in there.
Our beginning and end are of nowhere,
So radiate, since, for now, we are here!*





***She grows a clutch of blossoms to propose;
His zephyr blows nature's page to disclose:
Spring, departing, caresses the summer;
From their only kiss blooms the lovely rose.***





***Spring's last breath awakens him, he's living:
The life-force passes to summer from spring.
His clover spreads, vines grow strong, roses cling,
All from the kiss of which she died giving.***



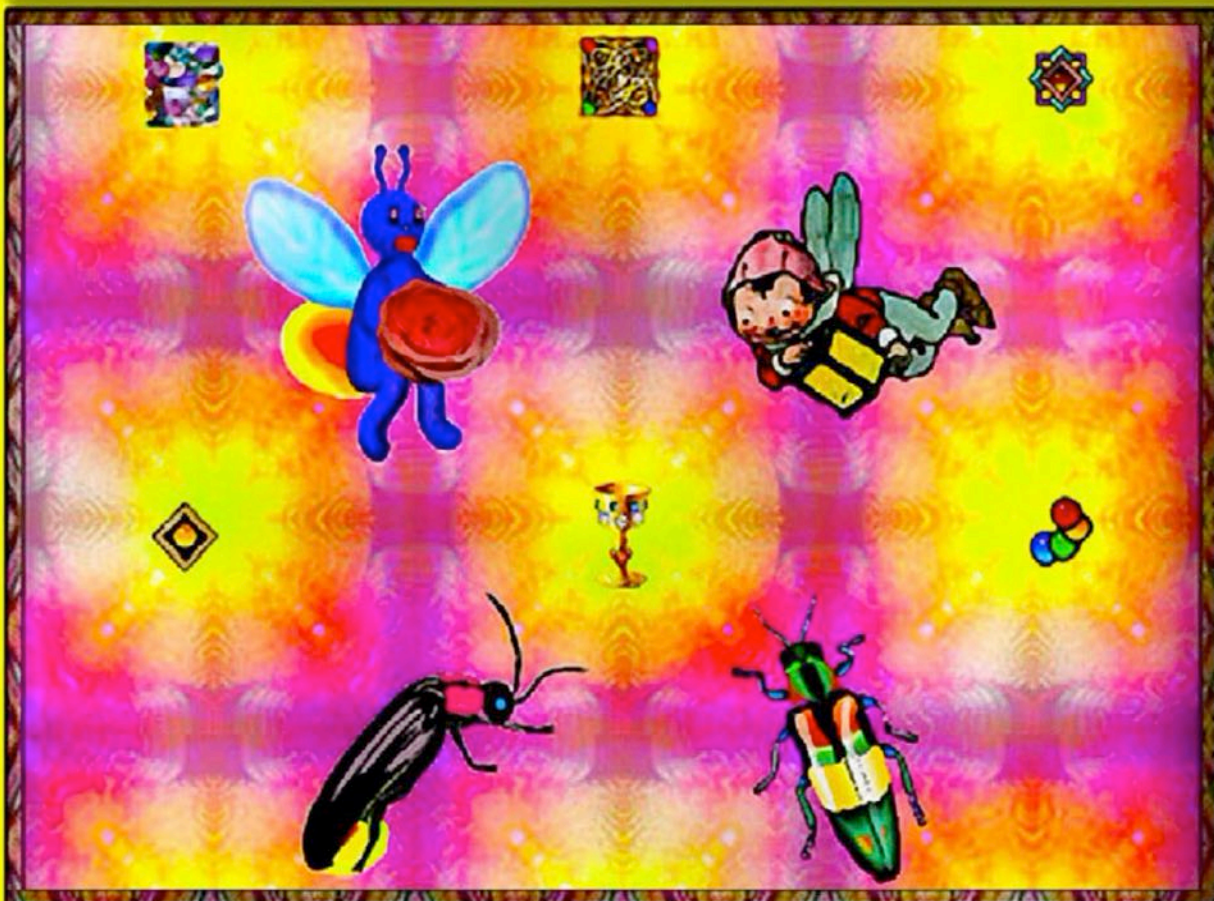


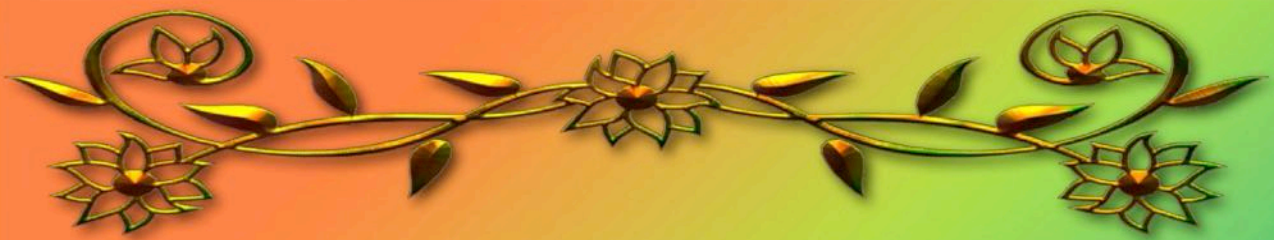
*The glow-worm rises into the summer sky,
Twinkling, love's light unspent, soon a firefly,
Sighting the beacon of reply; then they,
With electric hugs, become lightning bugs!*





*The sky is lit, a twinkling promenade
Of mating calls, from luminated pods,
Tracers pulsing wild, searching thoughts that smile,
From fireflies named Winkin', Blinkin', and Nod.*



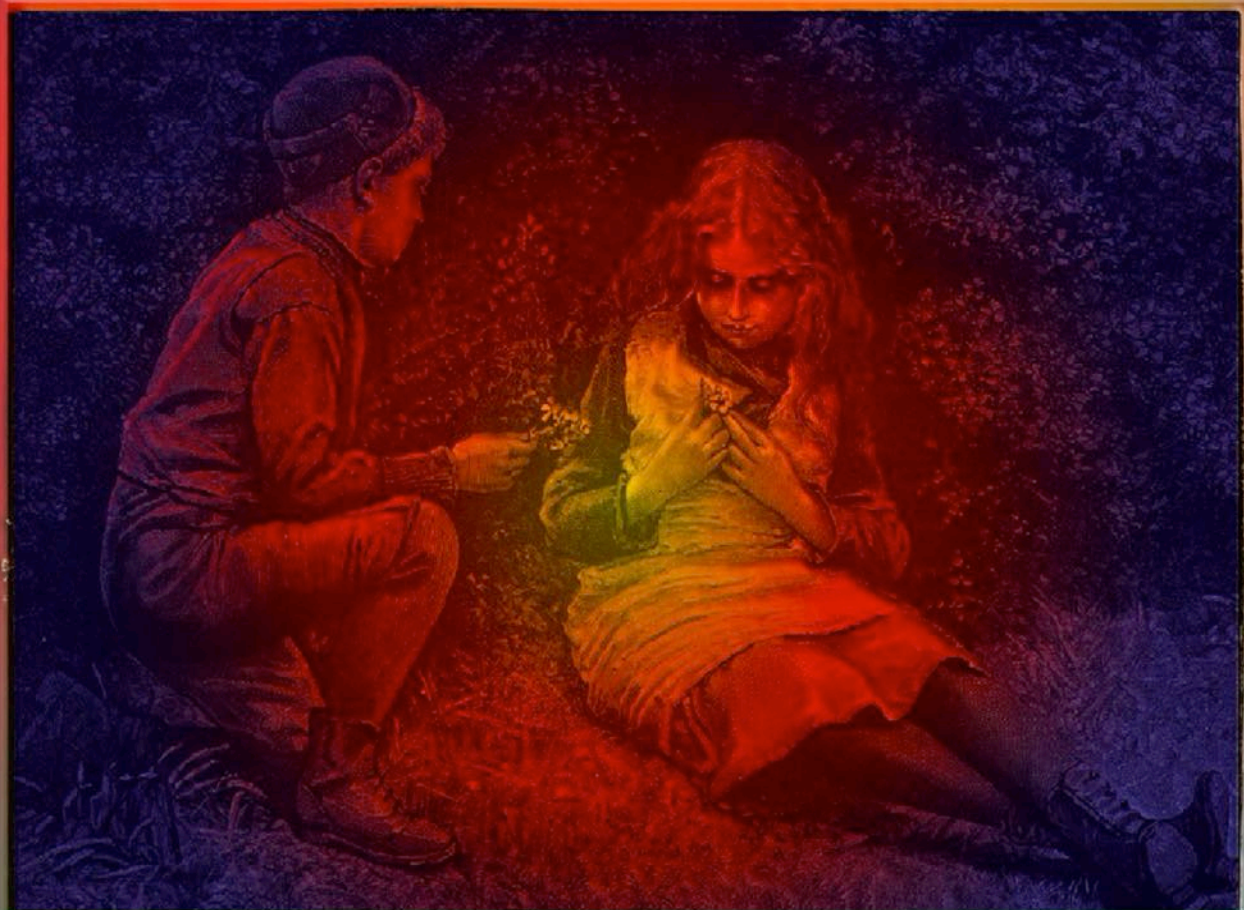


***Breathe in all that's good, breathe out all that's bad;
Peace flows into you; it's warm, wet, and glad.
Feel it spread throughout the body, then say,
"This is the best life that I've ever had!"***





***One's spirit flows from moment to moment,
Connecting and savoring life's events,
Drinking-in the sounds, currents, textures, scents,
And subtle delights, a being self-content.***





*To your lover, all your kisses bestow,
As 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.*





***Like living lenses, we mirror our love:
In feedback loops, images spiral above,
Echoing as infinite reflections
That fill up the scene; that's what love's made of!***





*As I wander 'long the romantic way,
With the one who drinks life's sadness away,
I realize that the cost of a loveless life
Is much too high a price for one to pay.*





*We never knew that love could be like this,
A wonderland of peace, joy, and bliss.
No, we never knew where we'd never been,
That such a world could be found in a kiss.*



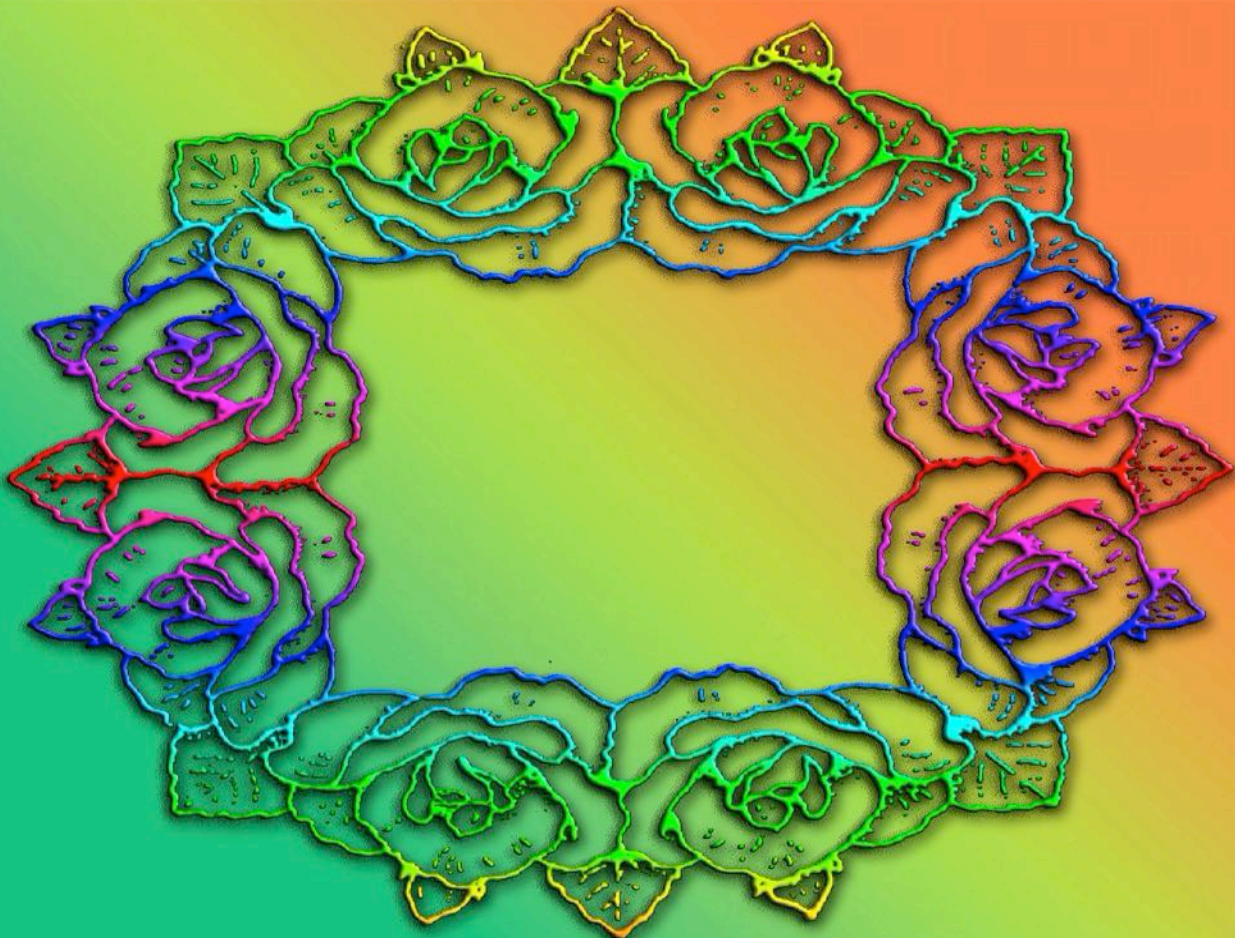


*Together we sing, in the fugal voice,
For we live in two-part harmonic choice.
We're opposite twins in love, a canon
Of chime in which we in unison rejoice.*



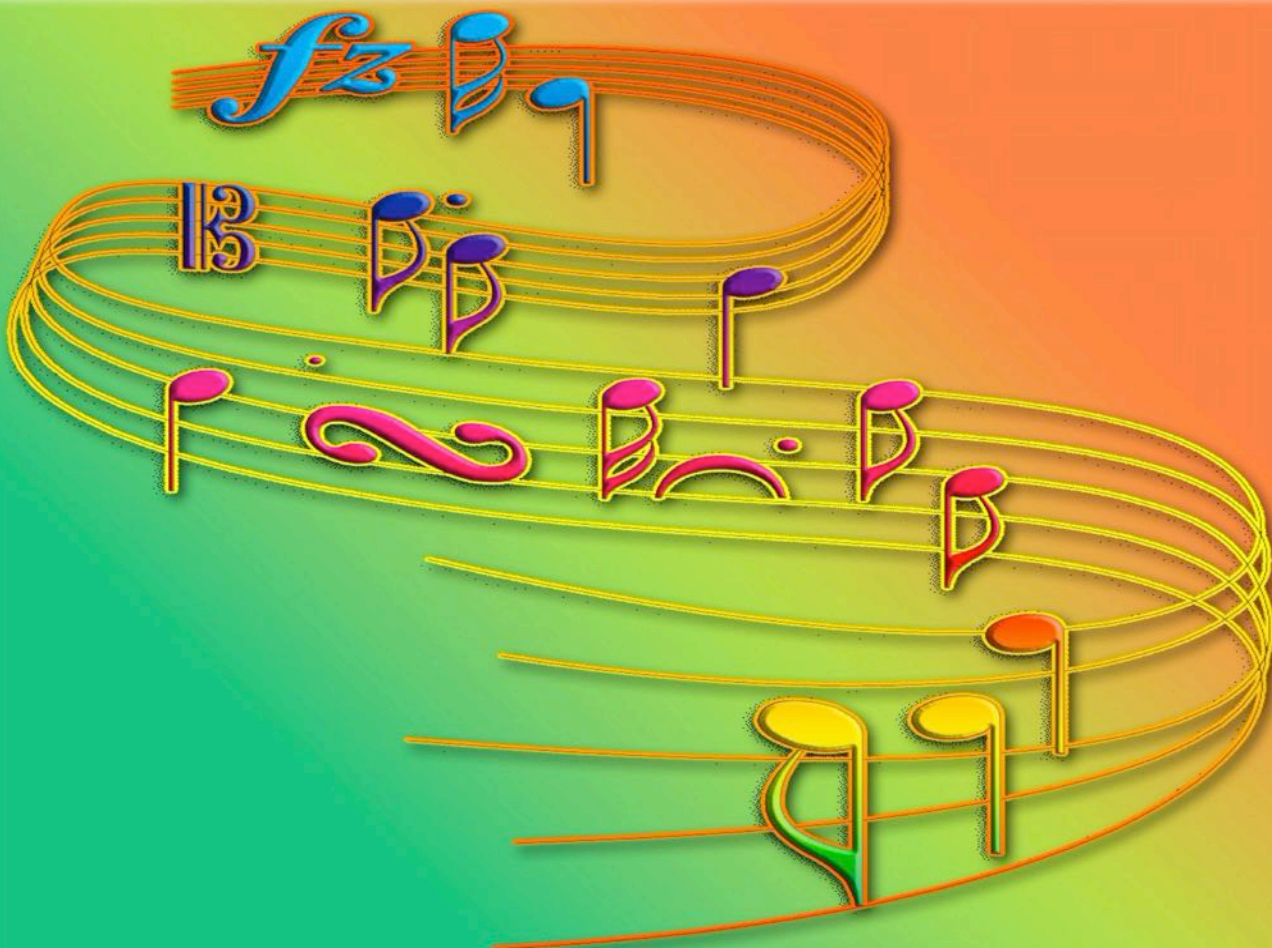


*Like voices merged in the Canon Pachelbel,
We speak as one, like the knell to the bell,
She saying what I think, and vice-versa,
In tune, in unison, yet parallel.*





*Our fugal voices blend, part, join, and long
Weave in and out, the music sweeping strong
And onward, upward, inward, and outward,
Until being is left to the spirit's song.*



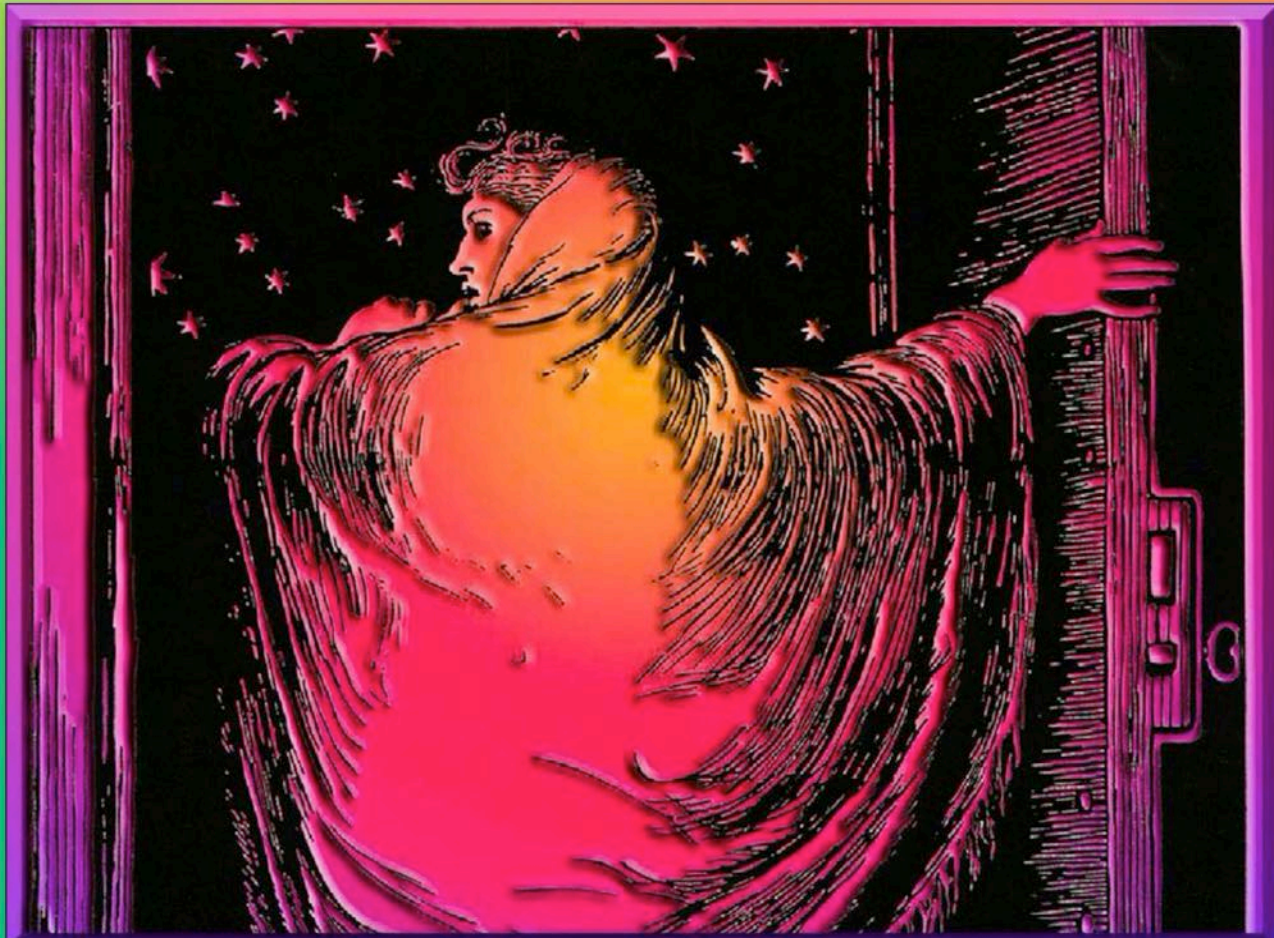


***In love relationships, not only banish
Criticism, nagging, name calling, anger,
Punishments, and yelling, but, replace them,
With encouragement, support, and caring.***



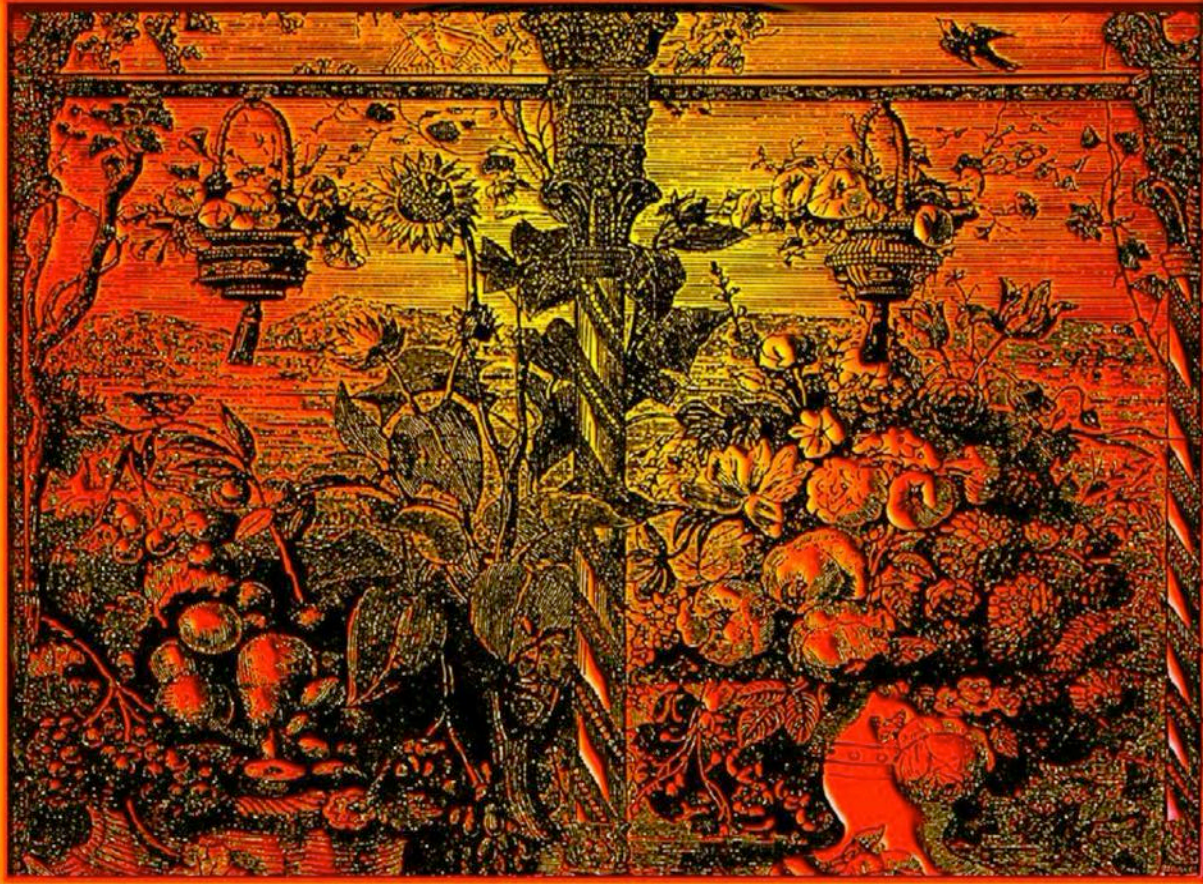


*Earth couldn't be farther out in space, alone;
In all directions it rolls along, unknown.
Look to the stars piercing the depths of time:
They beckon, warm & welcome, the fires of home.*





*As seasons pass, the world comes to our door:
Spring sings through the wingéd troubadour;
Summer calls with the rose, 'midst the woodlore;
Autumn crows, plump & sweet, through frosty hoar.*





*Joy and exuberance are spring's largesse;
Sunlight, warmth, and growth are summer's bequest;
Autumn brings wealth, with its mellow harvest;
Winter's fruit is peace; its bounty is rest.*



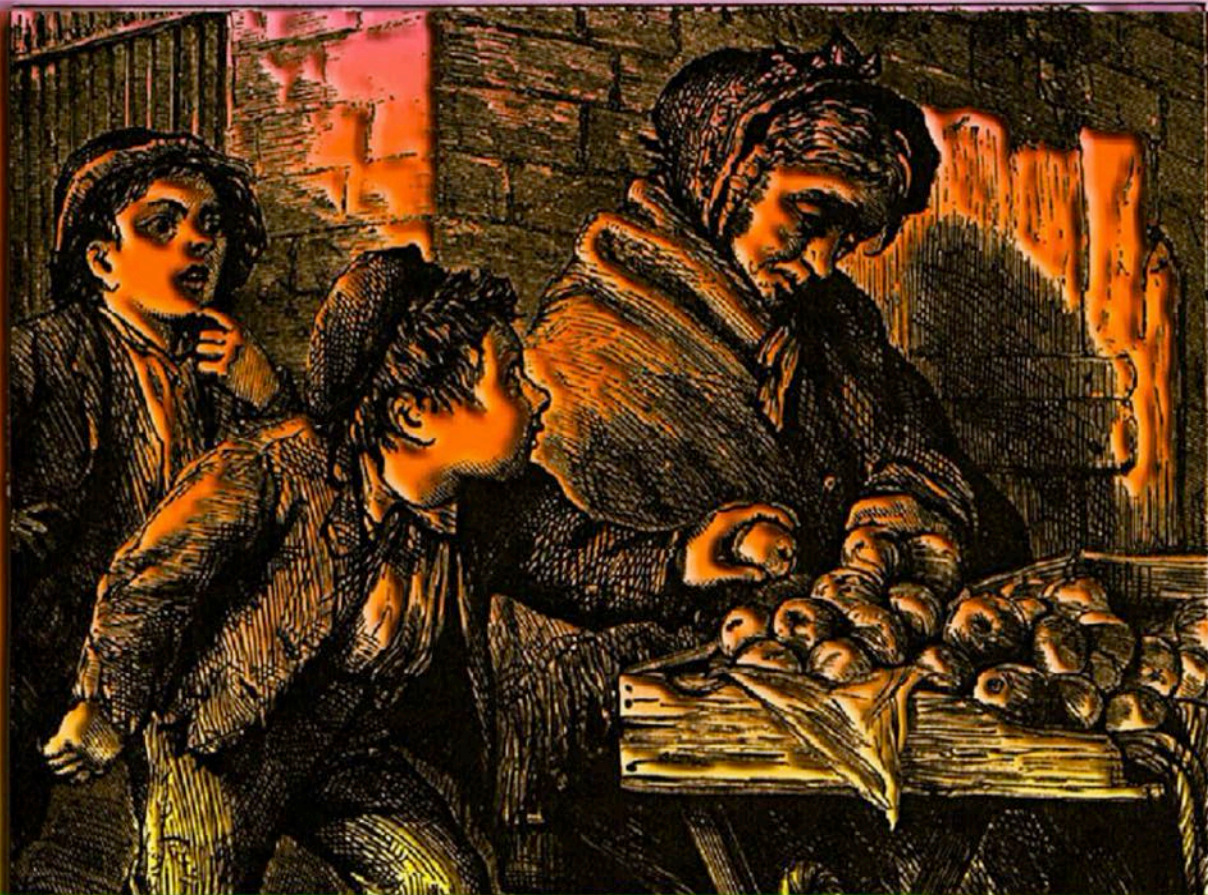


*Nip trouble in the bud, lest it grow
And sprout, like a weed, blossoming with woe,
And spreading, thickening all around, till
It imprisons you, like some old hedgerow.*





***Problems are not as complex as we think;
Simply, misery and death follow drink;
Evil and cruelty are the same reflected;
Drugs plainly lead to a life out of sync.***



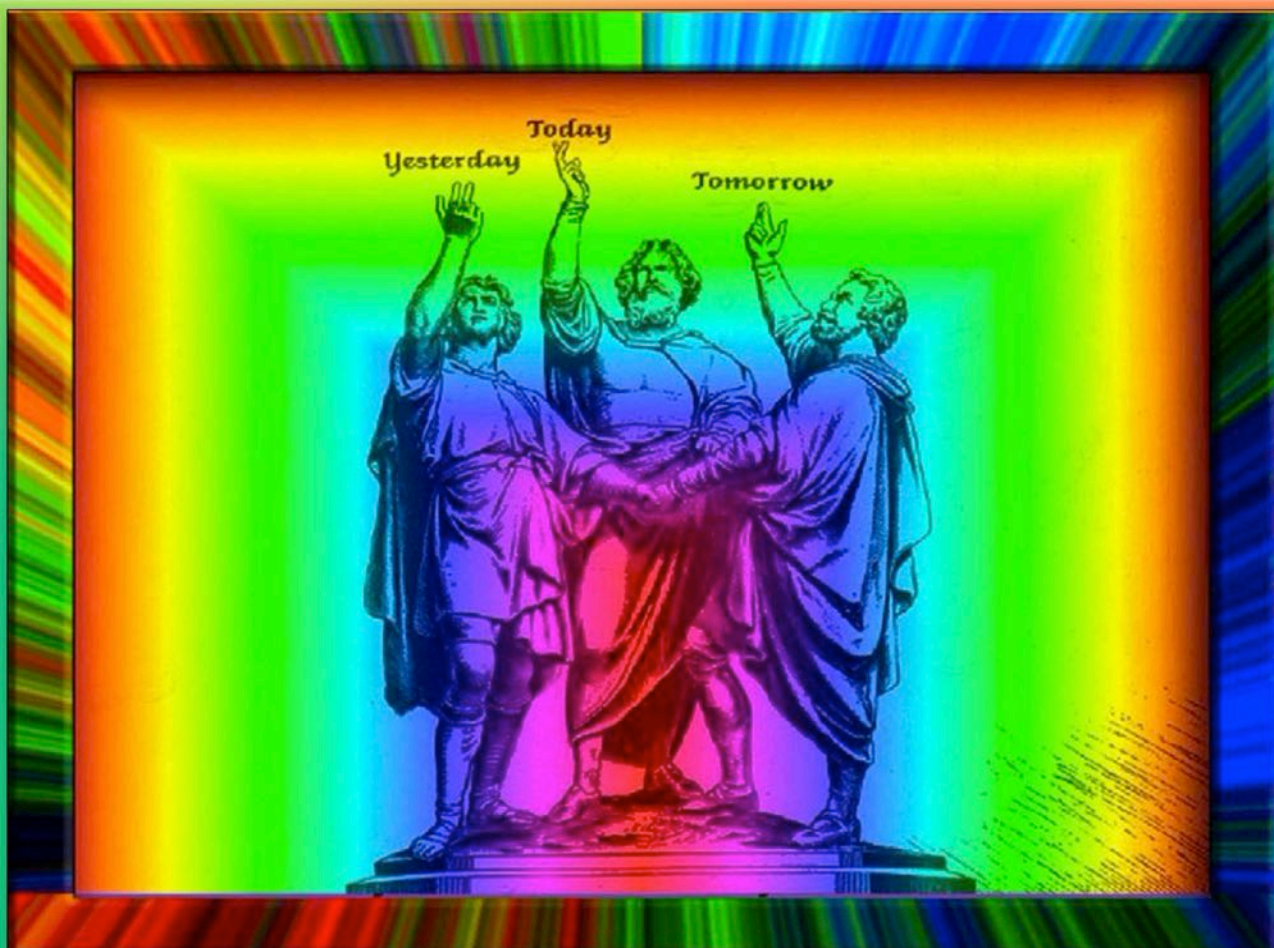


*Memory's ideas recall the last heard tone;
Sensation savors what is presently known;
Imagination anticipates coming sounds;
The delight is such that none could produce alone.*



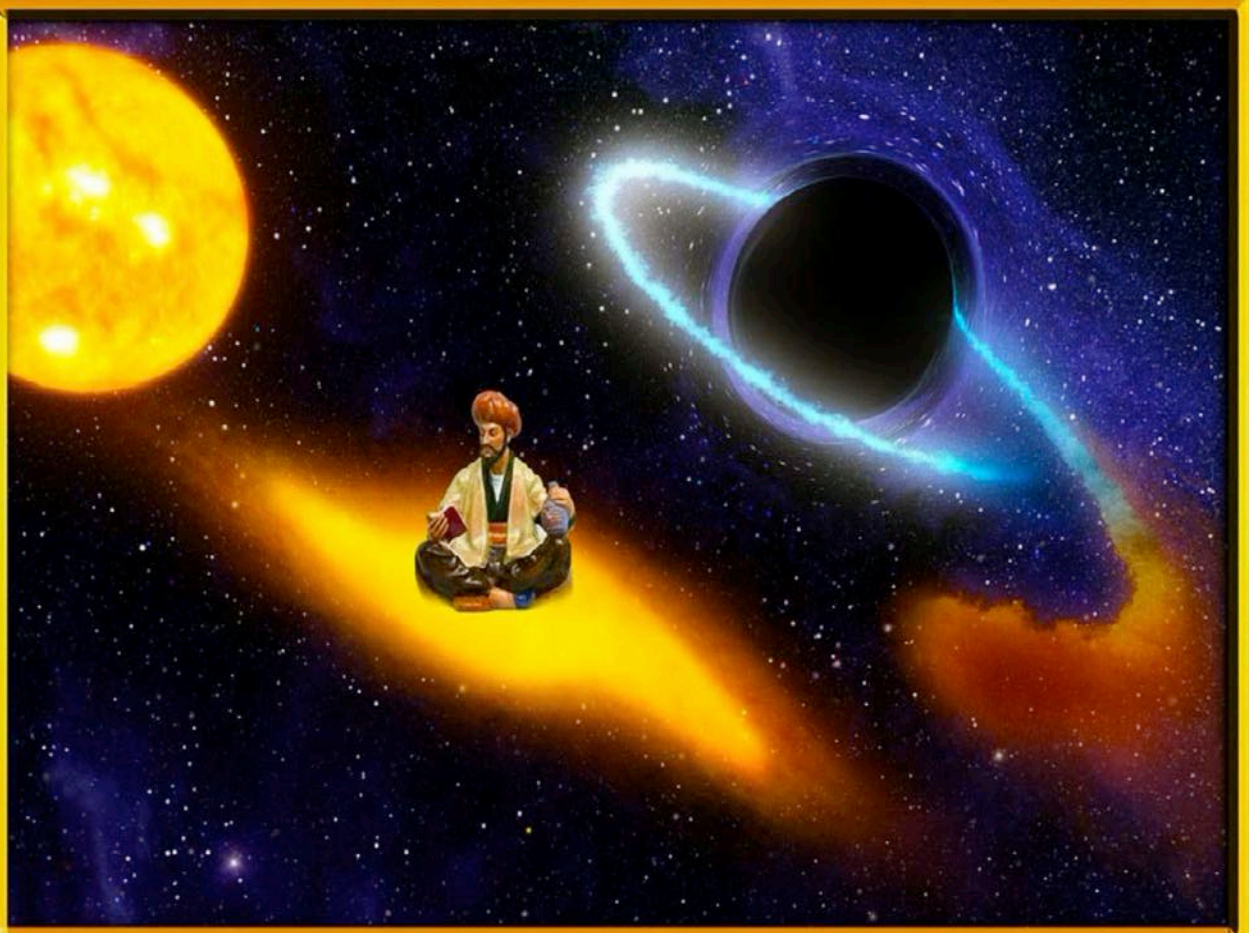


***Sad Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow,
They all came, led by their tears and sorrow,
To mourn old Khayyàm: "Hail, cheer, and farewell!
You took from death All that life could borrow."***





*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.*



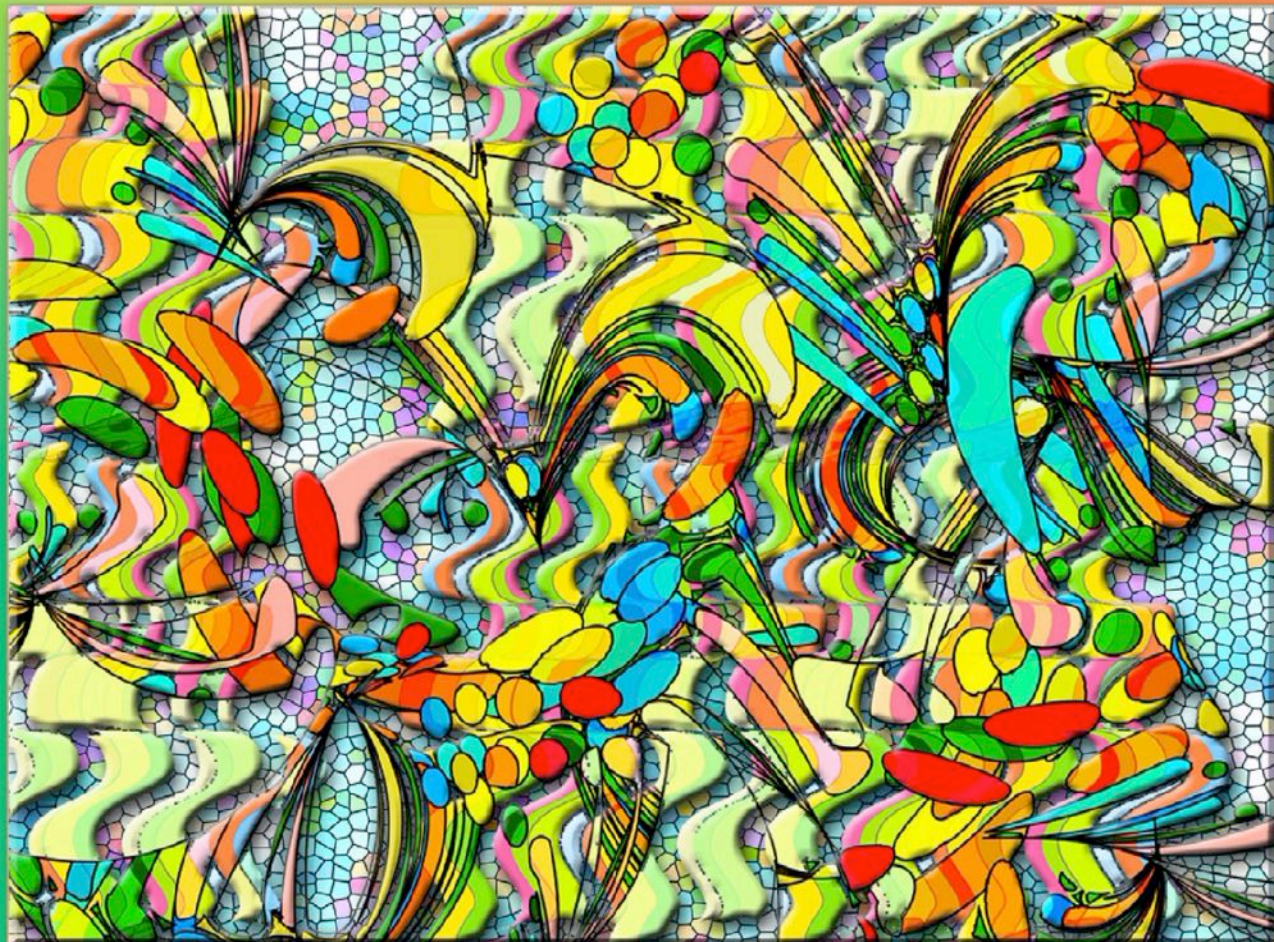


*The rose is the flower that the bee cruises,
Meeting there the butterfly that love chooses;
They unfold the petals of the blossom,
Then drink the nectar of love's sweet juices.*





*Daydreams pierce the noise of consciousness
To reveal that which is best for us; yes,
Mere aspiration halves realization;
What we have now was once a dream—no less.*





*Days are the cyclic units of time's pearl,
Beads worn round in the necklace of the months;
They distance themselves, like night echoes,
Into the rosary of the seasons.*





*Fog can't stop the brightness that it may veil,
Though it sink and swell through every vale,
For the beams must flow as rays of sunshine,
To burn the mist—let warmth on all prevail.*





*At night a genie comes to fill my urn,
Pouring sleep into me till day's return;
Such, as day follows night for all eterne,
Fulfillment follows all for which I yearn.*





*The forest is lush and soft, a colored scene,
Of yellow, crimson, and ever-during green.
A gold-leaf carpet gilds home the trail,
To the cabin snug in a world pristine.*



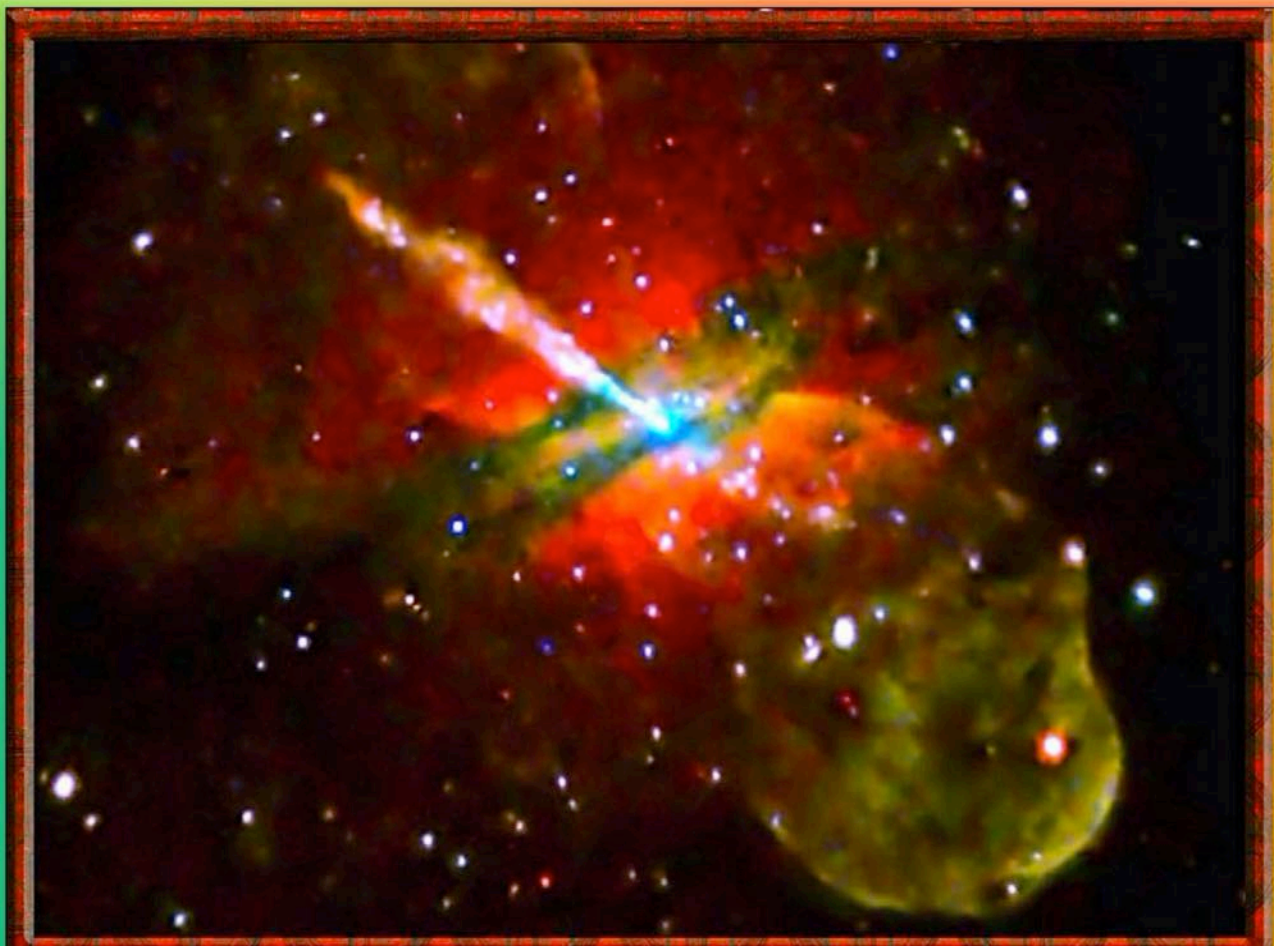


***Time, space, stuff, change & form are realized from
The Fundamental Possibility,
Becoming the penultimate reality,
One possible from the probabilities.***





***Hellholes hurl thousand light-year jets of fear,
In Centaurus, cross the galactic sphere,
Supermassive darkling beasts devour all;
Abandon hope, all ye who enter here.***





*Like the bright faces that define the jewel,
Friends enrich each other's view of life's gem:
As love's reflection in life's diamond, they're
Glints and gleams of reality's sparkle!*





*Oh, never has there been a time more rare,
But that I can truly say "I was there
On that Heavenly sphere of blue and green;
Yes, I was there in life extraordinaire!"*





“I now have my freedom,” says the artist’s sword.

***“No more do I illustrate the written word;
I draw whatever I please, then, the writers
Can describe my sketches with their fancy words.”***

