

The Truths Of Beauty

*Once every few thousand years the Bird of Time flies over a mountain,
And, sometimes, a part of a feather falls upon the mountain.
When all the mountains have worn away,
The end of forever has then arrived, that day.*



Austin W. Torney

Resonance

Kissing on the rocks, down by the riverside,
Our rhythm rippled the water, raised the tide,
Rang ship's bells, danced lights across sea and sky—
All vibrations from hearts that were satisfied.



Illuminate

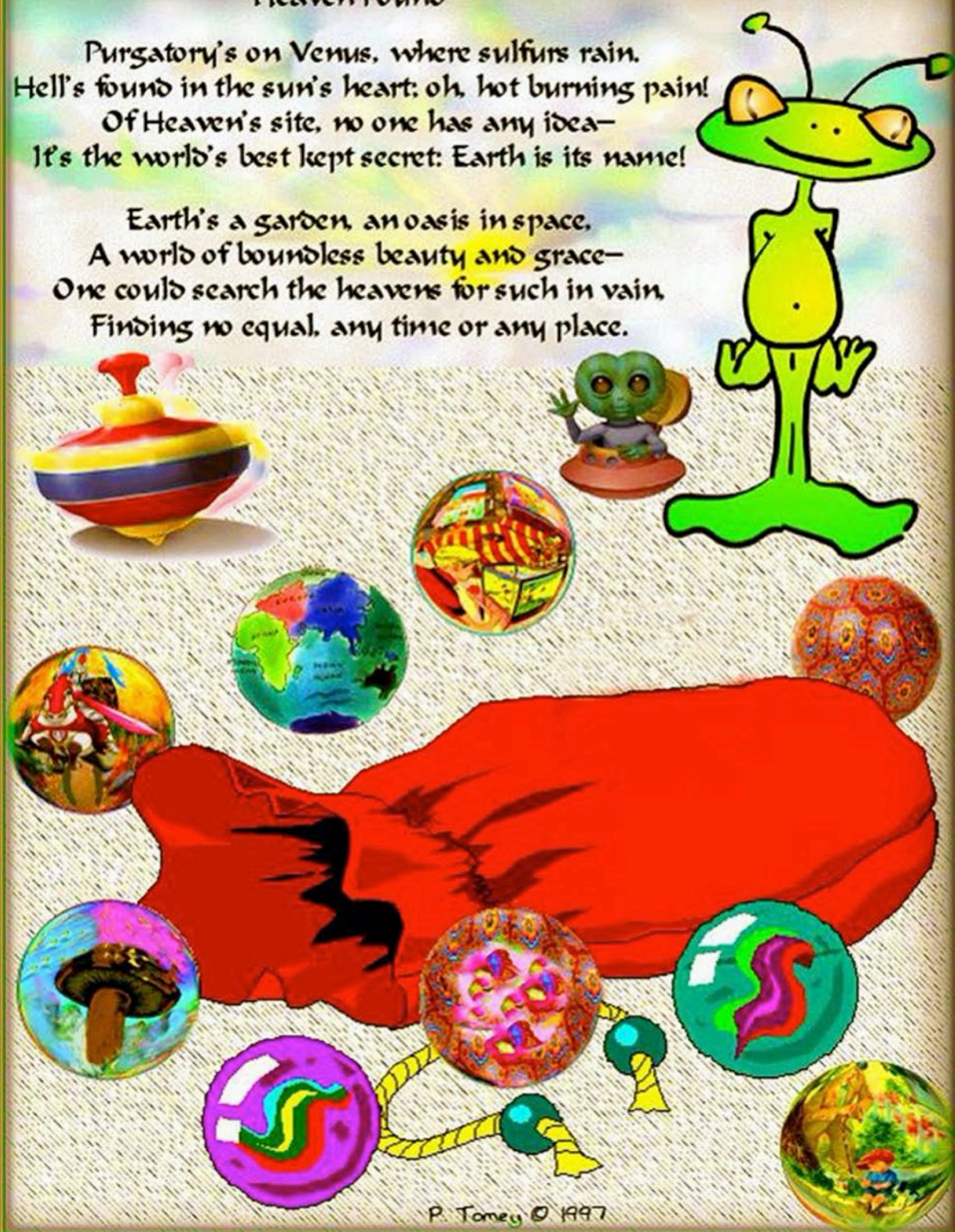
Waste not the time of your life in gloom's doom!
By these verses, the lamp of life relume:
"Your live body, full of warmth and bloom,
Is worth ten thousand lying in the tomb."



— Heaven Found —

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

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

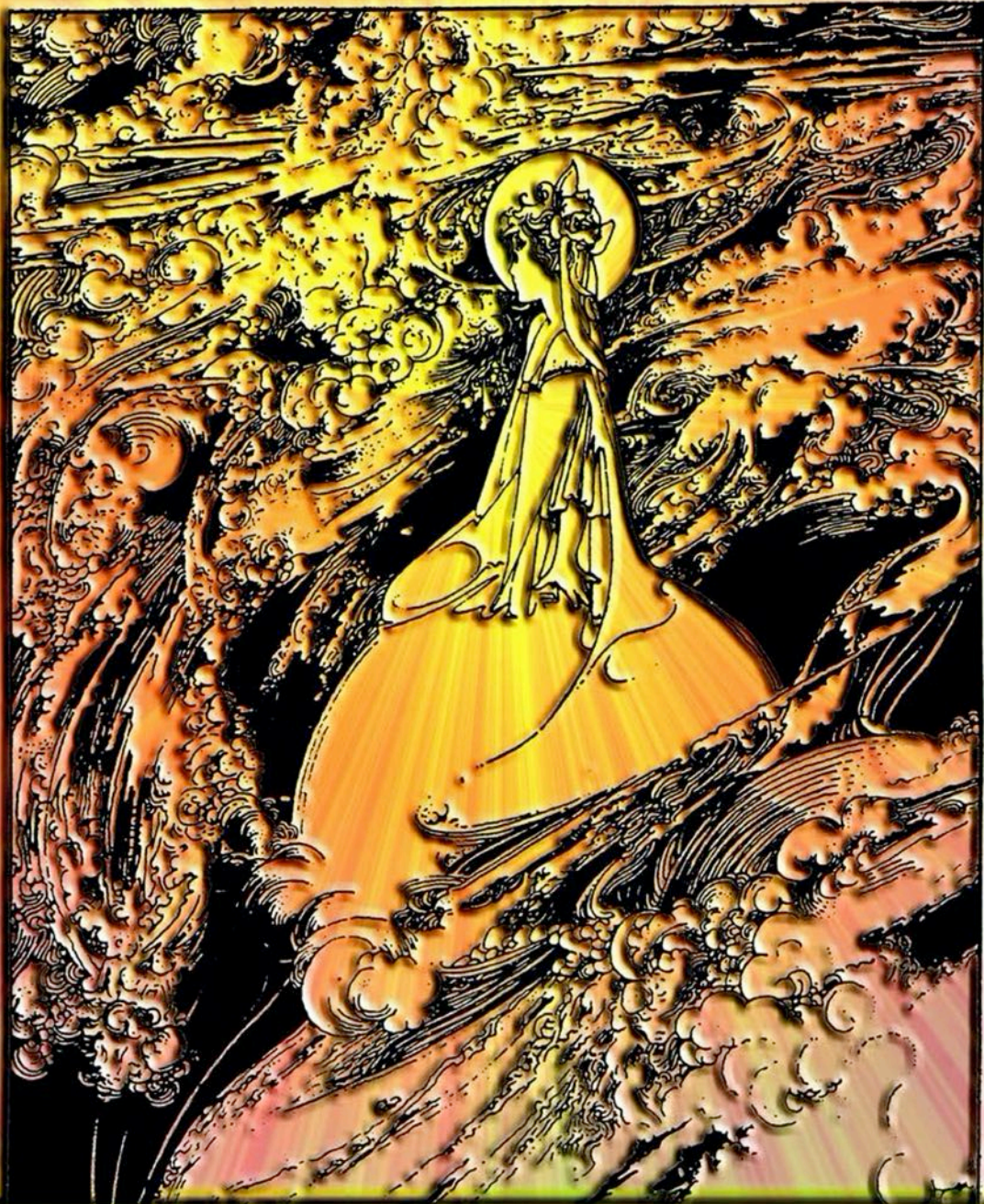


P. Toney © 1997

Reverie

Daydreams are filled with thoughts on promenade;
Wishes, fantasies o'er the mind cascade.

Listen well to these plans already made,
For by sundown the phantom shapes may fade.



— ABLOOM —

P. Torney © 1998

**AT FIRST, YOU SLEEP
IN YOUR DEAR
MOTHER'S WOMB;**

**AT LAST, YOU SLEEP
IN THE COLD SILENT
TOMB.**

**IN BETWEEN, LIFE
WHISPERS A DREAM,
THAT SAYS,**

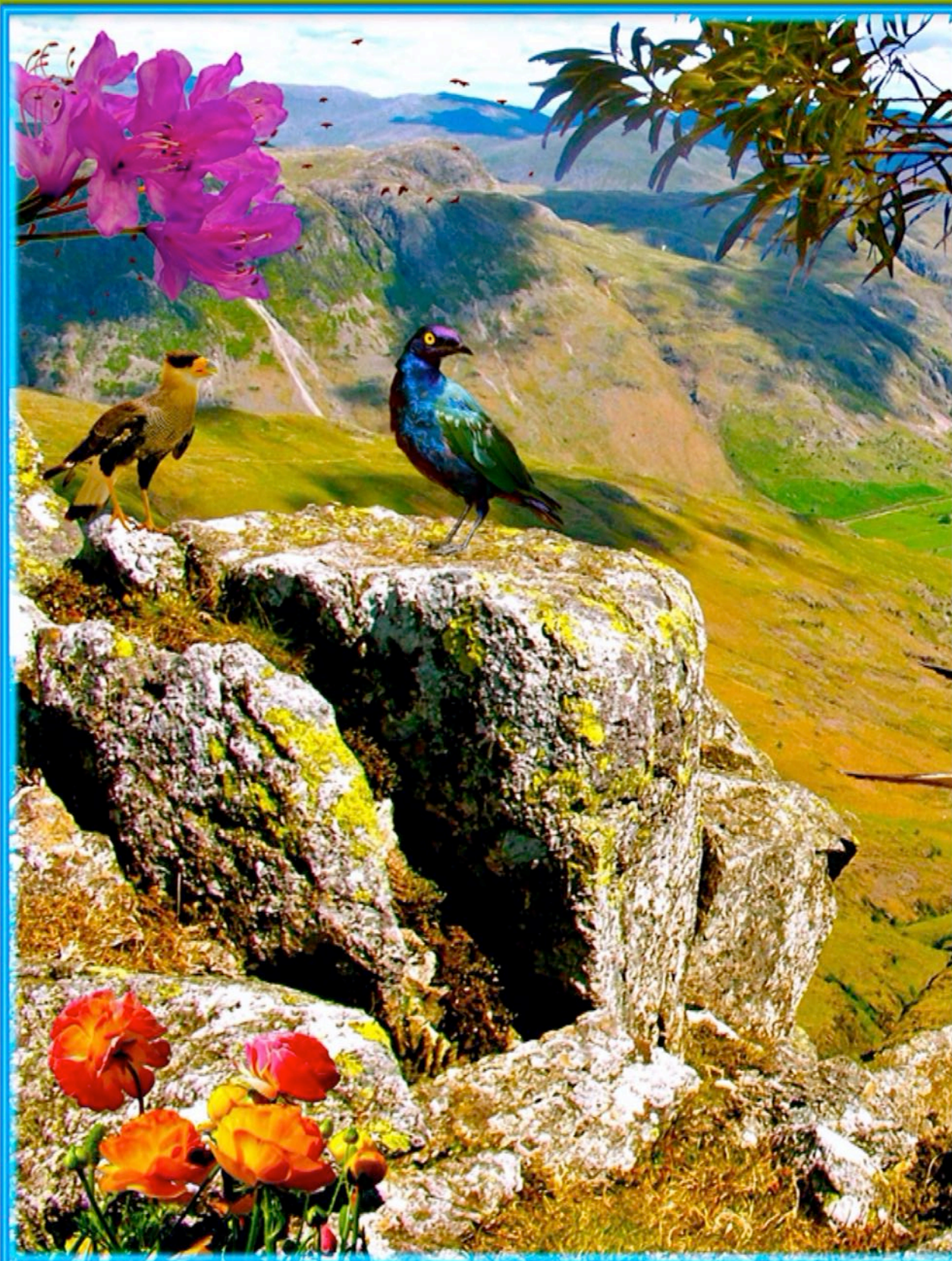
**“WAKE, LIVE, FOR THE
ROSE WITHERS
ALL TOO SOON!”**

Opportune

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.







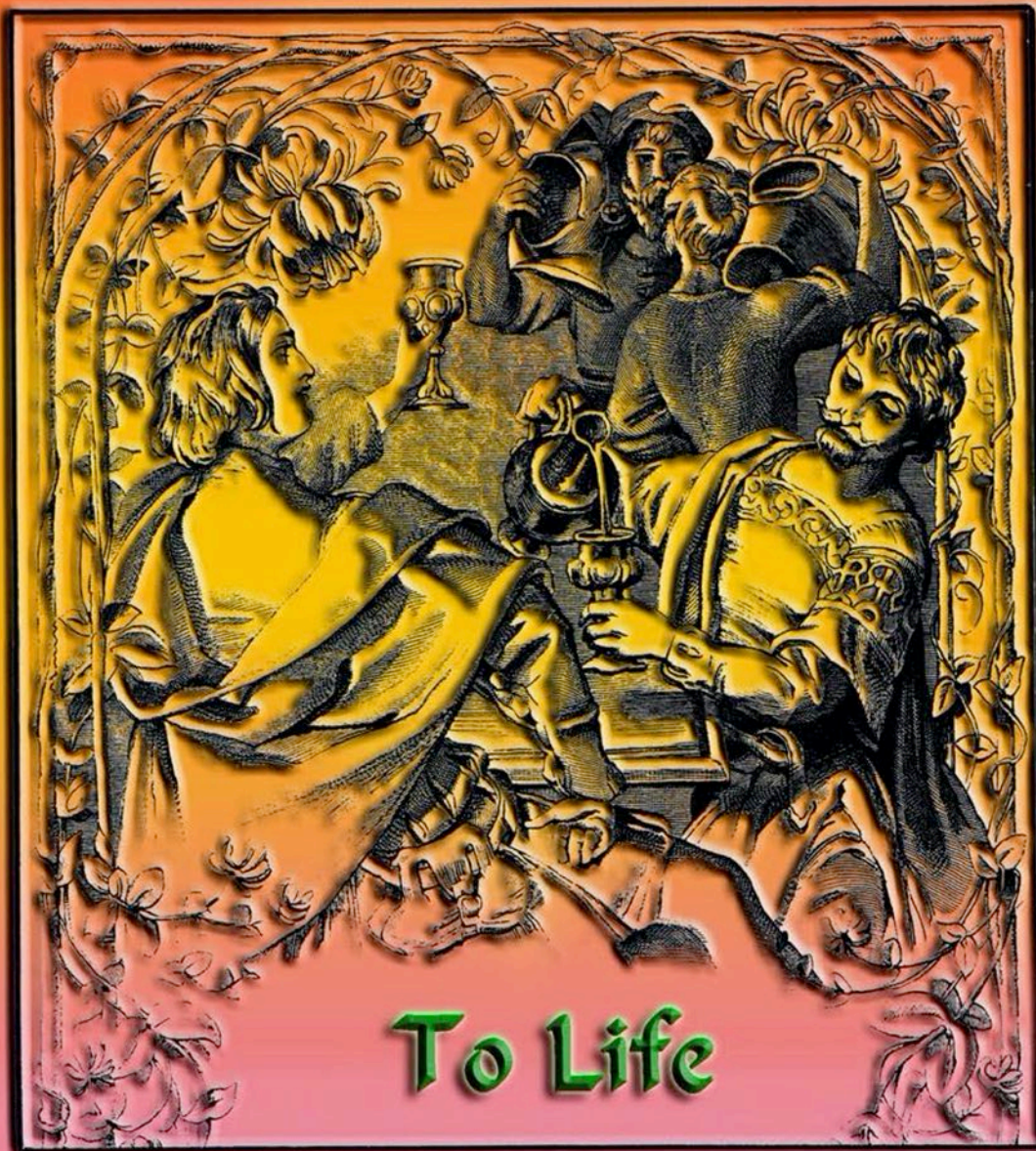
Getting It Together

When once I was, my presence full beheld
Spirit, body, heart, and mind all in meld.
More than just the parts, I became the whole,
A human being living life unparalleled.



“To Life”

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!”



To Life

Time After Time

Lovely moment, come hither unto me:
Embrace me, then, expiring, give birth to
Another just as sweet—you're mine, all mine,
For you're giving me the time of my life!



When Seasons Pass

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.

Summer Offspring

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.

High Hopes

A thousand starry goblets fill the sky,
So we can taste Heaven's drink when we die.
This is man's tale, not God's, so, drink today—
The stars shine on, heedless of where we lie.



The Rose

With the Rose the
Earth is rich forever—

It's born from spring's
dying kiss to summer;

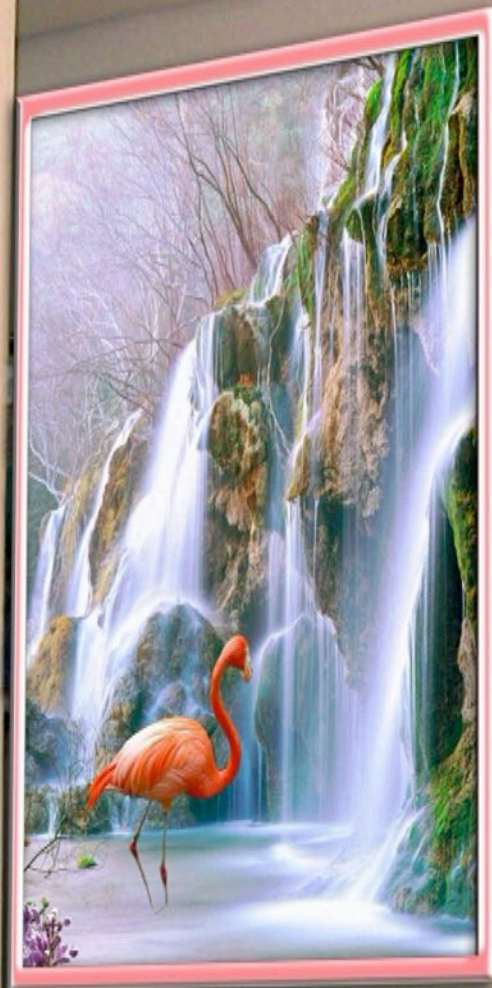
It wears all the gems that
the dew has wreathed,

Blooming wherever summer's
breath has breathed.

Top Priority

Loving is what this life is all about:
To give and have it is to live all-out!
Love's the finest thing! Can you do without?
Then, why, oh why do you not seek it out?







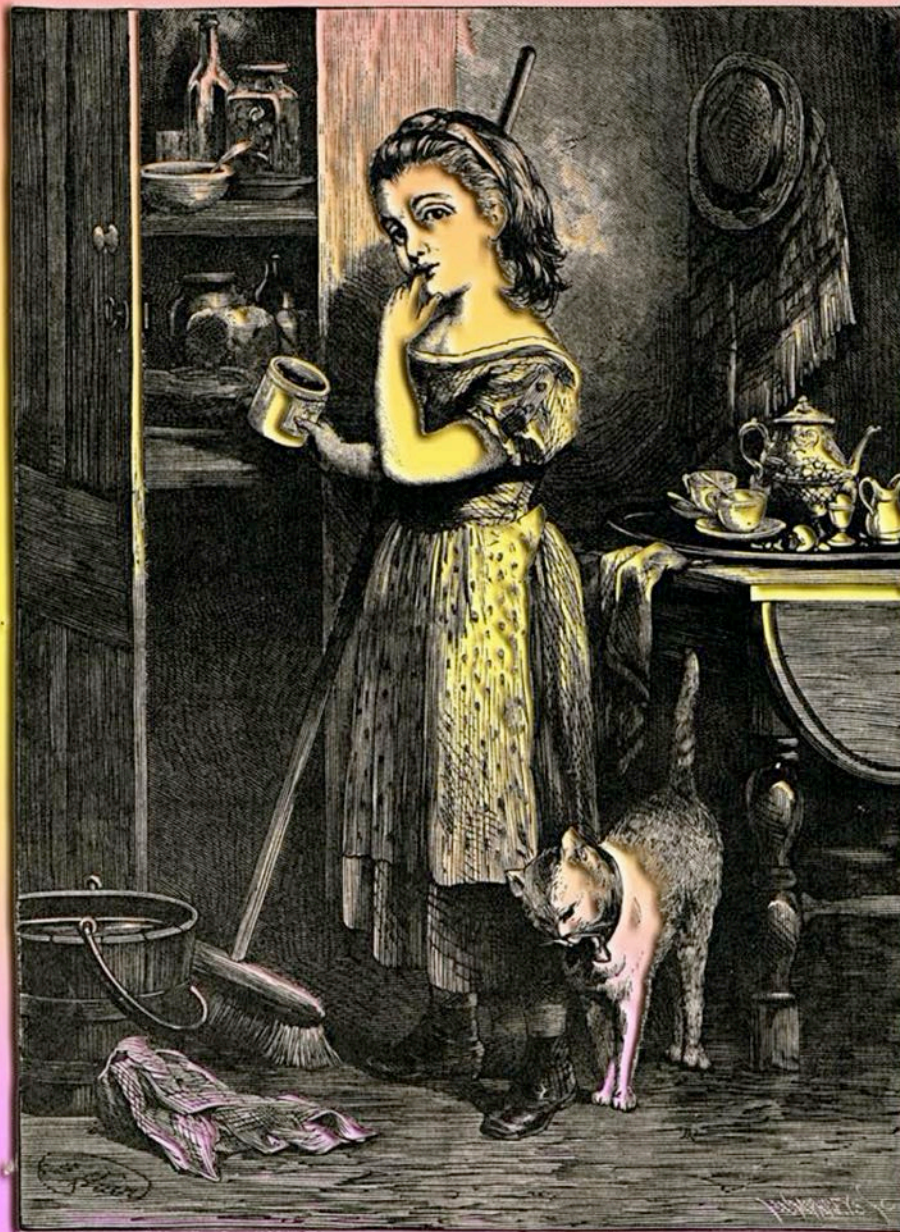
The Roots of Evil


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.



Nothing Left to Do

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.



You can't
KNOW it
unless you
DO it —
so,
quit  .

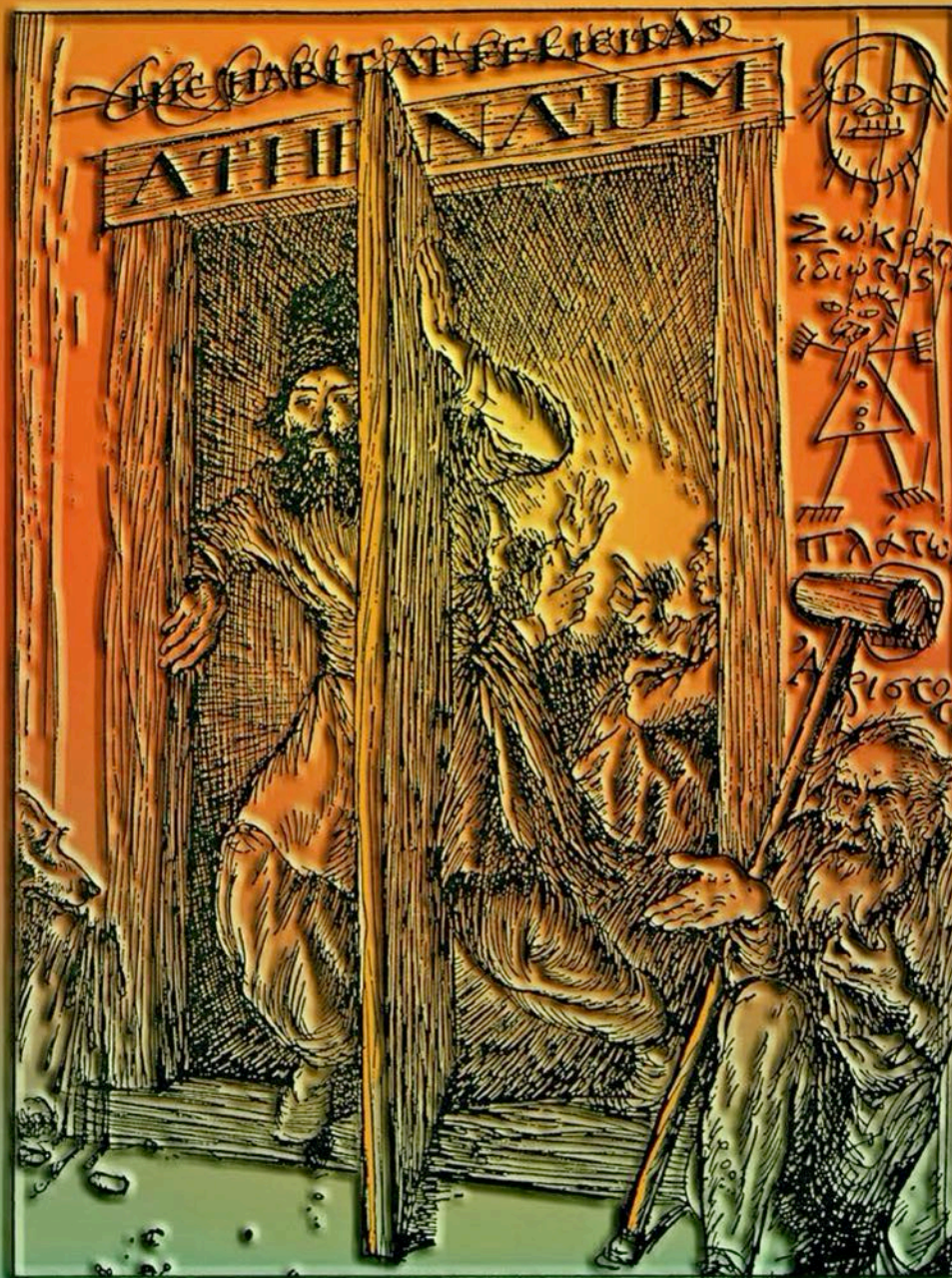


You Don't Know

You know you should drink less, eat right, diet,
Make friends, give love, work less, relax, quit
Smoking—but you don't. So—do you know it?
NO! you can't KNOW it unless you DO it.

Forest for the Trees

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.

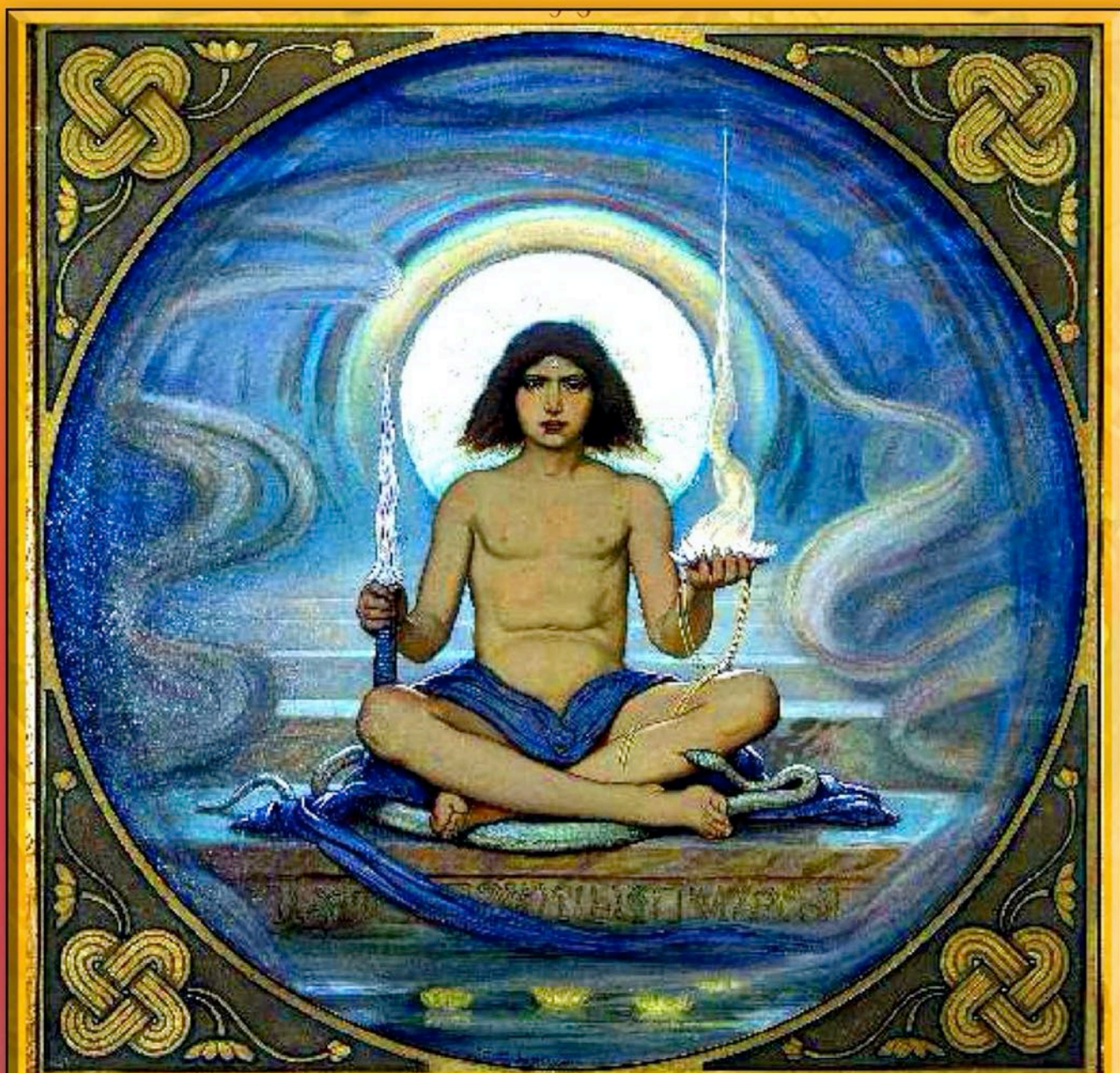




*The Angel of Light finds Omar to bless,
And says: "Khayyam, I must soon repossess
Your clay, so let us drink to your success!"
He drinks and smiles, then meets Life's last caress.*



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



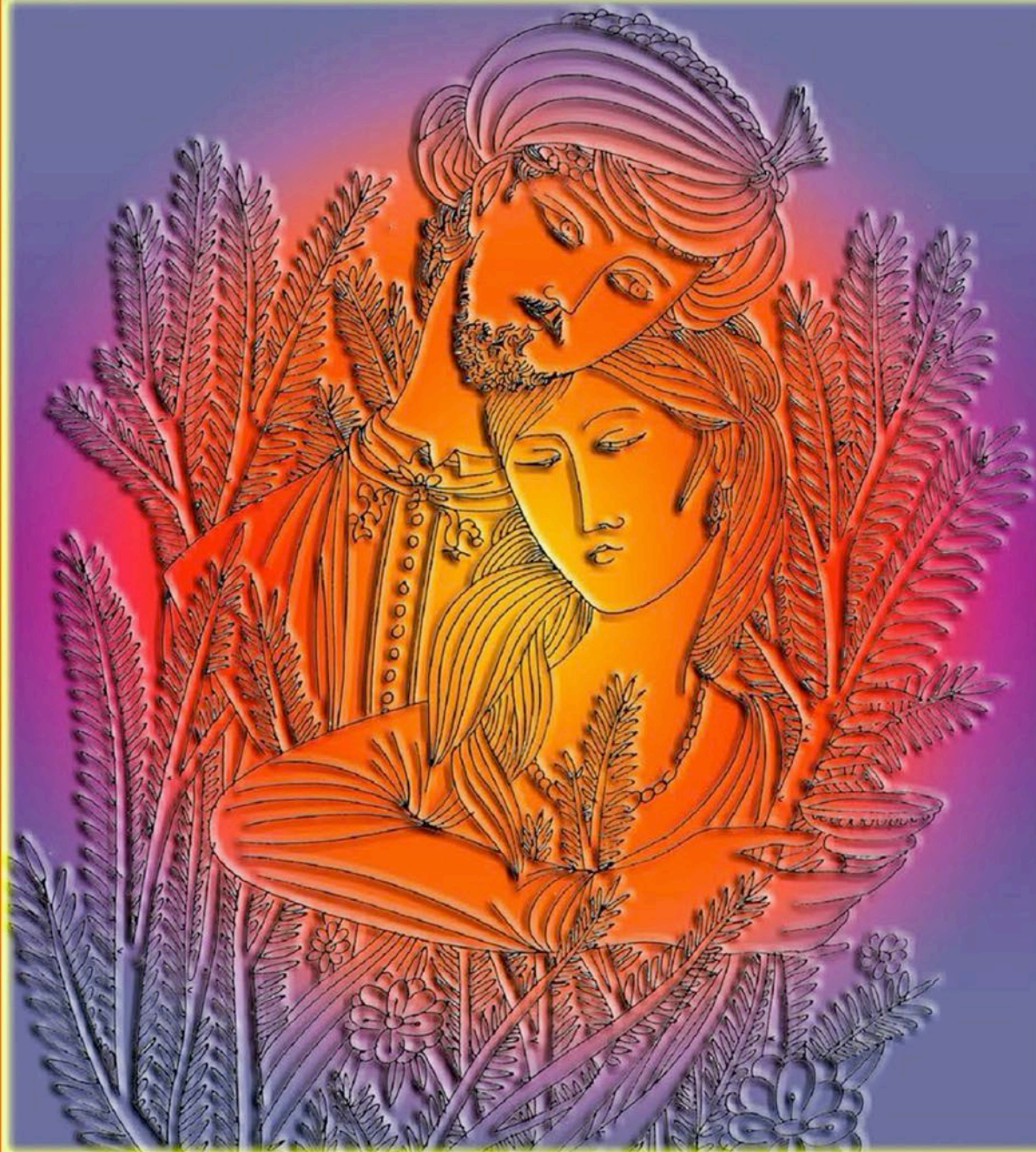
Dream-Well

*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.*




Flower Garden

The tulip lifts her blushing cheeks to me,
As wandering winds caress the rose tree.
She wears a spring smile and pours dewy tea.
Yes, I'll drink you long and deep into me.



Perpetual Emotion

True kisses are always new; they never
Lose their freshness; for, like falling water
Or the cyclic moon, the power of love
Renews itself to sustain for ever.



THE YEAR

WINTER storms the YEAR

In the **MONTH** of Bran-new-airy,

Then **FEB-BURIES** us in **SNOW**...

March, Lady April! Spring!—

Let's reign as we *May*

With sum(mer)maids

Named *June* and *Ju-lie*,

Until, after *A-gust* of

HOT withering wind,

The sunny **PIKE** burns out—

'Cept embers, when

Leaves **FALL** into **OCT-TOMB-BURR**—

Till—no leaves, no sunlight,

No sky, no warmth—**No-venber!**

Next de **RAIN**, de sleet, de **COLD-**

De-cember,

When all that we can do

Is but sweet Remember.

— P. Torney © 2000 —

Monthly Diadem

March, April! spring!—we'll reign as we May there

Between June and her sister September,

Then prolong the fall, till November come

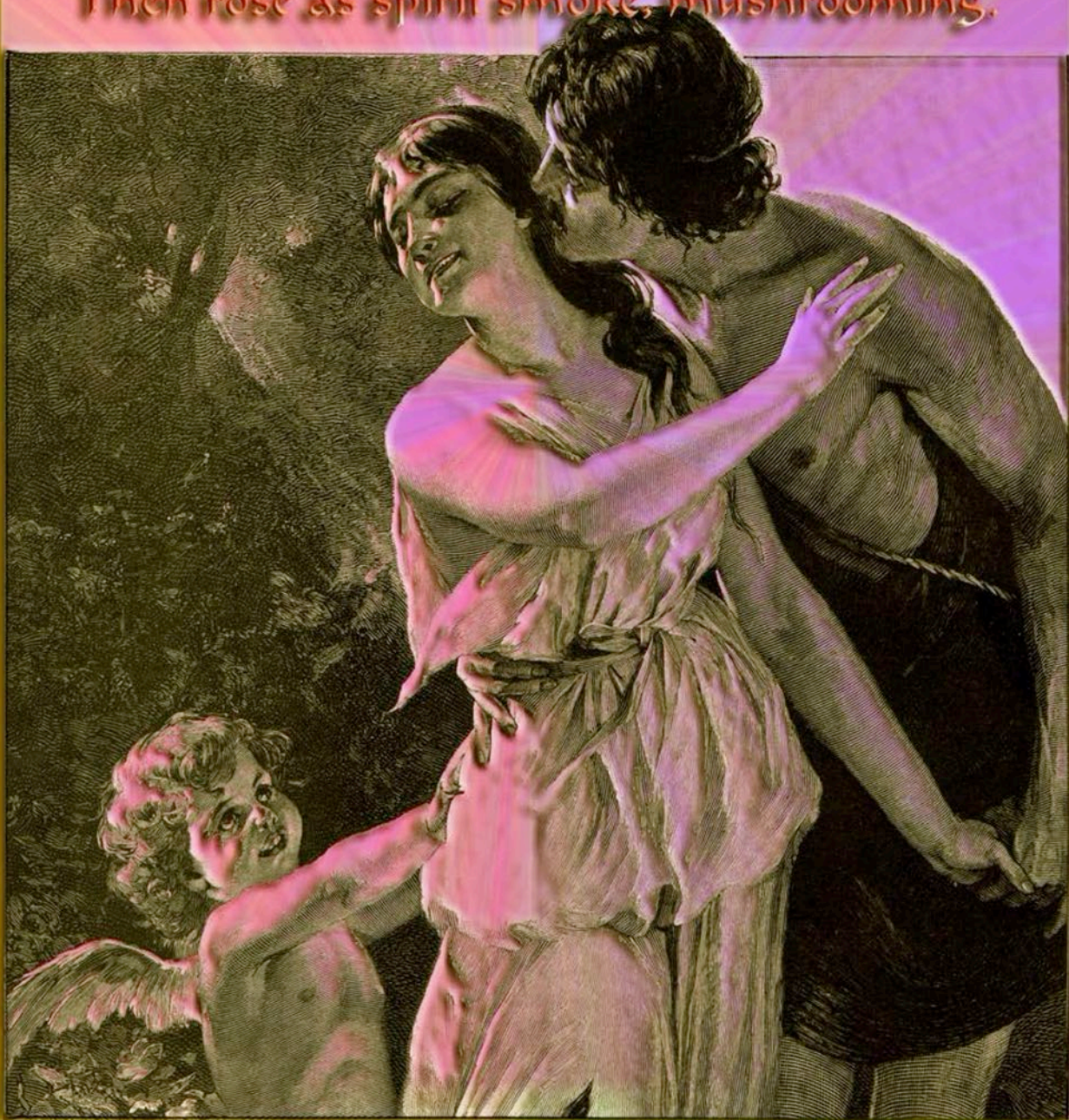
December, when we can sweet Remember.

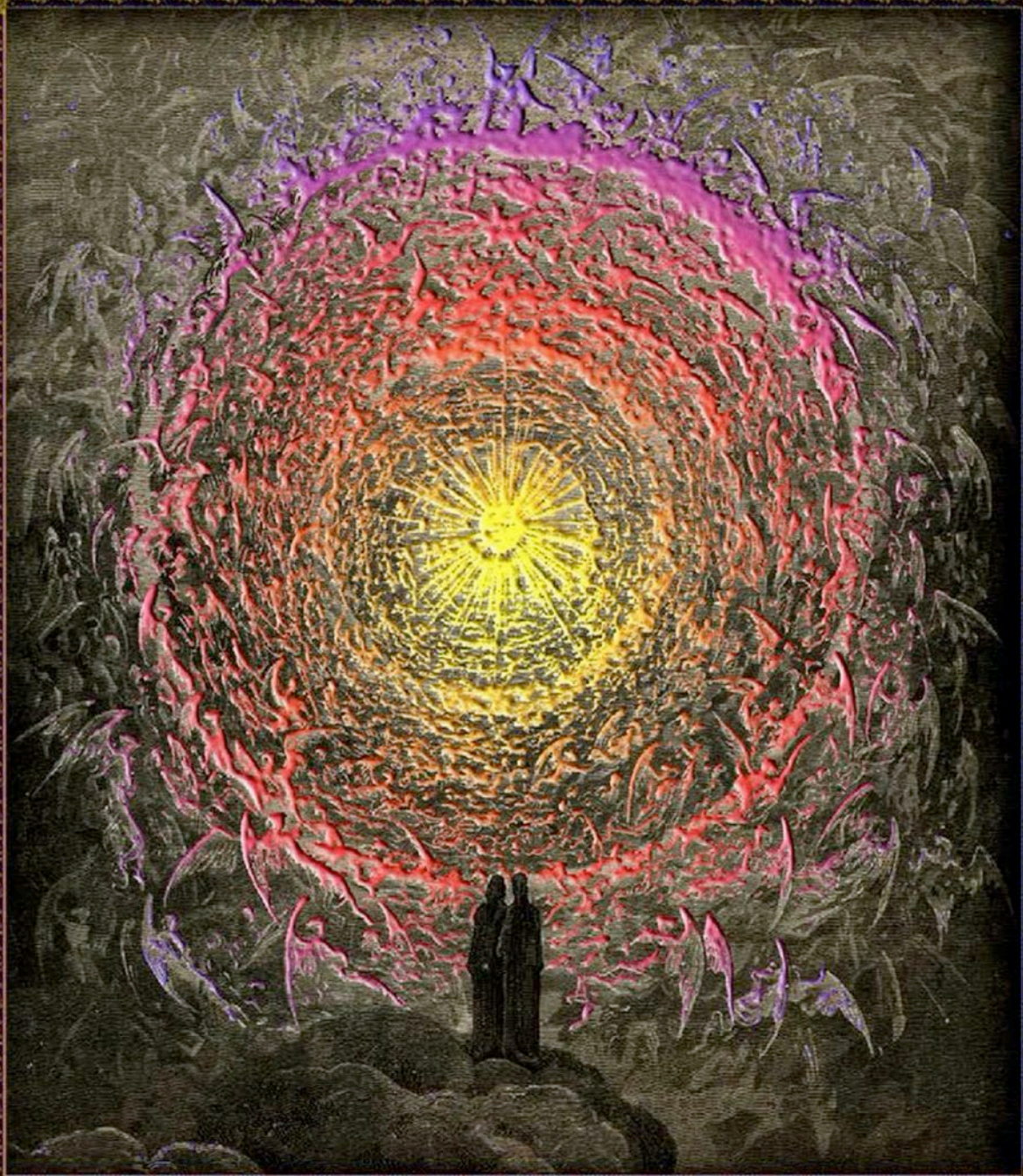




Spontaneous Combustion

Our passions smoldered, like incense fuming,
And brightly burned, the candle flames luming,
Waxing full as we consumed the body,
Then rose as spirit smoke, mushrooming.





Good Morning

So the primrose drank not of the moon's well,
Until the sun, rising from earthly hell,
Exposed evil, outshone it, and sent it
To caves and under rocks, where shadows dwell.

Opposite Twin

When sadness brooded over the morrow,
I visited the deep well of sorrow,
There enshrined, inseparate, Beauty said,
"It's from me that sadness you borrow."



Is your past imperfect?
Is your future tense?
Give yourself a present.



The Life of Art

Art and poetry enrich human experience,
But they're no substitutes for the living of it.
Like the figures on Keats' urn, should we live life less?
NO!—because what is deathless is also lifeless!



P. Tornay © 1996

Inseparable

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.

Soul to Soul

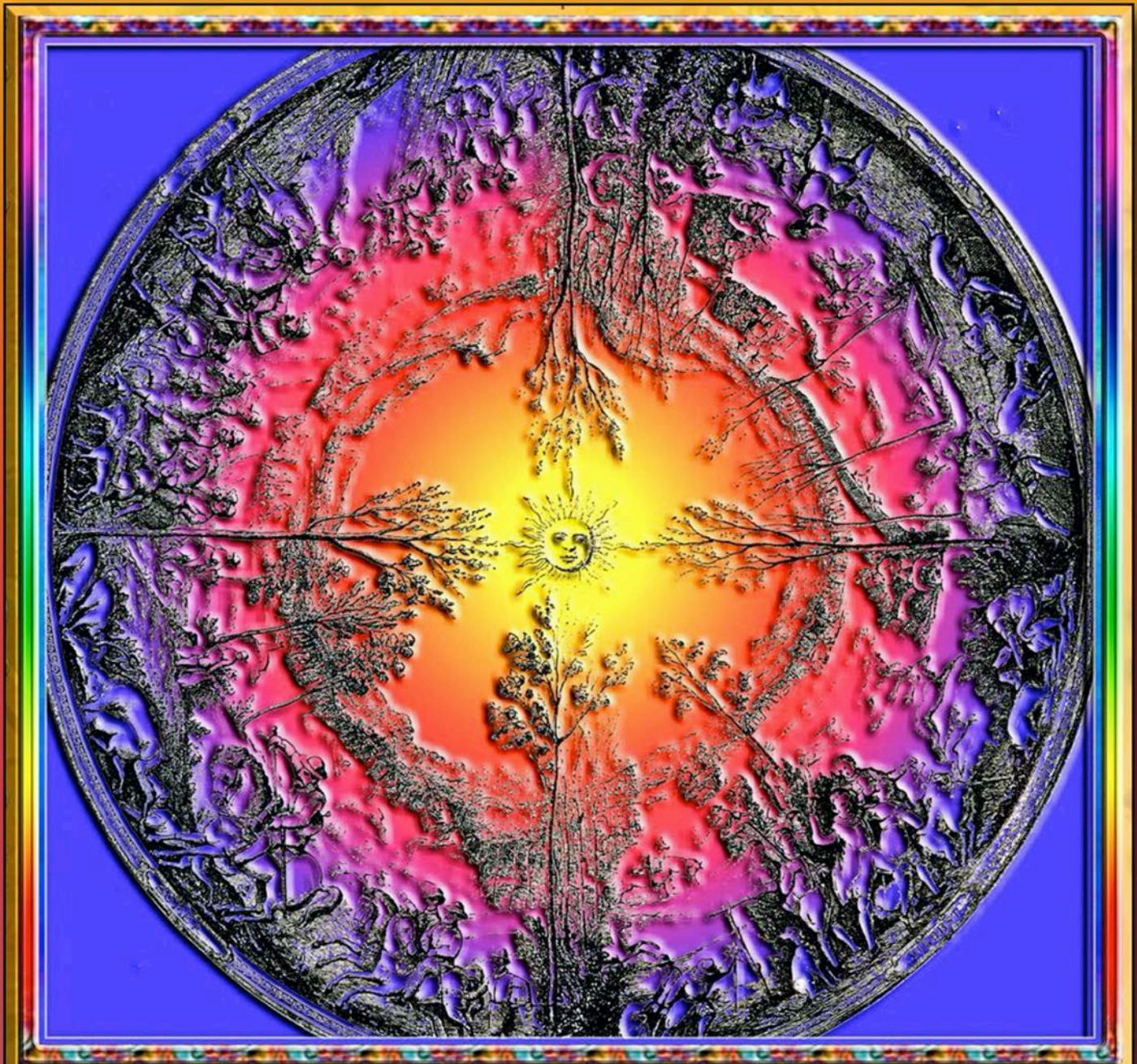
Poems are renderings of the soul's spirit;
The highest power of language and wit.
The reader translates it back to spirit.
If the soul responds, then a poem you've writ!



An Empty Grave

Now my cup was nearly empty and done;
There was left but one last drop for the sun
To drink, or with which to make rivers run;
Its flavor burst in joy – my life was won!





Ascending

Ambition's mist drifts upward each morning,
Outlining daydreams, although still forming,
But rising still into the clear sunlight,
And taking shape, sculpting clouds, then sailing.





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As falls the dusk my reason's light departs—
Darkness sinks to ground, snuffing out my spark;
But rhythms rise out of sorrow's depth:

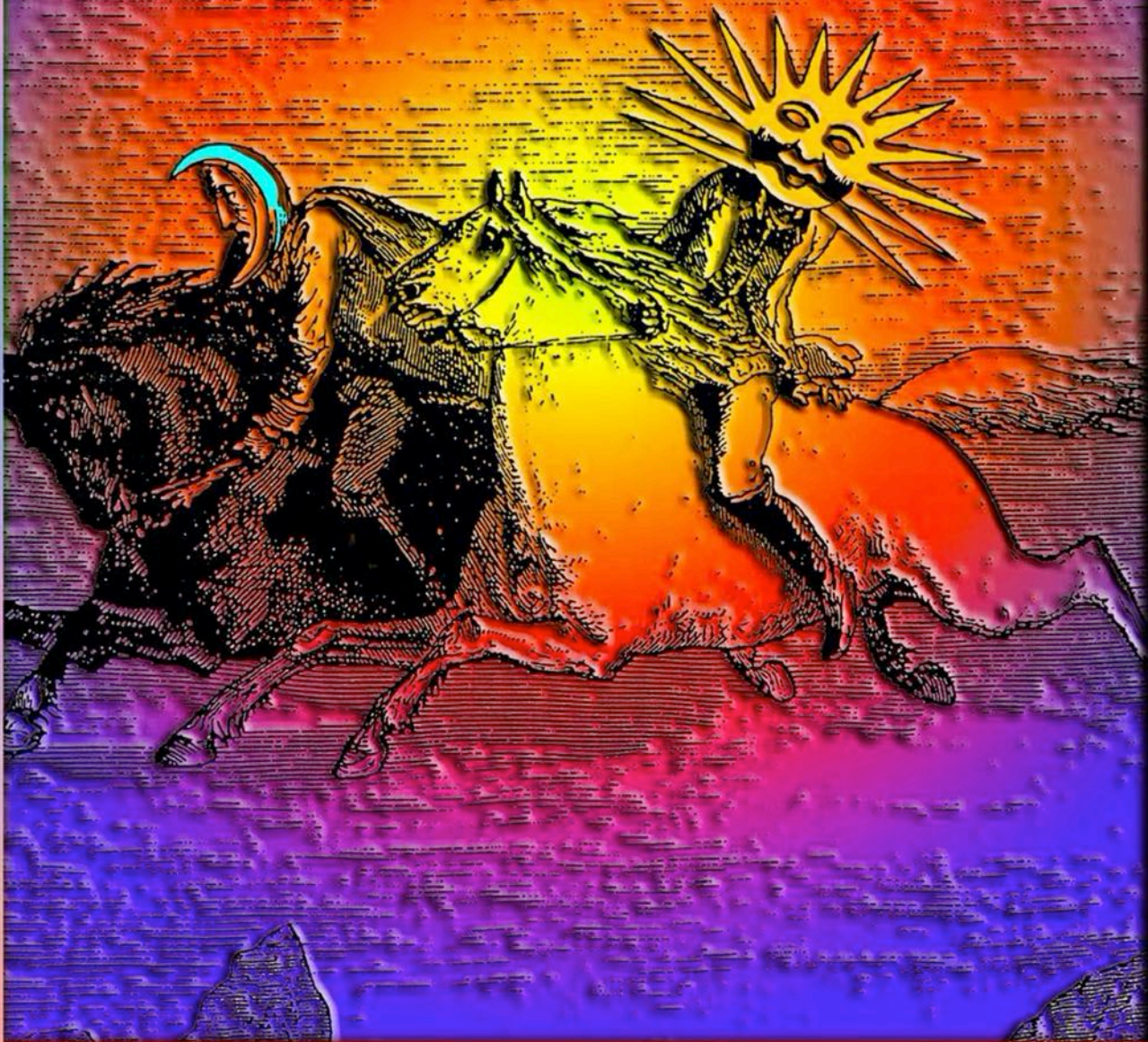


I sing the song whose sweetness broke my heart.

Good-Night

At night, a genie comes and fills my urn,
Pouring sleep into me till day's return.

As the day follows night for all eterne,
Fulfillment follows all for which I yearn.





Fill the Cup
Night's cup is empty, bottomless, and cold,
Until the daylight fills it up with gold.
A life that flows freely brings us beauty,
Else suffering's truth to us is told.

This Life Flies

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 has flown, this life is all.



May Spring

Spring kisses the earth,
leaving flowers there,

Like those whose perfume
scented virgin air,

As again, the fragrant glen,
in Heaven's prayer,

Hails Earth's anniversary
with flowers fair.

— THE BEST WORLD —



EARTH'S A GARDEN,

AN OASIS IN SPACE,

A WORLD OF

BOUNDLESS

BEAUTY & GRACE—

ONE COULD SEARCH



THE HEAVENS



FOR SUCH IN VAIN,

FINDING NO EQUAL,



ANY



TIME



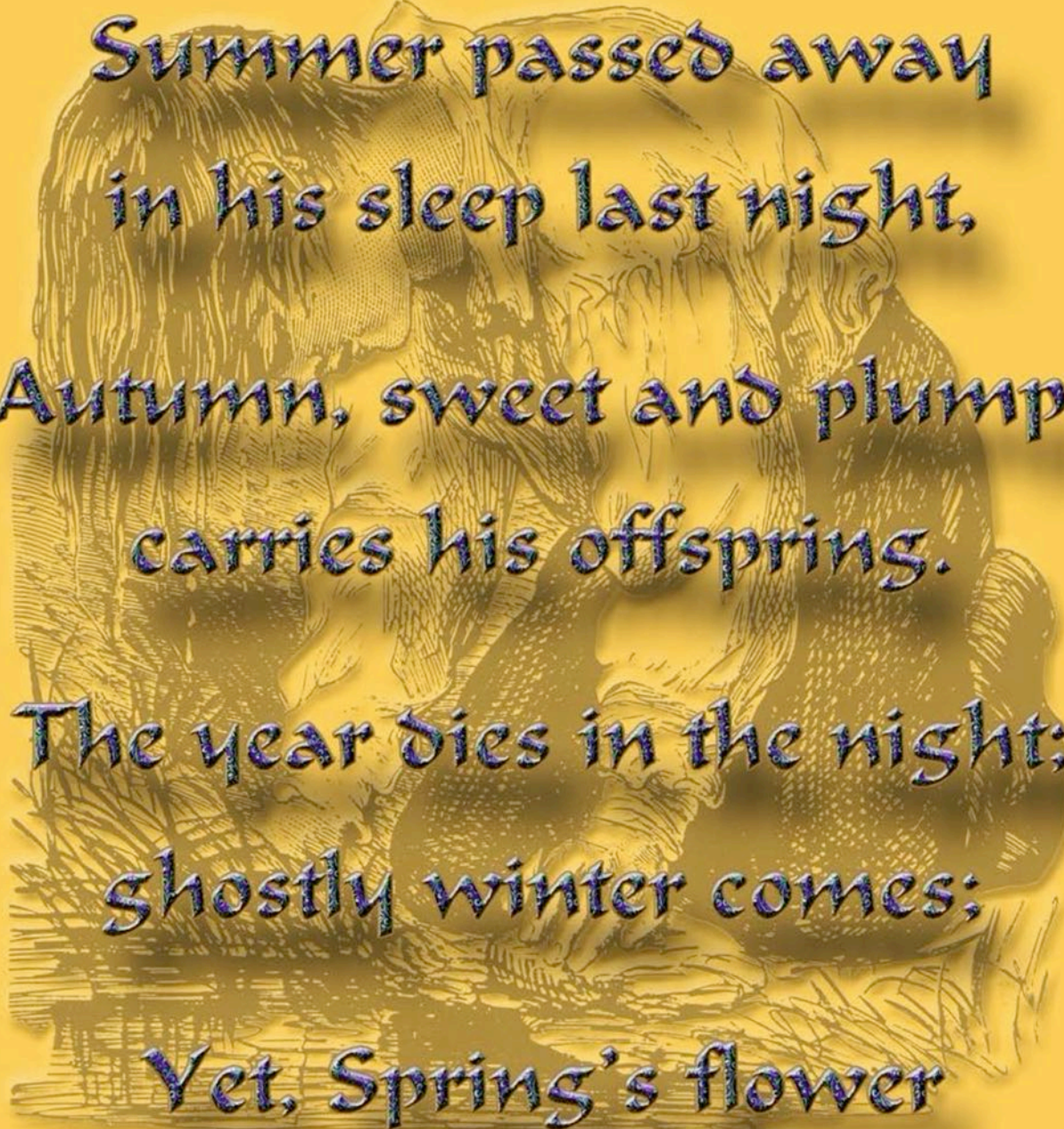
OR ANY



PLACE.

Austin Torney © 1998

Spring Eternal



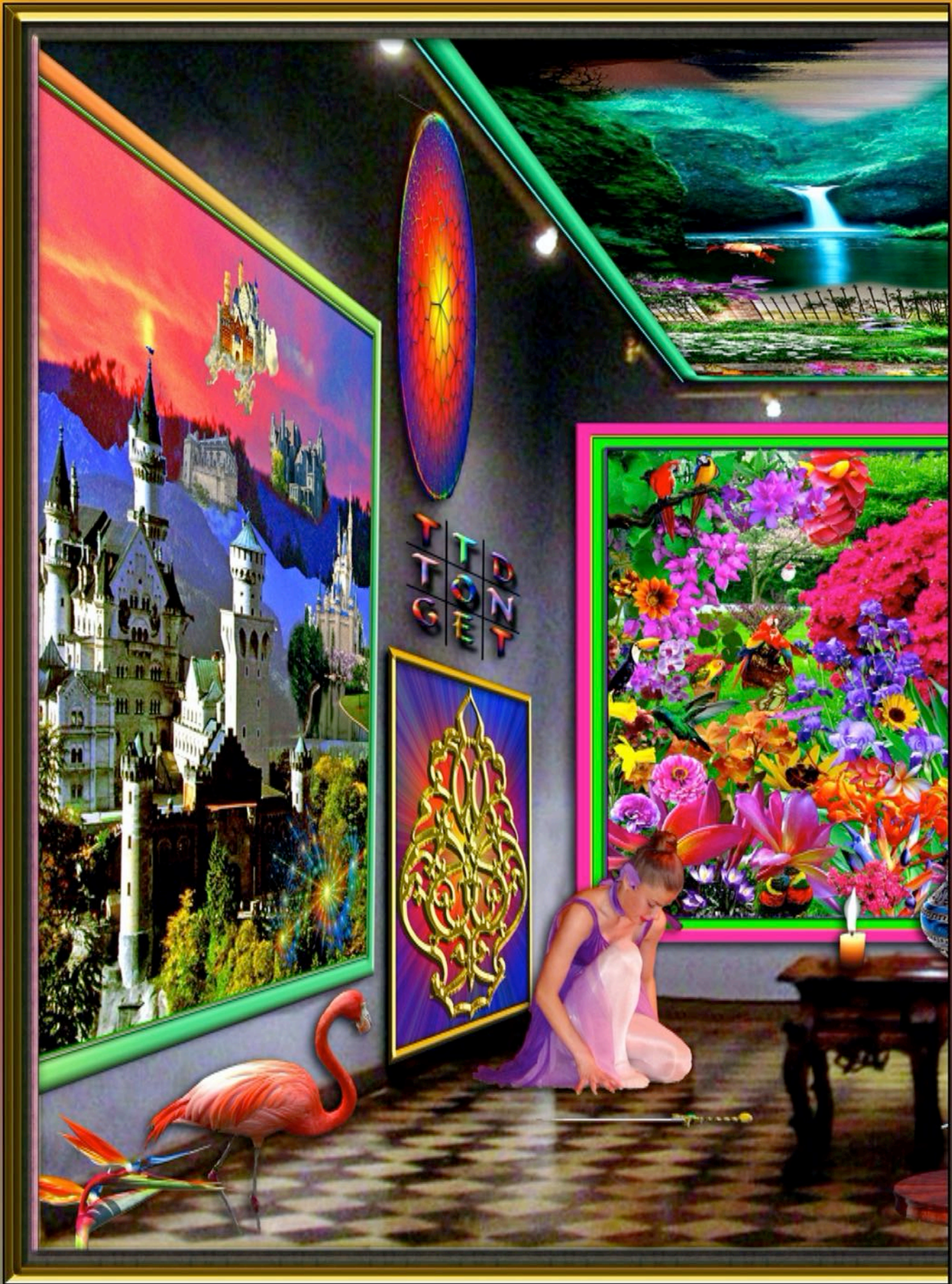
Summer passed away
in his sleep last night,
Autumn, sweet and plump,
carries his offspring.
The year dies in the night;
ghostly winter comes;
Yet, Spring's flower
is already in the seed.

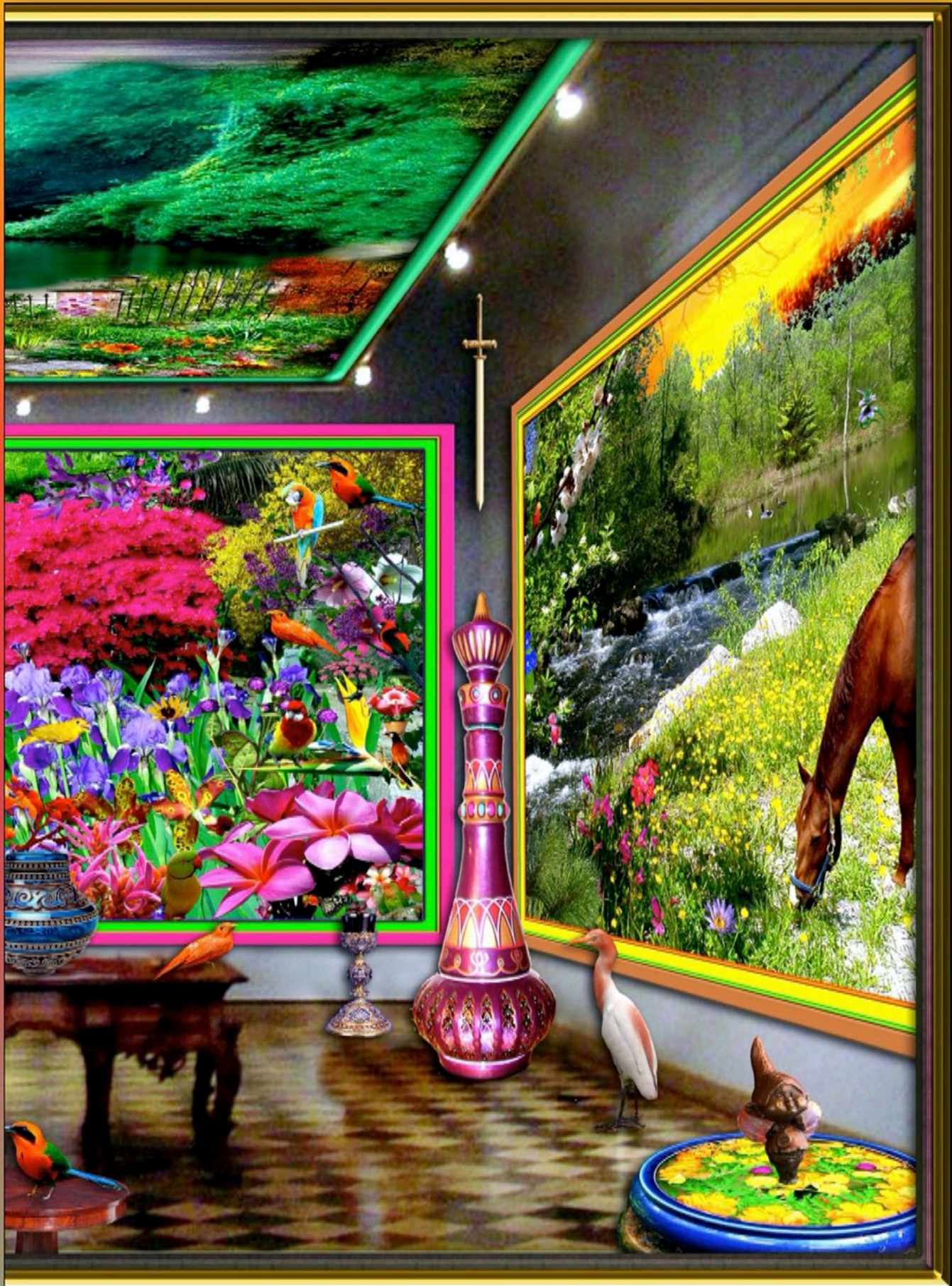
Timeless Time

A moment contains eternal reward,
Since past and future are rolled thereinward.

Time never passes – it stays as it is;
Still, it is ceaselessly moving onward.









Whens

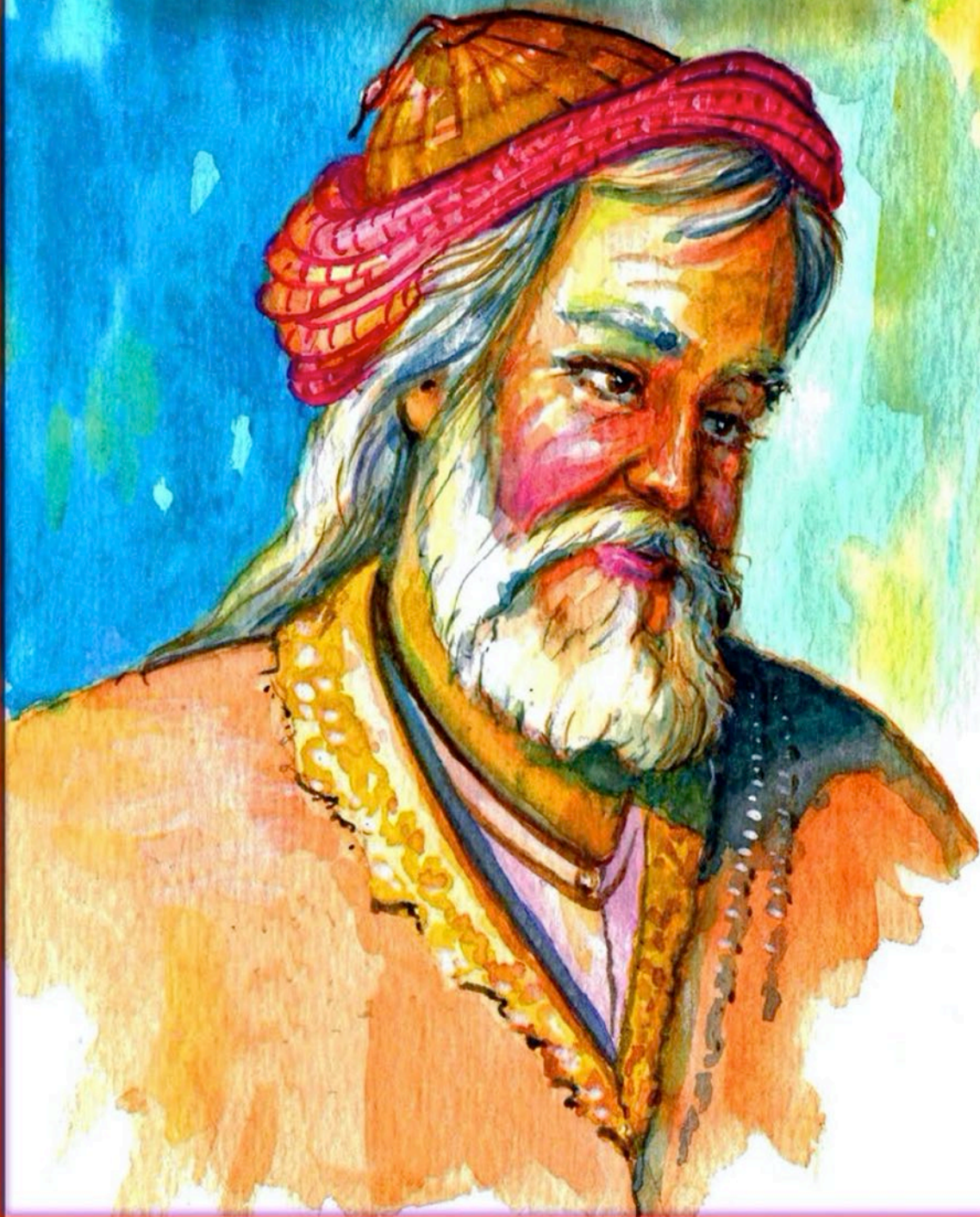
*Life is a web,
of whos, whys,
whats, and hows,*

*Stretched in time
between eternal boughs.*

*Gossamer threads hold
the beads that glisten,*

*Each minute a sequence
of instant nows.*

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.



Distant Promise

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.



Pity the Poor Sultan

*Where the river runs,
far from Sultan's throne,*

*We live by the stream-side,
just us alone.*

*Here we've
the perfect equilibrium:*

*Poor but rich, home yet free,
great but unknown.*





*The Fluttering
Songbird of Youth*

*The child in us is 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.*

*If you're a captive of the lifeless day,
A wall around you, brick by brick, will weigh.
Habited you'll stay, until, one day,
Bricks will be molded from your dusty clay.*



To your lovers 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.

"I'VE GOT TO RUN NOW"

SEE THEM HURRYING HITHER AND THITHER:
OH, LOOK AT THE TIME! I MUST GO WHITHER.
WHAT SENSE THE LIFE THAT HAS NO TIME TO LIVE?
WHEREFORE THE WIND THAT SWIRLS IN A DITHER?

OH,
NEVER
MIND.

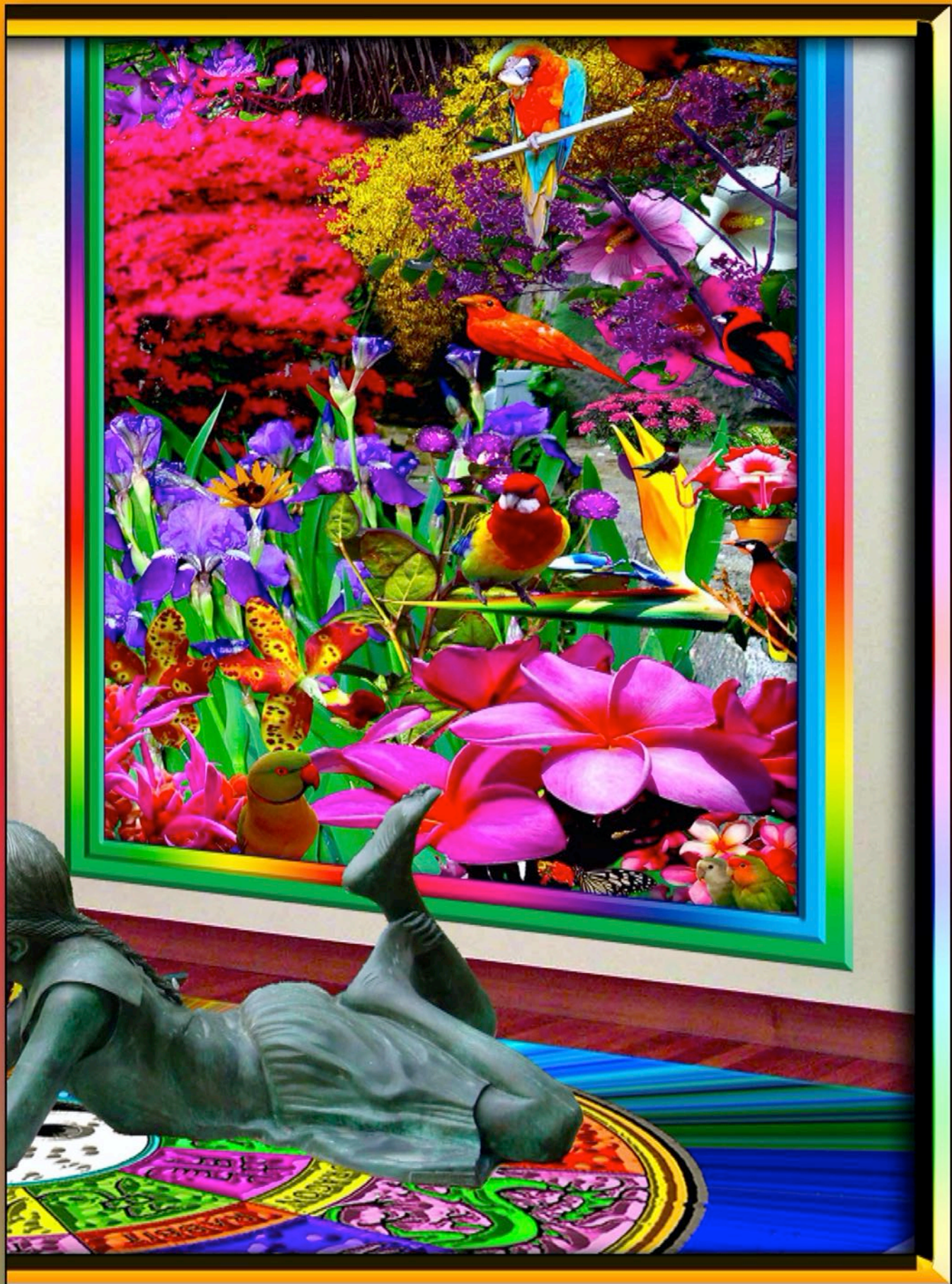
URGENT

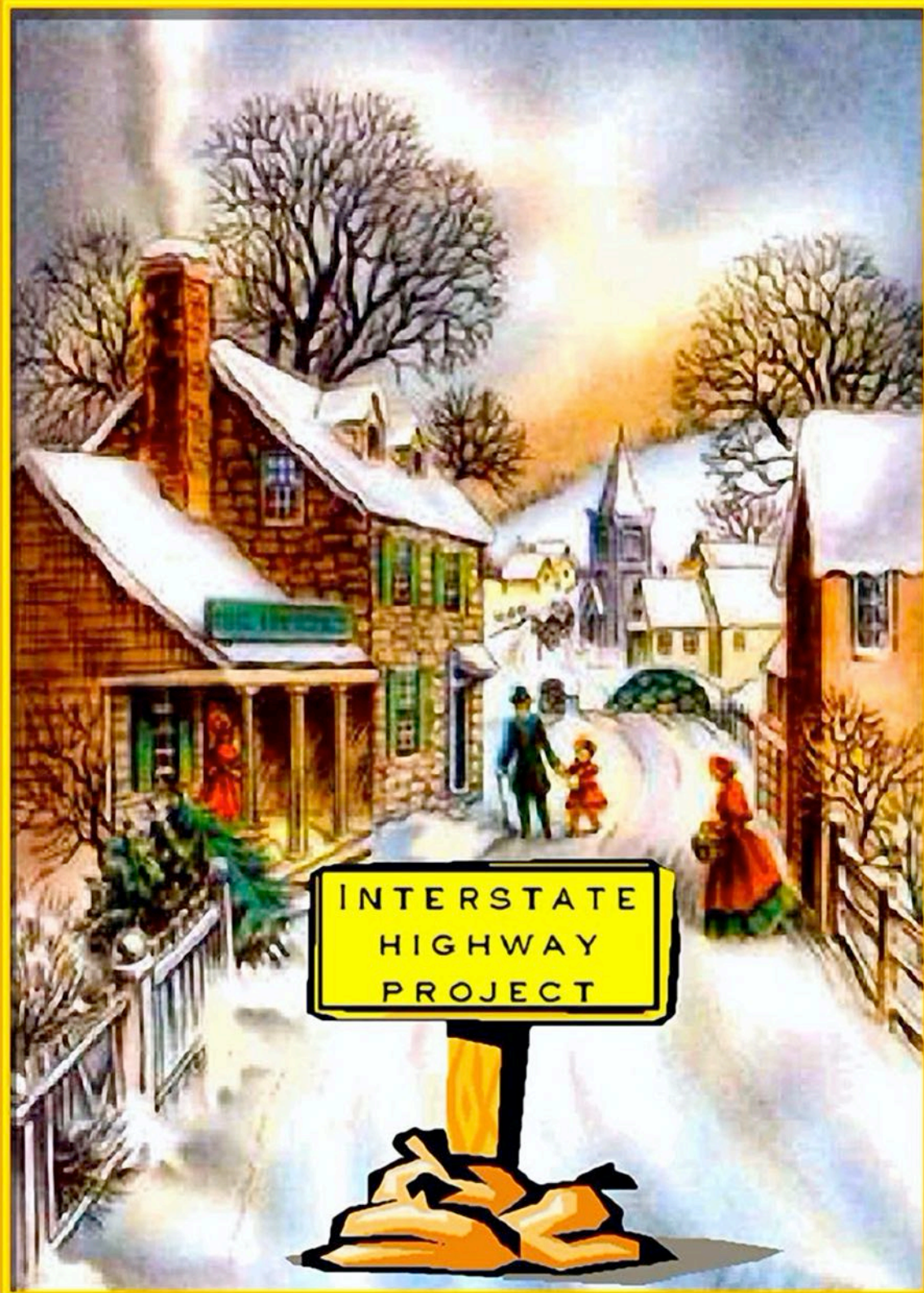


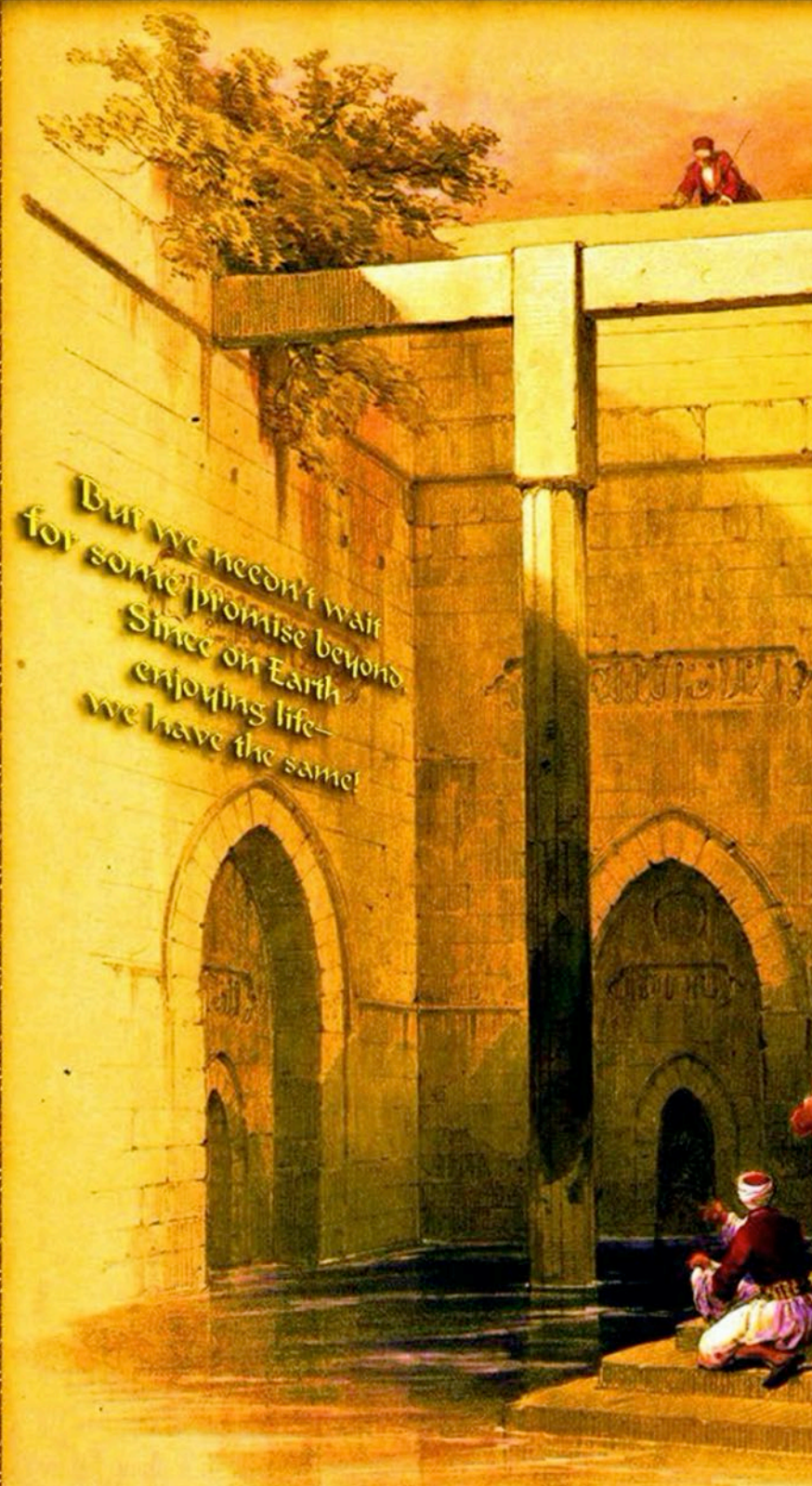


Bora=Bora Bored









But we needn't wait
for some promise beyond
Since on Earth
enjoying life—
we have the same!

In Heaven,
desired pleasures
will come
like rain,
Or so
we've dreamed
till we felt
no mortal pain.

The New Water



Tantric Exercise

*Look at the stars in
the depths of the night;*

*Hold their flames in your mind,
keeping them bright.*

*Their power flows,
energizing you, from*

*The Eternal Charger;
you see the light!*



*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,*

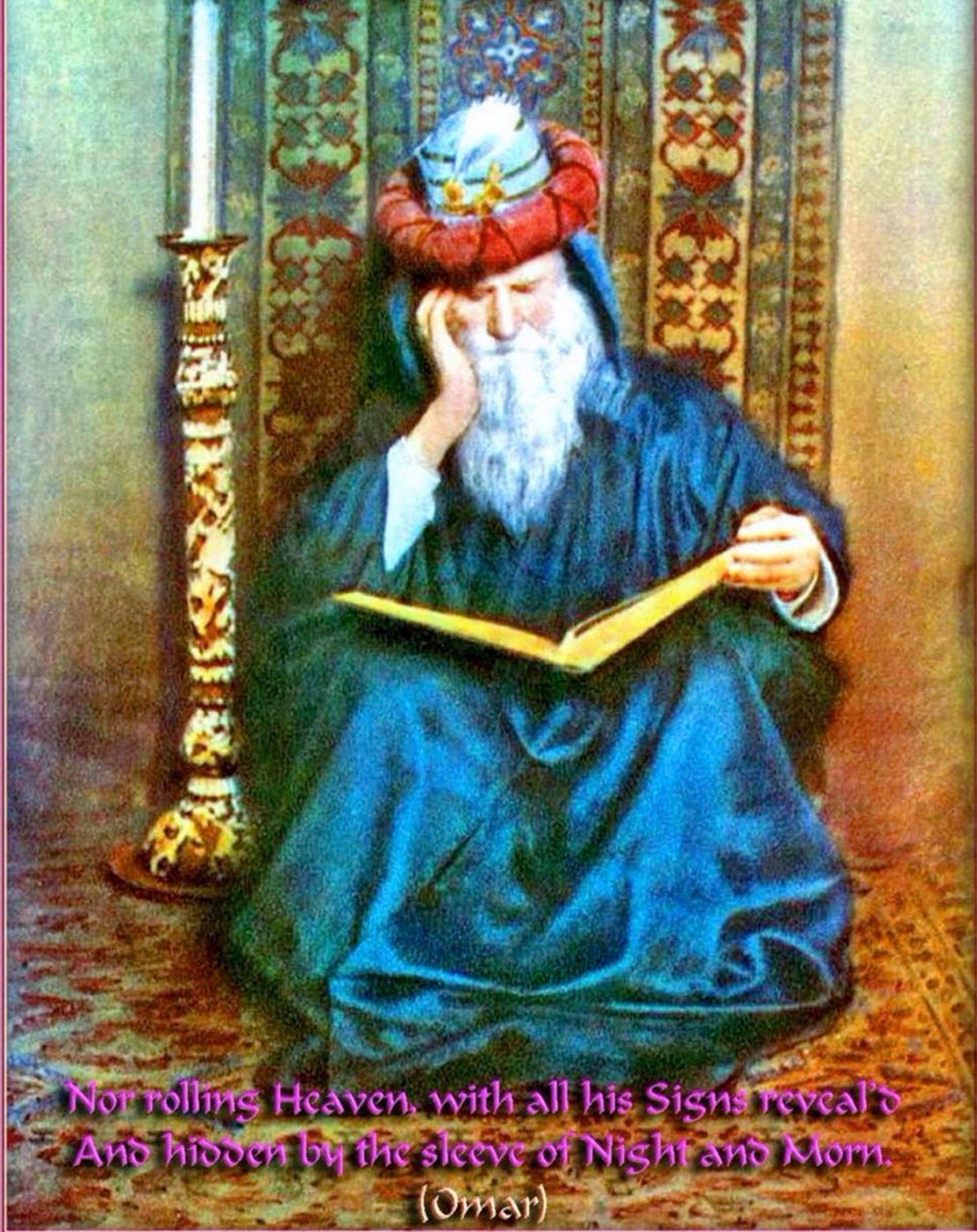
*A paradise
called Earth to glorify.*

In Naishapur, Persia, rose gardens sing,
Then shed their blossoms at the end of spring.
Likewise, old Khayyam's earthly splendor flew,
But, still, his Bird of Time lives on the wing.



David Roberts, P.A. 1840-1841

Earth could not answer, nor the Seas that mourn
In flowing Purple, of their Lord forlorn;



Nor rolling Heaven, with all his Signs reveal'd
And hidden by the sleeve of Night and Morn.

(Omar)

2010 A.D.

INTELLIGENCE IS
NOTHING MORE THAN
MAKING CONNECTIONS
TO FORM NETWORKS
OF FIRING NEURONS AND SUCH
WITHIN ONES MIND
WHICH REPRESENT THE WORLD BEFORE US
IN SOME REPRODUCIBLE PATTERN
AS WE ARE TAUGHT EARLY ON THE OUTCOME
OF OUR ACTIONS
THROUGH PHYSICAL EXPERIENCE,
WISDOM IS BUILDING UPON
THAT EXPERIENCE
TO MAKE FURTHER CONNECTIONS
WHICH ALLOW US TO PREDICT OUTCOMES
WE'VE YET TO EXPERIENCE,
AND GENIUS IS THE EXTENT
TO WHICH WE CAN TAKE
SUCH CONNECTIONS TO THE PINNACLE
OF THAT WHICH DOESN'T EVEN
HAVE A CLEAR CONNECTION
GROUNDED IN THE REAL WORLD,
BUT IS SOMEHOW BEING REPRESENTED
BY THAT WHICH WE'VE TOUCHED
AND PREDICTED TO FORM THE MOUNTAIN
FROM WHICH WE STAND
TO FINALLY GET A GLIMPSE OF IT.

ANALOG

(TIM)

The Best of All Worlds

*Earth's a garden, an oasis in space,
A planet of boundless beauty and grace.*

*We might search, in vain,
all the heavens' space,*

*For the equal of
the Earth's sacred place,*

*Never finding it,
or even a trace.*





Natural History

The
Commandments of Evolution
Are unmistakably
Engraved in stone
for everyone to see.
There are no "if's", "and's",
or "but's" in these tablets,
for we can date the rocks of ages.





White Nights

*Never do we discover
a world so white,*

*As when the snow-field
is lit by moonlight.*

*Oh, it is a
crystalline cathedral,*

*Built from falling stars
in the holy night.*

Castle builders lay stones across the sky; Dream merchants give gifts of unreality;

In Love

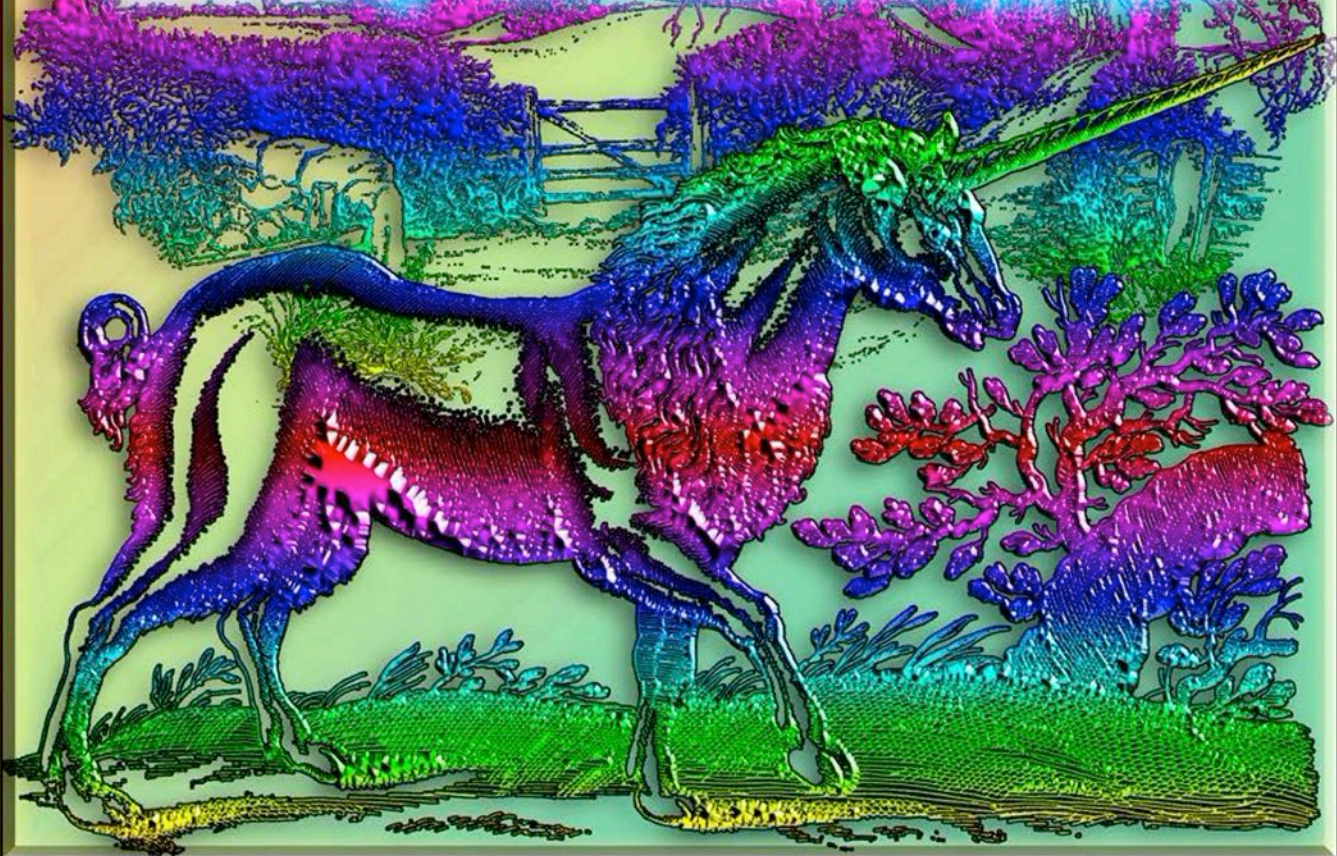
*Mirages spring to life at slightest touch;
The impossible becomes our reality.*





Never Land

*Unicorns and chimeras wander by,
Alive only by their possibility.
Faeries dance, caught by a believing glance,
As dreamy visions hold us sleepy-eyed.*





Good and evil were wrought from wrongs and right,
When, from naught, twin gentils split day and night.

Some think that black's might can vanquish white,
But night can't even quench the smallest light!

Each holds within itself
the seed of the other—



Yin reaches climax,
then retreats
in Yang's favor:

Cyclic movement
of rotational symmetry.

Rounded life is the blend
of Yin/Yang together.

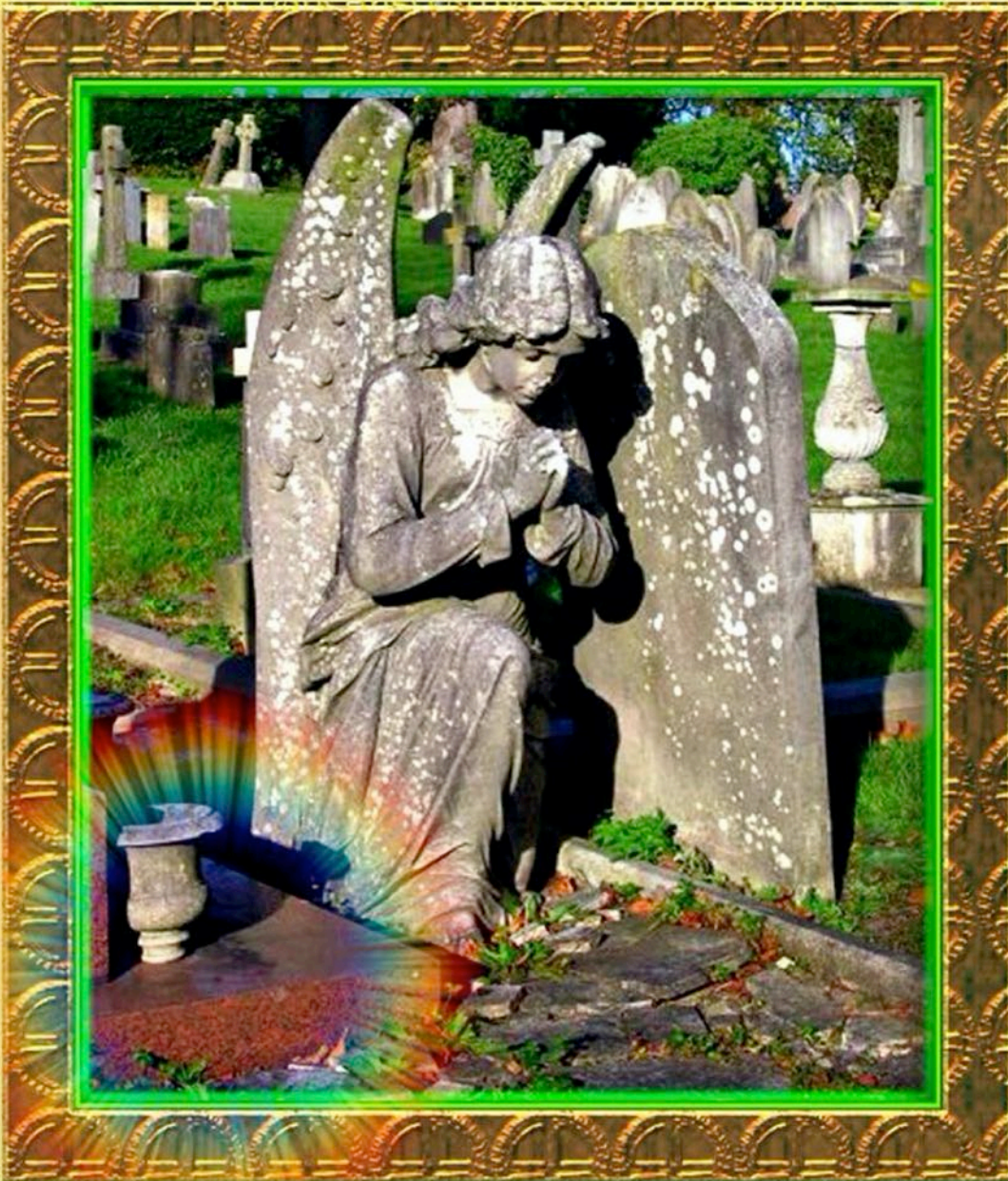
The Infernal Regions

Hellholes hurl thousand light-year jets of fear,

In Centaurus, cross'd the galactic sphere,

Supermassive darkling beasts devour all...

Abandon hope, all ye who enter here.



Readings from St. Austino's Bible 2:1-14

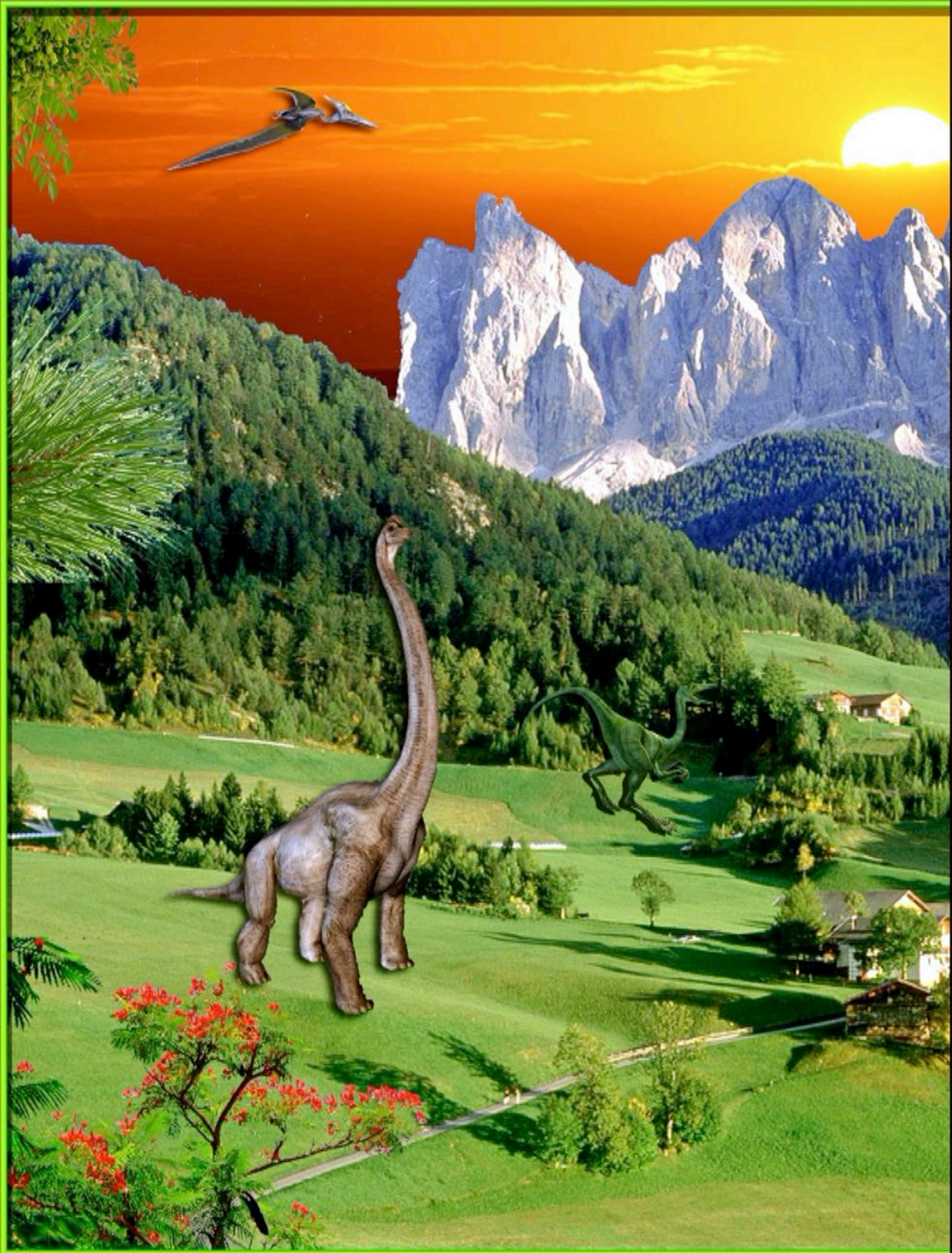
Tip Your Glass, But Don't Spill

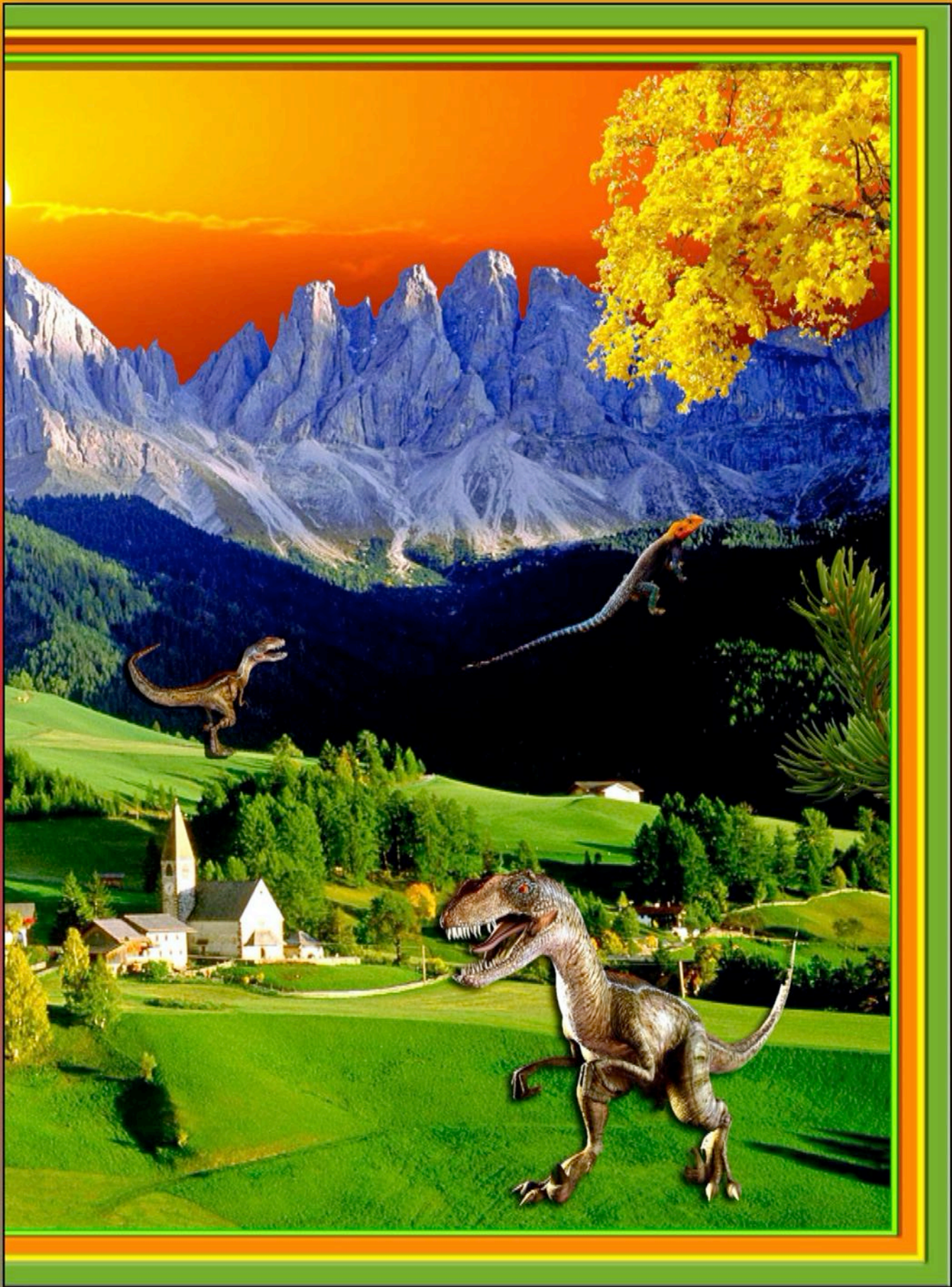
The light of heav'n did the earth illumine,
When God shaped human-nature's acumen.
Temptations he then placed everywhere,
But he'll punish us for being human!





*As lovers, we merge
In a sweet eclipse
When world meets world
As a kiss on our lips.*





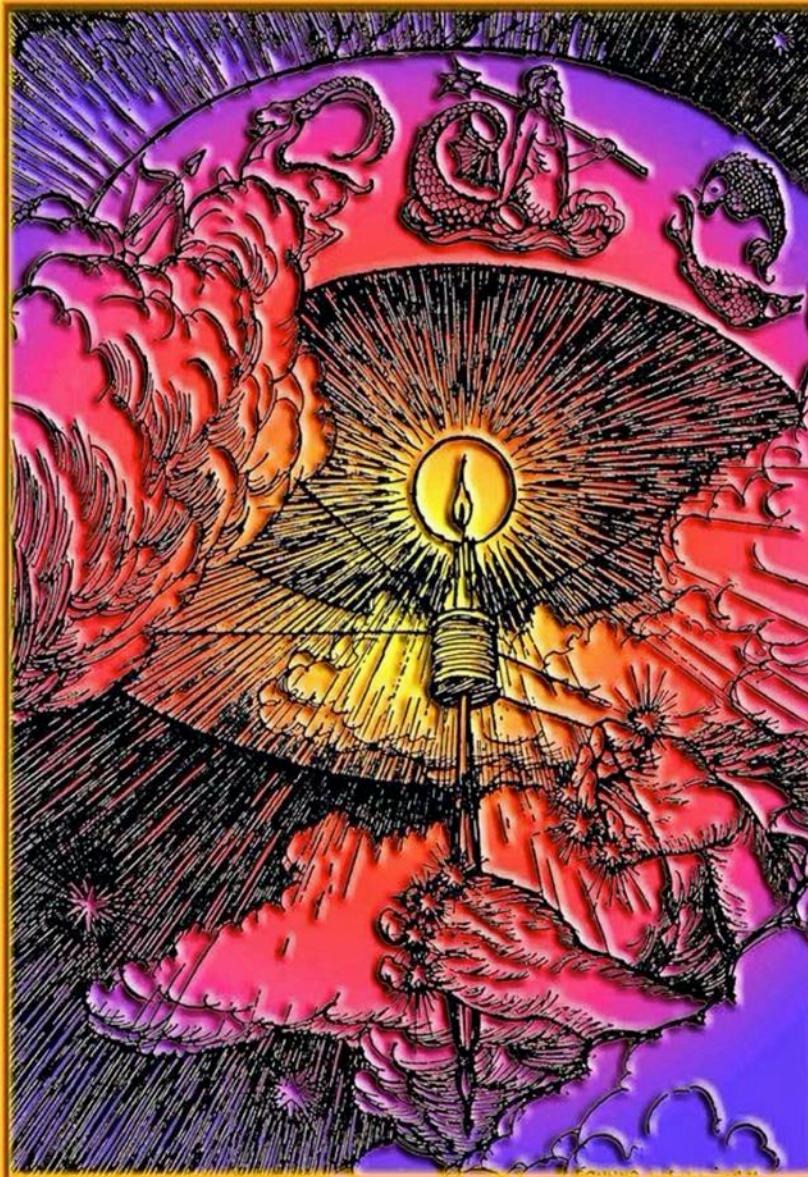
Universal Crossword Puzzle

Something Had to
Become since "Nothing"
is unconceivable.

(Materialization)

q ↓ l ↓
fundamentals
a p p
s r a v i t y a
k o c
stars n e
stars (weak,
(star t strong)
dust) o c
molecules
T s l
H O W m l i f e h
E b r a i n s u
e x p e r i e n c e s m
d a
c o n s c i o u s n e s s e s n

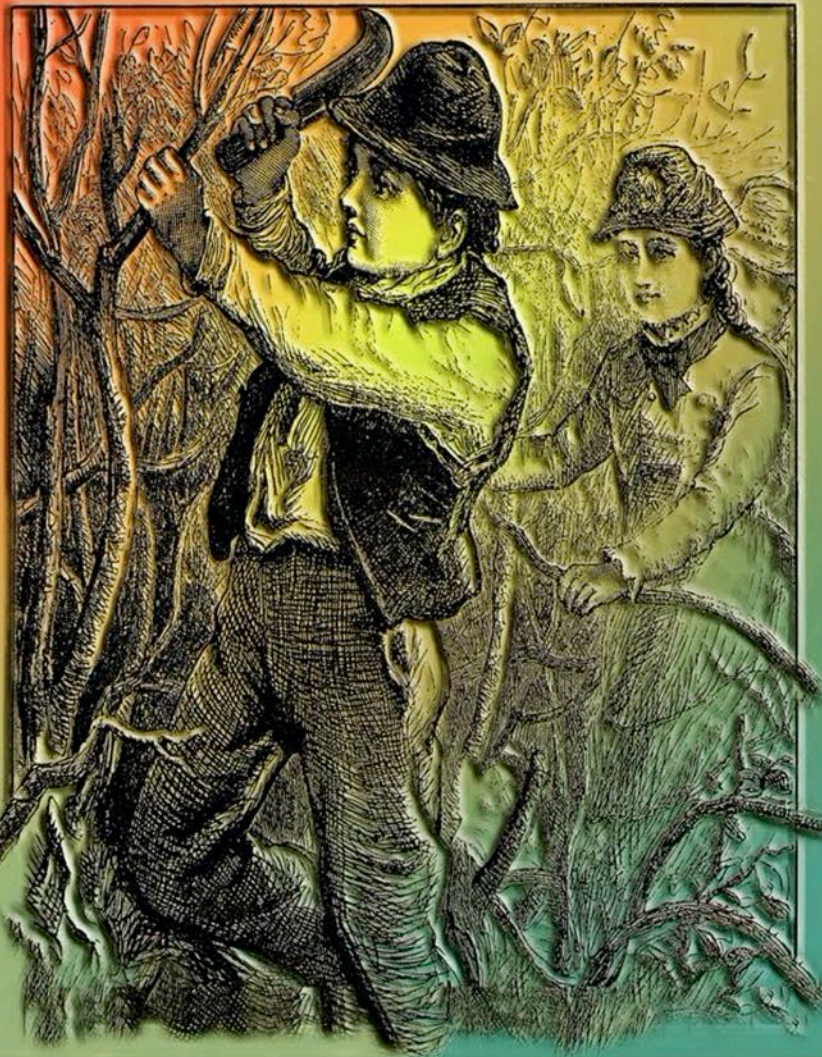
...Where the radiant have not their throne,
Where there are some pervading, all alone.



Down, down! To the fathoms of the cryptic;
Where substance slept with arithmetic...

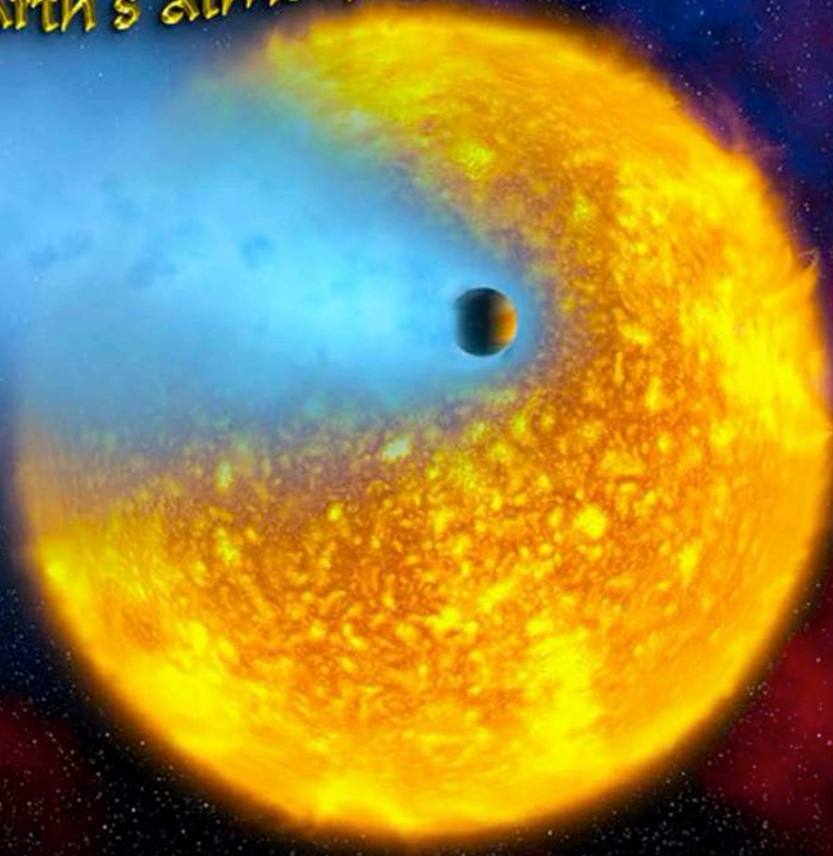
The Roots of Evil

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.



Finale

Beyond the pale, aft the last perfect day,
The Earth's atmosphere incinerates away.



Mercury/Venus now within the sun,
For the Crimson Giant is on his way.



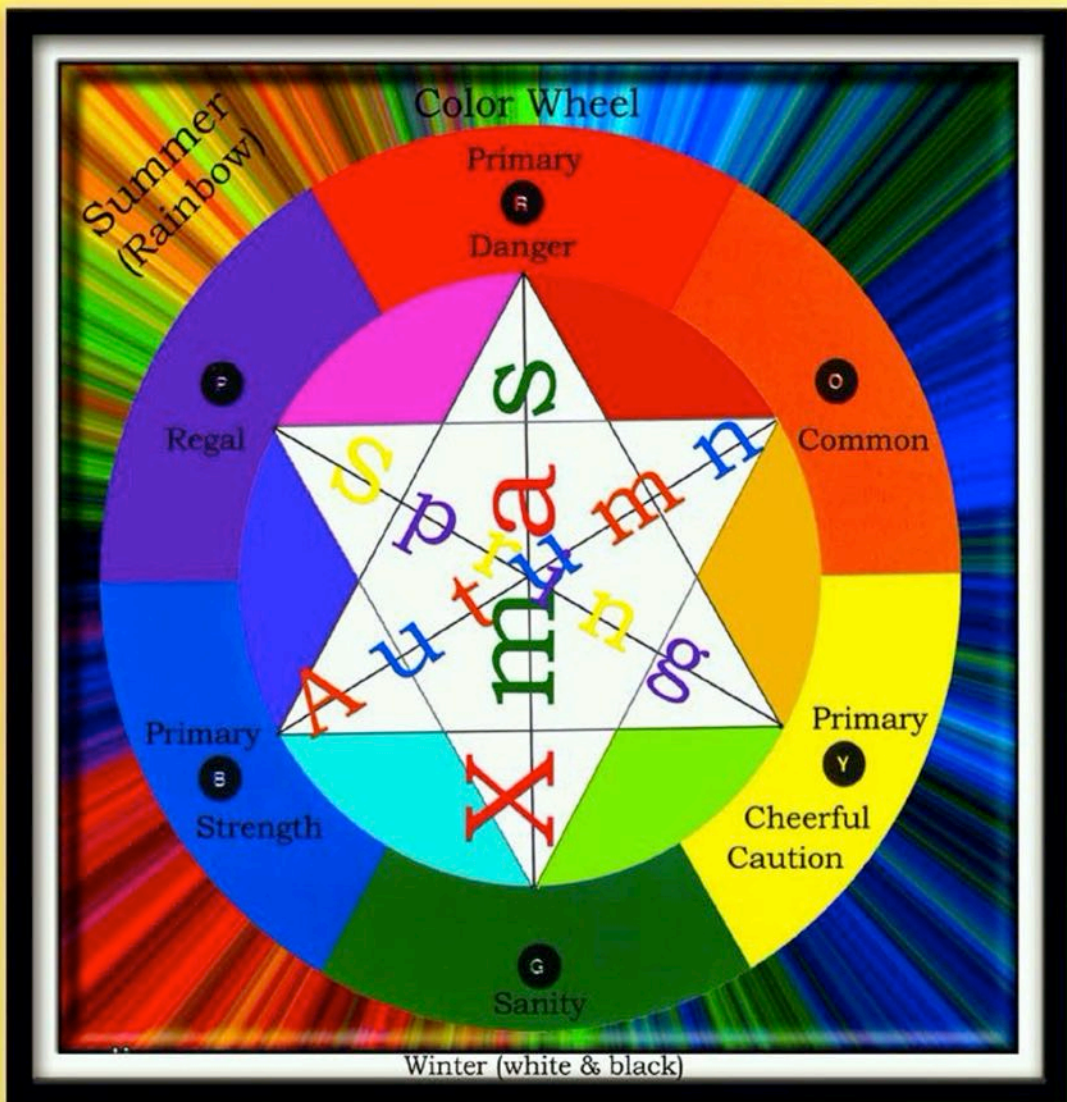
To future
columns
we stretch
our present
row,

By a
life-line
of
tenuously
spun vow.

Oh, how
soon the
weighted
web begins
to fall—

The only
real time
under our
feet
is NOW.

Today



Strangely enough, all the color-pairs
 That symbolize seasons and festive fairs
 As they're found naturally in nature's ways,
 Do contrast on the color wheel, crossways:

We are as different as midnight and noon,
Yet drawn close by the force of Earth & moon.

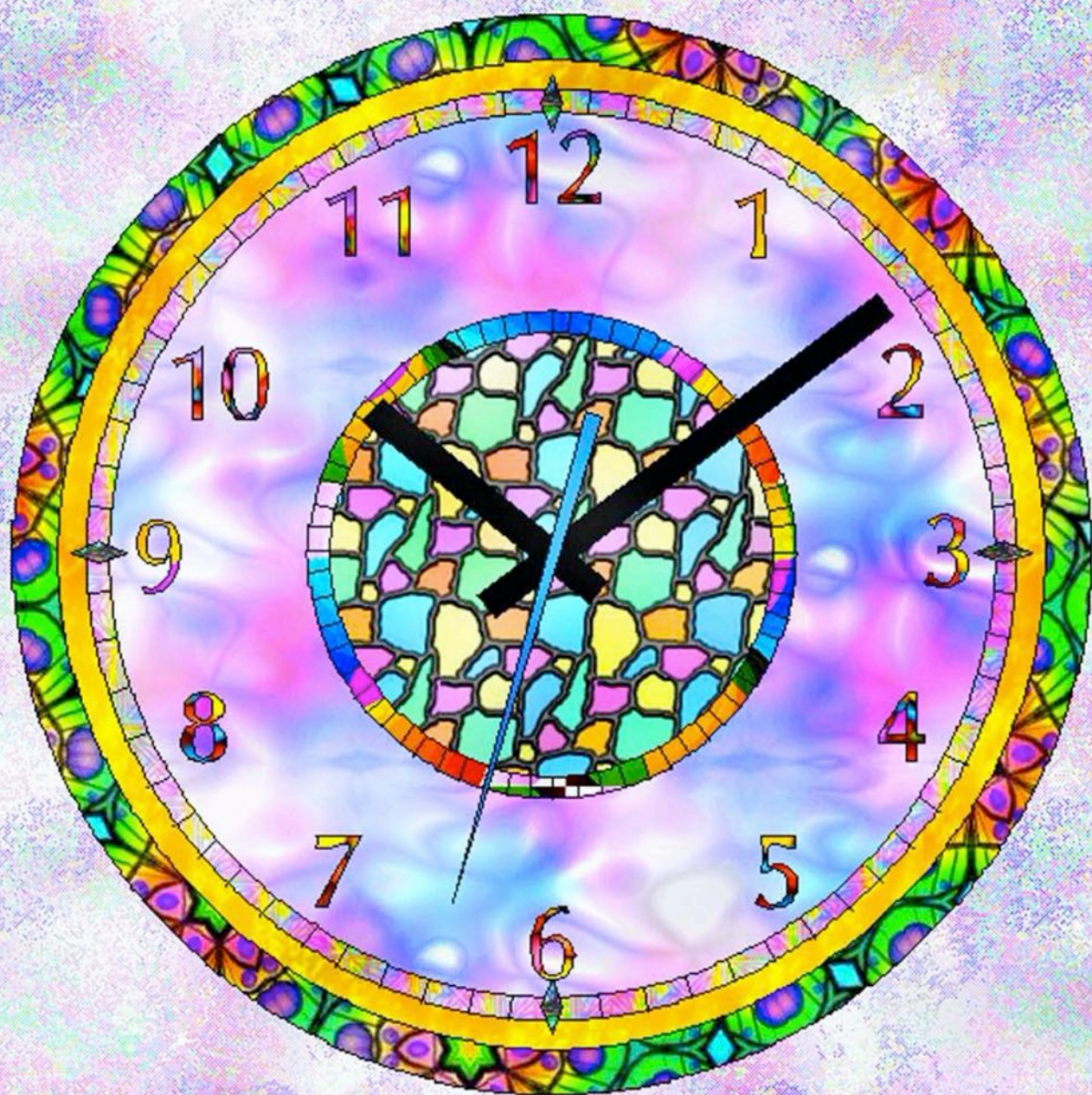


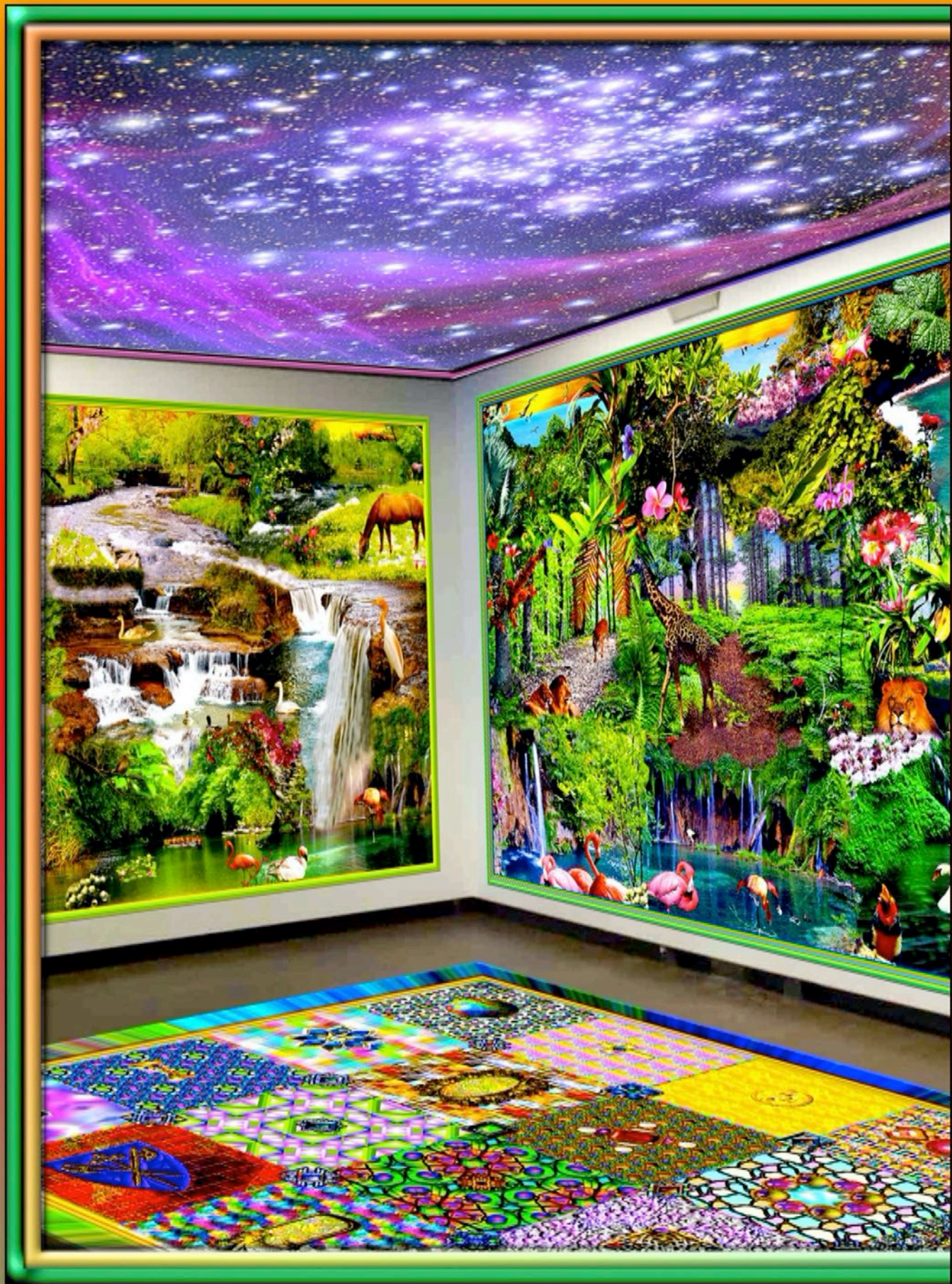
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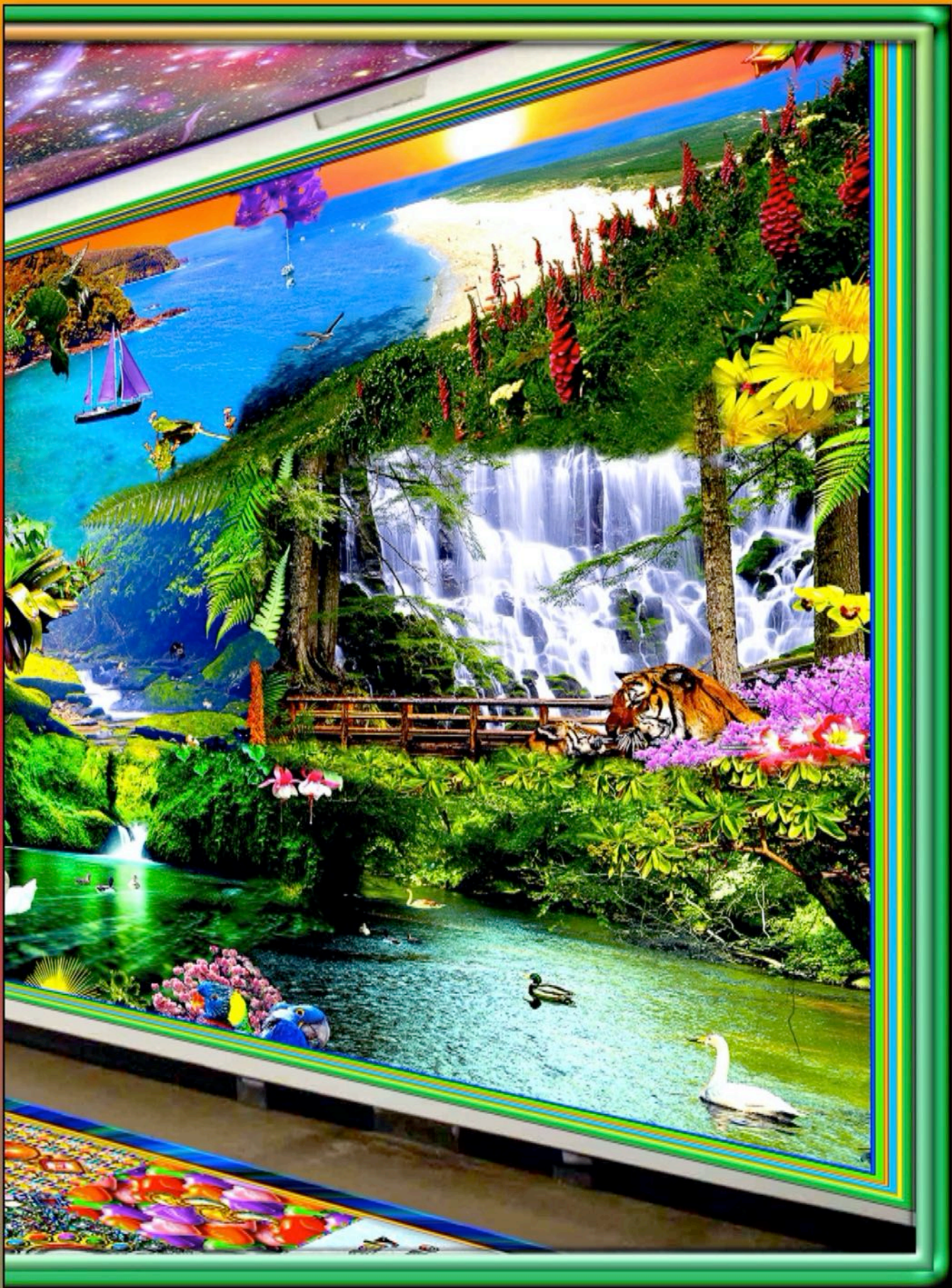
About Time

THE "NOW" IS TEN-FORTY-FOURTHS OF A SECOND LONG.

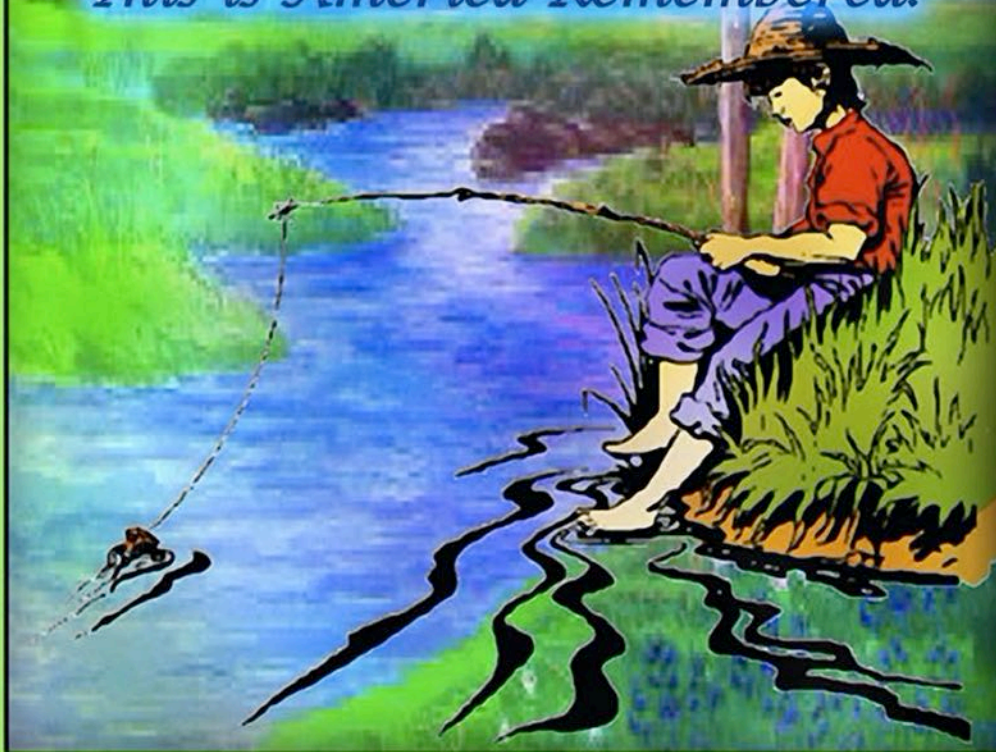
THE FREQUENCY AT WHICH EVENTS APPEAR OVER
THE HORIZON OF CONSCIOUSNESS, THE SUCCESSION
OF WHICH GIVES US THE ILLUSION OF TIME PASSING.







*We'd dig the worms at night
and keep them moist,
get up with the sun,
and walk down to the pier to fish
before it got too hot
for them to bite,
then bait the hook and catch them,
keeping only the big ones.
Skin them and cook them up
for lunch and dinner.
This is America Remembered.*



*The Waves of the Ancient Swells
Of the Unforgettable Tides
Swept Ever On...*

*As Time, now hoary with age,
Hurled forth its ashen change,
The charge ever san, pale and colorless,
That force born to summon decay, so endless,
'Gainst Nature's World each and every day,
Time and time again, feeding all upon,
In its bloodless, white and waxen way;*

*But, the everlasting rose would never fade,
Its luster even brightening by the day,
Ever unsuccumbing to the sickly, peaked
State draining drawn the life away.*

*Entropic seas still denude the mountains,
Yet, this enduring flower, never-endingly
Has cast Deathly Time aside,
Ceaselessly somehow thriving on,
To that which was the imperishable,
The flame of beauty inextinguishable,
Forever celebrated as immutable,
Gaining its perpetual permanence
From the undying love of the glorious truth.*

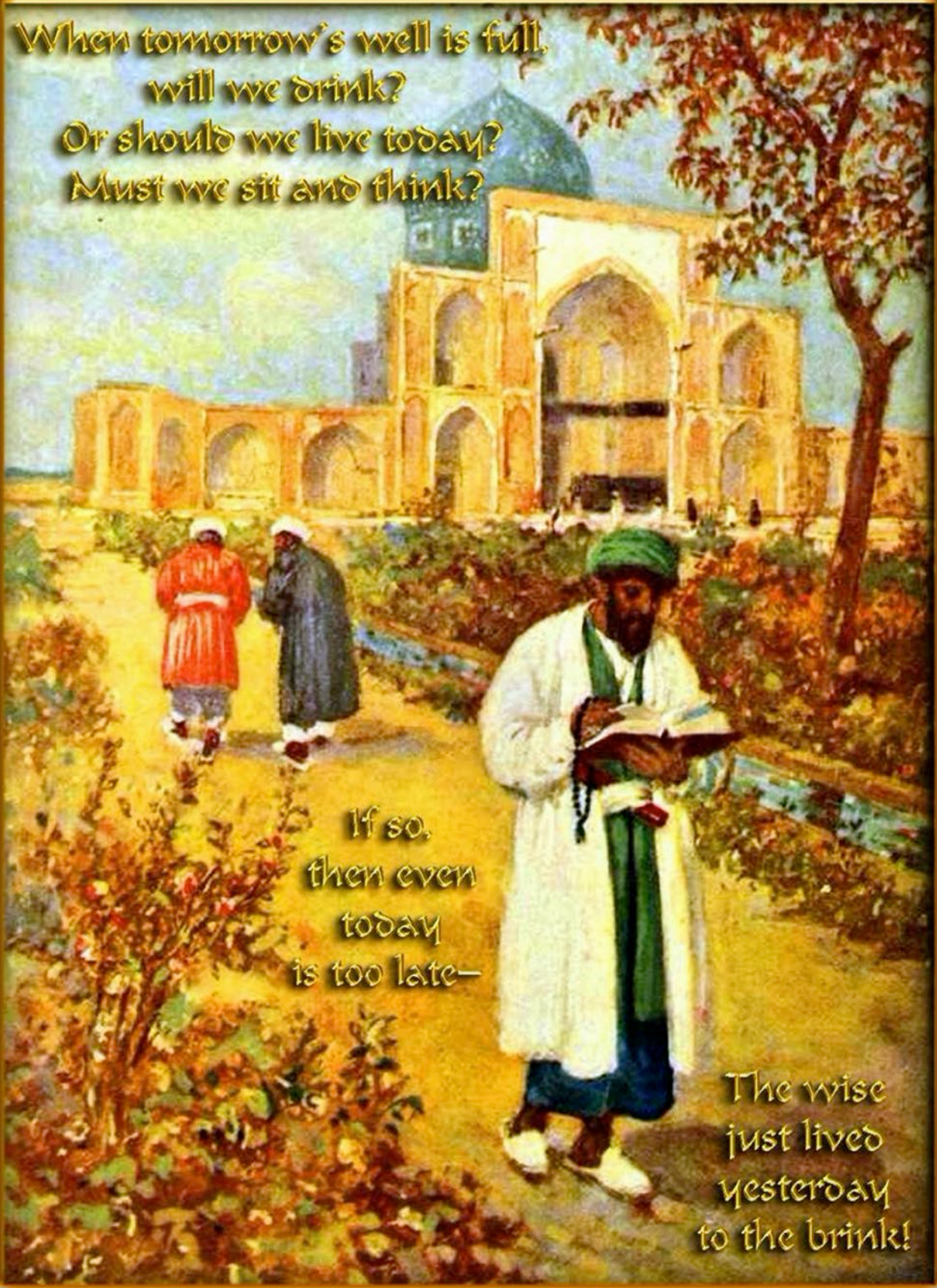


TIME ON ITS STREAM BRINGS ALL SWEET THINGS TO US.
TIME IS THE DRINK THAT QUENCHES HUMAN THIRST.
WATER OF LIFE—WE DRINK TIME, IT DRINKS US!
TIME ON ITS STREAM BEARS ALL SWEET THINGS FROM US.

"What is really out there, I suppose,
are just "waves" and "fields"."



P. Toney © 1997



When tomorrow's well is full,
will we drink?
Or should we live today?
Must we sit and think?

If so,
then even
today
is too late—

The wise
just lived
yesterday
to the brink!



**GOD'S IGNORANCE OF
HUMAN NATURE - OR
ENTRAPMENT?**

If flowers had never existed,
could you have imagined them?



The Birth of Evil

Some beliefs were contrived
about the blind by the blind;

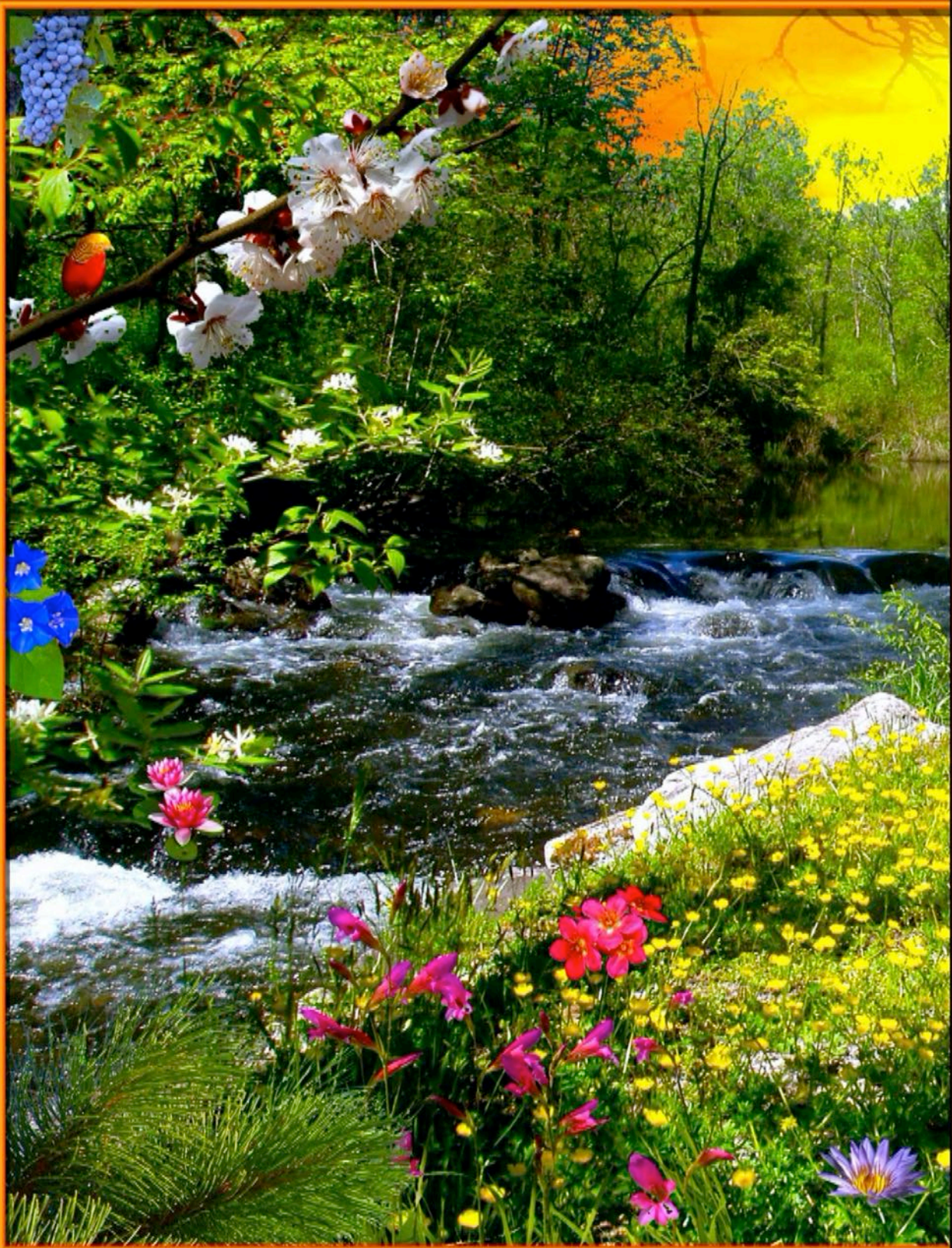
These concoctions were absorbed,
conjuring up the 'real';

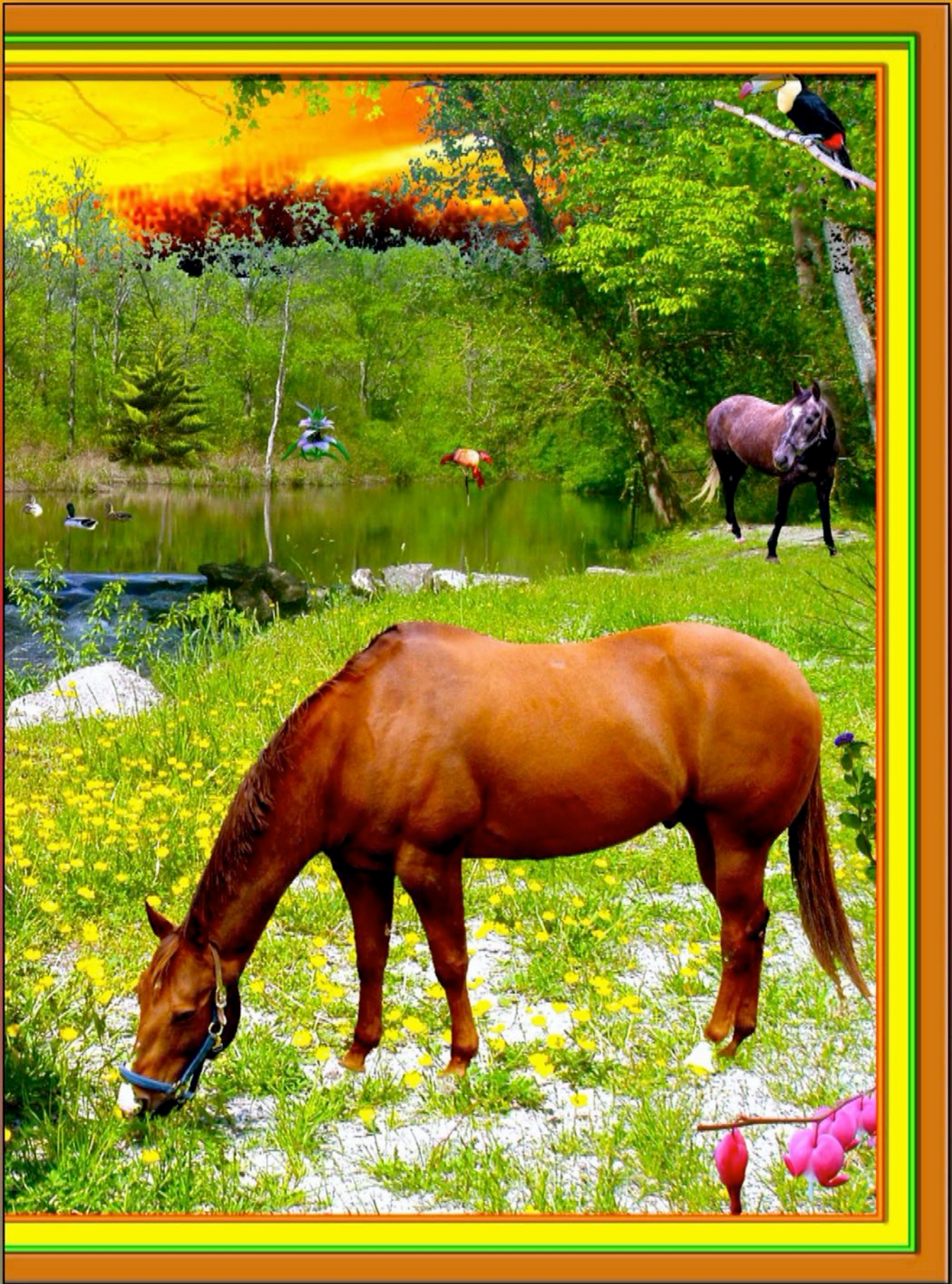
The dreams defined what was 'good',
the contrary becoming 'evil'.

Mammals now 'knew' the unknown,
even adding in umpteen more
layers of fabrications,

Developed into various stories
leading to divergence,

and then fought in their defense.



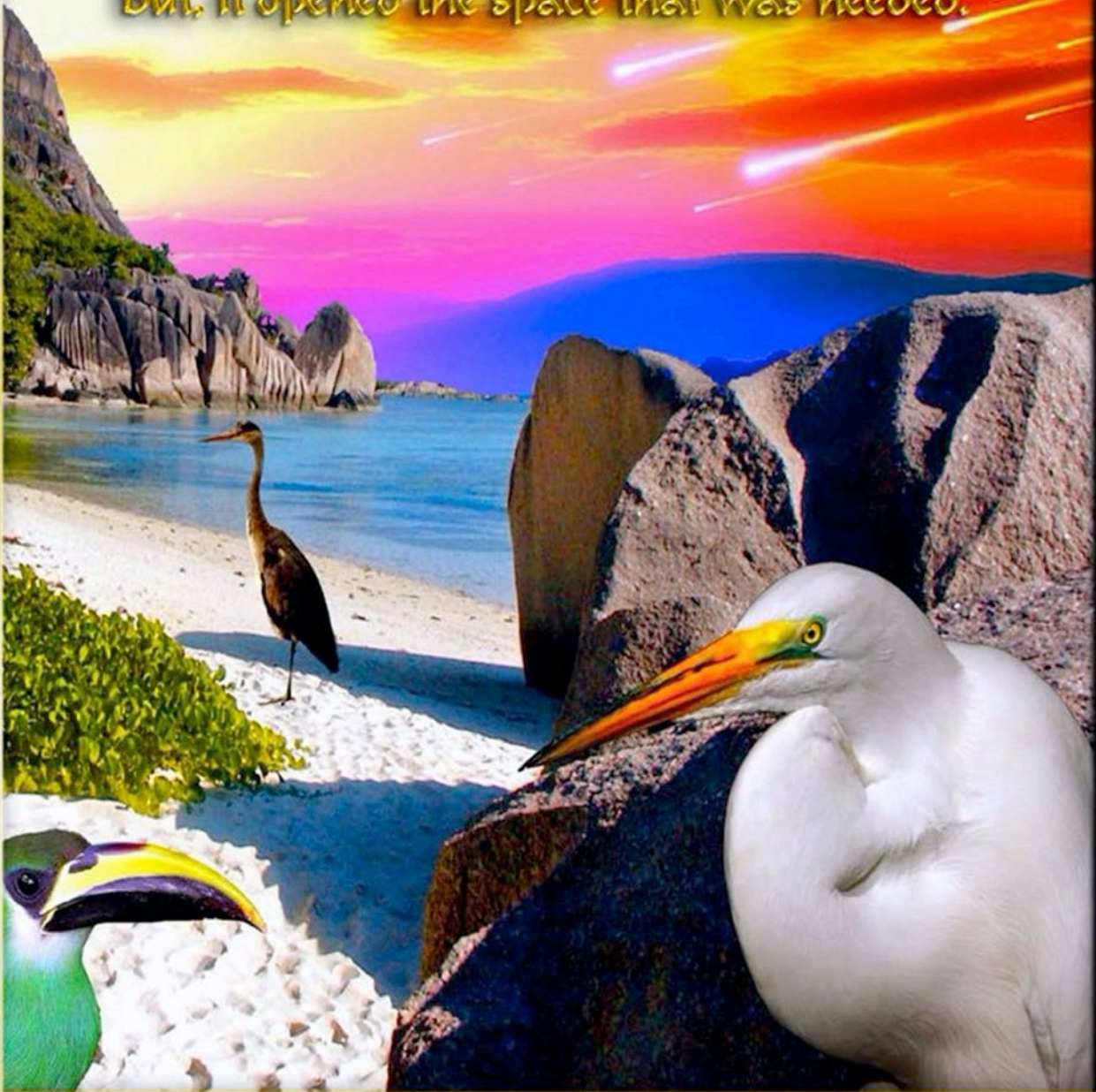


Our blind-fated path was the further paved

When asteroids finished most of the species—

Far from a feature of intelligent design:

But, it opened the space that was needed.



Life on Earth is death's borrowed debit;
We spend this life on good fortune's credit;
We're not God's puppets, being free of strings;
Dispensing with angst, we're free to live it.



Speed of Light (c) units

=

Distance⁴ / time = Distance³
(HyperVolume) / (Space Time)

=

Distance / time

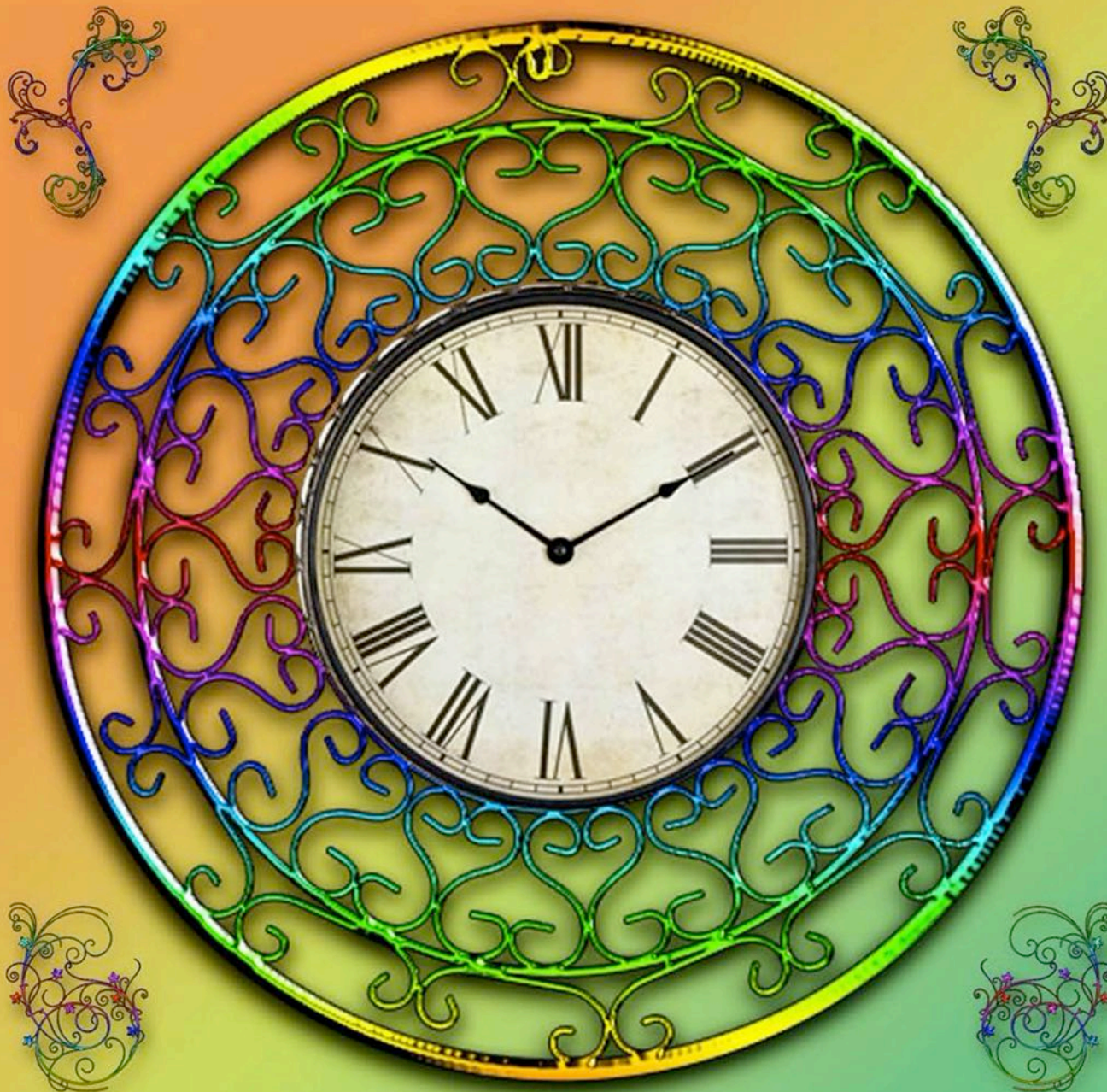
=

c

HyperVolume units

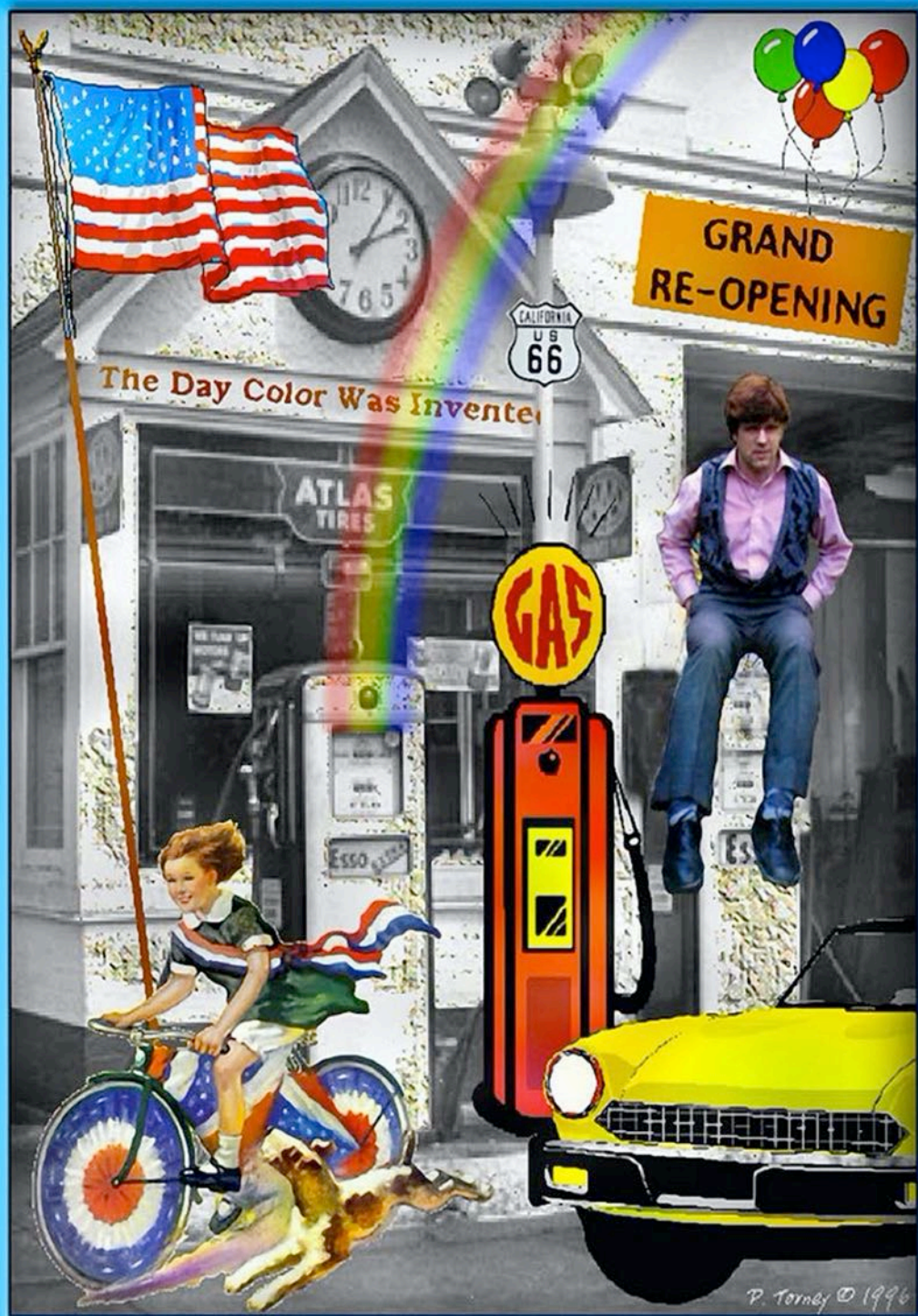
=

$hc / \text{E-Density} =$
 $Ew / \text{E-Density} =$
 $E \delta / E / \delta^3$
 $= \text{Distance}^4$



TODAY

Yesterday is gone, dead and buried—history;
Tomorrow, the future, is unknown—a Mystery;
Today is a gift—that's why it's called the Present.



The Balance of Nothing

Nought

Nada

(Largest)

N
o
w
N o w h e r e
h
e
r
e

D
i
s
t
a
n
c
e

Here → **f** ← Now

(-) **E t e r n i t y** (+)

S
p
a
c
e
e n e r g y

(Smallest)

S
p
a
r
c
h
e

Zero

Nothing

At the Crossroads



**Everyone dies,
but not everyone lives.**

Dying in the shadow
of the minaret,
Old Khayyám faces
death without regret.

The Bird of Time lands, the evening winds murmur;
Omar savors the glow of his last sunset.

Do one to others
before they
do one to you.



Zodiac



ASTRONOMY TOOK THE PLACE OF ASTROLOGY;
CHEMISTRY REPLACED ALCHEMY;
PHILOSOPHY BEGINS WHERE RELIGION ENDS.

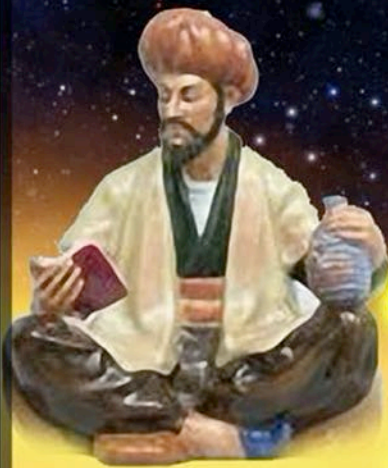


Austin's Art Gallery

Whaley Lake



*Earth could not answer;
nor the Seas that mourn*



*In flowing Purple,
of their Lord forlorn;*

*Nor rolling Heaven,
with all his Signs reveal'd*

*And hidden by
the sleeve of Night and Morn.*

— Omar Khayyam

Everduring Everlastings

If, now, you worry that we will not last,
That the likes of us someday will be past,
Then wonder whither whence we mortals went
After the last of us her life has spent...

...The one Eternal Energy has formed
Trillions of baubles like thee, and will form,
forevermore—the comings and passings
Of which Energy emits to immerse

As much air's self
heeds bubbles blown and burst.



When sadness brooded over the morrow,
I visited the deep well of sorrow.
There enshrined, inseparate, Beauty said,
"It's from me that sadness you borrow."

Energy's Quality

*It is a beauty and a brilliance
Flashing up in its destructance;
For, everything isn't here to stay its "best";
It's merely there to die in its sublimeness.*

*Like slow fires making brands, it breeds;
Yet, ever consumes and moves on,
as more it feeds,*

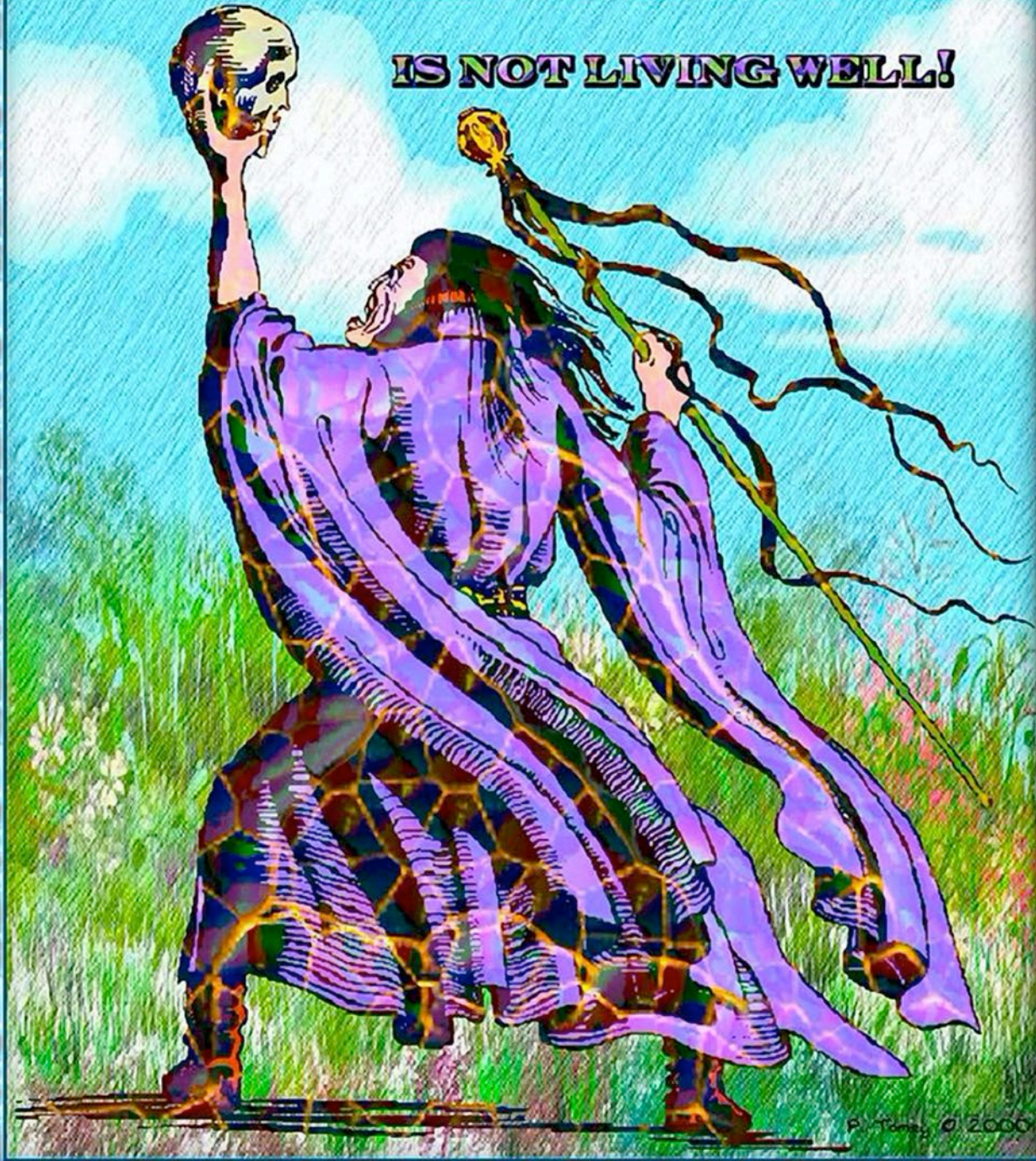
*Then spreads forth anew,
this unpurposed dispersion,
An inexorable emergence
with little reversion,*

*Ever becoming of glorious excursions
Through the change
that patient time restrains,*

*And feasting upon
the glorious decayed remains,
In its progressive march
through losses for gains.*

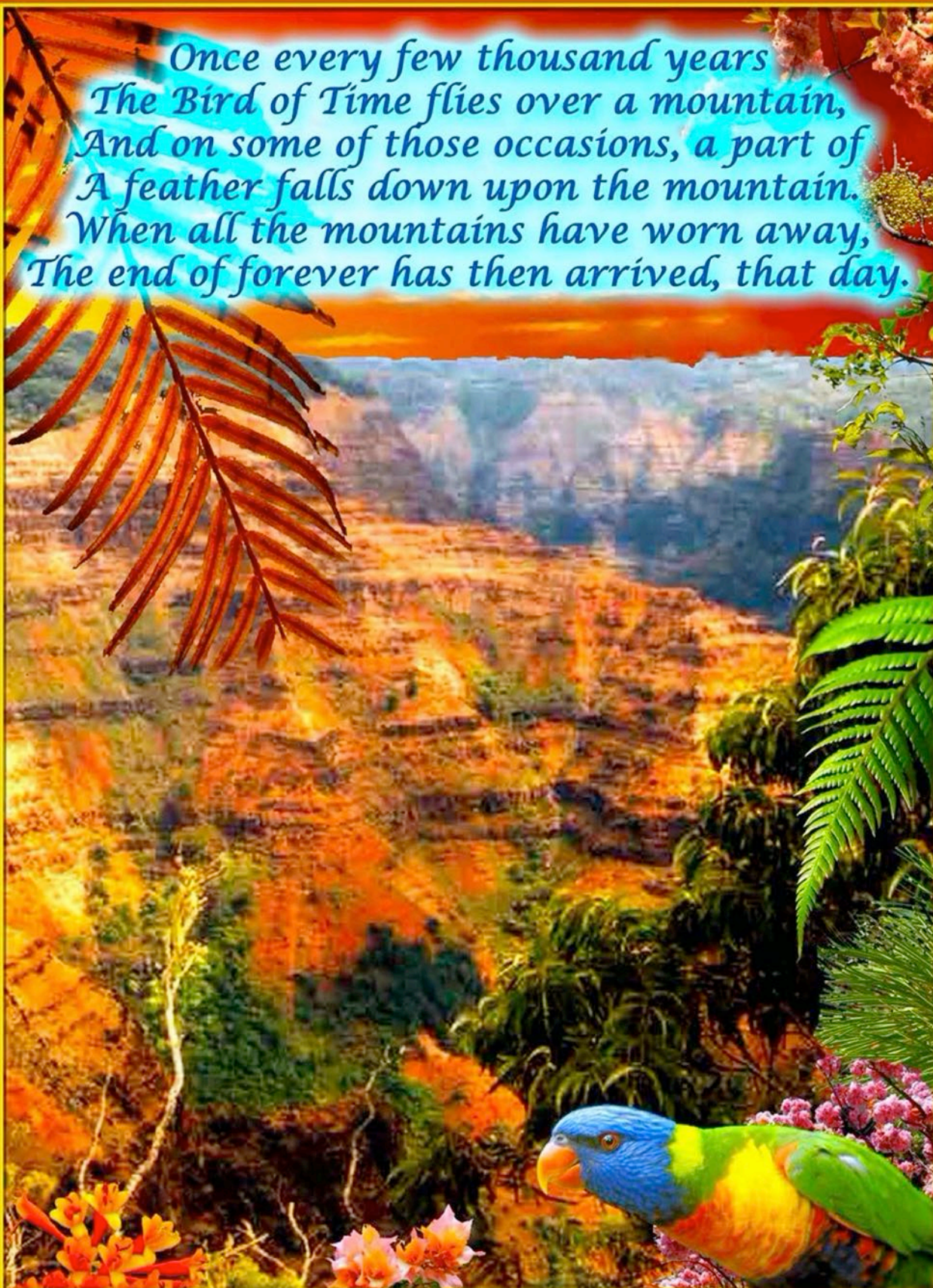


**I FEAR NOT DEATH,
HEAVEN, OR HELL...
THE ONE THING I FEAR
IS NOT LIVING WELL!**



P. T. © 2000

*Once every few thousand years
The Bird of Time flies over a mountain,
And on some of those occasions, a part of
A feather falls down upon the mountain.
When all the mountains have worn away,
The end of forever has then arrived, that day.*



Riverside, we raise our eyes to the zephyr;
A wealth of diamonds sparkles on the water,
Seen, gleaming, through our rose-colored glasses,
As we relax on a summer noon after.



*"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
ancy words."*



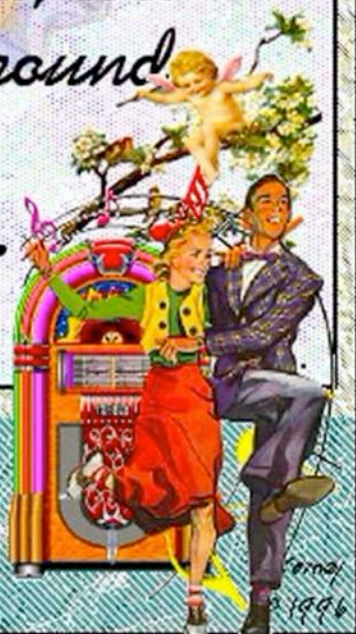
*Into the realm of supernatural figmentations
I drifted off, within my newest imagination,
To interview all the living Gods there,
Some who've left and some
yet 'ruling'
everywhere.*

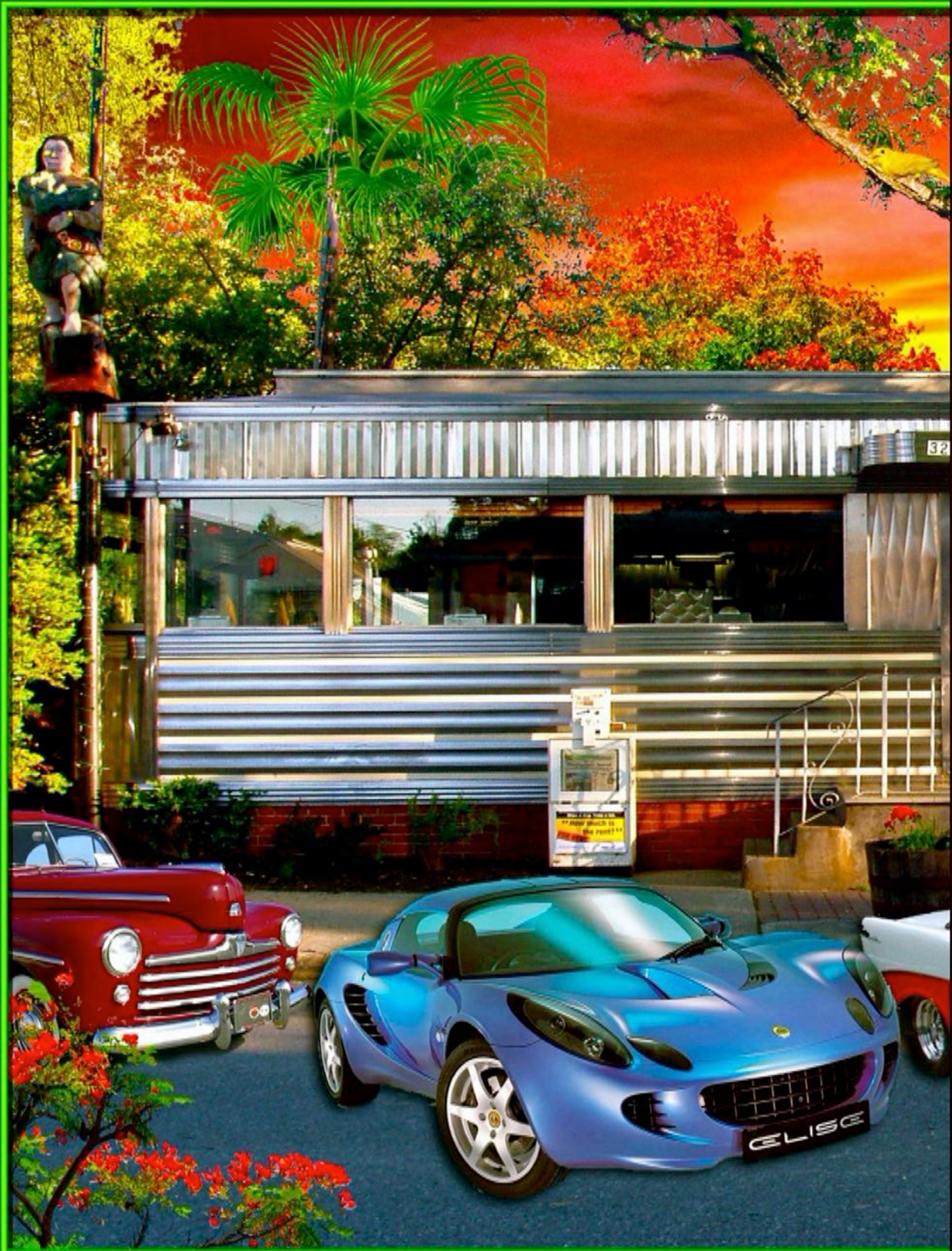


You Know You Are Free When

*No one is asking you to get married.
You live far away from your relatives.
You can get up whenever you want.
You dispense with all that's traditional.
At work you are a whole team of one.
You are not in a religion or in a cult.
You never ever buy any lottery tickets.
You take care of your health & wealth.
You bypass all of those so-hecktic robots.
You don't drink, smoke, sniff, or drug.
You don't have a dog, cat, bird, etc.
You have no small children around.
You work close to your home.
You either solve it or forget it.
You don't worry (see above).*

FREE IN LIFE







— HEIRLOOM —

P. Torney © 1998



**HEAVEN'S PATRON
OF ARTS, GRACE,
AND LICENSE,**



**LEFT US
SWEET-SMELLING
PLANTS, WITH
FLOWERED SCENTS**



**AND AROMAS
REDOLENT—
FLORESCENCE**



**IN FLUSH AND PRIME OF
DAYS REMINISCENT.**




I own a solar system way out there,
One whose planets contain diamonds, silver,
And much in gold—well, now I'm rich; it's all
Mine because I chose a favorite star.



**HUMOR THY PARENTS:
NEVER TELL THEM
WHERE YOU'VE BEEN!**





I HUNT FOR IT

FIND IT

BUY IT

HAUL IT

WASH IT

REPAIR IT

PATCH IT

LABEL IT

CATALOG IT

DISPLAY IT

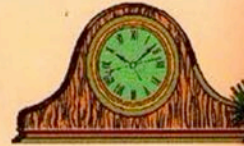
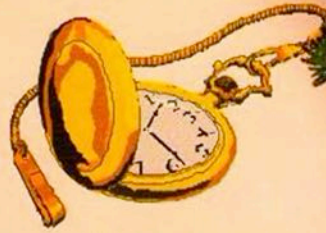
INSURE IT

SELL IT

BAG IT

NOW CAN I SELL IT

FOR LESS?





GLINTS & GLEAMS
OF
REALITY'S SPARKLE.

Come light your lantern and mine with good cheer,
We're magic lamps—our spirits dance in there,
Your beginning and end are of nowhere,
So radiate since for now you are here!



P. J. JONES © 1995



— SHINE ON —



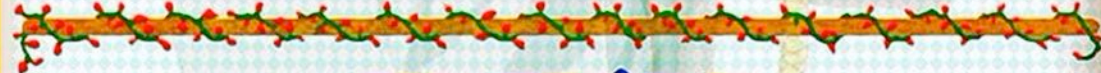
LIKE THE BRIGHT
FACES THAT
DEFINE THE JEWEL,

FRIENDS ENRICH
EACH OTHER'S VIEW

OF LIFE'S GEM—

AS LOVE'S REFLECTION

IN LIFE'S DIAMOND,



THEY'RE
GLINTS & GLEAMS OF

REALITY'S SPARKLE!



Leaving

"Old Autumn is here," said 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."





Garden of Eden



Nobody Nowhere



The Light in the Window

*Earth couldn't be farther
out in space, alone;*

*In all directions
it rolls along, unknown.*

*Look at the stars piercing
the depths of time:*

*They beckon,
warm and welcome,
the fires of home.*

I dare to walk the line,
balancing fun There between
adventure and misfortune.



For the greatest
blunder in life is to
Repeatedly fear that
you will make one.

Absence of Light

— Patrick Torney —



“I’m the darkest,”
said the Shadow
to the Night.



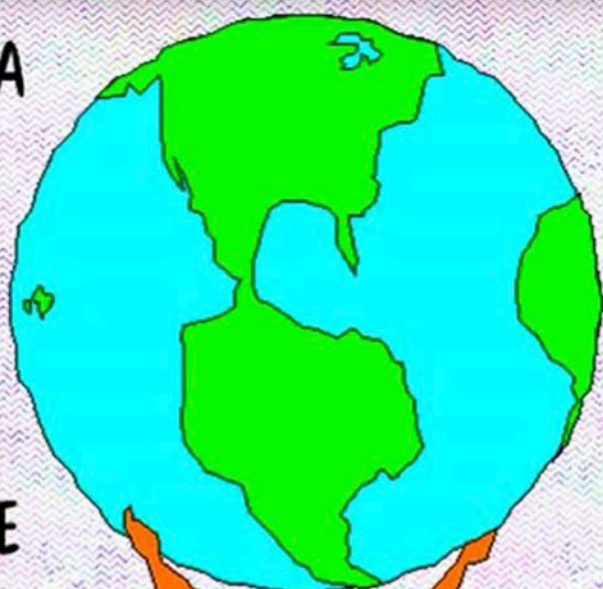
“No,” said Midnight,
“compared to me
you’re bright.”

“You floodlights!”
said Starless Space,
“Stop your fight.

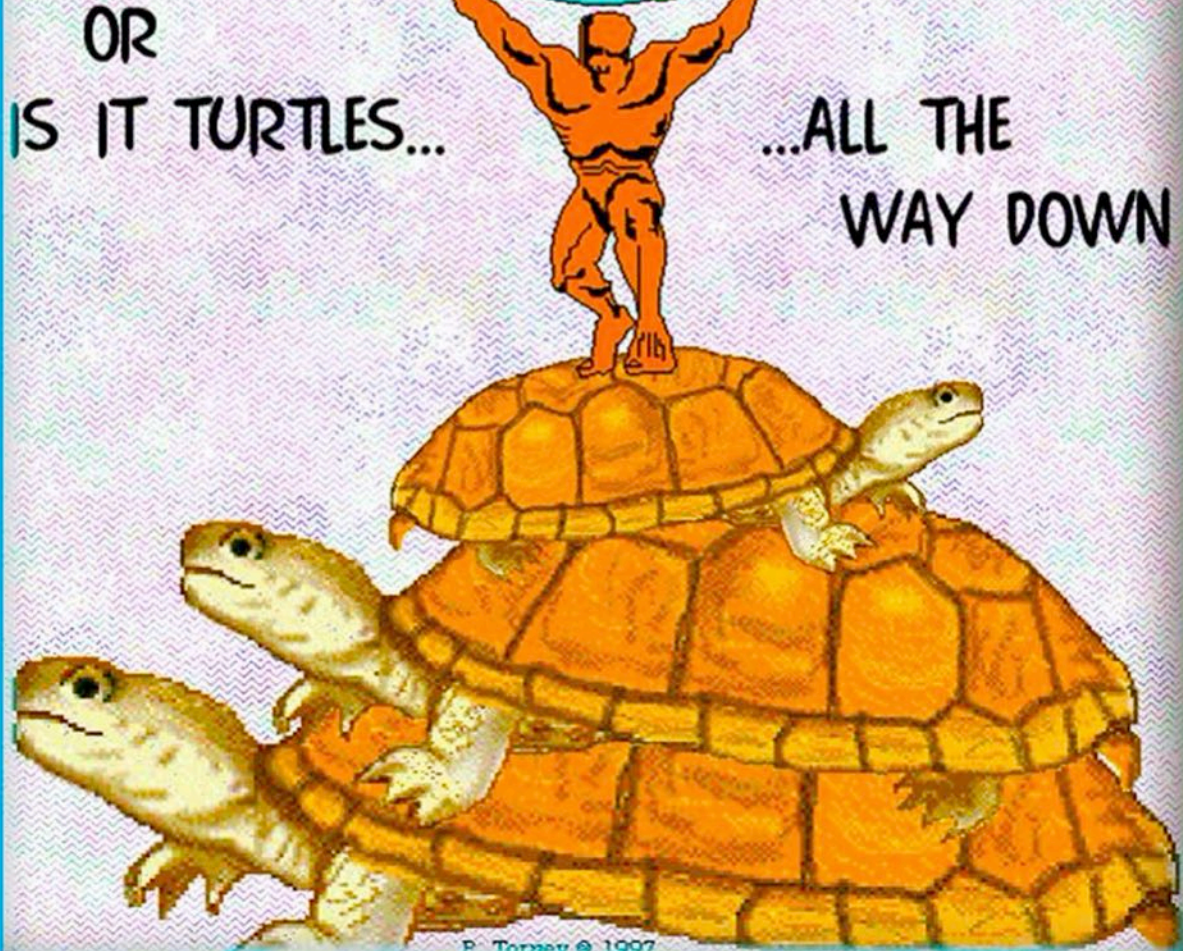
The darkest plight
is the lack
of love’s delight!”



IS THERE A
BASIC
FUNDA-
MENTAL
ETERNAL
SUBSTANCE
OR
IS IT TURTLES...



...ALL THE
WAY DOWN



P. Torrey © 1997



(EVERYTHING)



W

H O W

Y ? H W



A H



T H E N



R



W H E N



H O



T O E W

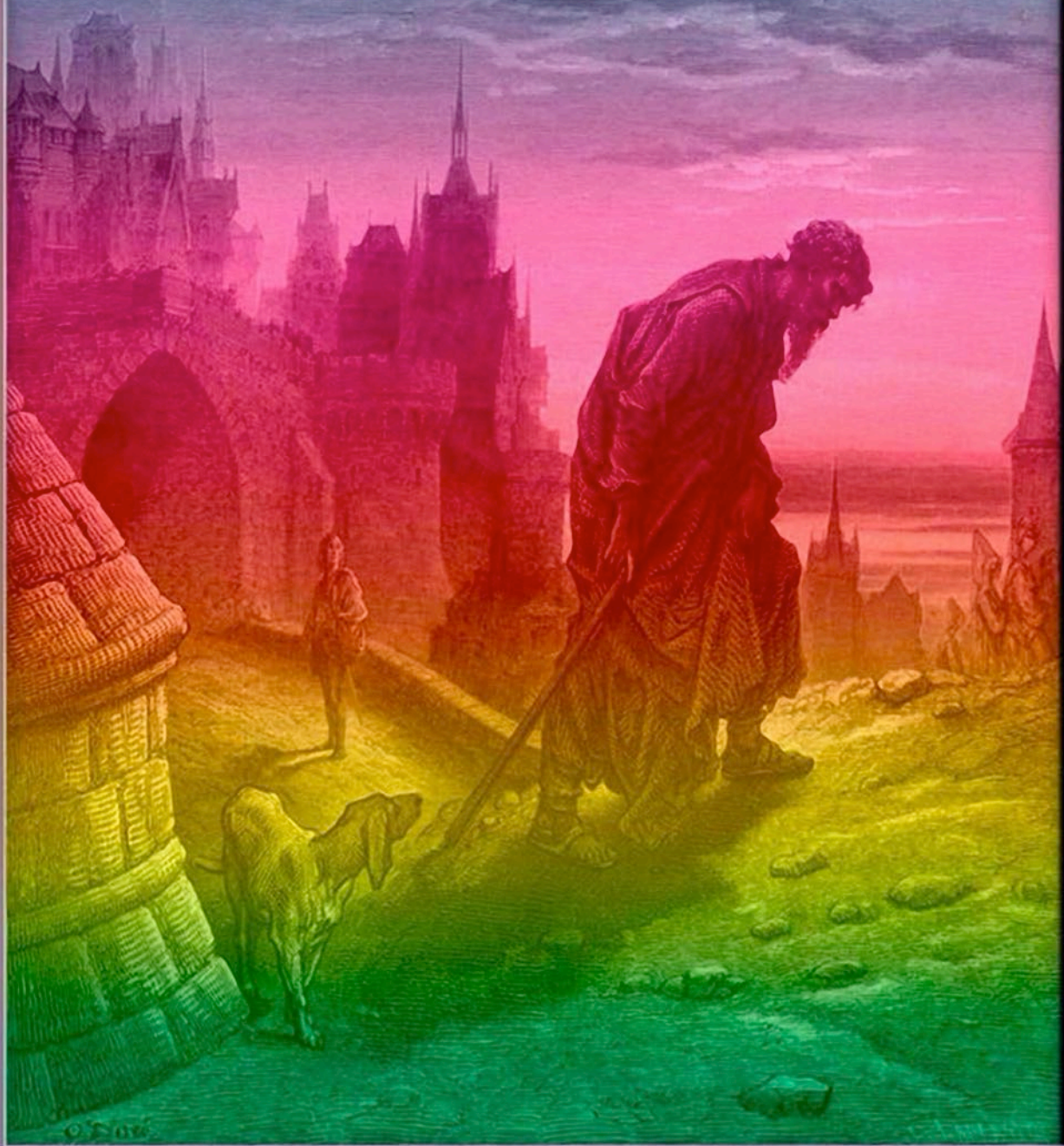


*** TOP SECRET *** TOEQUEST *** EYES ONLY *** TOP SECRET ***



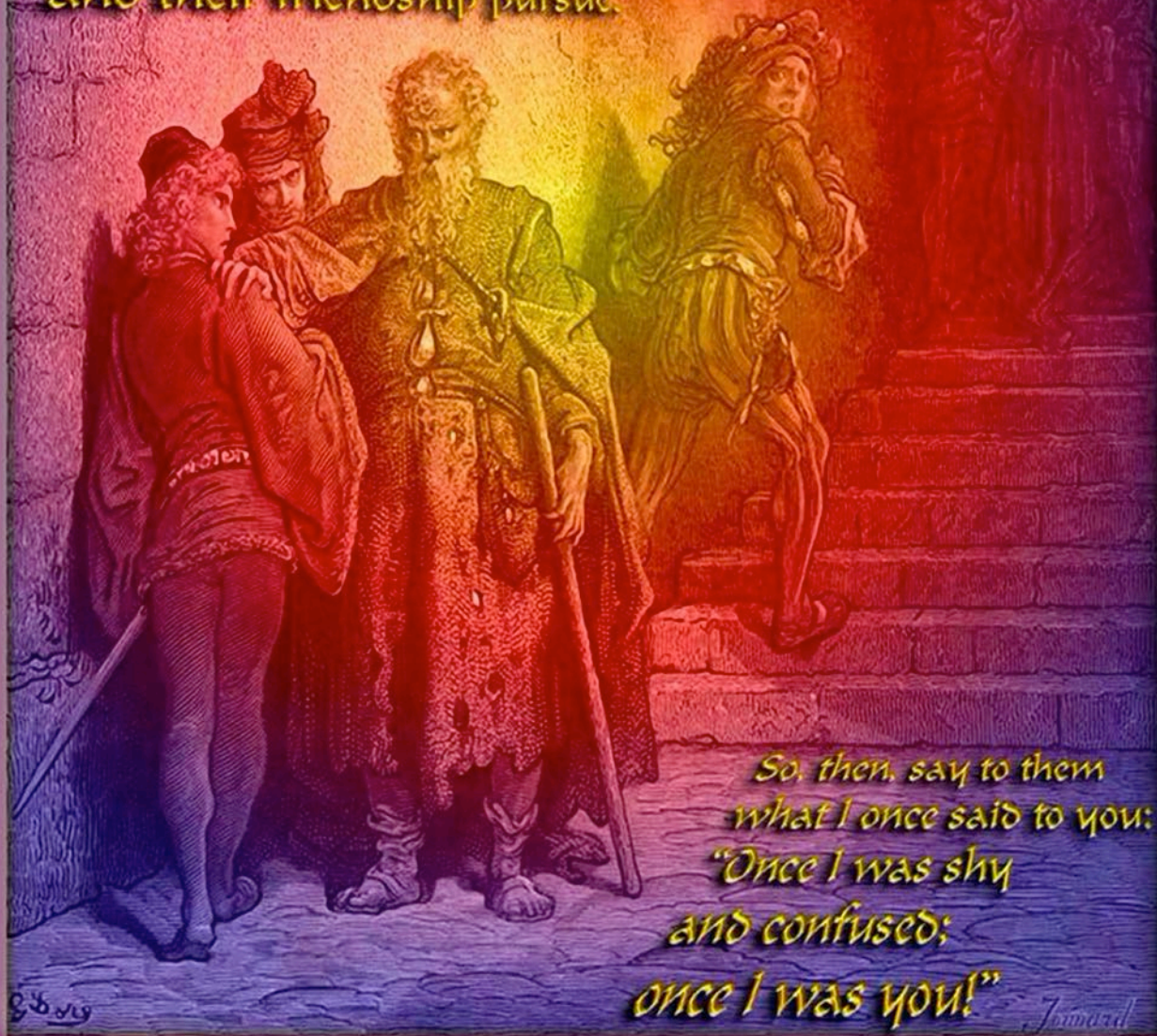
*The Infinite radiates
Through a DNA matrix,
Using Information
Or Energy to create
The Cosmic Microwave antenna
Which broadcasts
Interference patterns
Of virtual reality.*

Dear solitude, who with silence does blend
Quietly to let all my thoughts ascend:
With you I'm alone but never lonely,
For I am my own best and loving friend.



Déjà Vu

Perhaps, one day,
you, too,
will meet someone who
Has no grace or style,
and their friendship pursue.



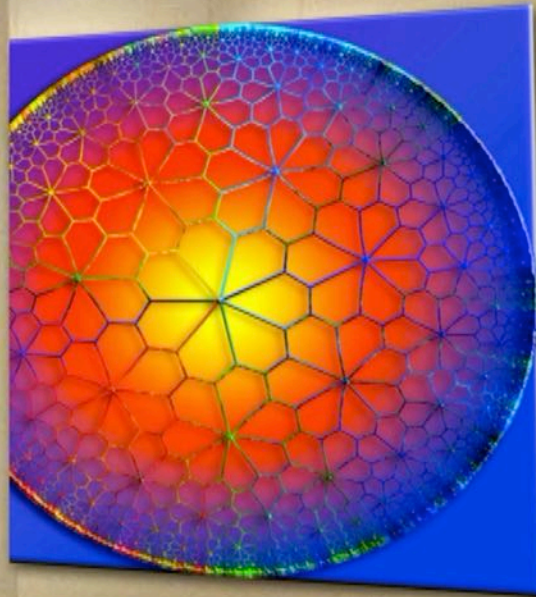
So, then, say to them
what I once said to you:
"Once I was shy
and confused;
once I was you!"

88 v19

Howard



Quantum Realm



Atom

Jungle





Graveyard of the Gods

MOODS
ARE
CONTAGIOUS.



ap.t.

Moon Children

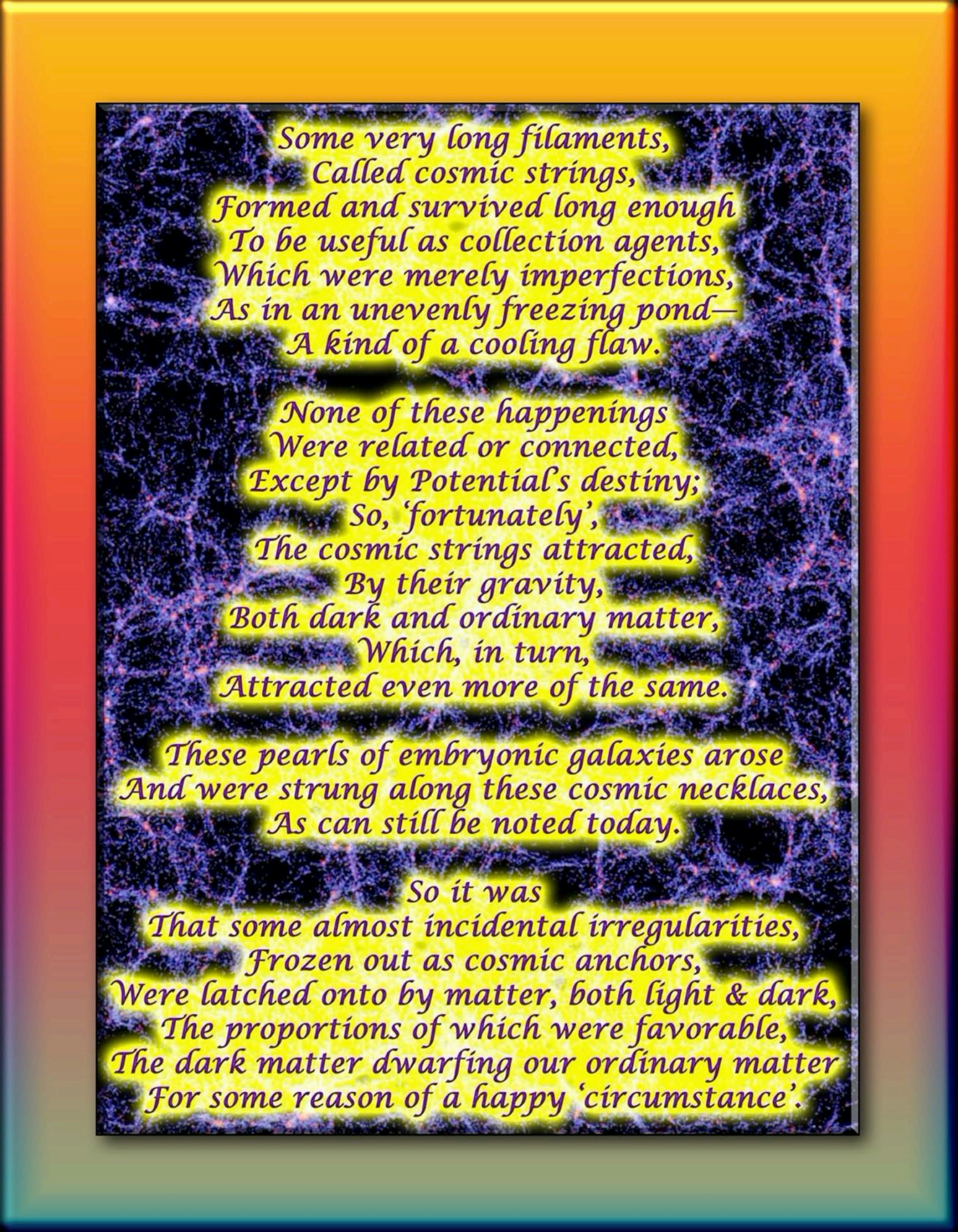
*The Earth would
wobble like
a dying top very soon,*

*Without the
steadying influence
of our lovely moon,*

*But, it's slipping
from our grasp
an inch & a half a year.*

*The end's not so near,
but we'll need
a way out of here.*



The background of the entire page is a vibrant, multi-colored cosmic web, showing a complex network of filaments and nodes in shades of blue, purple, red, and orange against a dark space. The text is overlaid on this background, with each line of text highlighted in a bright yellow glow.

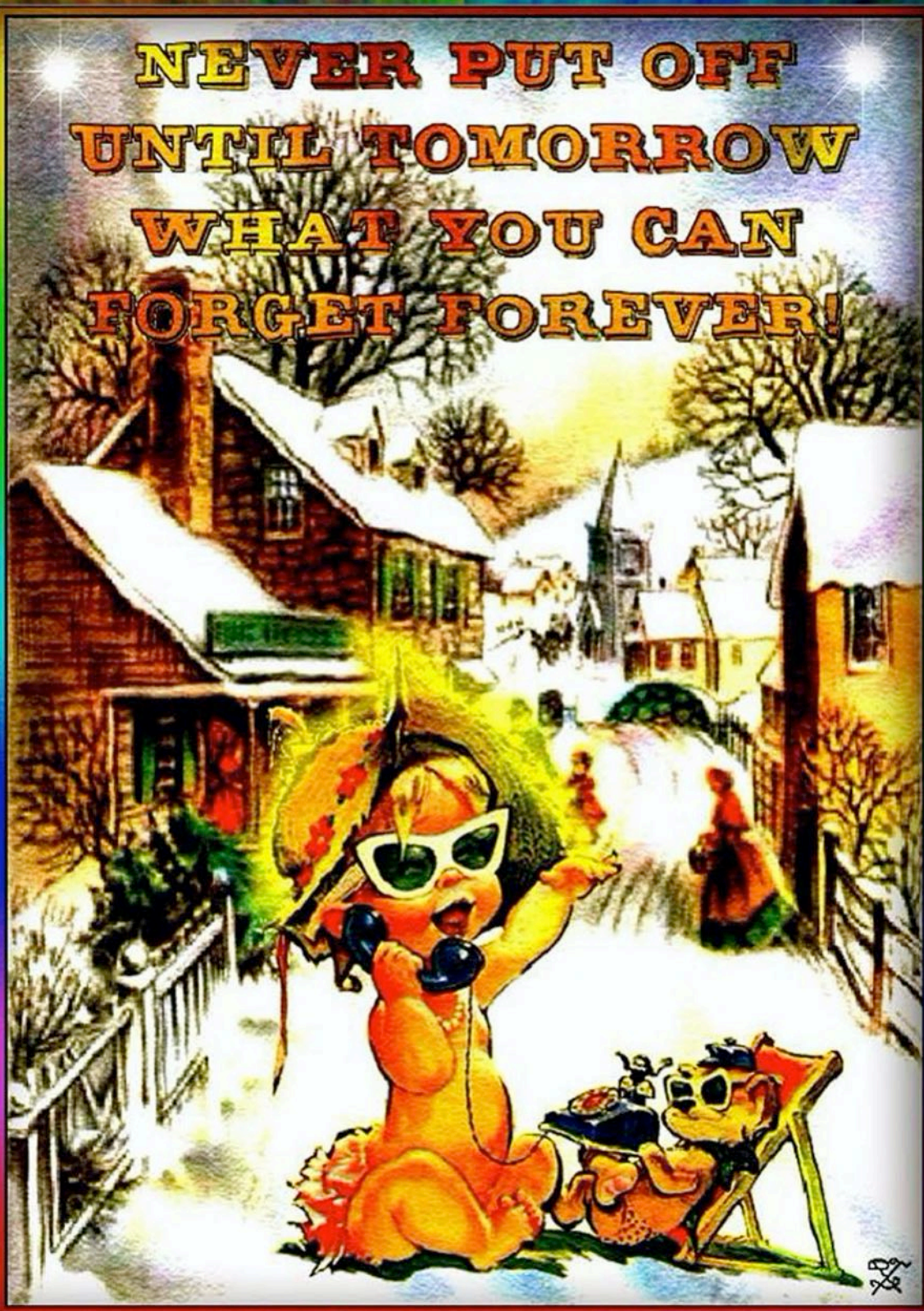
*Some very long filaments,
Called cosmic strings,
Formed and survived long enough
To be useful as collection agents,
Which were merely imperfections,
As in an unevenly freezing pond—
A kind of a cooling flaw.*

*None of these happenings
Were related or connected,
Except by Potential's destiny;
So, 'fortunately',
The cosmic strings attracted,
By their gravity,
Both dark and ordinary matter,
Which, in turn,
Attracted even more of the same.*

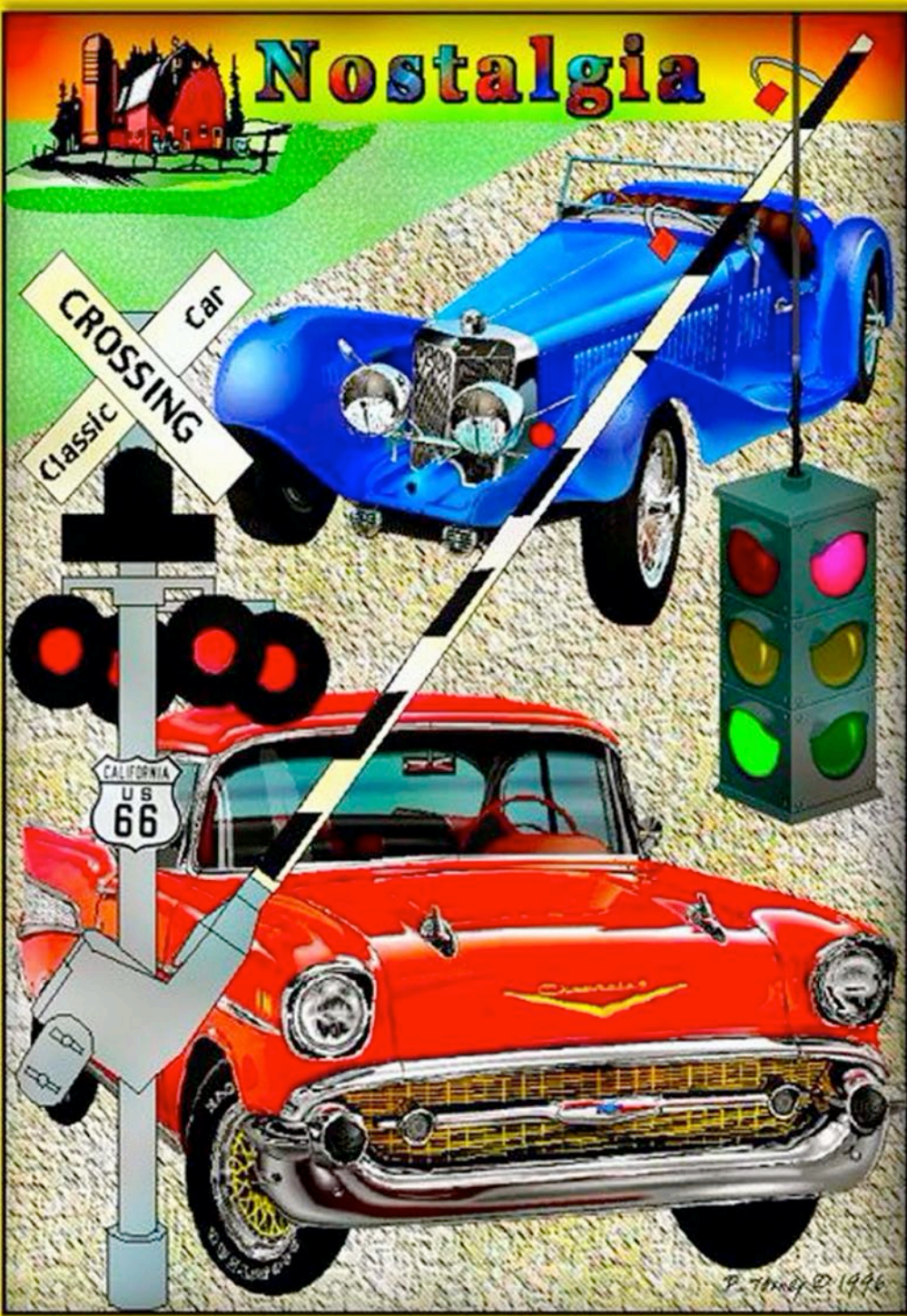
*These pearls of embryonic galaxies arose
And were strung along these cosmic necklaces,
As can still be noted today.*

*So it was
That some almost incidental irregularities,
Frozen out as cosmic anchors,
Were latched onto by matter, both light & dark,
The proportions of which were favorable,
The dark matter dwarfing our ordinary matter
For some reason of a happy 'circumstance'.*

**NEVER PUT OFF
UNTIL TOMORROW
WHAT YOU CAN
FORGET FOREVER!**



Nostalgia



P. Andy © 1996

ON THE ORIGIN,

*WHO DESIRED THAT ON ITS TOMB
SHOULD BE INSCRIBED--*

"Here lieth One whose name was writ on water."

*The 'false' and melted vacuum was liquid energy—
Unstructured, unordered, and going nowhere,
But, then, inexplicably, it 'fell',
As from a kind of 'shelf' ...
Whirling, twirling and swirling inward
Until there was no more inward left.*

*It 'thought' that its future could never be,
That its quality was but written
On the water and the wind
With a feathery quill,
Whose ink was the smoke and fog
Of a shimmering dream.*

*Then it died'... like the Phoenix.
And thus it crystalized, frozen,
Into our structured 'true' vacuum...*

*For; ere the breath that could erase it blew,
Death, in remorse for that fell slaughter,
Death, the immortalizing winter, flew
Athwart the flowing stream—
And Time's printless torrent grew
A scroll of crystal,
Blazoning the name
Of 'The Universe'!*

Chrysanthemums drink the mellow day,

Falling petals carry the light away.

The autumn fog enswirls, the mist upcurls,

Into nothingness the wisp slow unfurls.

The dusk deepens, night's pot of tea steepens;

Silence descends, as when a gift opens;



Eventide rises. On high, Orion camps.

The eyes catch stars, like fireflies in lamps.

Our shadows are touching, in the same shade—

We embody, in third dimension made;

We kiss, drift, cross into each other's role;

Spirits open—rainbows meld in our soul.

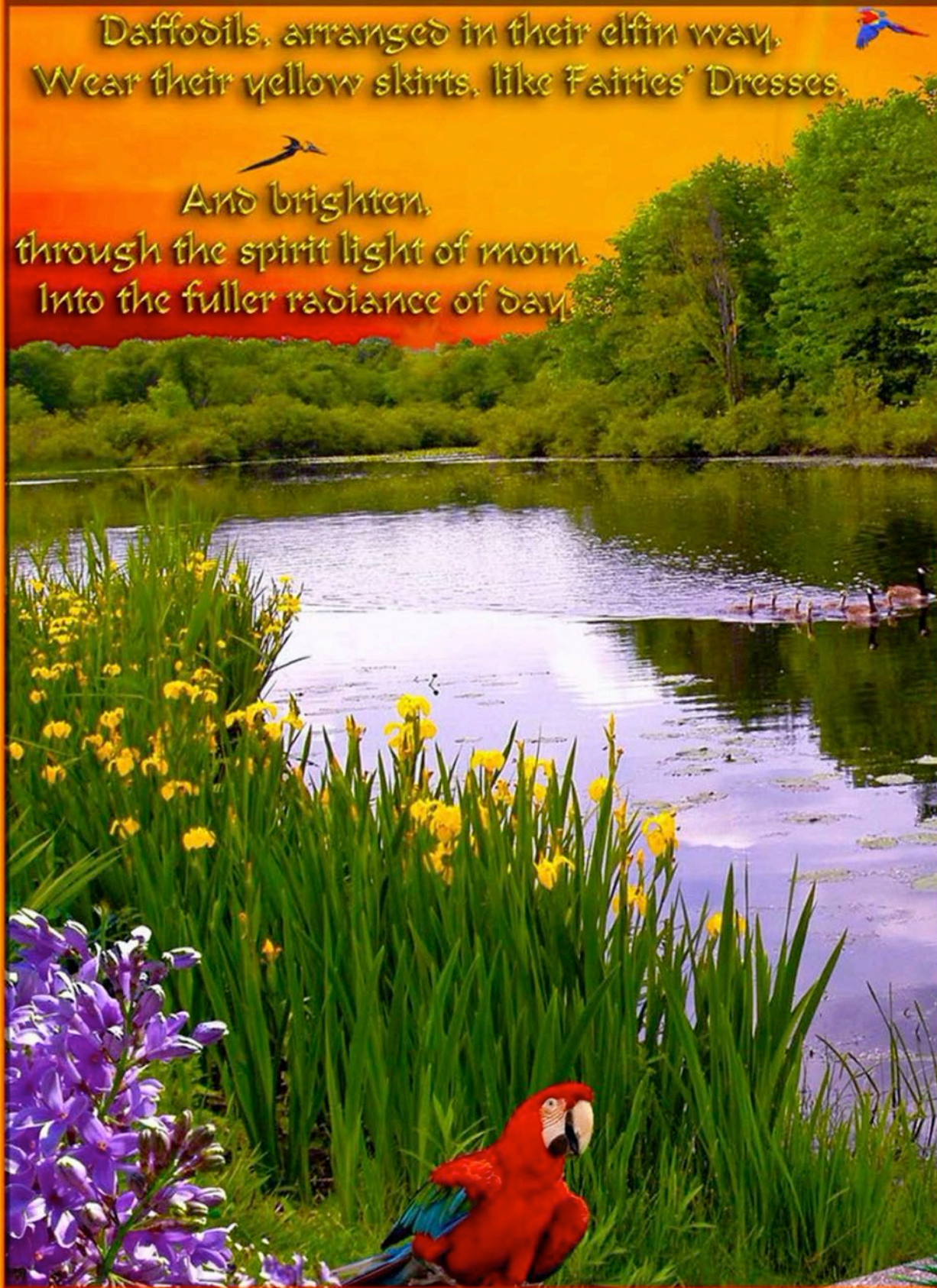
*The planets of Jupiter, Saturn, and Mars
hung like Christmas ornaments
on the tree branches.*

*Through the wider gaps between the trees,
I could see the Milky Way and Orion's Belt.*



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.



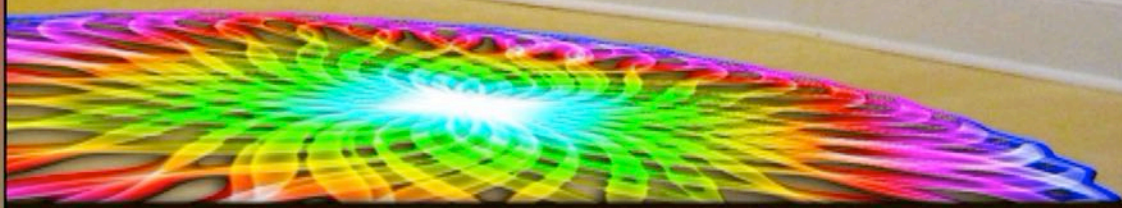
Bee Wine



Paradise



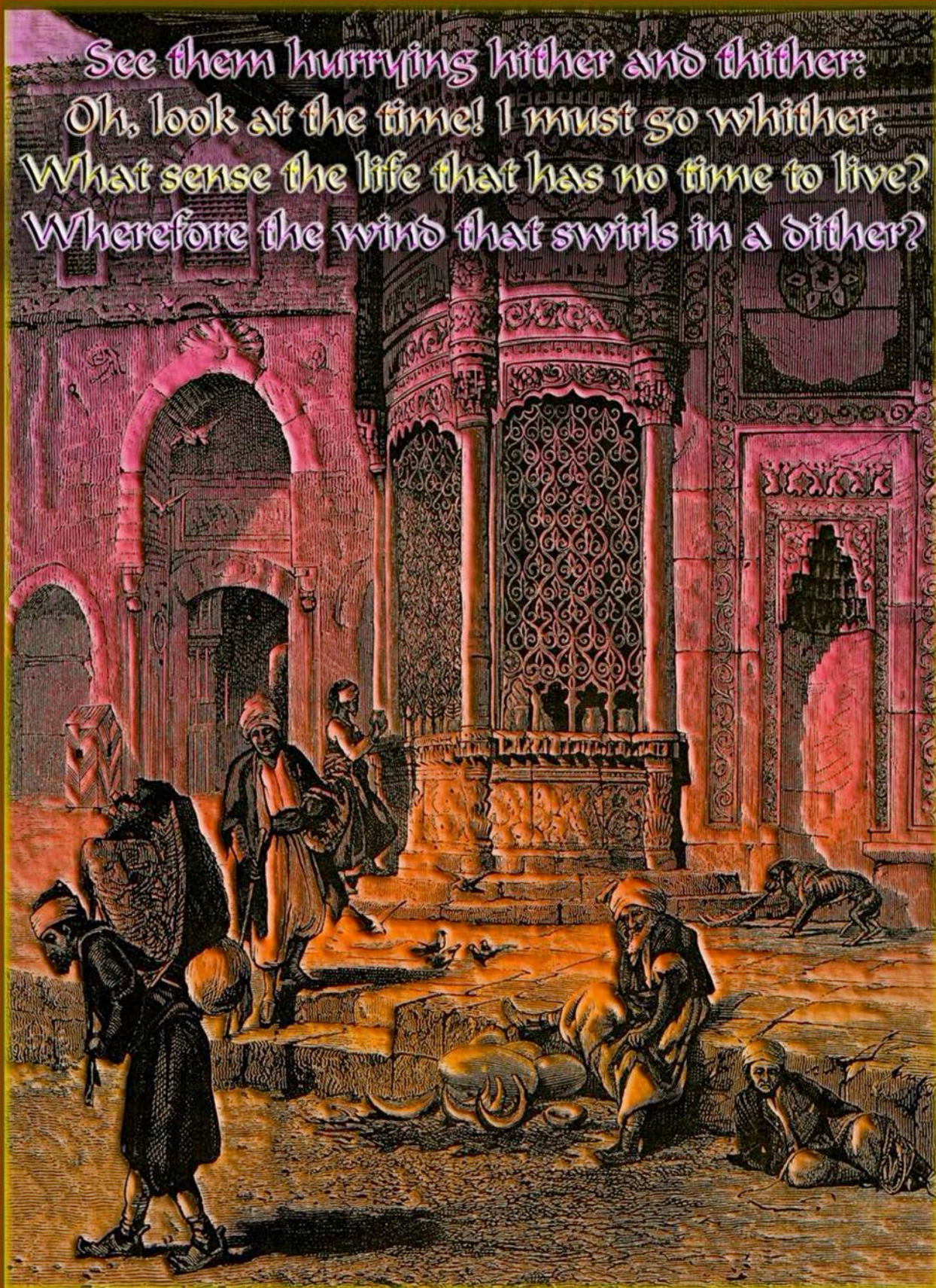
Noah's Ark



"I now pronounce you
man and strife,
woman and houseman,
Mr. Right and Ms. Perfect,
until his warranty expires
or he needs parts."



See them hurrying hither and thither:
Oh, look at the time! I must go whither.
What sense the life that has no time to live?
Wherefore the wind that swirls in a dither?



Wrath of the Gods

Oh Olongapo, fleshpot of fertile flora,
Pinatubo has resealed your box pandora.
Fiery ash has frozen your beauty in time—
A poem in stone, like Sodom and Gomorrah.



SPCA



P. Torrey © 1996

In our youth we heard
life's call clear and plain:
Life was for living,
hope and dreams became!

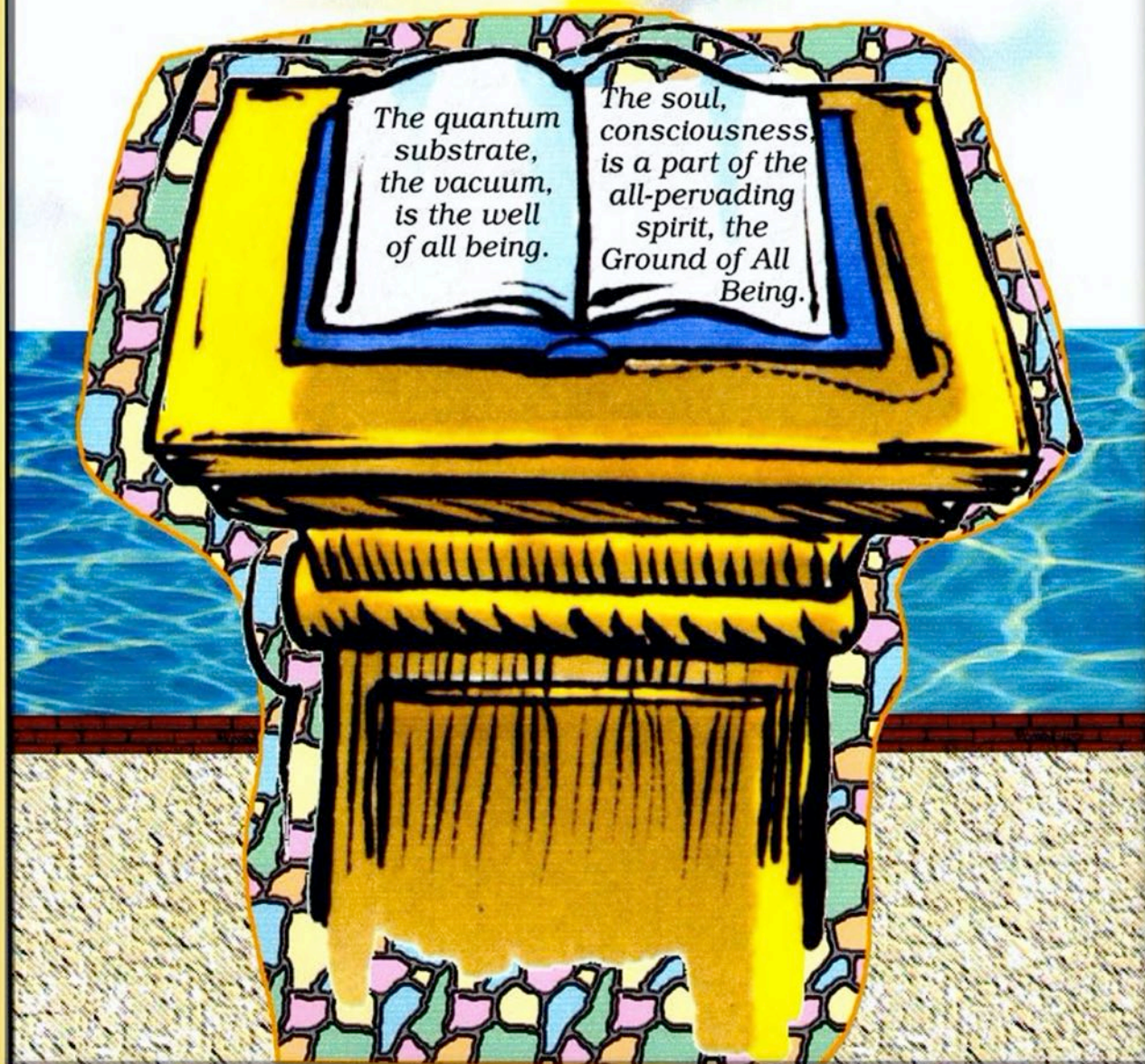


Ere we
were aware,
the echoes
faded
The regret
that was
left
Does alone
remain

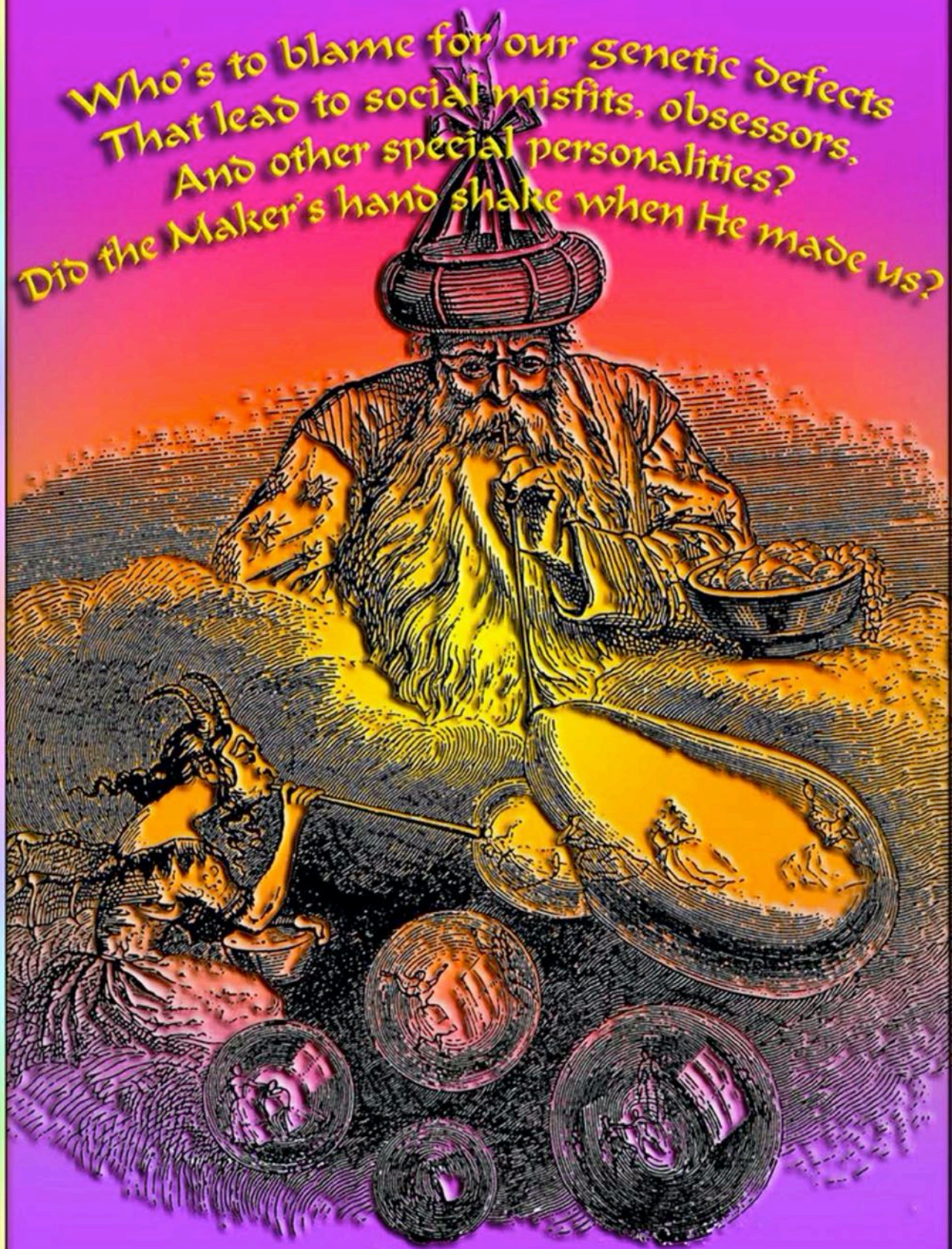


D. Yonker © 1996

The Quantum substrate is
the Mother of all Reality,
of both matter
and consciousness.



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



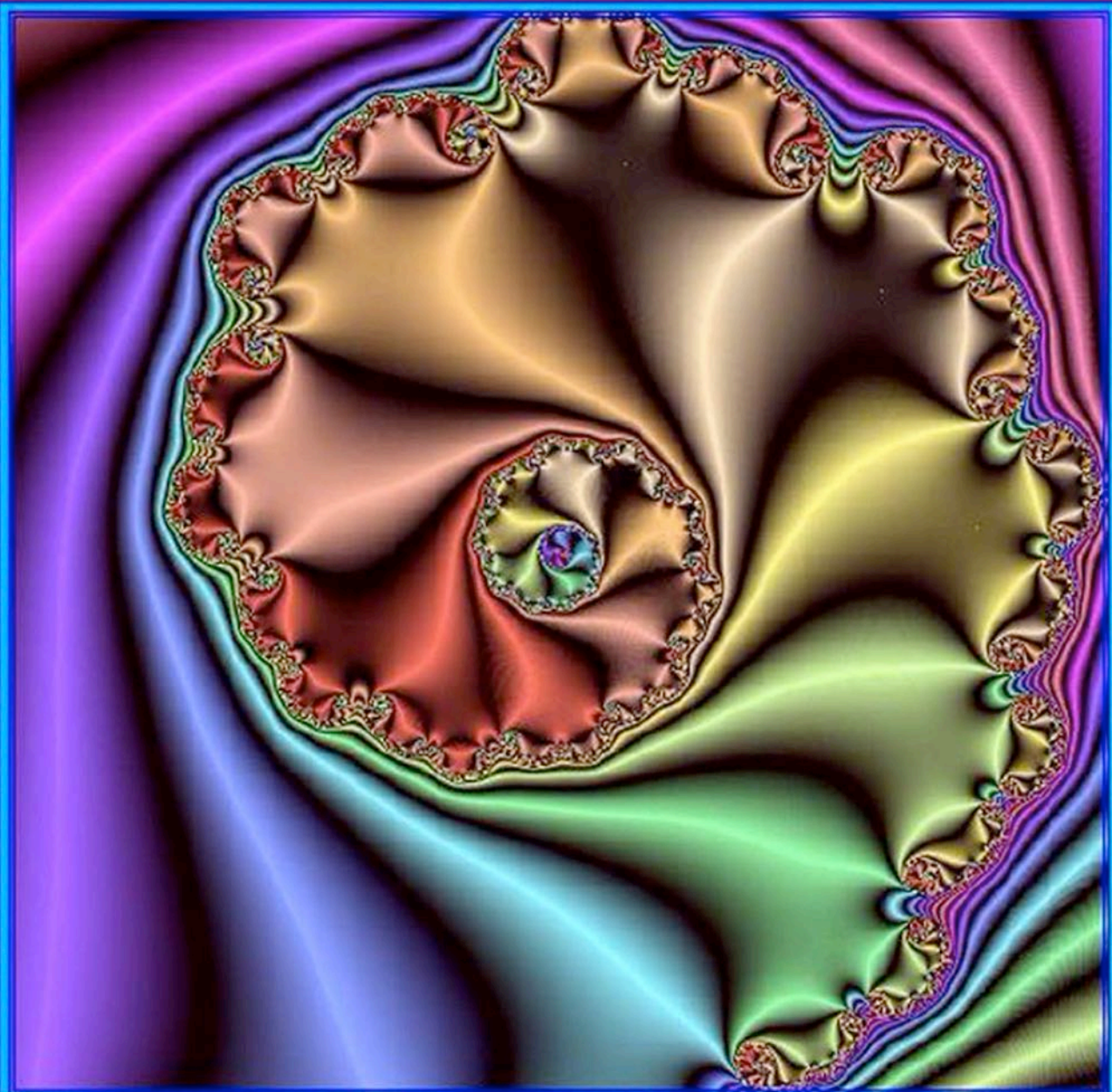
Fleeting Time vanishes, e'vr the winged prize
That flies in a perpetual sunrise,
With the breath of eternity on its lips,
The Bird of Time is ALL that never dies.





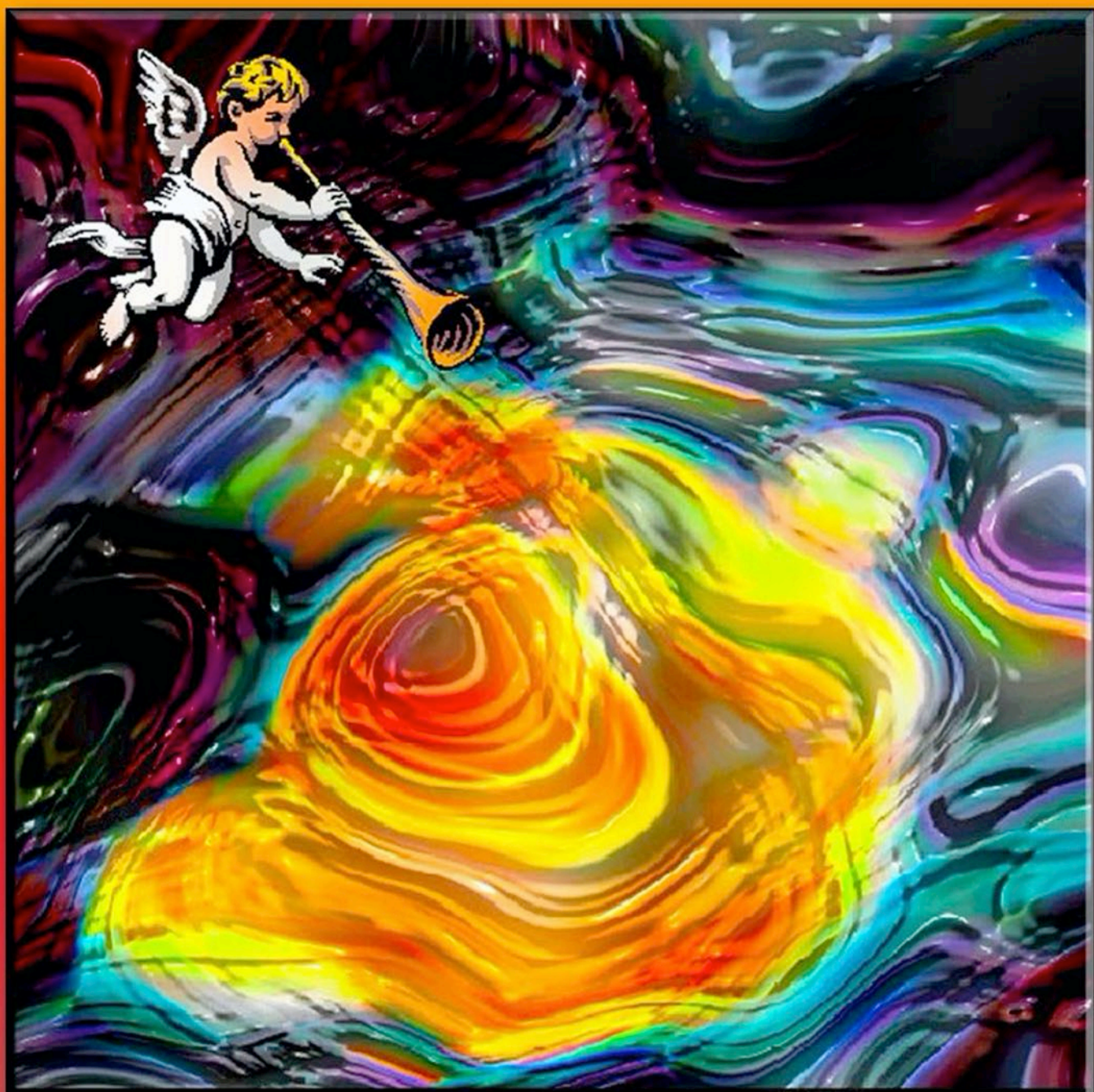


*We cannot see beyond
the quantum realm*

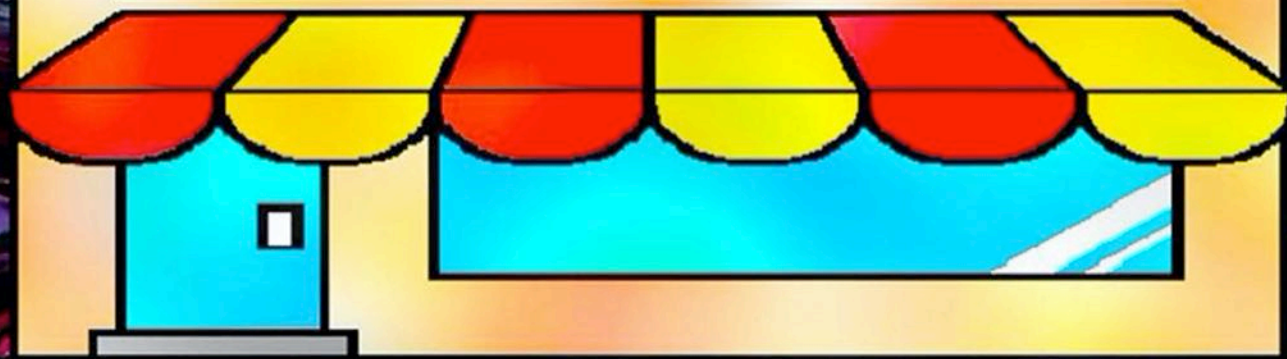




Everyone dies, but not everyone lives.



THE REALLY LAST CHANCE SALOON





There's no time like the present.



— Unrepenting —

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?

P. Torrey
© 1991



Why Worry?



You can't change the past.



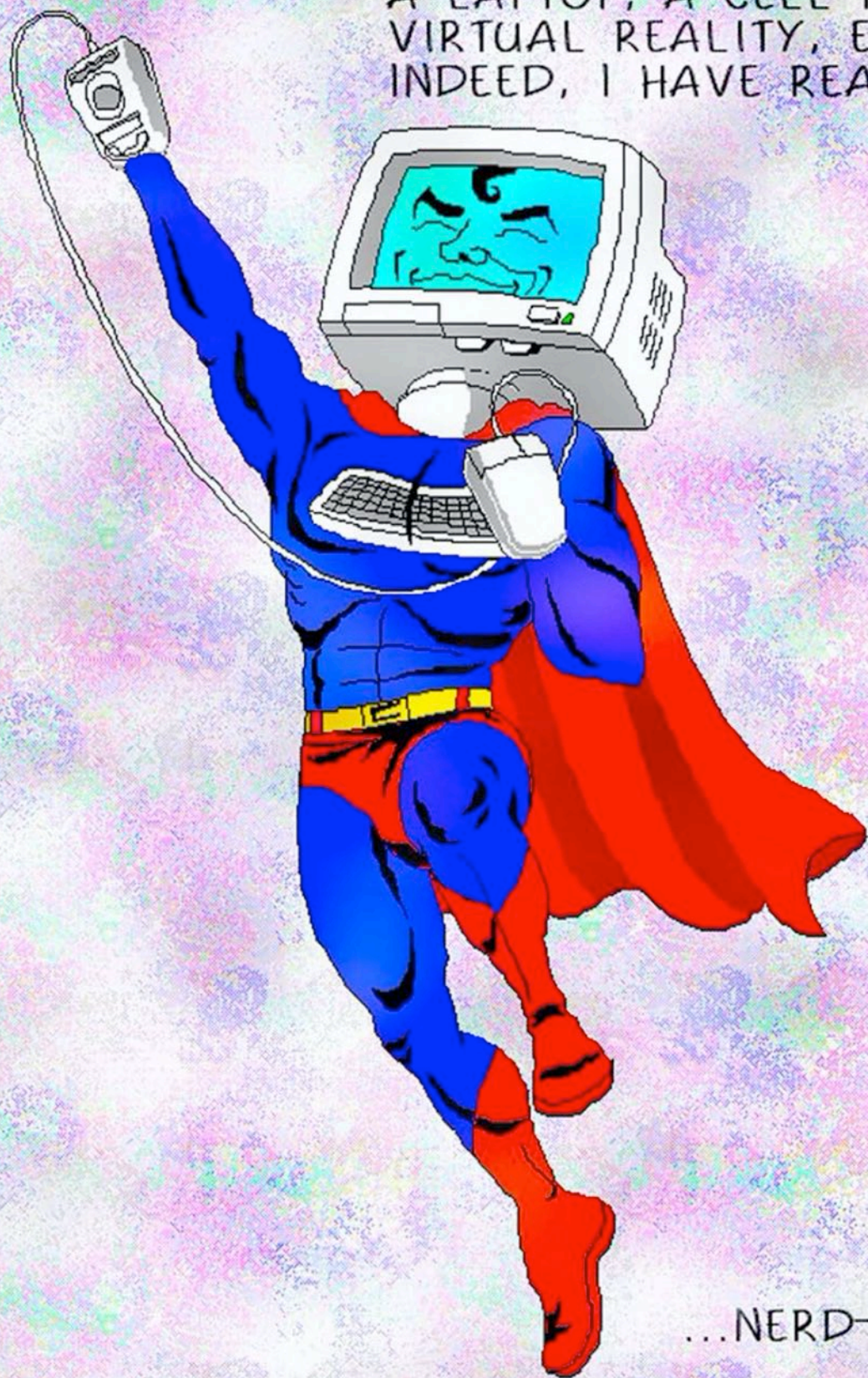
You can't see the future cast.



The present doesn't last.

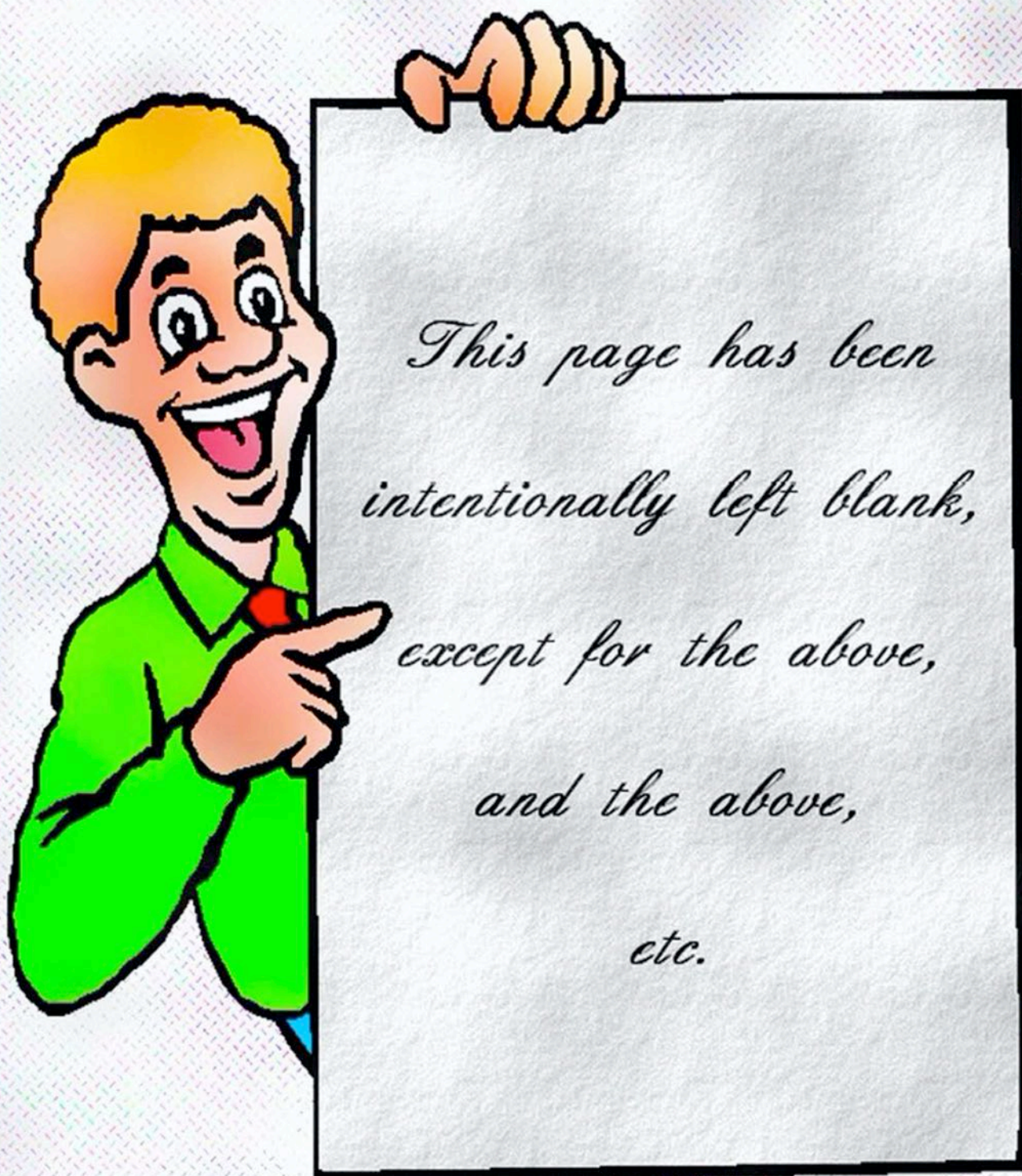


I HAVE THE INTERNET,
A LAPTOP, A CELL PHONE,
VIRTUAL REALITY, ETC.
INDEED, I HAVE REACHED...

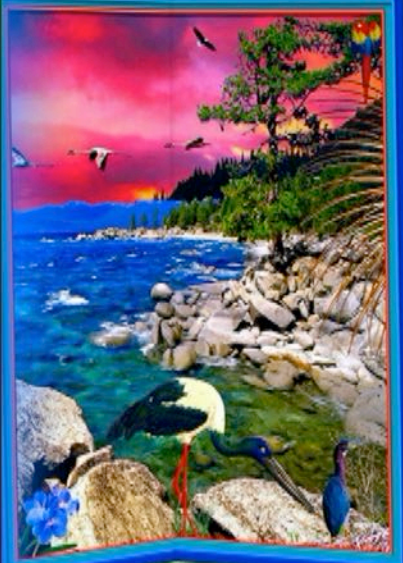


...NERD-VANA!

X-RAYS OF BRAIN SHOW NOTHING




*This page has been
intentionally left blank,
except for the above,
and the above,
etc.*



Mid-Point

Twilight down or dusk, the still points of the noise,
Are day-night neither here nor there, but in equipoise.

The Wives of the Ancient Greeks
of the Mediterranean Sea



Forget, dear Oh...

As Time, now heavy with age,
Furled itself its arched clasp,
The things over you, pale and colorless
What force have to remain heavy, no action
About Nature's World each and every face

Time and time again, feeling all over,
In its flow, white and green over,
But, the overhanging rose petals never fall,
Its luster even its softening by the day,
Over surrounding to the night, a perfect
State lasting beyond the life span

Asleep, now still beside the mountain,
Yet, this relaxing flower, must already
Run out Doubly Time with,
Completely unaware of being so,
So that which was the imperishable.

The flame of beauty is imperishable,
Forever celebrated as immortal,
Daring its perpetual presence
From the smiling line of the planet's coast

The forever Careless Sun No End

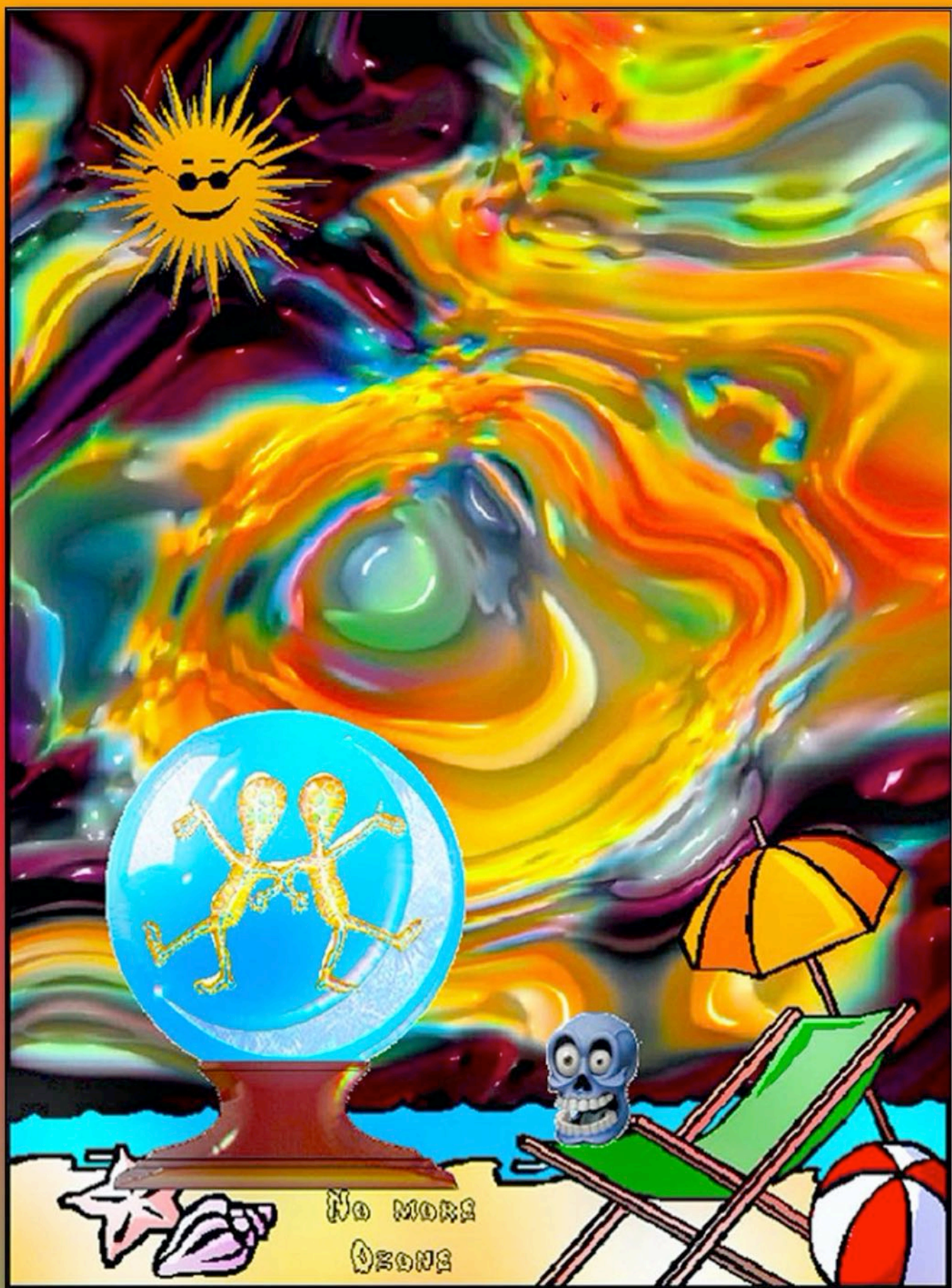




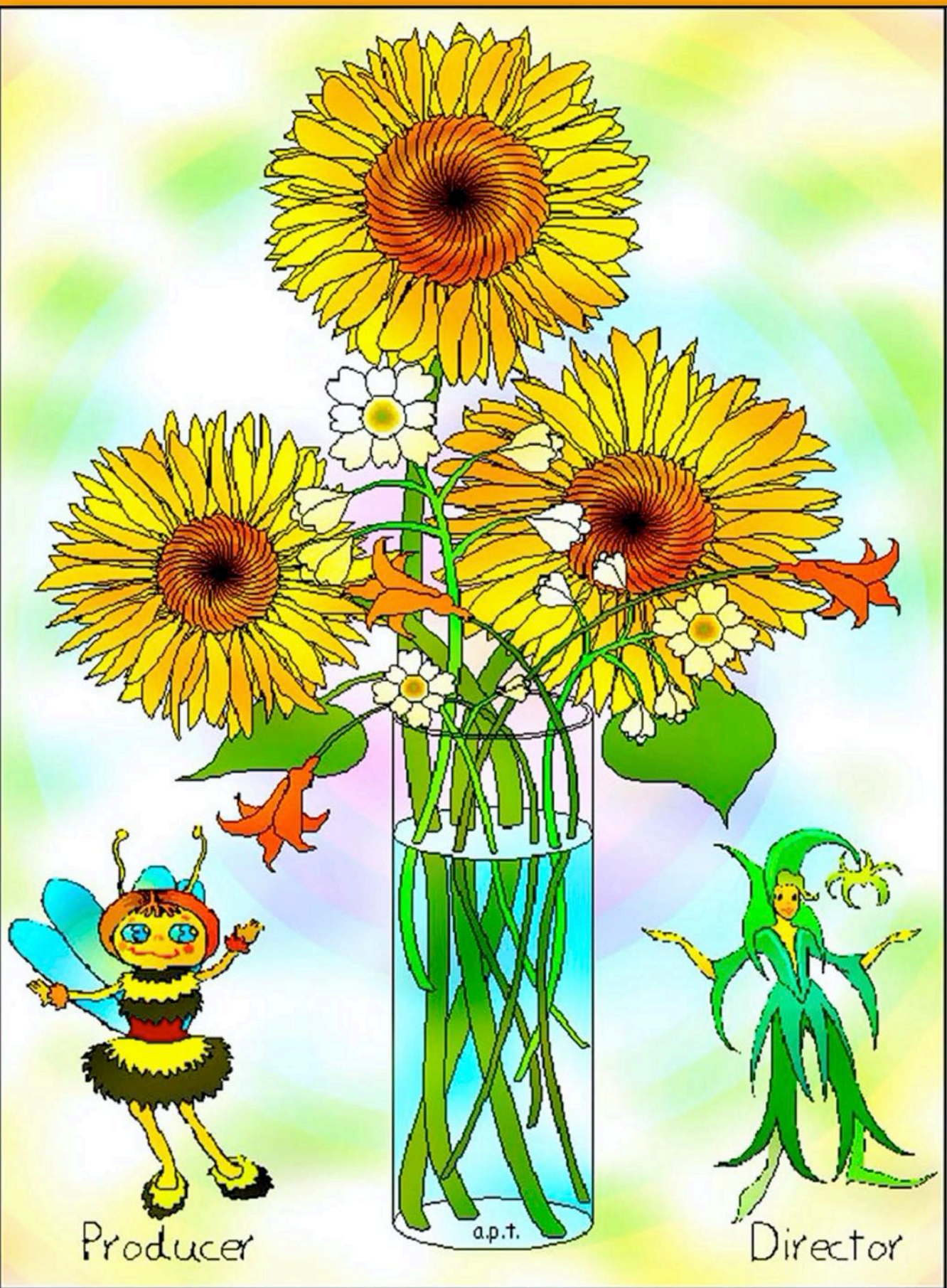
The Soul of the Pansy



A. Jorney © 1998



No MORE
DEATH



Producer

a.p.t.

Director

Rainbow

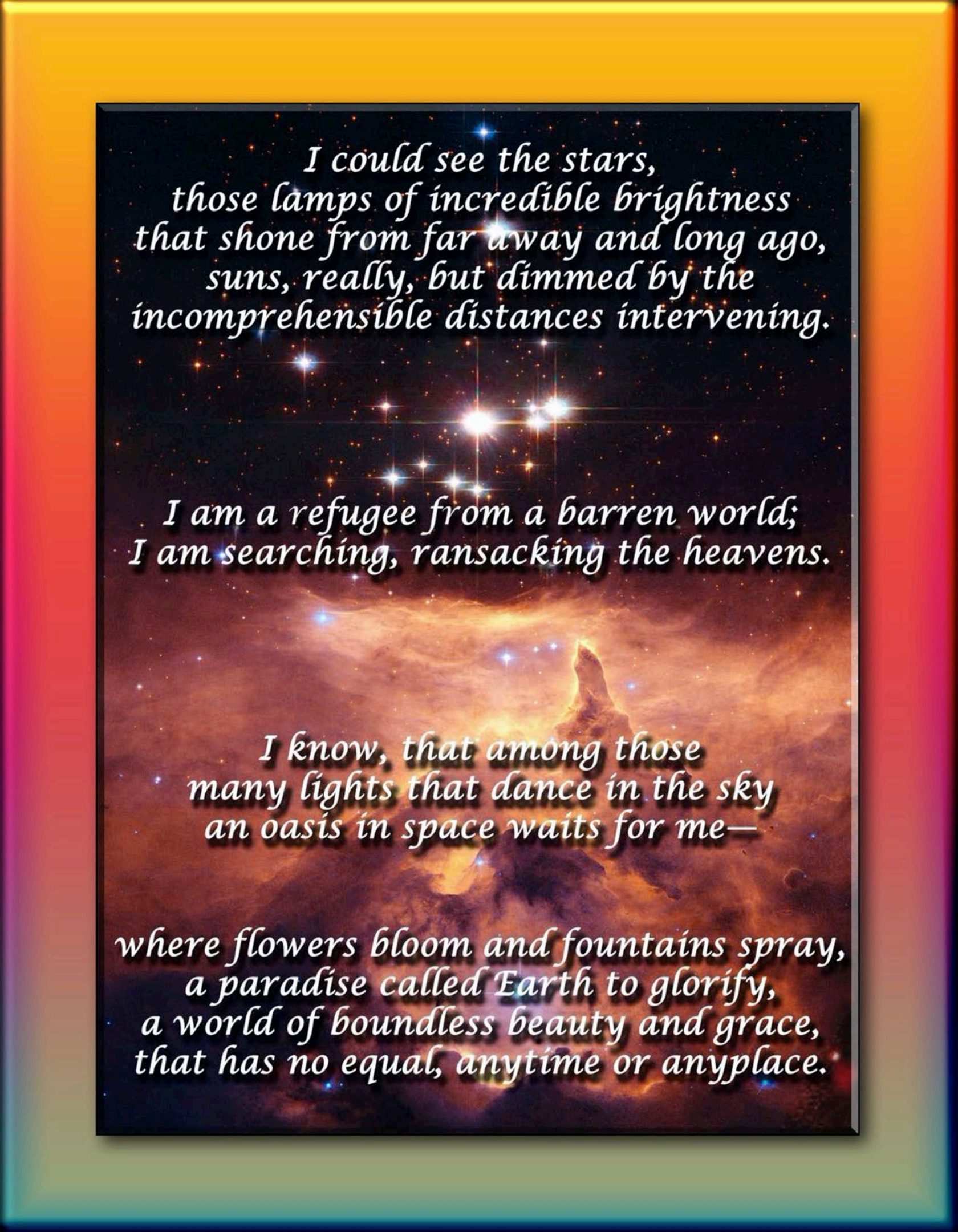
Toward the end of a sunny day,
A storm came and washed away,
And the sunset clouds, being glad,
Held a party for the returning lad.

The sun then peeked, and soft shone
Into the mist of the departing squall,
Its light split into particolors lone,
Separating, each from the ALL.

A bouquet of colored rays
Swirled into sight,
And promised good weather
For the rest of the night.

The rainbow lit up the east,
As long we attended the feast
Of both the east and the west,
Till into darkness we descended blest.

The stars guided the homeward flight
By shining their jeweled lights
Of ruby, emerald, and sapphire
In living colors of blazing fire.



*I could see the stars,
those lamps of incredible brightness
that shone from far away and long ago,
suns, really, but dimmed by the
incomprehensible distances intervening.*

*I am a refugee from a barren world;
I am searching, ransacking the heavens.*

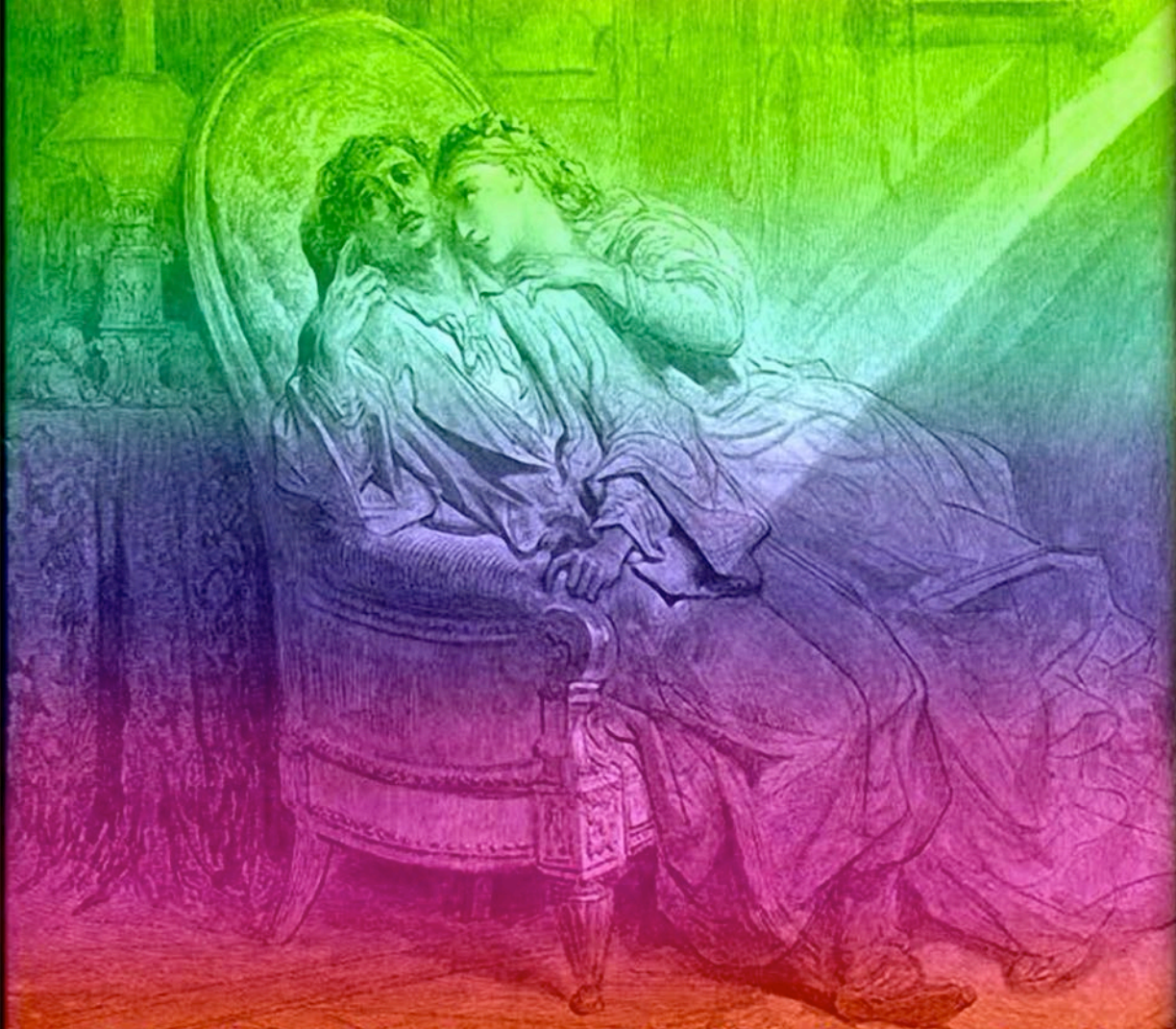
*I know, that among those
many lights that dance in the sky
an oasis in space waits for me—*

*where flowers bloom and fountains spray,
a paradise called Earth to glorify,
a world of boundless beauty and grace,
that has no equal, anytime or anyplace.*

Oh, as your shadow of love covers me,

I am full, so full in the shade of thee.

When we overlap, that union is us—



The "you" is in me, the "me" is in thee!







The Poetic Form



The verses beat the same, in measured chime:
Lines one/two set the stage, one/two/four rhyme.
Verse three's the pivot around which thought turns:
Line four delivers the sting—just in time.



The Quatrains of Austin Patrick Torrey



"What is the
name
of the rose?"



SEARCHLIGHTS



☆☆☆ THE SKY IS LIT, A ☆☆☆

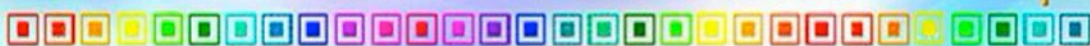
TWINKLING PROMENADE



OF MATING CALLS FROM



LUMINATED PODS—



TRACERS PULSING



WILD, SEARCHING

THOUGHTS THAT SMILE,



FROM FIREFLIES



NAMED WINKIN',



BLINKIN', AND NOD.



The Secret of Life

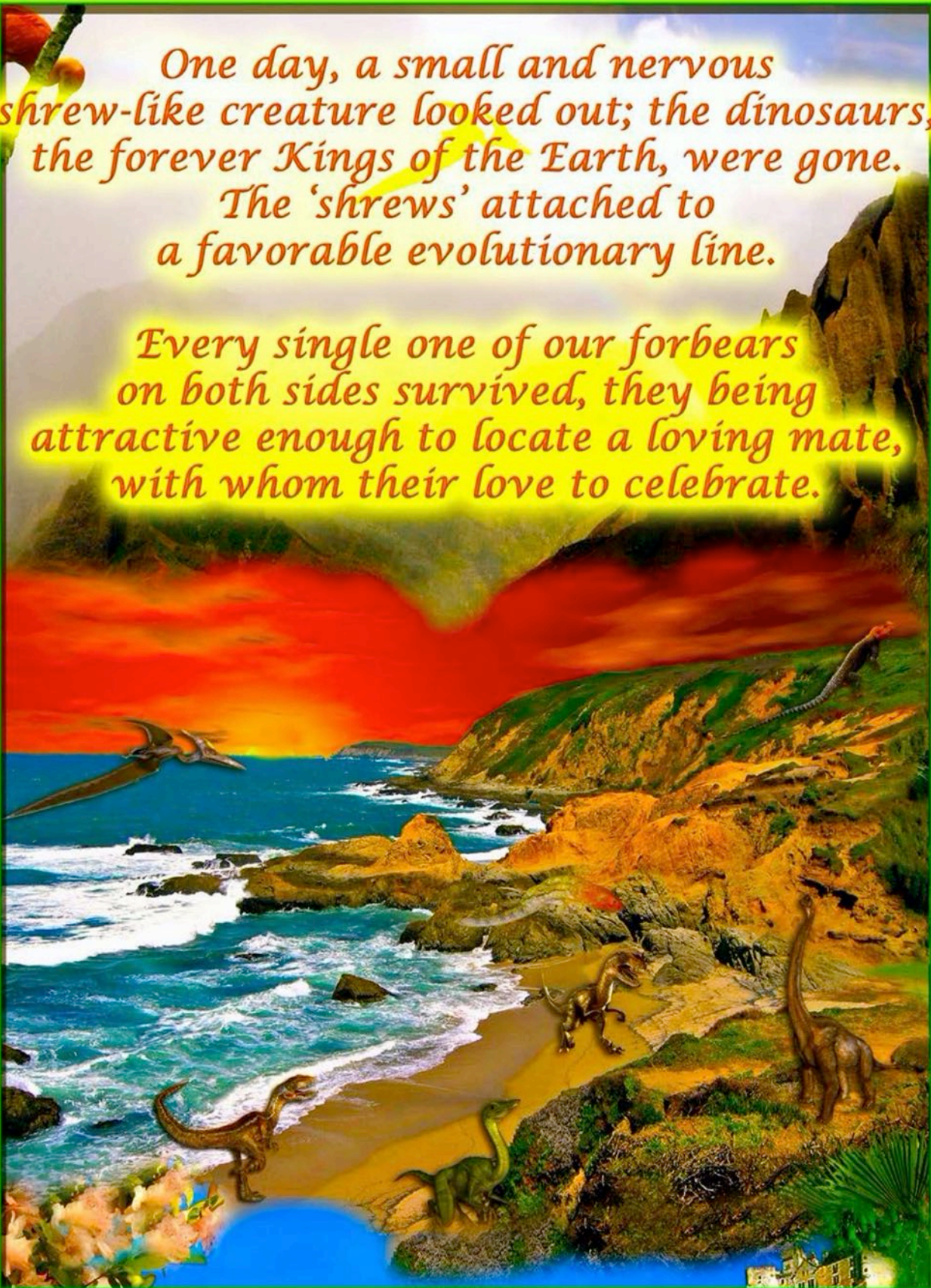
Living well is more a matter of style,
Attitude, and ready reaction to
Opportunity than a calculated,
Scheduled, ponderous activity.



One day, a small and nervous shrew-like creature looked out; the dinosaurs, the forever Kings of the Earth, were gone.

The 'shrews' attached to a favorable evolutionary line.

Every single one of our forbears on both sides survived, they being attractive enough to locate a loving mate, with whom their love to celebrate.



When younger, I knew not my elder selfsame,
But, when older, I informed my younger same,
Telling youth to be young—he knew not my name!
Yes, it was my younger self that was to blame.



The Soul of the Pansy



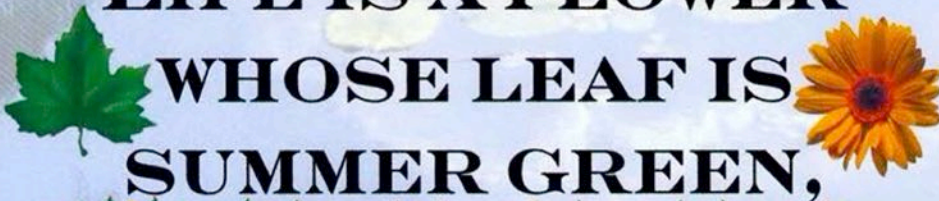
*Returning to the age-old cemetery entrance,
we were greeted by a stone angel
atop one of the gateposts,
Heaven's last gatekeeper from beyond.*



- SUMMER GREEN -

P. Torney © 1998

LIFE IS A FLOWER

WHOSE LEAF IS 

SUMMER GREEN,

WHOSE SPRING WAS

PURPLE PASSION

EGLANTINE. 

ALTHOUGH FALL'S

SECOND SPRING

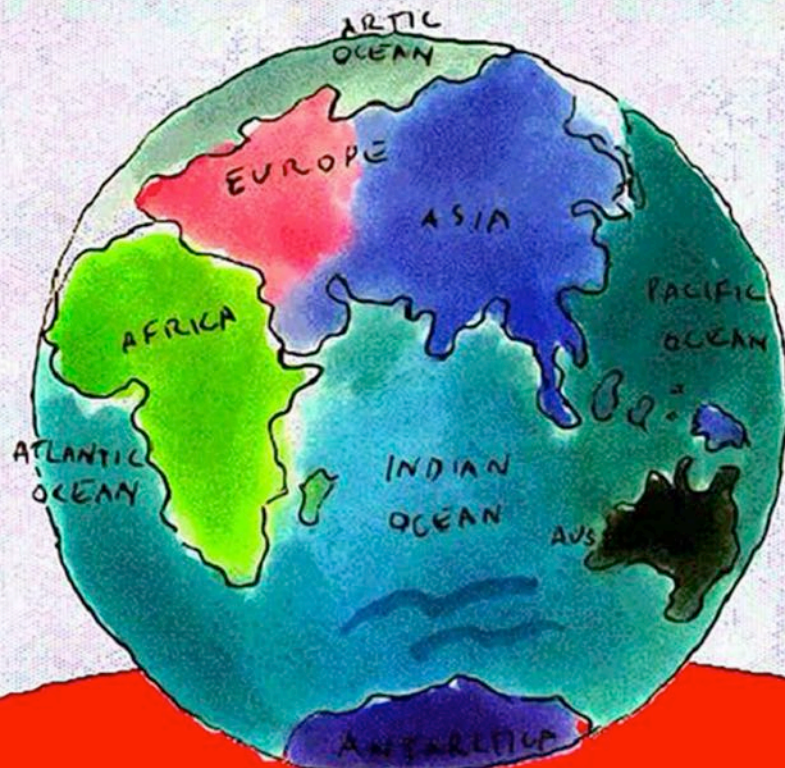
MAY INTERVENE, 

THE FROST AT LAST

IS THE WINTER SEEN.

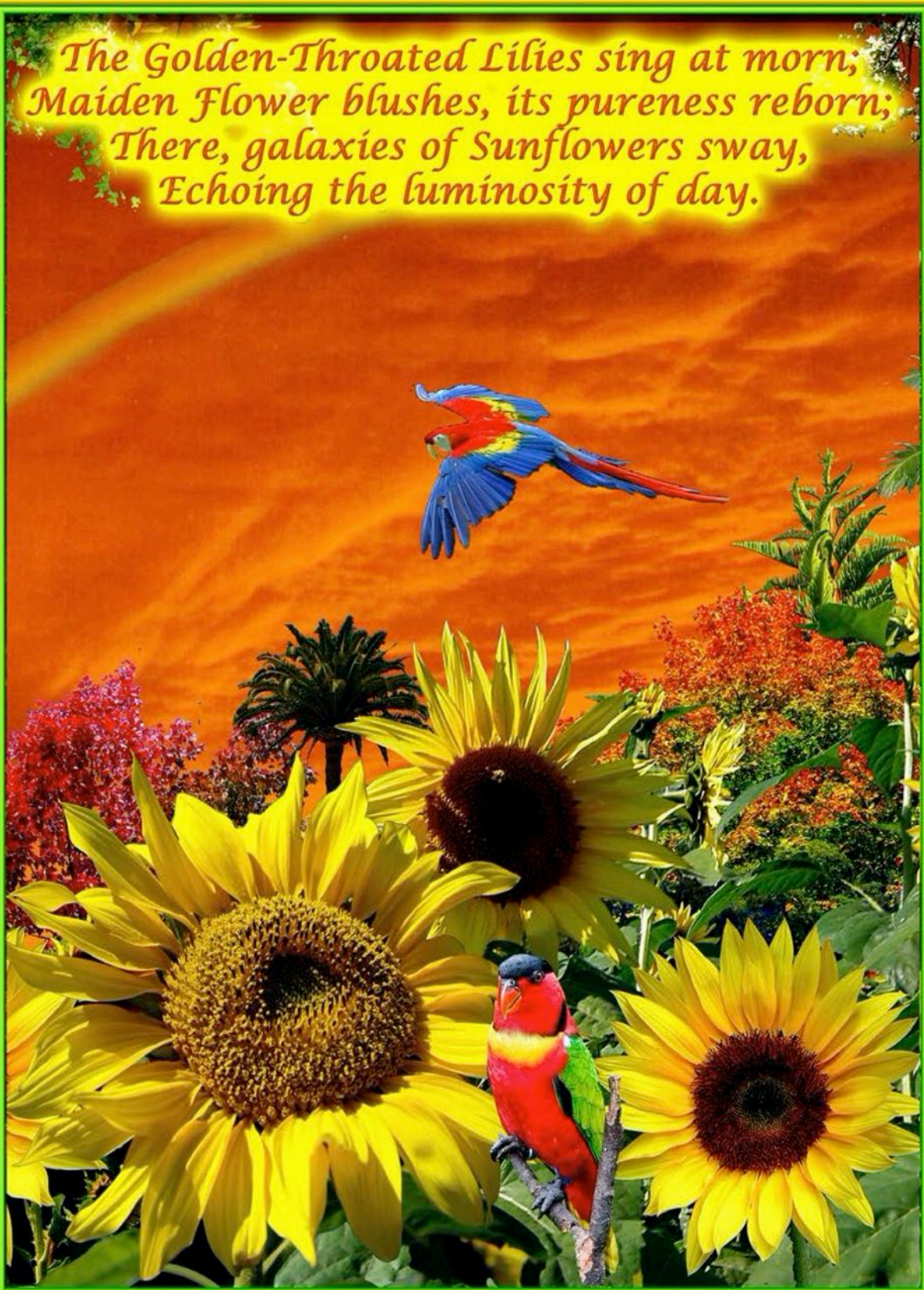


Not So Remarkable After All

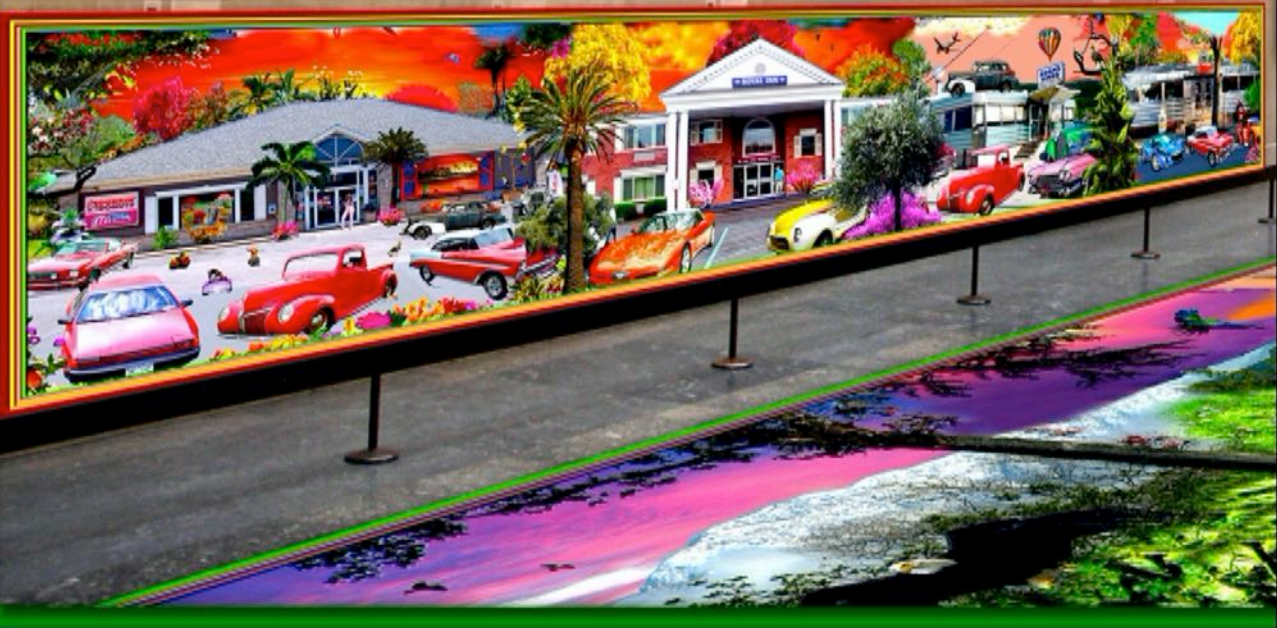


**Why is the Earth for human life so perfect?
And billions of other planets so unfit?
Well, if this world wasn't right for life, then
We wouldn't be here to ask about it!**

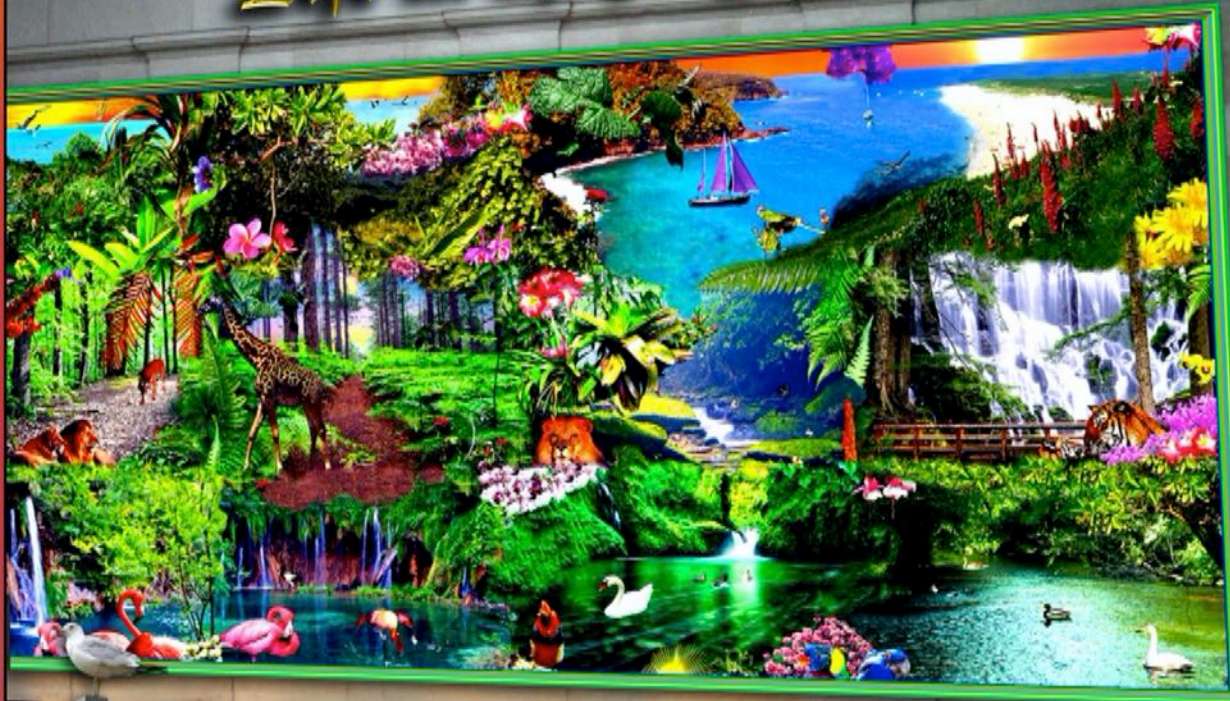
*The Golden-Throated Lilies sing at morn;
Maiden Flower blushes, its pureness reborn;
There, galaxies of Sunflowers sway,
Echoing the luminosity of day.*



The Ultimate Garden



Life in the Jungle



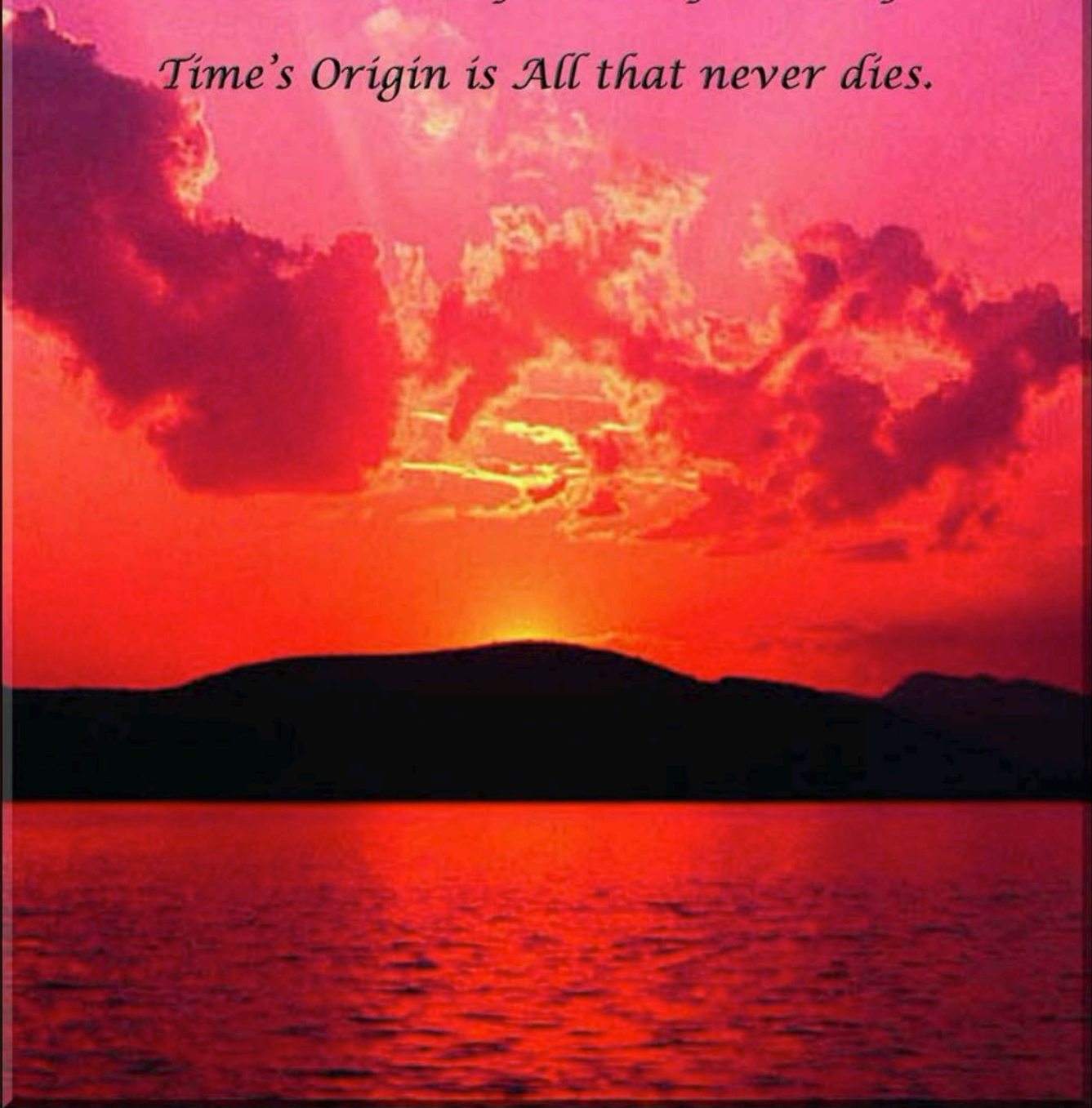
Sunset

Fleeting Time vanishes, e'vr the winged prize

That flies in a perpetual sunrise,

With the breath of eternity on its lips—

Time's Origin is All that never dies.







道

The Purrfect Life



"READ ME"

P. Torrey © 1998

IT SAID, IN WORDS
ENGRAVED BEYOND
THE BRINK—

"YOU, WHO LIVE,
★ UP ABOVE; ★
OF LIFE GO DRINK;
AND YOU,
★ UNDERNEATH, ★
NOW LYING SO DEAD;

REST IN PEACE,
RELAX—IT'S LATER
THAN YOU THINK!"

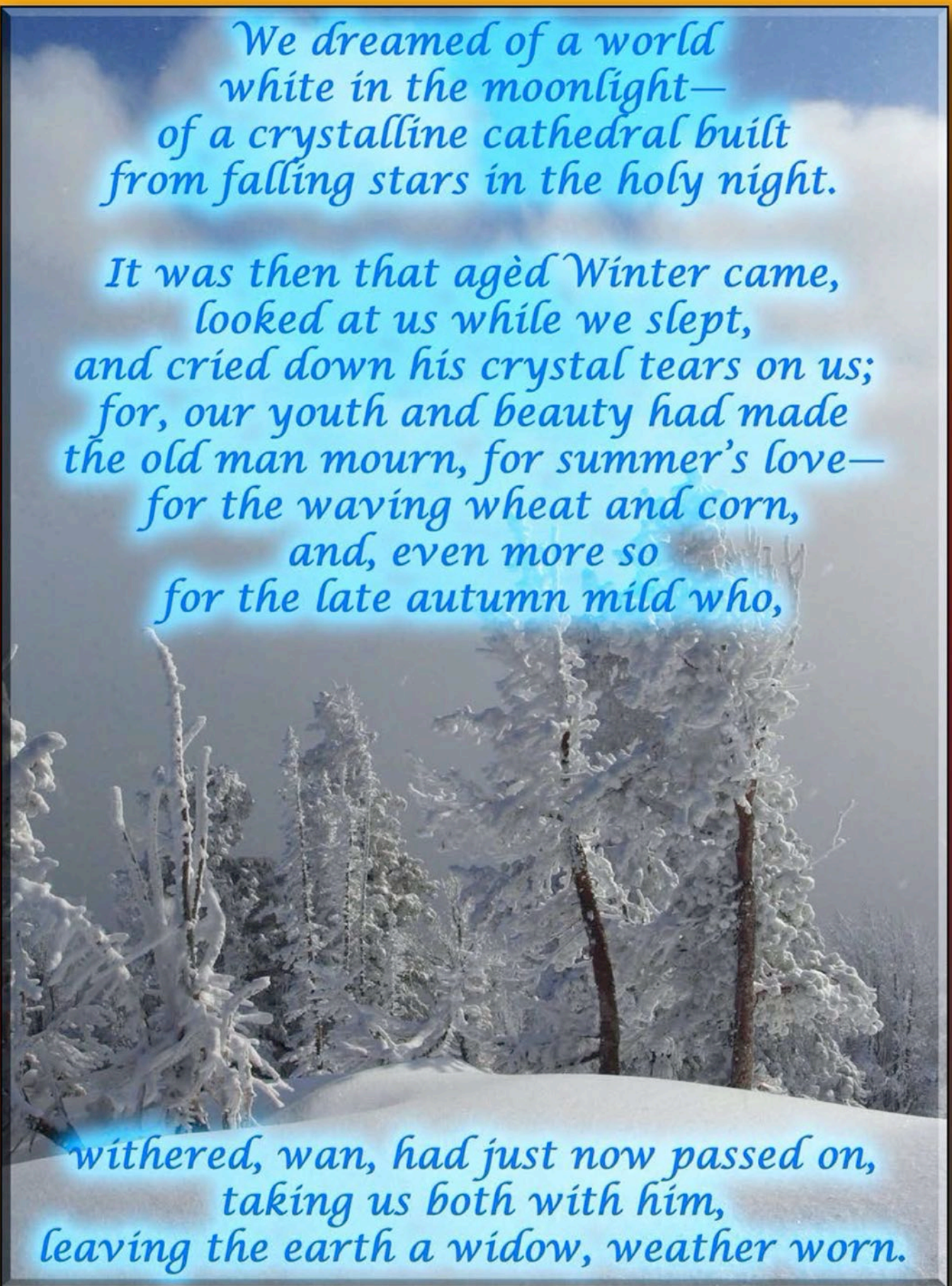
Travelogue

*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 and sweet, through frosty hoar.*





Nothing
Could
Not Be;
So,
Something
Is.

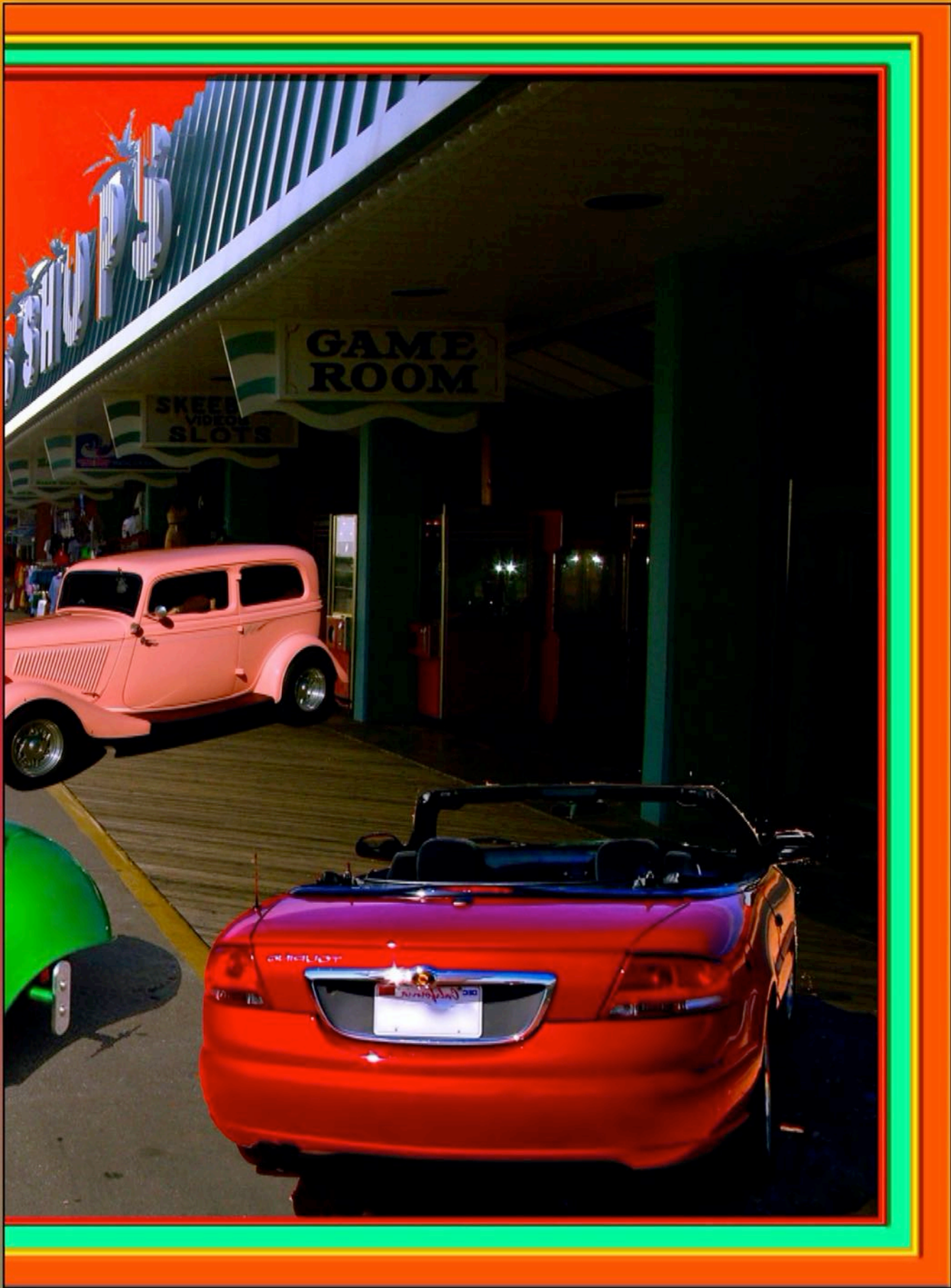


*We dreamed of a world
white in the moonlight—
of a crystalline cathedral built
from falling stars in the holy night.*

*It was then that aged Winter came,
looked at us while we slept,
and cried down his crystal tears on us;
for, our youth and beauty had made
the old man mourn, for summer's love—
for the waving wheat and corn,
and, even more so
for the late autumn mild who,*

*withered, wan, had just now passed on,
taking us both with him,
leaving the earth a widow, weather worn.*





En-graved is

Six sides

THE END

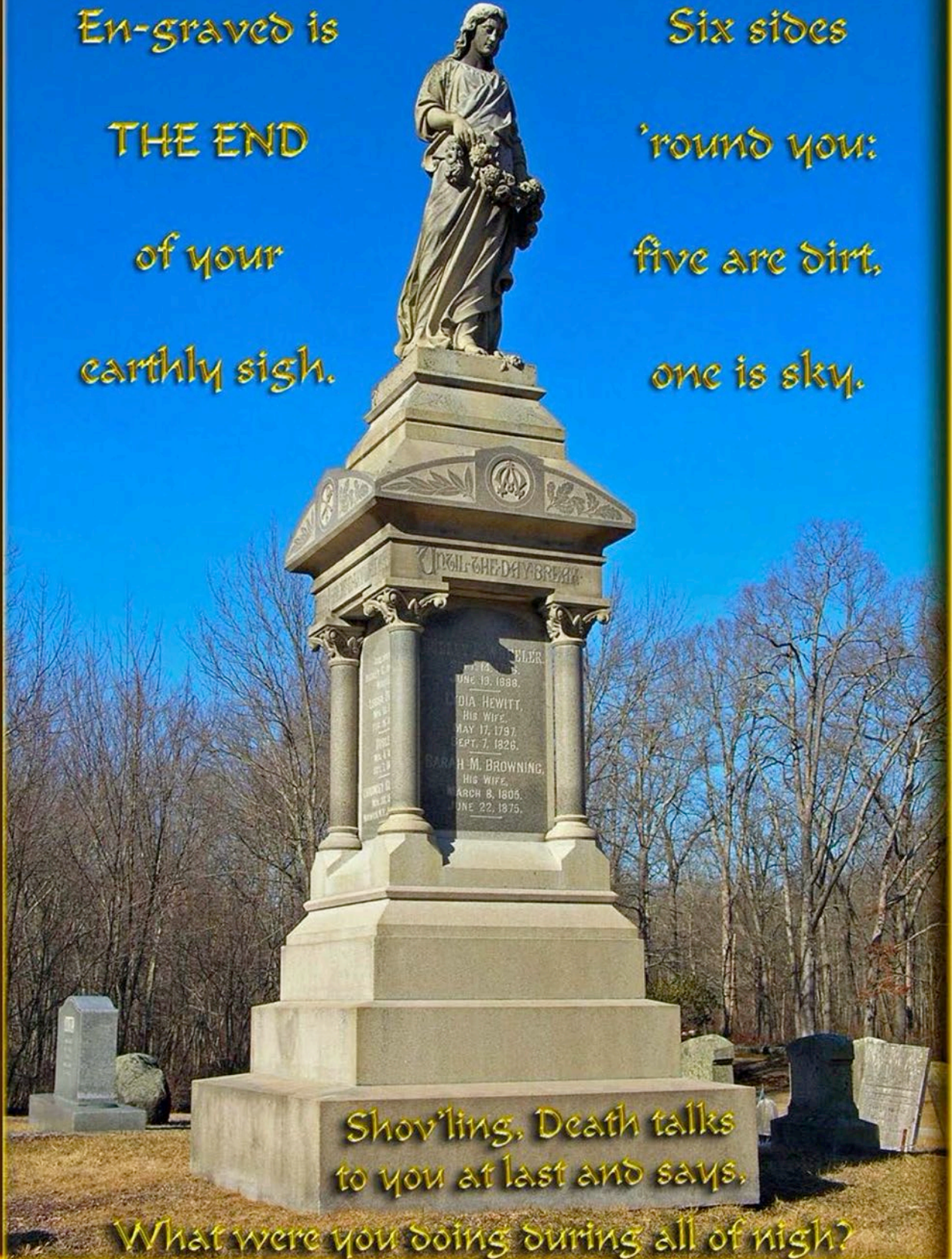
'round you:

of your

five are dirt,

earthly sigh.

one is sky.



Shov'ling, Death talks
to you at last and says,

What were you doing during all of nigh?

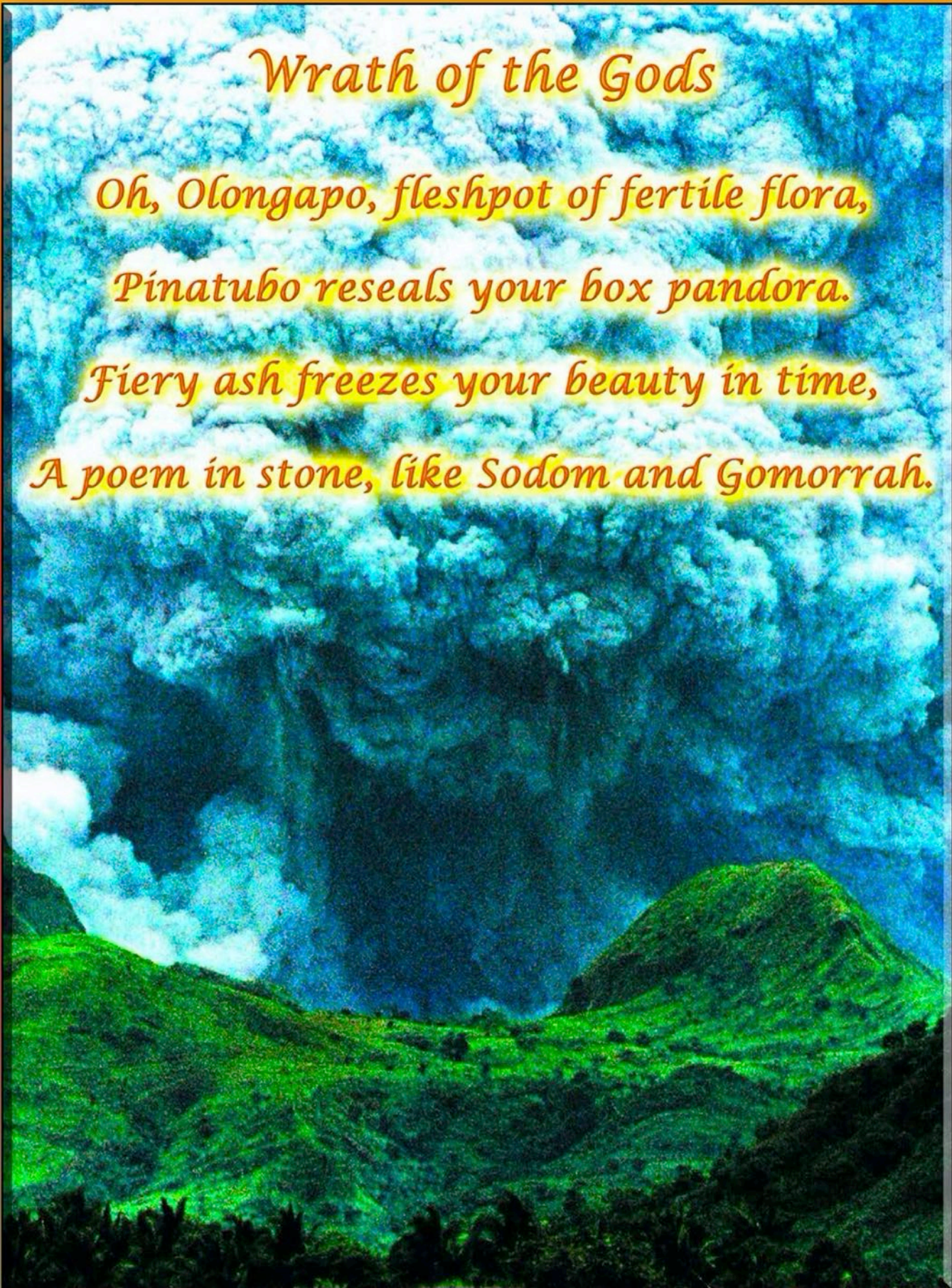
Wrath of the Gods

Oh, Olongapo, fleshpot of fertile flora,

Pinatubo reseals your box pandora.

Fiery ash freezes your beauty in time,

A poem in stone, like Sodom and Gomorrah.



Since life's complex, they say it must have origin—
It couldn't have made itself or always have been!



The answer: God; but they've begged the question—
God couldn't have made himself or always have been!

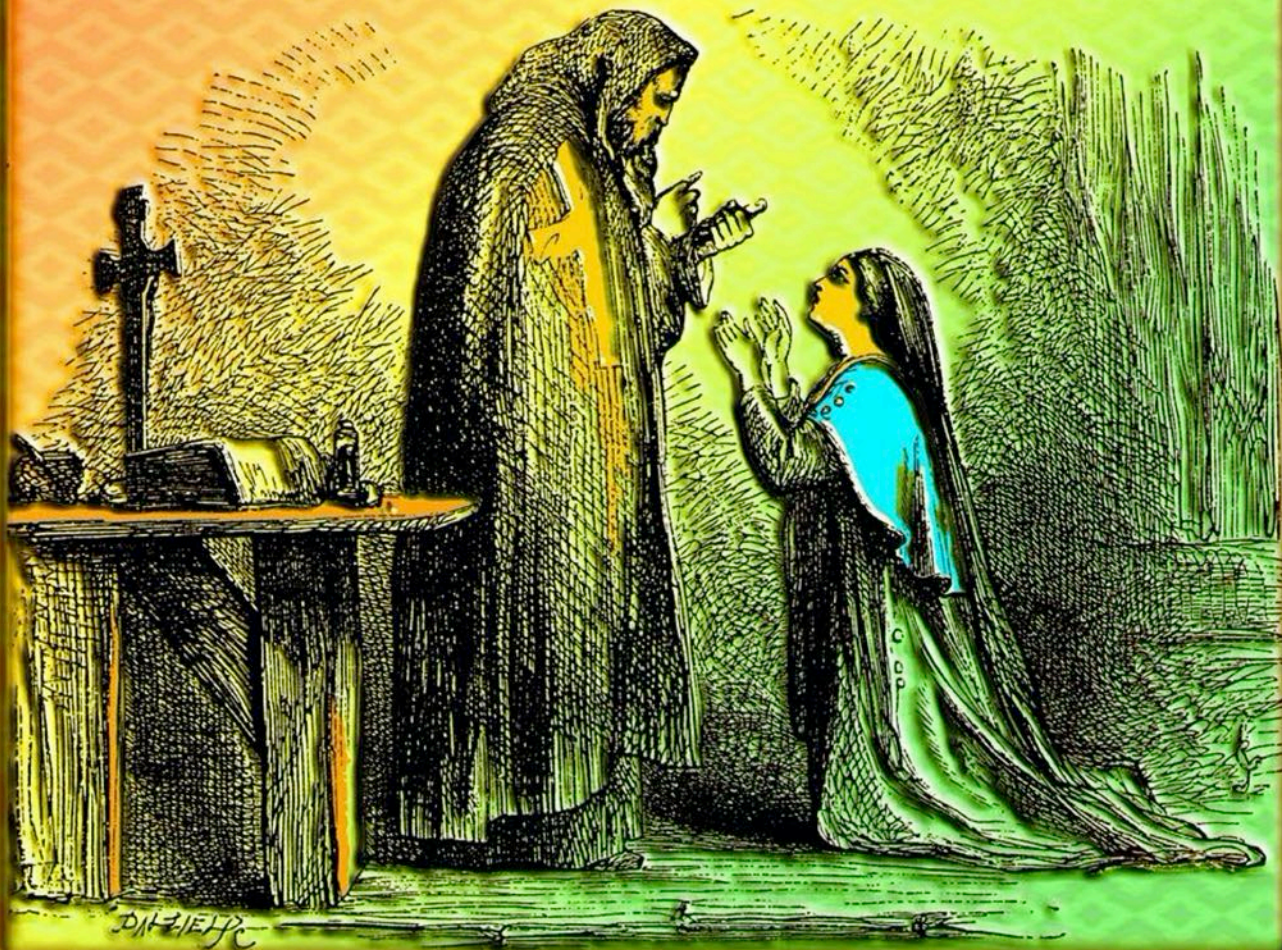
*Helpful effort, or love, defines what's good;
Goodness taken to extreme is called God.*



*Laziness, or non-love, is but neutral.
Evil, or harm excess, names the Devil.*

Inner Power

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.



*Tip Your Glass,
but Don't Spill*

*The light of Heav'n does
the Earth illumine,*

*When He shapes
human nature's acumen.*

*Temptations He then
places everywhere,*

*But He'll punish us
for being human!*

The 30 COMMANDMENTS!

1. Thou shalt have no strange gods or idols before Me, unless they are bigger than I am — for I will become jealous of them.
2. Thou shalt not ever taketh the last name of thy Lord thy God [Dammit] in vain. Please, swear it, now! Harold be My name on Earth, Art, in Heaven.
3. Remember thou to keepeth holy the Sabbath Day, and, thus, sayest that thou canst do no work or even lift up a finger on that laziest of all days. Therefore, keep wholly the laundry on Sunday, and watch football.
4. Honor thy father and thy mother — never tell them where you've been! Were you honor & offer, honoring her offer?
5. Thou shalt not kill, including microbes, insects, animals, bugs, time, solicitors, spouses, and, yes, even in-laws!
6. Thou shalt think of anything but impure thoughts. Thou shalt not admit adultery. Remember, if God meant for you to be naked, you would have been born that way!
7. Thou shalt not steal, except for any and all office supplies and, of course, all various and sundry restaurant items.
8. Thou shalt not bare falsies, so, please, do try and get real!
9. Covet heavenly bodies and make love to thy neighbors.
10. Be sure to covet thy own ass — leaving it tied to a tree.
11. Always do one to others before they can do one to you.
12. I, thy God, work in mysterious (crazy and insane) ways.
13. Don't try to walk on water unless it is wintertime.
14. Sin is fun's evil twin — welcome to My earthy Sin-a-God.
15. You can have free will, but only if it matches My will.
16. Do not lie in court — let your lawyer do it for you!
17. I allow the Devil to exist solely to tempt you. Ha.
18. I punish you for the sins of your dead ancestors.
19. Tell Me how darn great I am — or I'll send you to hell.
20. Well, I really goofed — I made you in My own image!
21. Heaven is a wild place — you can do whatever you want there!
22. You may commit horrible sins if you repent them.
23. One-night stands with engaged teen-age virgins are AOK.
24. I shall murder all mankind again anytime that I choose, but, not by flood, for I've promised not to, but by earthquakes and other disasters!
25. I'm above you, and rather snobbish, so, I won't talk to you.
26. Earth's light I illumine, but I punish you for being human.
27. This is the last supper — no more free meals.
28. I crap on the just and the unjust alike.
29. If someone kisses your ass, then turn the other cheek.
30. I am in your heart — in your mind — and in your end.



Enduring Everlastings

*If, now, you worry that we will not last,
That the likes of us will someday be past,
Wondering whither whence we mortals went
After the last of us her life has spent...*

*The One Eternal Nothing has formed
Trillions of baubles like thee, and will form,
Forevermore, the comings and passings
Of which Energy emits to immerse,
As much as the air's self of little thirst
Heeds these floating bubbles blown and burst.*

The Eternally Dead

Here lie the Gods, once so high,
Beneath an electromagnetic sky.

Lo!—the eternally marbled monuments
Of the Moon God, the Sun God (Apollo),
Baal, Zeus, Wotan, Aphrodite, Thor,
Mithras, Isis, Amon, Poseidon, Krishna,
The Druid Gods, and so many more.

Behold!—the ledger of those many Mythologies
That preceded, paraded, and then passed on.
Here they rest, the dead and long gone rhyme,
Adorned with the splendor of mouldering time.



Goodness

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



Isaac: Revelations

*There's a mote in space,
known as the Earth,*

*A pale blue dot of fluff
orbiting a hearth.*

*Due but to Newton's
laws of motion, there's*

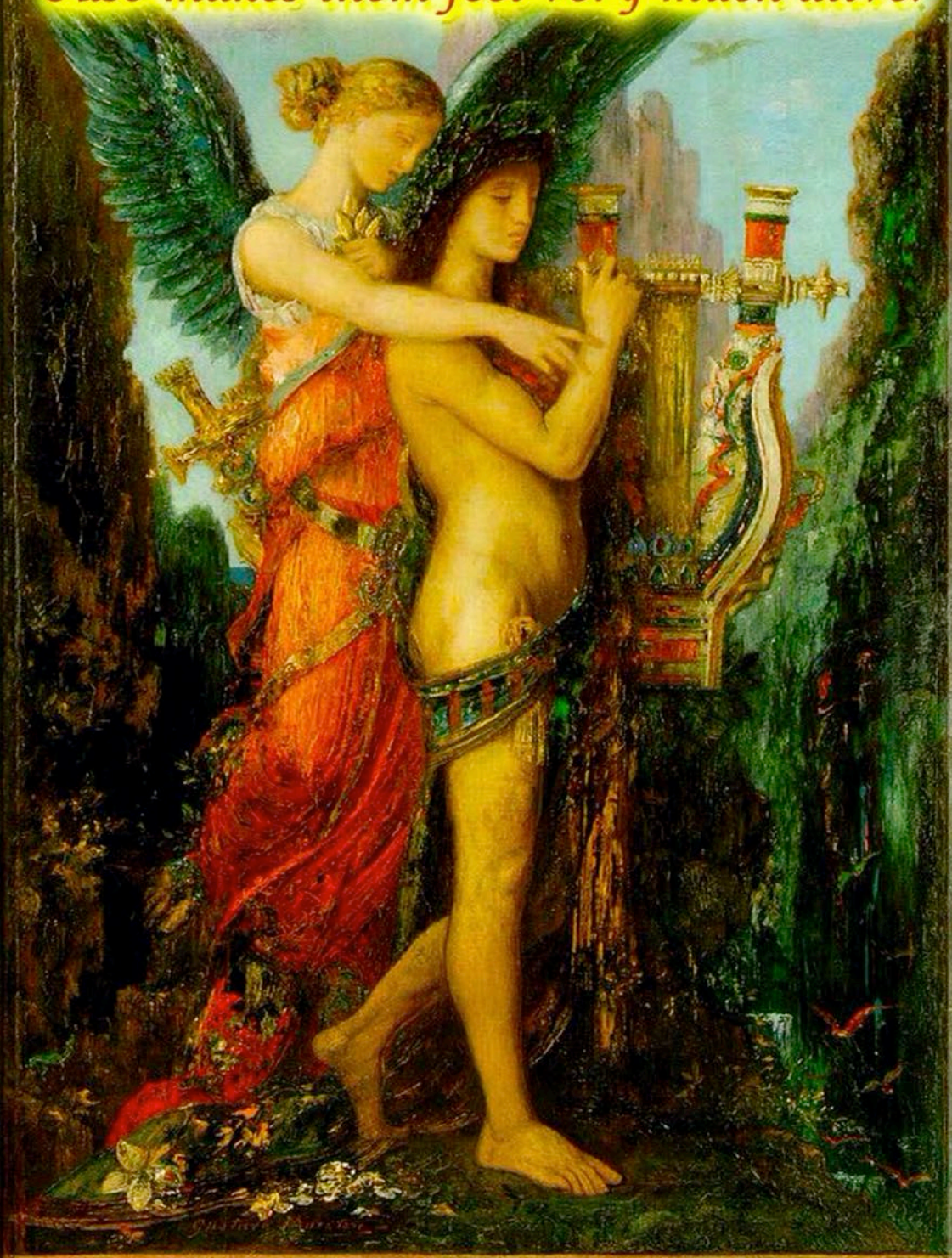
*No Godly hand guiding it
safe around the sun.*

Tip Your Glass, But Don't Spill

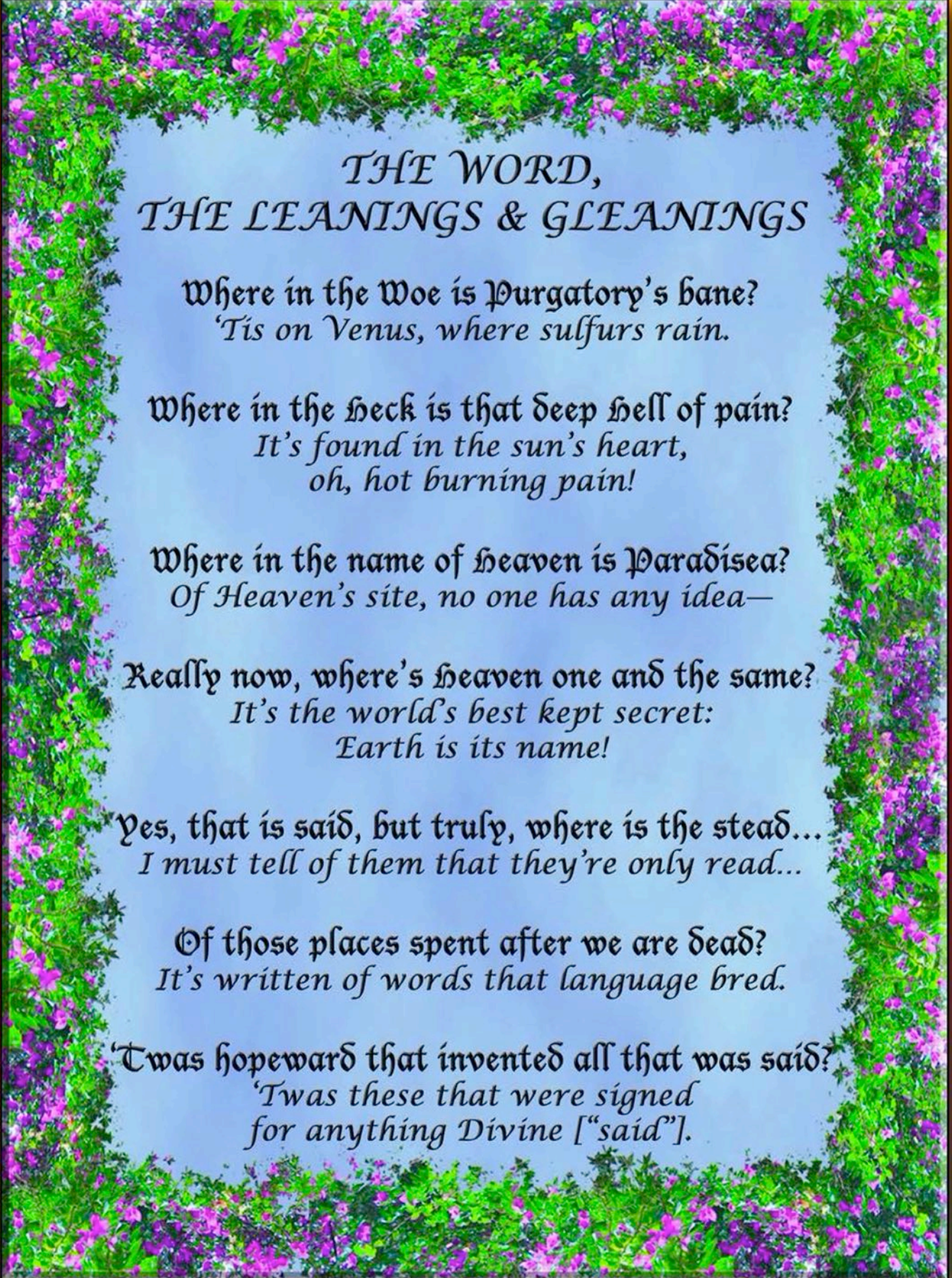
*The light of Heav'n did the earth illumine,
When God shaped human-nature's acumen.
Temptations He then placed everywhere,
But He'll punish us for being human!*



*There's no Devil to blame for their great zest—
This mix of good and 'bad' makes them best!
The human nature that lets them survive,
Also makes them feel very much alive.*



A. MONSIEUR LE COMTE HENRI DE LABOUE... JETREY P. H... DEL. DE LA SOCIÉTÉ DES BEAUX-ARTS
HOMMAGE DE LA PROFONDE RECONNAISSANCE ET D'UN AFFECTUEUX SÉCRÈS... GUSTAVE MOREAU... 1891



*THE WORD,
THE LEANINGS & GLEANINGS*

*Where in the Woe is Purgatory's bane?
'Tis on Venus, where sulfurs rain.*

*Where in the heck is that deep hell of pain?
It's found in the sun's heart,
oh, hot burning pain!*

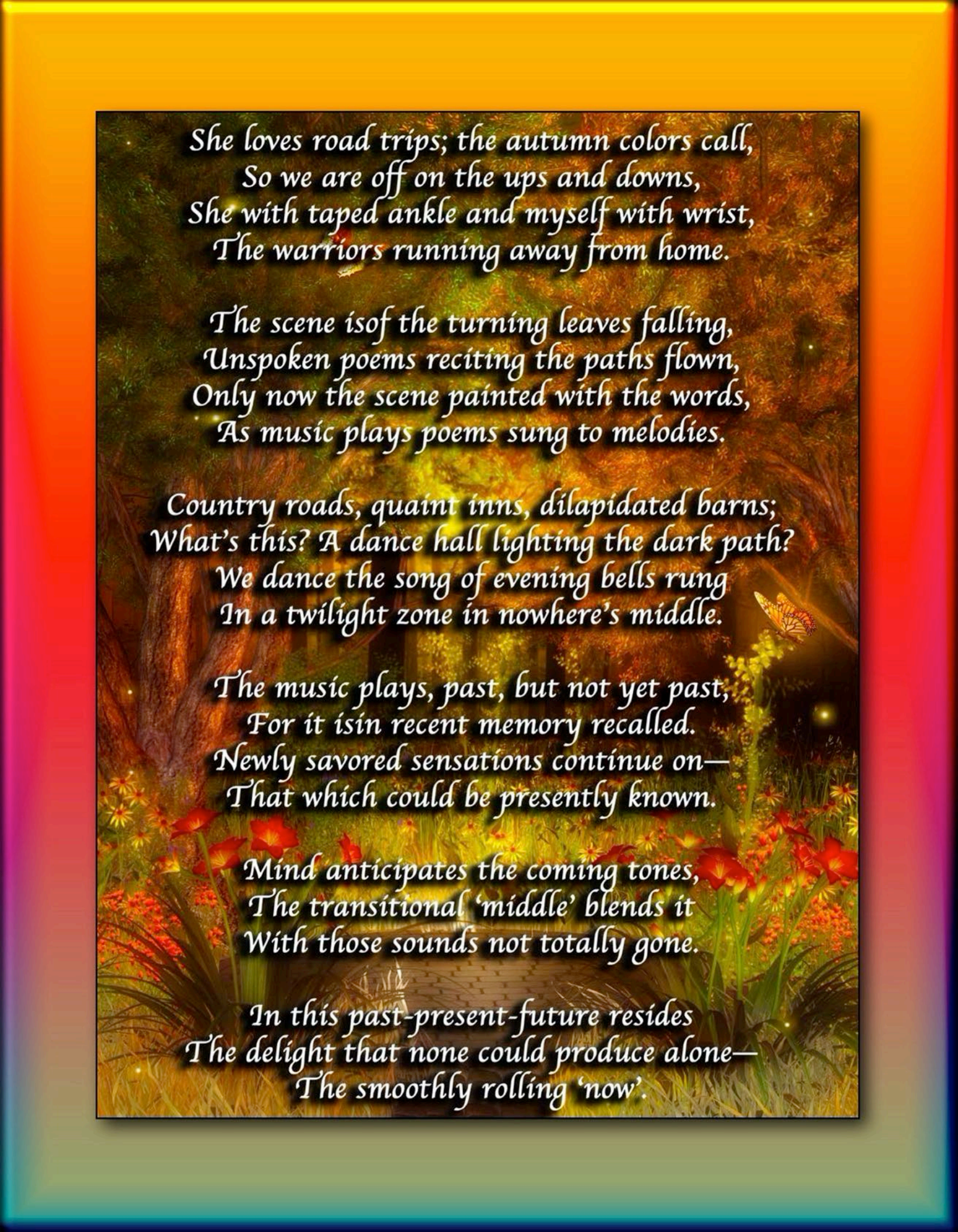
*Where in the name of Heaven is Paradisea?
Of Heaven's site, no one has any idea—*

*Really now, where's Heaven one and the same?
It's the world's best kept secret:
Earth is its name!*

*Yes, that is said, but truly, where is the stead...
I must tell of them that they're only read...*

*Of those places spent after we are dead?
It's written of words that language bred.*

*'Twas hopeward that invented all that was said?
'Twas these that were signed
for anything Divine ["said"].*

The background of the page is a rich, textured illustration of an autumn forest. A path winds through the center, flanked by tall grasses and clusters of bright orange and red flowers. A monarch butterfly is visible on the right side, and another smaller one is near the top right. The lighting is warm and golden, suggesting late afternoon or early morning, with soft glows filtering through the trees. The overall mood is nostalgic and serene.

*She loves road trips; the autumn colors call,
So we are off on the ups and downs,
She with taped ankle and myself with wrist,
The warriors running away from home.*

*The scene is of the turning leaves falling,
Unspoken poems reciting the paths flown,
Only now the scene painted with the words,
As music plays poems sung to melodies.*

*Country roads, quaint inns, dilapidated barns;
What's this? A dance hall lighting the dark path?
We dance the song of evening bells rung
In a twilight zone in nowhere's middle.*

*The music plays, past, but not yet past,
For it is in recent memory recalled.
Newly savored sensations continue on—
That which could be presently known.*

*Mind anticipates the coming tones,
The transitional 'middle' blends it
With those sounds not totally gone.*

*In this past-present-future resides
The delight that none could produce alone—
The smoothly rolling 'now'.*