

The Theory Of Everything Rubaiyat



Austin P. Torney

Introduction

Omar Khayyam wonders and writes of the human condition,

The sphere upon which mortals come and go,
Has no end nor beginning that we know;
And none there is to tell us in plain truth:
Whence do we come and whither do we go.
—Ahmad Saidi version

and concludes, eventually, after coming full circle from his deconstructions of religious myth-takes,

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we too into the Dust descend;
Dust into Dust, and under Dust to lie
Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and -- sans End!
—FitzGerald version

which philosophy I totally agree with, although,

The search for the ultimate truth sublime
Of all that is leads us wise through its clime,
Both within and without—a swelling quest;
For then we know this place for the first time.
—Austin P. Torney

So, herein, we'll meander on through life's curious magic-shadow show, with my new quatrains, along with Omar transmogrifications.

“Has no end or beginning” seems to be right on target, since, given that ‘Nothing’ can't be productive because it can't be in the first place. Therefore, what ‘IS’ must be ungenerated and deathless.

Further, of Omar's primal Now of only the present, it's that the past ‘now’ that was just previous completely vanishes, as well as its components, in and of its construction toward and of the present Now, for the present and only Now is the output which can only be made from those inputs that were previous, and thus, as Omar promotes, the Now has great primacy, and we can stress that Now is all there is, the past not being kept anywhere, and the future not yet manufactured.

As for where and how do we come: Locally, it's from Earth's elements, via conception and DNA, etc.; less locally, it's from stardust emitted by supernova; ultimately, it's of what ‘IS’, in its forever continuance.





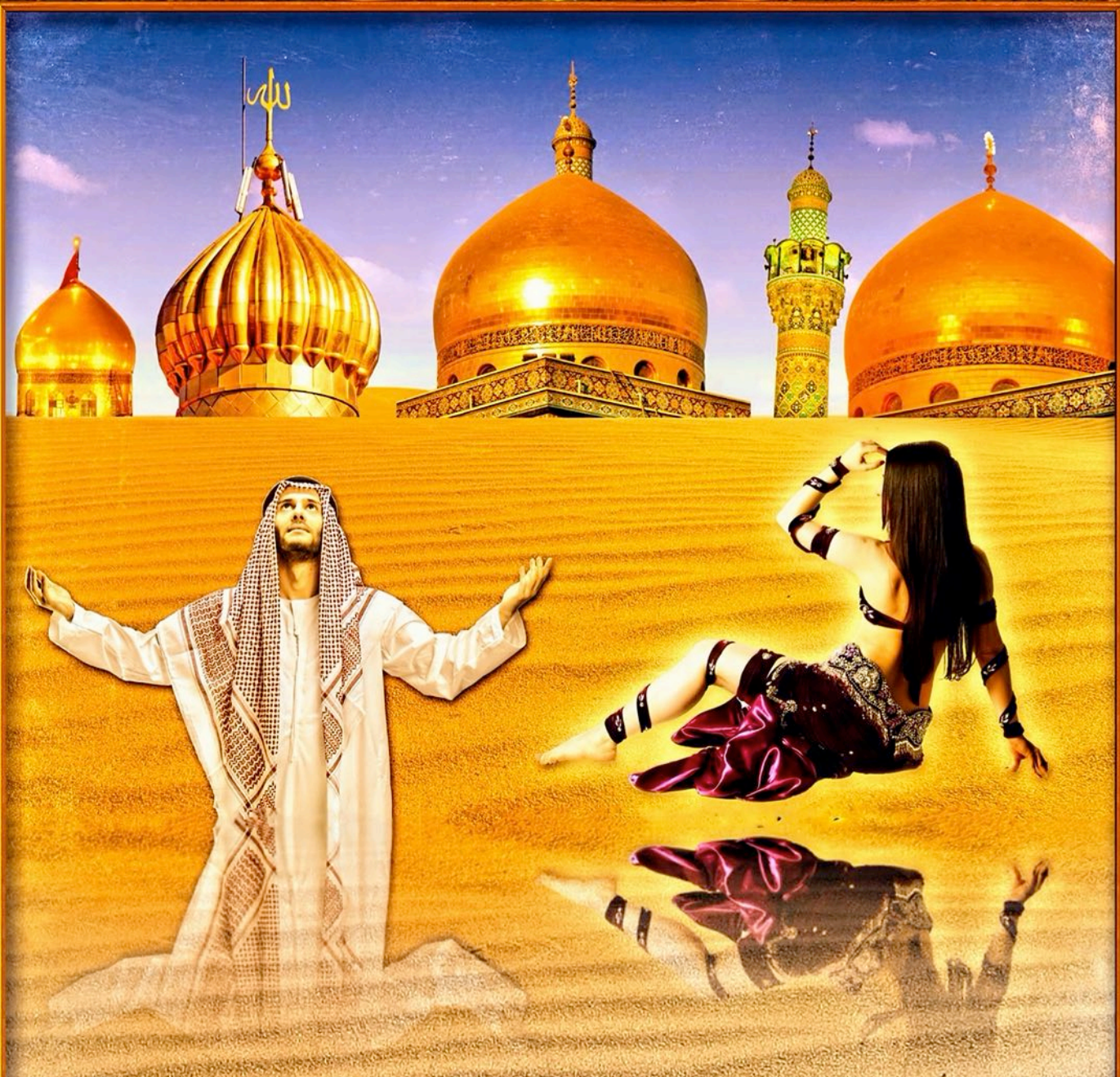
I, of the endless forms most beautiful,

Am stunned that my glass to the brim is full,

Life's wine coursing through me, as 'magical',

On this lovely, rolling sphere so bountiful.





No one has plumbed the Secret Depths of Truth—

The jewel eludes e'en the wisest sleuth;

Thus we hear wishes turned to beliefs' lore,

Yet none can say "It's this, and here's the proof".

The Beginnings of ToeQuest




Since there's no lasting abode on this sphere,

'Tis folly wine and loves away to steer;

Oh voice for worlds' creation or eterne,

What matters those creeds neither there nor here!



*The wise know as hopeless what mind grows nought,
As needless and heedless of what sows naught.
Although from their display your eyes they've caught,
You shouldn't waltz what the wise haven't sought.*



Their ingrained beliefs the priests' duly preach,

As if notions were truth and fact to teach.

Oh, cleric, repent; at least say, "Have faith";

Yet, of unknowns ne'er shown none can e'er reach.



Why would the All Knowing, Loving Expert

Compose with Power His designed Concert,

Then decompose His meant Magnificat?

Because there's none Such beyond the turret.



Worries may not come true, but if they do,

Thus they would, and then in them you must stew.

Past imperfect points to a future tense,

Yet ever only Shows does the Wheel brew.



There's naught else but lone, resultant frowns;

No matter how one tries to shake from boughs

The fruits of truth from the Tree of Knowledge,

Computation makes not yet the morrows.



Of elements four and planets seven,

You strain to divine those signs eleven.

Drink de-vined juice! I've long taught this lesson:

When not, you're nought; naught in Hell nor Heaven.



What matters where, what, when, or even who?

In life's fill, any narrative will do!

Drink in all phases of the lunar month,


The cup waxing and waning, just like you.




The weight of the world I bear on my back;
'Tis mine to own, so there's nought that I lack.
I've everything, and a place to put it;
After it crushes me to dust, I'll unpack.



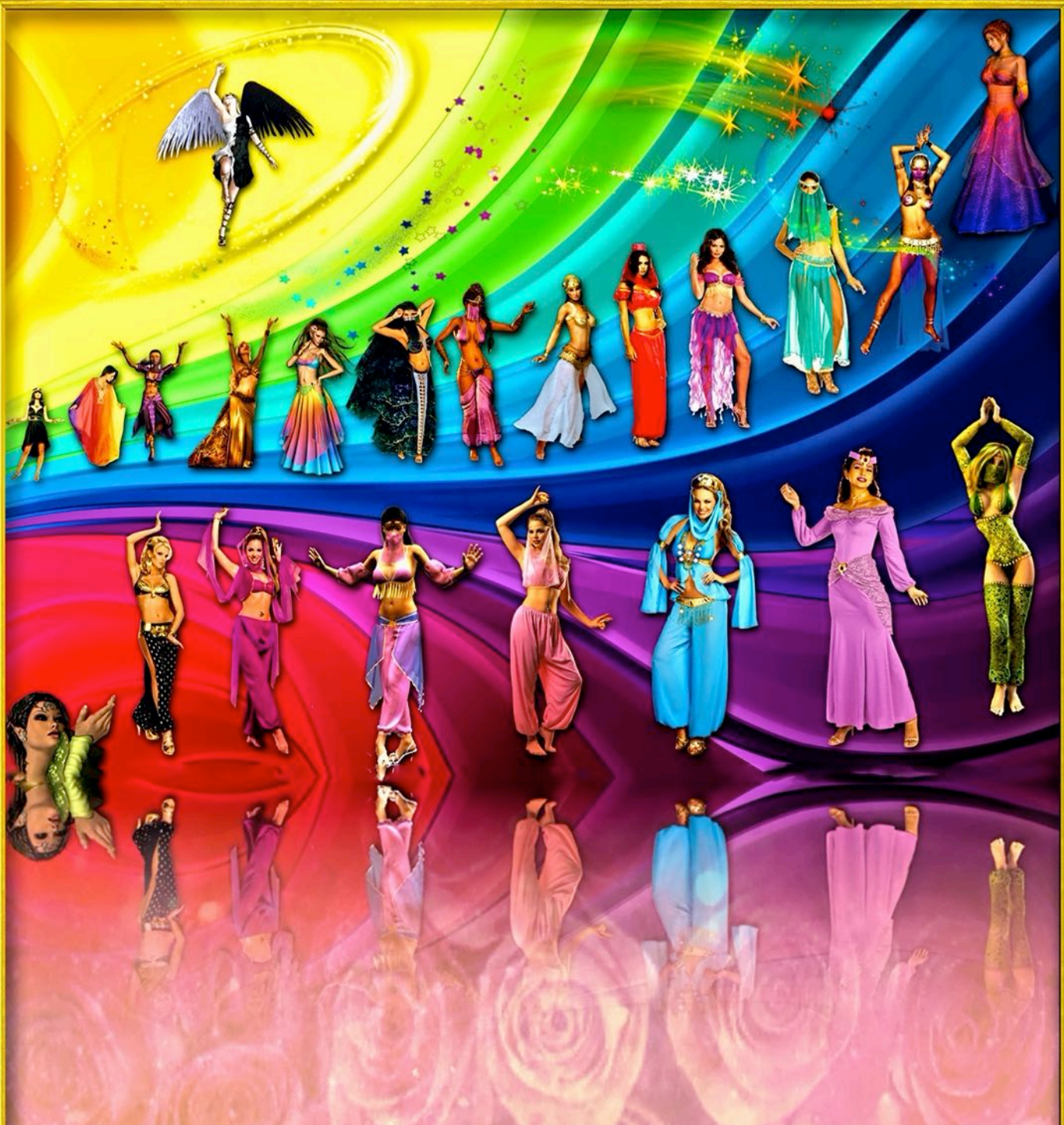
Think not that I am existent as 'I',
Or talk the talk and walk the walk of 'I',
For all's of the 'IS'; the Cosmos is I;
Where then, and what, who, and whence is this 'I'?



*All moves by law of output from input,
The will, too, since it votes to step a foot,
And worse, by the time we know, all's been cast;
We can neither wax nor wane the mold's root.*



*Drink; your doom is to e'er sleep in the tomb,
Sans wine, friends, and love—as an empty whom;
Come close, I will lift the dark secret's veil:
Never again can withered flowers bloom.*

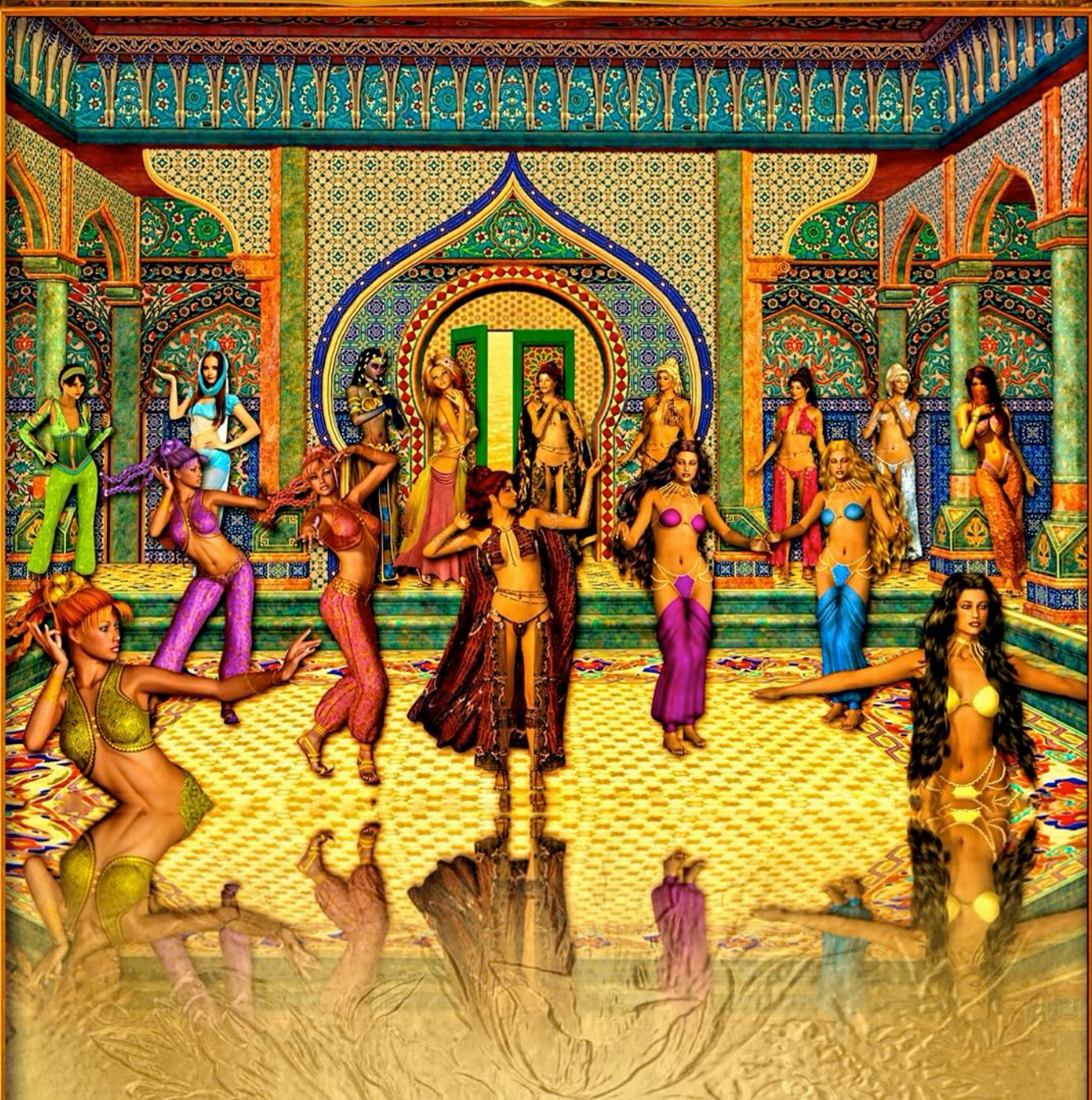


At first, you sleep in thy dear mother's womb;

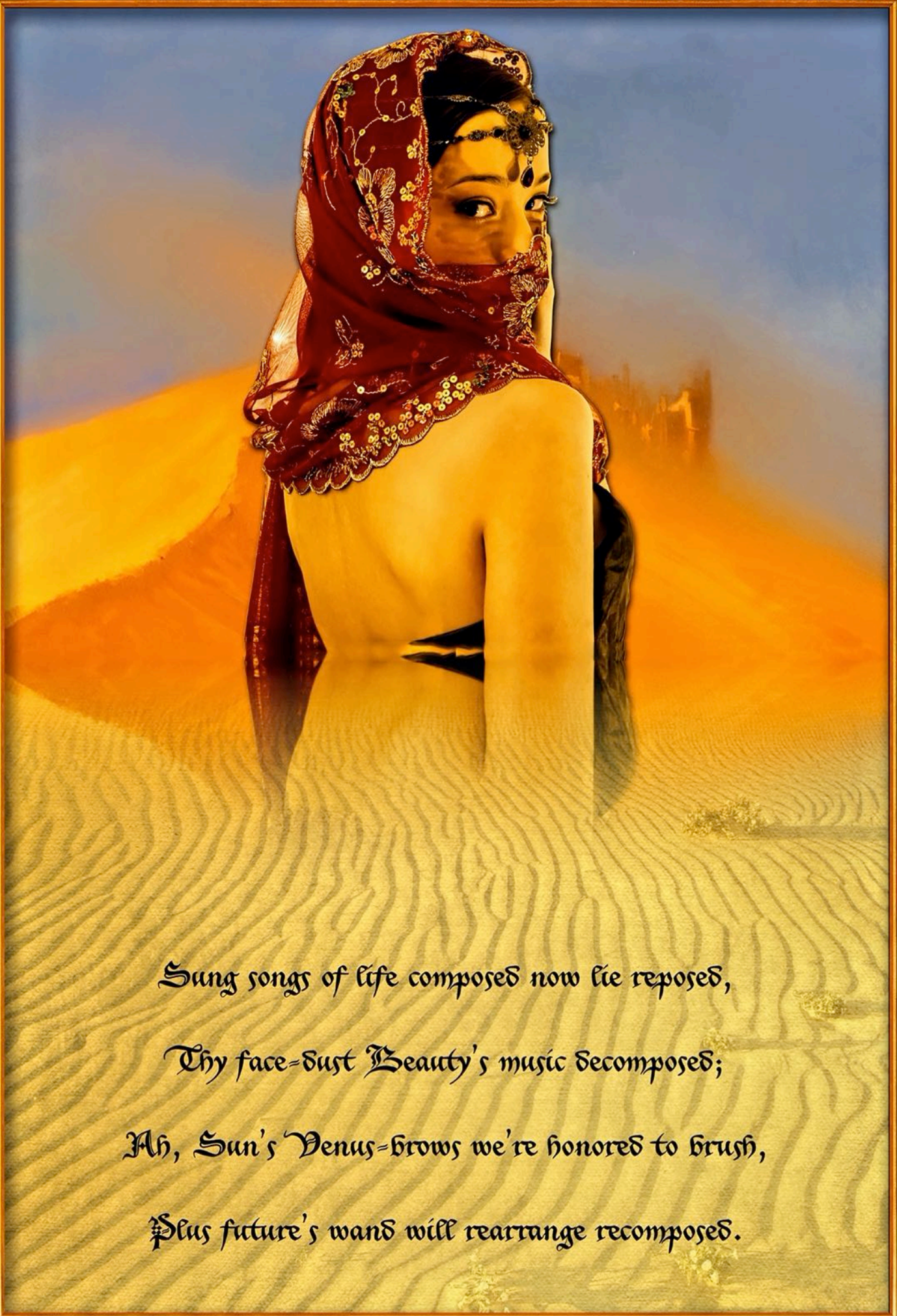
At last, you sleep in the cold silent tomb.

In between, Life whispers a dream that says,

Wake, live, for the rose withers all too soon!



*We are phenomena's projected face,
Well-painted from noumena's unseen base;
It's as a lamp lights up a paper shade,
We figures revolving around in space.*



Sung songs of life composed now lie reposed,

Thy face=dust Beauty's music decomposed;

Ah, Sun's Venus=brows we're honored to brush,

Plus future's wand will rearrange recomposed.



The raindrop falls and returns to the sea;

Dust floats to earth and merges with the sea;

Lives come and go in time—what's denoted?

Flows spark and fly; they've no eternity.



Cloudbursts wash the faces of the tulips,
As wine cleanses you, pouring through thy lips.
All becomes of light, dust, water, and air,
As in the meadow grown from your eclipse.



Throw not life to the breeze, draft this day known,

For yesterday's winds have already blown

And future's currents have not yet stirred.

Forget dead air; now's breath is all you own.



Last night, my cup I smote against a stone.

Low was the act, my head with wine was flown.

The cup cried out to me, in mystic tone,

"I was like thee, my fate will be thine own."



Hopes flutter and flutter like butterflies—

Whose forms show there can be a second guise,

Although still one chained to time's sovereignty.

Can we not fly through time's skies two-way wise?



Not wishing to face an end to our life dear,
We might brightly hope that what brought us here
Will someday, somehow, take us home, somewhere.

We should look at how in life we appear.

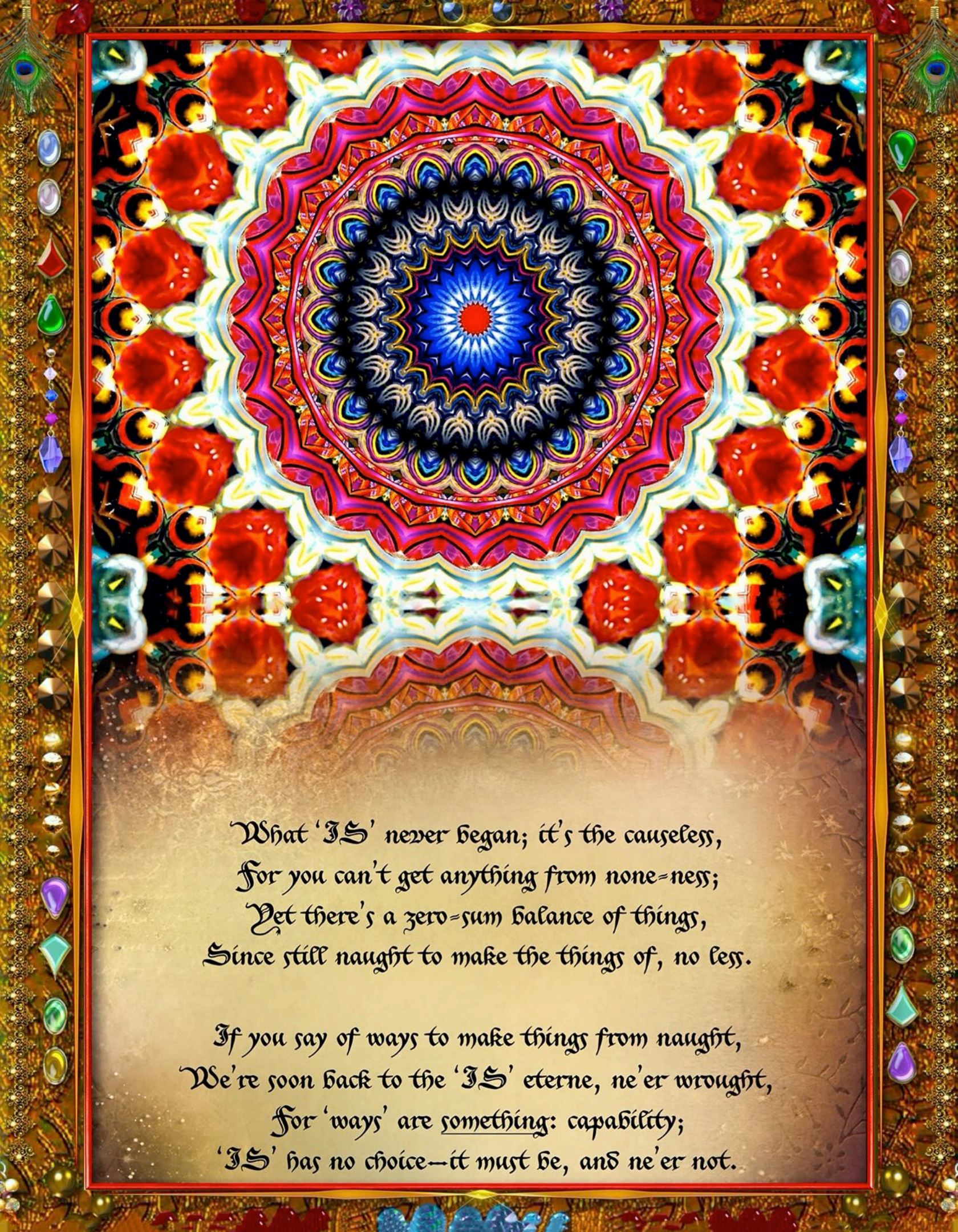
We're constructed from the stuff of stars' grand,
Through life's history recorded in strands
Of DNA, both recent and holder,
The parts conducting, to play as a band.

Bio=electric=chemicals grow,
Through metabolism, through our road show,
Experiences and inclinations
Forming the life expression that we know.

All's thanks to
Death's prolonged sifting of 'dies',
Of the rest from the best, silly from wise,
The pointless from the pointed—selection.
Oh, through ink=black rivers we had to rise!

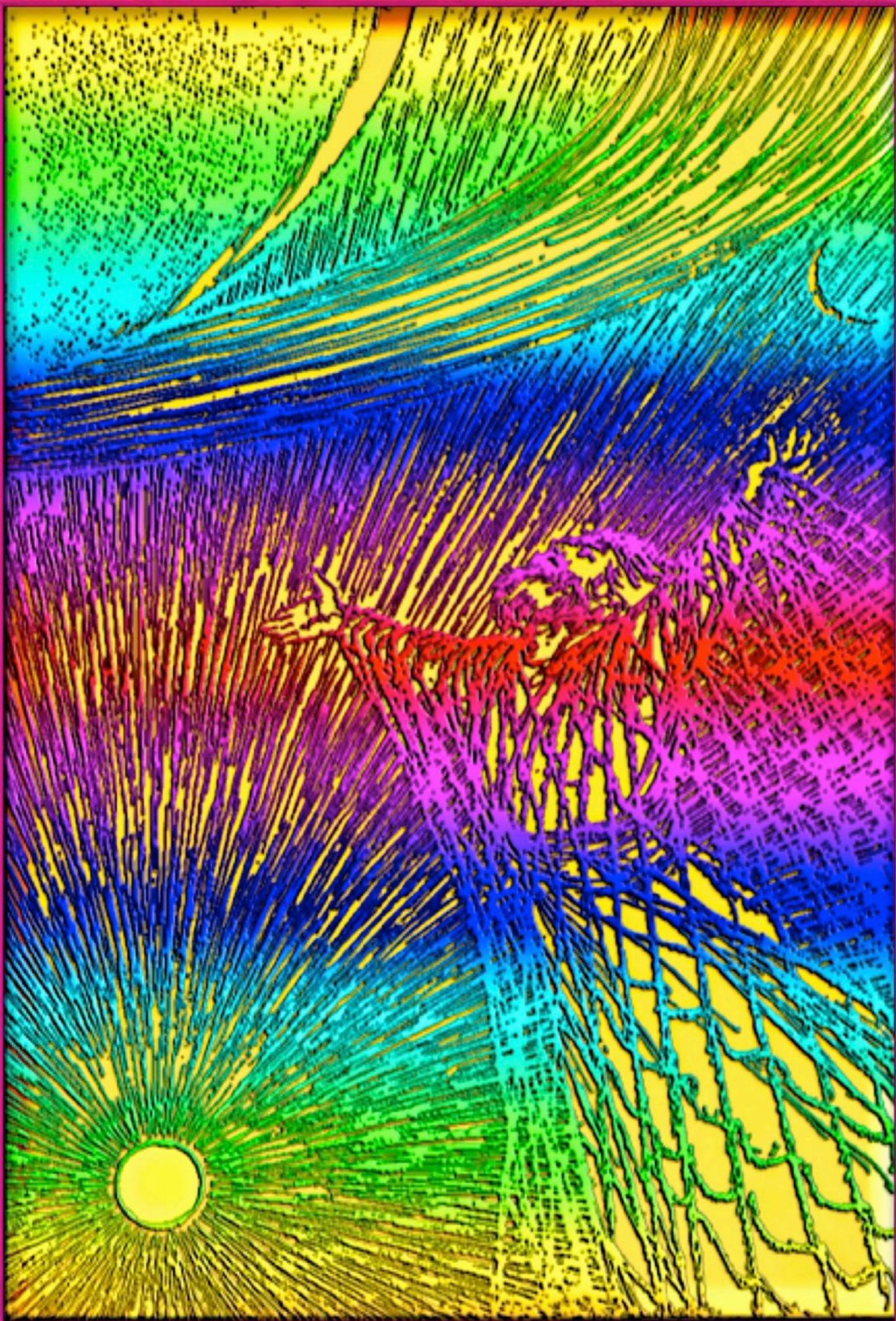
Life's birthright, long signed by time, dust, & death,
Doth also serve, for the Earth's living quests,
As the epitaph: RIP; time wears,
The tips of the strands rip, tear; dust is left.





*What 'IS' never began; it's the causeless,
For you can't get anything from none=ness;
Yet there's a zero=um balance of things,
Since still naught to make the things of, no less.*

*If you say of ways to make things from naught,
We're soon back to the 'IS' eterne, ne'er wrought,
For 'ways' are something: capability;
'IS' has no choice—it must be, and ne'er not.*





No matter if 'IT' is a causeless field,
A substance, or Possibility's yield,
Since, ungoverned, all things must thus become,
Sometime, whether 'good' or 'bad', of its wield.

Now's pen inscribes, based on what was just there,
Its written words phrasing our sentence here.
Although it may spell to us right or wrong,
Even one letter's change hasn't a prayer.



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*Since outputs always have inputs, so true,
Then what, we wonder, should we try to do?
It's the other way around, oh, brain stew,
For cause, time, and the universe do you!*





Outputs must have inputs, they in turning
Becoming inputs to more 'fates' churning;
In that sense, all is writ, on every path,
As in ours, so what must be will e'er spring.

What be: thy output must form from input,
For naught else can stride the moving foot,
And surely naught from nought makes no 'random';
The pen can't revise its scroll; "we're" caput!



Oh, those imaginings of what can't be,
Such as Thought, Stillness, and Infinity,
As well as Random, Beginning, and End,
Plus Solidity, Free Will, and He.

Instruments detect what senses can't mime,
Throughout the electromagnetic clime,
Of fields and molecules past smell and sight,
And of stars far away and back in time.

Introspection's sensation foray,
By itself, uninformed by science theory,
Lies captive to tales of its second story,
Snaware of neuro's bottom storey.

Thus it declares wishes and beliefs Truth,
Strengthening their wiring on each visit;
Then it layers more 'dogma' thereupon,
Into an entire scheme for life's wonderland.

What's not established can't be addressed,
For it's 'invisible', such as spirits,
Thus, a belief in a stated unknown,
As 'faith', can't be shown, much less known.

Thus, of desire's, wishes', and feeling's case,
We can't trust claims, given their wishing base.
Mysteries shrink, though, at an alarming pace;
These days, it's hard to keep up with the race.



As for life, we, and our matter that's bright,
Seem an afterthought of the Cosmic scheme:
Not dark mats, we glow-surf on waves of light,
A minority in the grand regime.



Science discovers the truth everywhere;
Philosophers sit around in soft chairs;
Religion makes begged and bigger questions;
Evolution shows how we got somewhere.



TOE



*The first cause could not be from a Mind Aware,
For a complex composite's parts must precede;
Yet think no more of things before some things,
But 'before' their forms and physical laws.*



**Explaining the Cosmos is as easy as pie:
It's an endless extravagance beyond the sky,
Which shows that matter's very readily made—
Underlying energy raising the shade.**

***This All sounds rather like an ultimate free lunch,
For the basis is already made, with no punch,
It ever being around, as is, never a 'was'—
Everywhere, in great abundance quite unheard of.***

**There's even more of it than can be imagined—
Of lavish big spenders, there in amounts unbounded:
Bubbles of universes within pockets more,
Across all the times and spaces beyond our shore!**

***What is the birthing source of this tremendous weight?
There is nothing from which to make the causeless cake!
Its nature is undirected, uncooked, unbaked?
There can't be a choice to that ne'er born nor awaked!***

***There can't be turtles on turtles all the way down;
The buck has to stop somewhere in this town.
'Nothing' is unproductive—can't even be meant;
All ever needed is, with nothing on it spent!***

***Yes, none from nothing, yet something is here, true;
But, really, you can't have your cake and Edith, too!
And yet I've still all of my wedding cake, I do—
It's just changed form; what ever IS can never go.***

***Since there's no point at which to impart direction
The essence would have no limited, specific,
Certain, designed, created,
crafted, thought out meaning!
Thus the Great 'IS' is anything and everything!***

***This All is as useless as Babel's Library
Of all possible books in all variety!
Yes, and even in our own small aisle we see
Any and every manner of diversity.***

***The information content of Everything
Would be the same as that of Nothing.
Zero! The bake's ingredients vary widely,
And so express themselves accordingly.***

***What's Everything, detailed? Length, width, depth, 4D—
Your world-line; 5th, all your probable futures;
6th, jump to any; 7th, all Big Bang starts to ends;
8th, all universes' lines; 9th, jump to any;
10th, the 'IS' of all possible realities.***

***Your elucidation is quite a piece of cake!
Yo, it exceeds, as well, and so it takes the cake.
Everything ever must be, because 'nothing' can't?
Yes, it's that existence has no opposite, Kant!***

***So, we're here at the mouth of the horn of plenty,
For a free breakfast, lunch, and a dinner party;
Yet many starving are fed up with being unfed.
Alas, I must say, "An Impossible Recipe?"***





*We've approached the Mysterie, and have found
That Beginnings can't be, so what goes round
Must be all things, as there's no point to impart
A design; yet drink—to naught more we're bound!*



*Though we can ne'er know the Ultimate names,
From that fact something Profound is still framed;
It's that when one can't know, one must still live,
And as such in that life cannot be blamed.*



*What the meaning to this play we're besit,
From dirt to dust within the script that's writ?
The wise in search have thrown themselves to waste;
Experience alone is the benefit.*





Drink wine; 'tis thy life saver on storm's sea;

Let the sorrows drown in your continued spree;

There be friends, lovers, and flowers to share—

Parenteses within eternity!





*What 'IS' can no more not exist than it
Can rule any of what goes on in it;
Impute not thy blame, shame, or fame to it—
Fate's 'Wheel's more helpless than all within it.*



*Who's concerned about nonexistent fears?
No one, for none spent the billions of years
Before they were born in a state of tears
Of anxiety for not being here.*



*Our blind=fated path was the further paved,
When disasters finished most of the species.
Far from a feature of Intelligent Design,
It opened up the space that was needed.*



(EVERYTHING)



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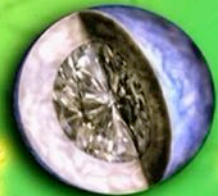
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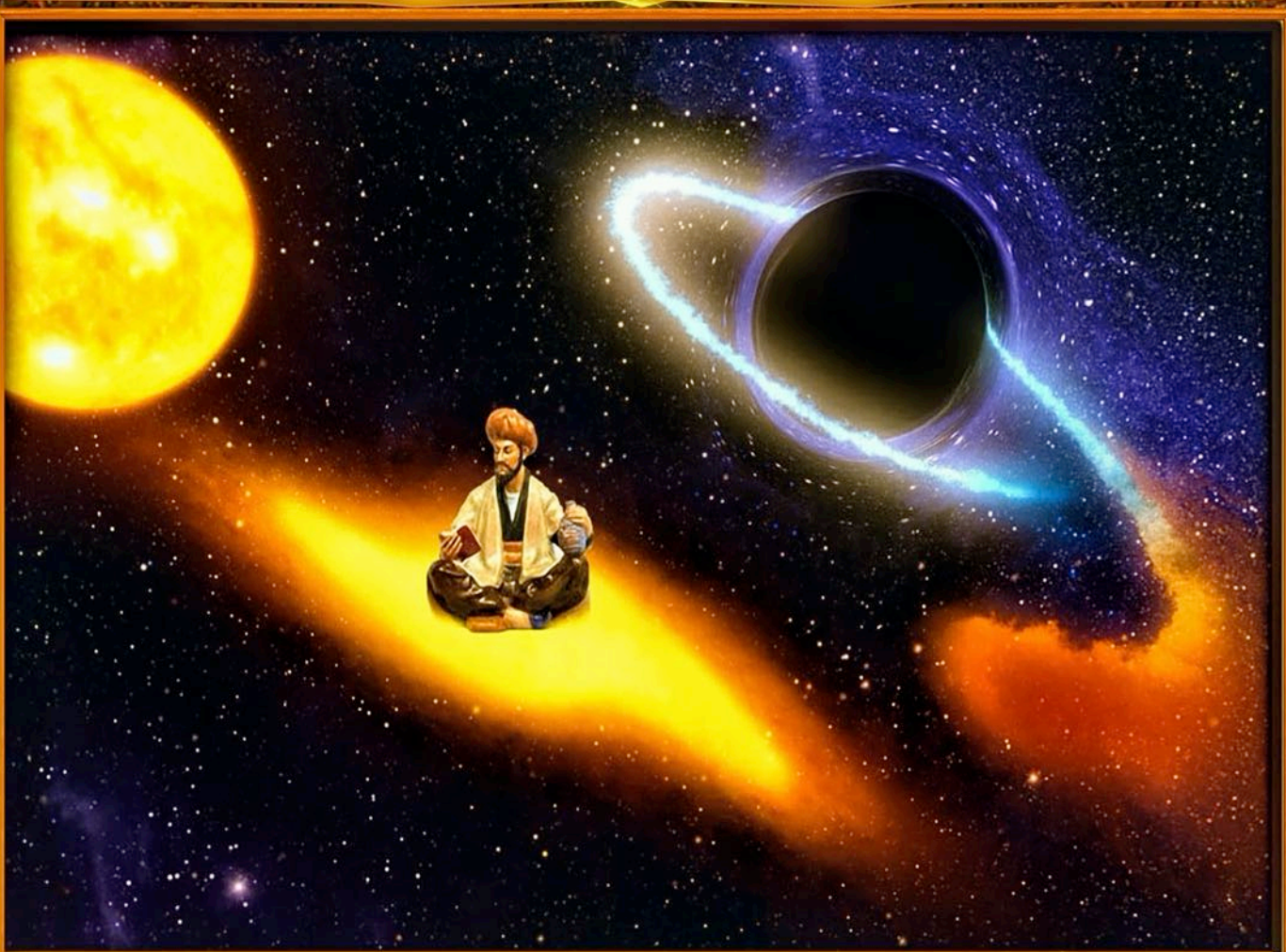
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Our being blocks the view of the Ultimate,
Nor to gaze at it can we our selves acquit.
E'en the wise can't step beyond their nature—
All mothers' sons stand helpless before it.



Here the evil of the heavens is flung,
And laid barren by our friends' passing young.
Mourn not yesterday, nor morrow unsung;
It's To-Day, the best time to roll your dung.

E'en our smoke from embers' ash fades away,
That warp of our woof and weave burned to clay.
How many beautiful hearts have melted here?
Where in heaven's cosmic vault wefts their sway?



Wear not thy heart away on worry's stone,
For none can e'er rub up 'gainst the unknown.
Since no one knows, cast away your millstones;
Reign high on thy throne in the living zone.

Give to one jasmine-bloomed and fairy-born
Thy heart, and of dear friends passed do not mourn,
But unto her glowing breasts rest thy head;
Cast not to the wind but flow on wine bourn.





The best of all that is below the moon
And above the fish is beauty's commune,
In her wine poured and sipped, all else forgone,
From Adah to Adahi, raptured noon to noon.

So much sweeter sounds are a lover's sighs
Than the groan of war that wins great prize.
One taste of love's dear wine by far outbuys
A Sultan's wealth in some rich paradise.



The morn has bloomed,
this warm day growing lush;


Past, the garden's dust
run from the rain's gush;

Wine's nightingale sings
in tongue to the drooped,

Oh, pale rose, we both must drink
to blush toward flush.



*Morning springs thee over the wasteland's brink,
And on time's sand you the oasis drink.
Life's strange caravan through the desert winds,
Back toward Nothing; drink—before the stars sink.*



Bless your soul with tongues of fire;
Holy Spirit burn;
Leave no trace of man's desire;
Holy Spirit turn.

Oh, man, why detest thy constitution;
Doth thou think Nature has a lot to learn?

He to whom reason has inscribed its script
Upon his self will revel unto the crypt.
Lest disposing his will to phantasms,
He navigates his heart's ship well equipped.



Who's the scribe; what slab is written upon?

Where's horrid Hell, and gloried Heaven yon?

I asked Myself of such stylus and slate:

You're both the dancer and the danced upon.



*The universe's mantle binds us worn—
Tears feeding the river on which we're borne.
Hell's but an ember of our senseless fears;
Heaven's the rose-breath of opening morn.*

Why & How

Nonexistence can't be, nor could something
Make itself or always have been Mind's ring,
So, before definition is the possible—
Timeless—formless—ev'ry option could sing!

What, Where, Who, Then, and When

"What" matter stabilizes in 'where' space,
Begetting the 'appearances in motion' pace
As "When" future moves through 'now' to 'then' past—
This 'spirit of life' granting our 'who' face.

The Forces

The strong force facilitates stability;
The weak force allows changeability.
Electric action, leading to magnetic motion,
Facilitates the 'movement of appearances'.

The TQE to Being

The TQE has to explain origin, method,
And life, and, so, this does, the key headed
That 'movement of appearances' begets
'Changes in time', showing in life crested.

Universal Answers

There's no rhyme nor reason for existence;
We're free to make our own meaning of it;
If we don't, then it's really meaning-less;
If we do, it becomes the ultimate!

'Luck' Happens

Asteroids swept away many a kind;
Chromosomes fused, leaving the chimps behind;
RNA remembered all survivors;
'Good fortune' smiled on the Sapiens mind.

The Balance Sheet

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

We Are What We Are

Unintelligently designed, our climbs
Were the off-the-shelf reach of nature's grimes,
A haphazard Rube Goldberg 'invention',
Our nervous system now ruled by ancient times.

The 'Lucky' State of Us

As 'accident' of evolution's swing,
We have the ultimate freedom to sing.
No "God's will" — we're beyond instinctive;
We're free to grow and evolve, through learning.

Difficulties Abound


Emotion can bypass our greenery;
Some stand at the brink of insanity.
Only education can save the world;
We're at a turning point of history.

Wishful Thinking

Pride: Ego amplifies self-importance
To claim that we're given a Special stance,
Deserving a divine destiny.
Humble: An electrochemical dance.

Meaning—or Not

Direction arrives, or one goes nowhere;
Growth happens, or one vanishes as bare;
Creation comes, or reaction destroys;
Planning makes a life, or it but blows air.



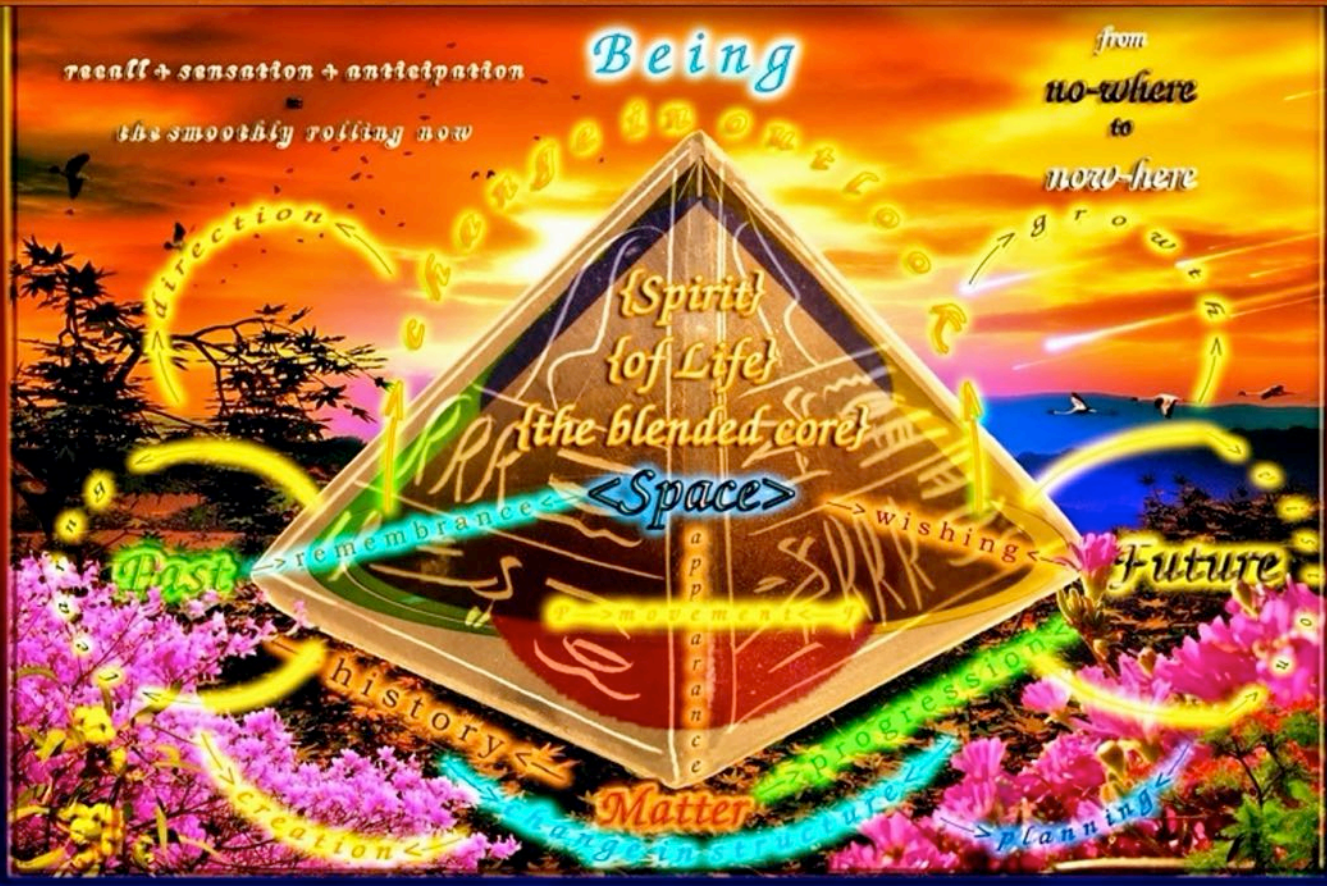
*Life's a continual cosmic energy dance,
From some ultimate underlying happenstance.
We're immersed in matter's universal rhythm;
Therefore, we must all participate in the dance.*

*For those of us who ignore life's romance:
Ignorance, like shadow, has no substance.
The shade is removed by the light within—
Feel the rhythm of the universal dance!*





*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!*



Since we all become of this universe

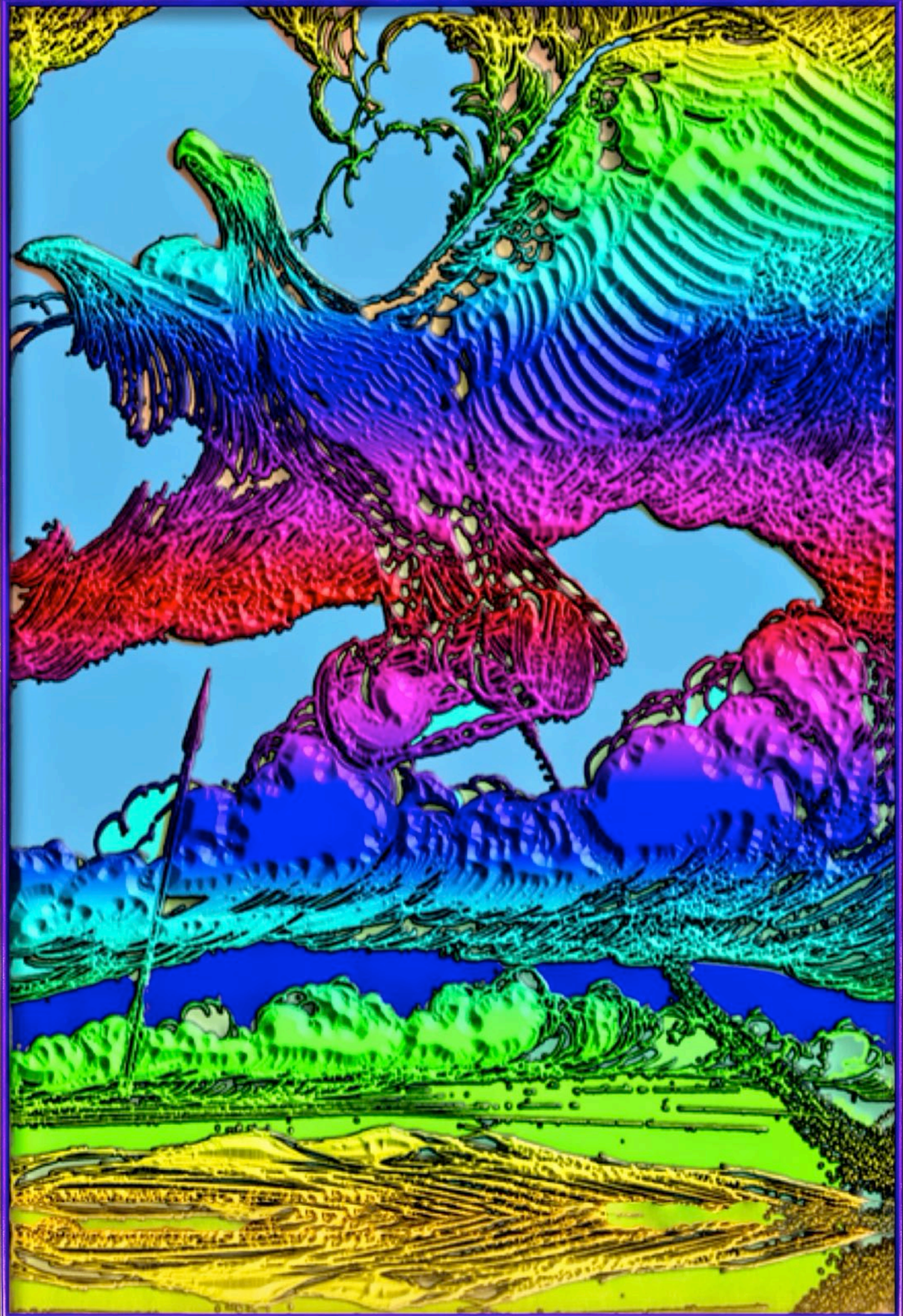
Should we not ask who we are, whence we come?

Insight clefts night's skirt with its radiance:

The Theory of Everything shines through!



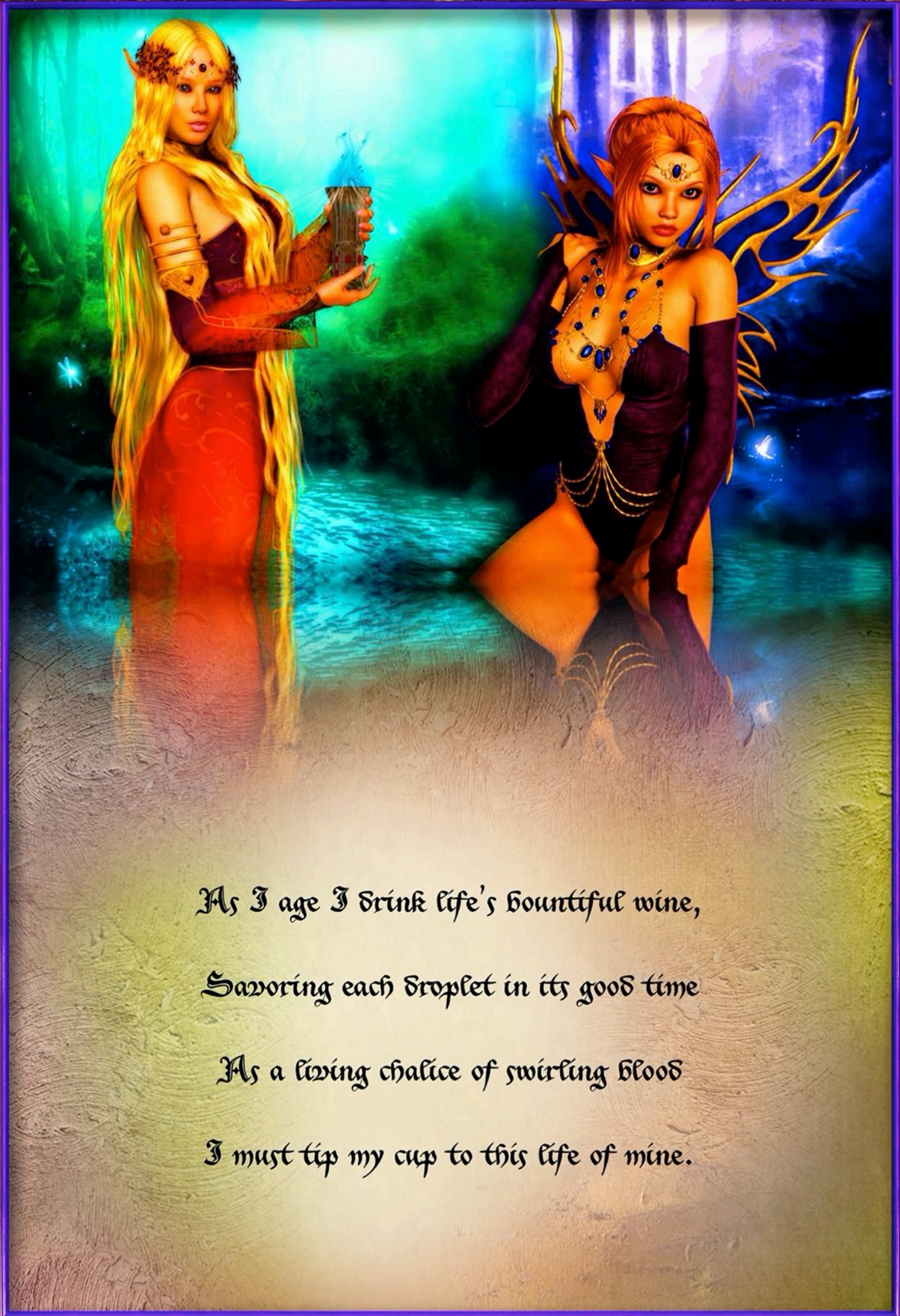
Let thou thy certainty of the present be
Held mortgage for the Deed of Futurity,
For tomorrow's just a gleam from afar
And yesterday's but a cold ash of thee.





All the stars roll by for me to classify,
Science more and more my life does simplify;
But I have one final question left to ask:
“Why in the world was I born to live and die?”





As I age I drink life's bountiful wine,

Savoring each droplet in its good time

As a living chalice of swirling blood

I must tip my cup to this life of mine.



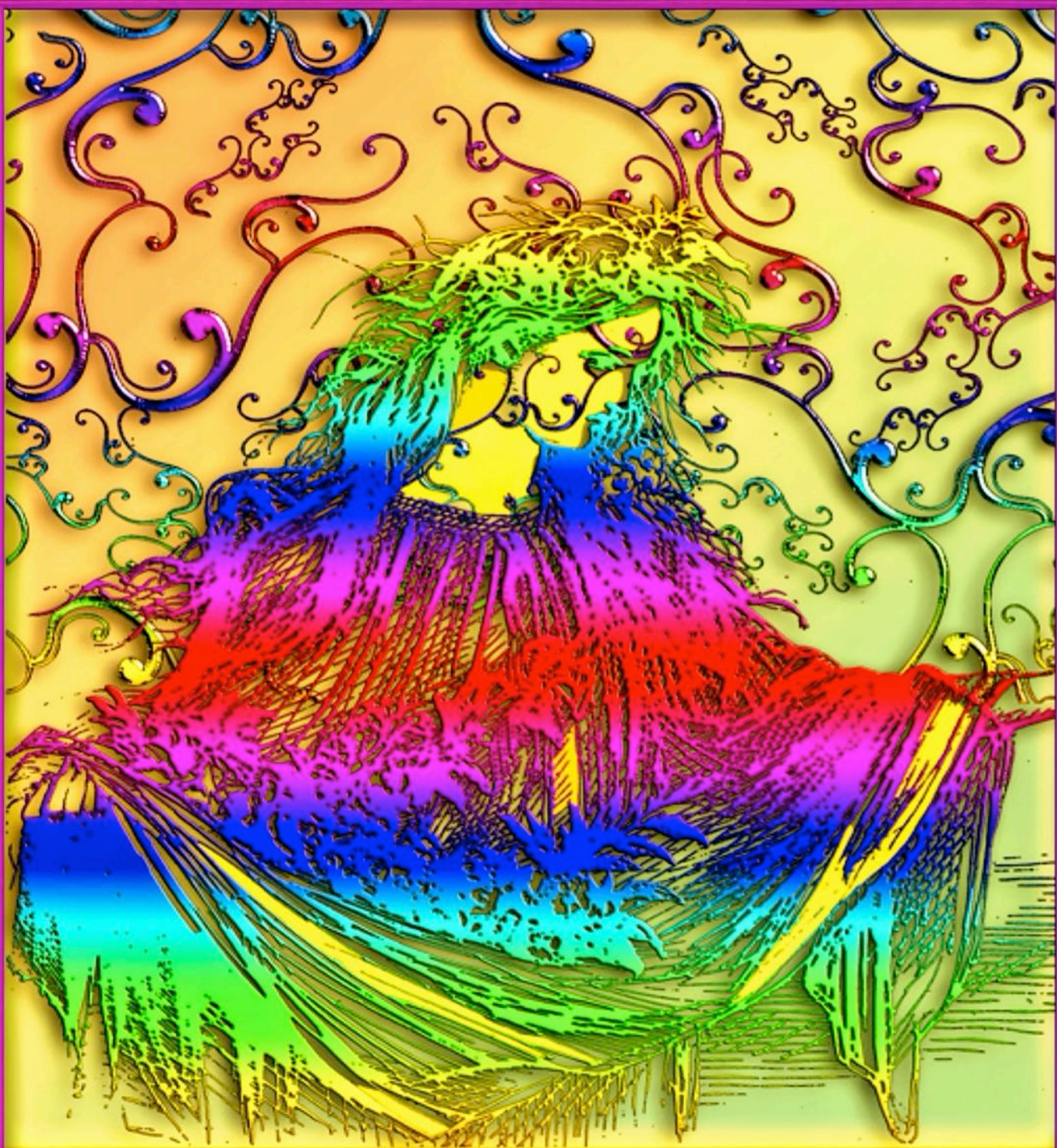
There's no time like the present.

THERE'S NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT



*I dip myself in, as the cup to fill
From the stream of consciousness my will
That is beyond the plain reality,
As waking from it all the more to swill.*





Where have I been, through all of these scenes?
Everywhere, and nowhere—in-between.
Come home! There was never the less or the prime—
And then you will know this world for the first time.



The trick of life
Is to foresee the past
By remembering the future.



*Oh some of night, spotted with silver stars,
I must ask more than you can grant unto me,
So that thus I might at least obtain that
Which I just wish for in the first place.*

*Oh, man, I cannot tell thee of all there is,
For I am that, as all that 'IS'—the 'Wiz,
And as I never began, I earned not my throne,
Yet I reside as the All for reasons unknown.*



Down...

*Where the mind whirls round and round,
As the ear draws forth the echoing sound,
As the eye sees the light, and of the dark the fright—
We brave the crypt of cause in the depths of night,*



Beyond all death, despair, love, and sorrow,

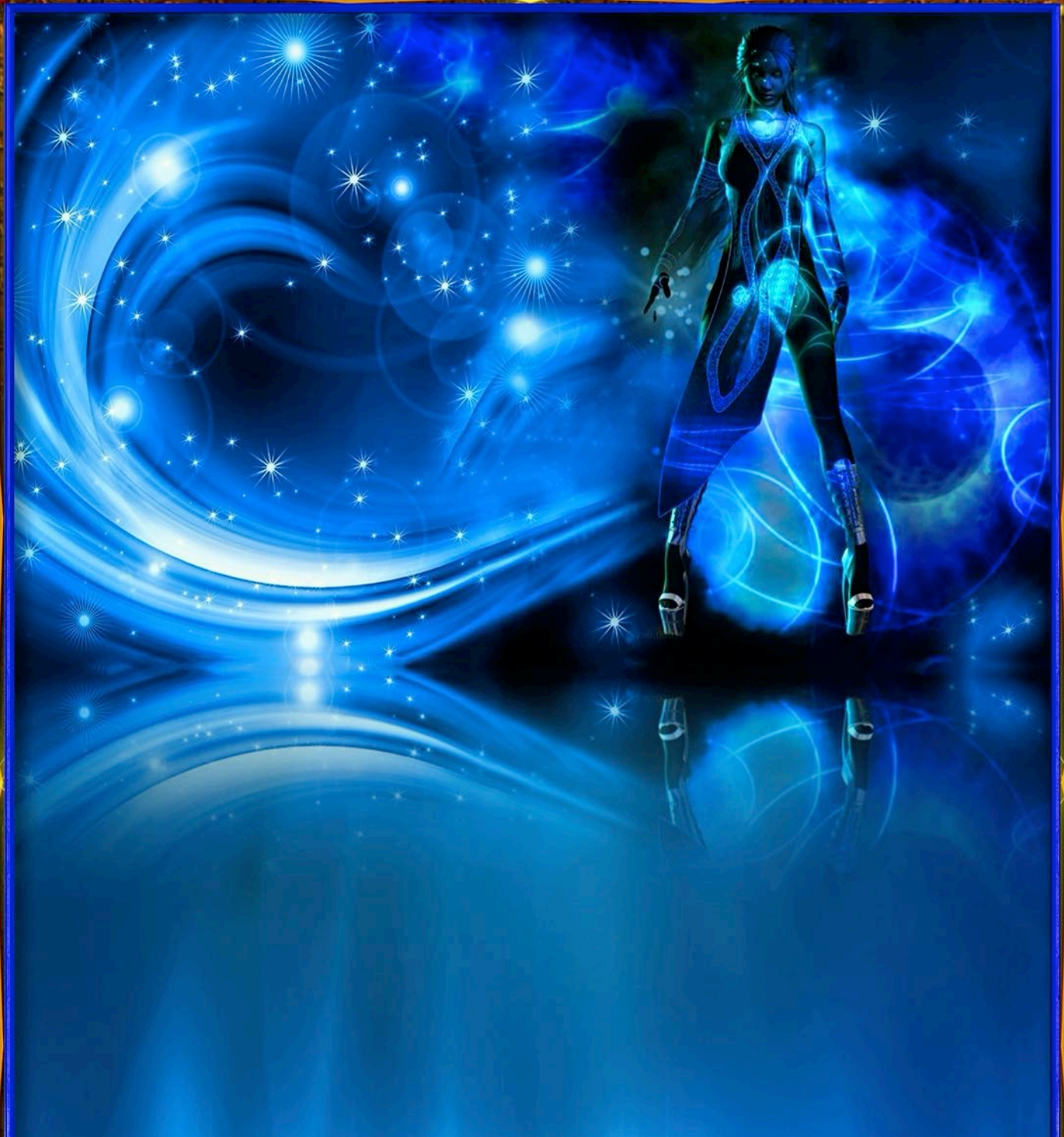
Past yesterday, today, and tomorrow...

To the fathoms of the cryptic,

Where substance slept with arithmetic,



*Toward the spark yet nursed by embers,
To the first and last the Cosmos remembers—
To seek the gem that shines—the wealth of mines,
The jewels so treasured by thee and thine.*



We guide thee; we must carry thee;

We're illumination beside thee.

Fear not the proof—

It's the beauty of the truth.

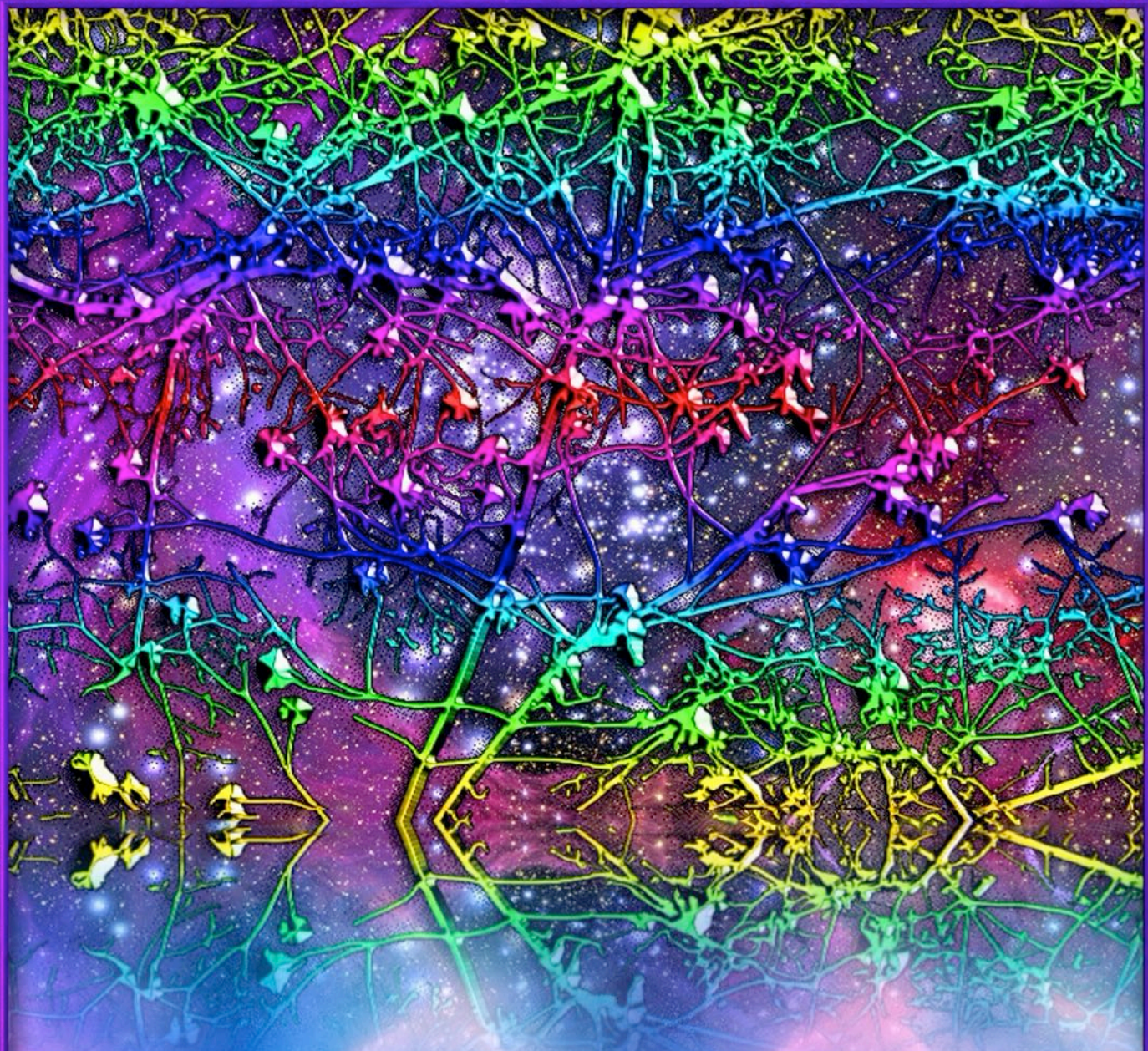


You do not just live and love; you are life and love.

They do not flee on, just ahead, unreachable,

Leaving you but to lean and drink their wind.

You are the universe turned around to view itself.



Zest, desire, caring, and other feelings sweet

Are your lightning feet for triumphant feats.

All manner of shapes haunt the wilds of the mind,

Just waiting and asking to be tamed as sane.



*You're the golden chalice
to the wine that flows;
Drink, drink!
You're the live,
resultant existence that knows.
Think, think!*



*Thoughts fly in the mind like birds wing the wind;
Imagination is the atmosphere wherein ideas are born
And borne on the waves of the sea in which one sees,
Thereupon sprouting from the wings into actions seized.*



All from stardust begins and ends in thee.

*The mighty wrecks of the elements are strewn
Across the universe like chaff from the harvest,
Much of the Cosmos still a vast wasteland.*



*The timeless-formless contains every path,
Though as useless as a library of All books;
For its sum of information is zero,
But one of these possible avenues became ours.*




In succession due does the large give way and rule

To the ever smaller, the tiny, the minuscule,

And onto the negligibly insufficient 'awol'

Of not really much of anything there at all.



*We are as beings of the everlasting light dream,
As products time and time again by its means—
Of the eternal return, as baubles blown and burst,
Though frames of time that quench life's thirst.*



*Oh, that which 'IS' the near imperishable,
Its flame of beauty still inextinguishable,
Deathless, ne'er created, ungenerated,
Forever celebrated as immutable!*



We have often asked why some space exists,
Why it permits the countless to briefly persist
On Mother Earth, nourished under Father Sky—
All of those finite sparks that light and die.

And well before that, once upon a storied time,
We simply made it all up, with tales and rhyme,
In place of any physical observations
Or of any revealing experimentations.

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.

For the crimson giant is on his way,
Mercury/Venus now within the sun

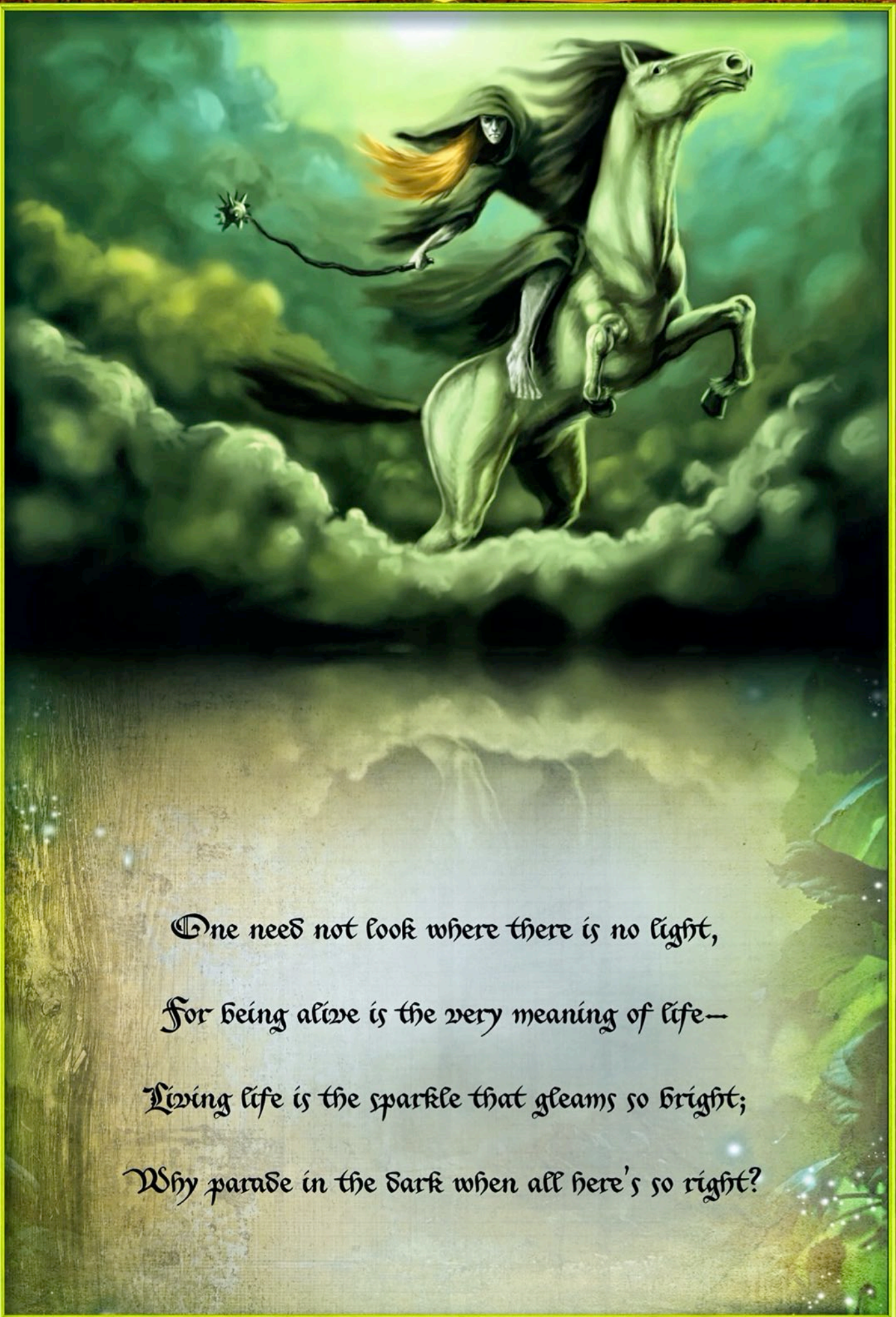
The Infernal Regions

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.

Abandon hope, all ye who enter here,
Supermassive darkling beasts devour all...

Life is a fatal disease caught at birth,
A plague upon those who reside on Earth,
A terminal illness for which death's the cure,
Life being something that is not for sure.



One need not look where there is no light,
For being alive is the very meaning of life—
Living life is the sparkle that gleams so bright;
Why parade in the dark when all here's so right?




In what jelly blobs of meat do thoughts fly?

What the willful forge that flares us higher?

Spon what anvil are feelings pounded out?

As now we think of this, our brain neurons fire.



The four elements and dust e'er conspire,
From the fires of stars to those of cremation,
We have breathed, flourished, and dissolved:
Life is ashes to ashes, stardust to stardust.

After we have lived and worked our worth,
Through airy winds, vapors, and a soft earth,
We rest at last, under the spinning skies,
Those of Earth's sunny days and starry nights.



Of hitherto, I know not, but am whither going,

Willy-nilly, whence all there is to knowing;

Hence thither I went on hither flowing to find


Myself flowing free, all from not knowing.




*Now I'm knowing, that out of this muddle
Indeed it's the chaos that frees me to be,
For it's all of disorder in disarray—
An ultimate disorganized confusion,*



*Whence all sprung, banged, and exploded,
With no hint or trace of order, law, or plan;
'Twas mayhem, bedlam, and pandemonium,
Wreaking havoc upon the turmoil of a tumult,*



*Heaping high upon, a commotion of disruption,
In the utter fullness of the uproaring upheaval—
The maelstrom to end all messes and shambles,
The lawless free-for-all of total energetic anarchy,*



*Entropy crowned as King
Of the great hullabaloo,
That cosmic hoopla
From which all hell broke loose.*



*Never there was to punish one for not even knowing
Why one is here in this world so much growing,
That became here all so willy-nilly going.
So as life's rose outspread your fragrance blowing!*

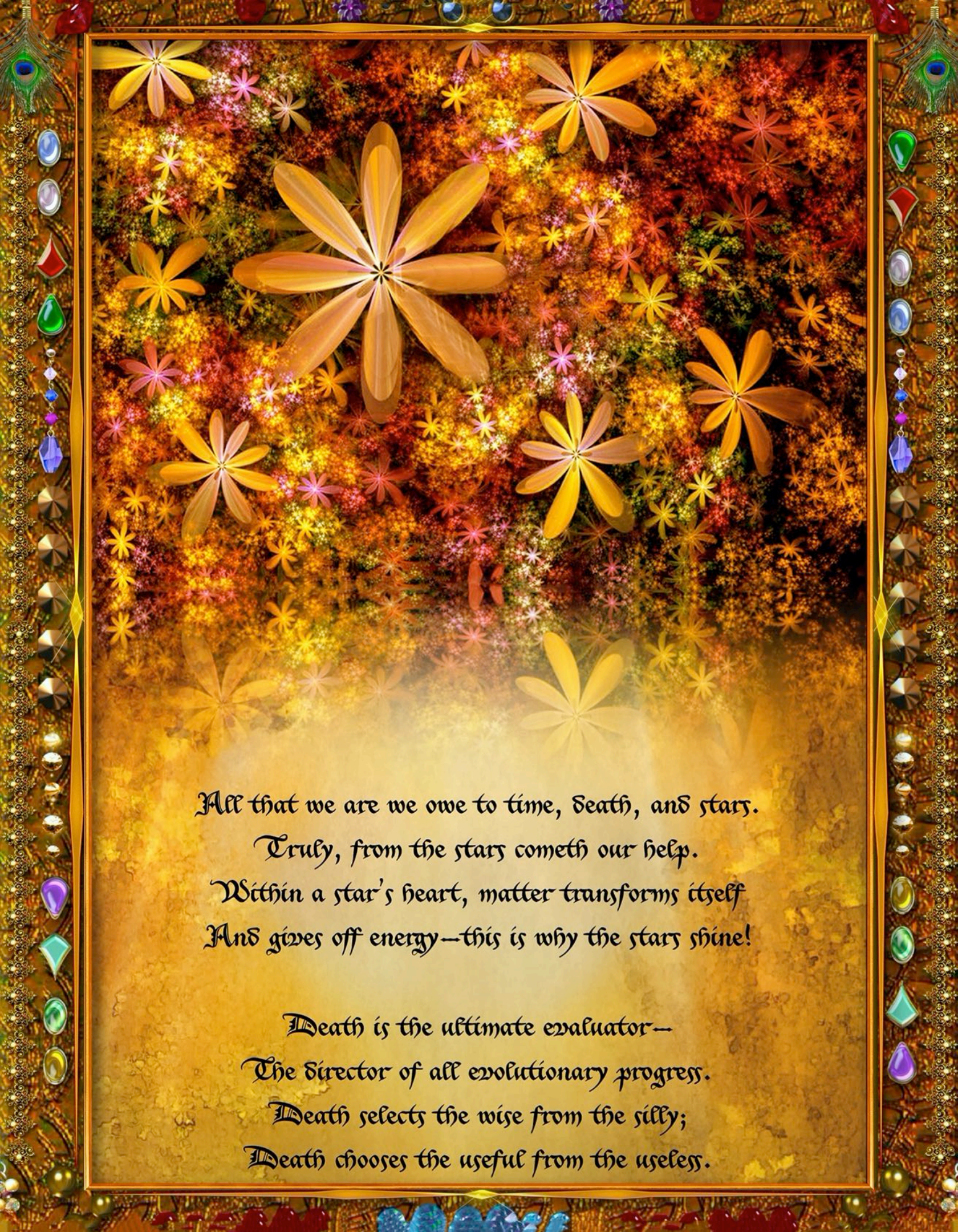


Hitherto I know not whence but am whither going,

Willy-nilly, hence that's all there is to knowing...

Hence thither forth I go on hither flowing to find

That I was never more free to be in body and mind.



All that we are we owe to time, death, and stars.

Truly, from the stars cometh our help.

*Within a star's heart, matter transforms itself
And gives off energy—this is why the stars shine!*

Death is the ultimate evaluator—

The director of all evolutionary progress.

Death selects the wise from the silly;

Death chooses the useful from the useless.



We do so much deserve reward beyond this role—

And so it is that one's immortal spirit=soul,

That angelic vapour that drives a living being,

Shall go forth to glory on behind the scene.



The universe is but a massive Bingo game,
Rumbling the tumbling of our lives' gain.
We all sit upon the church basement floor,
Ever asking: what been go
TG? B=2? B=1? B=4?

The Bird of Time





The energy of eternity was my maternity.

I found myself lost, really, here without asking...

But eventually, aft the lost=and=found,

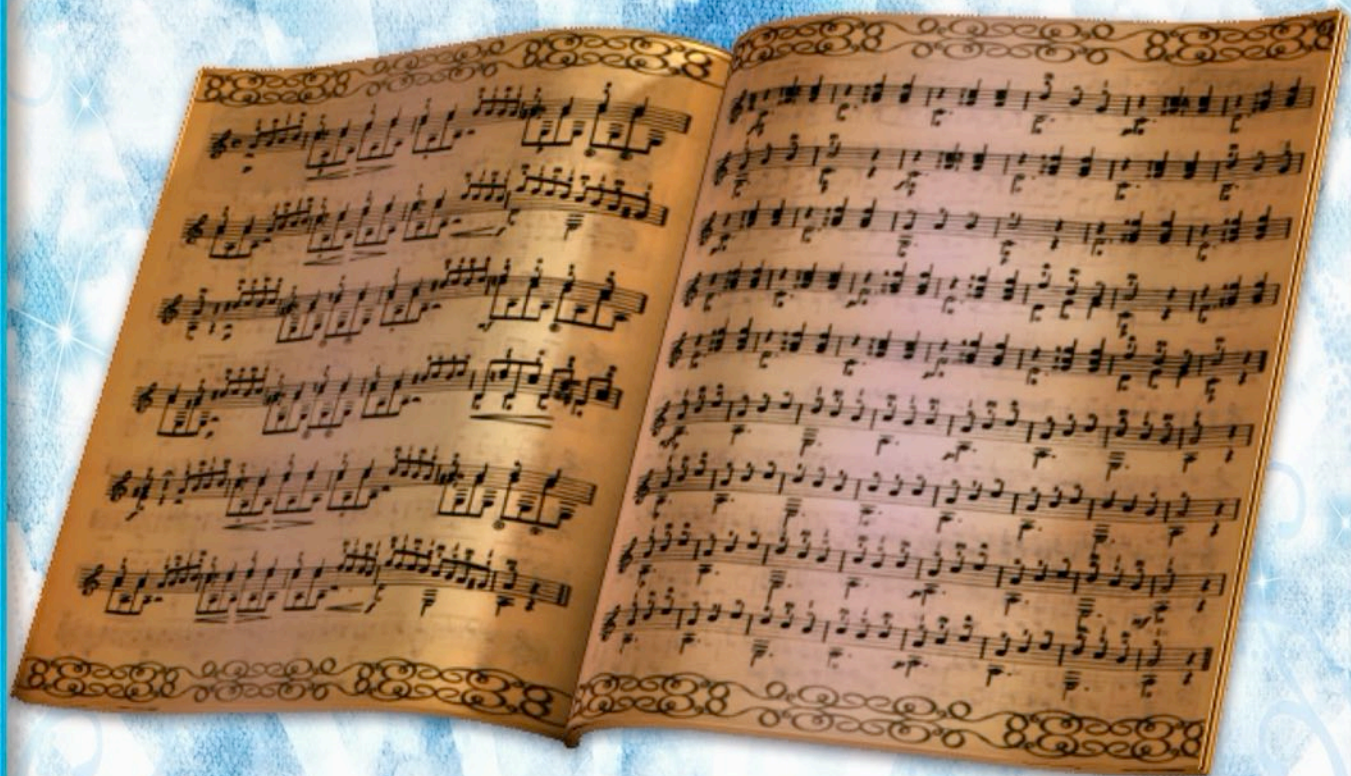
My karma overran the dogma into the ground.



On and on they say of 'Who paved the way,
Then even tell the nature of such 'Theity,
And on and on they presume further upon,
Joining that group called 'On and On Anon'.



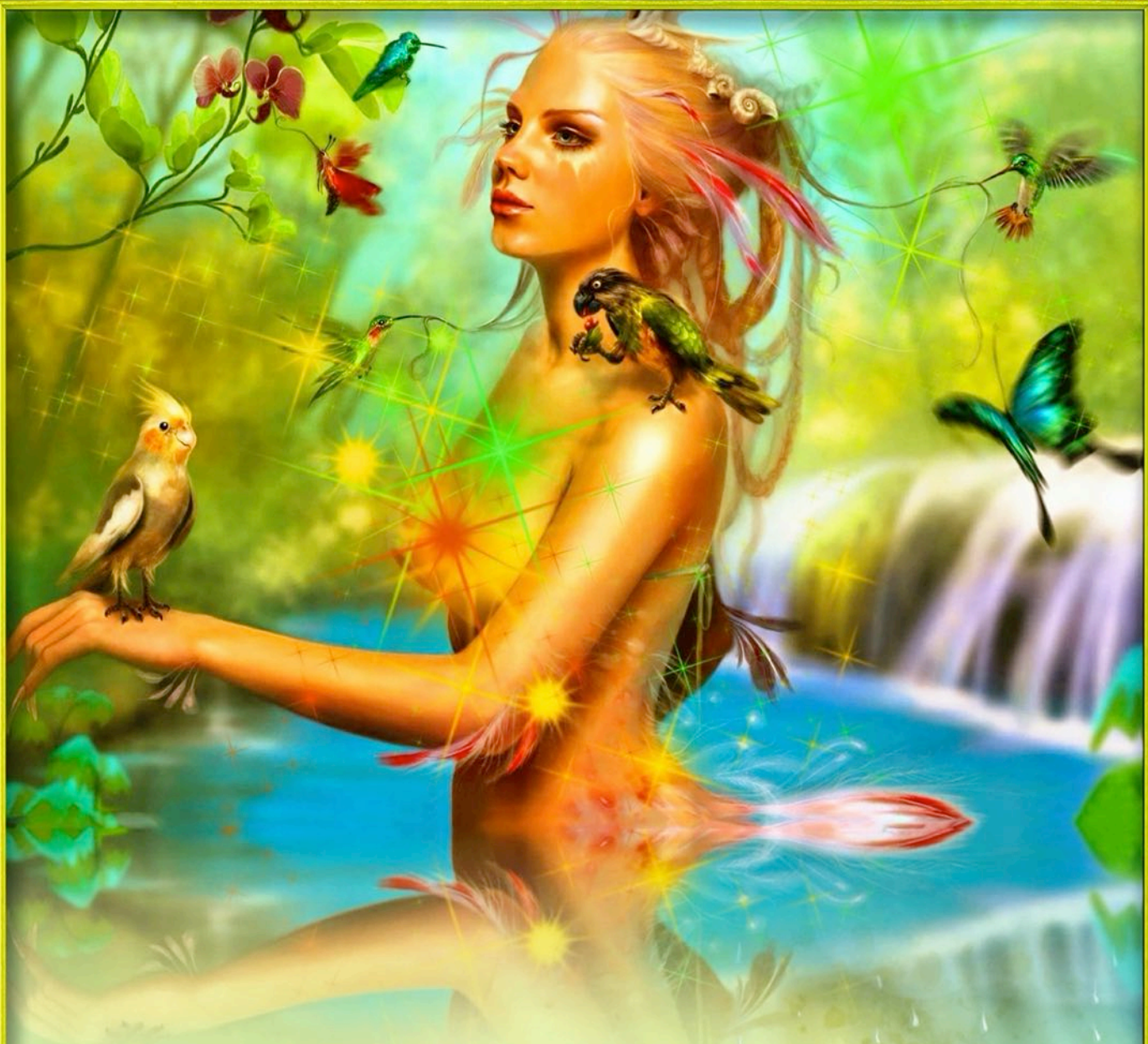
*The Christian concept of reward and punishment
Handed out by an omnipotent, omniscient God,
Is derivative of the family experience—
The child and parent—a conception of our world.*



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.



Object and Subject are of what *Idan* is made,
Qualia brightly floating in *Nature's* shade
Of consciousness, and so then down through history
Duality's track of steps is there to see.



*Now, the surprise: Existence trumps essence!
Essence pales, in stature, to existence,
Even before we know it, which now we do;
'Twas what had to be; life eclipses knowing.*

*Essence's knowing is anti-climax;
It wasn't fancy and complicated,
Nor could it have been—it was the simplest.
'Hereabouts' is where the excitement is.*

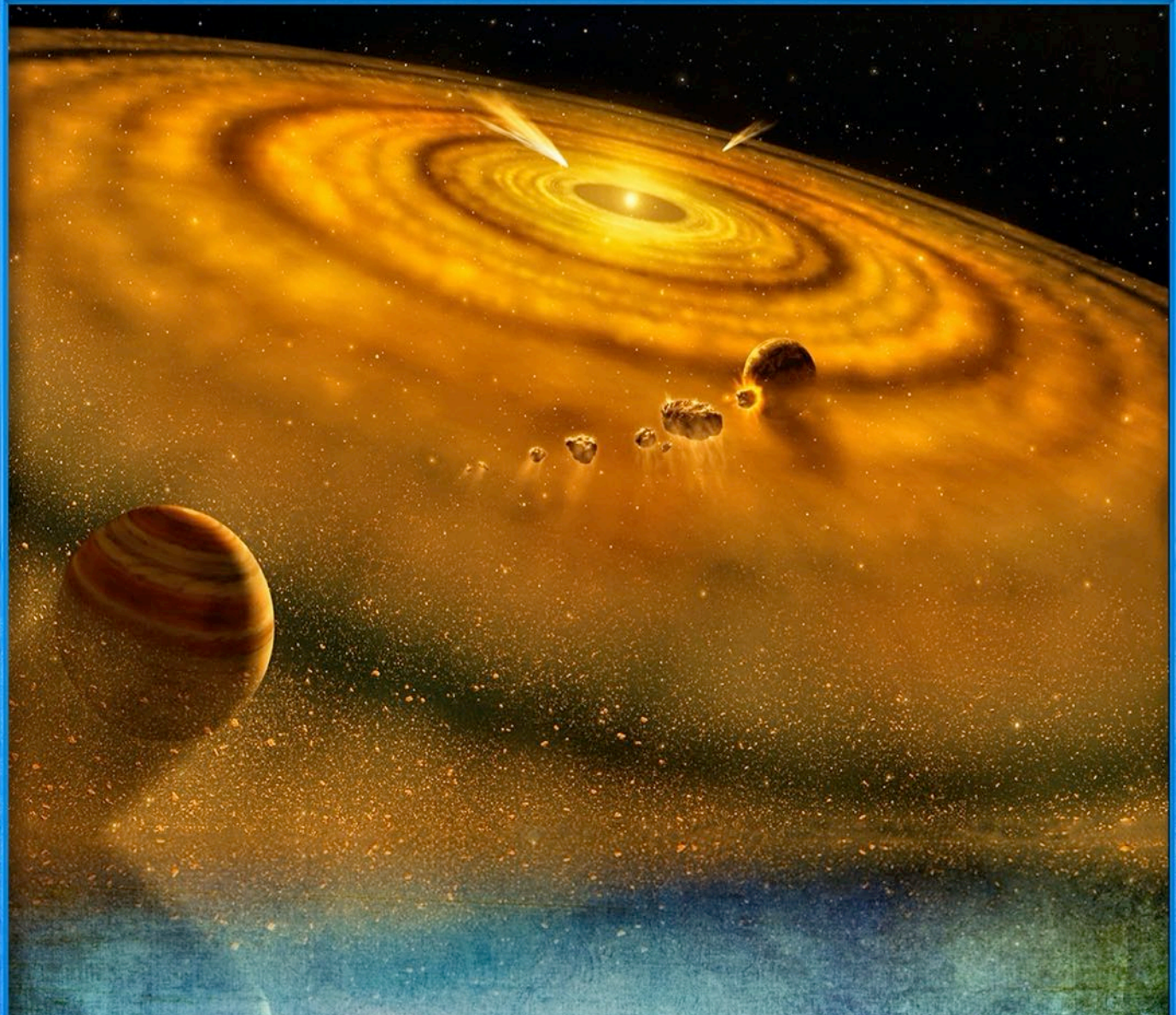



Each holds within itself the seed of the other:

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

Cyclic movement of rotational symmetry.

Rounded life is the blend of Yin/Yang together.



*Nonexistence can't be, nor even meant;
So it is that existence must be here;
There's no other option, by necessity,
And thus herein these pages we learn its ways.*

*Cause and effect must then do what it does,
For all that will be, now, or ever was.
Events, and will, must depend on something,
Or the air-headed chimes would be ringing.*

Time, space, stuff, change, and form are real-ized from

The Fundamental Possibility,
Becoming the penultimate reality,
One possible from the probabilities.

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

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

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

Should we here let go of all our ego?

Not necessarily, for the ego is

An input to our resultant zest for life;
However, take it all in with a grain of salt.

Yea, detach from it all when necessary.

It is as a play within no play,

In no place in no time, as relative.

The timeless=formless is as 'nothingness'.

Enjoy the play that you get to act in,

Sometimes retreating to the back row,

As the distanced audience, witnessing afar,

Finding peace and everlasting gladness.

We are like tourists along for the ride,

And more, as ever within the play.

It's seems new—we're not on the scripted side;

There is fun and enjoyment through the day.

The flowing through all paths of everything
Guarantees that the best solution will be found,
Which beats Intelligence that tries to foresee all,
But never can; nor can the complex be first.

In free space, there can only be two, yes,
Two stable charged matter particles,
The electron and the proton—atoms,
With no lasting uncharged neutron sums!

And so too there can only be but one
Uncharged energy particle:
The photon—one—the sinusoidal wave,
And zero charged energy particles!

Oppositional=transitional schemes
Abound, such as the strong/weak nuclear
Versus the trans electric=magnetic,
And space/matter versus past=now=future.

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

Consciousness mediates thoughts versus outcomes,
And is distributed all over the body,
From the nerve spindles to the spine to the brain—
A way to actionize without moving.

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

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.



*The two brain hemispheres, too, must reflect
The nature of the universe itself,
As the grouping order versus and with
The whole of the symmetry order.*



Afterword

From what 'IS' having no beginning, we can infer not only that Existence has no opposite and is 'ever', but that, with no beginning, there is no point at which any specific direction could have been imparted to it; thus the 'IS' must be potentially Everything, or in slightly more nebulous terms, 'Possibility', which needs not anything before it or outside it, for that would only be of the same.

As such, what 'IS' had no creation, and thus there is no Creator of it, behind it, although some might claim that 'God' always is, in the same manner; however, 'God' is a Person with a system of mind, and that tends to doom the whole idea, reducing to it but being made in man's image, not to mention that systems have parts, those parts necessarily being more fundamental than the system, plus many other problems that we need not get into now.

Other deductions are such as that material must be very easy to come by, given that the Cosmos is so very large, and also, noting that while the large can be so large the small can also be so minuscule, hinting that there may be something to the notion to be looked into that we exist near the central size point, which might be the way it has to be.

Another 'has to' could be that not only does the Cosmos have to be very large because the small can be so very small, but also that it might have to be humongous in order for life to appear, but, then again, Everything would still get to it, no matter the size.

On a down side for 'free will', for some, we also note that since not anything can become of Nothing, there can be no true 'random', as that would be an output from nothing (not that we would want this to make the will free), which impossibility is in line with inputs making for the outputs in everything, which lack of 'free will' is akin to the "predestination" referred to by Omar, although he had 'God' doing it via His All-Seeing Eye.

At any rate, there isn't anything for the will to be 'free' of, anyway, but it sounds like a good thing, on the surface, to many; however, the will is the will, period, and the neural networks therein vote on what to think and do. For those who think this is 'terrible', note that the drop of the other shoe would be worse—that of 'random' actions causing us and nature to lose all consistency.

We, then, did get somewhere, unto the above satisfactions, although we may hit on a brick wall as to the Why, and so we can't know All, there is what the sciences have found since Omar's time, and will find.

Omar was presented with paradoxes, which often appear when myths are made up, which is that the supposed Allah made human nature exactly as He intended, but then, as hard to believe, Allah becomes surprised, angry, or both, at that very human nature expressed, and throws the sinners from Eden, and thus into the throes of death, His actions like those of a "peevish boy".

There's no time like the present, and no present as fine as the time of now, for once it passes it is forever gone, the universe keeping no history.

In another sense, though, the Cosmos' 'history' approximates a history of itself, via everything happening, over and over again.

You'll be back, or close to it, depending on how fine the resolution of reality is, but you won't remember yourself as you were in your previous incarnations. That's the zen of your now and then and when.

What 'IS' can't have a beginning, for existence cannot come from nothing/nonexistence; therefore, 'IS' is ever, with neither beginning nor end, although it's tempting to equate something not coming from anything as to be the same as coming from nothing, defining 'nothing' as 'not anything'; however, it is that existence has no alternative.

Given that Existence has to be, no option, it's not that it is a King or a Ruler born with a silver spoon; it just is, as causeless, and that's an answer of a useful sort to the most often asked question in the history of the world.

Thanks to Johann de Jong for pointing out the "moving finger", and to all those discussing on the Science and Philosophy Forum over the years.

—Austin P Torney

Epilog—Treasures

In this semisecret chamber where I write
Are many fine treasures and gems, old and bright:

I have the lone jewel-encrusted edition
Of the 'Great Omar' from the Titanic
Lying on the floor of the North Atlantic.

Here, as well, Aristotle's 'lost' book,
'Beyond Metaphysics', and, too,
I have some nuggets of gold found
In the original Garden of Eden that I located
In the heart of the Amazon Jungle,
Wherein lie massive fields of Lady's Slippers
And all of the flowers of Paradise.

There, I reached up—
And put the apple back on the tree.

And the Celtic Chronicles, I have, that I found
In an iron box beneath Glastonbury Abbey,
Telling all of the tales from the Dark Ages,
And, from the tomb of the Holy Sepulcher—
The Holy Grail itself.

Here, as well, a sliver of the true cross,
A small vial containing a drop of the Virgin's milk,
A pebble, from a moon rock, given to me
By a polymath who works for the President,
A smart thinking and talking cricket named 'Crick',
The spear tip that pierced the side of the Saviour,
A few molecules of immortal air
From a sealed pyramid chamber in Egypt,



Some secret papers retrieved from the shaft
Of the bottomless CIA trash pit
Of “things that never happened”,

A thriving rose bush, just outside the window,
That was begun from Omar Khayyàm’s rose garden,
‘Flamberge’—Prince Valiant’s ‘Singing sword’
(Twin to ‘Excalibur’),

Thomas Jefferson’s briefcase,
An original and intact Ming dynasty vase,
The third [missing] tablet of the 15 Commandments,

And the solution to gravity,
As it is a means and a reason
For quantum collapse from superposition,
As well as a tennis ball with my initials
Marked on it in a yin-yang style.

Yet, all of these treasures pale in comparison
To reality’s truth unveiled, but do we care about that?

I also have the ‘treasure’ of a preliminary,
But solid indication of why the Cosmos’ exists,
Which Lisa Randall was nice enough to give me
From the LHC’s latest analysis.

I am now holding part of a brick that came from
Nero’s very recently discovered revolving banquet hall
That kept pace with the turn of the Earth.

I am about to ponder the existence of this brick,
But that would probably be too disruptive to my life,
So I’m going out to date some old fossil instead...



I'm back—and she is very young at heart
And quite exciting, so we are trying to tone it down
By smoking some pot and pondering the brick.
Just kidding.

Actually, I'm thinking of the Library of Congress,
For I heard that it has five hundred miles of stacks.

It began anew, after burning by the British,
When Thomas Jefferson
Donated his personal library.
I found his personal diary
In the lining of his brief case.

It said the founding fathers wanted to retain a Deity
To save the new nation from the religious
Superstitions associated with a Theity.

I hold in my hand a bone from
Early sapiens or of proto-man.
He is not gone, though,
But lives on in your heart and mine,
As in him lived all those before
In which the universe itself came to life. Amen.

Yet, all of these treasures pale in comparison
To reality's truth unveiled...

Why Anything?

The human condition is such
That it often just prematurely halts at a word,
Such as 'God', for the believers,
Or 'consciousness' or 'infinity', for anyone.



The Cosmos or its basis, meaning All,
Not just our locality or universe,
Must be ever, or it wouldn't be every-when,
As well as all there is, or it wouldn't be everywhere,
And so the prime and causeless mover
Must have these attributes,
Requiring nothing else but itself.

Nor can the ultimate basis be a complex composite,
For these are not fundamental, but come later.
The basis must be the simplest elemental state.

As for matter, it has many particulars,
Such as its total amount
and its individual properties
Of spin, charge, form, size, mass, location,
Matter vs. antimatter state, and other specifics,
Or limitations, such as
That there are only two stable matter particles,
The electron/positron and the proton/antiproton,
And only one stable energy particle, the photon.
(Neutrons decay.)

We cannot just stop at the word 'matter'
And just say that it is what was around forever,
For one simply cannot have an eternal something
Already made and defined in all of its particulars
Without it ever having been made and defined
In the first place that never was.

Impossible.

So, where does this leave us?
We are fine, for there is/was literally nothing
To make the original stuff of, anyway.



Well, the vacuum fluctuates,
Making the vacuum only a 'vacuum'.
Movement is natural, not stillness.

Look about; there are particles
Of opposite polarity of charge
And matter/antimatter states;

The weak force opposes the strong force;
The positive kinetic energy of stuff is canceled
By the negative potential energy of gravity, etc.,

For an equation of a zero balance
Has to replace the cause and effect
That could not have gone on forever beneath.

It is the opposite polarity of charge
That nullifies all of existence in the overview,
But not in actuality, for nothing cannot be.

Zero-sum physics perhaps started here:
Einstein as a near traffic fatality...

*George Gamow told in his book, 'My World Line',
How he was conversing with Albert Einstein
While walking through Princeton in the 1940s.*

*Gamow casually mentioned
that one of his colleagues [Pascual Jordan]
had pointed out to him that according
To Einstein's equations a star could be created
Out of nothing at all, because [at point zero]
Its negative gravitational energy [mass defect]
Precisely cancels out [is equal to]
Its positive mass energy [rest mass].*



*"Einstein stopped in his tracks," says Gamow,
"And, since we were crossing a street,
Several cars had to stop to avoid running us down".*

Now that we know of this zero-balance requirement,
We might use it as a reason
For the necessity of conservation laws.

What about the word 'eternal' or 'forever'?
We need go on to the implications,
For forever systems are their own precursors.
No first matter making light;
No first light making matter.
No first anything.

How? Opposite pair production, perhaps,
Or that infinity times zero = one;
Take your pick.

Boundless space, overall electric neutrality,
And conservation of charge,
momentum, and energy
Leads inexorably to barely nothing, really.

The zero-equation is the reason
The universe is the way it is,
The reason why the universe
Must be the way it is,
And the reason why it is.

It is the perfect zero-sum equation.
Zero and infinity, the smallest and the largest,
Both lead to nonexistence,
And so our finite existence cannot be there,
But must be at its midpoint.



Zero and infinity lead to many
Of the same problems in algebra and cosmology.
They are the same thing: nonexistence.

The deathly spiral of paradox ever follows
The carving of wishes into the stone hollows
Of dogma forever blocked from the allowables.

The believing dance grinds to the elemental
Of that Being who can never be fundamental.
All such tales of original stuff made of love
End where there's nothing to make it of.





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

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

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

Some simple substances gave rise to everything,
Chosen as probable above the rest—
Known all-at-once that it would be the best—
The most promising—the possible ones.

As to how complex, there is no limit
But to collapse into a black hole;
The smallest of all is the planck distance,
So size is absolute, not relative.

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.



**THE SUPER TOE IS CAUSELESS,
THUS, THAT IS THE SUPER TOE!**

Our train of thought has driven us to the answer,
Of all that borne from near 'nothing' onto eternity,
Of the origin of the original disorder,
The lone dawn of our trackless radix,
Via the rails and tunnels that ever ran out:

There cannot be ever more and more
Causes beneath even more extended causes;
Therefore, intuitive or not, the causeless is,
Being such as what we observe it in the quantum.

Thus, cause is only of our higher realm,
As downward thence to its root emergence—
'Possibility' needed no mother but itself;
An egg burst open, born without a chicken.

The causeless bottom is the potential
Of possibility that is/was ever there.

Since it's 'defined' as an undefined chaos,
There's no problem of no initial definition had,
Since it can't have one and so it needs not any.

Things themselves become and go of 'virtual' potential,
Some things remaining as the rather-enduring real.

The potential is as near to simple as it gets,
Second only to the nonexistent Nothing, of course.

So, then, the potential is of no mind or 'seeing',
For that thought system can never be constituted,
As there are no more fundamentals upon more;
For, the Potential is already the ultimate basis.



Simple things ever combine, and further up,
And/or go must through phase changes,
Leading to more complex composites/forms.

Stillness, not existing at all,
and not even being able to,
But, perhaps threatening to,
is the simplest state of all,
So, it must ever jiggle about,
manifesting as loose 'change'.

You might say, then, that, that is exactly why
There had to be the potential for things;
Otherwise... A lack of anything, forever.

We have now reached the unexpected TOE,
One that even satisfies the ongoing trend,
For, looking down, we've always observed
The ever descending simplicity of Nature.

Now, as such, we can't really expect to find
An Ultimate Complexity sitting
Around there at the simplest point.

We didn't find Mind there;
Thus, we are ever free to be.

This causeless bottom 'fate'...
Was/is, too, a 'magical' state,
For anything could become of it.

'Possibility' is what's fundamental,
For all that can be must first be possible.
This 'Potential' for All is the default,
Since a Not can't be, or even be meant.