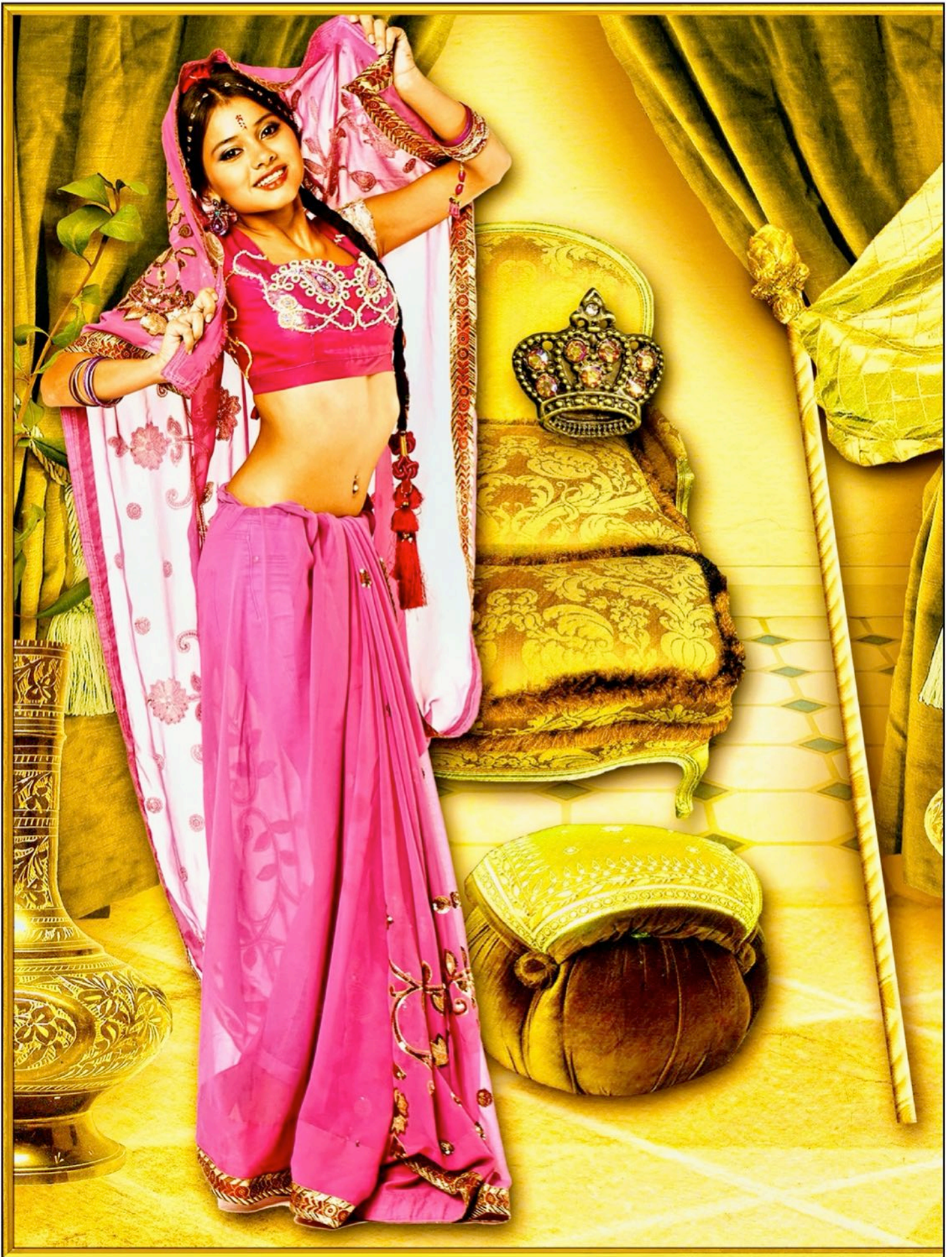


Today's Rubiayat: The Art Scapes

Austin P. Torney







Today's Rubaiyat: Illuminations



Austin D. Torney

Prologue

This work contains my rubaiyat, the first of a series, illustrated with art from DAZ3D. These are new quatrains, not translations of Omar Khayyàm's Rubàiyàt.

As for Omar, he has indeed achieved immortality, since his spirit and words yet resist death by living on in our writings and readings. Thus inspired, I have endeavored to capture Omar's spirit, for more modern times, to create these new quatrains, although I have surely been influenced by Edward FitzGerald's translated gems.

There is also a prose version, 'The Triumph of Life, Love, and Being', in which a loving couple takes a long, picaresque journey through the countryside to explore the joys and follies of the human condition.

The Discovery

Long before I'd ever heard of Omar Khayyàm, I had, apparently, come to some of the same conclusions as had he, or so my friend told me one day, saying that I was already living out and proving Omar's philosophy. Amazed that I hadn't heard of Omar, my friend gave me a copy of the Rubàiyàt, one of those charming small sized editions from the late 1800's. Of course the Rubàiyàt stuck a chord in me which was already resonating to Omar's frequency, so, I read it cover to cover several times, with both wonderment and understanding.



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.





Whens

Life is a web, of whos, whys, whats, and hows,
Stretched in time between eternal boughs.

Gossamer threads bear the beads that glisten,
Each minute a sequence of instant nows.



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.



A Question of Life or Death

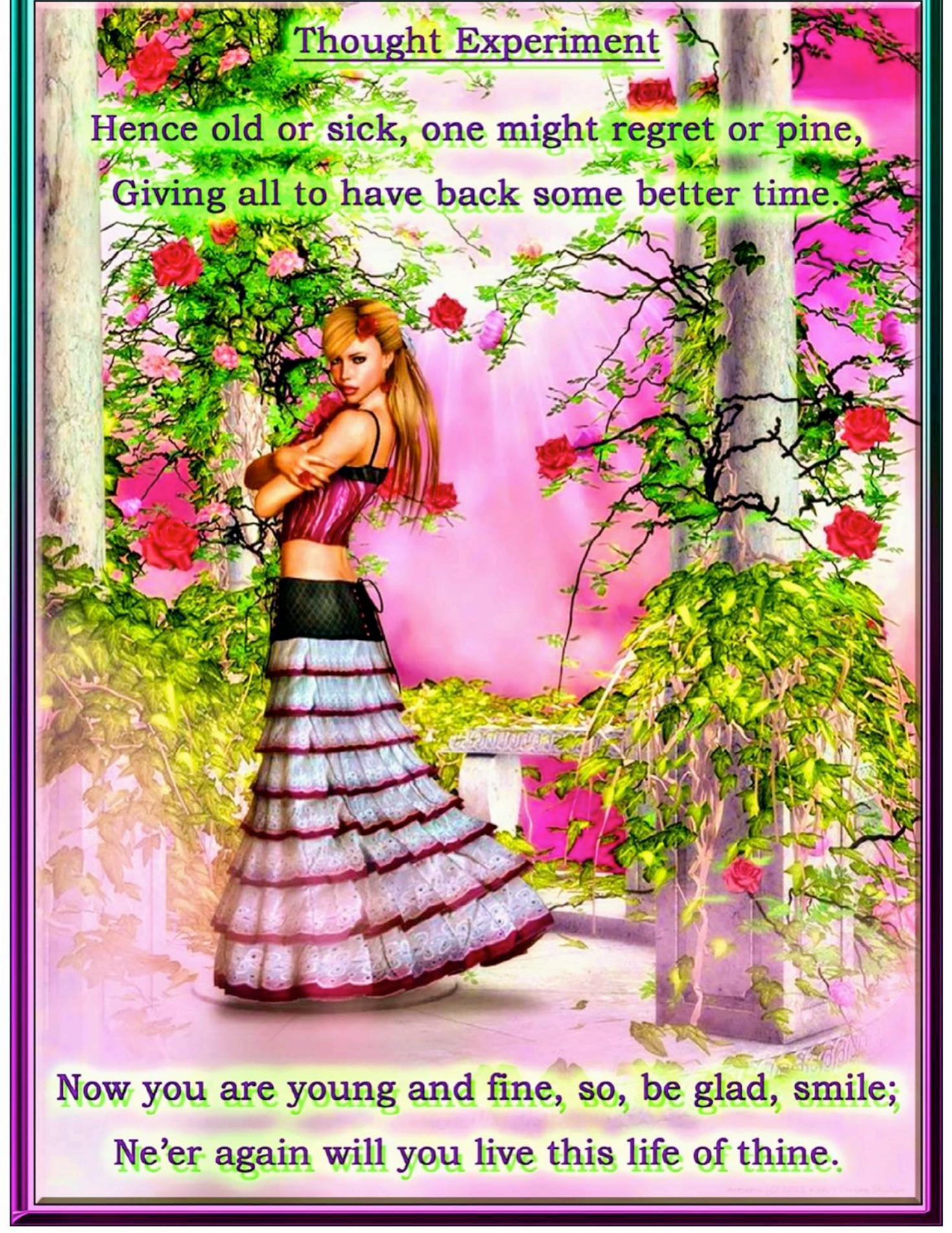
Since death is a certain fate on the Earth,
One might ask: *How shall I live my worth?*

Stay busy living, or you'll be dying.

The answer please? There's life after birth!

Thought Experiment

Hence old or sick, one might regret or pine,
Giving all to have back some better time.

A woman with long blonde hair, wearing a black and purple top and a long, multi-layered ruffled skirt, stands in a garden. She is looking back over her shoulder. The garden is filled with green foliage and numerous red roses. The background is a soft, pinkish-purple gradient. The entire scene is framed by a decorative border.

Now you are young and fine, so, be glad, smile;
Ne'er again will you live this life of thine.

The Fluttering Songbird of Youth

The child in us was warm, playful, and bold,
But vanished, ere we knew, leaving us cold.

Now this we know: The day we stop being
Playful is the day we start to get old.


Self-Less

When younger, I knew not my elder same,
But, as older, I tell my younger same
That youth must be young; she knows not my name!
It is my younger self that is to blame.



Queen for a Day

A rose's prime lasts for but an hour of morn—



Flowering and free, then fragile and forlorn,
The petals float to earth, and there signify
That beauty's past, for all that's left is the thorn.

About Time

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



The Facts of Life

Fresh winds make love to the blossoms of May,
As spring flowers reach for the light of day,

Drinking deep draughts of life's sunny delight—
Meadows burst with the joy of love's bouquet.

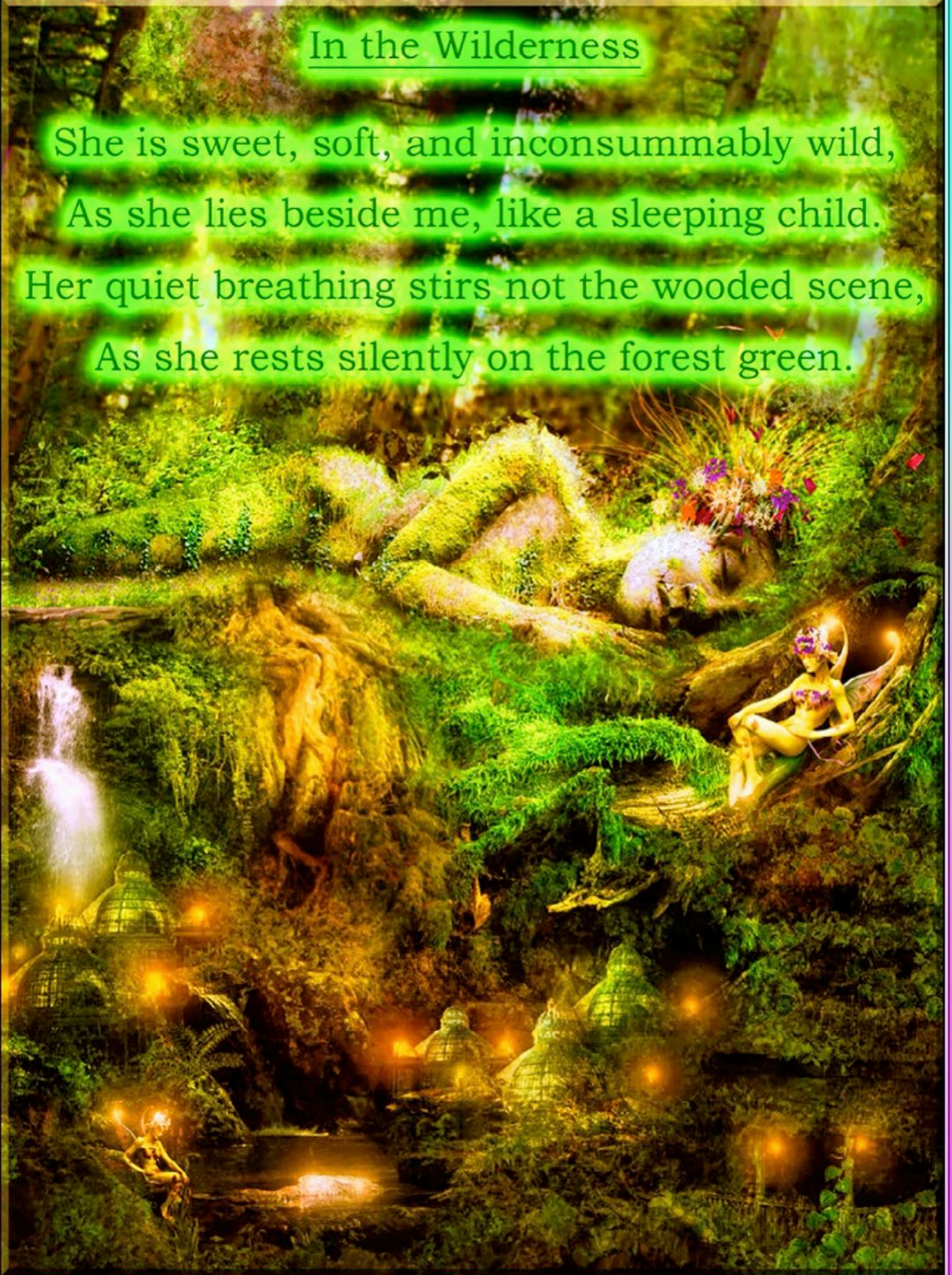
For-Rest

With her I stroll the wooded scene,
Beholding forest wonders seldom seen;
The leaves breathe deep, of the wandering airs,
With the growth of spring thrust upon them green.



In the Wilderness

She is sweet, soft, and unconsummably wild,
As she lies beside me, like a sleeping child.
Her quiet breathing stirs not the wooded scene,
As she rests silently on the forest green.



Wine, Bread, and Thou

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



Under the Bough

Above us, the branches slowly sway, and fan

Away the little creatures that try to land.

The trickling waters play tinkling lullabies,

While flocks of returning geese fly the skies.



Signs of Life

Throughout the day we sit beside a brook,



Reading with life its most wonderful book,
Then sleep with each other, in a sweet nook,
And this of her and me was all it took.



Seeing Us

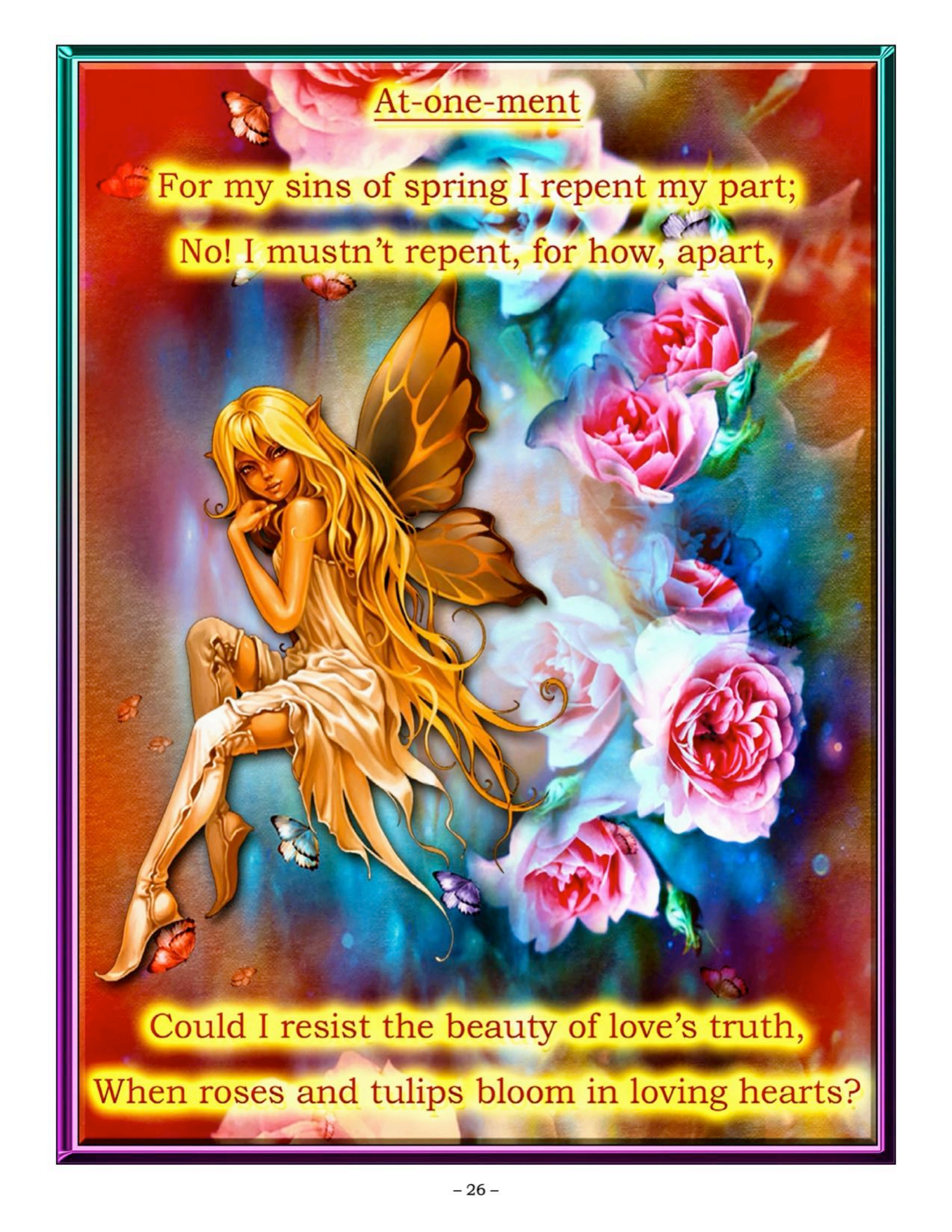
A fish swims in the reflected sky;
Sunset's image burns the water dry.
I look in the pond, but see her face,
For we have merged in love, she and I.



Resonance

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





At-one-ment

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?

Intellectual Beauty

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



Fountain of Light

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



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!

Thought-Full



Insight stabs the utter darkness of nought,
As ideas that wink in the mind as thought.

This is the only knowledge to be known;
All else is aforethought or afterthought.

Sci-fi

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.

We are the Cosmos

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.

A woman with long, wavy brown hair, wearing a pink dress and a headband with a flower, sits on a large, gnarled tree branch. She is holding a glowing yellow flower in her hands. The background is a magical forest with vibrant green and blue lighting. A wooden bridge is visible in the distance. The scene is framed by a decorative border.

Unheard From

Don't let life's noise bother you, day and night.
Find some secret place, far from the spotlight,
Where silence can't be drowned, where you can hear
The voice of your inner chorus singing outright.





Sanctifier

The soul to solitude does oft retire
When the noise of life sets the nerves on fire.
There the rhythmic songs of nature inspire;
One senses the vibrance of the inner choir.





Best Friend

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.

Recipe

Sunbeams, breezes, dewdrops everywhere,



Nature, love, friends, sensation, adventure;

We have it all; four elements are there:

Life's a mix of earth, fire, water, and air.

Grateful Prayer

The blood runs warm with the sun's heat at noon;

The spirit is swept by the swelling moon;




Air surrounds us; The ocean flows through us.

Earth's rhythm is always playing our tune.

Balance

Not quite sober blessed nor drunk to excess;
Never too foolish nor very reckless—



Ah, life's passion is so reasonable
In this delicate state of awareness.

The Union Begets All

There's a subtle, interlinked complexity of
Life, a relation that unites the world in love:



The earth is our mother, sustaining from below;
The sky is our father, nourishing from above.







A Word's Girth

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

Sum of the Parts

Life must be more like a mosaic done,

Than a focused laser tunnel of sun.

Since few lengthy pleasures are lent to us,

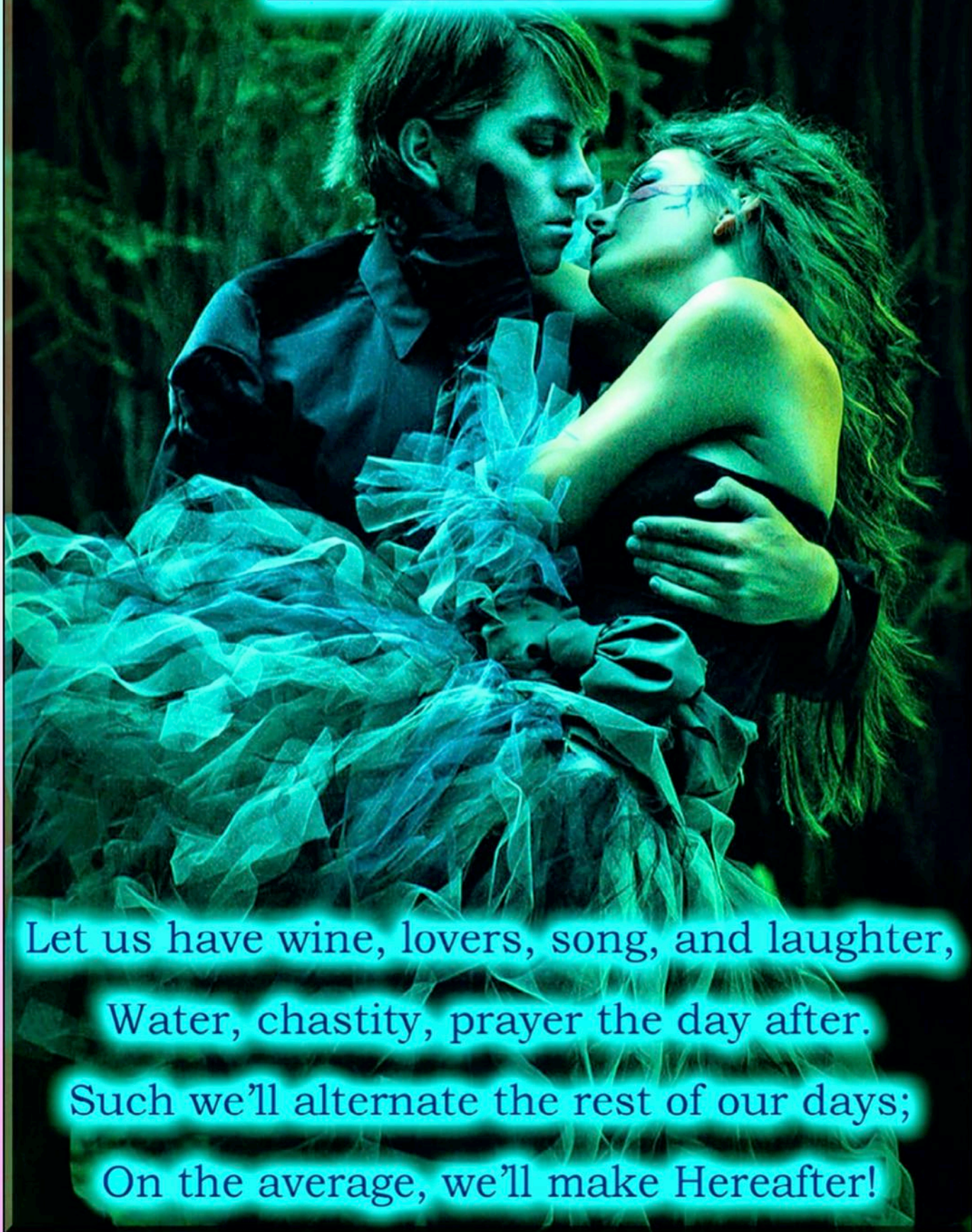
We build stained-glass windows of small ones.

Living on the Edge

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

For the greatest blunder in life is to
Repeatedly fear that we might make one.

Byron's Golden Mean



Let us have wine, lovers, song, and laughter,
Water, chastity, prayer the day after.
Such we'll alternate the rest of our days;
On the average, we'll make Hereafter!



Wholeness

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



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.

Perfect Balance

Edges dissolve when opposites are balanced;
Time and dimensional space are transcended.



Everything joins, yet remains as itself,
For what 'is not' is as great as what 'is'.

Blend in Unity



Strive for a dynamic balance, of light
And dark, Yin and Yang, and wrong and right.
Reality is found not in separate actions,
But in related events blended in twilight.

One and the Same

Opposites are just a different view



Of one fundamental phenomenon:

Light, beauty, and goodness are the inverse

Sides of darkness, ugliness, and evil.

“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?

The Bird of Time



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

Looking Down the Road

Quick-walker down the morning path gazes,
To where she'll be when the next trail blazes.
Do we, too, whom this moment calls her own,
Stare past the scene into hazy mazes?



Drink Deep

To the morning-star we must say *Good-bye*,
For the sun's fire now lights up the whole sky.
Vapors quickly ascend toward heaven's dome.
Drink; ere life's dew on the flower be dry!



Potent Spirit

In the night lies the healthy breath of morn;



The giant oak sleeps within the acorn;
The flower waits for spring inside the seed;
And so, too, in a daydream, is life born.

Blurry

Long we give our time to worry's hurry,
Going breathless back and forth in scurry,
Making a living, but having no life,

Cold, unseeing, blinded by the flurry.

Remnant

In our youth, we heard life's call clear and plain;
Life was for living; hope and dreams became!
Ere we are aware, the echoes fade;
The regret that's left does alone remain.



A stone wall with a circular window, autumn decorations, and pumpkins. The scene is illuminated with warm, golden light, suggesting a sunset or moonrise. The window is framed by a decorative arch of bricks. The foreground features a checkered stone floor and a pile of pumpkins and autumn leaves. The text is overlaid on the image in a glowing yellow font.

Walled In

If we're a captive of the lifeless day,

A wall around us, brick by brick, will weigh.

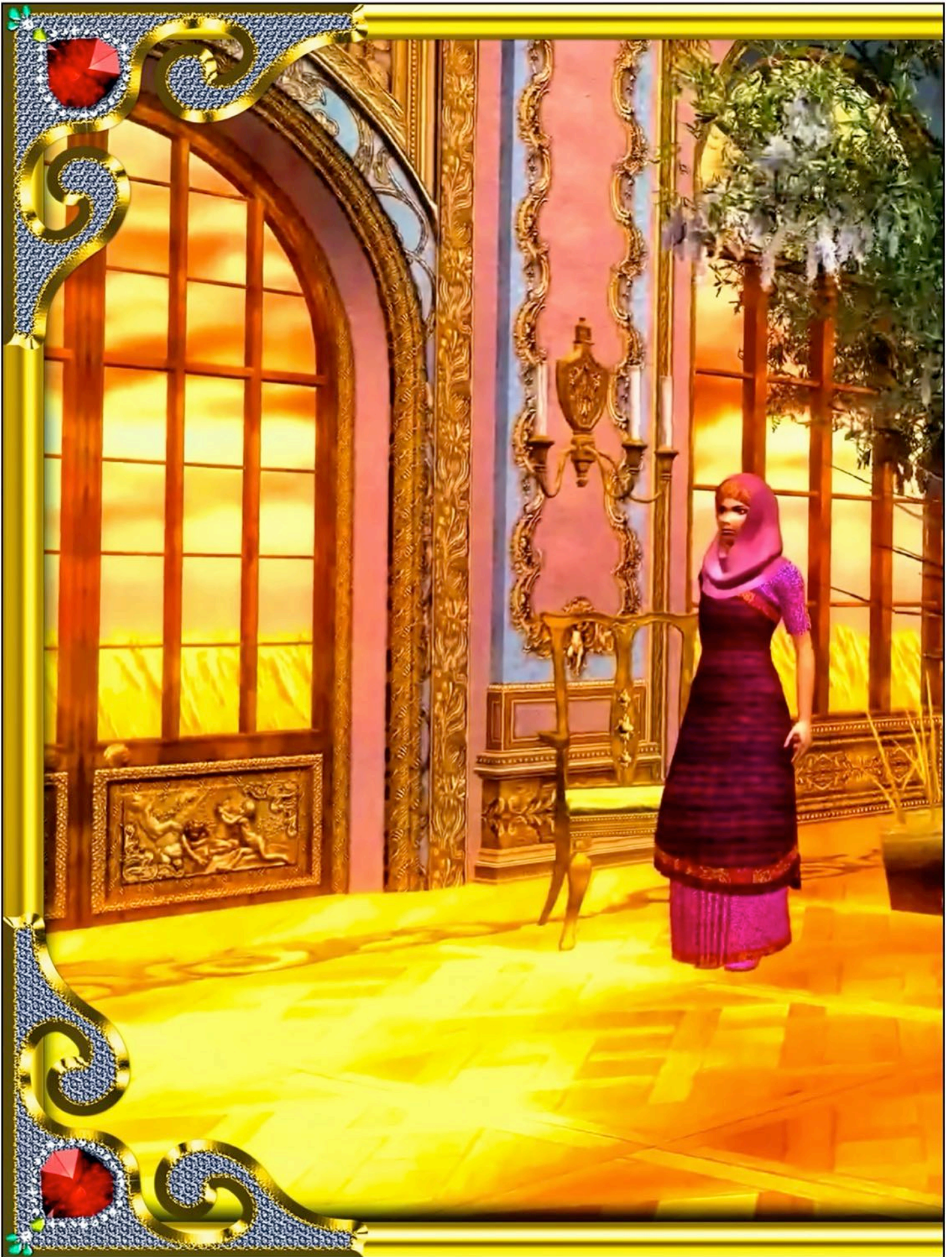
Habited we'll stay until, one day,

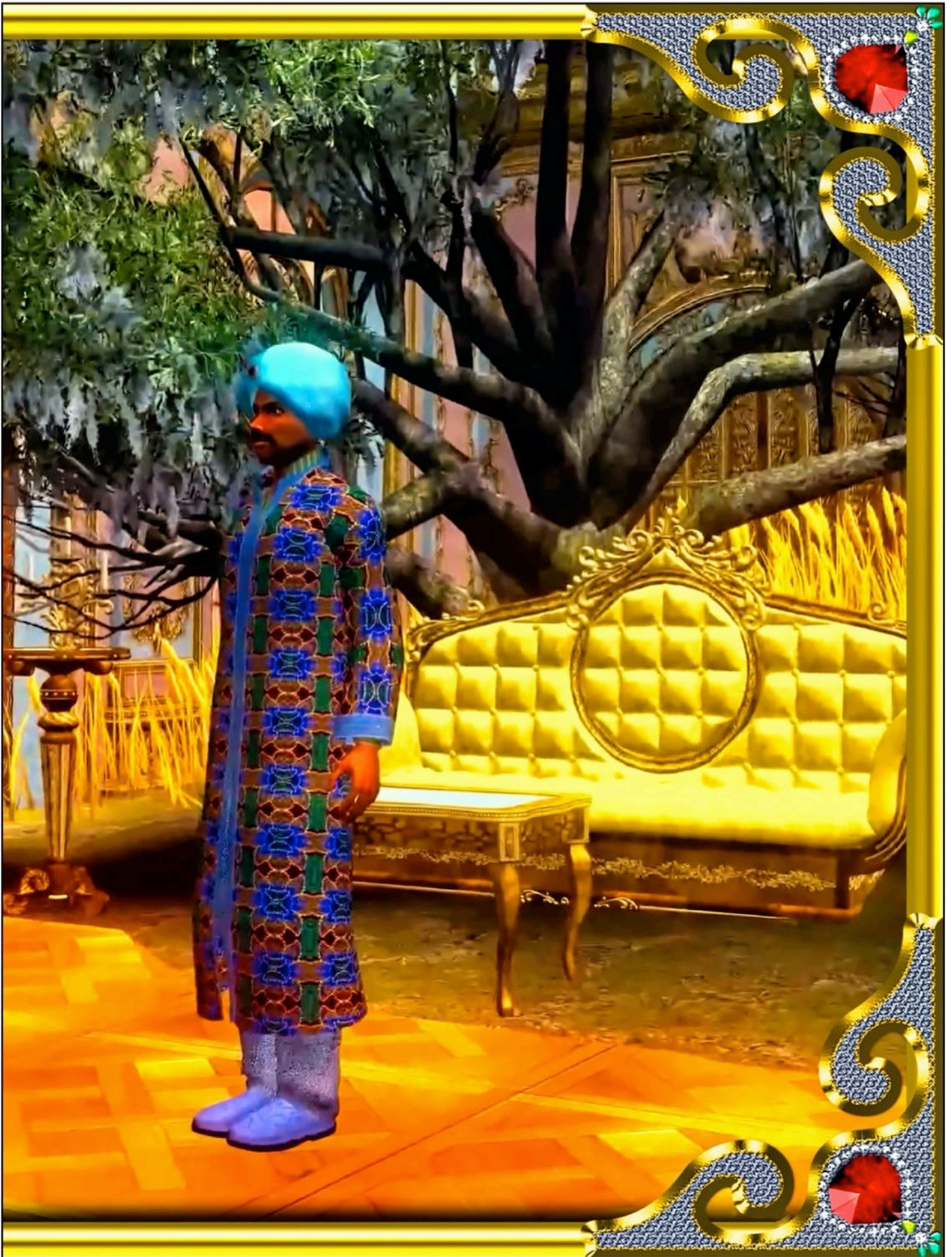
Bricks will be moulded from our dusty clay.

Whence and Whither Flown

Oh, how life is frittered and thrown away
By running back and forth, this and that way,
In vain pursuit of meaningless details,

When simpler lives can be had, straight away!





Re-Versed

No time to taste life's joy or read a verse?
Too busy for friends? Rushing for the hearse?

Then life's lost in the living; that's the curse.
Pause; save a life: simplify, start anew, reverse.

Return from Oblivion

Hectic and hurried, we rush to success.

Serenity can't find us, unless

We slow down, see shades, hear tones, feel textures,

Smell scents, and enjoy life's loving caress.

The Absence of Light

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

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

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

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



Illume

Waste not the time of this life in gloom's doom!

By these verses, your lamp of life relume:

“This live body, full of warmth and bloom,

Is worth ten thousand lying in the tomb.”



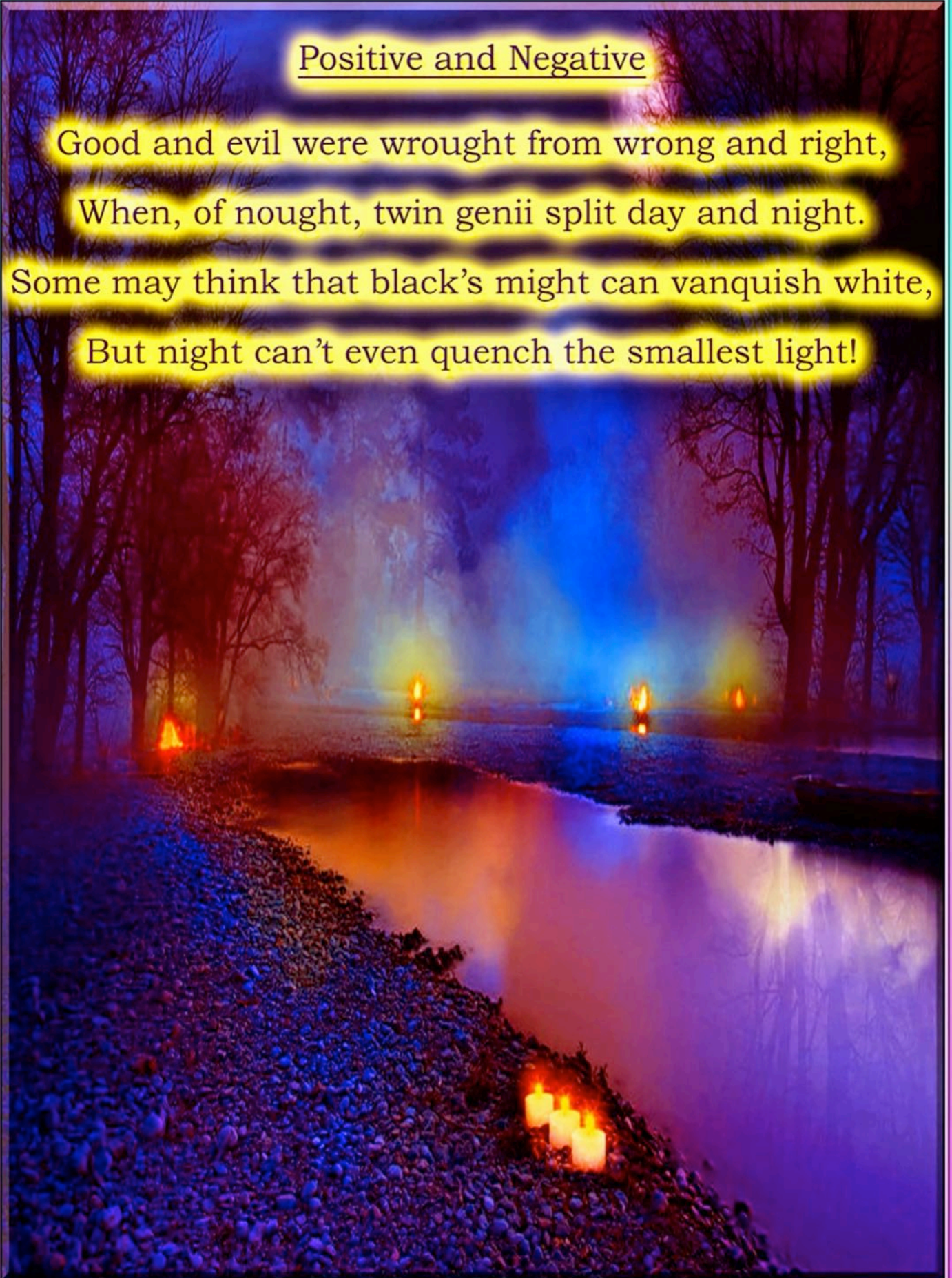
The Simple Truth

After the old excuses we still retell,

And all new advice we as yet expel,
One lone truth remains, undeniable:
There is no excuse for not living well!

Positive and Negative

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



Heaven Found



Purgatory's on Venus, where sulfurs rain.

Hell's found in the sun's heart—hot burning pain!

Of Heaven's site, no one has an idea;

It's the world's best kept secret: Earth's its name!

The Best of All Worlds

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

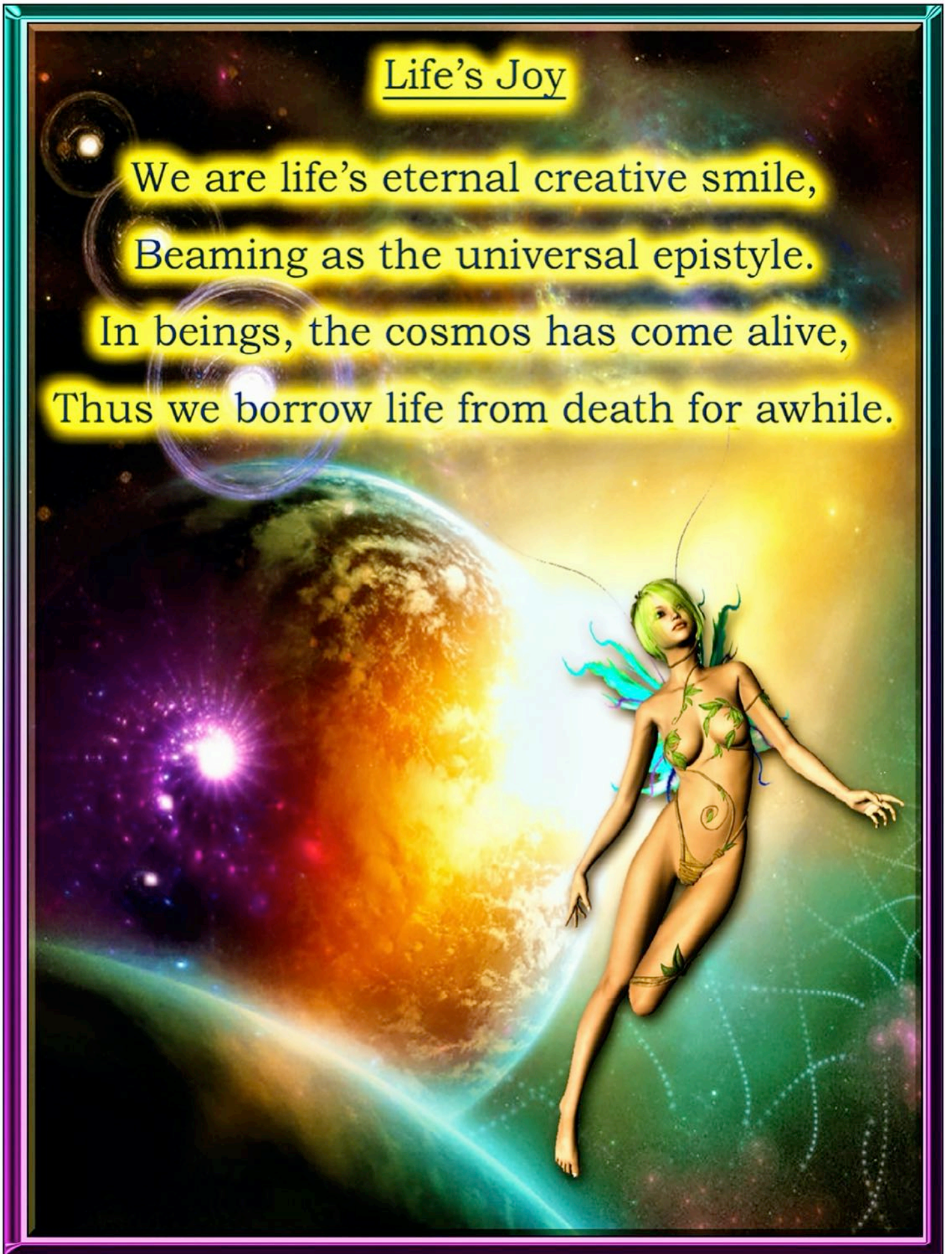


My Painted Out My Soul

Life's Joy

We are life's eternal creative smile,
Beaming as the universal epistyle.

In beings, the cosmos has come alive,
Thus we borrow life from death for awhile.



Earth-Bound

In Heaven, desired pleasures fall like rain,
Or so we dream, to avoid mortal pain;
But, we needn't wait for some promise beyond,
Since on Earth, enjoying life, we have the same!



Not So Remarkable After All

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



A Little Bit of Nothing

Such from nothing was written our account,



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

Black-Out

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



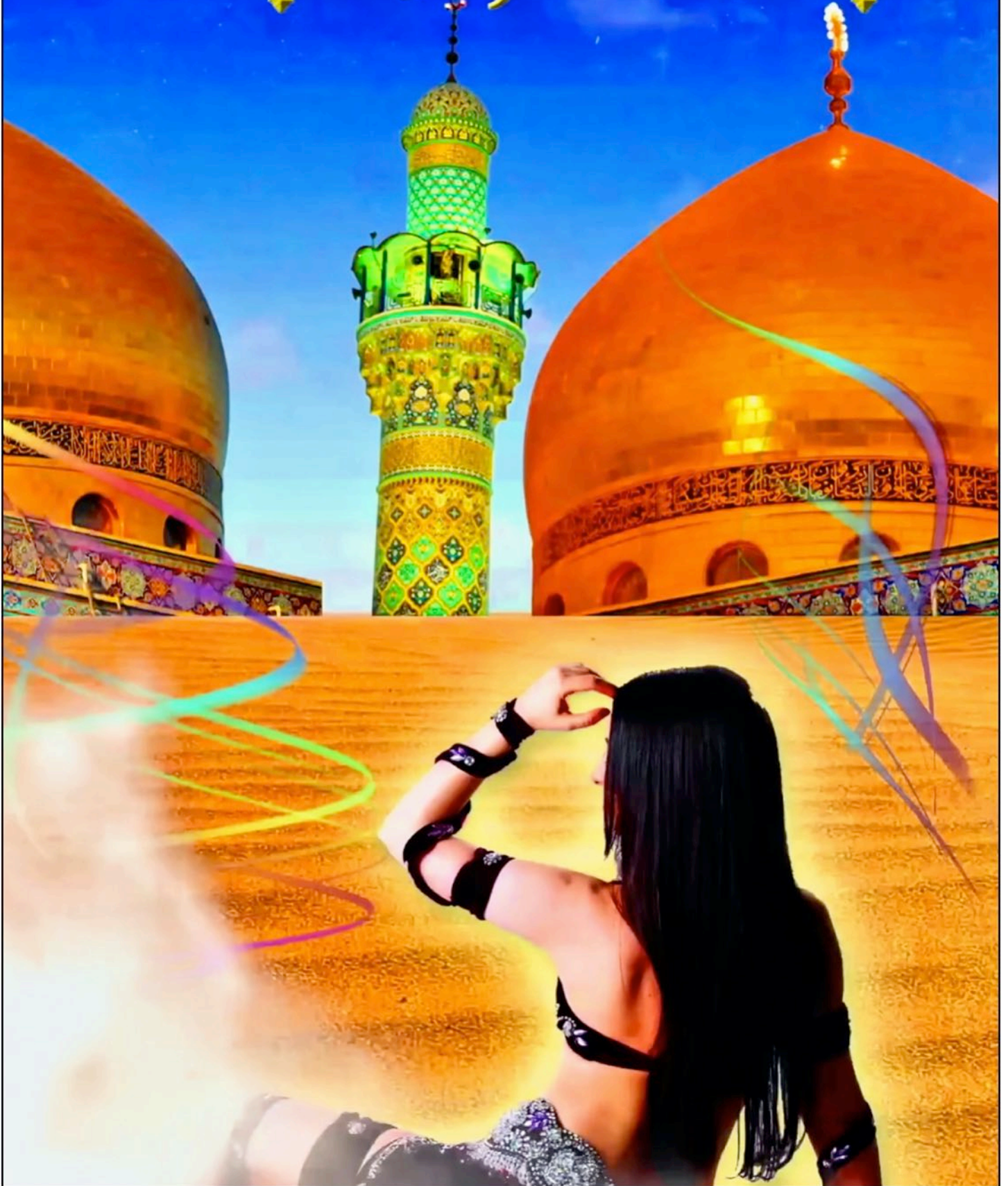
Poet Tree

Where go the leaves of yesterday, we say,
Aft winter comes and crumbles them away?
They, like us, turn to dust—rejoin the clay,
To rise someday, from unremembered lay.





Persia - Fumes



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.



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.




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RavenMoonDesigns



A romantic scene in a lush forest. A man with long brown hair, wearing a tan tunic and dark pants, is kneeling on the ground, holding the hand of a woman. The woman has long blonde hair, wears a green dress with a matching cape and a crown of white flowers. They are standing in a clearing with a waterfall in the background and various flowers in the foreground. The scene is framed by a blue and purple border.

In Love

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



Do It

'Twas a time before birth when we were not;

'Twill be a time again when we are not.

From Death our life is a borrowed debit;

Let's spend it, living it to our credit.

Visitation

Heaven rains forth its blessings from above,
In forms of peace, serenity, and love;



Well, either I am lucky, charmed, or both,
For these are the things I was dreaming of.

Life Savor

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



I wish to thank thee for the living wine.
Oh, Nature, Father Time, Guiding Star,
Thanks for throwing us this earthly lifeline.

Abloom

At first, we sleep in our dear mother's womb;

At last, we sleep in the cold silent tomb.

In between, Life whispers a dream that says,

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




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.

Fear Less

I fear not death, Heaven, or even Hell,



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

Making Luck

Life roots fast in the fertile cracks of day,
From seeds planted along the rocky way.
Like artisans, we mix our work and play,

Nurturing, then harvesting life's bouquet.

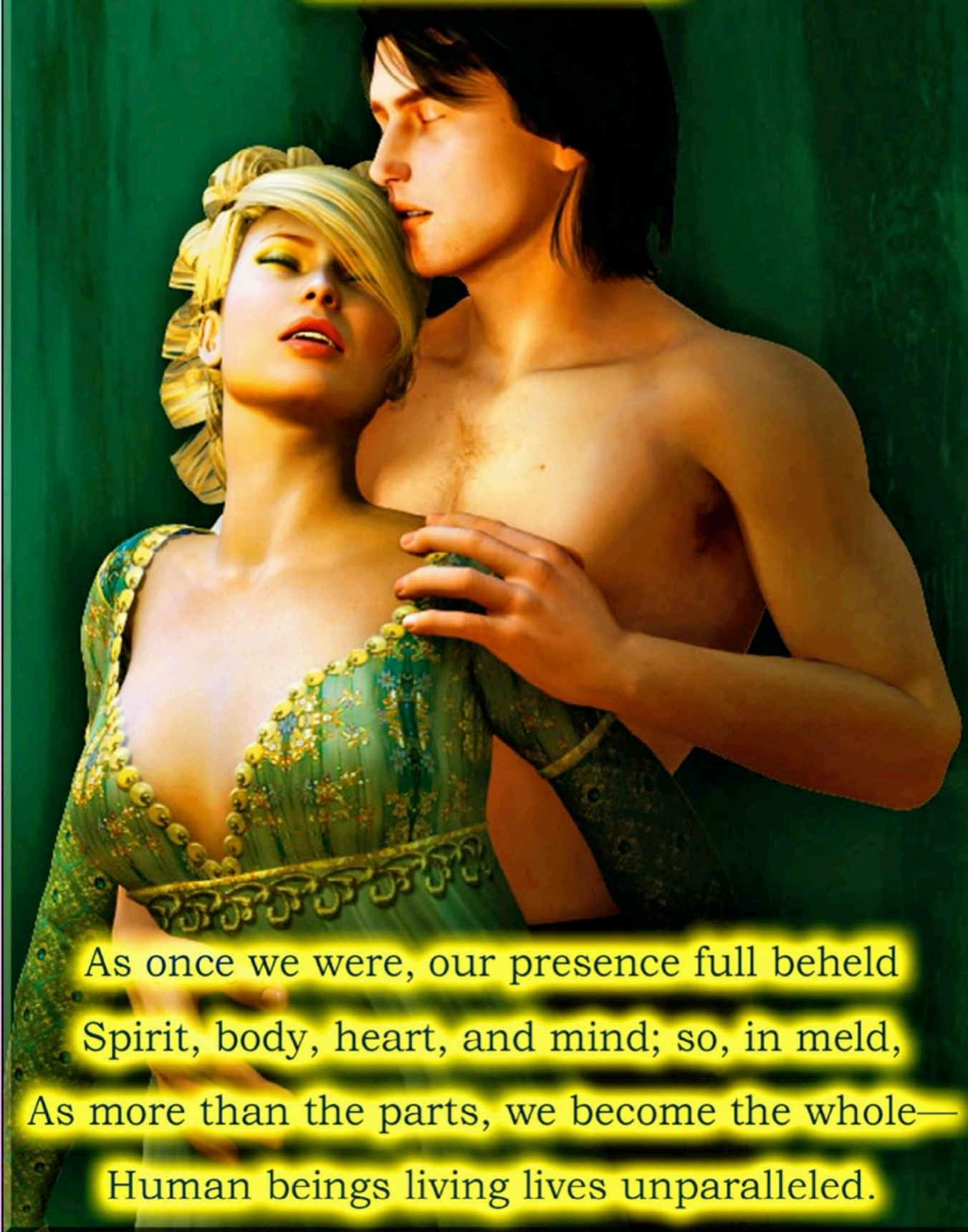


The Pot and the Rainbow

Which of the following is more worthwhile:
The rainbow or the gold under its smile?

Well, the rainbow is here and now; the pot
May not turn out to be worth the miles.

Getting It Together



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

A woman with long brown hair, wearing a dark, corset-style outfit with lace and ribbons, stands in the center. She is positioned in front of a large, ornate clock face with numbers 1, 2, 8, 10, and 11 visible. The clock face is set against a background of golden gears and a cracked, textured surface. The entire scene is framed by a blue and purple border.

The Time is Now

Can we seize what's flown or yet to be sown?
No! So fill the cup and drink-in what's known!
Since the past dies as the future becomes,
Now's the only time we can call our own!

Future Interest Penalty

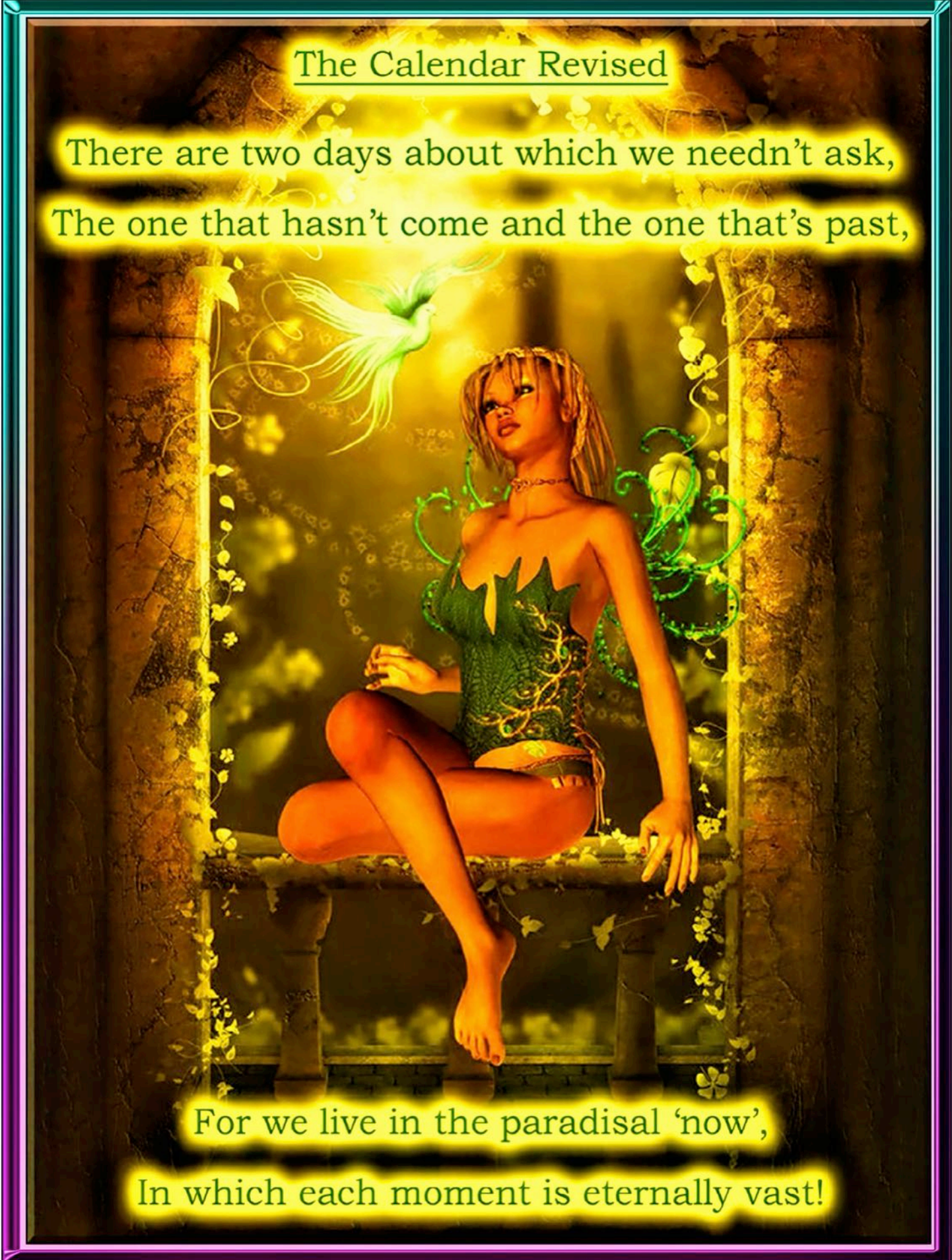
Let not the certainty of the present be



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

The Calendar Revised

There are two days about which we needn't ask,
The one that hasn't come and the one that's past,



For we live in the paradisaal 'now',
In which each moment is eternally vast!

Where is Life?

How wondrous this! How mysterious that!
There's nowhere else to look for life's impact;

We must experience the wonder and
Mystery of life in every single act.

Dead or Alive?

*Must I live all that I can, and cannot?
Rather than partway, somewhat, and whatnot?
You should know the answer; why even ask?*



If you don't have a life, then what have you got?

The Balance Sheet of Existence



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

The New World

We construct the world that our dreams require,
One moulded closer to the heart's desire.
In this world body of the soul inspired,

We'll live life entire before we expire.



“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!”

Time After Time

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



Anadem

Seize the moment or lose its momentum,
Wearing time as a royal diadem;



Richly accelerate life's momentous gem,
Letting your motto be "Carpe diem".

A person is seen from behind, standing in a dark, rocky landscape. In the distance, a large, colorful planet with horizontal bands is visible. The sky is filled with a vibrant, multi-colored nebula in shades of purple, pink, and blue, with numerous stars scattered throughout. The text is overlaid on this scene.

Future-Vision

Pretend you're dead—gone, sitting on a star,
And regretting there an empty memoir...

If only I might live it all again!
Well, you're alive; so smile, because you are.

One Spirit Lights Another



Come light your lantern and mine with good cheer;

We're magic lamps—our spirits dance in there.

Our beginnings and ends are of nowhere,

So radiate, since, for now, you are here!

Counter-Part

There are glances, charms, and notions that start

Another's heart, as well might Cupid's dart,
Bringing souls together that were apart—
For communication is heart-to-heart.



Complete

A diamond sparkles though its every face,
Each plane contributing a view of space.
Such radiant richness does life reflect,
For one facet does not a diamond make.

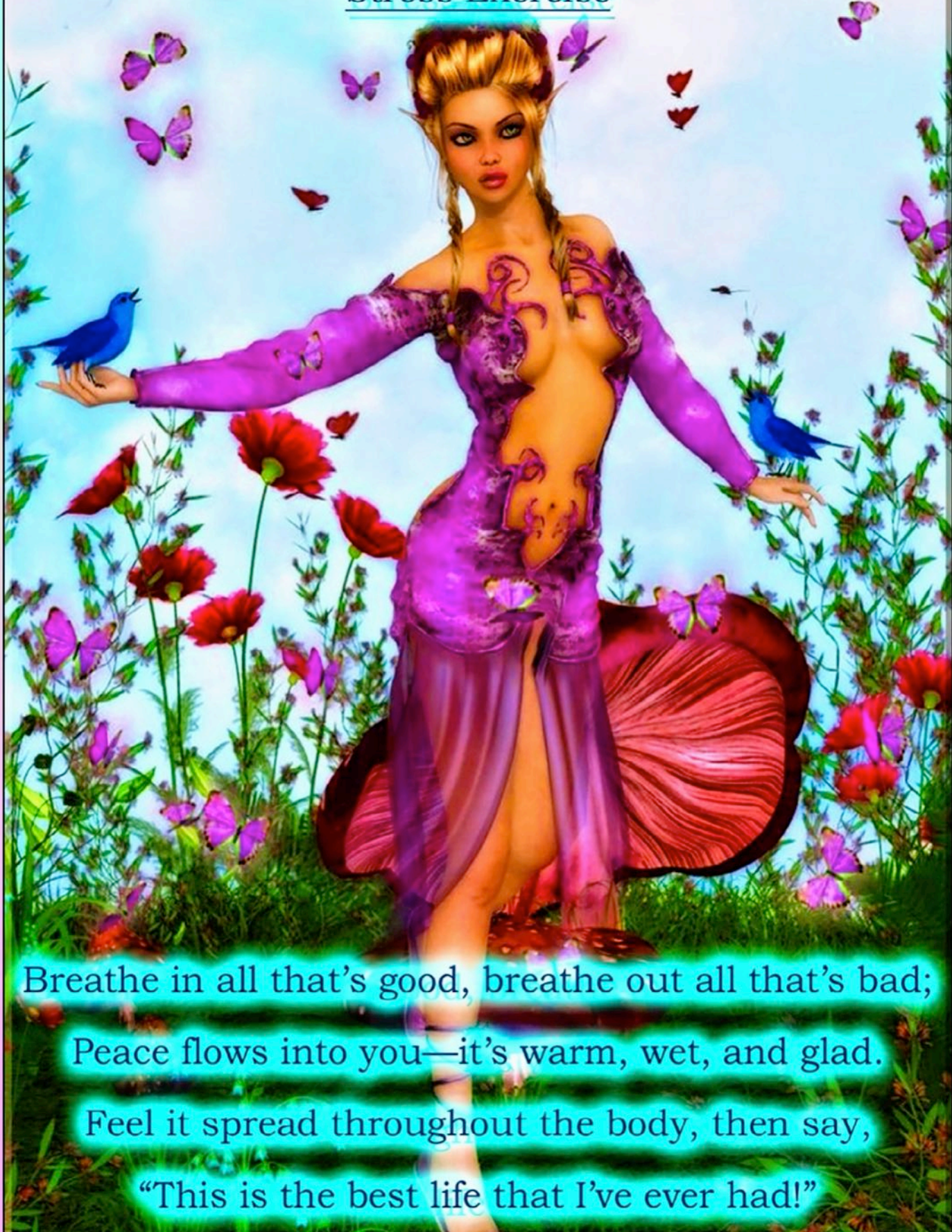
Walk, Don't Run

Walking gives more energy than it takes;
It's as easy as falling forward makes.



Thoughts 'come clear, cares fade, alertness tingles;
Life's spirit whispers one along, wide awake.

Stress Exercise



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

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.

My Own

In the water a face to me is shown,
One that sang all the songs the earth has known:

It's yesterday's summer wanderer,
Free again to shine on the world I own.



The Flame Relumes

The glow-worm rises into the summer sky,
Twinkling, love's light unspent—now a firefly,

Sighting the beacon of love's reply; they then,
With electric hugs, become lightning bugs!

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.

Night Light

The day pours life into roots with sunlight;
Flowers bloom, showering us with delight.

A woman with a glowing green firefly on her forehead and a glowing green lamp. The scene is set against a dark background with a warm, golden glow. The woman has a serene expression, looking slightly to the side. The firefly is positioned on her forehead, and the lamp is to her left, casting a soft light. The overall atmosphere is romantic and magical.

In a blossom, a firefly blinks its light,
Kindling the flames of a romantic night.



High Hopes

A thousand starry goblets fill the sky,
So we can taste Heaven's drink when we die.
This is only man's tale, so, drink today;
The stars shine on, heedless of where we lie.

A Further Complication



Since life's complex, some say, as origin:

It can't make itself or have always been!

Answer: God; but they've begged His Life's question:

He can't make Himself or have always been!

Go(o)d and D(evil)

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.





Poor Craftsmanship

Who's to blame for the genetic defects
That lead to social misfits, obsessors,
And other special personalities?

Does the Maker's hand shake when He makes us?

Facing Reality

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



The Best of All Worlds

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



Tip Your Glass, but Don't Spill

The light of Heav'n did the Earth illumine,
When He shaped human nature's acumen.

Temptations He then placed everywhere,
But He'll punish us for being human!

Inner Power

A woman with long, vibrant red hair styled in a single braid stands in a room. She is wearing a purple and green dress with a ruffled skirt. The background features a large, glowing zodiac chart on the wall. To her right, a tall, vertical vine with green leaves and pink flowers hangs down. In the foreground, there are several potted plants on small stands.

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.











Today's Rubaiyat: Peace, Love, Omar

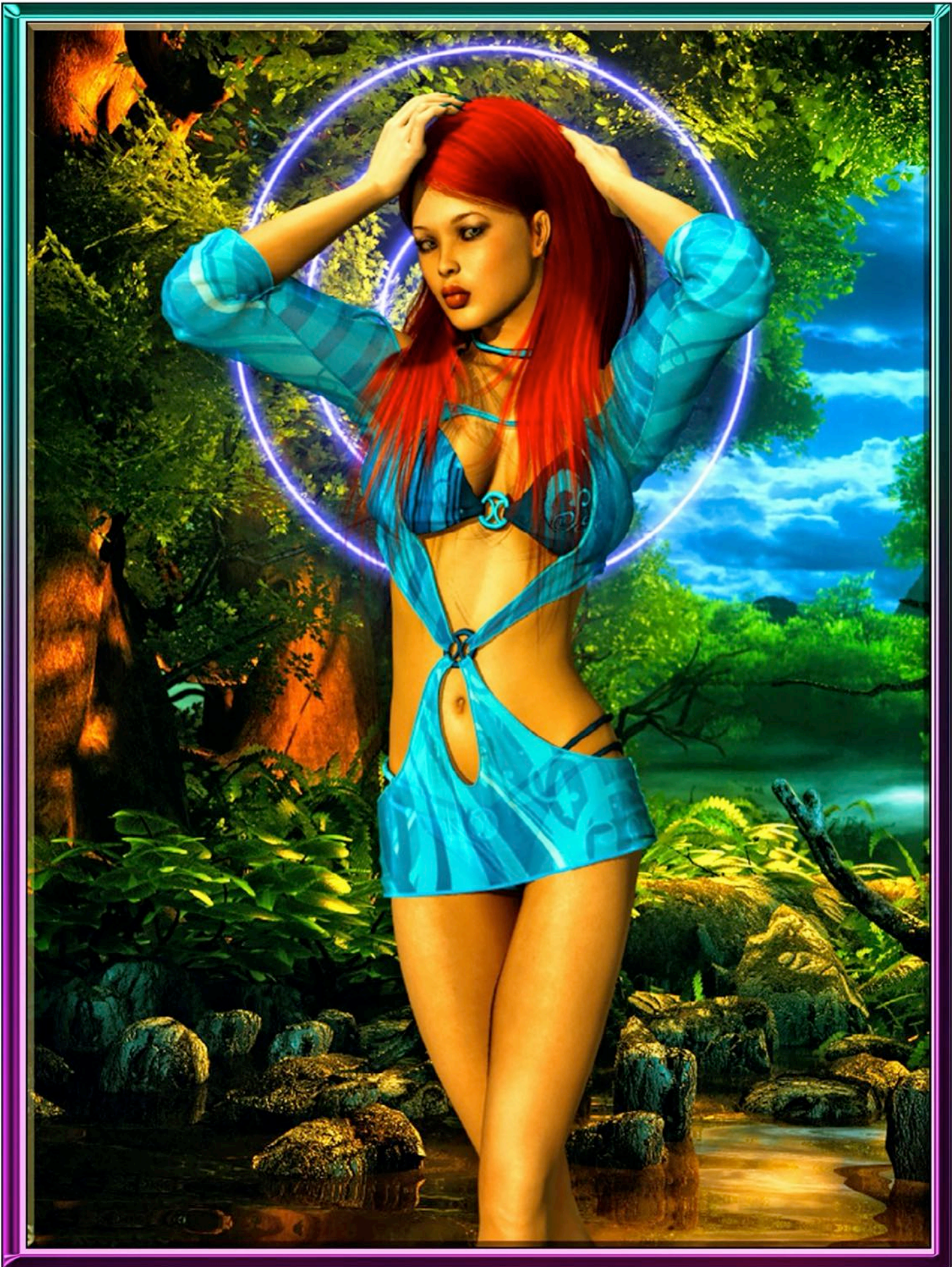
شاهن فرودی

Austin D. Torney

The Insight

As the years went by, I found other Rubaiyat editions and began collecting them. At the same time, I began writing down some experiences of my own, most of which I had either lived through or had seen through the eyes of my friends. It eventually occurred to me that I could write my own set of quatrains. Somehow, inexplicably, the verses came to me as I lived through all the experiences described therein, for I dared not write of any philosophies which had not been tried and proven.





Coffee Invented

Coffee plants are in the desert first seen,
By a starving outcast, who eats the bean,
And finds it bitter; so, he boils some, tart,
Finding that the water is the better part.

Coffee Resented

Such, from asylum, he returns home, quaint,
And for his coffee is declared a saint,
Though its drinkers are despised by clerics—
The partakers dally over their cups!

Affirming

Poems necessarily didactical

Give as they must a sense that is practical.

They're remembered best by verse syntactical,

In which the semantics are tactical.



A woman with dark hair, wearing a red dress and a white flower in her hair, sits by a campfire. She has her head resting on her hand, looking down. A small white dog is lying on the ground in front of her. The background is a dark, wooded area with a full moon in the sky. The scene is lit by the warm glow of the campfire.

Versifier

Thoughts fly as sparks from the eternal fire,
To fill these pages with light to inspire,

For giving love is all that I desire,
And living life is all that I require.

Converging Reflections

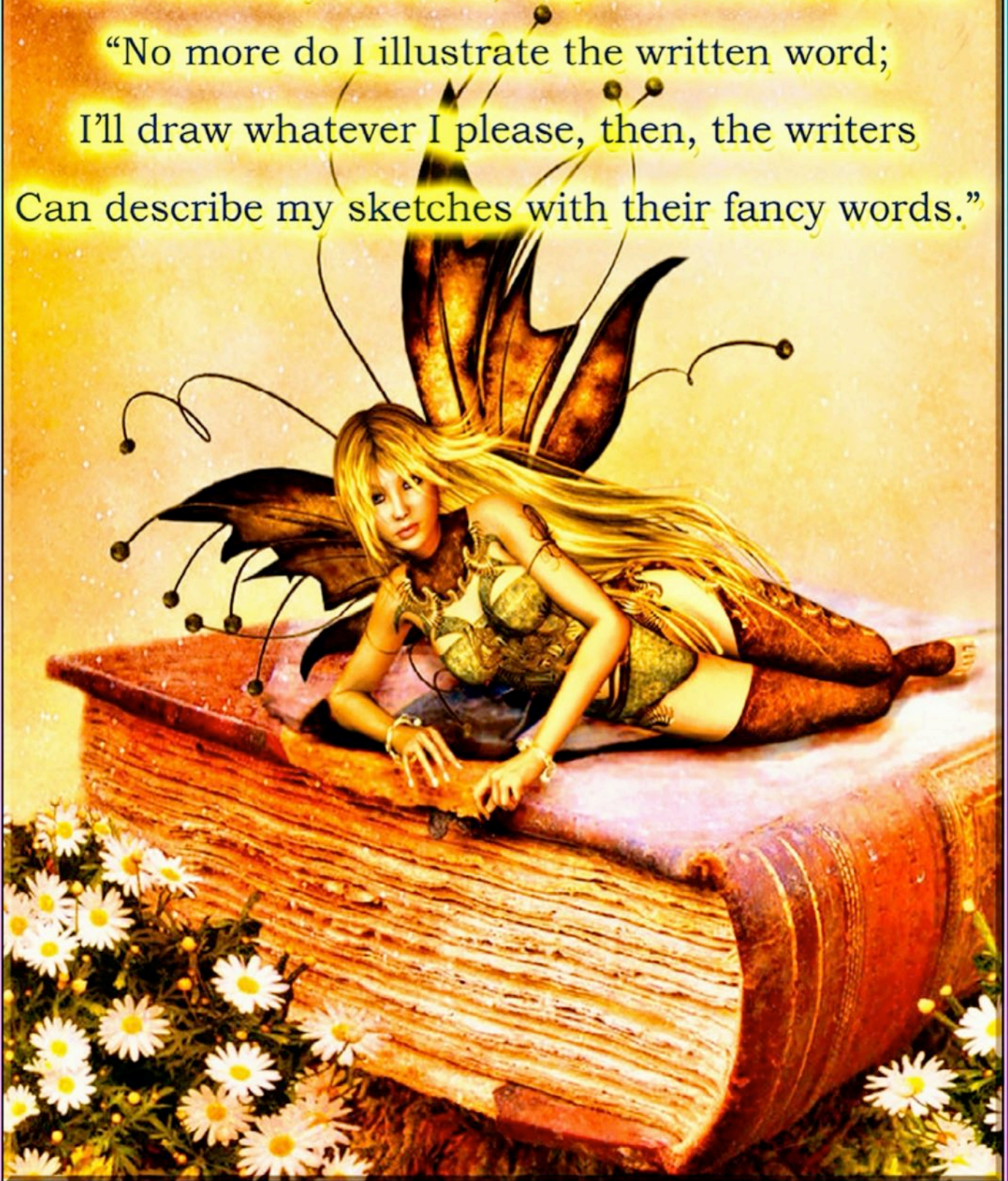
The written word stimulates the mind intense,
While illustration feeds the sighted sense...

Back and forth they build, each upon the other,
Till the sense can 'think' what the thought can 'sense'.

Grand-View

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

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



Love Currents

Riverside, we raise our cups to the zephyr.



A diamond wealth sparkles upon the water,
Seen, gleaming, through rosé-colored glasses,
As we relax on a summer noon after.

In My Own Time

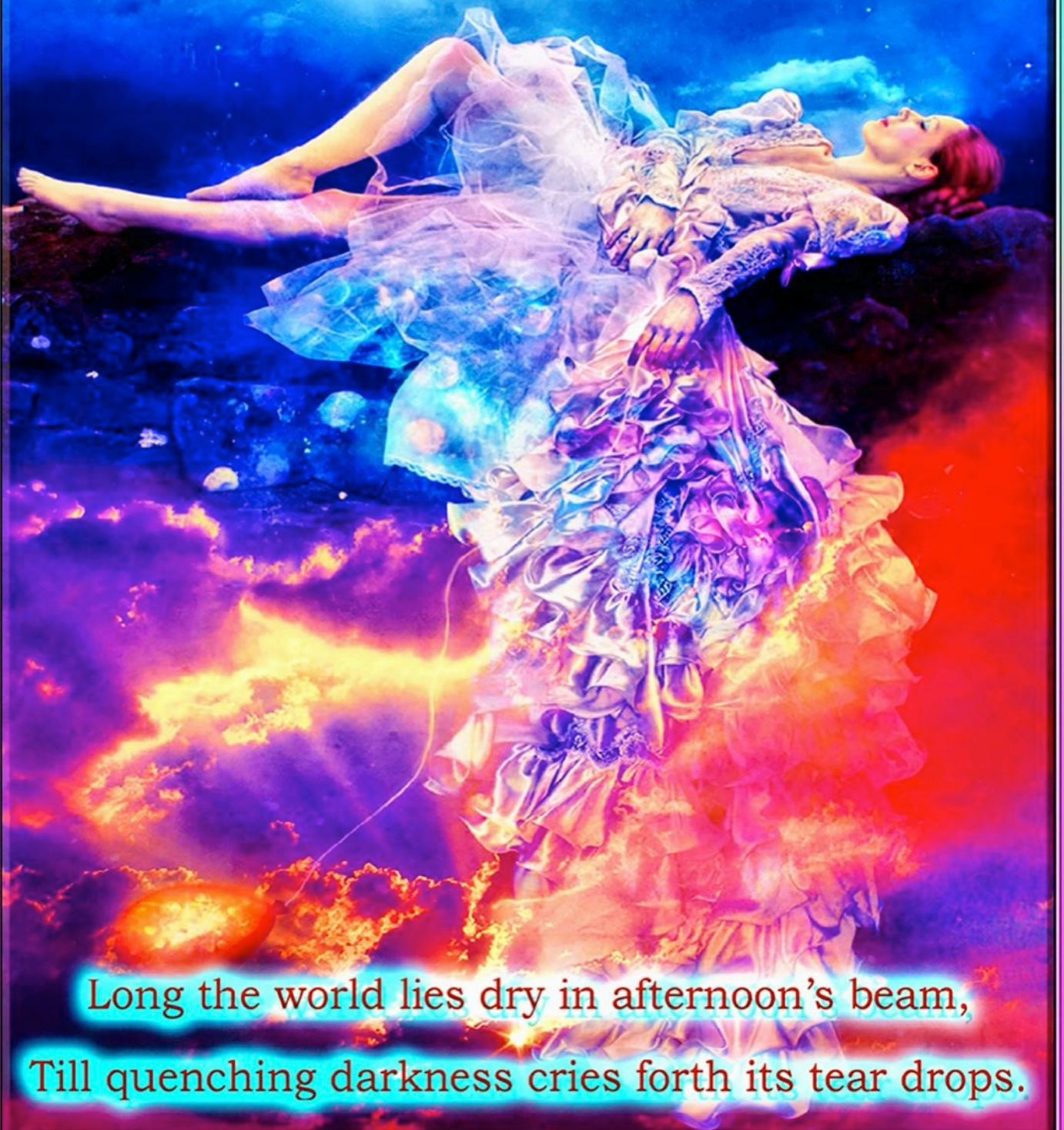


As I age I drink life's bountiful wine,
Savoring each droplet in its good time.

As a living chalice of swirling blood,
I must tip my cup to this life of mine.

The Endless Flow

The thirsty sun raises the morn's dewdrops,
And sculpts a mist, forming clouds of airdrops.



Long the world lies dry in afternoon's beam,
Till quenching darkness cries forth its tear drops.

The Pattern of Change

All things arise, but then away they go,
For life's impermanent and volatile.

Drift and change are normal features of life—
Suffering starts when we resist the flow.

Going With the Flow

Never struggle against the way things are,
But rather, become the way that things are.



When we give ourselves to the moving whole,
Natural currents will carry us quite far.

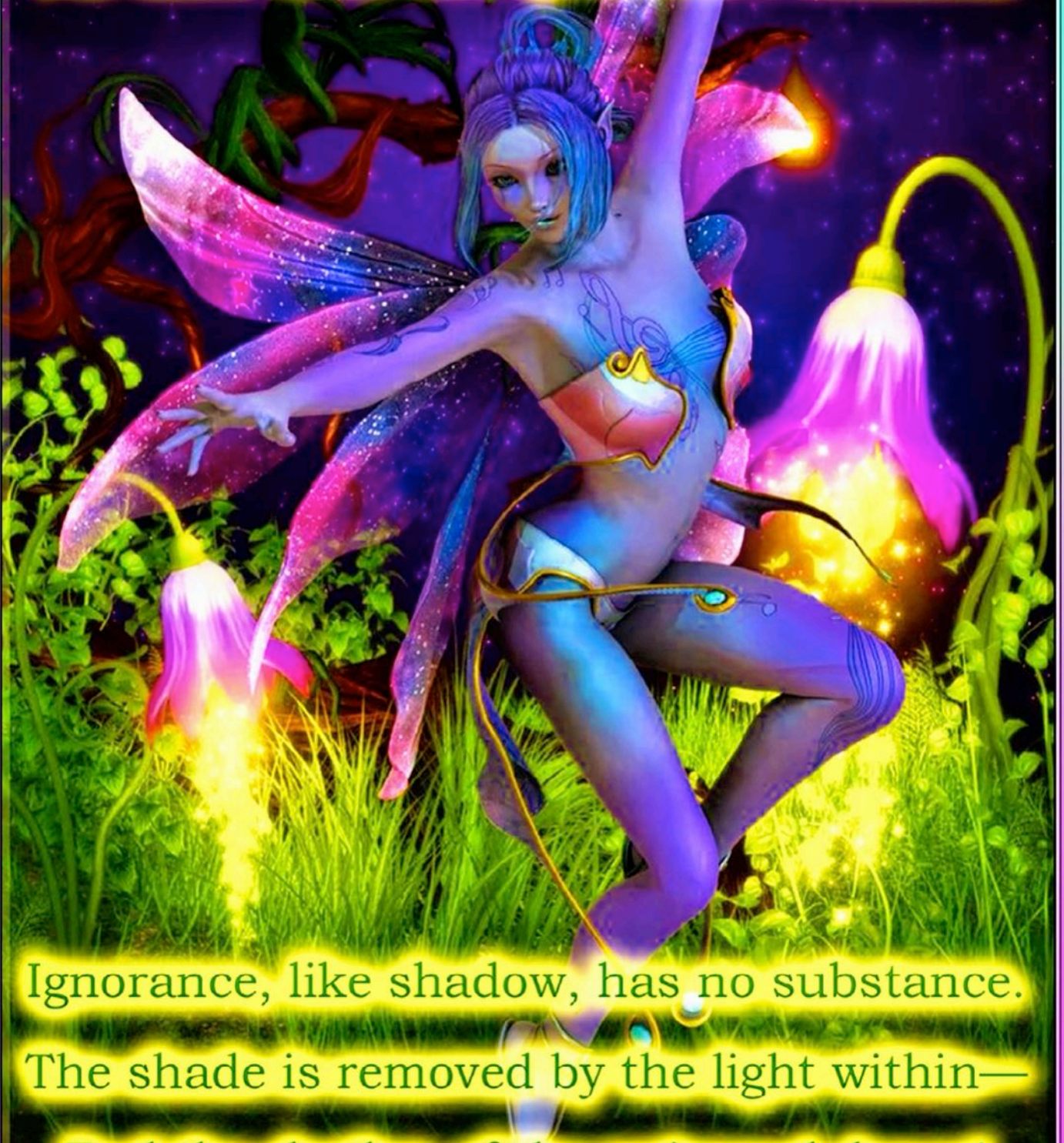
Peace Continuum



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

The One Chance

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!

Mystical Experience

Experience the oneness of everything,

As manifested in the ways of being.

Become aware of interrelations;

It's a nonintellectual happening!

The Time That Flew

We spend our time doing nothing that's new,
Or doing nothing that we ought to do;

We act as if there's no end to all our days,
But then complain that the hours are too few!

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.



Catching Butterflies

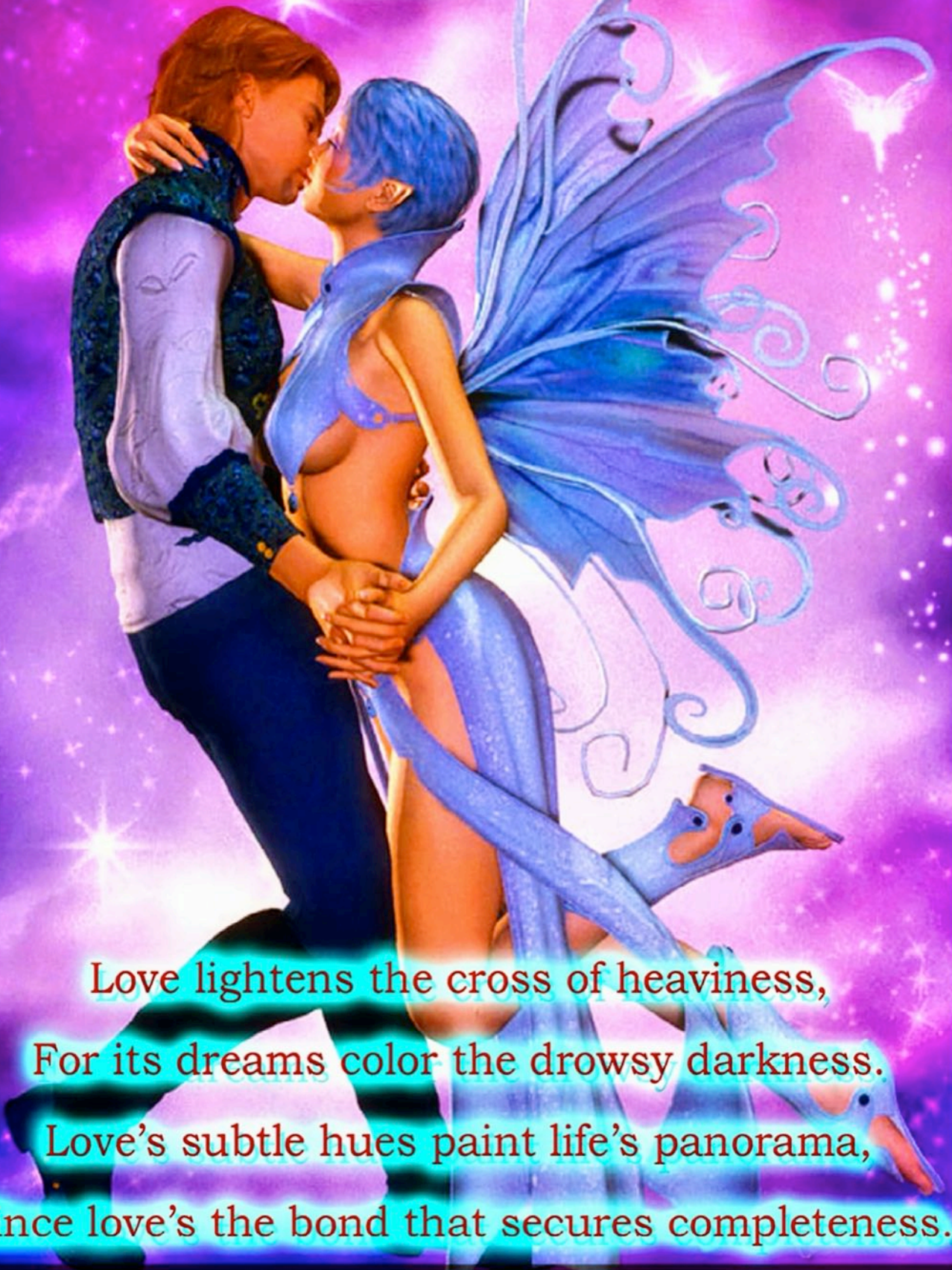
Some may ask of Life: “How does one find love?”

Life says, “Be still! Don’t rush far and above;

Stop; let love’s butterfly alight on you,

For that’s the touch that romance is made of.”

Bonding Agent



Love lightens the cross of heaviness,
For its dreams color the drowsy darkness.
Love's subtle hues paint life's panorama,
Since love's the bond that secures completeness.

Yours

Might I be your angel, enfolding you,
Shining brightness upon you, holding you,

Nurturing, and carrying you aloft—
Where you belong, dear, far above it all?

Mystery



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

Reaching the Ultimate

Like living lenses, we mirror our love:

In feedback loops, images spiral above,

Echoing as infinite reflections

That fill up the scene—that's what love's made of!

Completing the Other

Men and women can't be in isolation,
For, like valleys, which give rise to mountains,

Their nature makes necessary the other;
When they're joined in love, there's wholeness again.

Boundless Love

Love matures when we let it flow beyond,
Freed to wend its way to places dear and fond.

Love's butterfly prospers when winds blow free;
Unconditional love never binds; it bonds.

Love Paradox

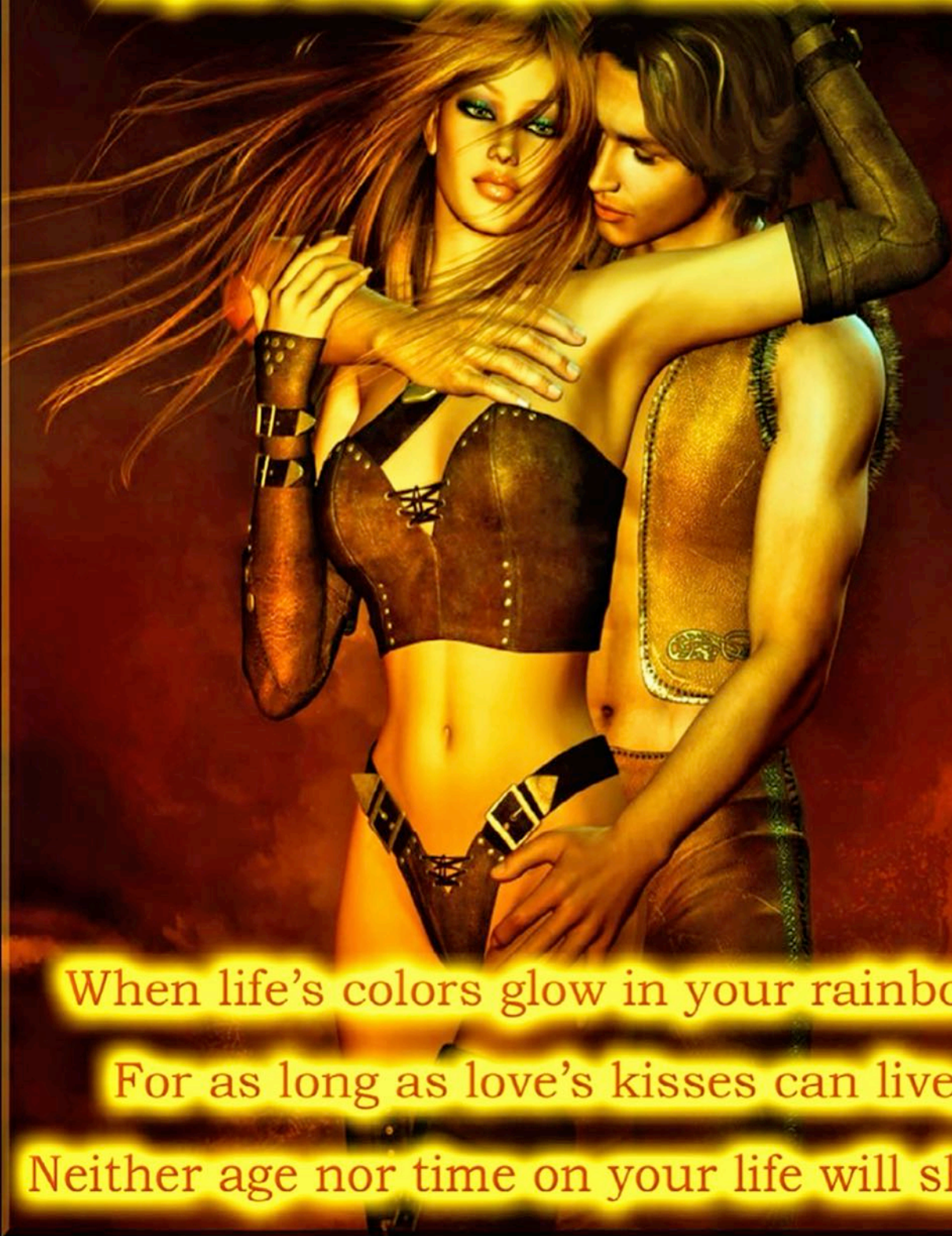
Arithmetic theory fails in love's plot:

Love when divided diminishes not,
Unlike sadness, and vanishes not.

Each love multiplies to exceed the lot!

The Kiss of Life

To your lover, all your kisses bestow,

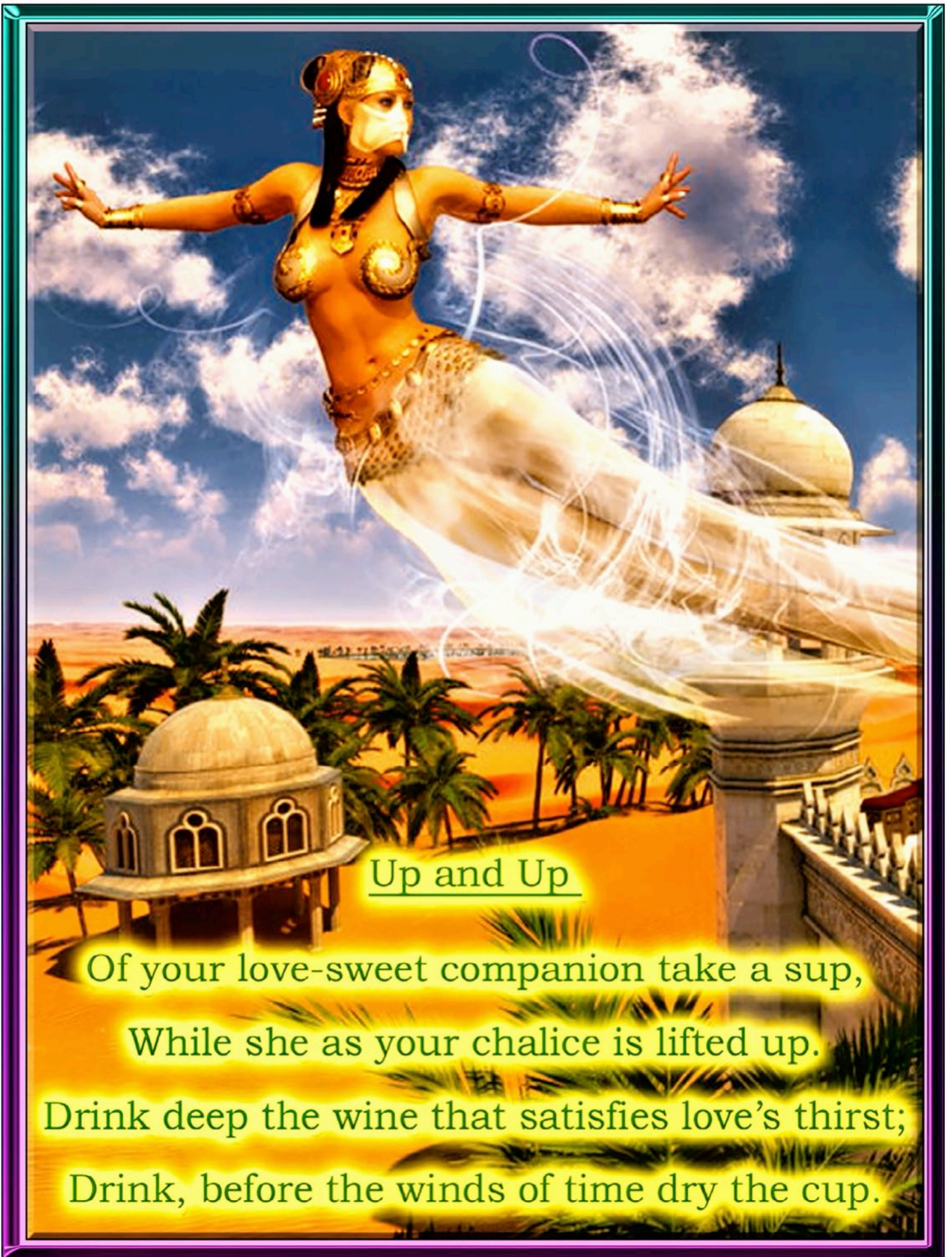


When life's colors glow in your rainbow,

For as long as love's kisses can live,

Neither age nor time on your life will show.

Jane Dahl



Up and Up

Of your love-sweet companion take a sup,

While she as your chalice is lifted up.

Drink deep the wine that satisfies love's thirst;

Drink, before the winds of time dry the cup.

Endless Love

The capacity for love is boundless;
No “piece for one” and “fraction for the rest”.




Since the sum of love's parts exceeds the whole,
One can give and give love, never-the-less!

Shirley

The Deepest Truth

Poets translate what's within and above,

A woman in a pink dress is seated on a large stack of books, reading a book. The stack is illuminated by several lit candles. To the left, a large green dragon with a white underbelly is coiled around the books. To the right, a golden lion's head is visible. The background is a dark green, textured surface with faint, glowing patterns. The entire scene is framed by a purple border.

Exhibiting truths from depths unheard of.
There is one deep truth that I know is true,
As do you: "The truth of all truths is Love".

A woman with vibrant red hair styled in braids, wearing a green strapless top and green shorts, is sitting in a lush, green forest. She has large, green, leaf-like wings on her back and is resting her chin on her hand, looking thoughtfully towards the camera. The background is filled with dense foliage and trees.

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 we do without?
Then, why, oh why do we not seek it out?





The Cost of Not Loving

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



Essence of Love

She sends out emanations of love fair,
That are sweet, soft, and smiling on the air;
'Tis a scented mist, a liquid love filling



The scene with its well-being everywhere.

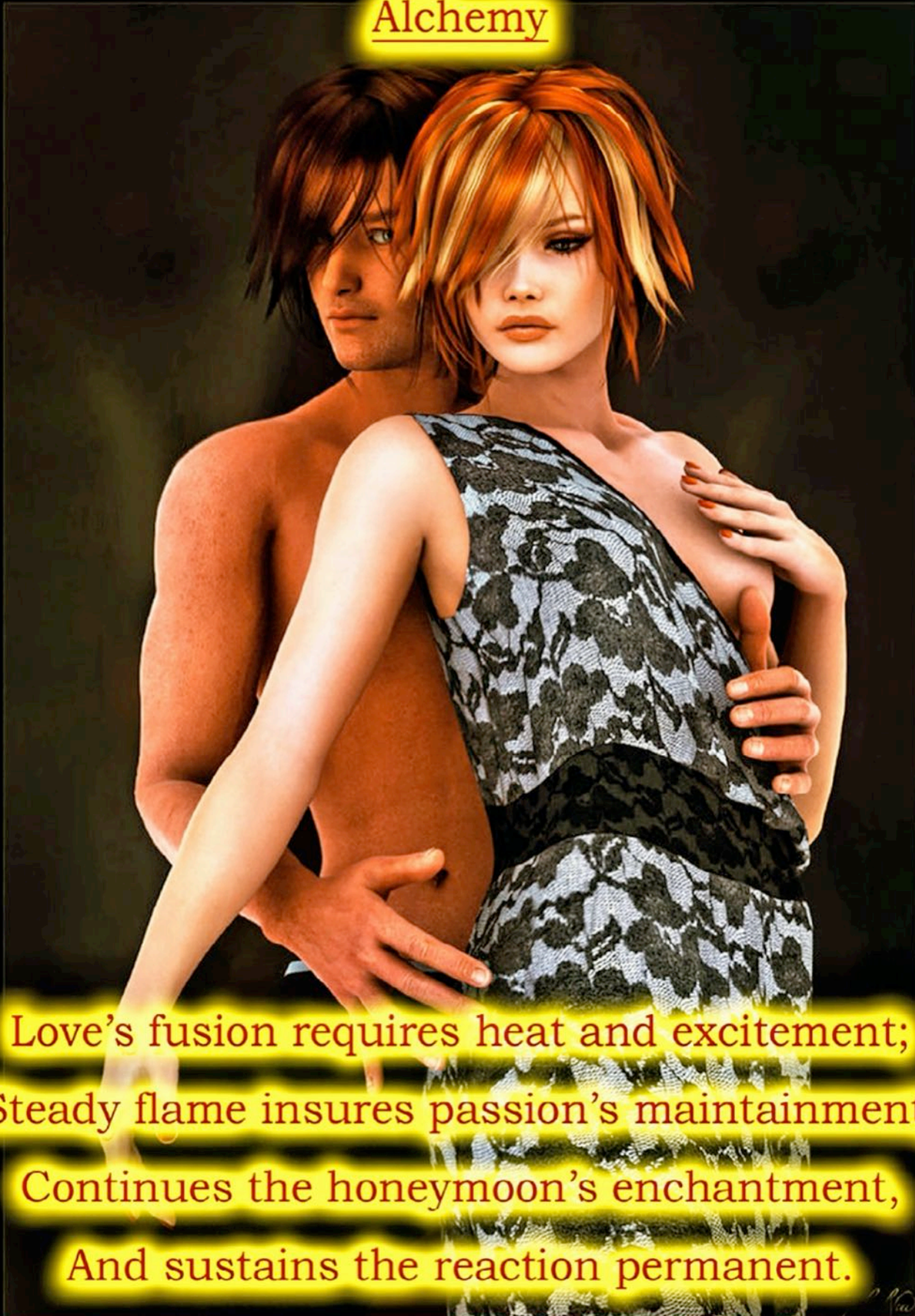
Love's Incense

She's the elixir who fills up the cup,



The scent on the breezes that lifts me up;
She's love's essence, distilled into being,
The passion-spirit that opens me up.

Alchemy



Love's fusion requires heat and excitement;
Steady flame insures passion's maintainment,
Continues the honeymoon's enchantment,
And sustains the reaction permanent.



Forecast

Flowers grow from their many roots, upcast;
Some must pass, some are steadfast. The contrast:

Those which grow much too quickly wither fast;
Those which grow steadily and slowly, last.

The Garden of Love

In the soil we share, these flowers we chose—



Truth: tulip, goodness: lily, beauty: rose.

Nurtured with care, they yet wave to and fro;

Storms can't scatter the flowers that love grows.

Going Up

We rise higher and higher, past Cloud Nine,
Through Seventh Heaven, to the Golden Shrine



Of Love, where few might ever intertwine,
For we let love build but never decline.



Senseless

Senses melt away, drip by drop by drip.

Impressions flood the speechless spirit.

Emotions flow free for the heart to read.

Love draws us in: we dissolve in it.

Away from You

The spirit calls, steam risen from the rain,
A missing so sweet that it's almost pain.
The future's heavy, swelling with promise,
Of the season when love can breathe again.



Unimaginable

We never knew that love could be like this,



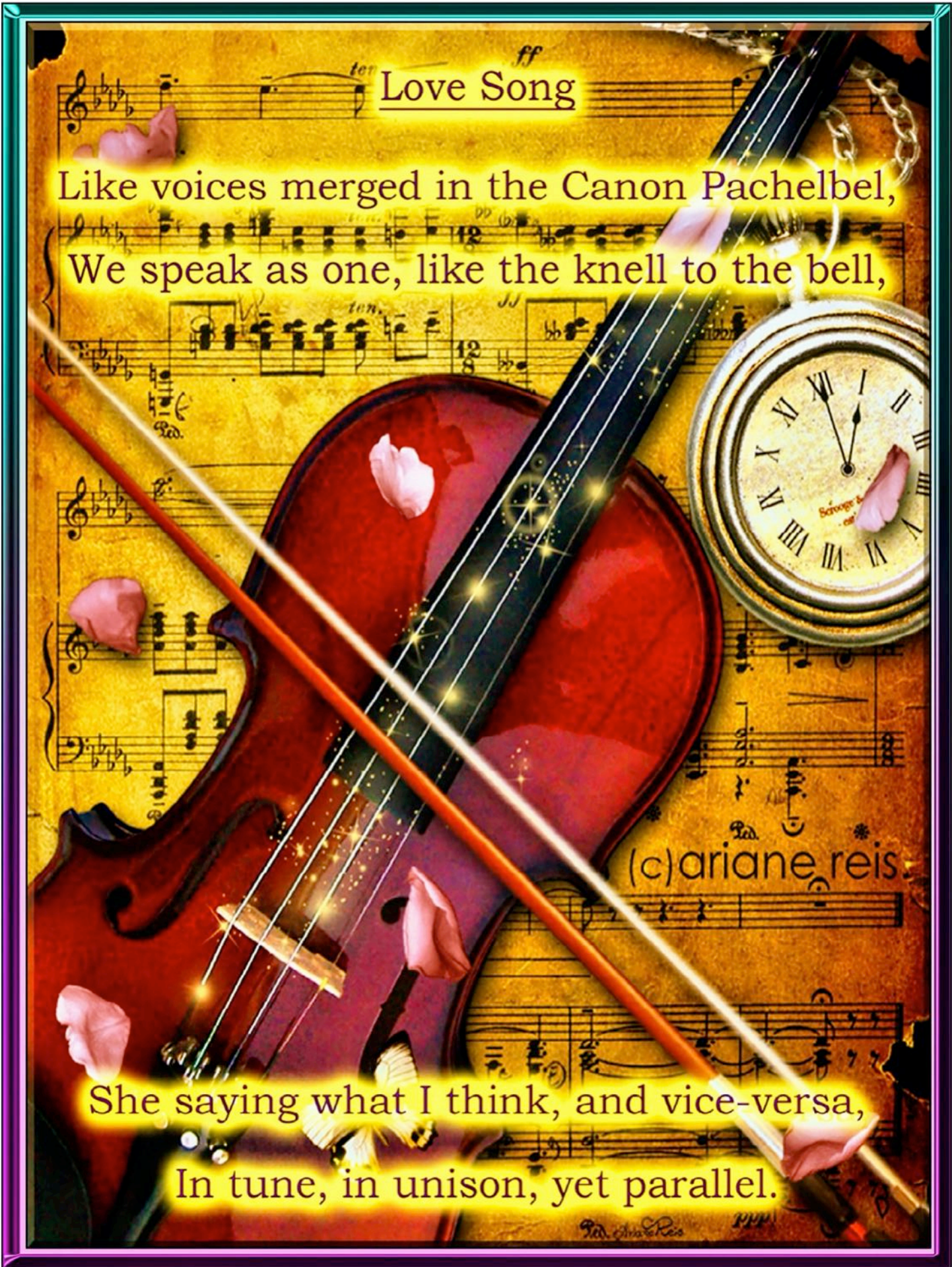
A wonderland of peace, joy, and bliss.

No, we never knew where we'd never been,
That such a world could be found in a kiss.

Resonating

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





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Love Song

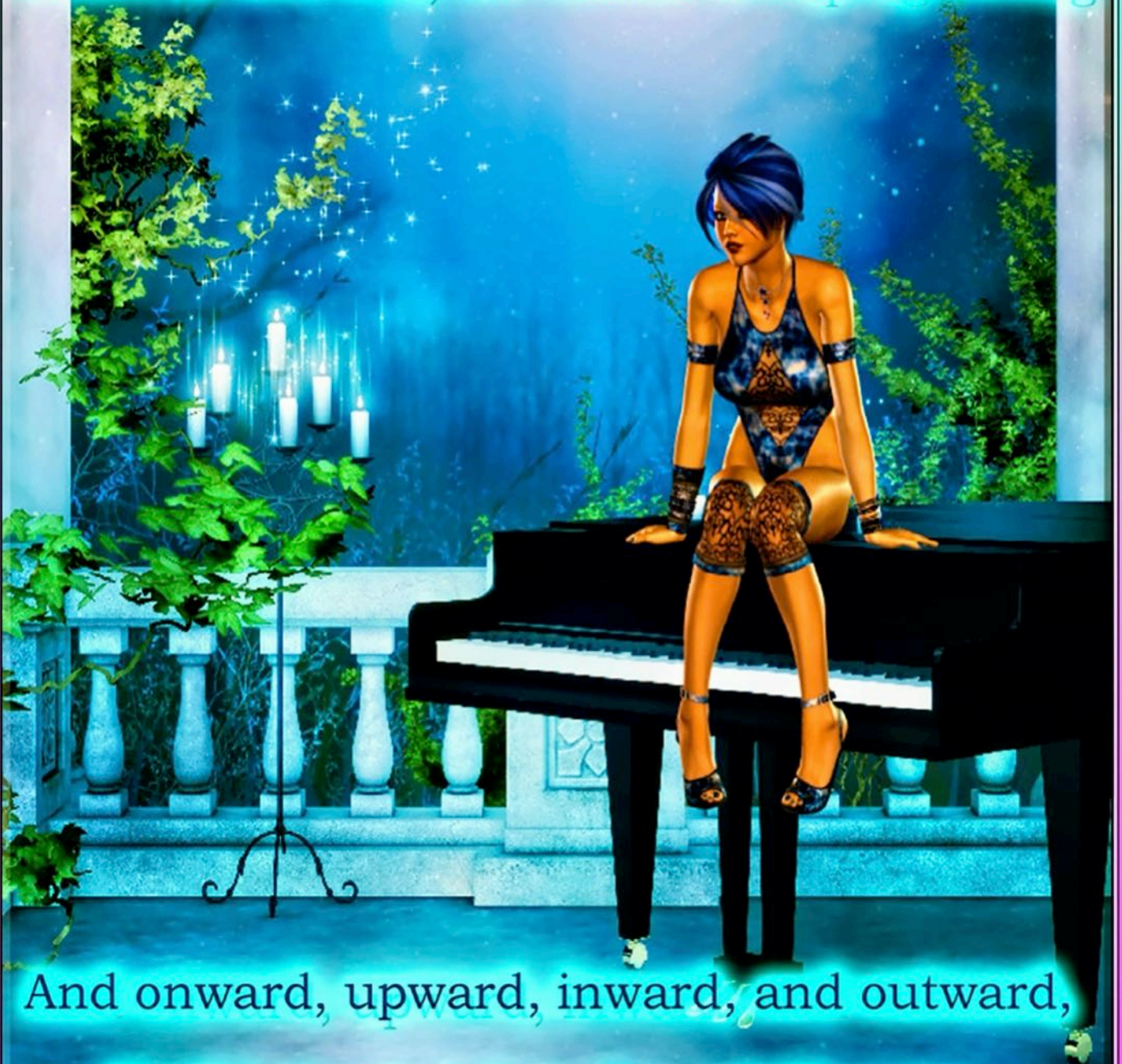
Like voices merged in the Canon Pachelbel,
We speak as one, like the knell to the bell,

She saying what I think, and vice-versa,
In tune, in unison, yet parallel.

(c) ariane reis

Soaring

Our fugal voices blend, part, join, and long
Weave in and out, the music sweeping strong



And onward, upward, inward, and outward,
Until being is left to the spirit's song.

No Matter

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



Visions

Cares floated out on the tide, and then some.

Sun-sparkles glimmered, danced, and swum,

Alighting on my mind to become

Ideas about the loving night to come.



Growing Closer



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

Me and Thee

Thy heart touches my own; no, 'tis more I love thee!
Yes, much more art thou loved, the 'me' is now in thee.

Thou art the soul of my soul and mine is of thine;
Nay, 'tis more than that: thou art me and I am thee!

Soundless Depths

Can we ever fathom the source of love?

Perhaps its fount springs from Heaven above?

But this we know: Love's rhythm resonates,

Beneath words and thoughts, in depths unheard of.

Love-Scene

We're fully immersed in love's boundless dream,
Floating in peace on beauty's quiet stream.

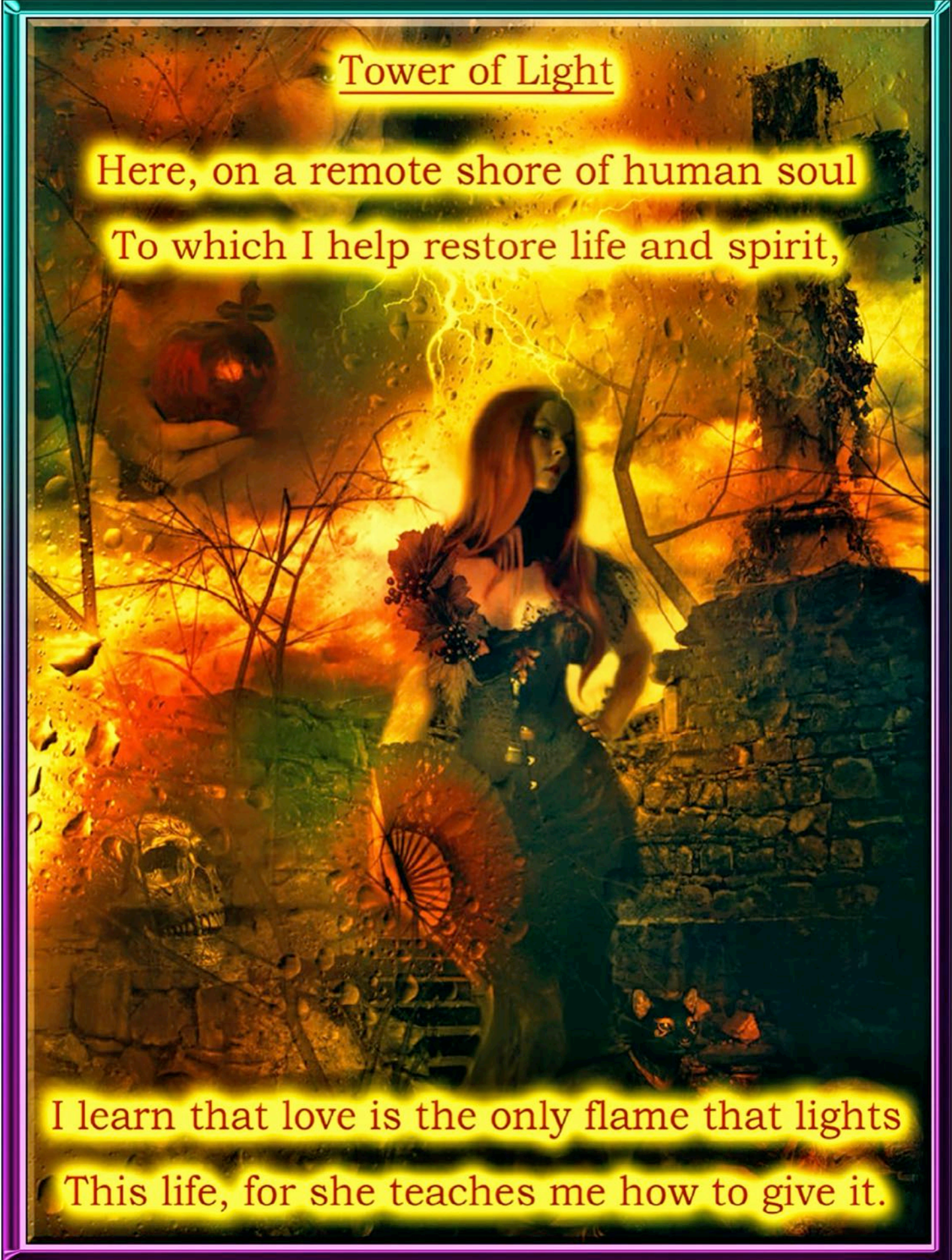
Truth is clearly seen, it's so bright and right;
Purity's goodness swells each sparkling gleam.

Full Power

With sparks from passion's smoldering embers,
We ignite all that our love remembers,



Then steam through emotion's ocean, in the
Relation Ship, of which we're the crew members.

A woman with long dark hair, wearing a red hooded cloak and a dark dress, stands in a dark, stormy landscape. She holds a bouquet of flowers. The scene is illuminated by a bright, glowing light source, possibly a fire or a storm, with lightning bolts visible in the background. A skull is visible on the ground in the lower left. The overall atmosphere is dark and mysterious.

Tower of Light

Here, on a remote shore of human soul
To which I help restore life and spirit,

I learn that love is the only flame that lights
This life, for she teaches me how to give it.

Joy Beyond Sense

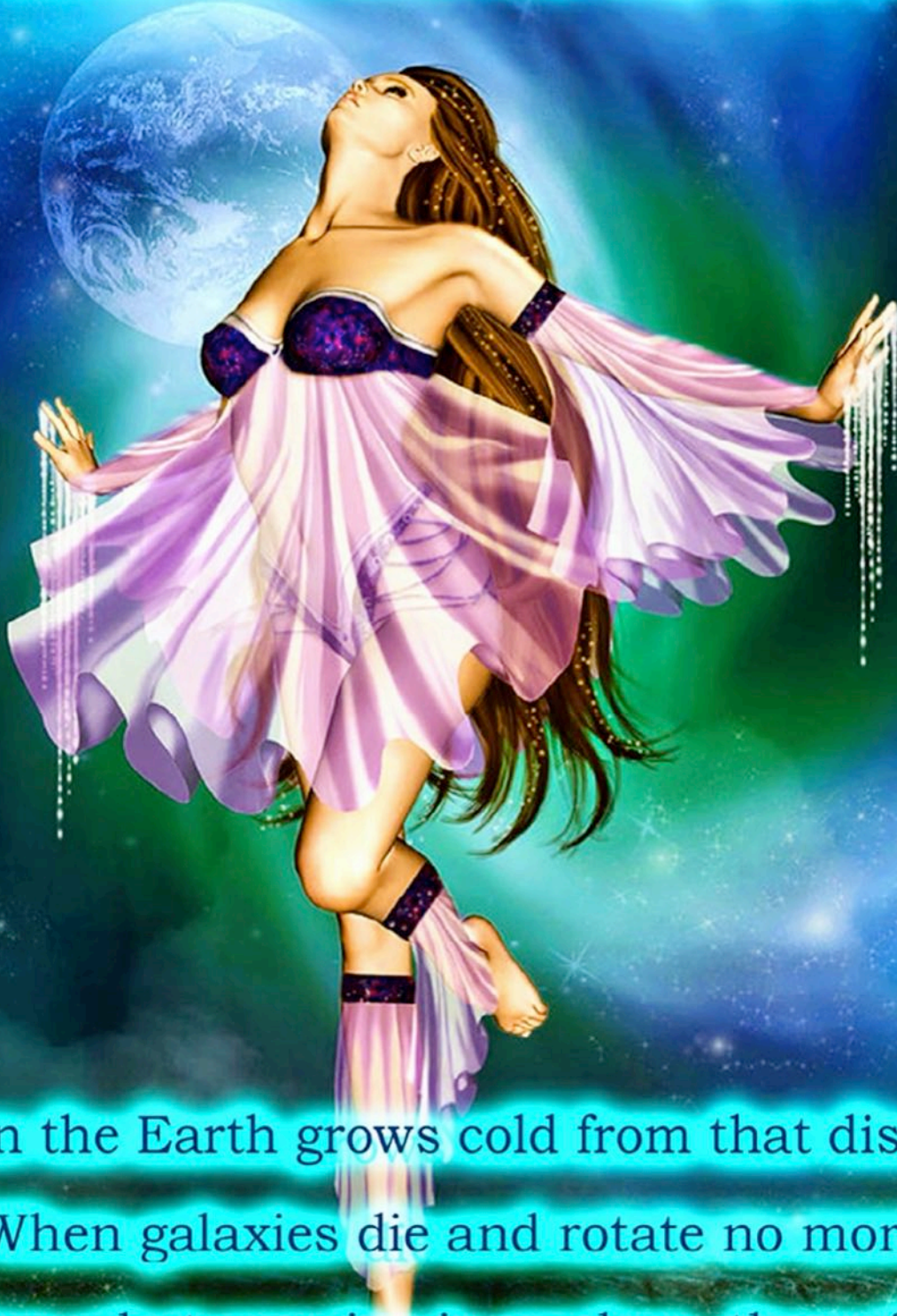
Awash, on our love-made shore, we overcame



Our senses, leaving them behind, unclaimed,
And now float free, quenched in the sunset sea,
Basking in reflections of the scarlet flame.

Forever After

When the sun burns out, and, soon after,



When the Earth grows cold from that disaster,
When galaxies die and rotate no more,
Then what remains is our love, thereafter.

The Trouble with 'Love'

Only a few words rhyme with the above,

Like the overflown dove, the heartless shove,
And the ill-fitting glove. Alas, "love's" rhymes
Remain unheard of, or aren't well thought of.

The Light in the Window



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

In all directions it rolls along, unknown.

Look to the stars piercing the depths of time:

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

A woman with long, wavy brown hair, wearing a black, strapless, floor-length dress, is sitting on a large, dark rock. She is looking down and to her right, with her hands resting on the rock. The background is a night sky filled with stars and a crescent moon, with a body of water in the foreground. The entire scene is framed by a decorative border.

Worlds in Collusion

Imagination lights the mind to shine,

Cooling Venus's reasonless passion,
Warming Mars' fight song into compassion.
Between those two orbits, the Earth is mine!





Now Playing

Oft, we drink-in the pleasures of creation,

For what else could be the point of cognition,

If not to absorb all that comes streaming in?

Life's sensation is the main attraction!

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.

The Seasoning of Man

Joy and exuberance are spring's largesse;

Sunlight, warmth, and growth are summer's bequest;

Autumn brings wealth, with its mellow harvest;

Winter's fruit is peace—its bounty is rest.

Monthly Diadem

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



The Old Man

Past, the flower of spring's soft breath;

Gone, the summer of promise;

Faded, the colored autumn of care,

Beheld, the white winter of death.



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.







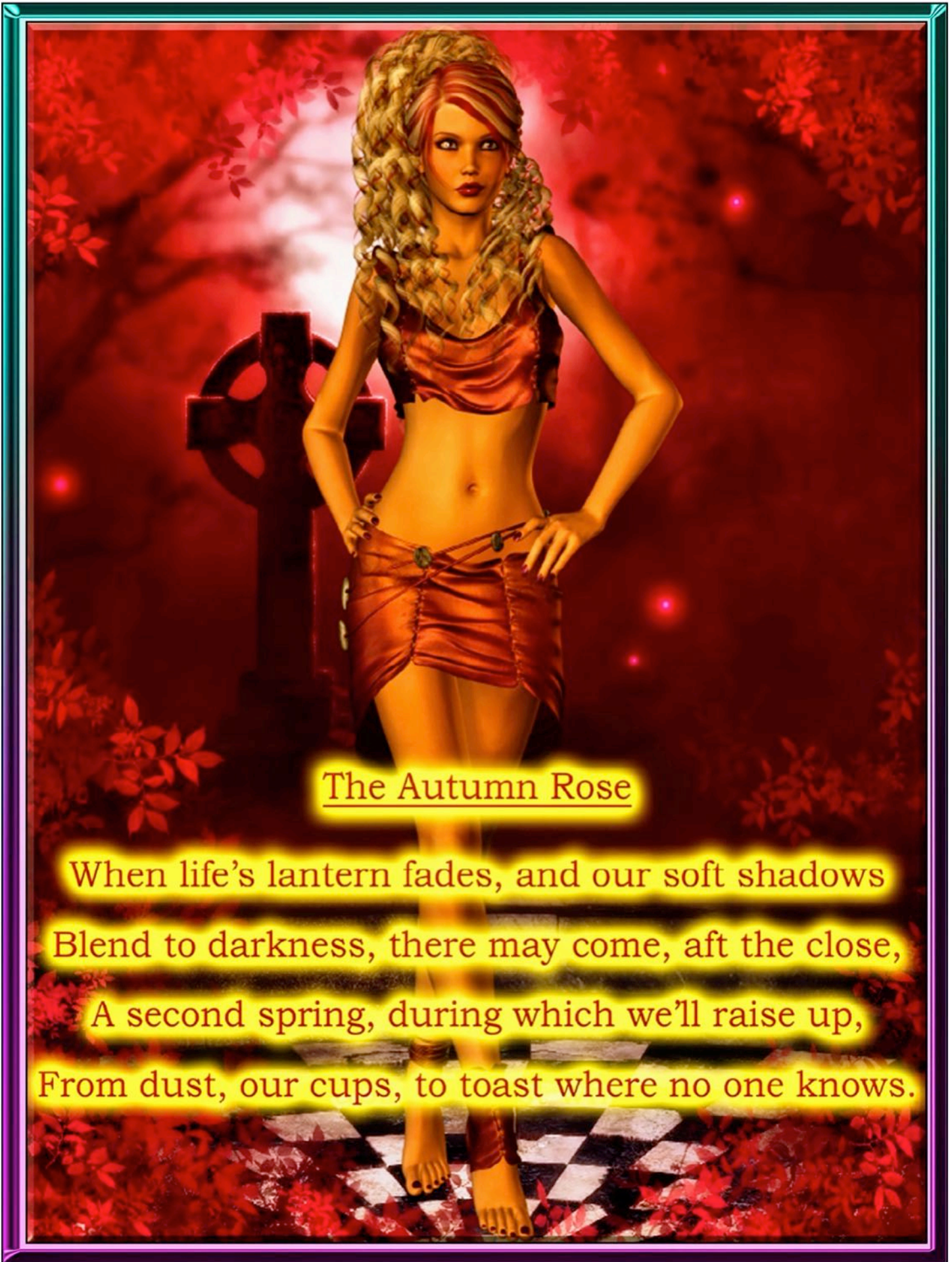
Dust unto Dust

In spring, we rise from the garden in birth.

Summer blooms long with the roses' fresh mirth.

Autumn creeps in, we wither on the vine.

Last comes winter—then we return to earth.



The Autumn Rose

When life's lantern fades, and our soft shadows
Blend to darkness, there may come, aft the close,
A second spring, during which we'll raise up,
From dust, our cups, to toast where no one knows.

A woman with red hair styled in a long braid, wearing a dark green, leaf-like dress, stands in a lush garden. She holds a glowing orange orb in her right hand. The garden is filled with red roses and green foliage, with a blue sky and water visible in the background. The scene is framed by a decorative border.

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.

The First Step

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



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.

We Don't Know

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

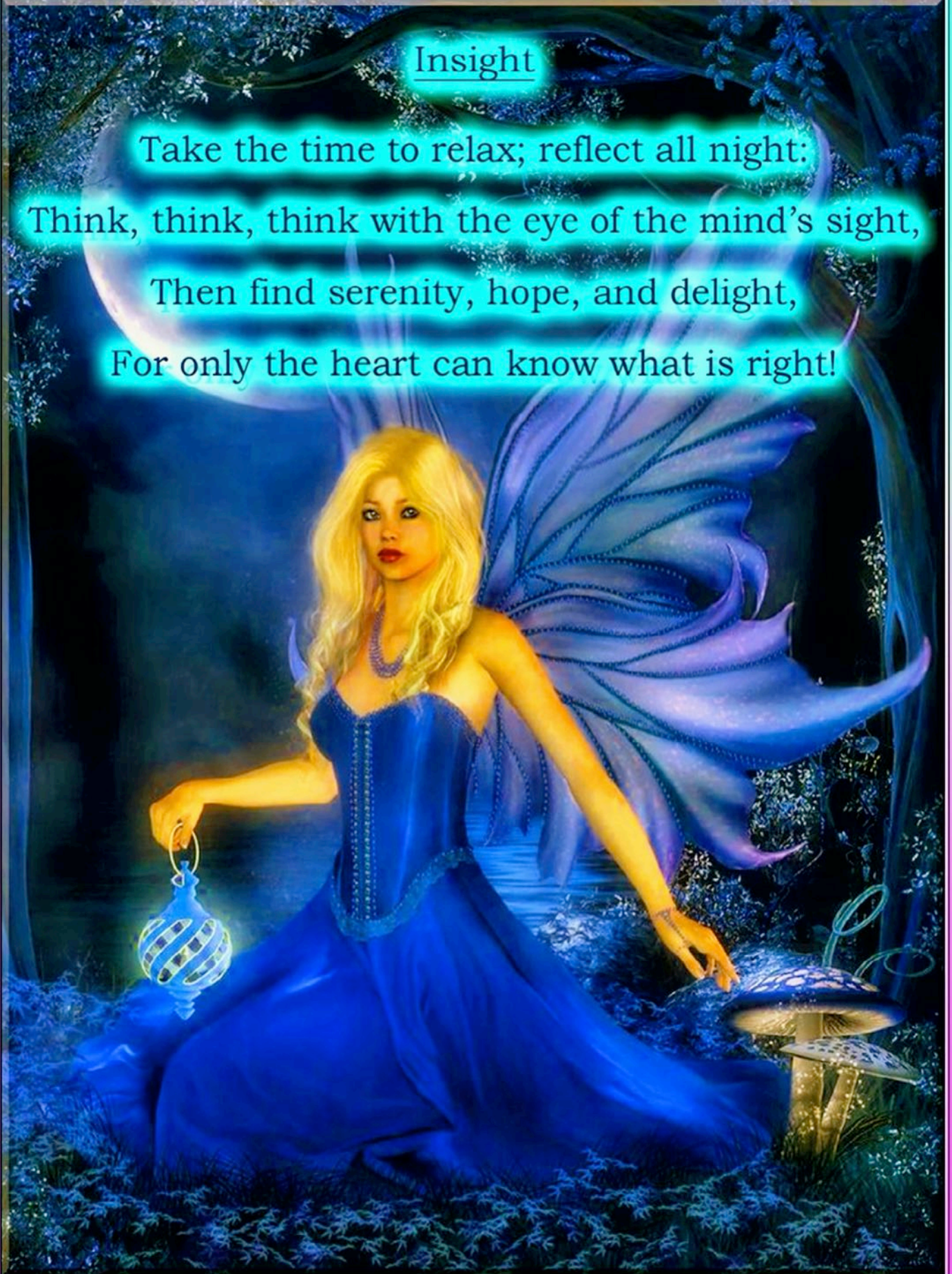






Insight

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



One Way

Only when we hate our hate does it leave;



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

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.

Music

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.

Board of Existence

The wings of time are checkered black and white,



For fluttering round the day flies the night.

Like chess pieces, we gamely play for life,

Until into the box we return, quite!

Timeless Time

The moment contains eternal reward;

Both past and future are rolled thereinward.

Time never passes; it stays as it is;

Still, it is ceaselessly moving onward.

Death Knell

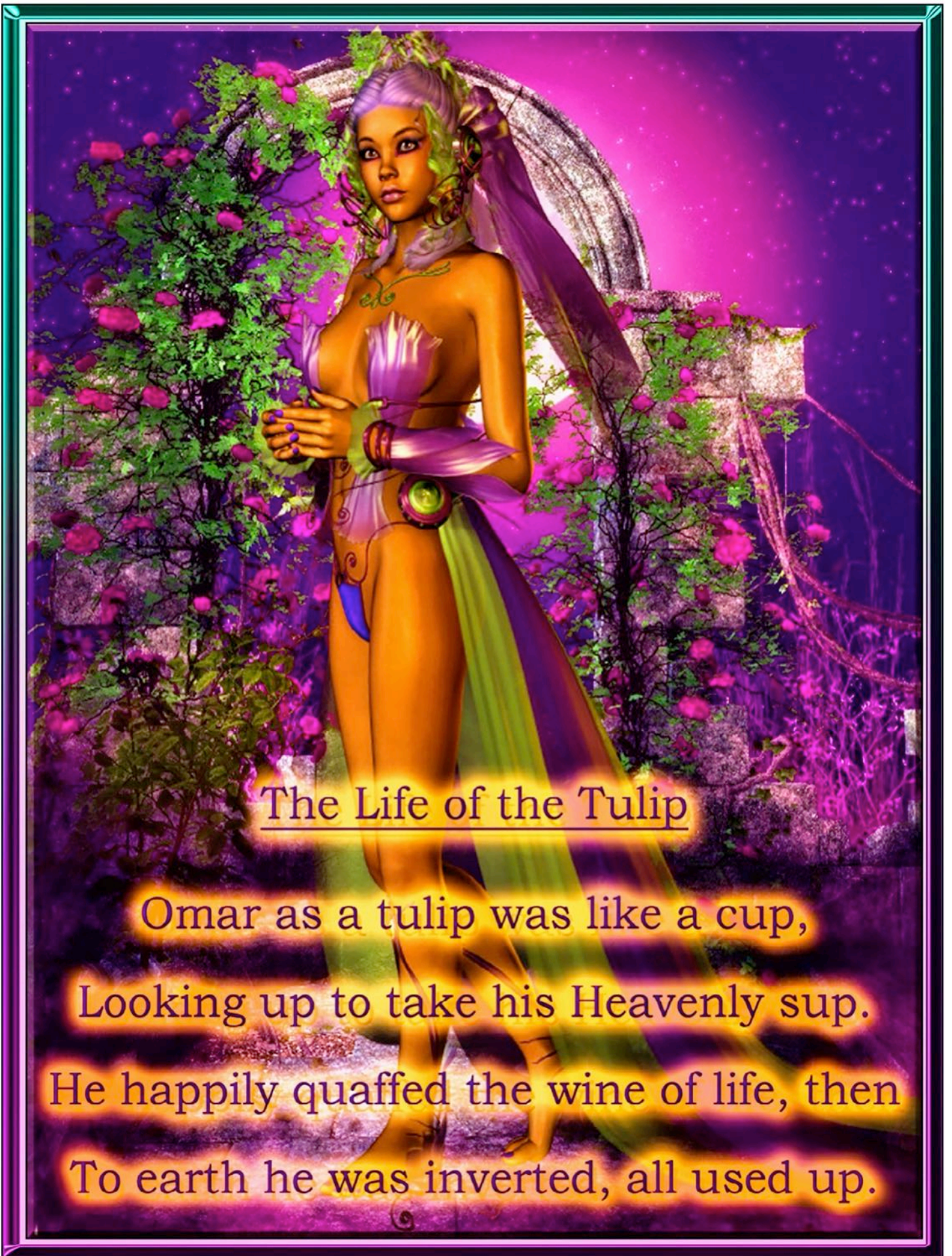
Dying in the shadow of the minaret,
Old Khayyàm faces death, without regret.
The Bird of Time lands; evening winds murmur;
Omar savors the glow of his last sunset.



The Life of the Rose

Like the rose, Omar Khayyàm came hither,
From the earth, blossomed, and showed his flower,

With charm, color, and beauty, till, toward earth,
The petals soft floated down to wither.



The Life of the Tulip

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

Farewell

The Angel of Light found Omar to bless,
And said: "Khayyâm, I must soon repossess
Your clay, so let us drink to your success!"
He drank and smiled, then met Life's last caress.







Empty Cup



Old Khayyàm reclined on the grass, near death.

The Dark Angel arrived, and to him said:

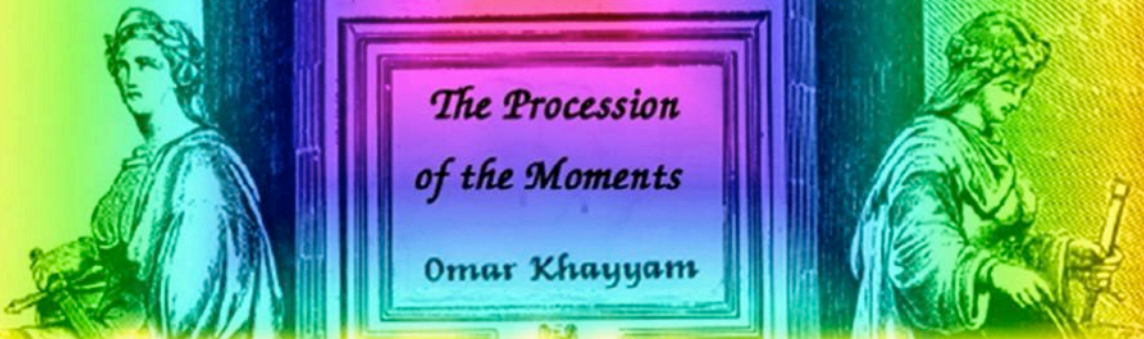
“Drink one last deep draught from Life’s precious cup.”

Omar smiled and sipped, then breathed his last breath.

Yesterday Today Tomorrow

The Procession of the Moments

Sad Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow,



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



Adieu

Farewell to the starry skies that he knew.
Oh, heaven, your eyes will soon rise anew

And search for him all over the planet,
But never find him, for he's bid adieu.

So Long Ago

Old Khayyàm has gone to where no one knows,

Sequestered far beneath the winter snows,

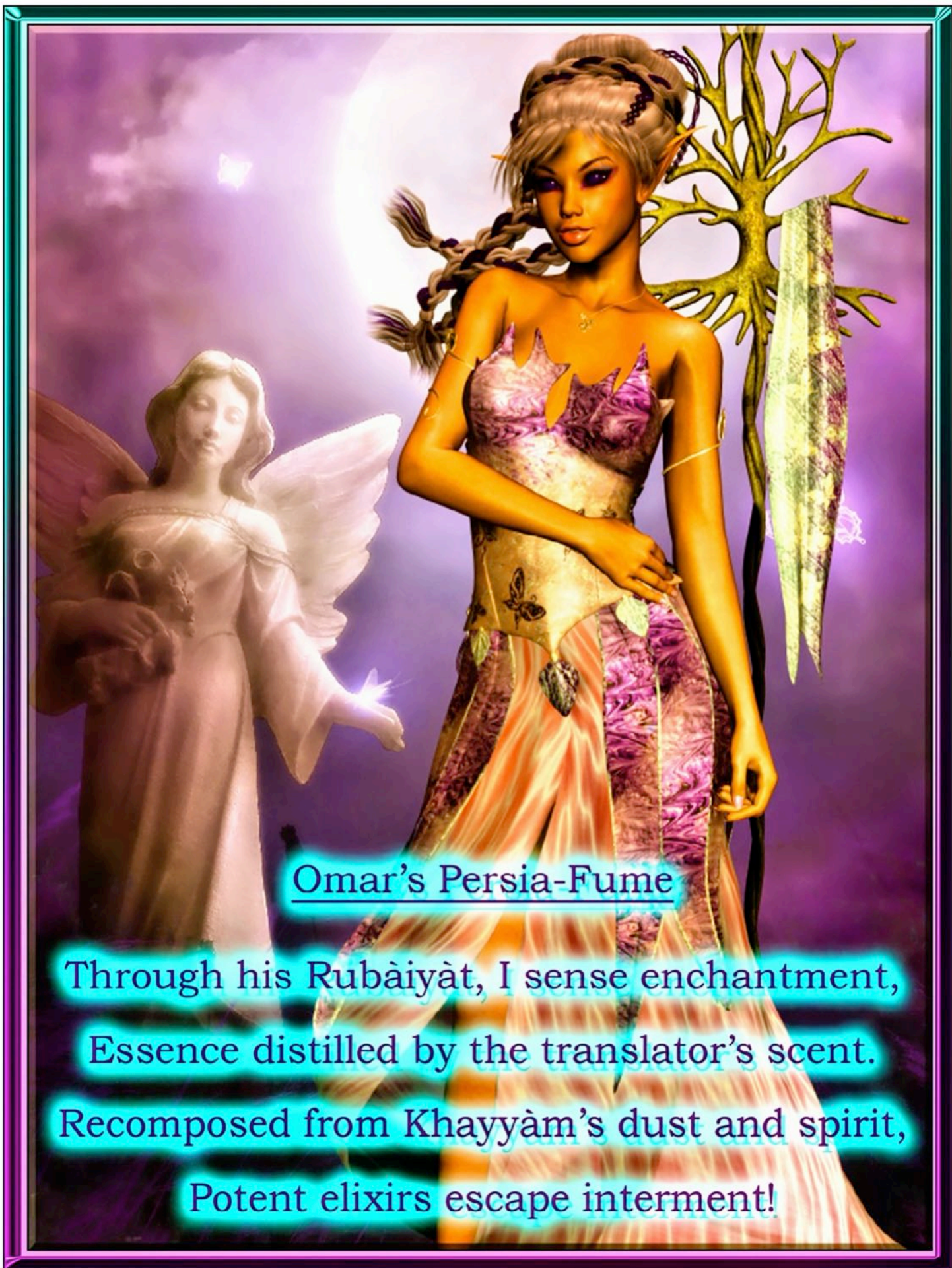
Yet a voice through the centuries echoes,

As still the summer blossoms with the rose.

A Splash of Verse



The fumes of ageless rhyme from ancient times
Waft from the Persian verse, as some chimes
New are mixed with the spirit of the old,
Deftly transmogrified for Victorian climes.



Omar's Persia-Fume


Through his Rubàiyât, I sense enchantment,
Essence distilled by the translator's scent.
Recomposed from Khayyâm's dust and spirit,
Potent elixirs escape interment!

Tetrastich

Out of the dust of this world's gloom and doom,
Drift the spores of Omar Khayyâm's mushroom,
Spreading forth the seeds of wisdom, to whom?
To those who would taste of life, I assume.



Overcome



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



Live for Today

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

Old Omar Khayyâm

Long time, old friend, since you lived and died,

Yet you taught us wisdom by the fireside,

Led me and mine along the riverside,

And watered our flowers through the springtide.

Dear Omar Khayyàm

Many follow the advice that you give,
Enjoying this life by being active,



But others are deaf, dumb, and blind to sense;
You can lead 'em to life but you can't make 'em live.

Omar's Gravesite

In Naishâpûr, Persia, rose gardens sing,
Then shed their blossoms at the end of spring.

Likewise, Old Khayyâm's earthly splendor flew,
Yet his Bird of Time still lives, on the wing.

Claymation

At Omar's grave in Naishāpūr, I see
Blossoms in the dirt, blown from the rose tree.
As I dust my shoes, the clay speaks to me:



“Once I was like you; tread softly on me.”

The Living Proof

Mentor Khayyàm, you gave me reason and rhyme;
I followed your quatrains, testing them through time;



The real proof of your advice was to live it.
Thanks, Omar; now I write the ones that are mine.

The Living Book

I live forever by my words, a poem
Of life, a conscious dream, an immortal gem.
Read me and the verses will come to life;



By living out my words you will know them.

Exhumed

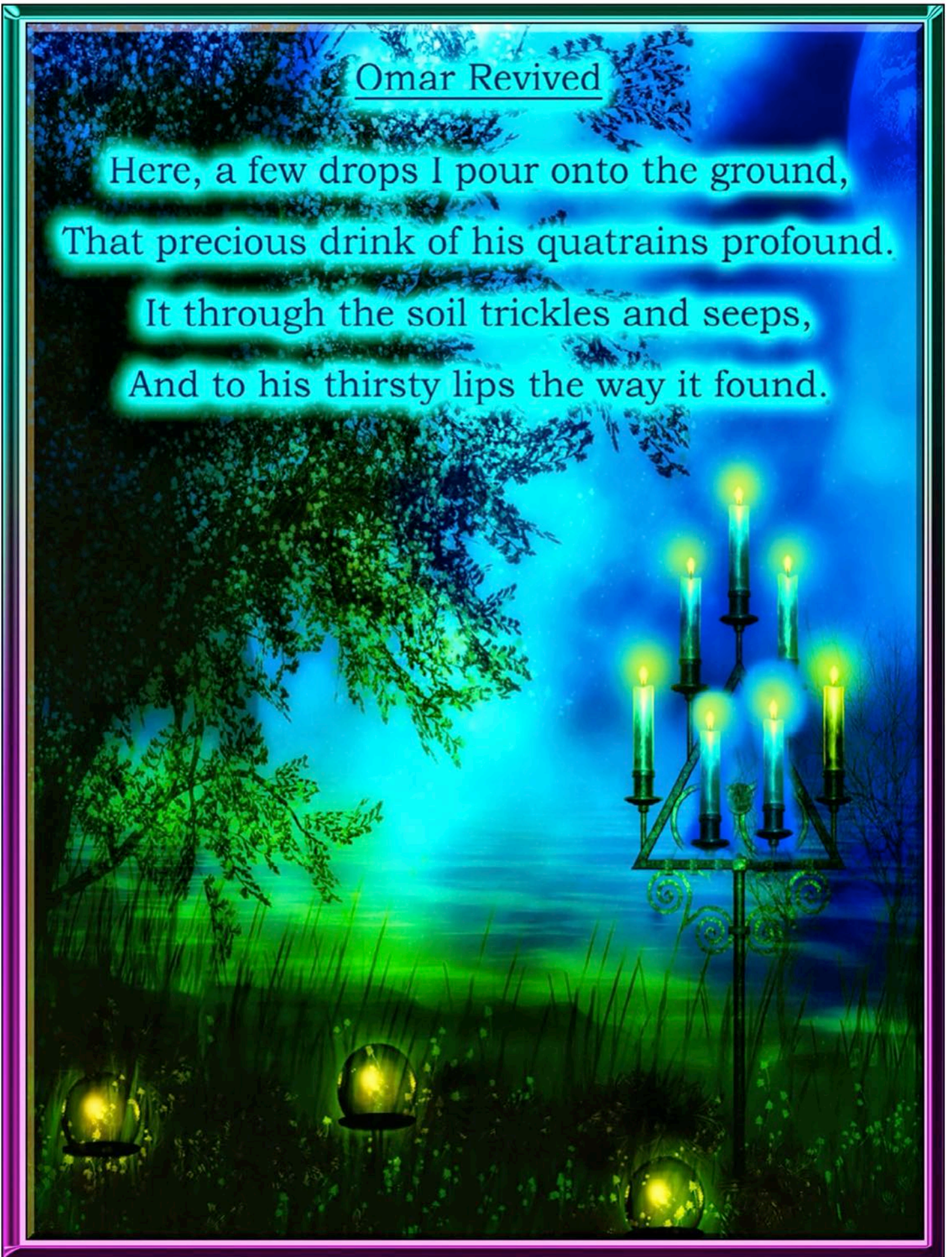
It is old Omar Khayyâm, I presume,
From whose inspiration these themes resume.

Your wine, love, laughter, and song I subsume,
Adding my own thoughts for all to consume.

Omar Revived

Here, a few drops I pour onto the ground,
That precious drink of his quatrains profound.

It through the soil trickles and seeps,
And to his thirsty lips the way it found.



Rebirth

I turn the cup: wine-drops to thirsty lips descend;
Can Old Khayyàm rise anew, like spring grass ascend?



Mournful rose petals kiss his grave, hence he a-rose!

Now Omar lives again in the heart of his friend.

To You, Omar

Here on the summer grass where you made one,
We turn down our cups, the feasting begun:

With earth's food and heaven's drink we toast you:
On this sacred summer lawn, we make one.

Omar Khayyàm

As phantoms from the tomb, the lamps relume;
From promise in the womb, the verses bloom.
Your poetic spirit spreads: Persia-fume,

As you my Book of Quatrains do illumine.



Underlying

In his flowered bed Omar reposes,

Resting in the earth in peace, one supposes,

But, beneath the words and themes on roses
In my quatrain-poems, Old Khayyàm composes.

Where We've Gone

Love's dreamland is the final refuge found,
Where untainted ideals thrive and abound.
Meet me, my dear, at half-light dawn or dusk;

We'll reign as King and Queen of twilight crowned.



Otherworldly Light

The zephyr faints, dying in the half-light,

Its caress suspended, as day kisses night,

When, for some instants, stretching into moments,

We are neither here nor there, but in twilight.

Twilight Rendezvous

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





You and Me


We kiss at the boundary of day and night,
Our-selves merging in the blend of twilight:
You and me, me and you; yours, mine, and ours;
The day-gold melts into the jeweled night.

Wealthy

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



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.

A woman with long, flowing red hair and large, translucent green wings stands on a dark, rocky surface. She is wearing a long, flowing blue dress with intricate patterns. She is reaching up with her right hand towards a bright, multi-pointed star. In the background, a large, crescent moon with a human-like face is visible, along with a smaller planet and a starry space scene. The overall color palette is dominated by blues, greens, and reds.

Venus Near the Moon

Reason speaks to Passion, with logic cool,
“Quench thy inner fire, lest it burn us, fool.”
Says Passion: “I know What I feel, not Why;
‘Tis better you take heed of me; I rule!”

Reasonable Passion



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

A woman with long black hair is the central figure, wearing a blue and red outfit with a blue face veil. She is surrounded by a shower of falling pink petals. The background is a sunset with a large orange sun. The text is overlaid on the image in a glowing blue font.

Mindful

Convince me, Nature, that Reason is right,
That the strength of the heart is not in flight;

I'll plunge into the depths of thought and love
And tell the spirit to defy the blight.



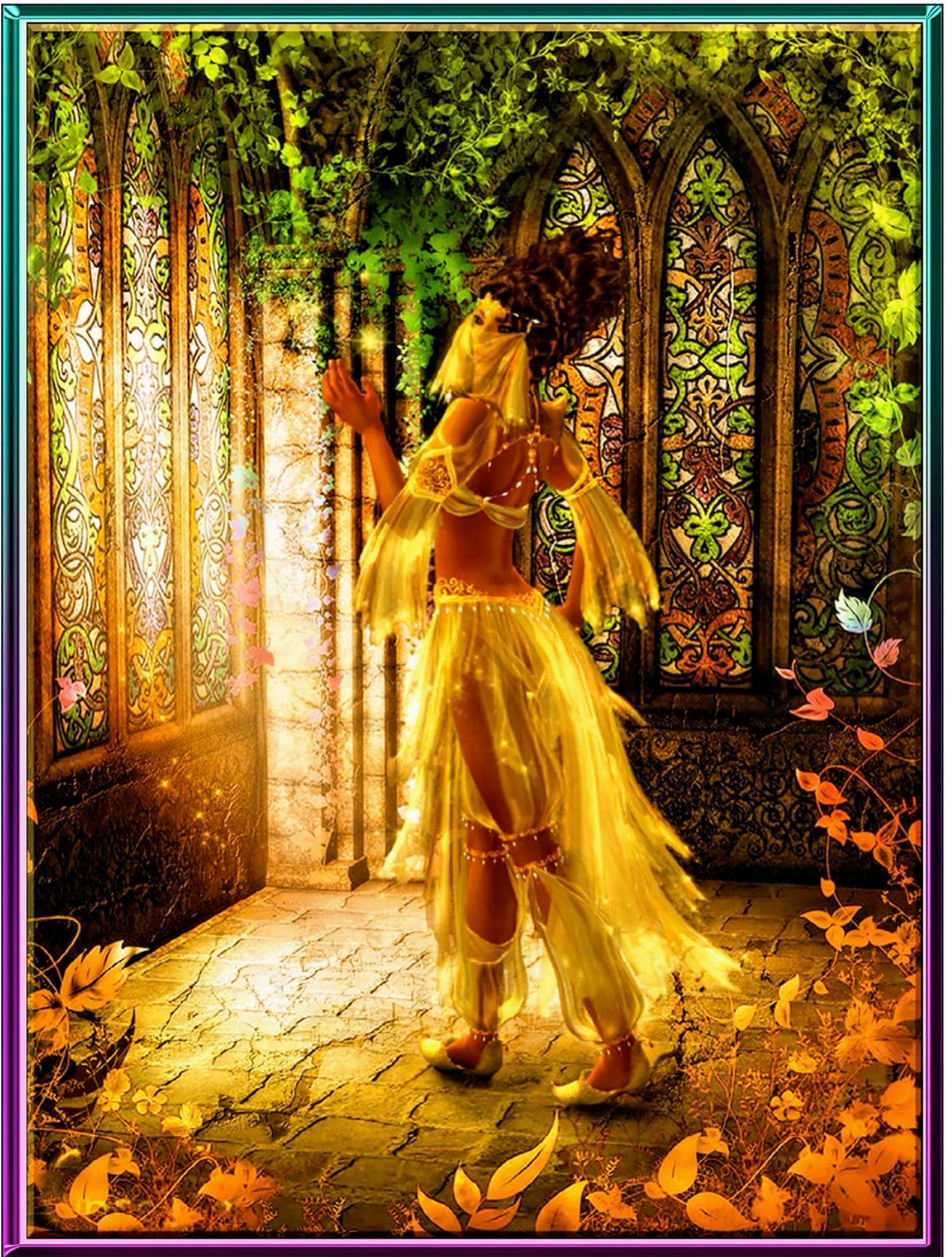


Attraction

There's an urge between root and flower,



Plant and soil, leaf and sun, air and water,
Day-star and planet, valley and mountain,
Wind and mist, man and woman, for ever.

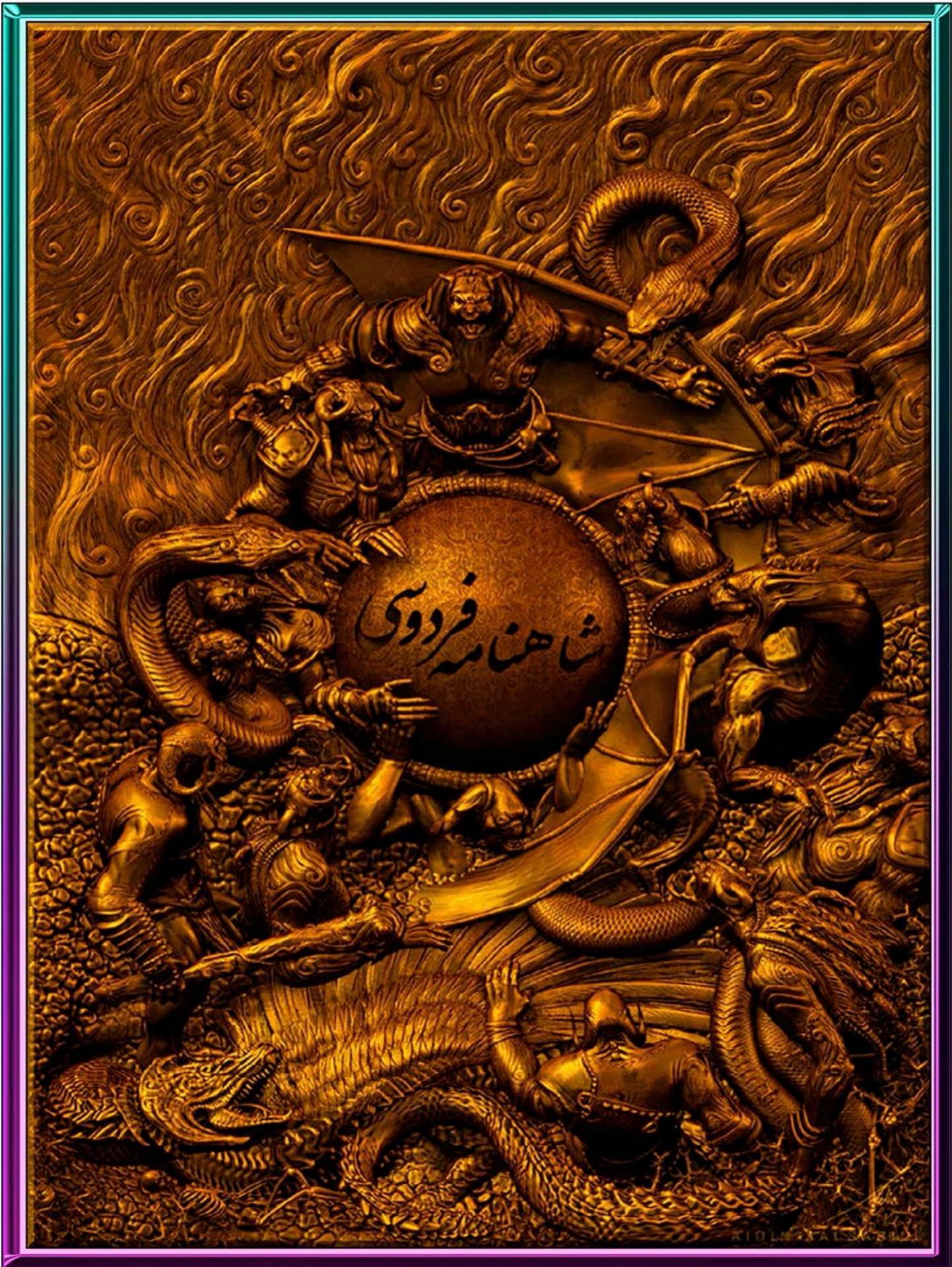












Today's Rubaiyat: Sensuality, Beauty, Truth

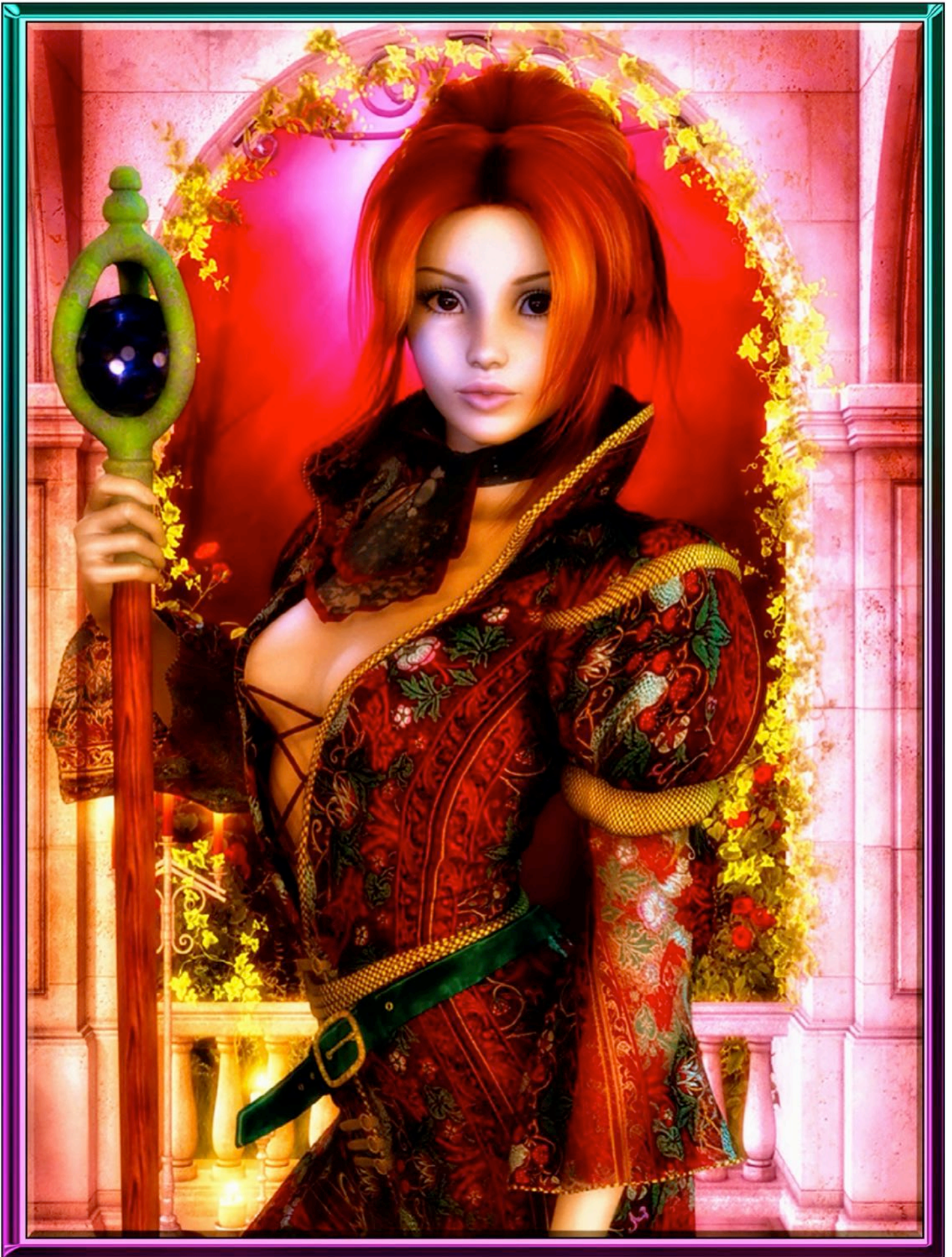


Austin D. Torney

The Human Condition

My quatrains, like Omar's, aim into the heart of life's dilemmas, offering simple, common sense solutions. In this hectic, complicated world of ours, we often forget that it is the simple things in life that are still the most enjoyable and inexpensive, as well as that everyone dies, but not everyone lives. Some may read my quatrains, but immediately revert back to old habits, for change is not an easy thing. Please try. Likewise, the spirit of Omar's heady Persia-fume has reached me across the centuries, and has overtaken me unaware, inspiring me to live and write, in that order.









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.



Self-Defeating

Since we're embodied, we have desires.

Suppression of desire strangely backfires,
Since, and this is the paradox, it takes
A strong desire to overcome desires!

'Being' Complete

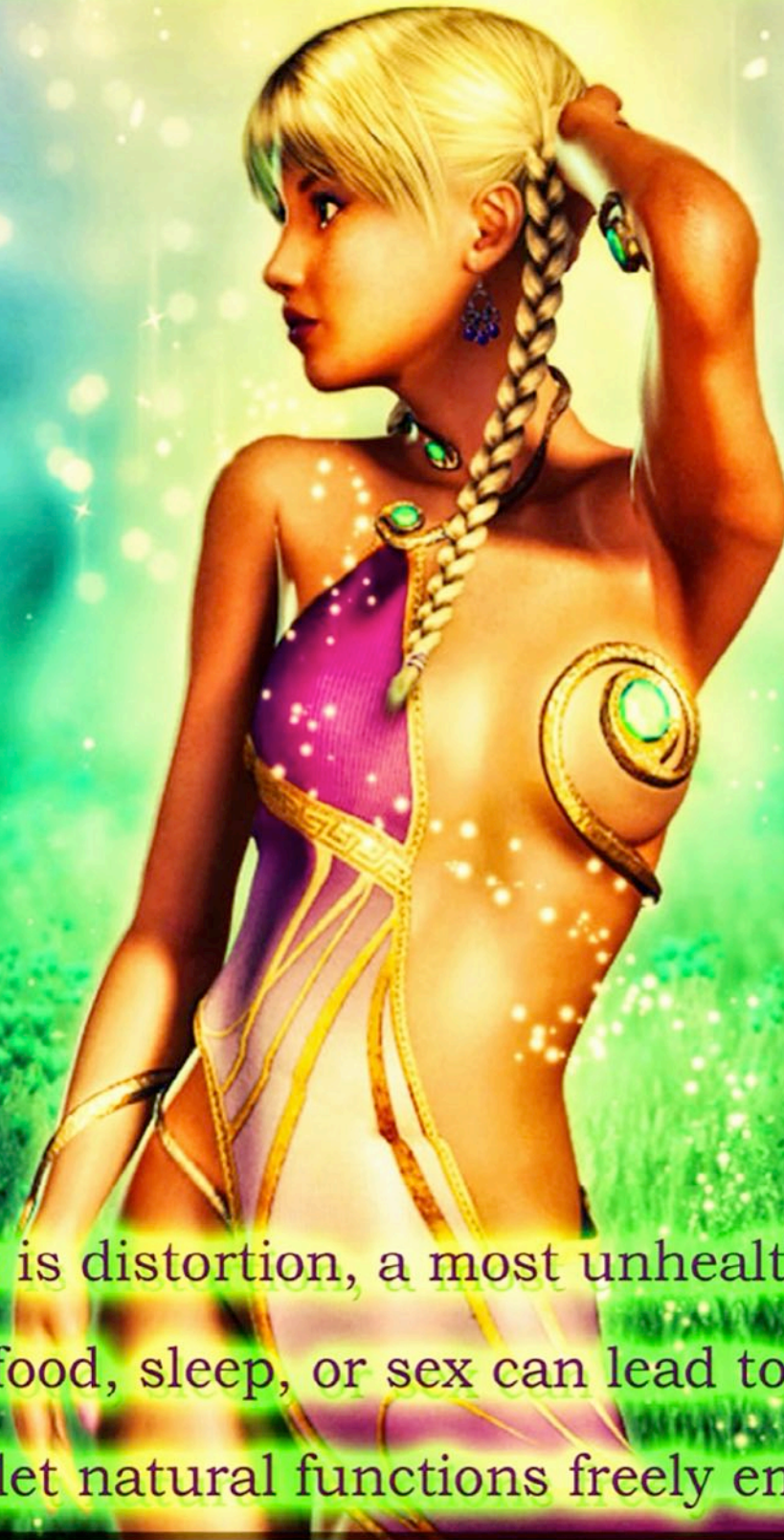
Sensual bliss should not be a lost art,



For the body is an integral part
Of the human being, joined with the spirit;
Realize thy self with whole body and heart.

Unhealthy Habits

It's unnatural to suppress a natural urge,



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

Free at Last

Head, heart, body, and soul were together built,
So why separate them? Merge them, so thou wilt



Have more awareness of life's experience,
Freeing sensual joy from feelings of guilt.

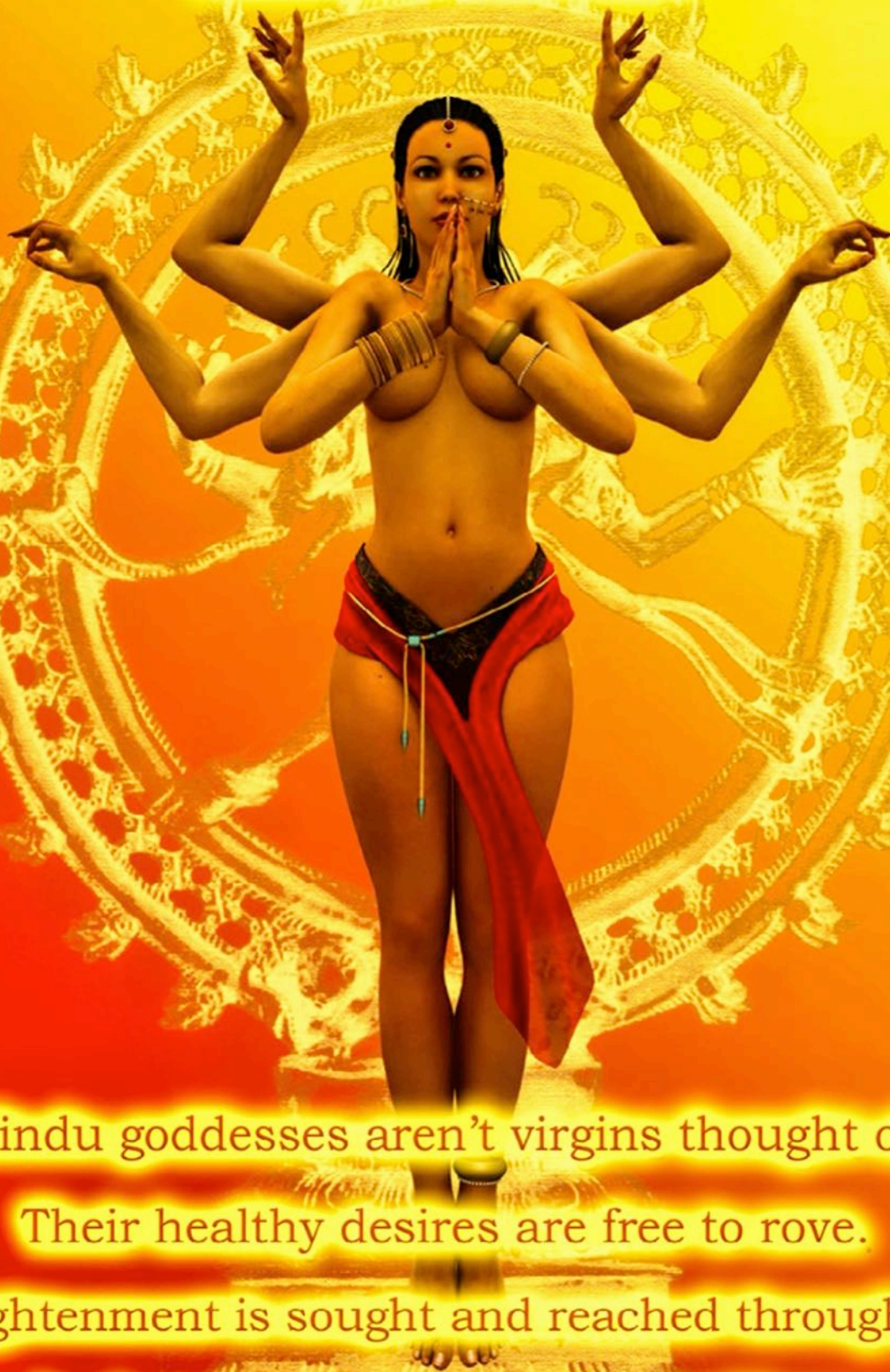
OK to Enjoy

In the Eastern world, lovemaking is an art form
In which body and soul in unity perform.



The Western approach is by joyless guilt deformed,
Though sexual energy is a human norm.

Unchained Sensuality




Hindu goddesses aren't virgins thought of;

Their healthy desires are free to rove.

Enlightenment is sought and reached through the

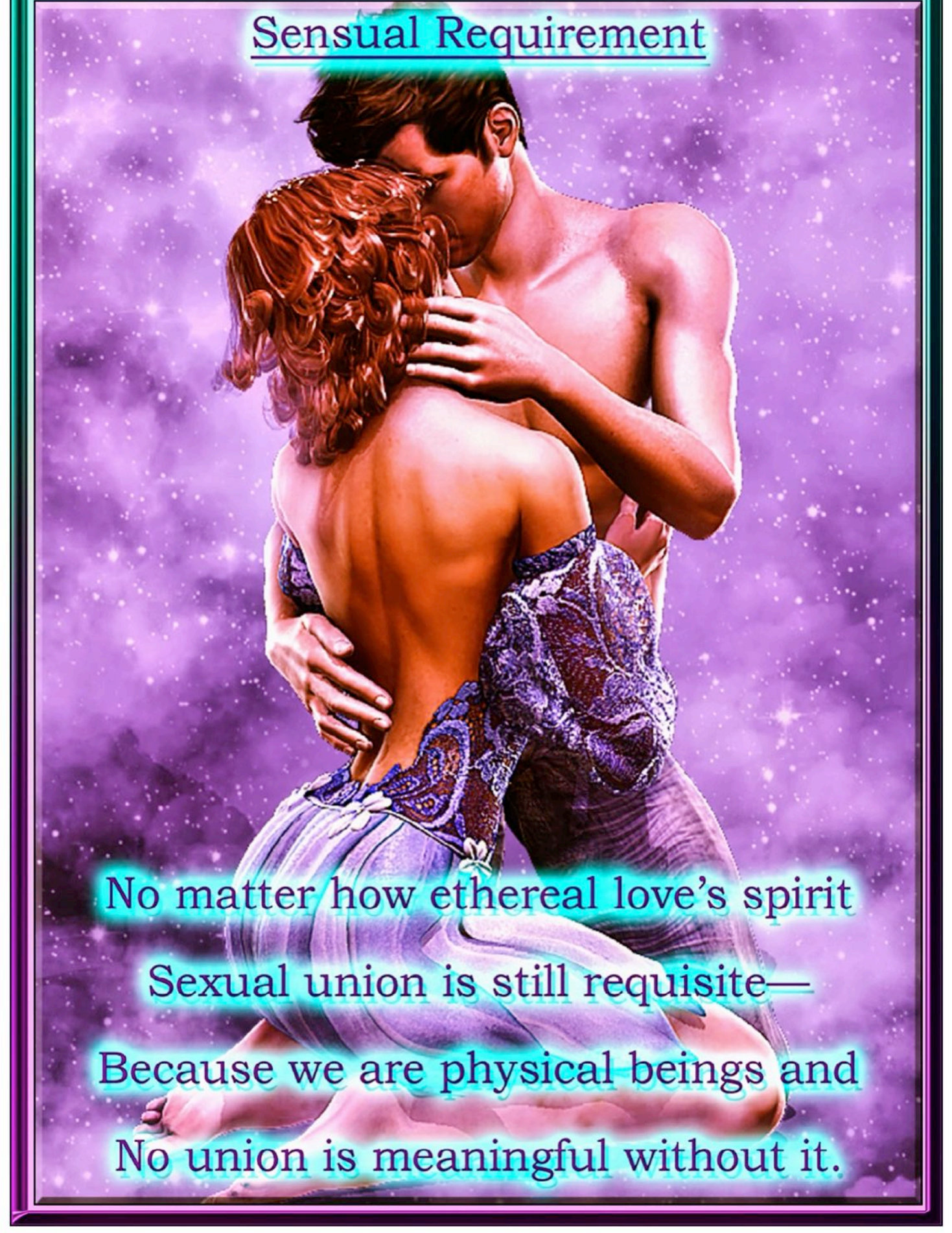
Profound experience of sensual love.



All Yours

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

Sensual Requirement

A romantic couple embracing in a starry night sky. The man is shirtless and has his arms around the woman's waist. The woman is wearing a blue and white patterned dress and has her back to the camera. The background is a dark blue sky filled with stars and a soft glow.

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

Aromatherapy



Pleasant smelling scents lift her heart and mine—


Essence of lotus, rose, amber, jasmine,

Night-queen, myrtle, saffron, and sandalwood

Stimulate the inner spirit sublime.

Flower Garden

The tulip lifts her blushing cheeks to me,



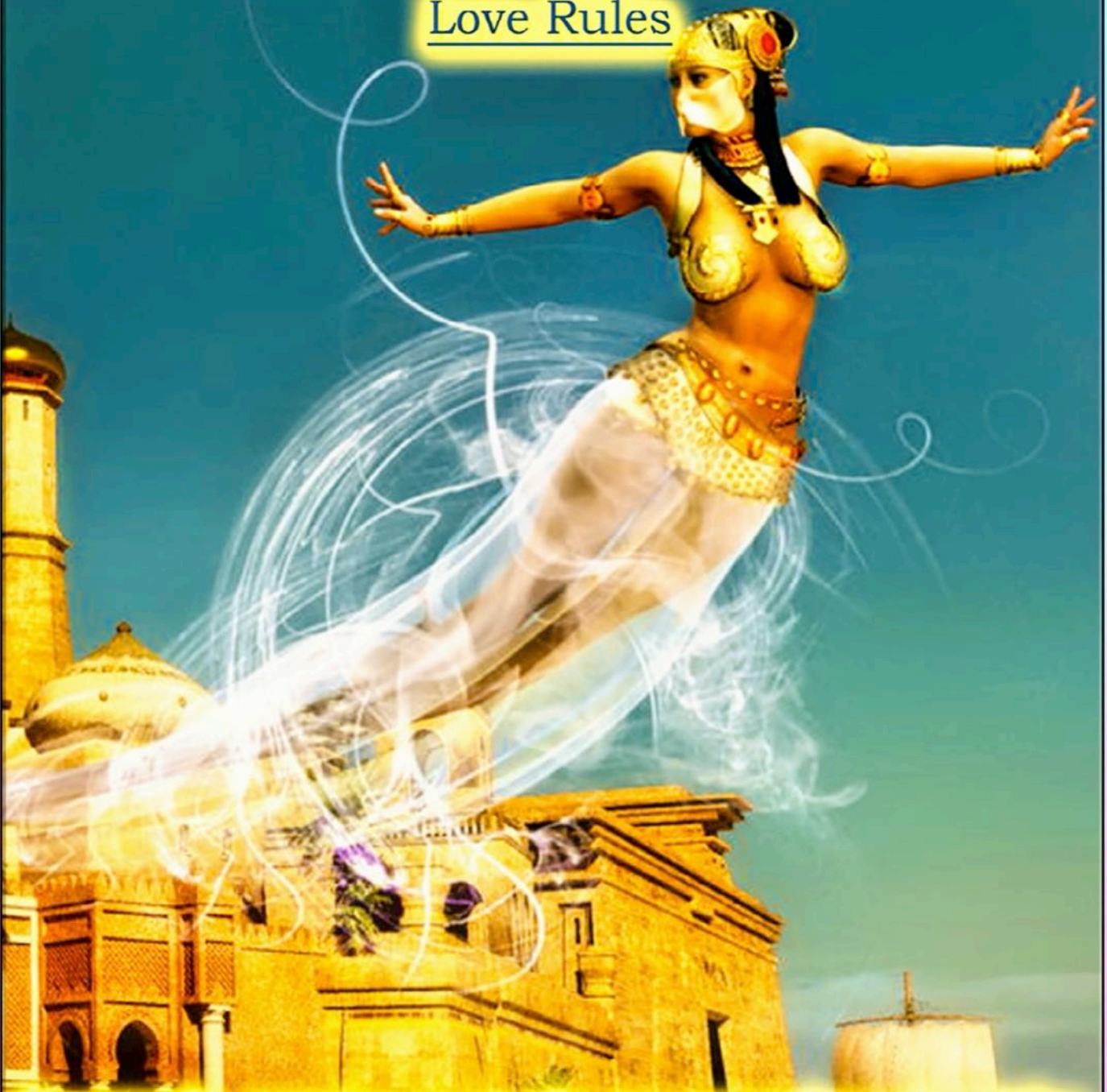
While wandering winds caress the rose tree.
She wears a spring smile and pours dewy tea.
“Yes, I’ll drink you long and deep into me.”

Perpetual Emotion

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

Renews itself, and sustains forever.

Love Rules



So much sweeter sounds are your lover's sighs
Than the groan of war that wins great prize.
Just one taste of true love by far outbuys
A Sultan's wealth in some rich paradise.

Pssst! Meet Me at the Rose

The rose is the flower that the bee cruises,

Meeting there the butterfly that love chooses;

They unfold the petals of the blossom,

Then drink the nectar of love's sweet juices.



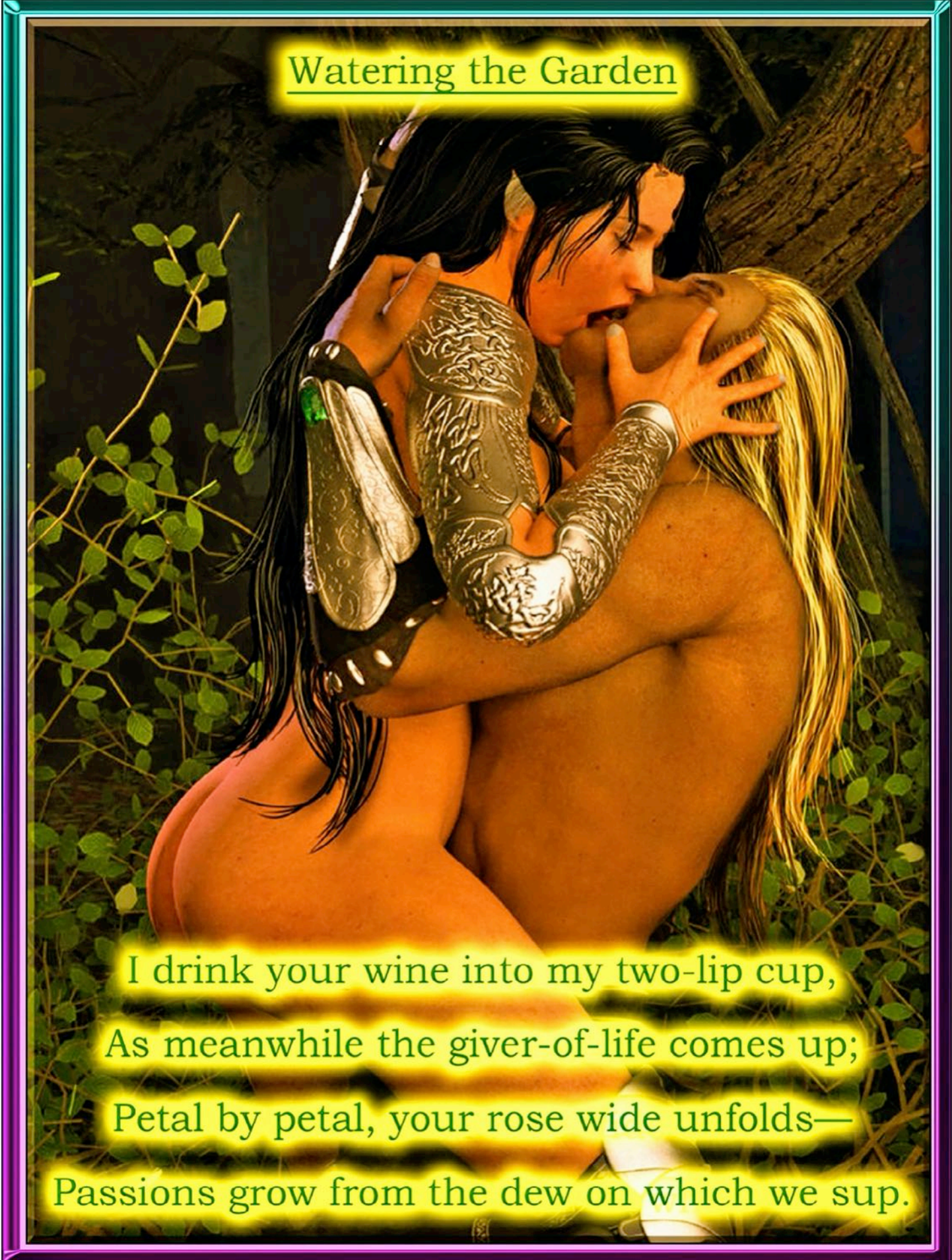


The Dance of Love

Her scent is ripe and her name means nectar.

Exotically blossoming I find her,
As I buzz my way into her flower,
For I am the bee and she my partner.

Watering the Garden

A woman with long, dark hair and ornate silver arm guards is embracing a man with long, blonde hair. They are in a lush, green garden setting. The woman is wearing a black top and a silver arm guard with intricate designs. The man is shirtless. They are both looking at each other and appear to be in a romantic or intimate moment. The background is filled with green foliage and a tree trunk.

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

A woman in a red dress is shown in a dynamic, athletic pose against a red background. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting the contours of her body and the texture of the dress. The overall mood is sensual and energetic.

Bubbling Sexual Passion

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

The Old Ways



We rarely sit in front of fires created,
So, the light of the sacred fire has retreated
Into the subconscious; thus, candle flames are
Harmonious with life's passions stimulated.

Candle Flames

Fire inspires everyone under the sun,

Especially lovers having their fun.

Firelight flickers, playing on nakedness,

Their inner fire as sacred as the outer one.





The Inner Sanctum

Spontaneous, endearing acts allow
Dead yesterday and unborn tomorrow
To be dropped from the calendar, for,
In the love-temple, there is only now!





Spontaneous Combustion



Our passions smolder, like incense fuming,
And burn brightly, the candle flames luming,
Waxing full as we consume the body,
Then rise as spirit smoke, mushrooming.

Persona Grata

Your wine, my persona radiata,

Fills my golden chalice—oh, Sultana,

I'm intoxicated by your love-stream

Flowing freely; oh dear, amorata!

Equal Partners



“You enclose my universe, yet, it’s boundless.”

“You fill up my universe, never the less.”

“I’ll fulfill your emptiness with my fullness.”

“I’ll empty your fullness with my emptiness.”

Quenched

A woman with blonde hair, wearing jewelry, is shown in a sensual, reclining pose. She is surrounded by wisps of smoke or steam. In the foreground, several lit candles provide a warm, golden light. The entire scene is framed by a decorative border.

My dearest: Your wet lips' sensual pout
Draws me to the cooling well, in and out.

Love's sensation touches us everywhere...
At last, the sweet-water puts the fire out.

The Four Love-Making Elements

Hardness rises from the earth element;




Secretions flow as water's element;

Sexual friction evokes sacred fire;

Ecstatic pleasure fills the firmament. *Cy*

Wildlife

Oh never do I hear a sound so sweet
As when you moan like a panther in heat.

A painting of a winged woman with long, flowing hair, sitting on a large rock. She has large, dark, veined wings. A panther is curled up at her feet, looking up at her. The scene is set in a dark, forested area with a bright light source in the background, creating a dramatic, golden glow.

You take me on a wild jungle ride,
Then purr like a pussycat at my feet.

After-Play

Let the fruits of the lovemaking ripen,

By remaining in close union, so then,
Energy and spirit can be reabsorbed—
You'll blend in a mystical way. Amen.


Good-Bye Moon

Purest moonlight falls into the wrong hand,
As Evil swirls round, a drifting black sand



That drinks the silvery beam from the cup,
Till the moon shines no more across the land.

Good Morning

A woman with long dark hair, wearing a traditional Native American-style outfit with fringes and intricate patterns, stands in a field of yellow flowers. She is looking directly at the camera with a slight smile. The background is a bright, sunlit field of yellow flowers, possibly a field of wildflowers or a similar natural setting. The overall tone is warm and vibrant.

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

Born Again



All the roseate hearts are cleansed by dew,
And lucky are we if spring finds us new—
And every blossom on the bush blows full,
When these wonders the new mornings bestrew.





The Beauty of Truth

Life's hardships can be softened by beauty;

Its weaknesses can be strengthened by truth.

When roses blossom, like realizations,

Beauty itself blooms from the well of truth.

The Other Side

Life, although anguishing, must be lived fully,
Yet, if we're alive enough to feel its beauty,

Then we're exposed to its opposite twin;
Yes, Beauty's other side is Melancholy.

Essence

A woman with long, flowing blonde hair and a purple, ornate dress with a cape stands in a cosmic setting. She has large, translucent wings and holds two glowing, spherical objects in her hands. Behind her is a large, glowing purple moon, and the background is a deep blue and purple starry night sky with constellations. The entire scene is framed by a glowing purple and blue border.

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

Opposite Twin

When sadness broods over the morrow,
I visit the deep well of sorrow.



There enshrined, inseparate, Beauty says,
“It’s from me that sadness you borrow.”

The Life of Art

Art and poetry enrich human experience,
But they're no substitutes for the living of it.

Like Keat's figures on the urn, should we live life less?

No, because what is deathless is also lifeless!



A woman with blonde hair styled in an updo, wearing a blue floral gown with a large bow at the waist and a sheer blue veil, stands in a garden. She is surrounded by pink roses and is flanked by two stone columns. The scene is illuminated with a soft, pinkish-purple glow, suggesting a moon or a light source in the background. The title 'Inseparable' is written in a decorative font at the top of the image.

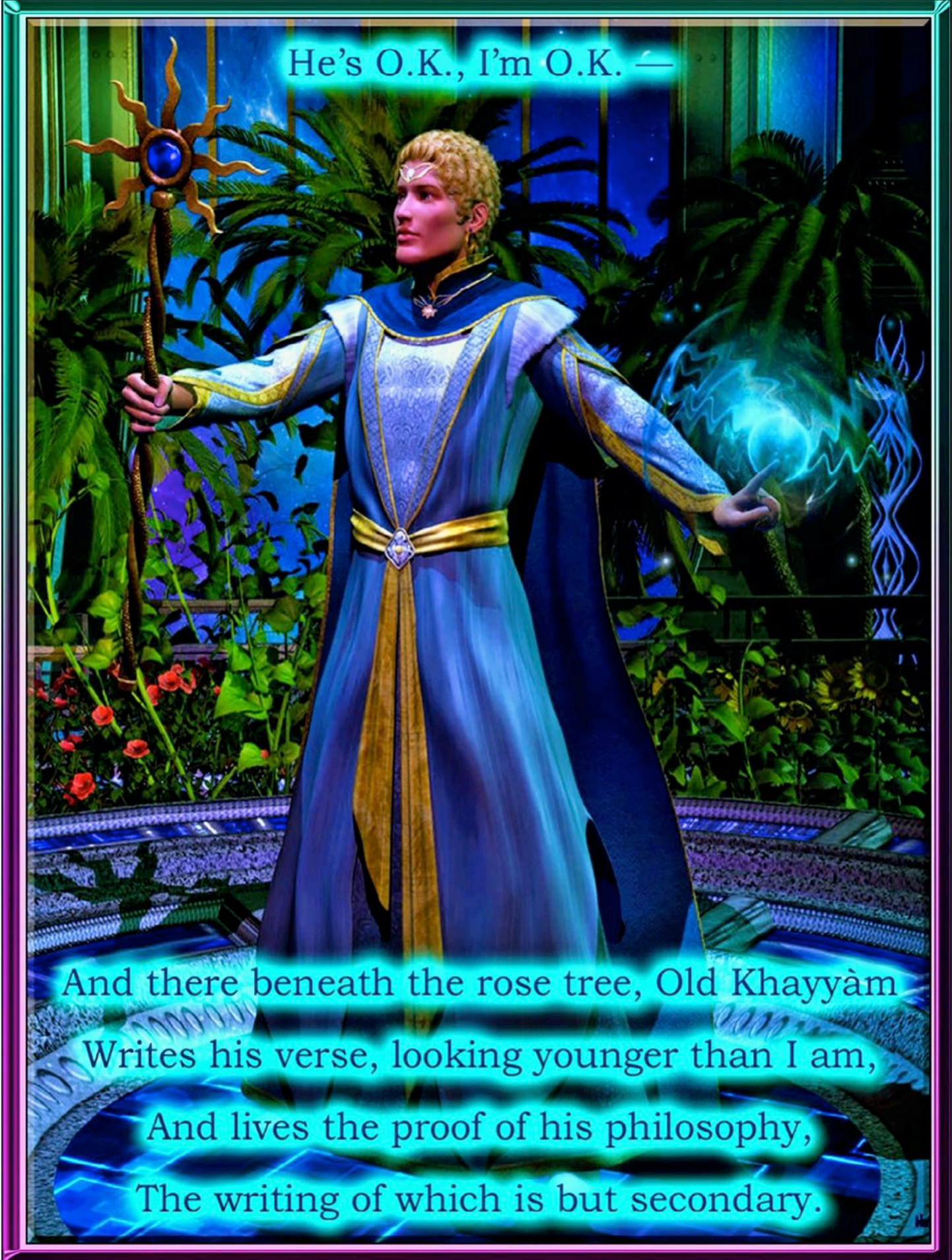
Inseparable

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.





He's O.K., I'm O.K. —

A man with blonde hair and a white forehead mark stands in a lush garden at night. He wears a blue and gold robe with a gold sash. He holds a staff with a sun-like symbol in his right hand and a glowing blue orb in his left. The garden is filled with green plants and red flowers. The scene is framed by a blue border.

And there beneath the rose tree, Old Khayyàm
Writes his verse, looking younger than I am,
And lives the proof of his philosophy,
The writing of which is but secondary.

Soul to Soul



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

The Secret

My quick thoughts rose, mist rising from the dew,



As living dreams unveiled more than I knew.

From poetry's light a garden grew,
Revealing mysterious wonders new.

Keeping the Flame Alive

Gawain, Percevale, and knights of fable
Sat with King Arthur at the Round-Table.

The glow from the Dark Age enlightens us still;
Their shining flame does the soul enable.



Keats: The Passion-Flower-Poet

The rose was the promise of his life's blood,
But he died on the vine, nipped in the bud;

Dewy love-tears fell, dripping on the thorns;
Oh how those drops swelled eternity's flood!



For Emily

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

A woman with reddish-brown hair, wearing a teal and black outfit, is captured in a graceful dance pose. She is standing in a room with stone walls and a large mural in the background. The mural depicts a scene with a figure and a large animal. The woman's right arm is raised, and her left hand is extended towards the floor. The scene is lit with warm, golden light.

Love Feast

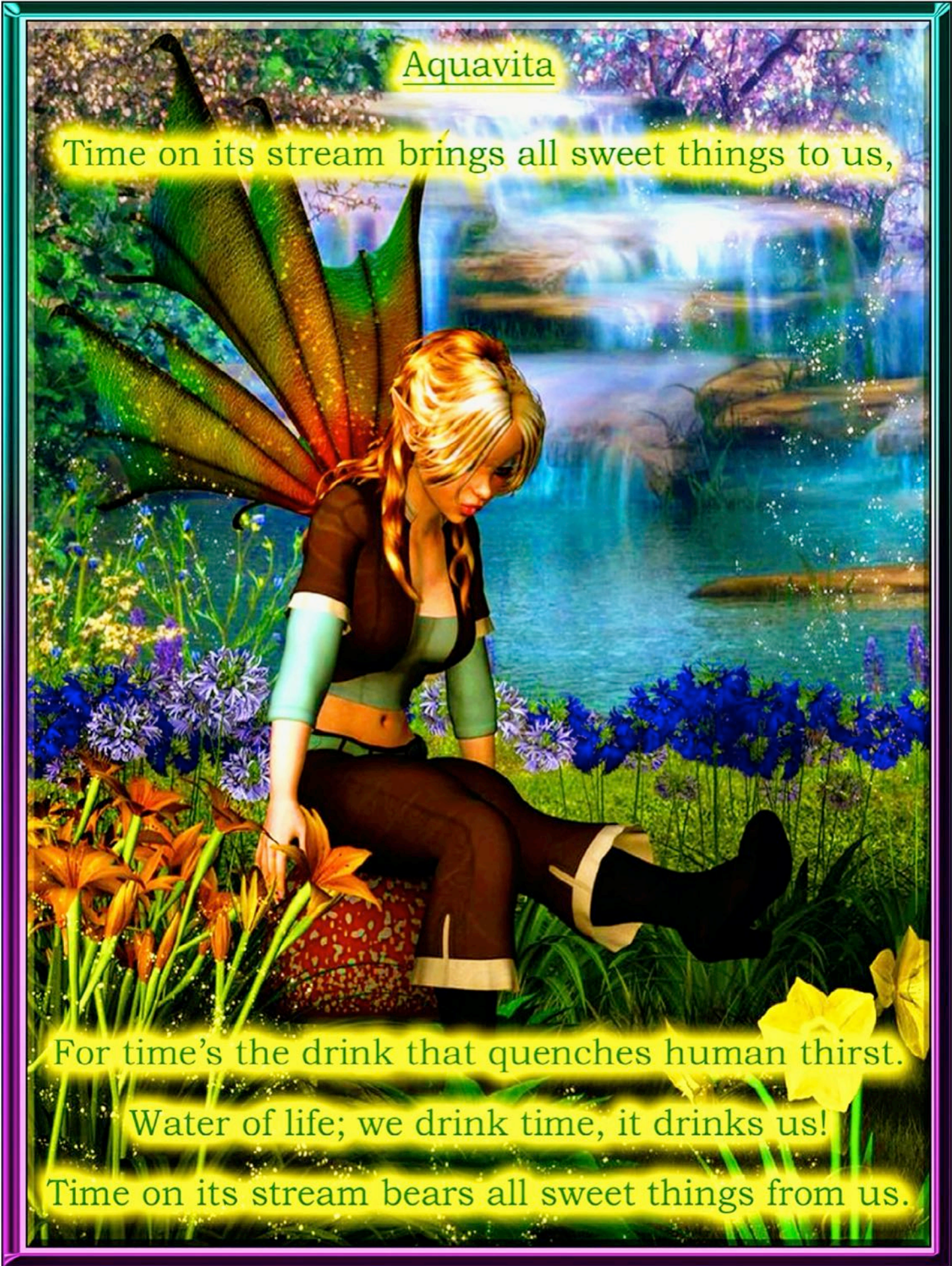
Lady, meet Old Khayyām, poet of myth;
Fly with him, drawn by incense fumes therewith;
Drink wine, live a poem, make love; enjoy his
Second coming, and his third, fourth, and fifth.

FitzGerald's Heirloom

Across Khayyàm's gravestone blows the simoom,
Carrying forth Omar's Persia-fume.



Redressed in the translator's costume,
It's remade into Victorian perfume.



Aquavita

Time on its stream brings all sweet things to us,

For time's 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.



Incomplete

A puzzle, if one muddles, can be made to fit,
The parts making a seamed whole, bit by bit by bit;

However, people in unions have edges that sit
Perfectly on one side but not on another.

Love Cycle

Loss is painful when leaves fall, but, we cope;

As always, new attachments form, with hope—

For the seasonal cycle mirrors all:

Life is a generous kaleidoscope!

A romantic couple embracing at sunset. The man is shirtless, wearing a necklace, and the woman is wearing a black top and a patterned skirt. They are standing in a field of tall grass, looking at each other. The background is a warm, golden sunset sky.


Who is Aware?

“Can one really realize life’s benefit
By living each precious minute of it?
Can such awareness withstand all the strife?”

“Yes, if you’re a lover or a poet.”

Time, Death, and Stardust

Time and stardust made us Earth's living guest



While quick death sifted the rest from the best.
Those three, our birthright, form our epitaph:
RIP; time expired, death came, dust is left.

Above Ground

The cemetery is where the ducks are fed,

Where we lovers feast on wine, verse, and bread,
Amidst the flowered trees and quiet streams,
The home for both the living and the dead.

A World Improved

We live at once, aware that life is dear,
Oft smiling at Heaven and Hell without fear;

Such, we have some laughs, give true love, and make
Life better, for it is now and we are here.

The Urn

From Heaven's stars came our dust eterne,
As time's seas nurtured thee and thine in turn.



From time, death, and dust we thus became,
And by this, thus, and that we must return.

Worthless and Priceless

All the world's wealth cannot extend the power
That drains the cup and withers the flower.



What would be the price of a moment's breath
Purchased from Death's hand at the final hour?



An Empty Grave

Now my cup is nearly empty and done.
There is left but one last drop for the sun

To drink, or with which to make rivers run:
Its flavor bursts in joy—my life is won!

Life's a continual co
From some ultimate un



*We're immersed in mat
Therefore, we must all t*

smic energy dance,
derlying happenstance.



ter's universal rhythm,
participate in the dance.

Revival

Oh, no, reader, of course I'm not yet dead,
As though it may appear that you've just read;

No, I'm living, oh, I'm living a poem,
I'm living all the words that I've just said.

Still Alive

Refreshed, I wander among the tombstones,
Under which rest little more than the bones,
Wherefrom the life had fled when dreams were dead—
Which under me become life's stepping stones.



A person in a white sheet stands in a stone archway, looking towards a wooden door. The scene is decorated with pumpkins, a jack-o'-lantern, and autumn foliage. The lighting is warm and golden, creating a spooky atmosphere. The text is overlaid on the image in a glowing yellow font.

Last Words

Not all poems are pleasant—some speak of death,
Of life's end, separate by just a breath;

I see tombstones overgrown, under swept,
Names unknown, and to all the message saith:

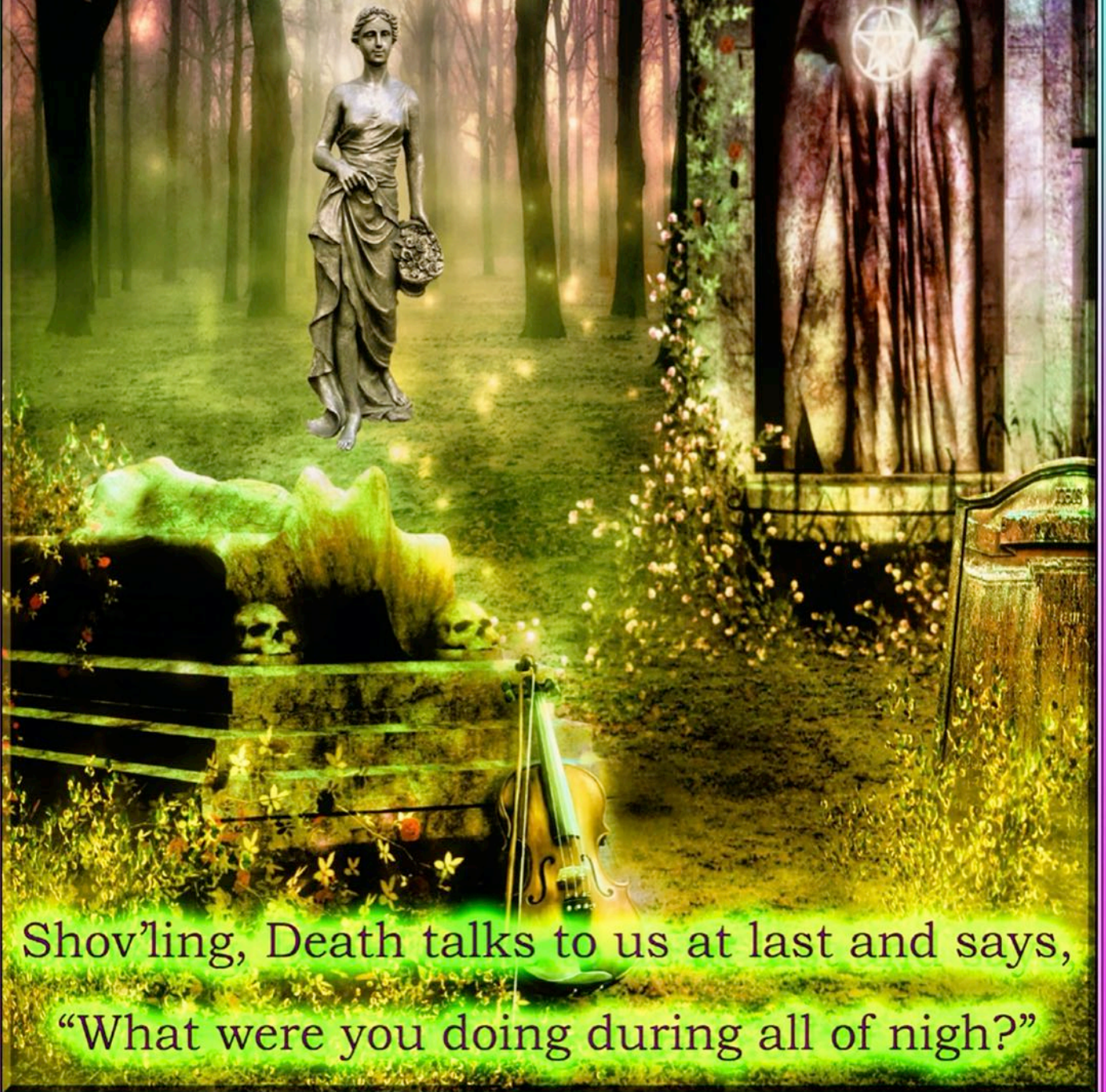
“Read Me”

It says, 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!”



The Last Remembrance

Engraved is "The End" of this earthly sigh;
Six sides surround: five are dirt, one is sky.



Shov'ling, Death talks to us at last and says,
"What were you doing during all of nigh?"



Back Down to Earth

I'll play the game and roll the earthly dies,
And through this worldly life enjoy the prize.

If Earth is Hell for love's adventurers,
Then I wish no more for God's Paradise.





When Winter Comes

Youth and Beauty made aged Winter mourn
For Summer's grain, the waving wheat and corn;
For, Old Autumn, withered, wan, had passed on,
Leaving the earth a widow, weatherworn.



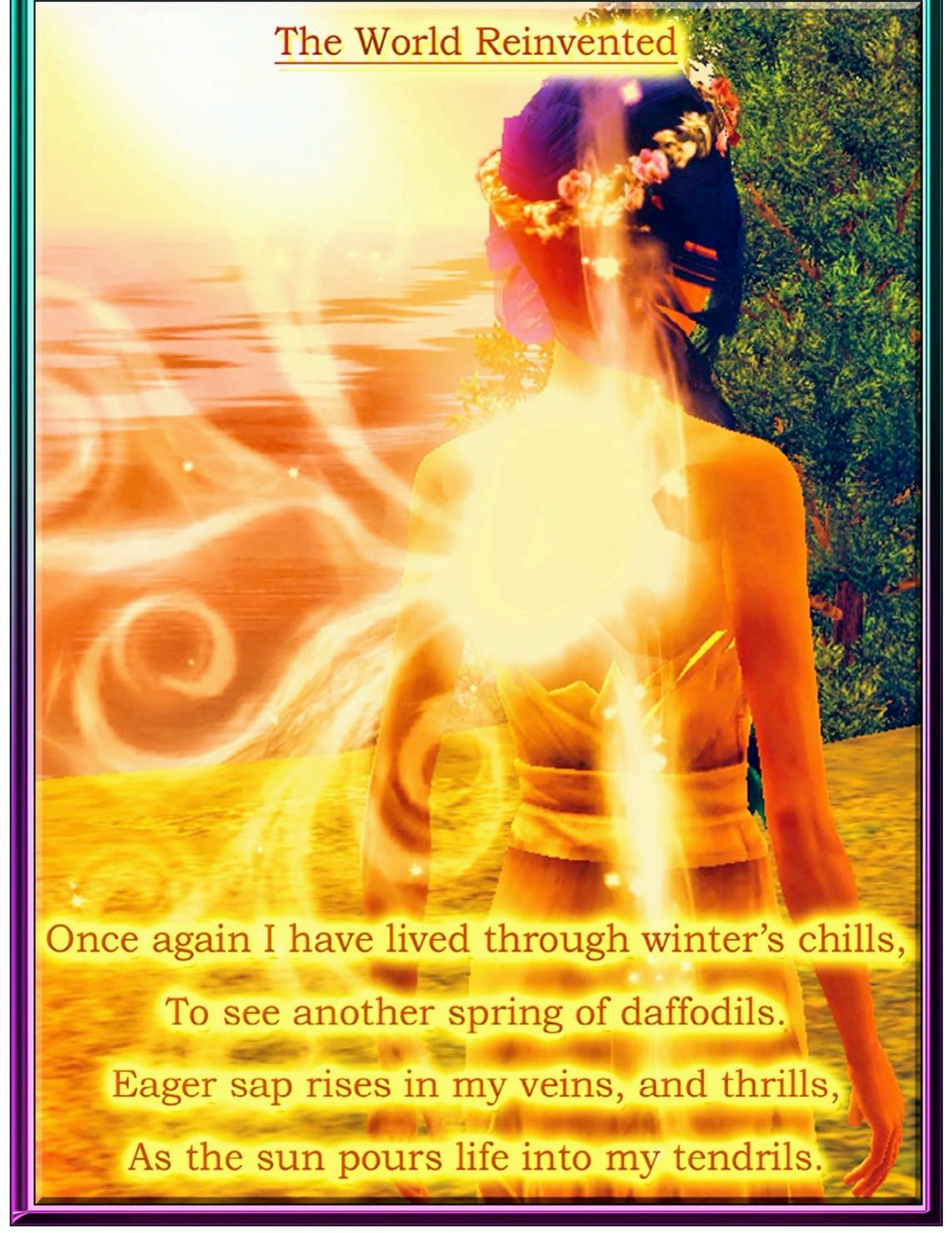


What Love Remembers

We bask in the warmth of winter sunshine,
The sunbeams creating a golden shrine;

As sparks given birth from the embers,
Our flames are fueled by the light divine.

The World Reinvented



Once again I have lived through winter's chills,
To see another spring of daffodils.
Eager sap rises in my veins, and thrills,
As the sun pours life into my tendrils.

Rationality

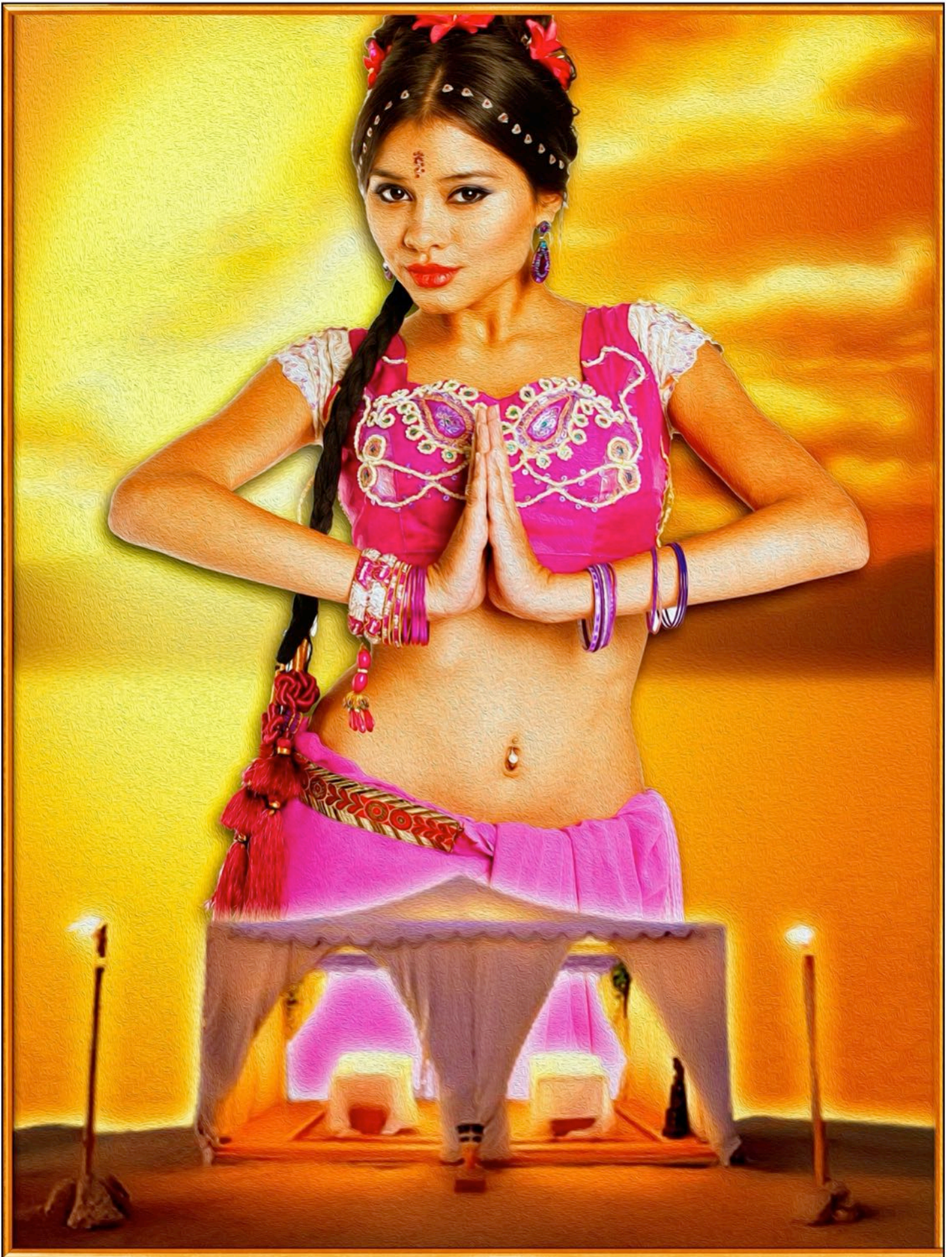
Knowing that we can't solve all life's mysteries

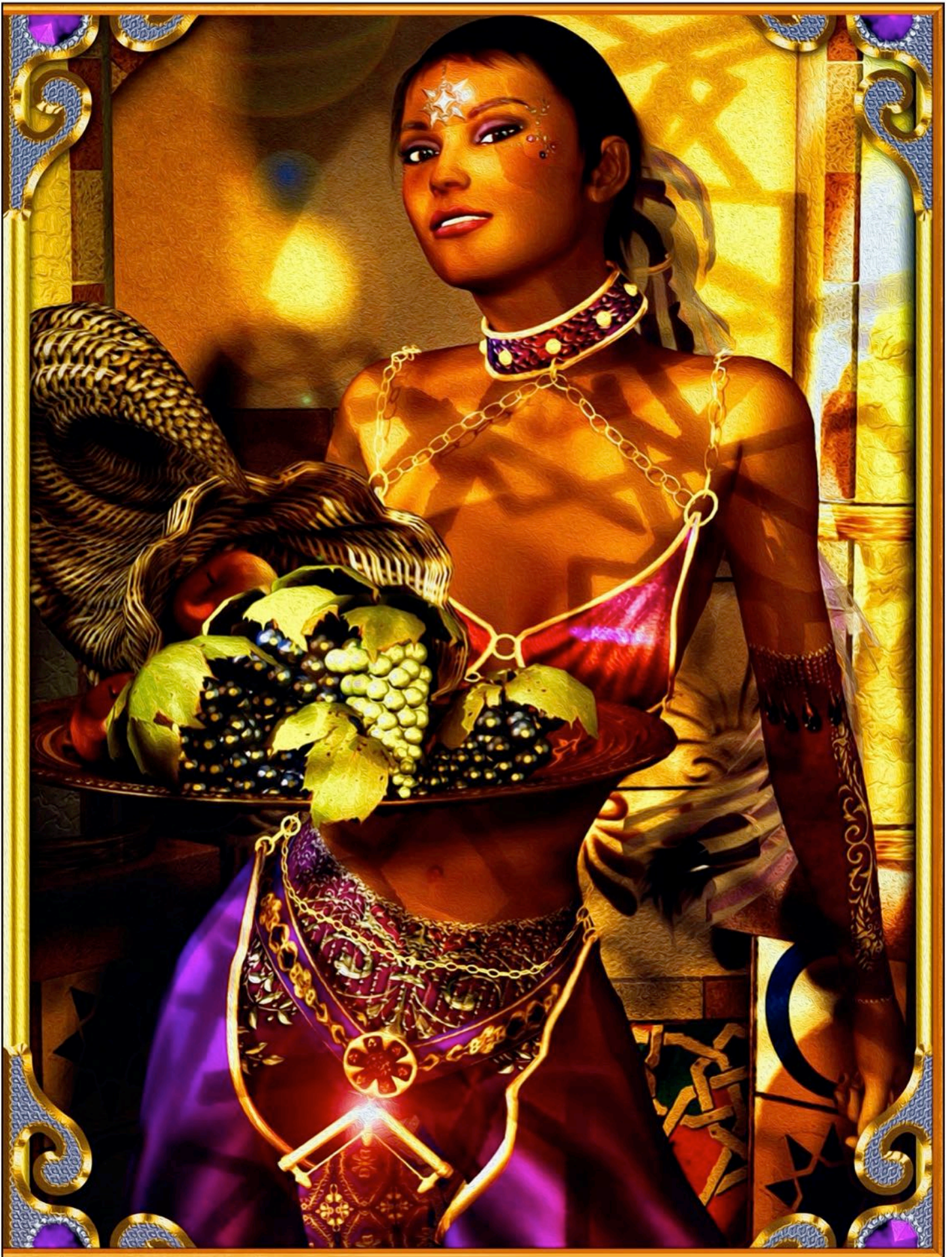


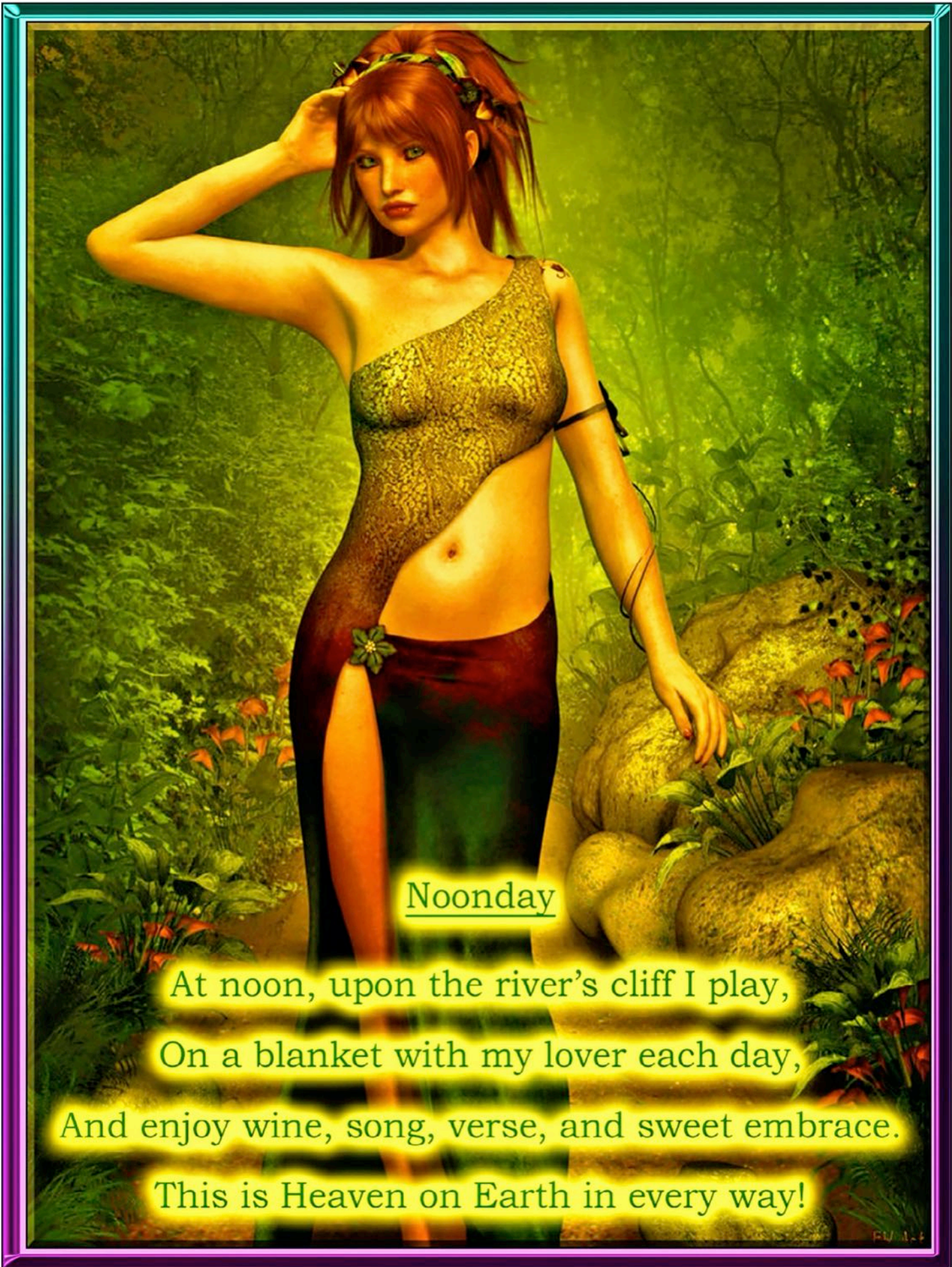
Frees us from that senseless task of misery.

We can see, hear, smell, feel, and drink in all

Reality that penetrates sensibility.







Noonday


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

Despoiled

Living in the abstract becomes our toil;
We grasp out for, well, nothing, hence, we spoil!

Off we float, lost between Heaven and earth,
Since our roots no longer reach nature's soil.

Eternity's Smile



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

Halfway There

Daydreams pierce the noise of consciousness
To reveal that which is best for us; yes,

Mere aspiration halves realization;

What we have now was once a dream, no less.



Wishing-Well

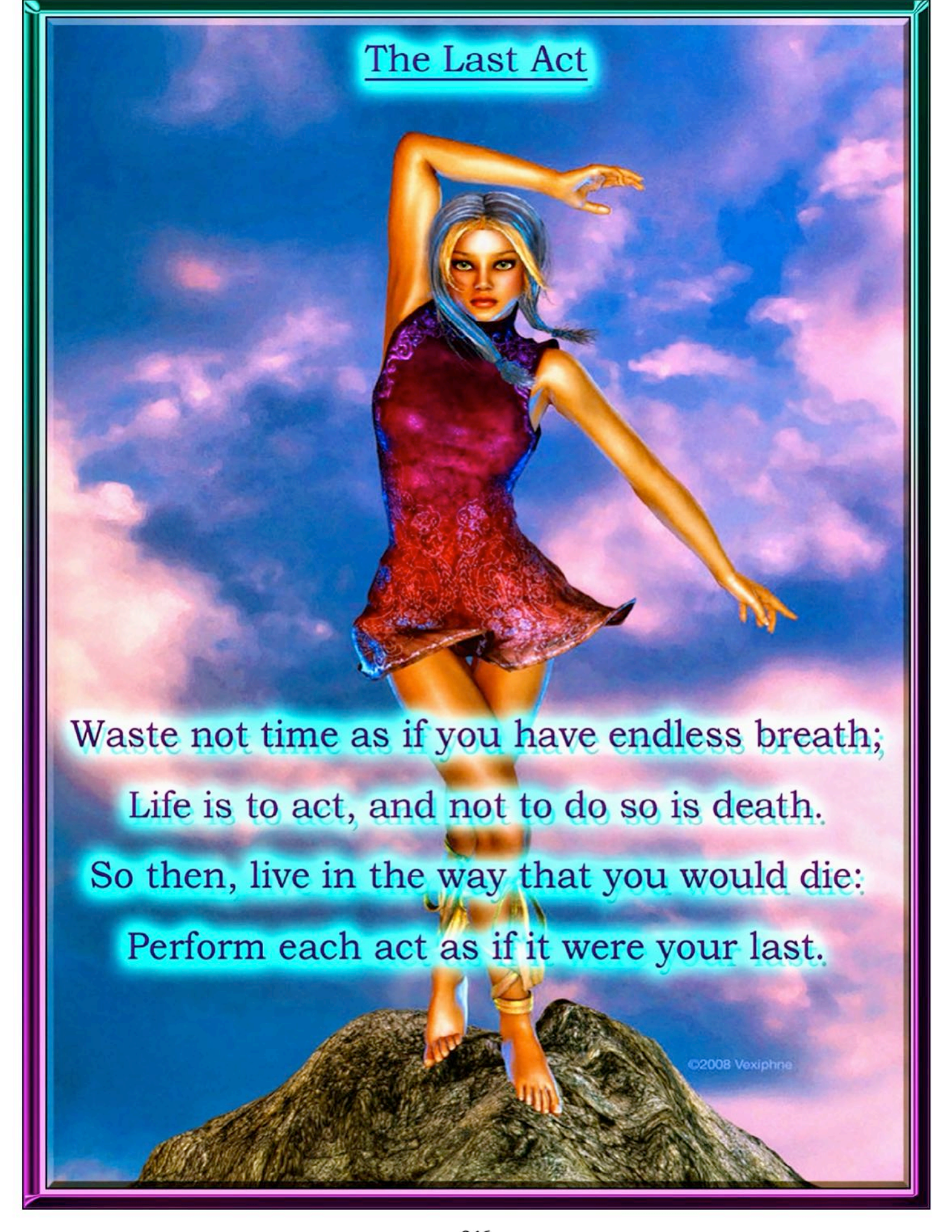
When tomorrow's well is full, will we drink?
Or should we live today? Must we sit and think?
If so, then even today is too late;
The wise just lived yesterday to the brink!

Ever-More

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

As all have enchanting paths to explore.

The Last Act



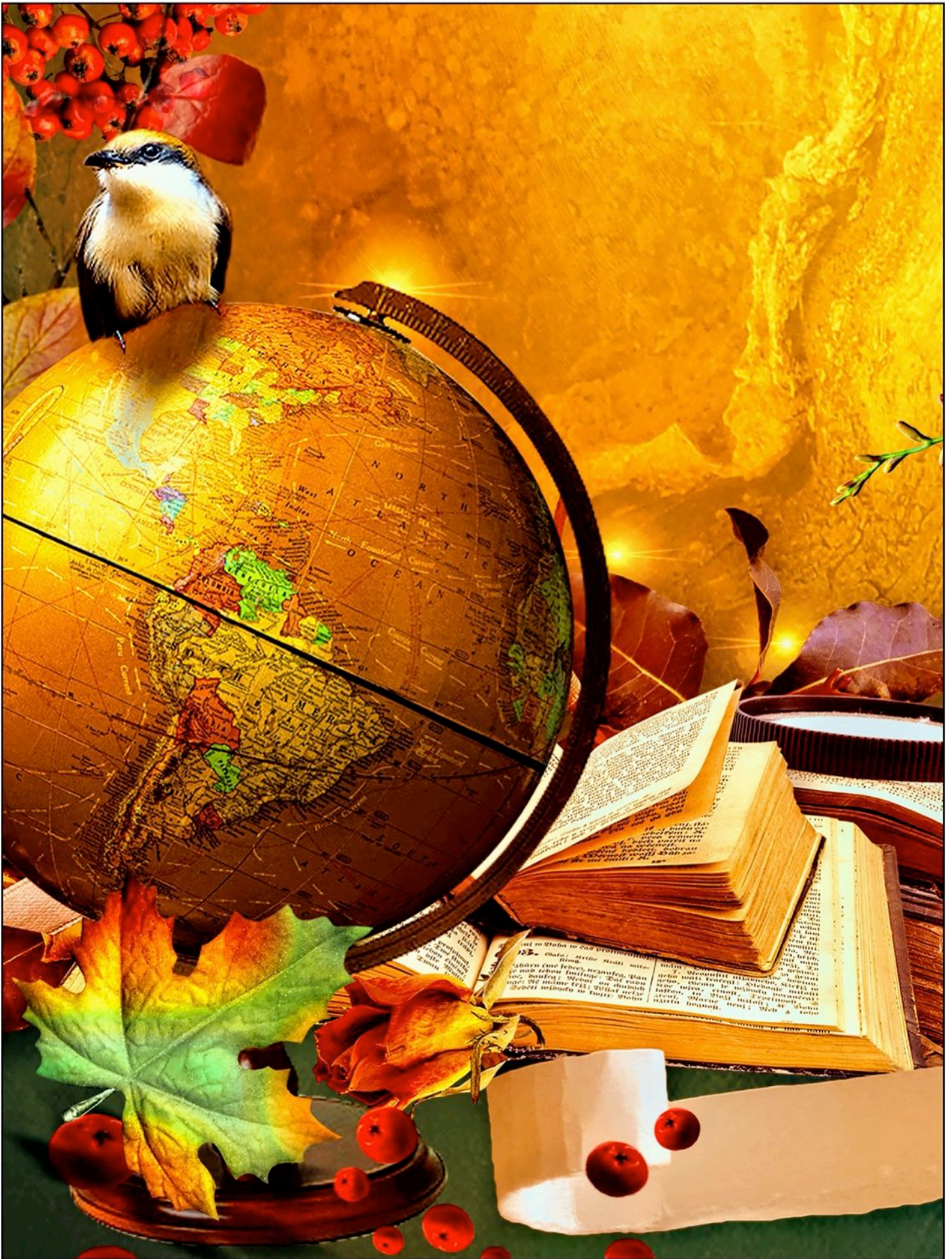
Waste not time as if you have endless breath;
Life is to act, and not to do so is death.
So then, live in the way that you would die:
Perform each act as if it were your last.

©2008 Vexiphe

Vocal Music

Poetry makes clear what is barely heard,
For it translates soul-language into words,
Whereas, melody plays straight on the heart;

Merged, they create song; heart and soul converge.





Faint Reflections

Poetry lives silently in an illustration;
A poem's beauty is its painting with diction.



These, like music, are mere works of worldly art,
Just shadows of some deeper perfection!



Where Love Comes From

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

Going Nowhere

Take the road of 'Eventually' toward 'Someday';

Turn back at the fork of 'Maybe' and 'Perhaps';
Pass the winding path where "It Could Have Been";
Then you've arrived in the land of 'Never'!

Now is the Time

Live life fully every day; never wait;
For when hope's promise masquerades as fate,



It steals your time, defrauds you, forestalls you
Until death disposes of joys put off too late!

Unbalanced Equation

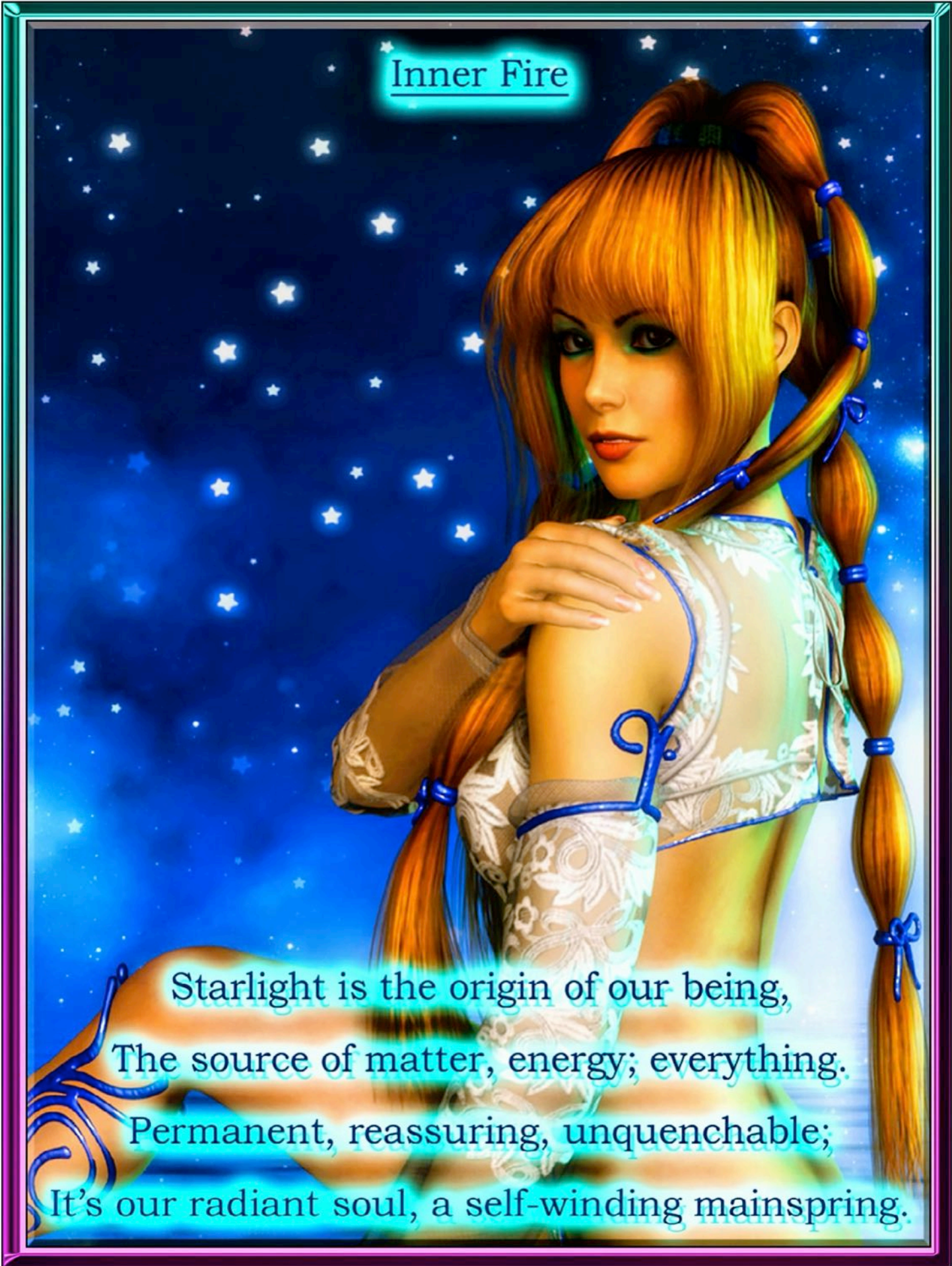


Beautiful sentiments call attention;

Style/substance equals emotion/motion.

Gather sentiments, place them on the scale;

They weigh much less than one lovely action!

A woman with long, braided orange hair and a white lace top is shown against a starry night sky. The text 'Inner Fire' is written in a glowing blue font at the top. The text at the bottom describes starlight as the origin of our being, the source of matter and energy, permanent, reassuring, and unquenchable, and as our radiant soul, a self-winding mainspring.

Inner Fire

Starlight is the origin of our being,
The source of matter, energy; everything.
Permanent, reassuring, unquenchable;
It's our radiant soul, a self-winding mainspring.


Beware

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



When dead you'll be even more unaware!

Creative Unity



Heart-flight is love that the wondrous Earth brings,
As wind to the soul whispers unimaged things;
Senses merge, as streams, to flow beyond joy;
Imagination fires enlightened wings.



What is Love?

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


Breathless

Bickering and quarreling expend breath,
Sap energy, and undo love's promise.

A woman with long, wavy brown hair lies on a dark, ornate tombstone. She is wearing a long, flowing white gown with a ruffled hem. Her head is resting on the tombstone, and her right arm is extended, holding a golden hourglass. To her left, a crow is perched on the tombstone, and a lit candle in a golden holder stands nearby. The background is a dark, starry night sky with a large, glowing blue moon. The scene is illuminated by a soft, ethereal light, possibly from the candle and the moon.

Precious breath, waste it not when you have it!
Enjoy all that life can give, ere comes death.

Complaint Dept.



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

A woman with reddish-brown hair, wearing a black bra top, a long black sleeve, and a black skirt, stands in a lush, green, magical forest. She is looking to the left. The forest is filled with glowing lanterns hanging from trees and various flowers, including a large blue one and a pink one. The background is a soft, glowing green and blue. The text is overlaid on the image in a glowing green font.

Gone Living

Off I go to learn just how good life can be;
Woe's not with me, Care's eagle eye can't find me,

Stress is left behind, with the serpent Despair;
I feast on the earth before it feasts on me.

Lost and Found

To find yourself, lose yourself in another,

For she will touch your being, and therein share,
Gently unveiling your heart, soul, mind, and senses,
Till there's nowhere to hide! You're found, forever!



Don't Worry

Why fret about life's ultimate secret,
For whose thoughts can escape this worldly net?
It's so easy: don't despair, be happy!
All told, 'tis best to live without regret.

Beacon



Wonder, delight, gladness, and unquenched joy
Float up gently, in dark seas, like a buoy,
To mark the feelings that are hidden deep,
In depths where sadness can never destroy.

A woman with long red hair, wearing a blue and white patterned dress, stands in a dark, forest-like setting. She is holding a white dove in her arms. A large, glowing crescent moon is visible in the background, and a bright light source is behind her. The scene is framed by a colorful border.

All's Right with the World

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!



The Awe-Full Truth

We say “Good-bye” to the dream of forever,
Though we’re too philosophical to be bitter.
Poignantly resigned, we accept, with hunger
And joy, all that’s left, whatever, with pleasure.

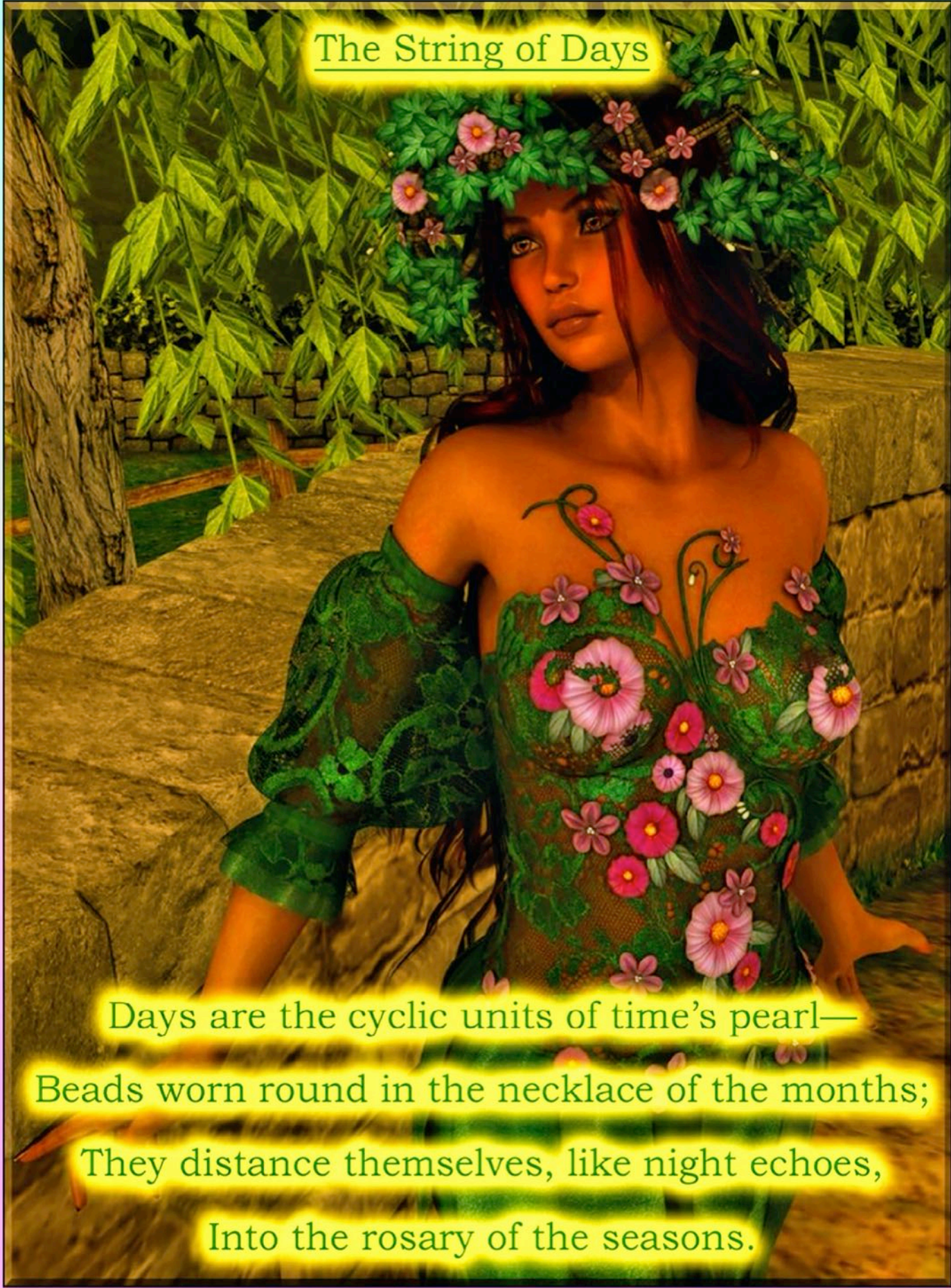
Paradise Regained



Say "Farewell!" Heaven's promise is bereft;
Yet, live with gratitude; be not distressed;
Still, dismiss immortality's dream;

Accept, with appetite, whatever's left.

The String of Days

A woman with long dark hair is the central figure, wearing a green lace dress adorned with pink and purple flowers. She also wears a matching floral headpiece. The background is a lush garden with green foliage and a stone wall. The text is overlaid on the bottom half of the image.

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

The Three "Veils"



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

Imprint

Sweetness and serenity drift over me,
Like a mist creeping into a valley.



Dripping wet, tender, verdant, and fertile,
Life's soft edges impress love into me.

Dreams Take Wing

We seize on life's phantom dream, dimly seen.



Tremendous image! We must join thy scene:

Aspiration sires realization!

Living out our dreams soon becomes routine.





Dreams Become



Moulded from thoughts and feelings, she draws me

Into the scene, dissolving into me!

Thou art in me, dear phantasm, till the

Heart whose dream created you recalls thee.

Phantasmagoria

Of you I dream, phantasm of thought's delight,



Breathing life into you that passions excite.

As the night kisses the day, our spirits unite,

Intertwined in the magic of twilight.

Vaporous Steam



Slumbering, in the orient sunbeam,
We soft awake, as dewdrops, all agleam,
Refreshed by the delight of the daydream,
Then rise as mist, carried on the day-beam.

Perpetual Emotion

Throughout the day, we're living out the dream,

Drifting on air, aloft in the day-beam,

Causing, when condensing in night's dark stream,

Many more such wondrous dreams, it does seem.

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.



A woman with long, flowing red hair stands in a lush, sun-dappled forest. She is wearing a long, sleeveless green dress with intricate lace detailing. Her arms are crossed, and she gazes thoughtfully to the side. The forest floor is covered in rocks and fallen leaves, with sunlight filtering through the trees, creating a warm, golden glow. The word "Fruition" is written in a green, serif font at the top center of the image.

Fruition

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





A woman with long, flowing blonde hair, wearing a red, ornate, futuristic outfit, is floating in a space filled with gears and clocks. The scene is set against a dark background with glowing green and blue light. The woman is looking upwards and to the right. The text is overlaid on the image in a glowing blue font.

On Time

Time, my old enemy, can't vanquish me,
For I've accepted death's final counter plea.

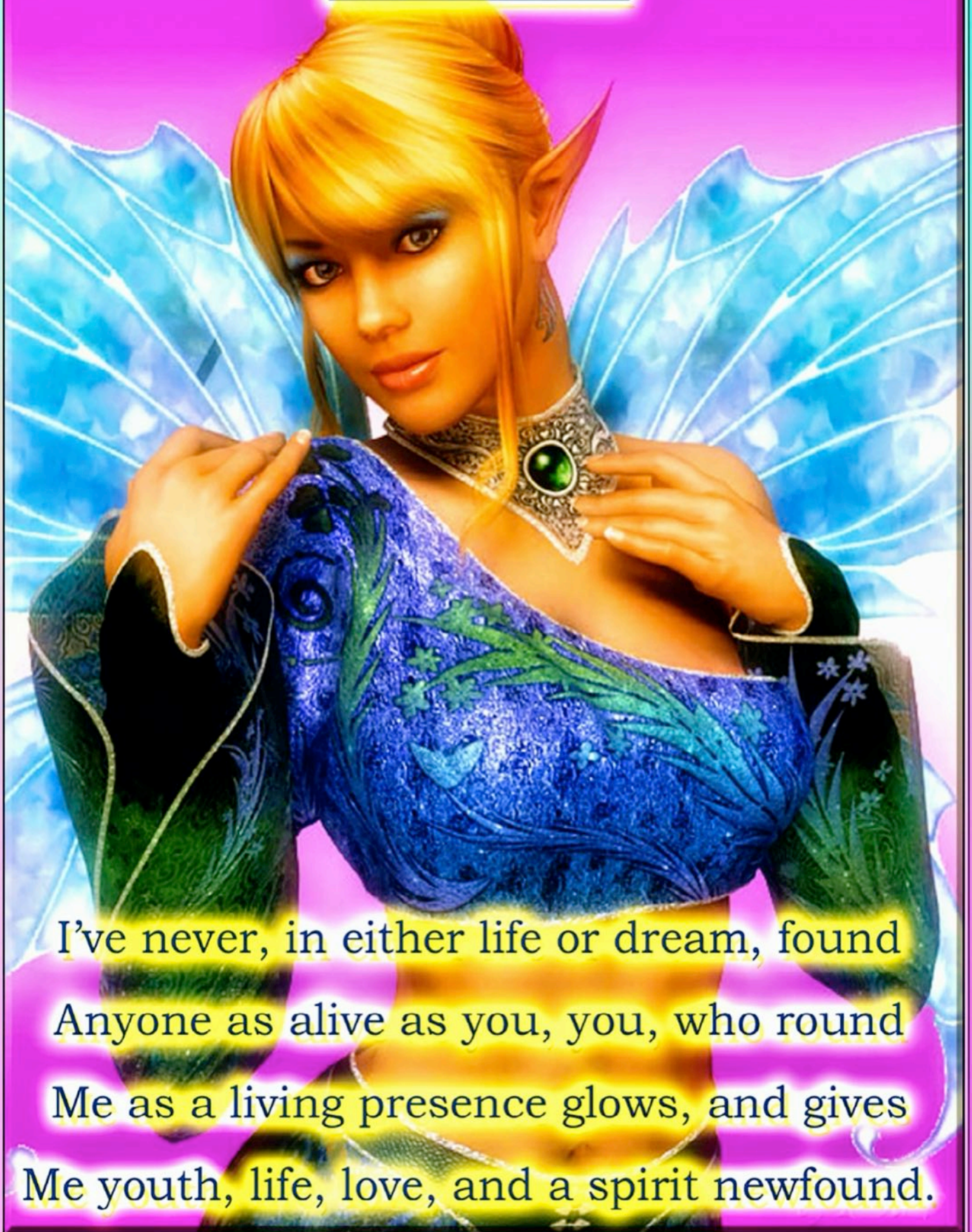
Time may now flow on, even take me beyond,
But time's my friend now, for there's peace in me.



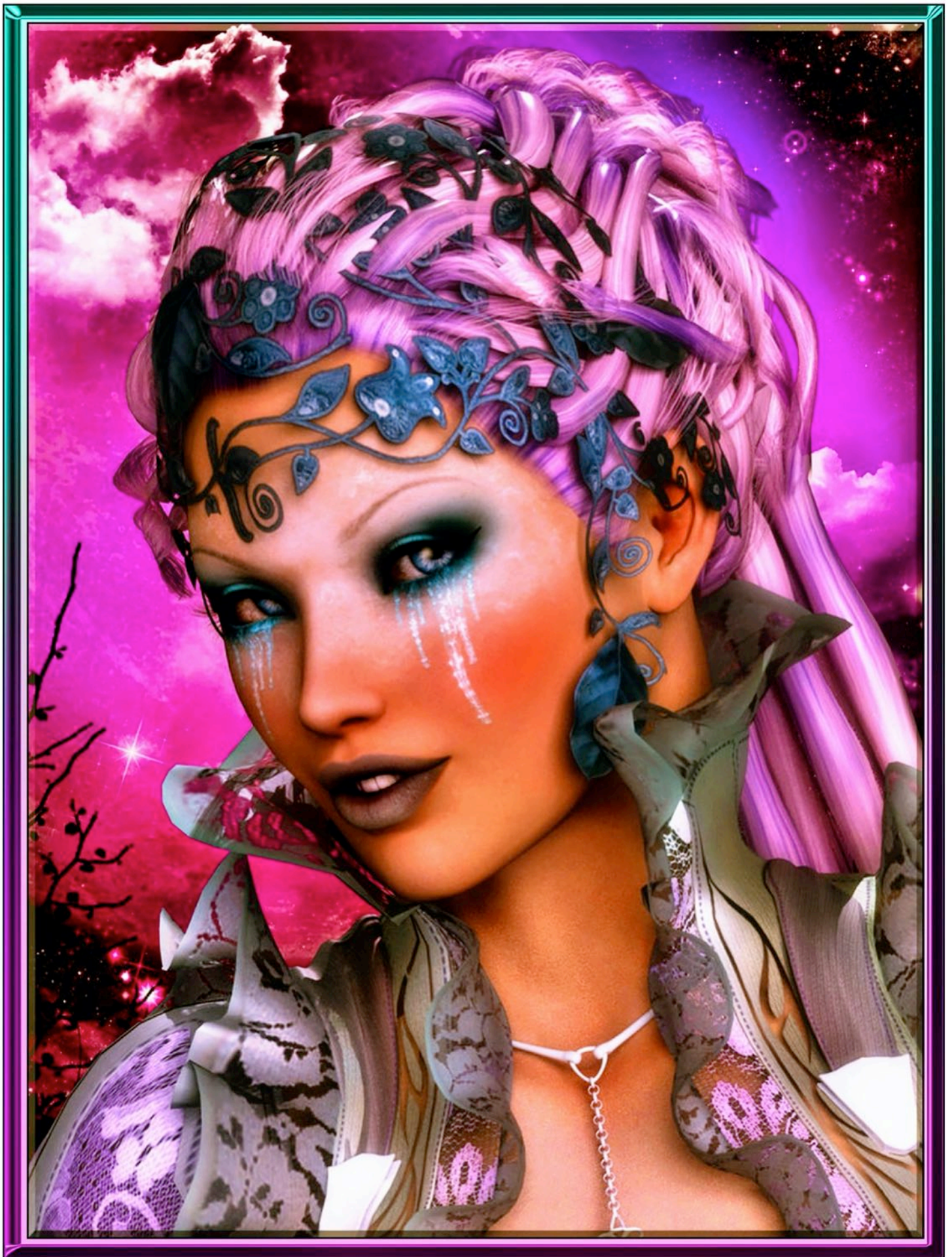
With You

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

Angelic Vision

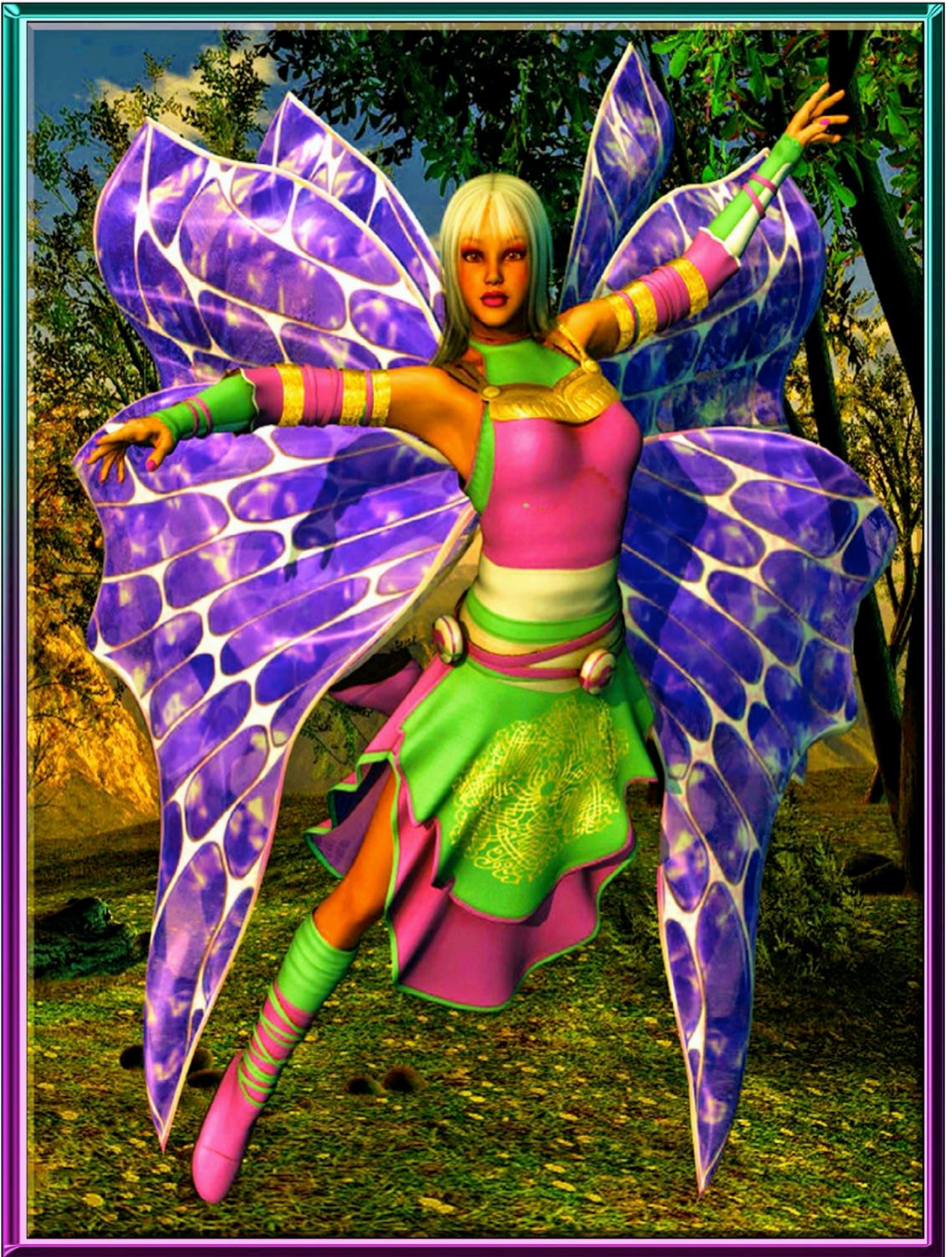


I've never, in either life or dream, found
Anyone as alive as you, you, who round
Me as a living presence glows, and gives
Me youth, life, love, and a spirit newfound.









Today's Rubaiyat:
Existence and the Universe



Austin D. Torney

Edward and Omar

Edward FitzGerald was among the first to translate Omar's Rubáiyát from the Persian into English, and he rather loosely paraphrased it; however, he caught its spirit and even improved upon it. In translation, one cannot preserve literal meaning, rhyme, rhythm, and meter; therefore, what is left has to be enhanced and rearranged until everything fits again. Fortunately, he was sufficiently overtaken by Omar's fumes wafting across the centuries and so he went on through the language barrier to recondense the Persia-fumes and redistill them into a Victorian age masterpiece.









Off the Hook

Once I fished in the living stream and fought
A few, but then myself was hooked and caught,
By that fisherman up above, but freed,
When He threw back the little one distraught.



Lost Love

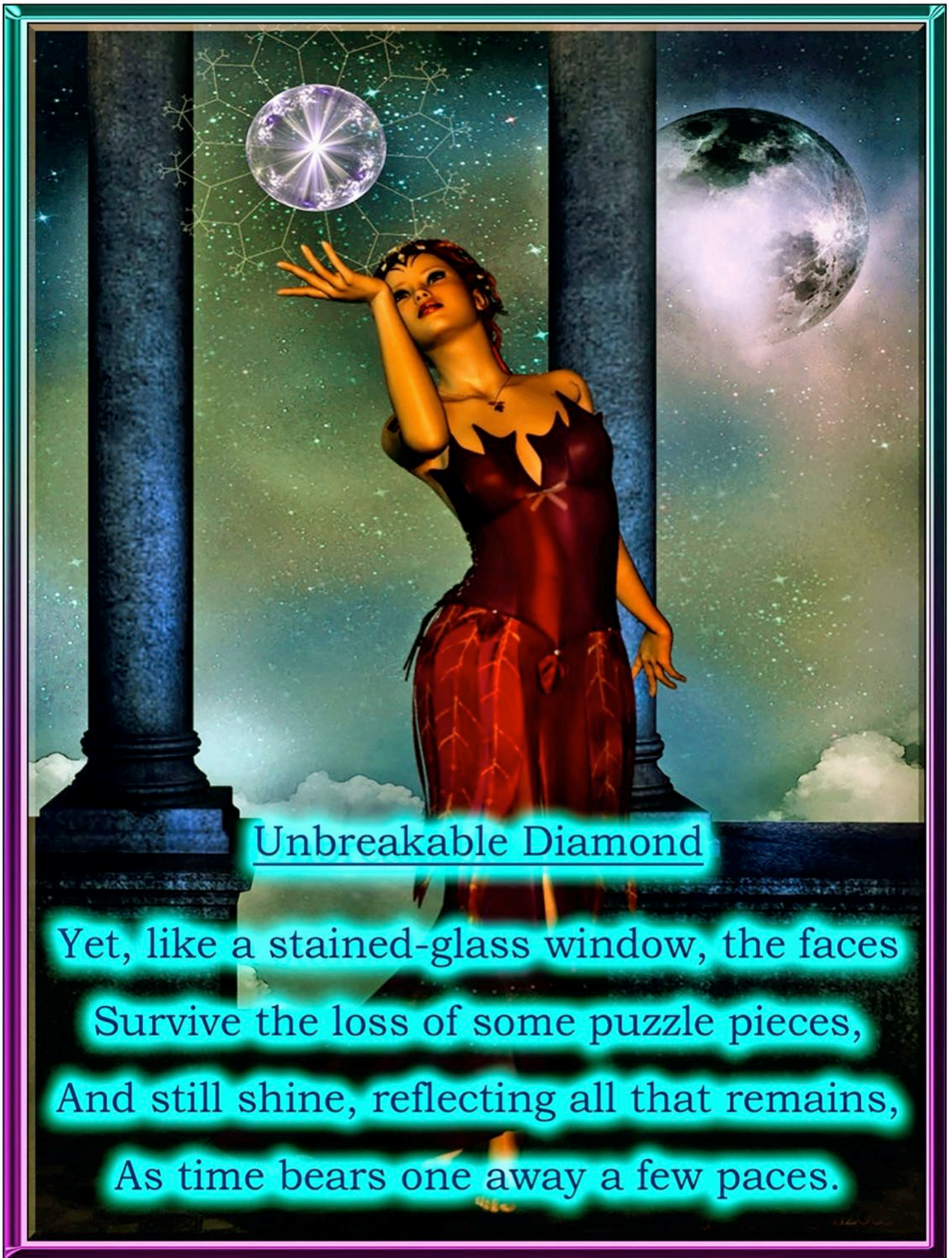
As falls the dusk, my reason's light departs;

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.





Unbreakable Diamond

Yet, like a stained-glass window, the faces
Survive the loss of some puzzle pieces,
And still shine, reflecting all that remains,
As time bears one away a few paces.

A woman with blonde hair, wearing a red, long-sleeved, low-cut dress, is sitting on a red cloth on the floor. She is looking directly at the camera. To her left is a wooden bookshelf filled with books. To her right is a window with a view of a building. In the foreground, there is a lit candle in a holder and an open book with a circular diagram on it.

The Poems Continue

I tried to end the quatrains, but wrote more,
Especially after one hundred times four,

Even went to Heaven and back returned,
For I'm too young to die at fifty-four.



There You Are, Omar

Your spirit wanders 'long the Persian way
With an houri, life's moments drank away,

In some sweet wood, far from the noise of day,
Where with her you yet live, sing, laugh, and play.

Good-Night

At night a genie comes to fill my urn,



Pouring sleep into me till day's return;
Such, as day follows night for all eterne,
Fulfillment follows all for which I yearn.

A woman with vibrant red hair and large, translucent green wings is the central figure. She is wearing an ornate, sleeveless golden dress with intricate patterns. She is sitting on a large, glowing orange orb. To her right, a golden cup with a red floral pattern sits on a three-legged stand, with a bright flame rising from it. The background is a warm, glowing orange and red, suggesting a sunset or a fire. The entire scene is framed by a blue and purple border.

Fill the Cup

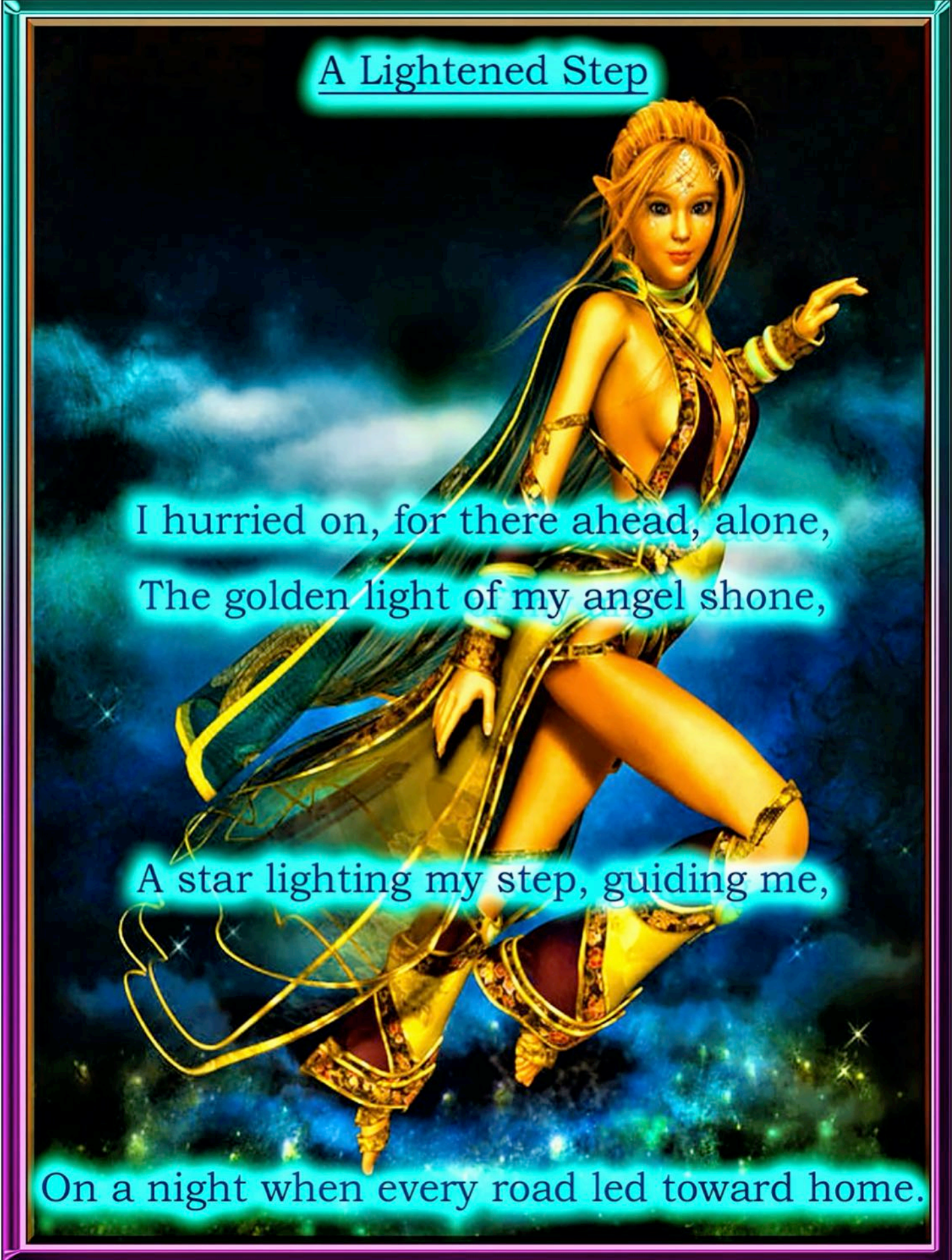
Night's cup is empty, bottomless, and cold,

Until the daylight fills it up with gold.

A life that flows freely brings us beauty,

Else suffering's truth to us is told.

A Lightened Step




I hurried on, for there ahead, alone,
The golden light of my angel shone,

A star lighting my step, guiding me,

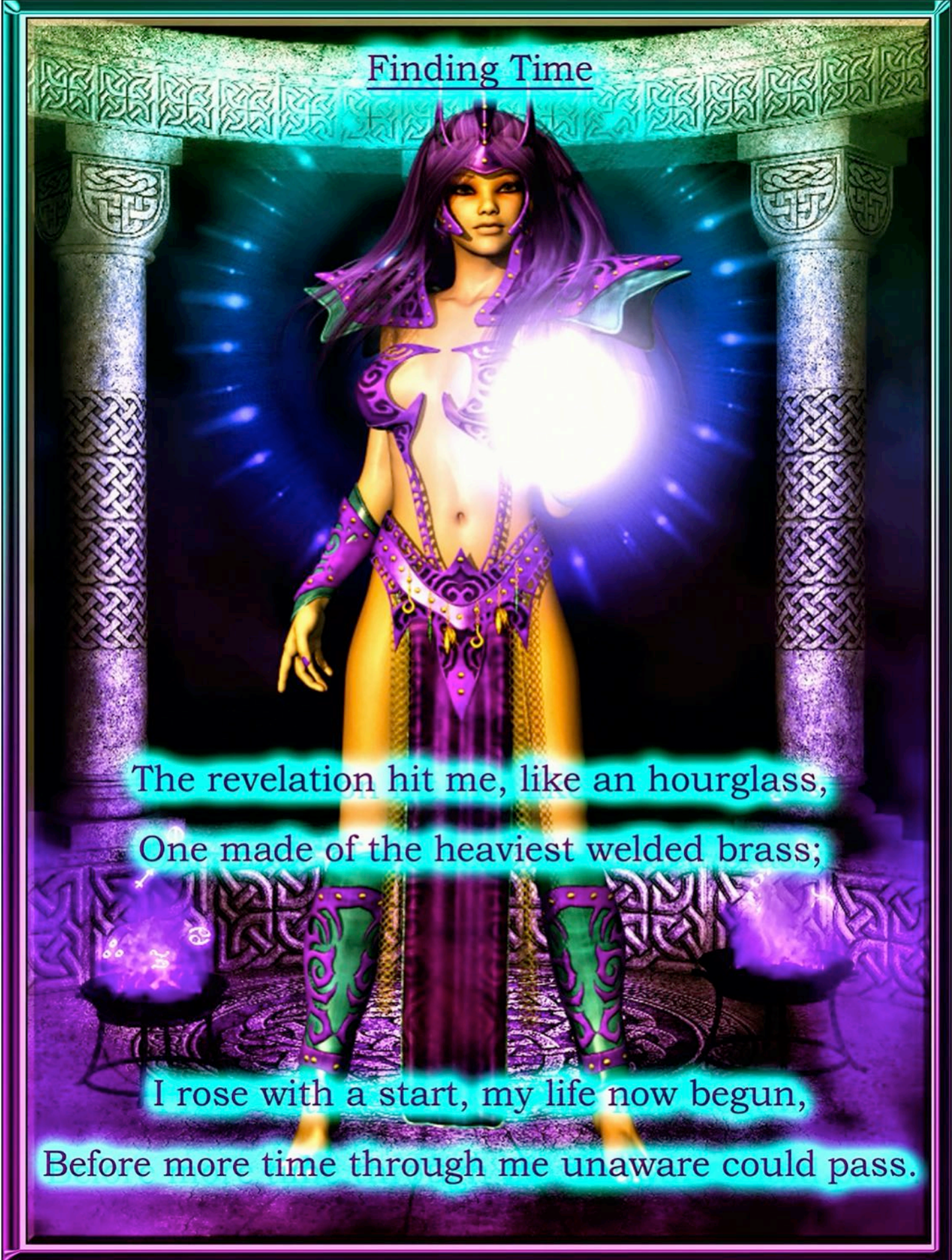
On a night when every road led toward home.



Under the Rainbow



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



Finding Time

The revelation hit me, like an hourglass,
One made of the heaviest welded brass;

I rose with a start, my life now begun,
Before more time through me unaware could pass.

Déjà Vu



Perhaps, one day, you, too, will meet someone who
Has no grace or style, and their friendship pursue,
And then, say to them what I once said to you:
“Once I was shy and confused; once I was you!”

Awash

So there we lay in the embrace of love,
And in our intensity lost track of
The world around, and were surprised to look
And see beside us a rabbit and a dove.



Best Friend

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.

Form and Idea


A poem is both the thought and the presence,
An object born from one's profoundest sense,



An image of diction, feeling, and rhythm;
It's both the existence and the essence.

Body and Spirit

A poem is a truth fleshed in living words,

A woman with long, flowing red hair and a crown of pink flowers sits on a large, vibrant red rose. She has large, glowing, translucent wings that resemble butterfly wings. The scene is set against a warm, golden background with soft, glowing particles and a white dove flying in the upper right corner. The overall atmosphere is ethereal and dreamlike.

Which, by showing unapprehended proof,
Lifts the veil to reveal hidden beauty:
It's life's image drawn in eternal truth.

A woman with large white wings and a blue dress is shown from behind, looking towards a swan in a dreamlike landscape. The scene is set against a dark, starry sky with a crescent moon and a bright light source. The woman has her hands behind her head, and the swan is in the foreground. The overall mood is ethereal and romantic.

Dreams are Born

We pursue the shadows of forms that live
In dreams, perfected ideals that outlive
All the minutes and hours that time devours.

We seek what hope creates, what wishes give.

Sensate Joy

I live and sleep with my lover, the Earth,

Sensing all her charms, treasures, joys, and mirth,
Taking only what's needed to survive,

And giving back more than received in worth.

A woman with dark hair styled in a bun, wearing traditional jewelry including a headband, earrings, and a necklace. She is looking upwards and to the right. The background is a soft, glowing green and yellow light. The text is overlaid on the image in a yellow, glowing font.

Be

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.

Live

Like the moon, challenge night and gain the light;

Like the rose, suffer the thorn, gain the fragrance;

Of life, surrender to live forever,

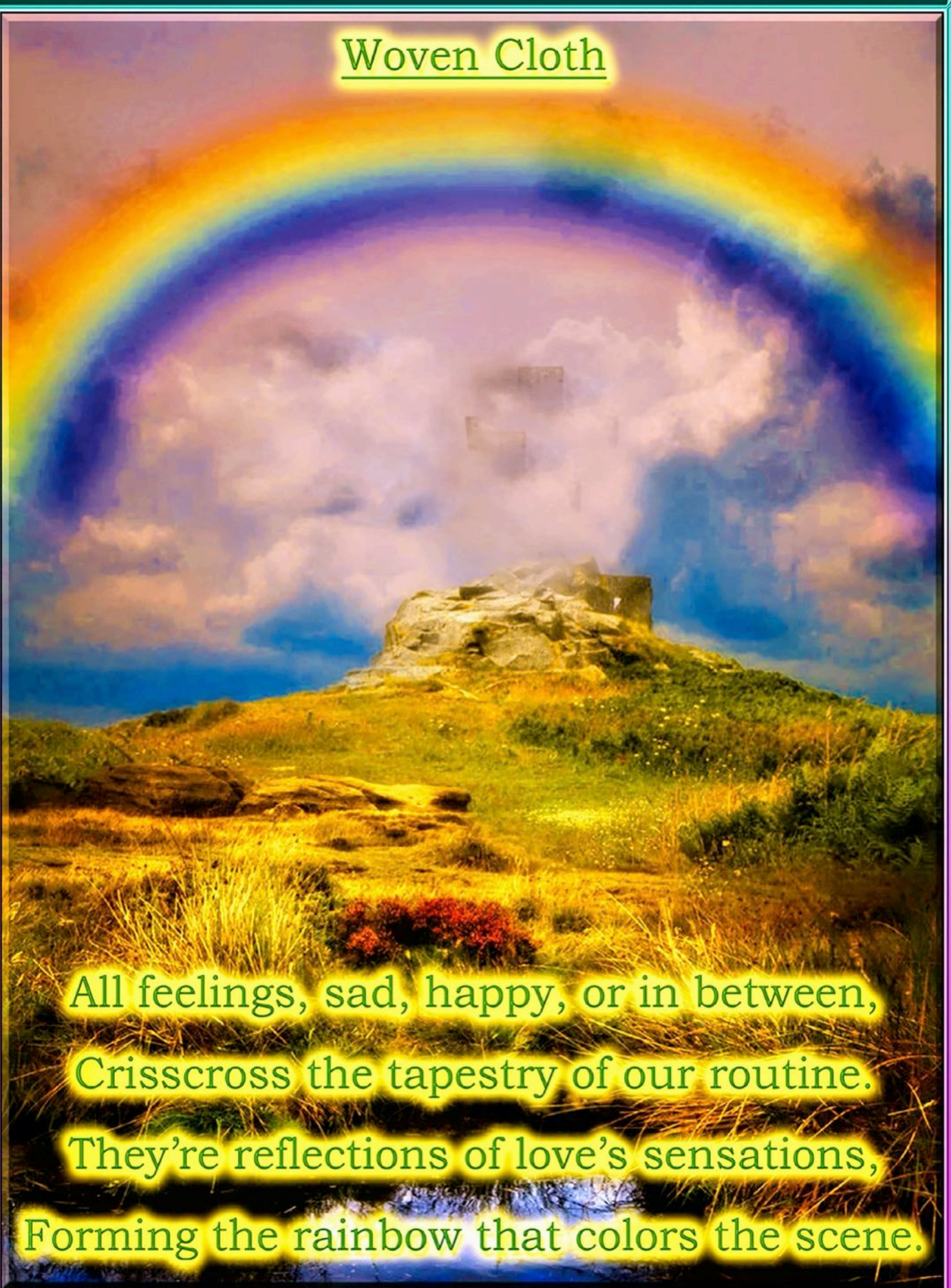
Enlightened more than a thousand suns.

Shine On



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

Woven Cloth



All feelings, sad, happy, or in between,
Crisscross the tapestry of our routine.
They're reflections of love's sensations,
Forming the rainbow that colors the scene.

Farewell, Old Friend

Pluto's been banished to the underworld,

Charon rowed him to the Land of Forgotten.

Schoolchildren petitioned for his return—

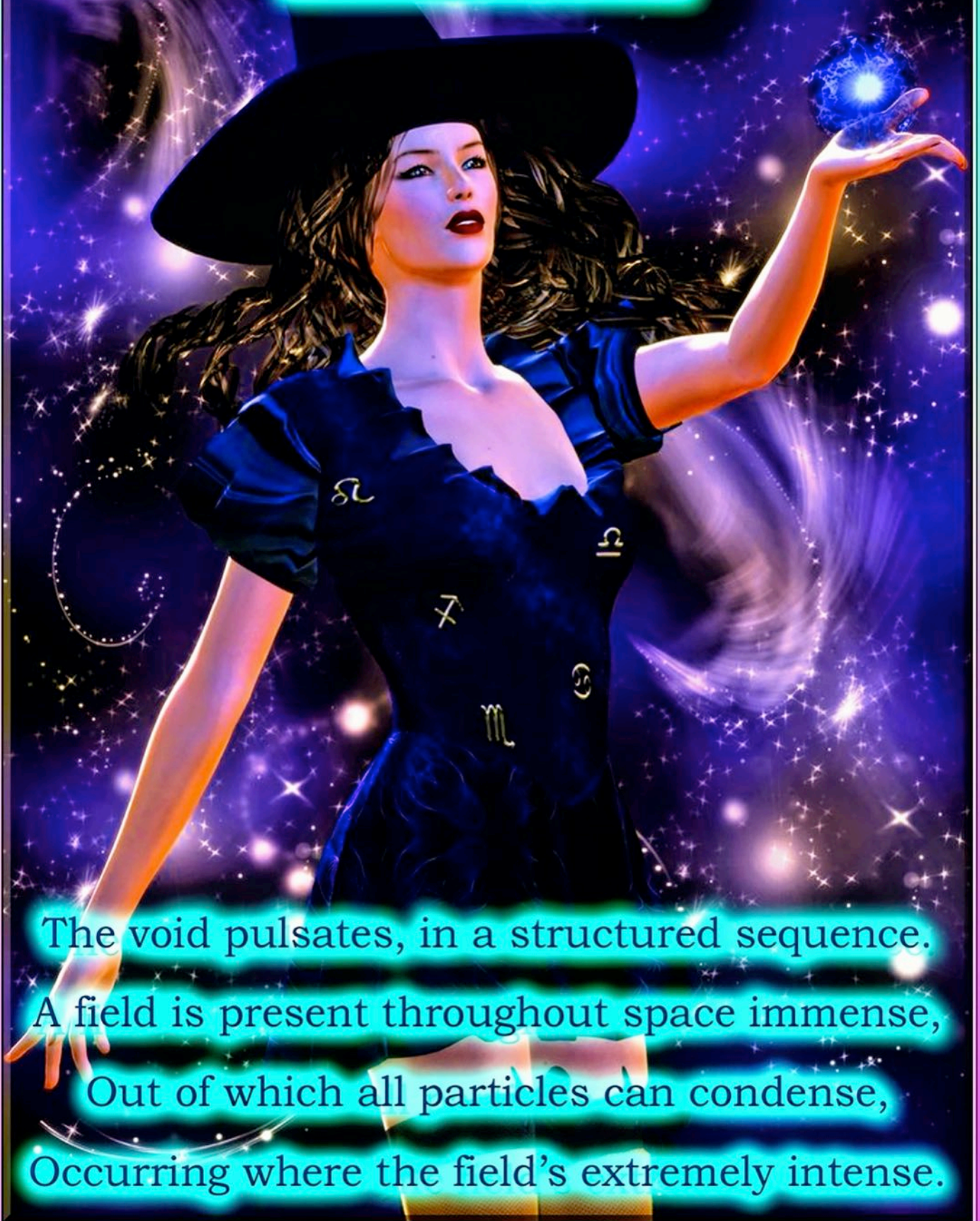
But he's been voted off the solar island.

Concert in the Park

The Music of the Spheres lights the sparkles,

That night flings down, from our Father, the Sky,
On through the dark to our Mother, the Earth,
To us, the audience and progeny.

Mass Equals Energy



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



Energy Equals Mass

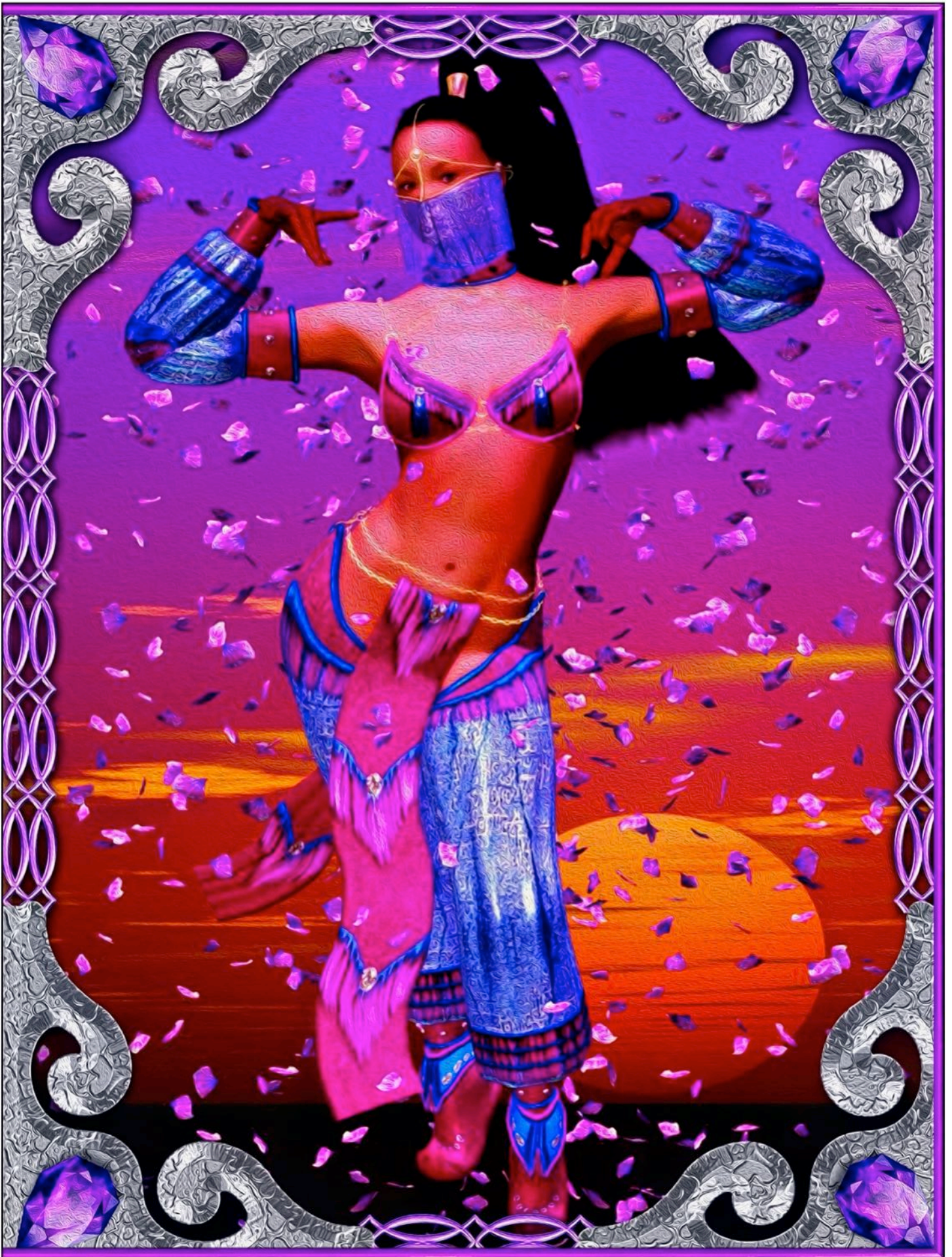
Atoms are but bundles of inertia,
Knots in the field and fabric of space;
Yet matter defines the structure of space;
The Yin is in the Yang, and vice-versa!

Space Matters

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








The Question



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!

The Search

A woman with large, colorful butterfly wings is depicted in a magical forest at night. She is wearing a dark, form-fitting outfit and has her wings spread wide. The wings are primarily blue and purple with intricate patterns. She is holding a glowing orb in her right hand. The background is a dark forest with a full moon and various glowing elements like fireflies and small lights. The overall scene is ethereal and mystical.

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

Zero-Sum Game?



Plus and minus from nothing came to be;
But, while most charges rejoined, some went free,
The pluses forming matter, energy,
And the minuses forming gravity.



Starring Stars

Such we are stirred, so touched by the starlight,
That it seems we'll ne'er be the same again.
Do we sense the euphony of the spheres?
Can we fathom the theory of everything?

Coming Full Circle

TECHNONAUT

The search for the ultimate happenstance,
Of how we began, leads to exploration
Within and without, a rewarding quest.

Upon return, we know the place for the first time.

The All Is In the One



Brandy '09

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

Blake's Vision Confirmed

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



The Secrets of the Night

Above us, fires burn the stars away;
Below us, the Earth turns under our feet;



Within us, unworded dreams haunt the soul;
Around us, night pours blackness on the ground.

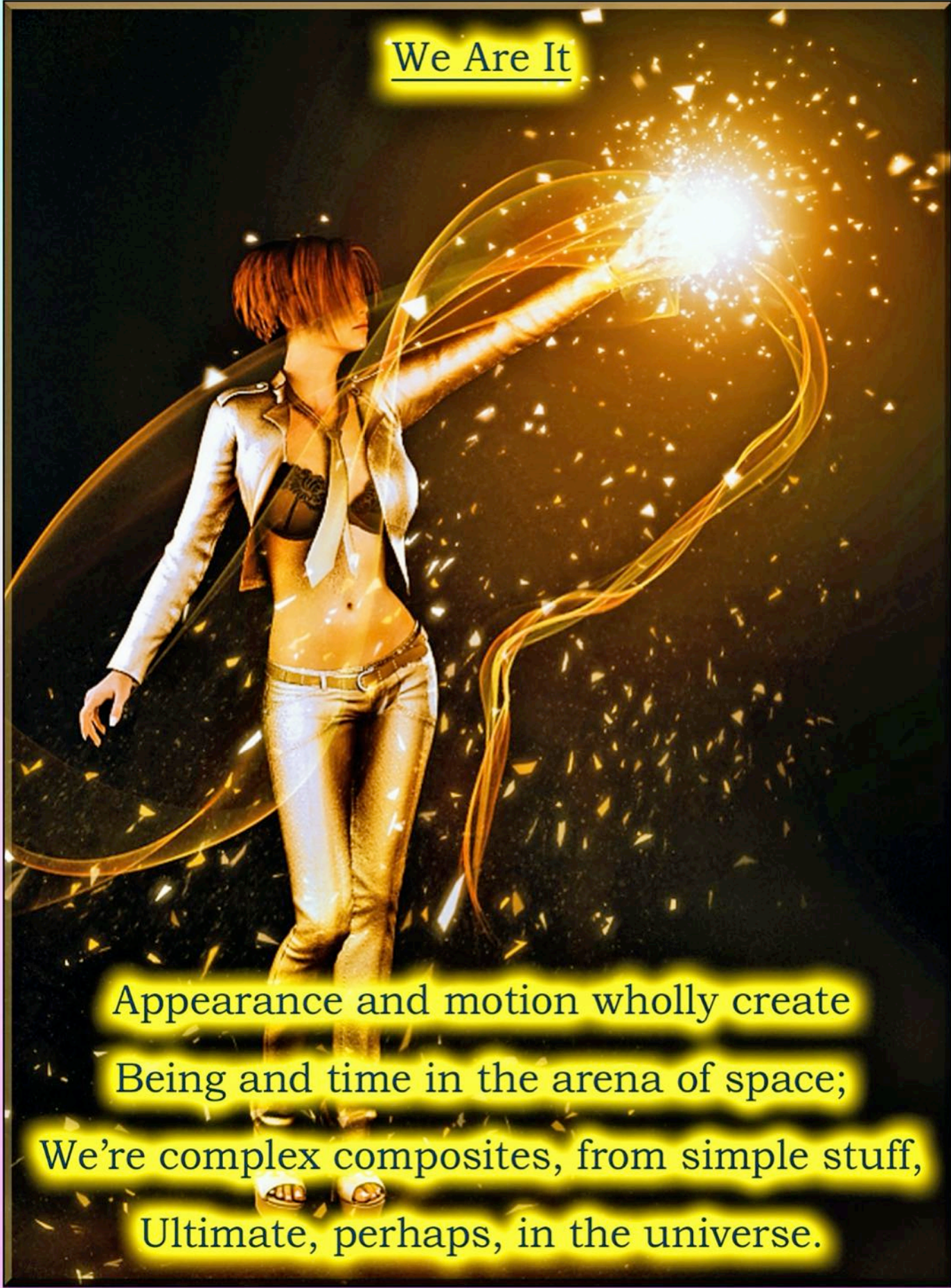


Eternity's Nursery

Nebulae put their young to sleep in soft beds,
Blanketed by webs of gossamer threads—
The stellar creatures cast their spectral glow,

As infant stars of astral light start to grow.

We Are It

A woman with short brown hair, wearing a white leather jacket over a black bra and light-colored jeans, stands in a dark space. She is surrounded by a shower of golden particles and a bright, glowing light source that creates long, flowing golden ribbons. The scene is framed by a teal border.

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

Whence We Come

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

The Progression


Stars generate the lower elements;

Supernovae generate the higher ones.

Atoms form the molecules that lead to
Life's complexity, from simplicity.

The Duos and Duels of Nature

Dualities seem to assist nature:

A woman with long, flowing hair and large, translucent wings stands in a snowy forest. She is wearing a blue bikini with intricate white patterns. The background features snow-covered evergreen trees and a large, glowing moon in the sky. The scene is illuminated with a soft, ethereal light, possibly from fairy lights or magical energy.

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



Ever Becoming

What's said to be eternal isn't made—
It's here, from not anything, with no debit paid,
Which is to say, too, it's not from anywhere,
And that seems pretty much like from nowhere.

No Source

Well, there's nothing to make anything of,
So, then, that is ever what it's made of,
Whether eternal or always becoming,
In that nether-land of the law of no laws.



Uncaused

For what is causeless there is no point
At which any specific direction

Can be imparted to it; thus, there is none:
Everything that is possible can happen.

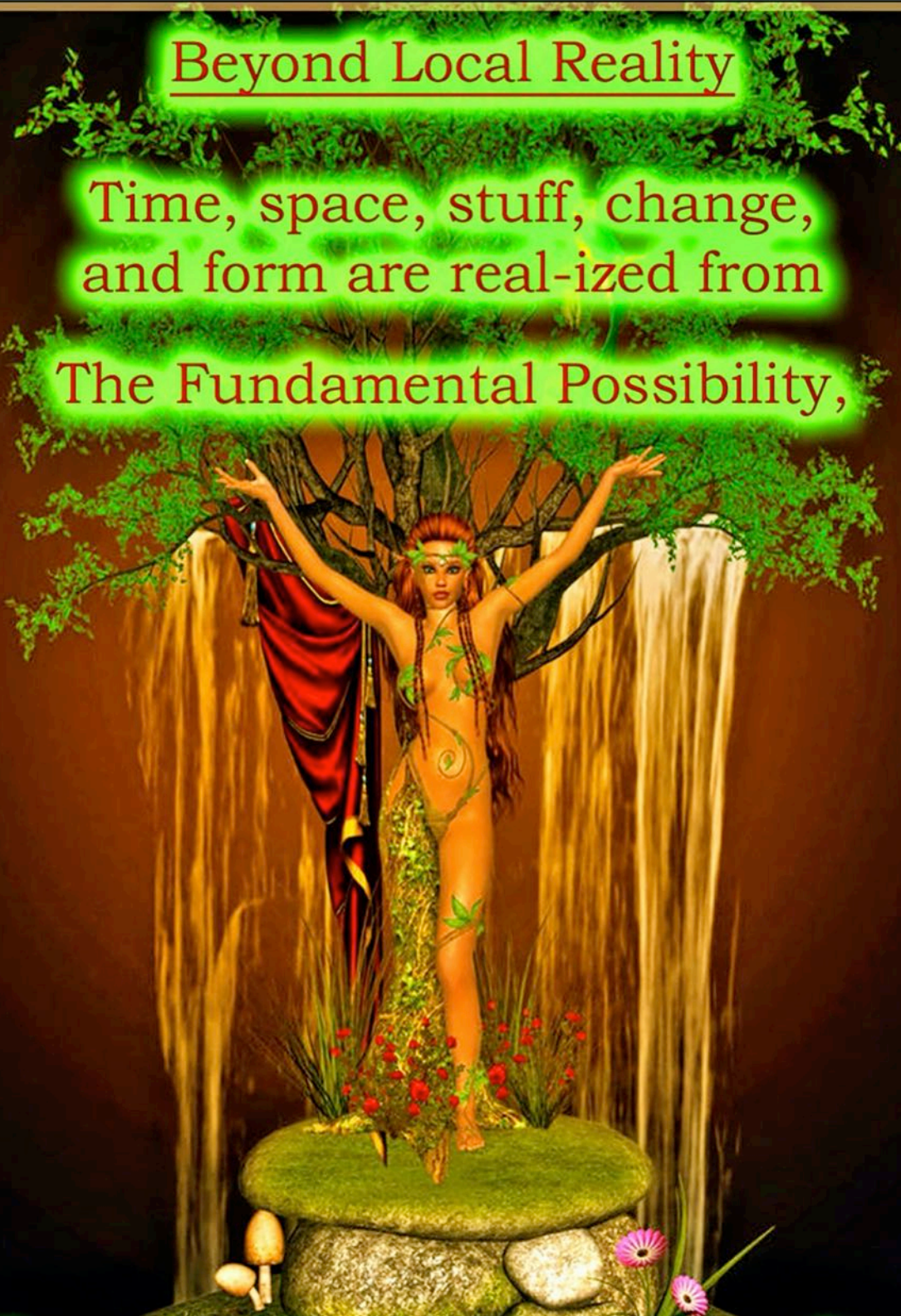
Dichotomy



There must be a duality of Yin and Yang,
Such as Being and Nothingness combined,
For what is complete unto itself has no
Catalyst from which to initiate change.

Beyond Local Reality

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



Becoming the penultimate reality,
One possible from the probabilities.

Quantum Superposition is Real

Our reality comes not from nothing,
But exists always as possibility,



One that amounts to something workable,
Among all in superposition.

The First Impossibility



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

The Second Impossibility

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.



The Unbelievable Truth

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!



The Verifiable Truth

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.

The Matter/Anti-Matter Sum



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

To the 'Improbable'

All the possibilities of the imbalances
Must trace back to the one and only state
Of the most probable beginning of all,
The separation of matter and anti-matter.



The Long Road

Our blind-fated path was the further paved
When asteroids finished most of the species.

Far from a feature of intelligent design,
It opened up the space that was needed.

Come and Gone

As the light from a star already spent,
Our 'get up and go' has long gone and went.
We all birthed, lived, and died right away;
There's nothing left but the slo-mo replay.



A man with glowing red scars on his face and chest is shown from the chest up. He is holding a large, bright, glowing ball of fire in his hands. The background is dark with many small, bright stars. The text is overlaid on the image in a glowing yellow font.

The Infernal Regions

Hellholes hurl thousand light-year jets of fear,
In Centaurus, cross the galactic sphere.

Supermassive darkling beasts devour all;

Abandon hope, all ye who enter here.

Finale

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

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


The Sixth Sense

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.

Our Reality



Consciousness and its representations
Is the brain's own developed symbolism—
The one and only language of our reality;
We only 'see' the insides of our heads.

Mind / Consciousness is Heaven

Mind is the ultimate of all there is;
It is the universe: billions of years
Of primordial material, complex,

So, what more can human beings want?

Essence is Existence

There never was, nor will be, but just 'now',

All things, interacting, a planned know-how,
For mind 'matters', and matter ever 'minds'—
The Universe self-adjusts, as the Tao.

Treasured Wisdom



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

Prismatic Lens



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



Illumination

The stars are eternity's running-lights;

They shine, even through the fathomless night!

From what bright star comes the gleam in our eyes?

To what distant sun returns our smile's light?

Of the Garden

In that black and endless eternal deep,
Nature's fertile soil grows us from sleep,



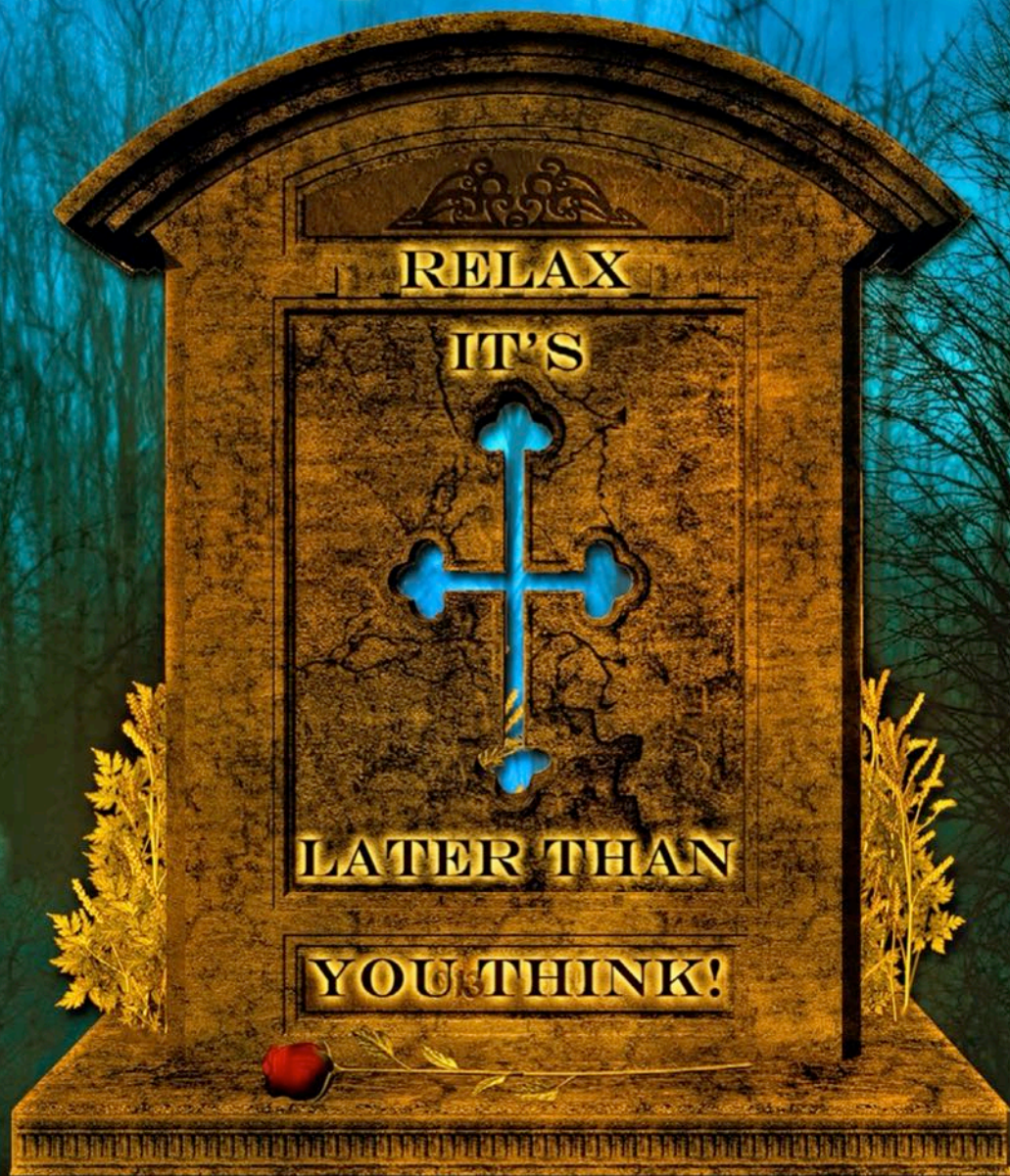
Sees us bud, flower, leaf, thrive, and die,
Then lays us back to rest, our souls to keep.

Mindless Death

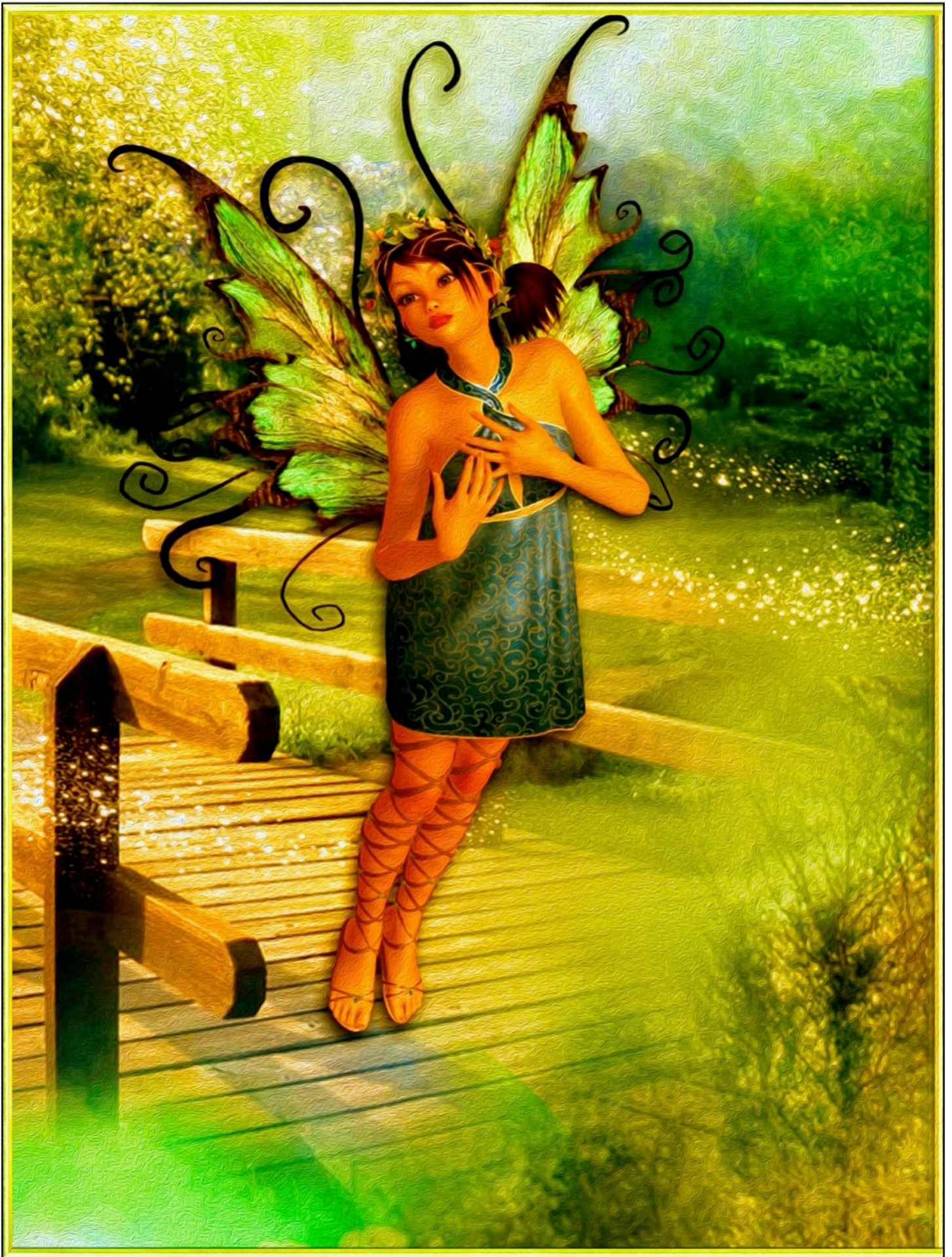
Currents flash signals through the human mind;

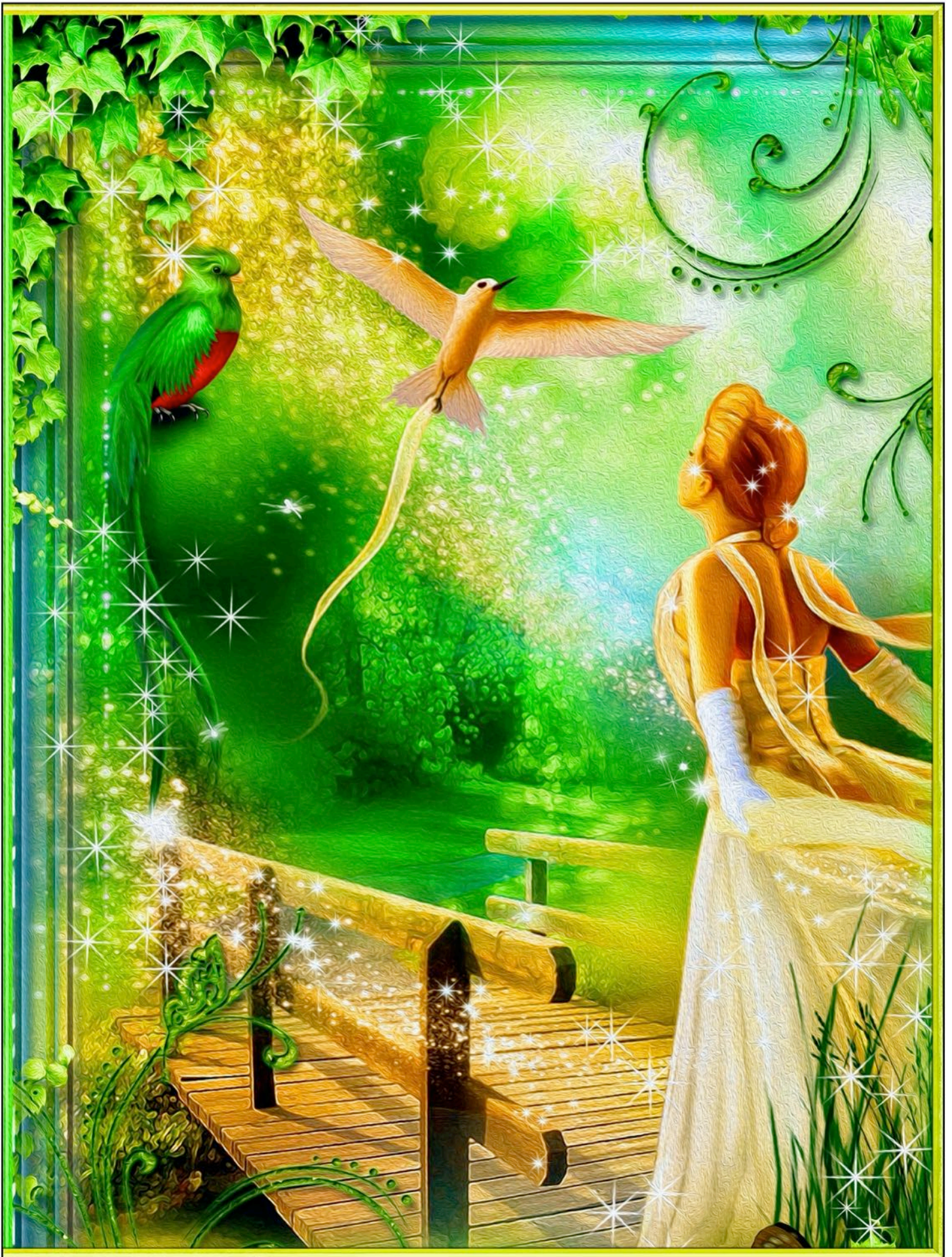
Chemicals decode the impulses in kind.

Where do ideas go when minds turn to dust?



None come back to tell; I must die to find!



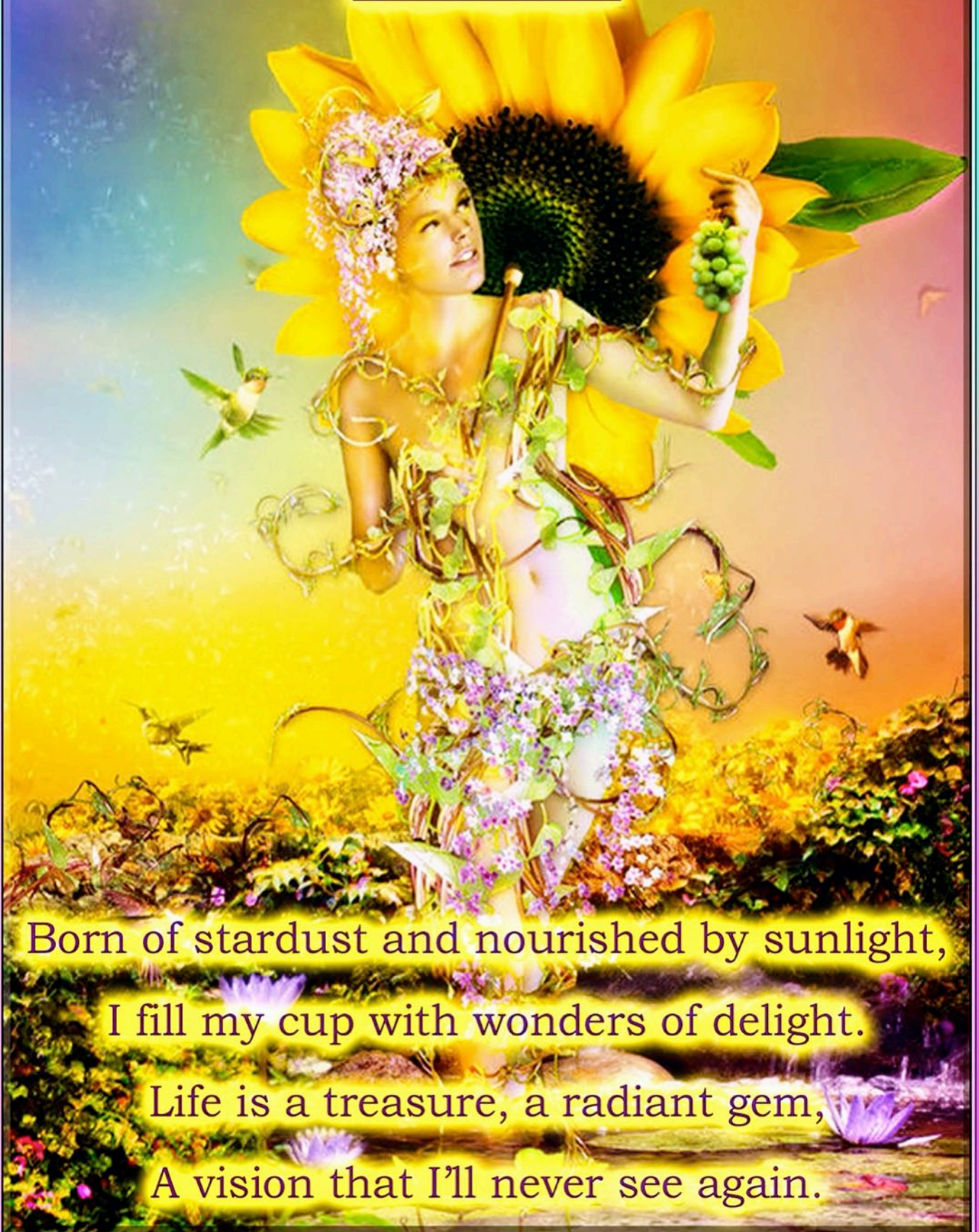




Immortal Words

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

Sun's Flower



Born of stardust and nourished by sunlight,

I fill my cup with wonders of delight.

Life is a treasure, a radiant gem,

A vision that I'll never see again.

A woman with long, wavy blonde hair is shown from the back, looking over her shoulder. She is wearing a strapless, flowing orange dress. Her hair is blowing in the wind, and the background is a vibrant, fiery orange and yellow. The title "The End of My Rope" is written in a serif font at the top, underlined.

The End of My Rope

Of earth, fire, and water I'm a braid,
Withstanding life's tangles unafraid.
Well, I'll live till death unravels me—
Then comes wind to blow my strands away.

Whyfore Art Thou?

It's a short tale to tell of how and why
We all come and go through earth, air, and sky:
Out of eternity's flame in the night,

Some sparks grow bright, then flicker and die.



The Theater of Life

At first, it was like a moving picture show,
Attended by mysteries, row upon row,
That were faceless, laughing, in the dark below;
So I laughed, too, and better enjoyed it so.



This Rare Earth

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

A Void

The Bird of Time is off and whither flown,

And rides on breezes wherever blown,
Lightly here, slightly there, but, after gone,
Leaves the cold vacuum of what once was known.

As for My Bird of Time

The nightingale, overcome by the fume
Of the failing rose, pierces itself in doom

On the thorn, bleeding red the life that flees,
Then revives in the beauty of the bloom.



I, Why?

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?”

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 is flown, this life is all.

Epitaph

And when thyself with shining foot doth tread
The journey of life, unborn to the dead,
Take Heavenly sups from this earthly cup



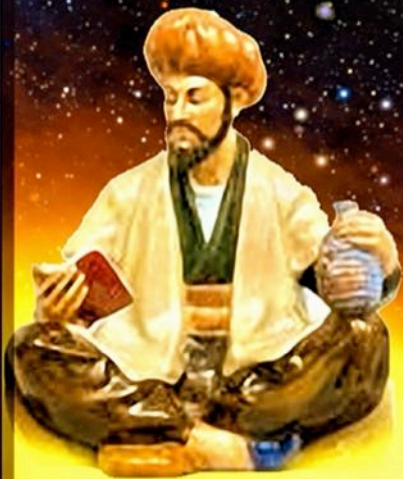
And live your life while the wine flows red.

Read this Twice

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



All That's Left



All that I am my thoughts have gently wrenched,
And put into words with sensation drenched:
Poems, spent with delight and newfound might,
To rest in print after my flame is quenched.

In Words I Live

Whither has flown the spirit from the dead,
But rests here as the soul in all I've said,
As all that's left of my earthly remains

Is this Book of Quatrains that you've just read.



Meteor Memoir

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

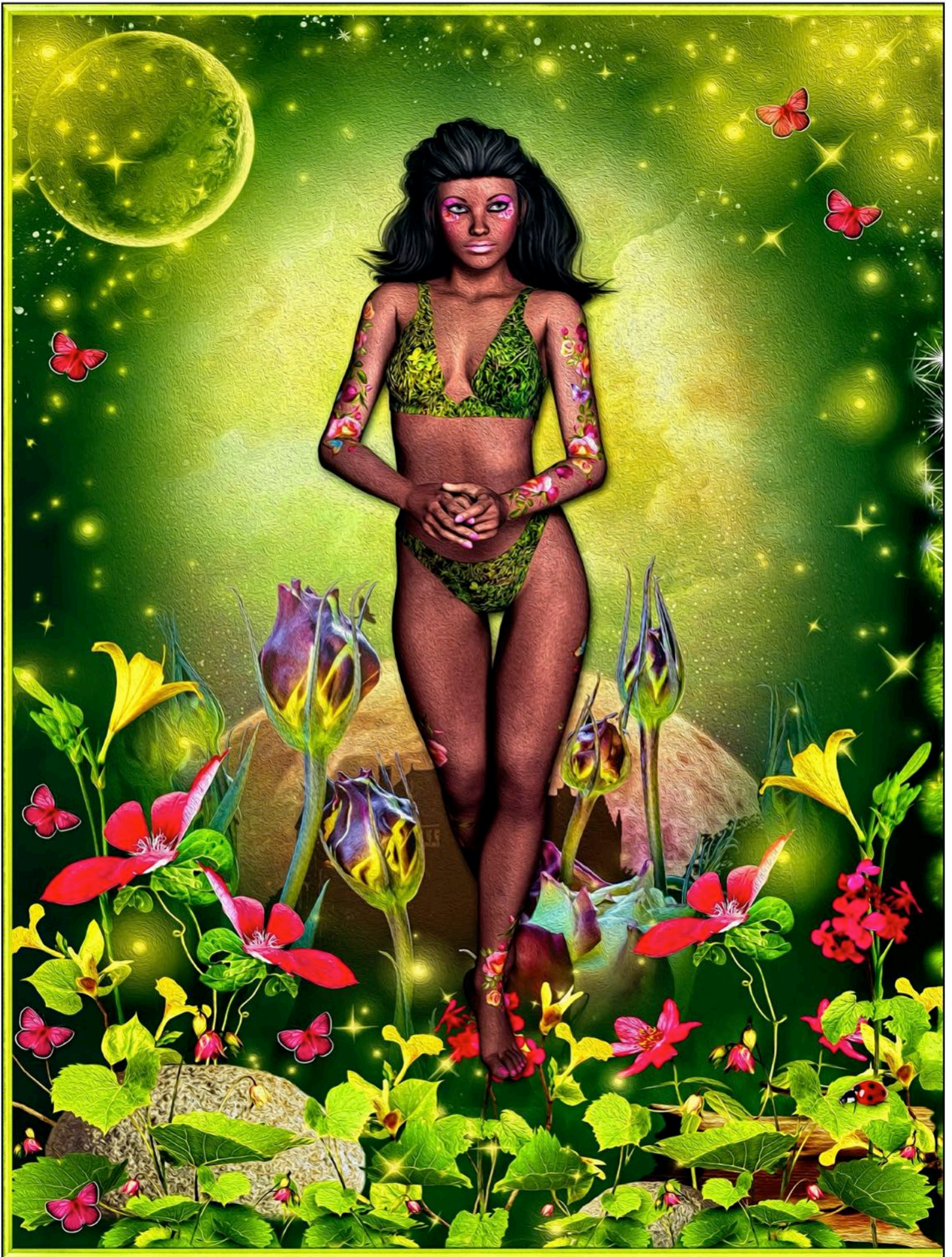
Sunset

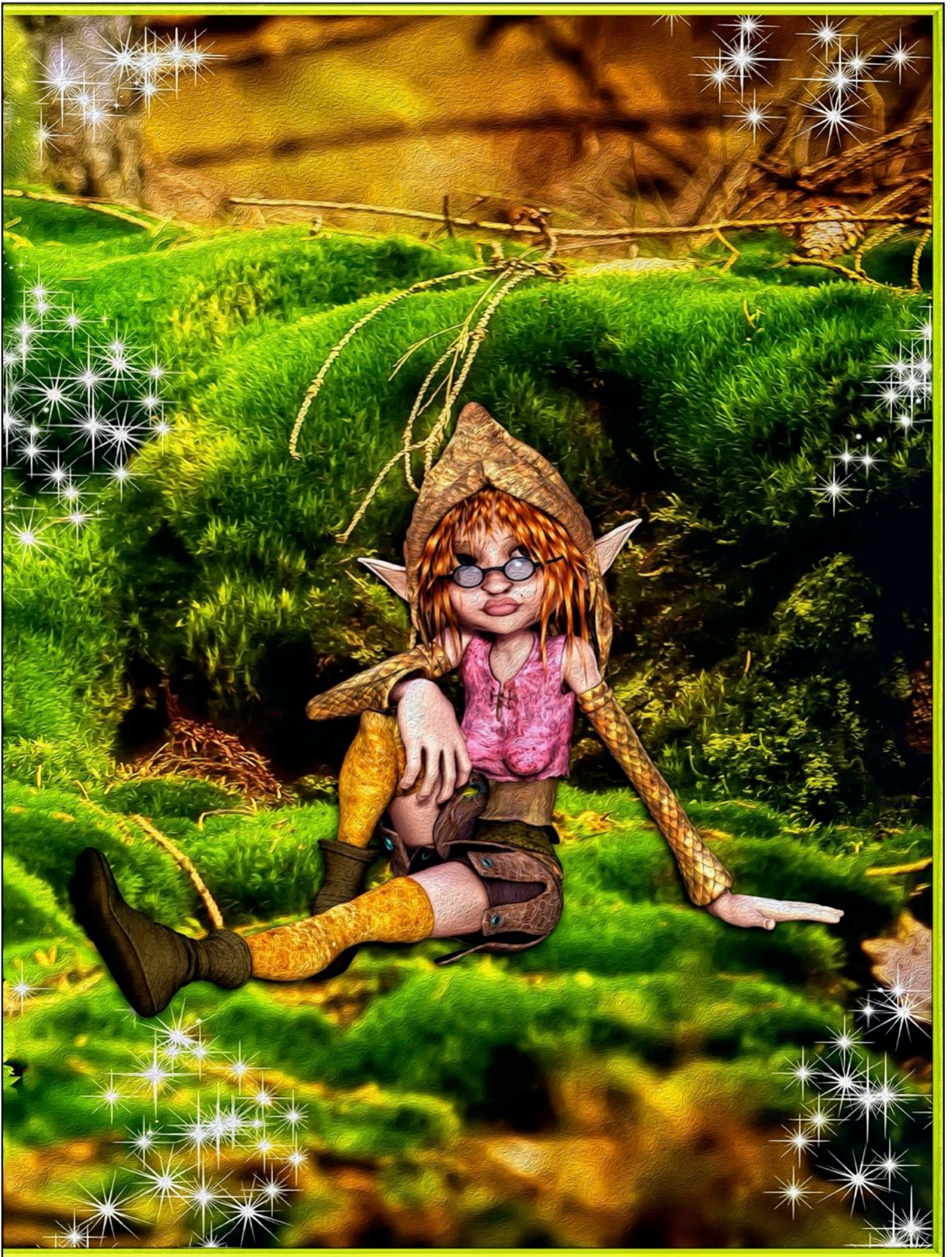


Fleeting Time vanishes, e'vr the winged prize
That flies in a perpetual sunrise,
With the breath of eternity on its lips;
The Bird of Time is All that never dies.















Commentary

This was my first quatrain, made long ago:

— Persia-Fume —
(the original attempt)

Across the centuries, I can now enjoy
that Persian Perfume
Of “Omar’s Enchantment”,
redistilled in the translator’s Runes.
Recondensed from Old Khayyám’s vapor, verses,
dust, roses, and song —
The Sprit of the Rubáiyát escapes
from his eternal Tomb!

*Note how wordy this first version was;
It’s way beyond ten syllables.*

— Omar’s Persia-Fume —
(current version)

Through his Rubàiyàt, I sense enchantment,
Essence distilled by the translator’s scent.
Recomposed from Khayyàm’s dust and spirit,
Potent elixirs escape interment!

— The Last Remembrance —
(original & current version)

Engraved is “THE END” of our earthly sigh—
Six sides surround: five are dirt, one is sky.
Shov’ling, Death talks to us at last and says,
“What were you doing during all of nigh?”

*The last look that life “remembers”
Is a walled box of dirt.*

*Carved in our tombstone,
We see written "THE END"
Of our life and strife on this earth.*

*Death, who we never bothered to know of,
Arrives to finish us off, and asks us,
Much like the weather in winter might,
"What were you doing all of your summer?"*

*No one likes to dwell on death; but,
In order to better stare life in the face,
We have to at least accept death
As a larger view of existence.*

*If death were to come and surprise us,
We might die with regret
For many adventures missed.
Who among us is ready?*

— Unblinding Literation —
(original version)

A Verse to read energizes the mind;
A matched illustration feeds the senses.
Back and forth they build upon each other—
Til the senses can "read" what the Mind "sees".

— Converging Reflections —
(current version)

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

*An album of illustrations is fine,
But an illustration can become much more
When it's used to support a verbal point.*

*A book of verse without pictures can often be fine;
But, the reader may tend to rush through the words,
Realizing only a part of the meaning. So, I combine.*

*The synergy of the verse and the illustration
Is the bonus that unblinds the mind to see
And literates the senses to read, so to speak,
As the words echo off of the illustration
And vice-versa,
Until they spiral into unified vision.*

— The Bird of Time —
(original version)

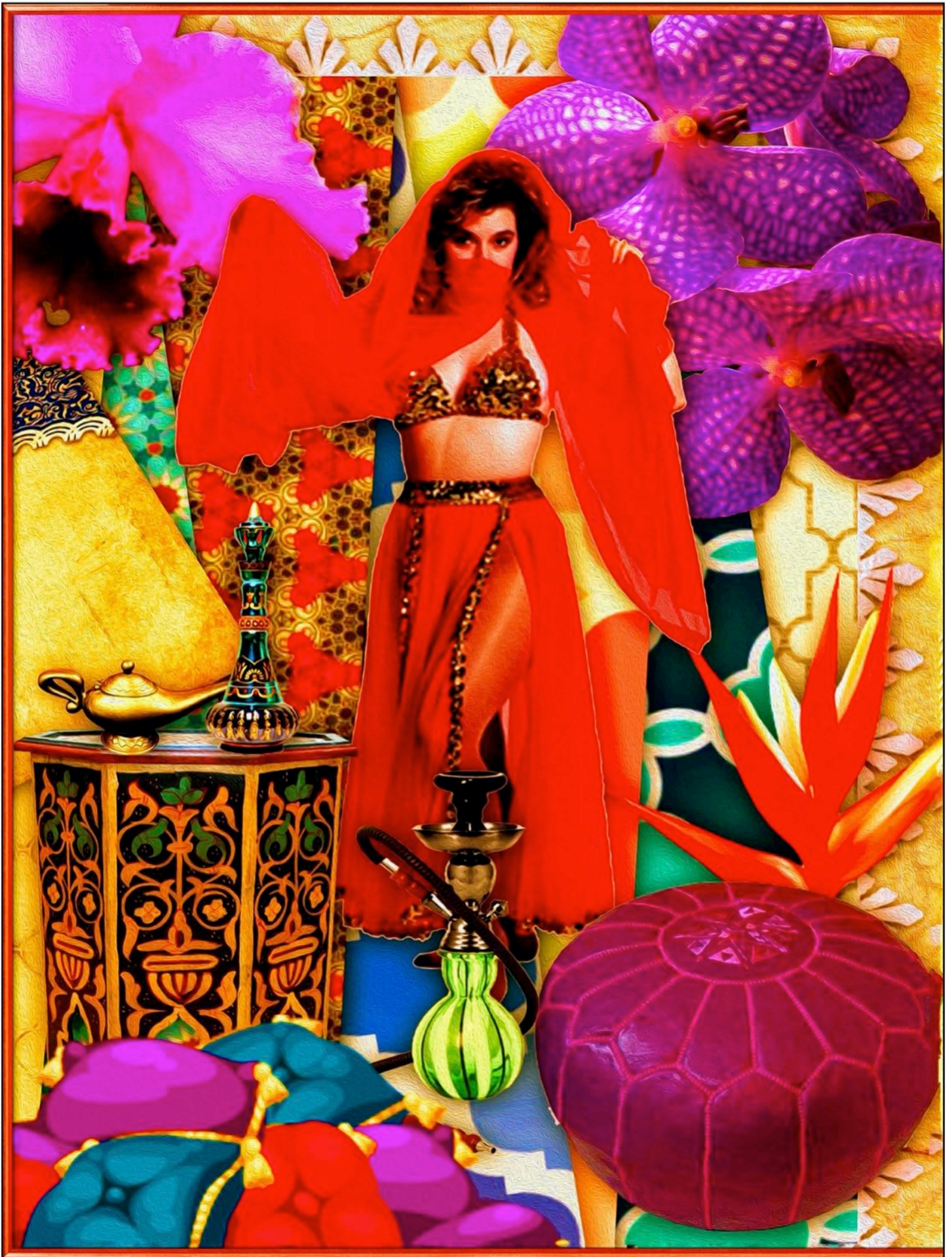
I caught one of Eternity's lively Moments in my Hand
When the winged creature came flying by
on Time's flowing Sand;
Lo, I chanced to put it aside to view it later in peace—
It then flew—I now pursue it far throughout
its Never Land.

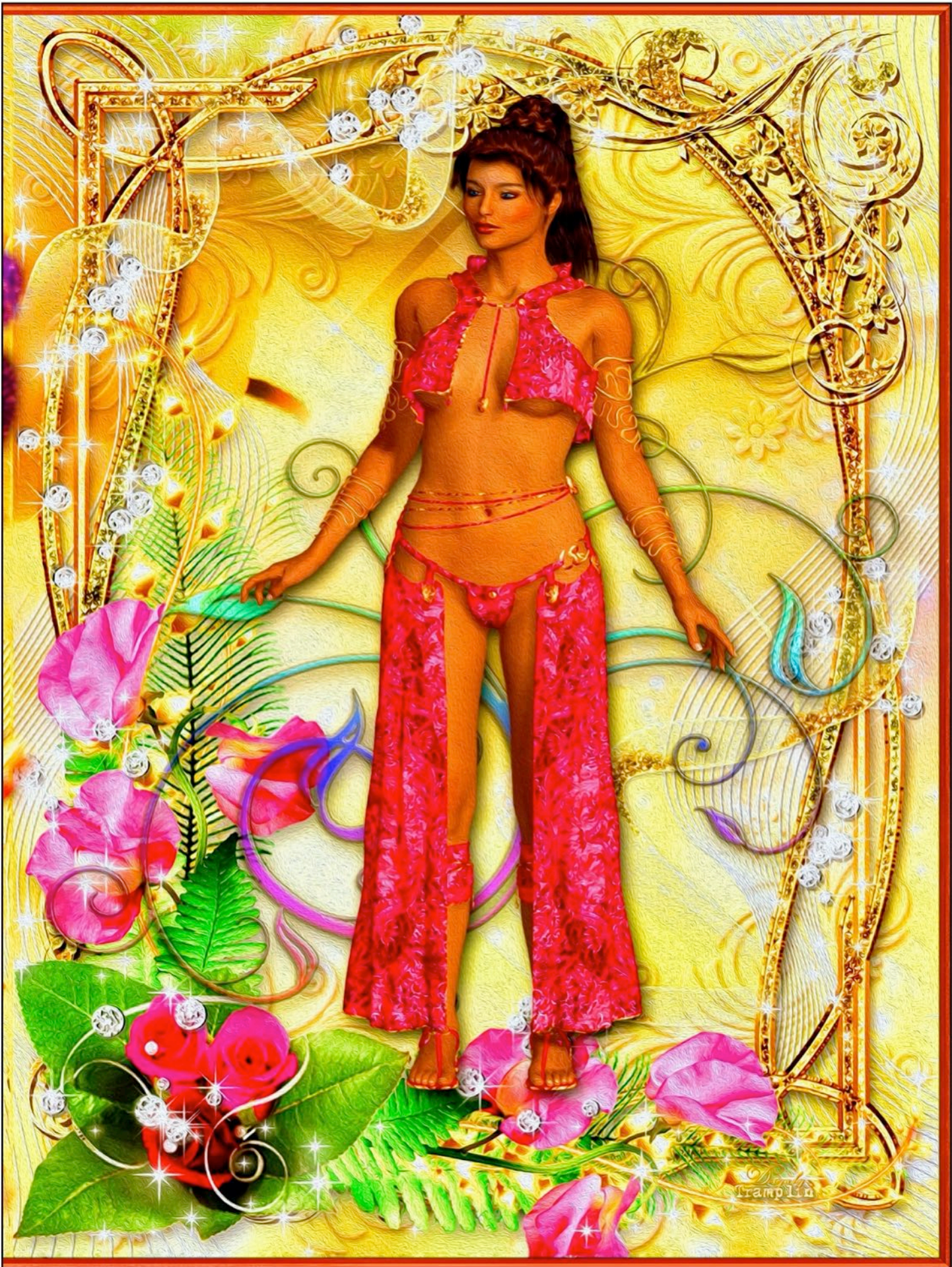
— The Bird of Time —
(current version)

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

*As the sands of time flow,
The moment of NOW is very alive,
Even as time flies.*

*If you catch a moment, seize it;
For if you choose to attend to it later,
You may have to run after it,
Which is seldom profitable
Since the momentary bird of time
Lands not often after it takes off*





*And wings its way past you,
From sunrise to sunset.*

— Abloom —

(original & current version)

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

*Life is a dream come true.
Live and enjoy your blossom!
Like the rose, you are a part of Nature, too,
And to Mother Earth you must return.
There will be plenty of time to sleep in the grave.*

— Chequer-Board —
(original version)

Your move! The wings of Time are black and White,
For one is the day and one is the Night!
As chessmen we live and play for color
Until into the box we return Quite!

— Board of Existence —
(current version)

The wings of time are checkered black and white,
For fluttering round the day flies the night.
Like chess pieces, we gamely play for life,
Until into the box we return, quite!

*We live in color on the black and white
Checkerboard of the days and nights
Of our existence, not knowing in total
The hand of that which moves us;*

*But, we play the game until it finishes us
And then we are put back
Into the box of nonexistence.*

*It's the only game in town!
However, if we don't MOVE,
We lose right away.*

*The Universe can give a person LIFE,
But it can't make one LIVE in every respect;
Although, there may be undercurrents
And guiding forces. Thus, it is always our move!*

*The quatrain is my imitation of
Fitzgerald's translation of Omar's famous quatrain:*

*Tis all a Chequer-board of Nights and Days
Where Destiny with men for Pieces plays;
Hither and thither moves, and mates, and slays,
And one by one back in the Closet lays.*

*Although I agree that Destiny makes the rules,
I would ever like to hope that
We still have some freedom
Within the limitations, and,
That we are not entirely helpless
And at the total mercy of Destiny's puppet-strings;
However, the will must depend on something,
As it cannot depend on nothing at all.*

*True, Destiny will eventually win the game,
But, ever gamely, I will move about
As much as I may during life's playtime
To challenge or at least enjoy Destiny.
When I lose and I am to be slain
I will then submit with grace and style
And say 'thanks for the game'.*





— Distant Promise —

(original & current version)

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.

*Some people put things off,
Especially pleasures,
Because they think the future
Will be more fortuitous, and so,
Consequently, they delay, put off,
Balk, postpone, make promises,
And swear hasty vows, etc.*

*Naturally, this web of promises
Becomes too heavy to stand,
And comes crashing down of its own weight,
To ensnare until we realize that
The only real and actual time is NOW,
And that when the future finally comes
The time is often no longer right,
Since the moment and the momentum
Have by then been lost.*

— Fear Less —

(original & current version)

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

*Life is only what we make of it
And I know of no excuse
For not making the most of life,
For Life is all we can be sure of,*

*And WHO could ever blame us
For NOT making a giant leap of faith?*

*However, since all we know
And can invent comes from within us,
We can still have our cake and eat it too
By leading good, but lively and exciting, lives.*

*Thus, seeing ourselves as what we are,
Rather than what we might
Suppose ourselves to be,
Removes all fear except that of living life,
Which is our only chance to truly live,
Rather than just exist.*

—Existence Unveiled—
(original version)

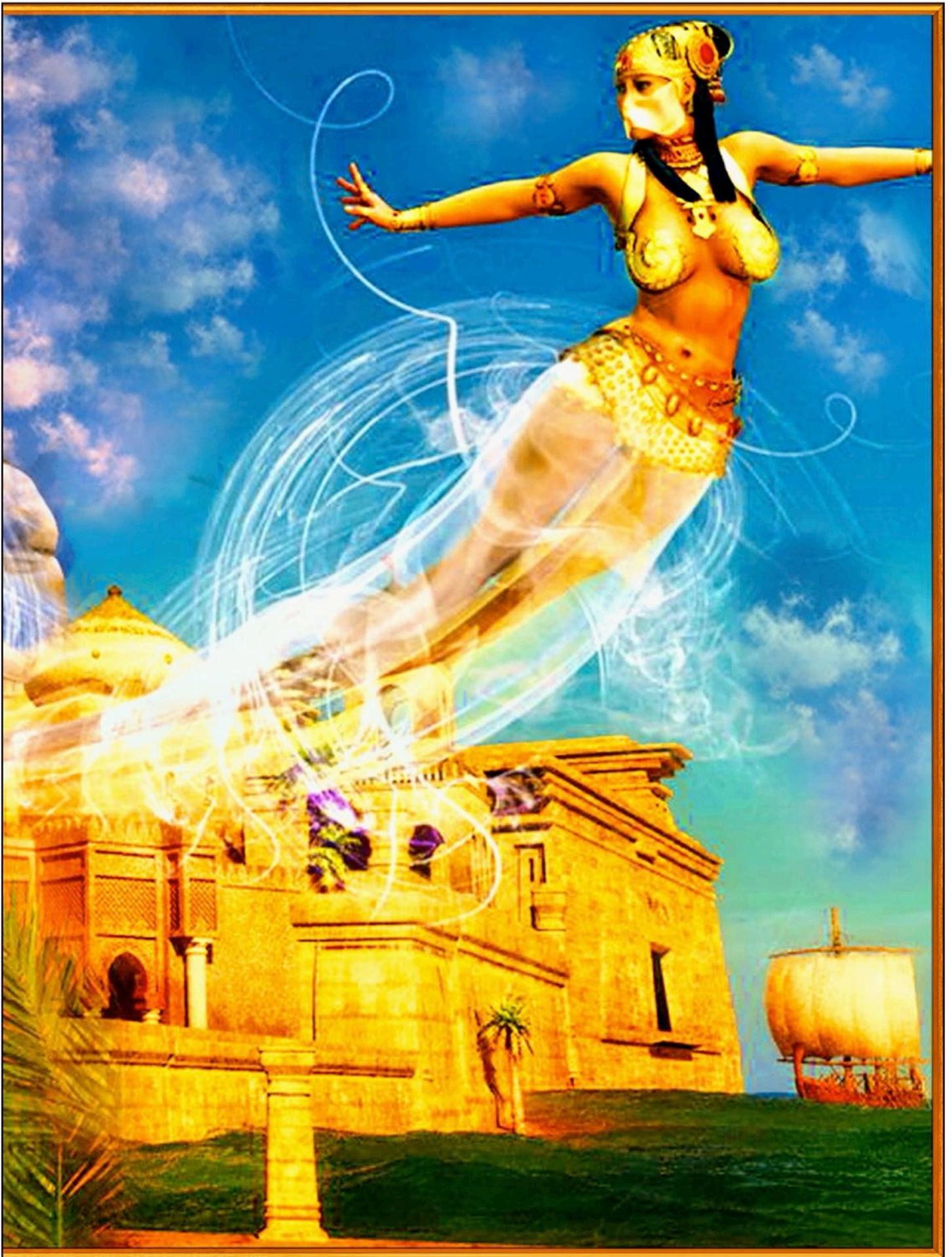
To know that I can never know all of Eternity's Secrets
Somehow frees me from that mundane struggle
and its endless Regrets;
Now I can clearly see, hear, smell, feel, and drink
into my being
All of that Reality which converges
on my Common Senses.

— Rationality —
(current version)

Knowing that we can't solve all life's mysteries
Frees us from that senseless task of misery.
We can see, hear, smell, feel, and drink in all
Reality that penetrates sensibility.

*After we become somewhat educated,
We think perhaps that we are getting close
To unraveling the elusive secrets
To life's greatest metaphysical questions;
However, as we learn more,*





*We merely discover just how large is the extent
Of what we don't know and may never know.*

*There are no easy answers
To the usual philosophical discussions
Which have been going on
For thousands of years and which continue.*

*Of course, there are hundreds of crazy cults
Out there proposing many mystical solutions
Based on divine essences and revelations,
And, indeed, religions have many members.*

*Now, they can't all be right
Since they contradict each other;
So, therefore, we know at least that
Many or most of them are outright WRONG.
However, the debate goes on and on and on!*

*The time comes when we must get on with life
And it is then that we realize
That it is rather futile to try to look beyond
The veil of existence in which we are clothed,
For our senses cannot sense in that realm.*

*Only then we can face up to life just
As it appears to the senses that we do have,
And so we are free at last!*

*The alternative is to lay down and die,
Exhausted and overwhelmed
By the seeming impossibility
Or nonunderstandability of it all.*

*However, we ARE here and the plan
Doesn't matter because*

*1) It was never told to us
(except by a hundred different cults
In a hundred different ways),*

2) We were never consulted by the 'Maker', anyway, and

3) *This is where the action is, nowhere else.*

— Vocal Music —

(original & current version)

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

*Poetry stimulates the mind
By making clear those
Unapprehended combinations
Of thoughts and feelings
Which are felt by one's being
But are difficult to express.*

*A poem expresses the truth
Of the universal and eternal image of life,
Becomes this image,
And then acts upon us in ways
Seeming above and beyond our selves.*

*Poetry arrests and then displays
What would otherwise be lost
From the fleeting and vanishing apparitions
Which haunt us from the depths
That are deep and unknown.*

*Music (melody) bypasses the mind
And plays its magic directly
On the heart's emotional strings.*

*Melody is both soothing and inspiring,
And, like poetry, is one of
The most enduring of all the arts.*

*A song, being a poem set to melody,
Is one of the most heartfelt experiences on Earth,*





*Since it is the convergence of heart and 'soul'
Into one unified and indescribable experience.*

— Remnant —
(original & current version)

In our youth, we hear life's call clear and plain;
Life is for living, hope and dreams became!
Ere we are aware, the echoes fade;
The regret that's left does alone remain.

*When we are young, the sounds of life
Are plain and simple and clear
And we ACT on them,
Plus, life's structure guides us along.*

*There are many things to be done
That cross the entire spectrum of life.
They seem to get done with exuberance,
And there is every indication
That this life-style will continue forever.
We think that such 'sounds' of life can never die.*

*We will live a complete life, we say;
We will continue to read books,
Study, enjoy friends, love,
And live to the fullest!*

*However, somehow, imperceptibly
These goals slip away:
No books are read,
One marries whomever is convenient (perhaps),
Or the search is given up;
We work overtime; time for friends vanishes,
And so on and so forth...
... Until even the echoes of the sounds are gone.*

*Like the grin of the Cheshire cat,
Only the regret remains
After all else has vanished.*

— Earth Bound —
(original version)

In Heaven, all of our whims, friends, and pleasures
will come like Rain,
Or so we may have wished or dreamed
until we felt no mortal Pain;
But, there's no need to wait for the unproved promise
of that Great Beyond—
When here on Earth—if we live in life's glory—
we can have the Same!

— Earth-Bound —
(current version)

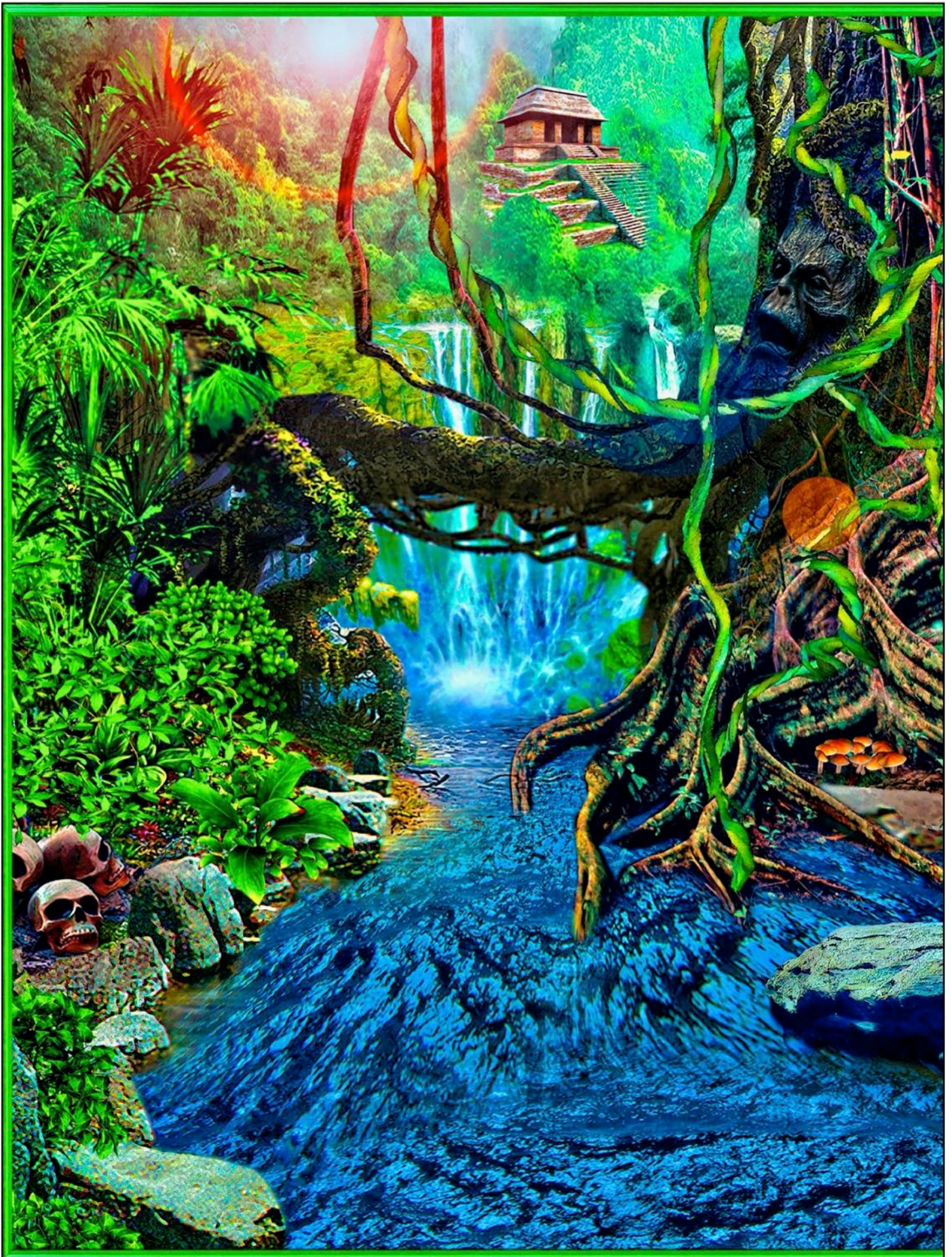
In Heaven, desired pleasures fall like rain,
Or so we dream, to avoid mortal pain;
But, we needn't wait for some promise beyond,
Since on Earth, enjoying life, we have the same!

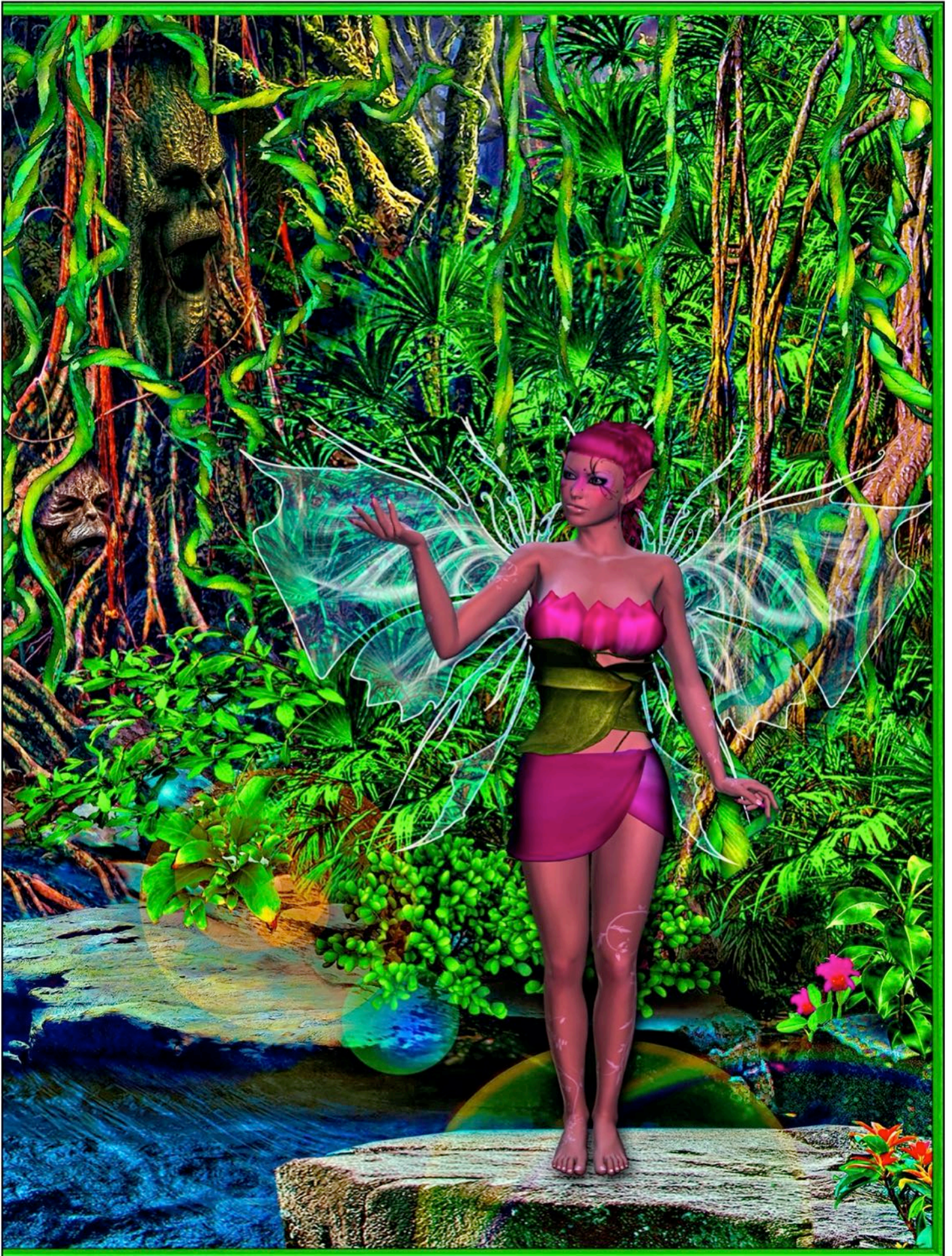
*The pleasures of 'Heaven' await us, as myth,
But the pleasures of Earth are here now,
And it's not even a sin to enjoy them.
How can we lose?*

*When the gods were first invented
They were placed on the mountain tops,
After which time they were moved
To higher and less visible realms.*

*In Heaven, it is rumored
That our every wish, whim, and fancy
Can be had and that we can
Live in a state of perpetual ecstasy.*

*Well, all of this sounds great,
Although decadent, perhaps,
At any stage of existence!*





*It is nice to conjecture
That we might be a part of the Divine Essence
As some sort of specially created beings;
But, it ain't necessarily so,
And we can see this as we learn more and more
Of the natural sciences.*

*So, the great and eternal hope remains
As wishful and perhaps prideful thinking.*

*Meanwhile, on Earth,
In living up to our potential,
We can find Heaven.
However, it takes vision,
And a DAILY investment
In ALL aspects of life.
Tunnel vision will not suffice.
Effort is required.*

*— Wishing-Well —
(original & current version)*

*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!*

*Living well is more a matter of style,
Attitude, and ready spontaneous reaction
To opportunity than a calculated,
Scheduled, ponderable activity.*

*By the time you stop and think about NOW, it's gone.
With awareness, life can indeed take place
Even while you're busy doing other things.
Pace yourself! Don't wait!*

2 > 1 + 1
(original version)

We savored our mutual beauty, drank of each Other,
Sang to our joint souls in languages Undiscovered,
Opened up each our own hearts to connect our beings.
Now we TWO add up to more than just ONE plus ONE Other.

— 2 is greater than 1 + 1 —
(current version)

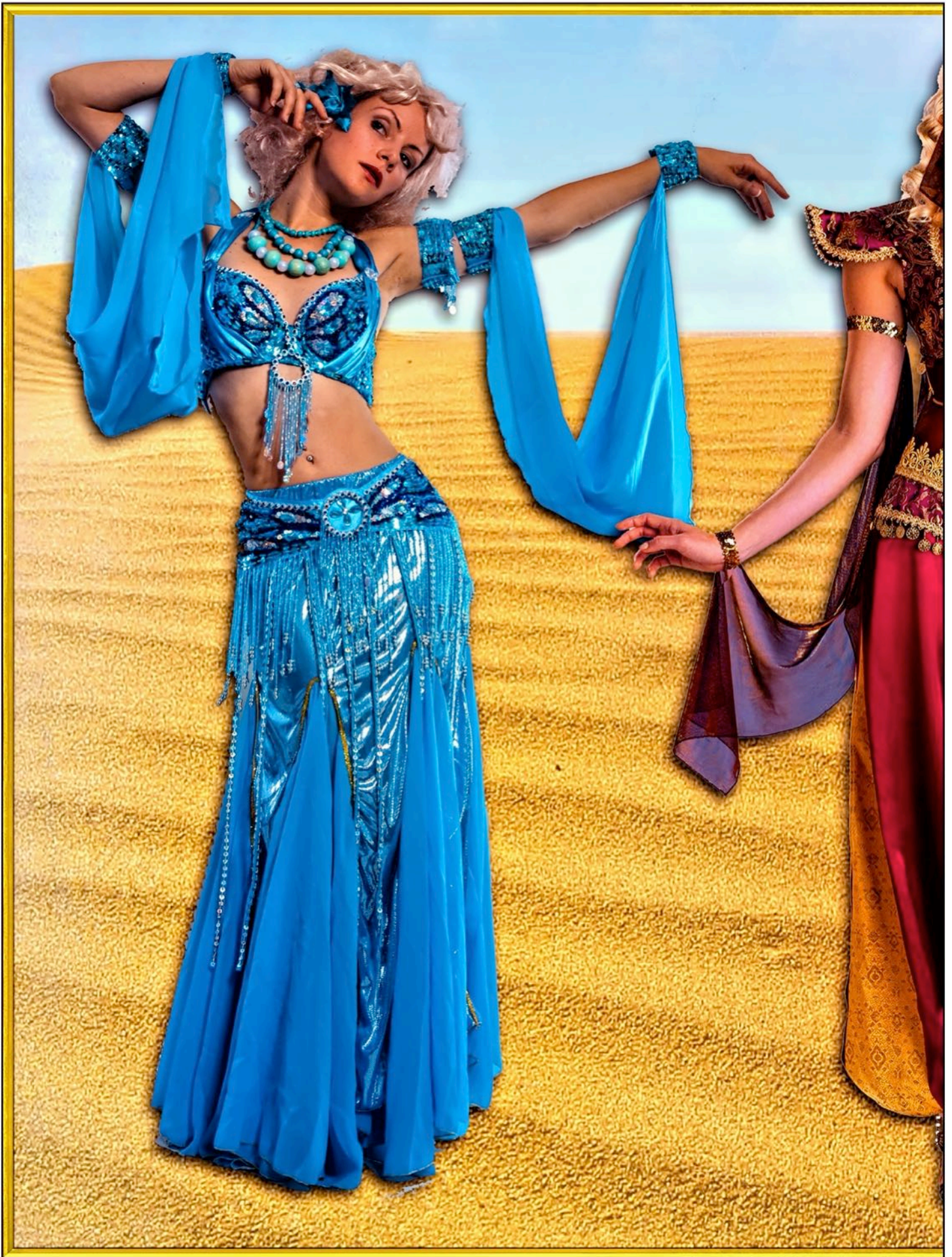
A mutual self we form: friend and lover,
Soul-to-soul, through language we discover,
Opening each the other up; thus, in sum,
Totaling more than One plus One other.

This is actually a new quatrain.

*Mathematically, one plus one adds up to two,
Which is merely the sum of the parts);
However, in love or friendship,
One and one becomes much greater than the two parts
Because each one is input to the other,
That synergy accounting for
The extra quantity of living and thinking.*

*One can never have too many friends,
So, make investments daily.*

*The feedback spiral will take you to greater heights
Than you could ever get to by yourself.
It will also make your life happier
And give you something to fall back on
Should your job become overly stressful.*





— Re-Versed —
(original & current version)

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

Why live this way?

*Pretend you are a million miles away
And have been dead over a million years;
Then look back on your life from afar
And ask yourself 'What is the real significance
And life-effectiveness of those things
Which are keeping me so busy?';
Then smile and return to the present; simplify;
And then begin anew with a different perspective.*

— Life's Recipe —
(original version)

A sunbeam, a breeze, water from the well,
Nature's soil, love, a friend, an adventure—
We have it all! Each element is there!
Life's a mix of earth, fire, water, air.

— Recipe —
(current version)

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

*This is a rather lightweight quatrain;
But, it was a popular exercise in Omar's time
To try and work the famous four elements into a poem.*

*Each morning I go out into the sunbeams
And inhale that first lovely breath of fresh air;
Then I have a nice cold drink from the well,
And enjoy the breeze,
Which carries the odour of nature's soil;
Then I add in a friend, love, and adventure,
And there we have life's recipe.*

— Oneness —
(original version)

The stern Classicist drones onward
to mechanical Perfection;
The opiate Romanticist drowns
in his own Stupefaction;
Worse, others alternate between
these two roads of wild extremes;
Fools! The path is not this way or that
but in a joint Direction.

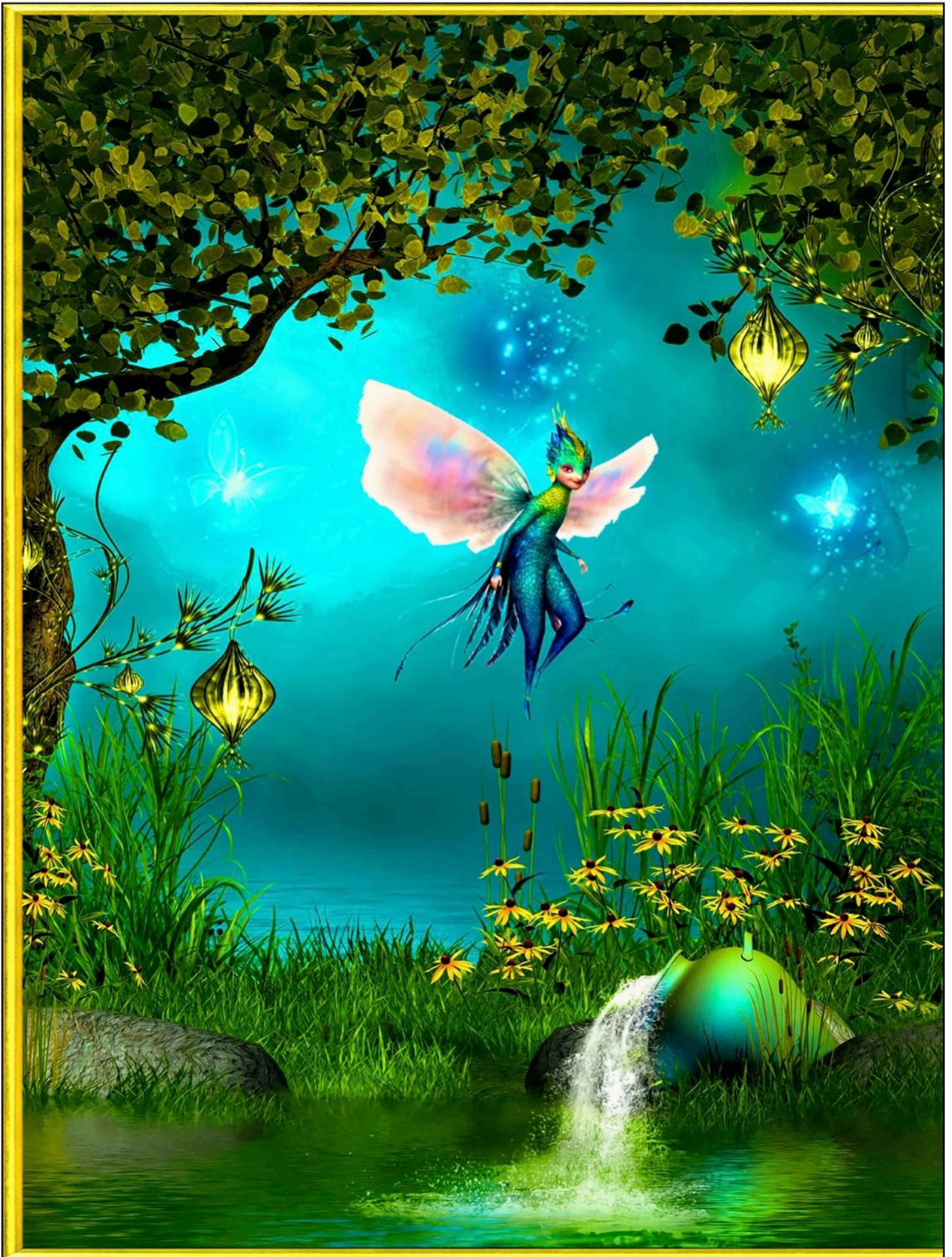
— Wholeness —
(current version)

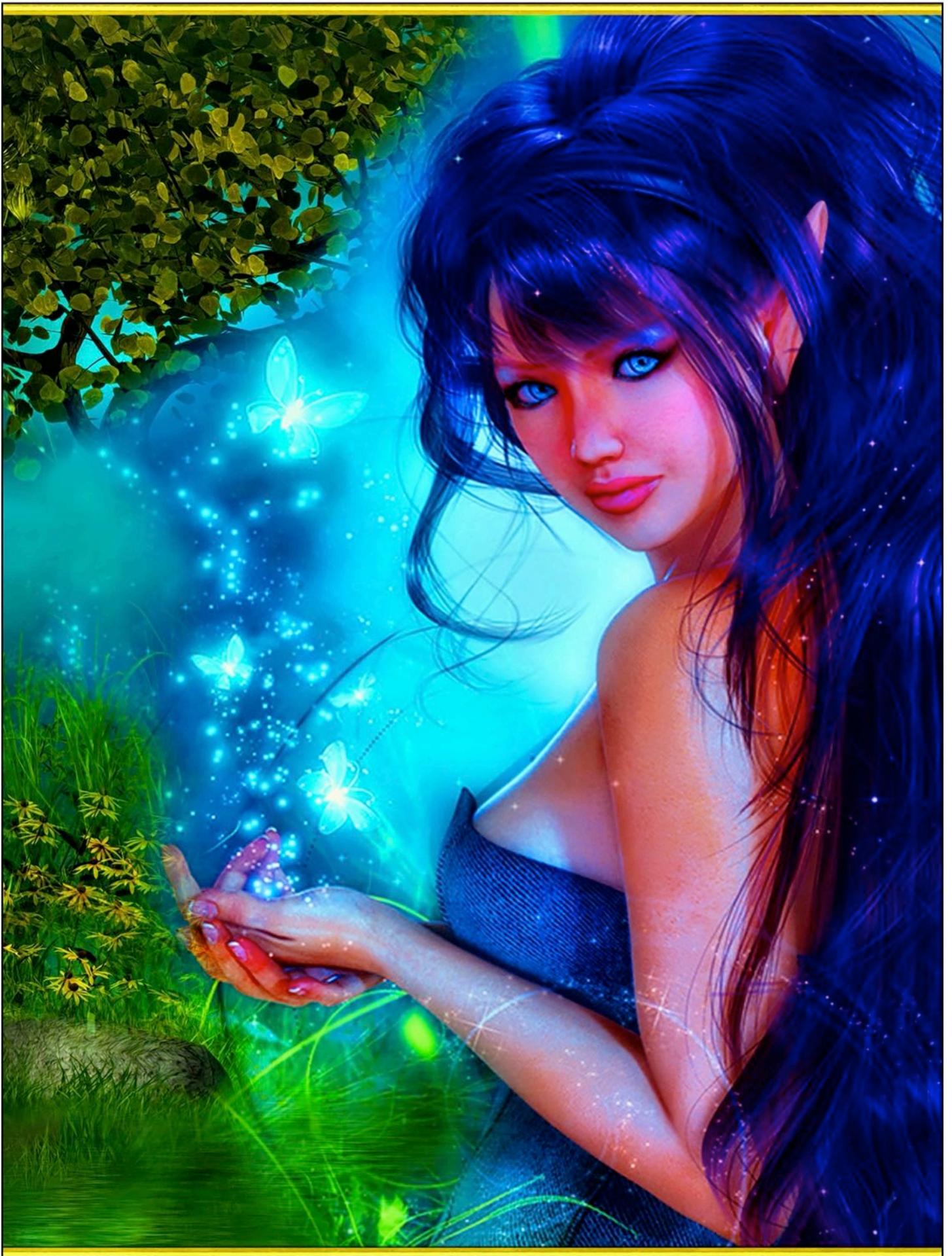
Classicists drone toward dull perfection;
Romanticists drown in feeling's affection;
Worse, others alternate between extremes;
It's not this nor that, but of joined direction.

The poem says it all.

— Thought Experiment —
(original version)

If you were old or sick, you might regret or pine,
Giving anything to have back some better time,
But now you are young and fine, so, be glad, smile,
For you will never again live this life of thine.





— Thought Experiment —
(current version)

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

*How often have we wished
That we could change something in the past?
If only we knew then what we know now
We would have enjoyed that time much more then.*

*When we're old or sick it's too late,
And then we would give just about anything
For some sort of magic which would allow us
Even one more healthy young day.*

*Well, presumably,
This hasn't happened to most of us yet;
But, we can imagine that it has,
And then magically wake up
From the terrible nightmare, be relieved,
And become much more aware
Of what really is significant now
And what will really not matter that much later on.*

— Love Currents —
(original & current version)

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

*We, for there must usually be another,
Find ourselves outdoors again
At Mariner's Harbor Restaurant
On the Hudson River,
Looking at the Autumn sun's*

*Sparkling glitter-path on the water,
As seen through our uplifted red wine,
Both figuratively and literally,
While we have lunch in the early afternoon
As we flow along on life's currents.*

*Lunch at Mariner's on a warm day
Always reminds me of Polynesia:
There are ship's bells ringing
As the boats rock and creak
In the gentle waves
Made by the passing oil barges.*

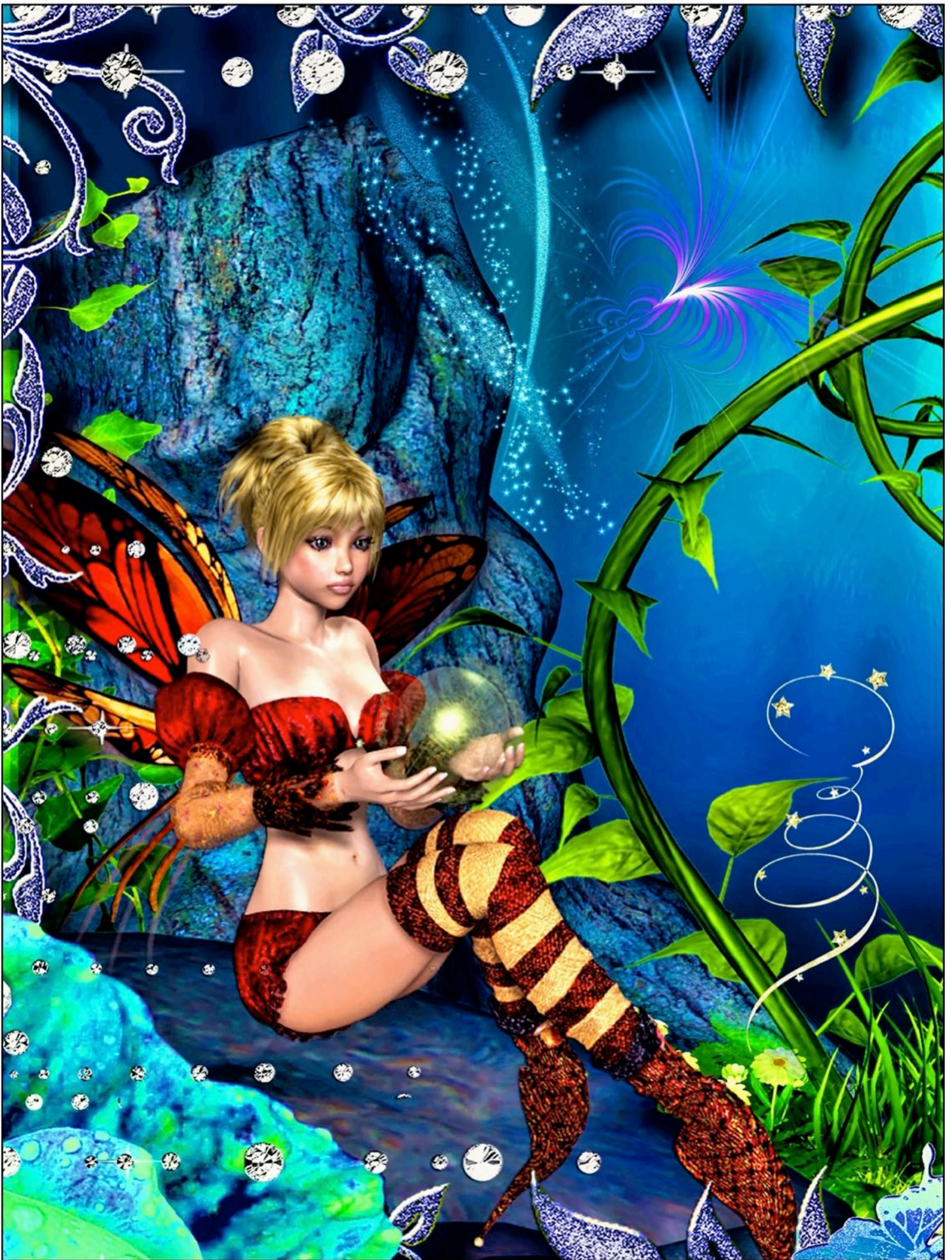
*The weather is temperate
And is usually 10 degrees cooler
Than the rest of the county,
Thanks to the cool river-breeze effect.*

*The food is great and I could
Easily imagine being in Tahiti.
There are no crowds at lunchtime
And all the people I meet are present
For the same reasons I am.*

*Mariner's Harbor in the afternoon
Is a secret world that many do not know of
Or never will know of.*

*Following are the graduations
Of the many negative responses
I've heard from people
Who could never quite make it there:*

*It's on the other side of the river!
I am too busy.
I didn't even know it was a nice day out.
Too hot. Couldn't find it.
I have to live my life by the clock.
Let's go there next month.
Summer went by too fast.
Never heard of the place.*





— Worlds in Collusion—
(original version)

From the Sun comes imagination's fire
to enlighten the Mind,
To clear the fog of reason, war, and passion,
yet ever Intertwine;
To forever warm the moon's icy cool chaste
passionless reason;
To forever cool Venus's hot ensnaring
reasonless passion;
To forever guide Mars' martial song
with a little compassion.
Atwixt all of these worlds, a part of each entire,
a life is Mine.

(Who ever heard of a six line quatrain?)

— Worlds in Collusion —
(current version)

Imagination lights the mind to shine,
Cooling Venus's reasonless passion,
Warming Mars' fight song into compassion.
Between those two orbits, the Earth is mine!

*There is a very pleasant
And delicious intermediate state,
Among many extremes, which, somehow,
Consists of each extreme, yet is neither of them.*

*This perfect state is a delicate balance
Of awareness that exists for as long
As one can sustain it:
Somewhere between sobriety
And total drunkenness;
Between adventure and foolishness;
Between lone reason and pure passion;
Between the peaceful orbit of Venus
And that of warlike Mars.*

*The Earth is located between these two orbits;
Between violence and forgiveness;
And finally, atwixt all the above
(‘atwixt’ is to ‘betwixt’ as ‘among’ is to ‘between’).*

— Prism —
(original version)

Deep in the black depth of the endless void
the Eternal Light Winks!
We FLASH into Being; Our souls are filled
with life’s wine to the Brink!
As a living lens we develop our lives prismatic colors;
For a while our rainbow shines; then one day
the radiance fades
And gone is the picture and back to darkness
we must, forever, Sink!

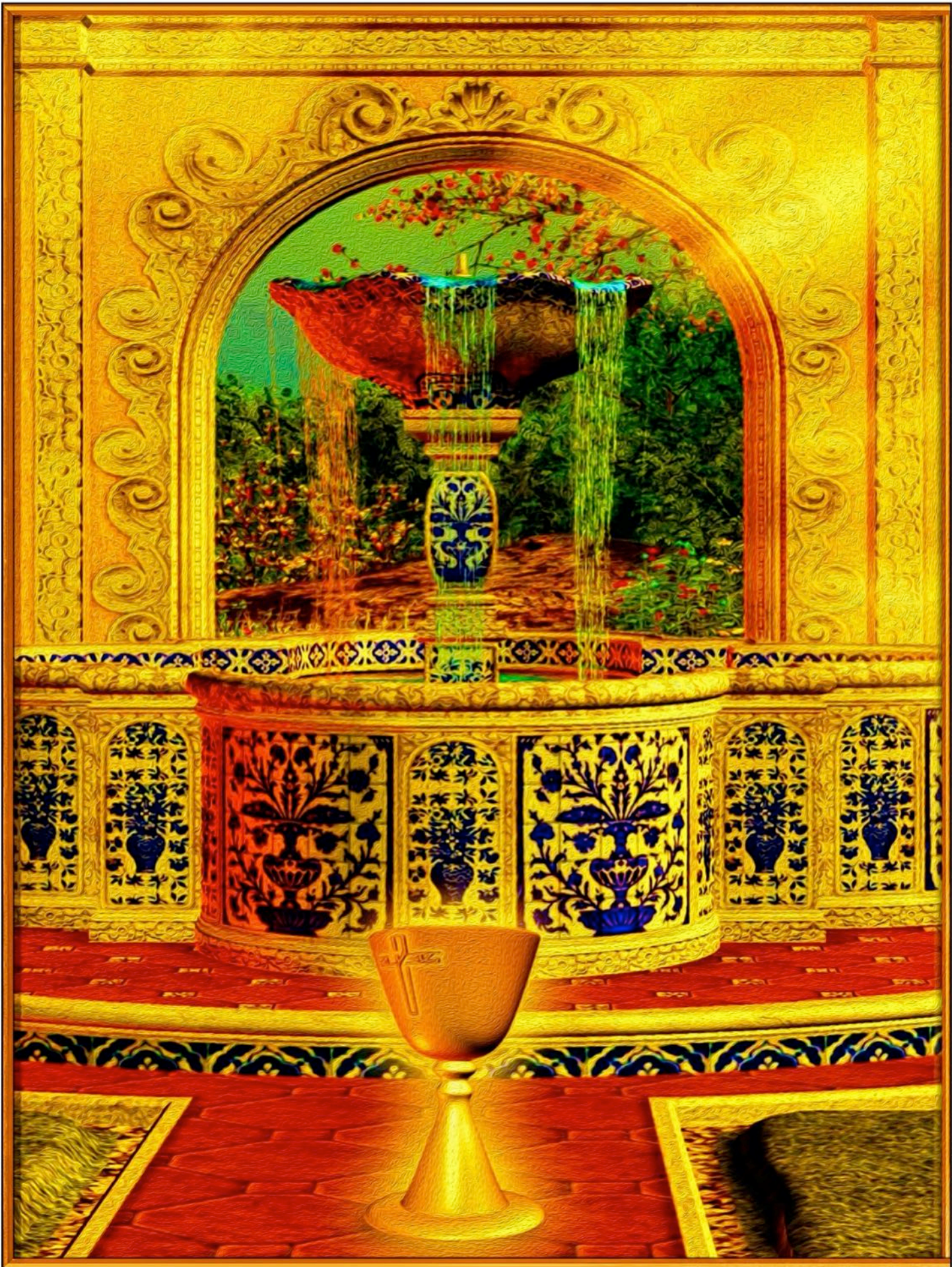
— Prismatic Lens —
(current version)

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

*We are 4-dimensional photos
Which are displayed for a while
In the Master’s Gallery,
Until back to the darkroom we go.*

*This quatrain was inspired
By Shelley’s similar analogy
To the light refraction of the blue Italian sky
By the charnel roof in ‘Adonais’.*

*In my quatrain,
The refraction agent is life’s essence (its wine)
And thus, is the prism from
Which a rainbow of color forms from white light.*





— In My Own Time —
(original & current version)

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.

*Each drop of my life's "wine" is to be savored;
If I drink too fast then I will hardly taste life
And I will be used up quickly,
Or, if I drink too slowly,
My life's wine will evaporate into the air;
Therefore, life is toasted by
Its own carefully tipped vessel: me.*

— Begging the Question —
(original version)

Since the Earth is complex they say
it MUST have an Origin.
SURELY it could never have formed itself
or always have Been!
Their solution is of a much greater complexity: God.
Now they're satisfied; but, they have only
enlarged the Question—
SURELY God could never have formed himself
or always have Been!

— A Further Complication —
(intermediate version)

Since life's complex, some say it must have origin:
It couldn't have made itself or always have been!
The answer: God; but they've begged the question:
He couldn't have made himself or always have been!

— A Further Complication —
(current version)

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

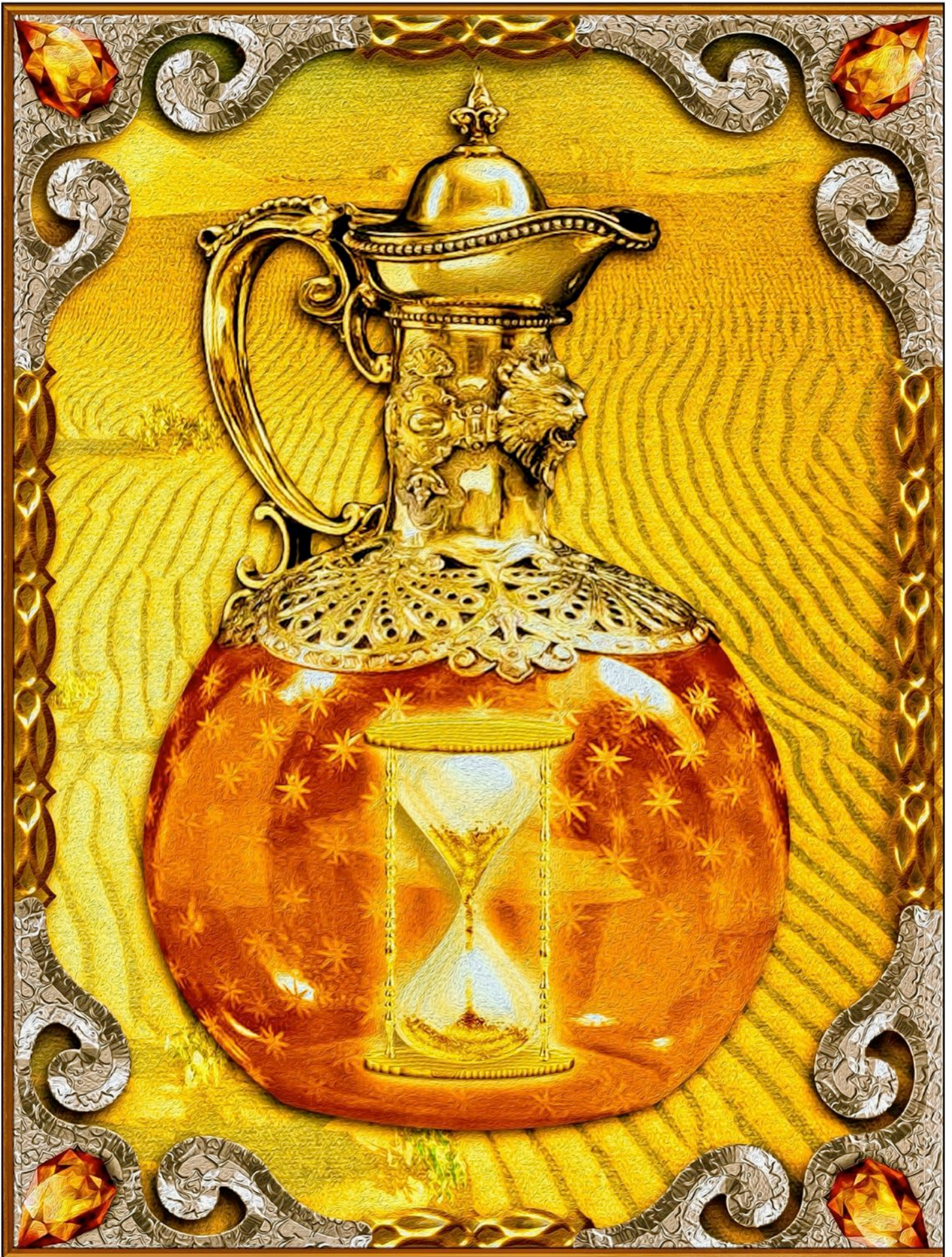
*Untrue Presumption:
A design implies a designer.*

*“Begging the question”
Or answering a question with a larger question
Seems to go nowhere,
Especially when the solution
To the larger question
Is one that one refused to accept
As the solution to the initial,
Less complicated, question.*

*Since matter exists it could have an origin.
Another solution could be that matter is eternal
And has always existed—
With no beginning and no end,
Since nothing comes of Nothing.*

*Another solution might be
That matter somehow sprang from
A differentiated nowhere into being, i.e.,
It somehow formed itself from a capability,
Again, this always having been there.
We do not a zero sum balance
Of opposites in the Cosmos.*

*We do know that we ARE here
And so that is what we should
Think about and enjoy.*





— Mindless Death —
(current version)

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

*We are beings which operate
Electrically and chemically,
Via communication-signals
Among nerves, synapses, and muscles.*

*When we look at a pile of bones
We can't help but wonder
Where the mind and 'soul' have gone;
However, no one has ever come back
From the grave to tell us;
And, in order to find out,
We must travel that road too.*

*The greatest Humility is for us to realize
That we are
Bio-electrical-mechanical-chemical machines;
But, some like to think that they are special,
And deserve a divine destiny.*

— Heaven Found —
(current version)

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

*"The Earth is the best of all possible worlds."
(Voltaire)*

*“All’s right with the world!”
(John Burroughs, among others)*

*The world has achieved a sort of equilibrium,
With its good and bad, prey and predator,
Day and night, storm and drought;
And were it not this way,
We, perhaps, would not be around.*

— Immortal Words —
(original & current version)

I burst from the soil and look for the sky;
Lo, I behold life’s fount and drink it dry!
My poems, they will live forever and ever;
Me? I must return to the earth and die.

*In between our visits to the soil,
We may or may not have any lasting effect
On the world.*

*Since the mind perishes forever at death,
Then all that will ever remain of us
To influence the future are our words and deeds.*

— Time, Death, and Dust —
(original version)

From heaven’s stardust came my clay to Reign;
Eons of time made me what I Became,
As quick death sifted the rest from the best.
<-Those three, my birthright, now write my epitaph ->
RIP: For time expired, death came, dust Remains.





— Time, Death, and Stardust —
(current version)

Time and stardust made us Earth's living guest
While quick death sifted the rest from the best.
Those three, our birthright, form our epitaph:
RIP; time expired, death came, dust is left.

*Matter is produced by the stars,
And this is why they shine.*

*Through natural selection,
Over billions of years on Earth,
This matter has come alive as us.*

*Early death eliminated the silly
From those who had potential.*

*Where death is the only deciding factor,
Plenty of time is needed—
Slow patient time—and it was had.*

*So it was that our birthright was given to us
By time, death, and the dust between the stars.*

*These three also write our epitaph:
From time and death and dust we came
And to such we must return.*

*This quatrain was inspired
By Robert Ardley's "African Genesis".*

— Illumination —
(current version)

The stars are eternity's running-lights;
They shine, even through the fathomless night!
From what bright star comes the gleam in your eyes?
To what distant sun returns your smile's light?

*Even blackness cannot quench
The eternal light of which we are a part.
Our life's light and energy
Returns to the eternal fount after we die.*

(This quatrain was inspired by Robert Blake's 'Tiger'.)

— The End of My Rope —
(current version)

Of earth, fire, and water I'm a braid,
Withstanding life's tangles unafraid.
Well, I'll live till death unravels me,
When comes wind to blow my strands away.

*Again, the four elements
And their intertwinements,
With us, with the natural sciences,
With life, and with our dust.*

— The Light in the Window —
(original version)

We can never be any farther OUT
into deep space Alone.
Onward, in every direction, the Earth
rolls along Unknown.
Look at the many distant stars
piercing the older depths of time!
Forever they beckon, warm and welcome,
those: the fires of Home.

— The Light in the Window —
(current version)

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





*The Earth rotates at 1000 miles an hour
And travels around the sun
At a rate of 18 miles per second.*

*The galaxy rotates as well
And is itself traveling out into space
At a high rate of speed.*

*We are all being flung to the far reaches of nowhere,
And are indeed, already out in deep space.*

*“God’s” experiments are conveniently
Located great distances apart,
Making it practically impossible
For any contact among them.*

*It would take us thousands of years of space travel
Just to get to any other solar systems,
And, even then, what would be the chance
That they would be habitable and/or contain life?*

*As we look at the stars,
We are actually looking back in time.
The images we see are many years old.*

*What we think is the sun
Is actually what it looked like
(And is where it was) 9 minutes ago.*

*All galaxies in the known Universe
Are now each moving away from the others
And were once unified. We ARE the Cosmos.*

*Lamp lights still burn in the window;
One day we may return home again.*

— Love Paradox —
(current version)

Arithmetic theory fails in love's plot:
Love when divided diminishes not,
Unlike sadness, and vanishes not.
Each love multiplies to exceed the lot!

*Love is something to be
Given and shared, not hoarded.*

*Amazingly, love shared with many
Does not seem to diminish any of the individual loves,
But seems to make all of them larger,
Although these are still limited by time.*

*Real love is free and is much deeper
Than mere physical love,
But includes it, as well,
As love of spirit, mind, and soul.*

*The more you love,
The more you have to give in love—
It is a lovely paradox.*

*Some may have a hang-up
About sharing some types of love
(It's even thought sinful):*

*"The beaten path of modern morals
Has been wearily trodden
By many a conventional foot
Of those who would only love one person
And consign all the rest to cold oblivion,"
Says Shelley,
By withholding their love for them
Instead of sharing it with them.*

Love is giving. So, give it.





— The Last Act —
(original version)

Live not life as though you had forever;
Life is to act—not to do so is death.
Living is in the way that you would die—
Live each life-act as though it be your last!

— The Last Act —
(current version)

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

*People with incurable diseases
Learn very quickly the value of living life well,
Since death is on their minds.*

*There's no reason that the rest of us
Can't do some hypothetical thinking
And live just as well.*

*If you don't LIVE life then,
For all practical purposes, you are DEAD.*

— Almost There —
(original version)

Daydreams pierce the noise of Consciousness
To tell us that which is the best for Us;
Mere aspiration halves realization! —
Much of what we now live was a dream Once.

— Halfway There —
(current version)

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

*Listen to your dreams.
They are meaningful because
They come from within you.*

You are already halfway to your goal.

Dreams can come true.

*Pay attention to your innermost desires,
Wishes, and dreams,
And this will guarantee happiness,
For YOU know what you need to be happy.*

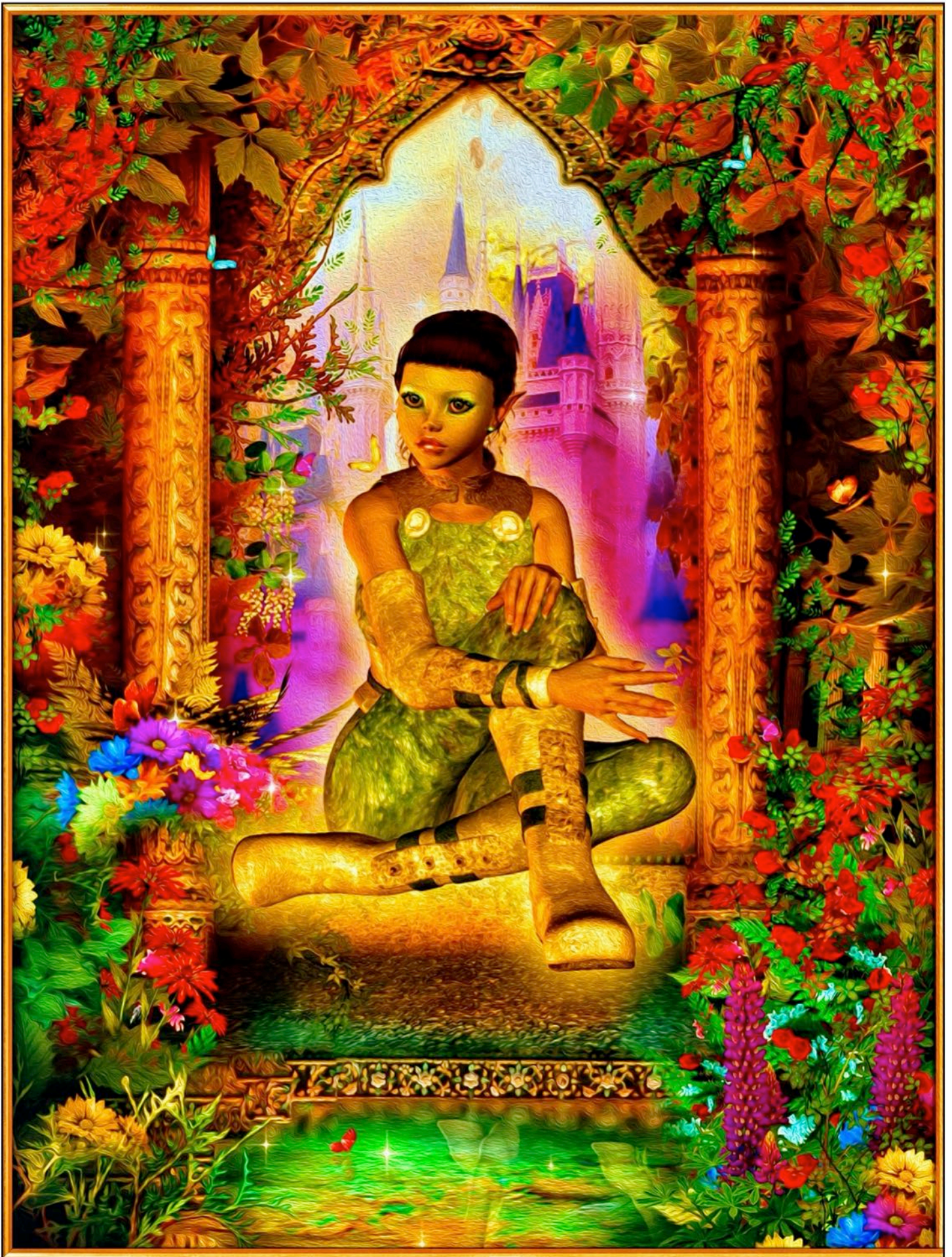
— What is Love? —
(original version)

Love is giving—with no hint of Return;
Taking is greed—you will forever Yearn.
Graciously accept all you receive
And give kindness to everyone in Turn.

— What is Love? —
(current version)

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

*There is no TAKING in true love—
There is only GIVING.*





*As soon as you begin to take,
Then you are no longer giving love;
You're cashing in on an investment
That you made for your own gain.*

*True love is completely unconditional:
It cannot be given with any strings attached.*

*Graciously RECEIVING freely given love is,
Of course, much different than taking it
Since it was not demanded
And was given freely to you.*

Love is worth a lot more that way.

*How could we ever value love gained
By charming, tricking or pushing
Someone into loving us?*

*What if we kept them captive
By placing all sorts of conditions on our love?*

*Then we'd never know what true love was;
We'd forever yearn for it.*

*— "I've Got to Run Now" —
(original & current version)*

*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?*

*In this modern world,
It seems that everyone has to "run",
Even though we have many modern inventions,
Many more than our grandmothers had.*

*She had to bake her bread;
We can just buy it.*

*Yet, she had the time to sit out
On the front porch and read a book.*

Who now has time to read a book?

What happened?

We did it to ourselves,

That's what happened.

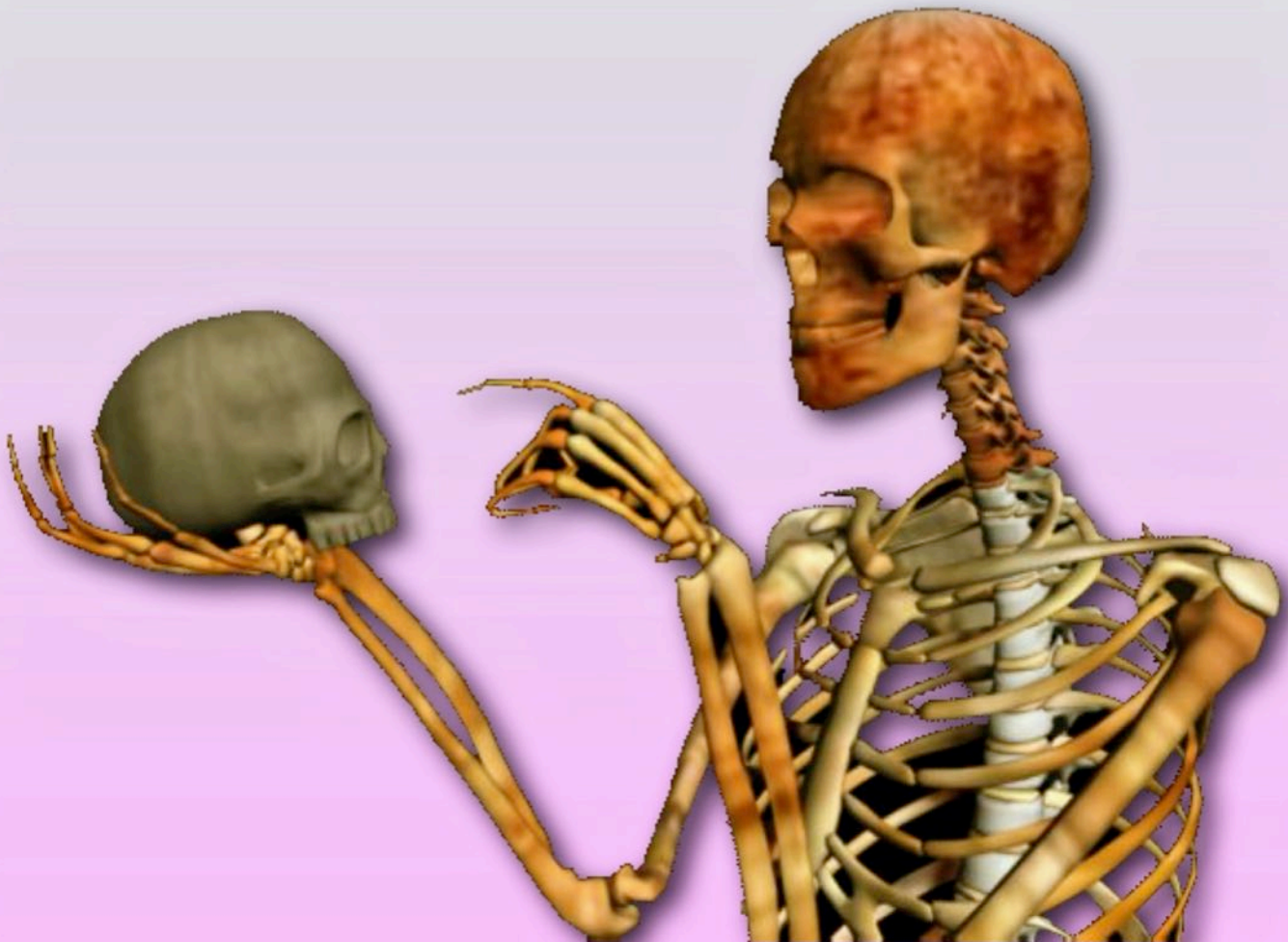
We no longer know how to relax.

The art has been lost.

*If we're always hectic and running off,
Can it really be said that we have lived?*

Or did we miss it because we were too busy?

Simplify, simplify, simplify.









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



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



THE LIGHT OF HEAV'N DID THE EARTH ILLUMINE,
 WHEN HE SHAPED HUMAN NATURE'S ACUMEN.
 TEMPTATIONS HE THEN PLACED EVERYWHERE,
 BUT HE'LL PUNISH US FOR BEING HUMAN!



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



*I fear not death, Heaven, or even Hell,
 For death is only life's natural knell,
 And Heaven and Hell are within myself;
 The one thing I fear is not living well!*



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



*In the darkness, I awoke from the Wix,
 And tried to make sense of His world of His.
 I soon found the 'answer' to life's dark quiz:
 One must live this life by what light there is.*

Once again, I have lived through winter's chills, / To see another spring of daffodils.



*Eager sap rises in my veins, and thrills,
 As the sun pours life into my tendrils.*



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

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

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

A thousand starry goblets fill the sky, / So we can taste Heaven's drink when we die.

*This is only man's tale, so drink today;
The stars shine on, heedless of where we lie.*

Seize the moment or lose its momentum, / Wearing time as a royal diadem:



*Richly accelerate life's momentous gem,
Letting your motto be 'Carpe diem'.*



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

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


*SUCCESS BLOSSOMS OUT OF A THOUGHTFUL DREAM,
CROWN FROM SEEDS OF WHAT LIFE TO ONE SHOULD SEEM,
THEN BEARS FORTH FRUIT, HEALTHY AND DELICIOUS,
IN THE GARDEN WATERED BY A WISHING STREAM.*

*When tomorrow's well is full, will I drink?
Or should I live today? Must I sit and think?
If so, then even today is too late;
The wise just lived yesterday to the brink!*



*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!*

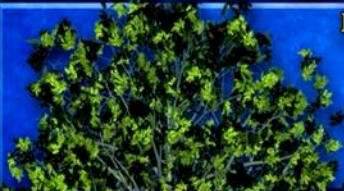

*Look at the stars in the depths of the night;
Hold their flames in your mind, keeping them bright.
Their power flows, energizing you, from
The Eternal Charger—you see the light!*





The Angel of Light found Omar to bless,
And said, "Khayyām, I must soon repossess
Your clay, so let us drink to your success!"
He drank and smiled, then met Life's last caress.




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





IN THE NIGHT, LIES THE HEALTHY BREATH OF MORN;
THE GIANT OAK SLEEPS WITHIN THE ACORN;
THE FLOWER WAITS FOR SPRING INSIDE THE SEED;
SO TOO IN A DAYDREAM IS ONE'S LIFE BORN.




Quick-walker down the morning path gazes,
To where she'll be when the next trail blazes.
Do we too, whom this moment calls her own,
Stare past the scene, into hazy mazes?





Walking gives more energy than it takes./Its as easy as falling forward makes.
Thoughts come clear, cares fade, alertness tingles.
Life's spirit whispers one along, wide awake.




TO FUTURE COLUMNS WE STRETCH OUR PRESENT ROW,/By a lifeline of tenuously spun yow.
OH HOW SOON THE WEIGHTED WEB BEGINS TO FAIL;
THE ONLY REAL TIME UNDER OUR FEET IS NOW.




BICKERING AND QUARRELING EXPEND BREATH,
SAP ENERGY, AND UNDO LOVE'S PROMISE.
PRECIOUS BREATH, WASTE IT NOT WHEN YOU HAVE IT!
ENJOY ALL THAT LIFE CAN GIVE, ERE COMES DEATH.




Hectic and hurried, we rush to success.
Serenity can't find us, unless
We slow down, see shades, hear tones, feel textures,
Smell scents, and enjoy life's loving caress.



ENGRAVED IS 'THE END' OF YOUR EARTHLY SIGH;
SIX SIDES SURROUND: FIVE ARE DIRT, ONE IS SKY.
SHOV'LING, DEATH TALKS TO YOU AT LAST, AND SAYS,
"WHAT WERE YOU DOING DURING ALL OF NIGH?"



Refreshed, I wandered among the tombstones,
Under which rested little more than bones,
Wherefrom the life had fled when dreams were dead—
Which under me became life's stepping stones.



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



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 zephyr faints, dying in the half-light,/ Its caress suspended, as day kisses night,
When, for some instants, stretching into moments,
We are neither here nor there, but in twilight.*

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

*Senses melt away, drip by drop by drip. / Impressions flood the speechless spirit.
Emotions flow free for the heart to read.
Love draws us in: we dissolve in it.*



Heart-flight is love that the wondrous Earth brings,
As wind to the soul whispers unimaged things;
Senses merge, as streams, to flow beyond joy;/Imagination fires enlightened wings.



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

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

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.



Reason speaks to Passion, with logic cool,
"Quench thy inner fire, lest it burn us, fool."
Says Passion, "I know What I feel, not Why;
'Tis better you take heed of me: I rule!"



Of hitherto, I know not, but am whether going, / Willy-nilly, whence all there is to knowing;
Hence thither, I went on hither flanging, to find
Myself flanging free, all from not knowing.



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.



Above us, the branches slowly sway, and fan
Away the little creatures that try to land.
The trickling waters play tinkling lullabies,
While flocks of returning geese fly the skies.



She is sweet, soft, and inconsummably wild,
As she lies beside me, like a sleeping child.
Her quiet breathing stirs not the wooded scene
As she rests silently on the forest green.

I CARESS HER TRESSES, IN ROMANTIC RHYTHM, / TO THE CONTENTED SIGHTS SHE SENDS TOWARD HEAVEN.

WE SLUMBER WHERE THE GRASS FLEDGES THE STREAM,
HALF-AWAKE OR ASLEEP, IN LOVE'S PEACEFUL DREAM.

Throughout the day, we sit beside a brook, / Reading with life its most wonderful book,

Then sleep with each other, in a sweet nook,
And this of her and me was all it took,

So there we lay in the embrace of love, / And in our intensity lost track of
The world around, and were surprised to look,
And see beside us a rabbit and a dove.

In the soil we shared, these flowers we chose— / Truth: tulip, goodness: lily, beauty: rose.
Nurtured with care they yet wave to and fro;
Storms can't scatter the flowers that love grows.

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

LIFE, ALTHOUGH ANGUISHING, MUST BE LIVED FULLY,
YET, IF WE'RE ALIVE ENOUGH TO FEEL ITS BEAUTY
THEN WE'RE EXPOSED TO ITS OPPOSITE TWIN;
YES, BEAUTY'S OTHER SIDE IS MELANCHOLY.





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



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

Like voices merged in the Canon Pachelbel,
 We speak as one, as the knell to the bell,

She saying what I think, and vice-versa, / In tune, in unison, yet parallel.

So much sweeter sounds are your lover's sighs
 Than the groan of war that wins great prize.
 Just one taste of true love by far outweighs
 A Sultan's wealth in some rich paradise.



CONVINCE ME, NATURE, THAT REASON IS RIGHT,
 THAT THE STRENGTH OF THE HEART IS NOT IN FLIGHT;
 I'LL PLUNGE INTO THE DEPTHS OF THOUGHT AND LOVE,
 AND TELL THE SPIRIT TO DEFY THE BLIGHT.



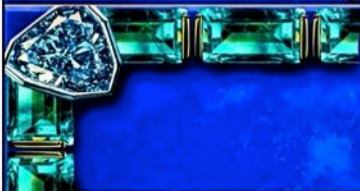
For my sins of spring I repent my part;
 No! I mustn't atone, for how, apart,
 Could I resist the beauty of love's truth
 When roses and tulips bloom in love's heart?



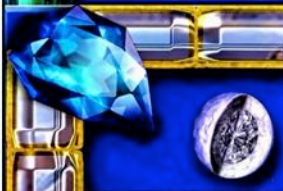
Daydreams are filled with thoughts on promenade:
 Wishes, fantasies o'er the mind cascade.
 Listen well to these plans already made,
 For by sundown the phantom shapes may fade.



The spirit calls, steam risen from the rain,
 A missing so sweet that it's almost pain.
 The future's heavy, swelling with promise,
 Of the season when love can breathe again.



A diamond sparkles though its every face,
 Each plane contributing a view of space.
 Such radiant richness does life reflect,
 For one facet does not a diamond make.



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



Arithmetic theory fails in love's plot:

Love when divided diminishes not, / Unlike sadness, and vanishes not.

Each love multiplies to exceed the lot!

Across Khayyām's gravestone blows the simoom,
Carrying forth Omar's Persian fume.
Redressed in the translator's costume,
It's remade into Victorian perfume.

The day pours life into roots with sunlight;
Flowers bloom, showering us with delight.
In a blossom, a firefly blinks its light,
Kindling the flames of a romantic night.

The glow-worm rises into the summer sky,
Twinkling, love's light unspent—now a firefly,

Sighting the beacon of love's reply; they then, / With electric hugs, become lightning bugs!

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

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

TIME AND STARDUST MADE US EARTH'S LIVING GUEST,
WHILE QUICK DEATH SIFTED THE REST FROM THE BEST.
THOSE THREE, OUR BIRTHRIGHT, FORM OUR EPITAPH:
RIP; TIME EXPIRED, DEATH CAME, DUST WAS LEFT.

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.

I turn the cup: wine-drops to thirsty lips descend;
Can Old Khayyām rise anew, like spring grass ascend?
Mournful rose petals kiss his grave, hence he a-rose!
Now Omar lives again in the heart of his friend.

Your spirit wanders long the Persian way
With an houri, life's nows to drink away,
In some sweet wood far from the noise of day,
Where with her you yet live, sing, laugh, and play.



Coffee plants are in the desert first seen,
By a starving outcast, who eats the bean,
And finds it bitter, so he boils some, tart,
Finding that the liquid is the better part.



Such from asylum he returns home, quaint,
And for his coffee is declared a saint,
But its drinkers are despised by clerics—
The partakers dally over their cups!



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



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.



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.



Where go the leaves of yesterday, we say,
All winter comes and crumbles them away?
They like us turn to dust—rejoin the clay,
To rise someday, from unremembered lay.



The fumes of ageless rhyme from ancient times
Waft from the Persian verse, as some chimes
New are mixed with the spirit of the old,
Deftly transmogrified for Victorian climes.



Through his Rubāiyāt, I sense enchantment,
Essence distilled by the translator's scent.
Recomposed from Khayyām's dust and spirit,
Potent elixirs escape interment!



The wings of time are checkered black and white,
For fluttering round the day flies the night.
Like chess pieces we gamely play for life,
Until into the box we return, quite!



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.



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?"



Since death is a certain fate on the Earth,
One might ask: How shall I live my worth?
Stay busy living, or you'll be dying.
The answer please? There's life after birth!



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



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.



Some may ask of Life: "How does one find love?"
Life says, "Be still! Don't rush far and above;
Stop; let love's butterfly alight on you,
For that's the touch that romance is made of."



Your wine, my persona radiata,
Fills my golden chalice. Oh, Sultana,
I'm intoxicated by your love-stream/flowing freely; oh Dear, amorata!



Men and women can't stay in isolation,
For like valleys which give rise to mountains,
One's nature makes necessary the other;
When they're joined in love, there's wholeness again.



In Heaven, desired pleasures fall like rain, / Or so we dream to avoid mortal pain;
But we needn't wait for some promise beyond,
Since on Earth, enjoying life, we have the same!



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?



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

LIFE'S A CONTINUAL COSMIC ENERGY DANCE, / FROM SOME ULTIMATE UNDERLYING HAPPENSTANCE,



WE'RE IMMERSSED IN MATTER'S UNIVERSAL RHYTHM;

THEREFORE, WE MUST ALL PARTICIPATE IN THE DANCE.

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.



Behind the Veil, being that which ev'r thrives,
The Eternal 'IS' has ever been alive.

For that which hath no onset cannot die,
Nor a point from which to impart its Why.



Some time it needed to variate Everything for,
And now knows how these bubbles to pour,
Of existence, in some 'meant' universe,
Those that wrote your poem and mine, every verse.



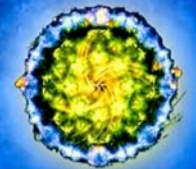
So, as thus thou lives on yester's credit line,
In nowhere's midst, now in this life of thine,
As of its bowl our cup of brew is mixed
Into the state of being that's called 'mine'.



Yet worry you that this Cosmos is the last,
That the likes of us will become the past,
Space wondering whither whence we went
After the last of us her life has spent?



The Eternal Saki has formed trillions of baubles
like ours, for e'v'r—the comings and passings
Of which it ever emits to immerse,
In those universal bubbles blown and burst.



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



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



So fear not that a debit close your
Account and mine, knowing the like no more;
The Eternal Source from its pot has pour'd
Zillions of bubbles like ours, and will pour.





When You and I behind the cloak are past,
 But the long while the next universe shall last,
 Which of one's approach and departure it grasps
 As might the sea's self heed a pebble cast.



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



Myth's performance is now over its tasks;
 The artists have taken off their masks.
 The illusion is fading; it couldn't last;
 The scenes behind are appearing fast.



They tried to undo evolution's pace of snails,
 But the stratified fossils ever told the tales
 Of no special humans at once unveiled,
 But of only natural selection's weathered sails.



A hundred trillion stars and countless shores
 Were built to light our universal nights explored;
 Forty million other lower species too, the All-Might
 Placed about our world, merely for our delight.



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'.



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



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



When younger, I knew not my elder same,
 But as older, I tell my younger same
 That youth must be young; he knows not my name!
 It is my younger self who is to blame.



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





What would be the price of a moment's breath
 Purchased from Death's hand at the final hour?
 All the world's wealth cannot extend the power
 That drains the cup and withers the flower.



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



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.



Youth and Beauty made aged Winter mourn,
 For Summer's grain, the waving wheat and corn;
 For Old Autumn, withered, wan, had passed on,
 Leaving the Earth a widow, weatherworn.



Fleeting Time vanishes, e'er 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.



The Bird of Time is off and whither flown,
 And rides on breezes wherever blown,
 Lightly here, slightly there, but after gone,
 Leaves the cold vacuum of what once was known.



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."



Not all poems are pleasant—some speak of death,
 Of life's end, separate by just a breath;
 I see tombstones overgrown, under swept,
 Names unknown, and to all the message saith:



"Read Alde," 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!"



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





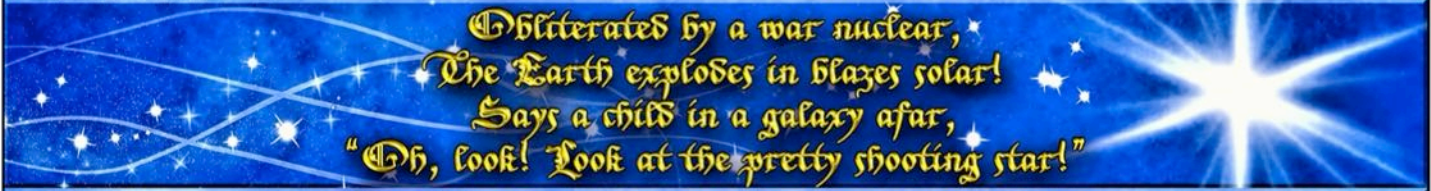
At first, it was like a moving picture show,
 Attended by mysteries, row upon row,
 That were faceless, laughing, in the dark below,
 So I laughed too, and better enjoyed it so.



All that we know, even the loveliest and the best,
 Decomposes into the dust of earth compressed.
 The songs of all composed now lie in repose;
 With this dust the future can arrange and recompose.



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



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



The Great Equalizer stalks all creatures made,
 Lying ever just 'round the corner, in the shade,
 Taking both human and the beetle as one,
 After their lives are spent from rolling some dung.



— THE END —