

INTO
THE LANDS
OF THE GODS
ART SCAPES



INTO THE LANDS OF THE GODS

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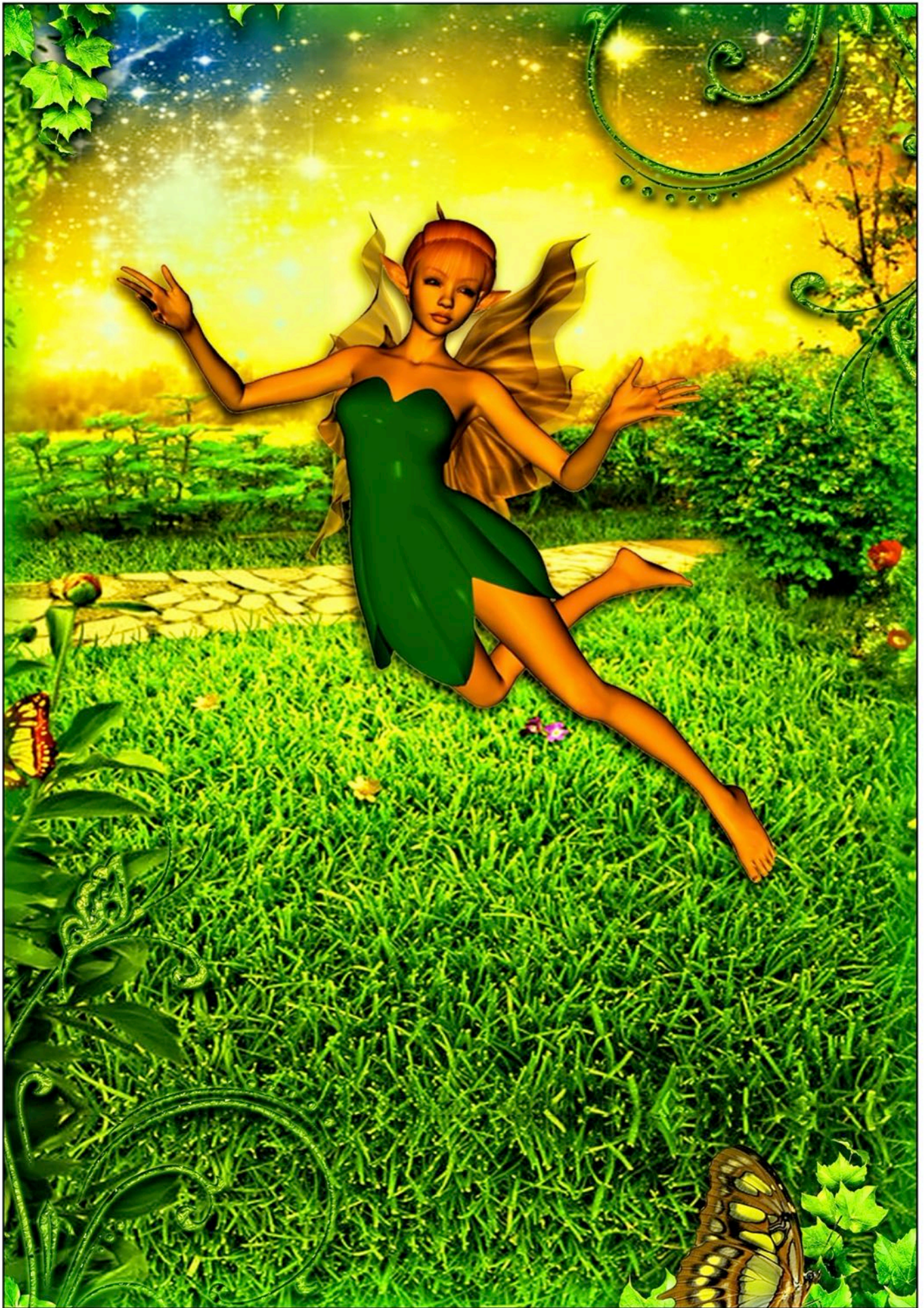
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<https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCAqzcN340HXpDqHXmAy3SwA>

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Towards the Gods Far and Unknown









My reverie took flight, with autumn's sight,
For I was abstracted, entranced, and light.

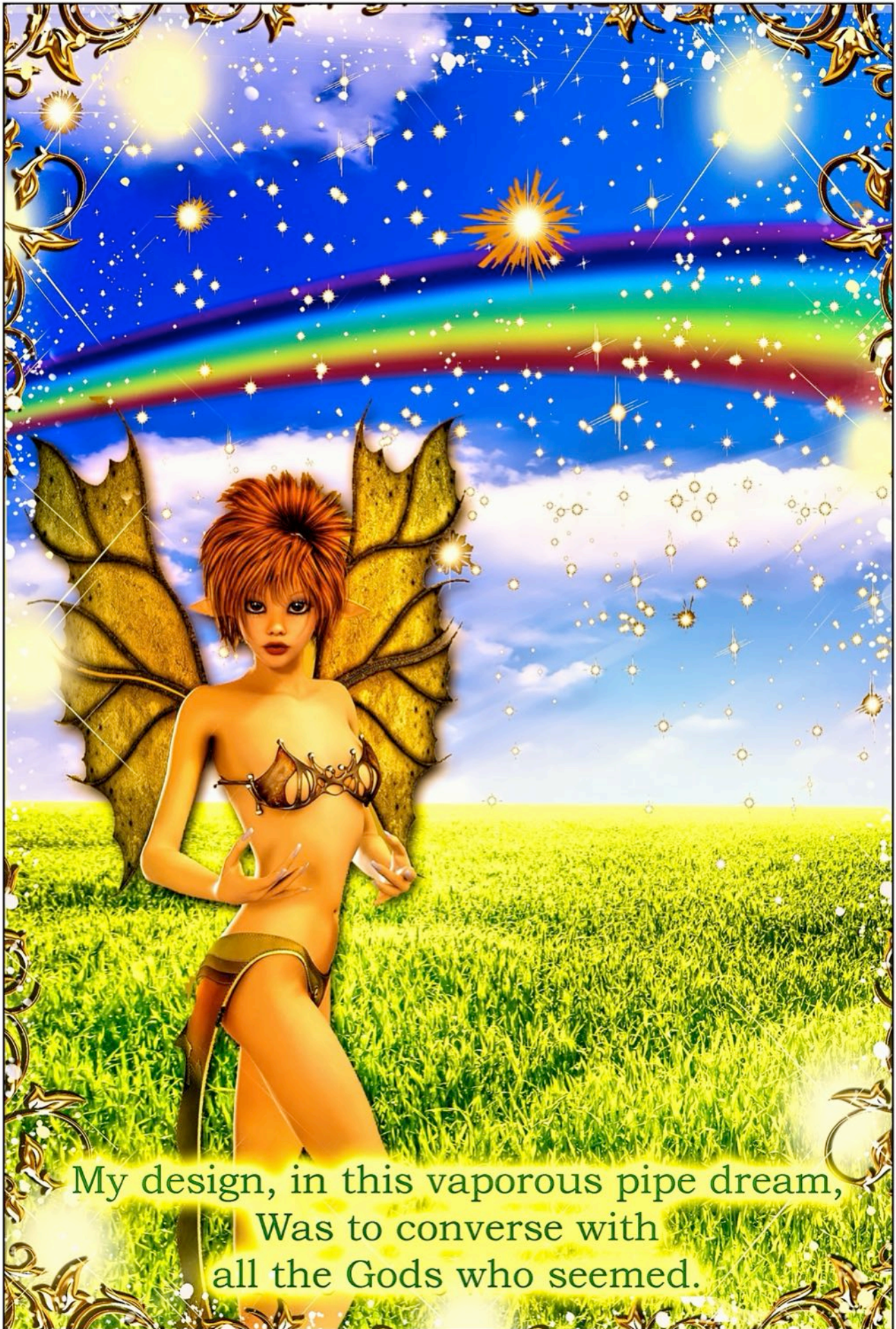


I beamed to the site, suffused with insight—
The solutions are deep within the mind,
Reachable by dreams of the lucid kind.




A wake of leaves trailed behind,
like a stream,

While I gathered clues,
through my musing means.



My design, in this vaporous pipe dream,
Was to converse with
all the Gods who seemed.

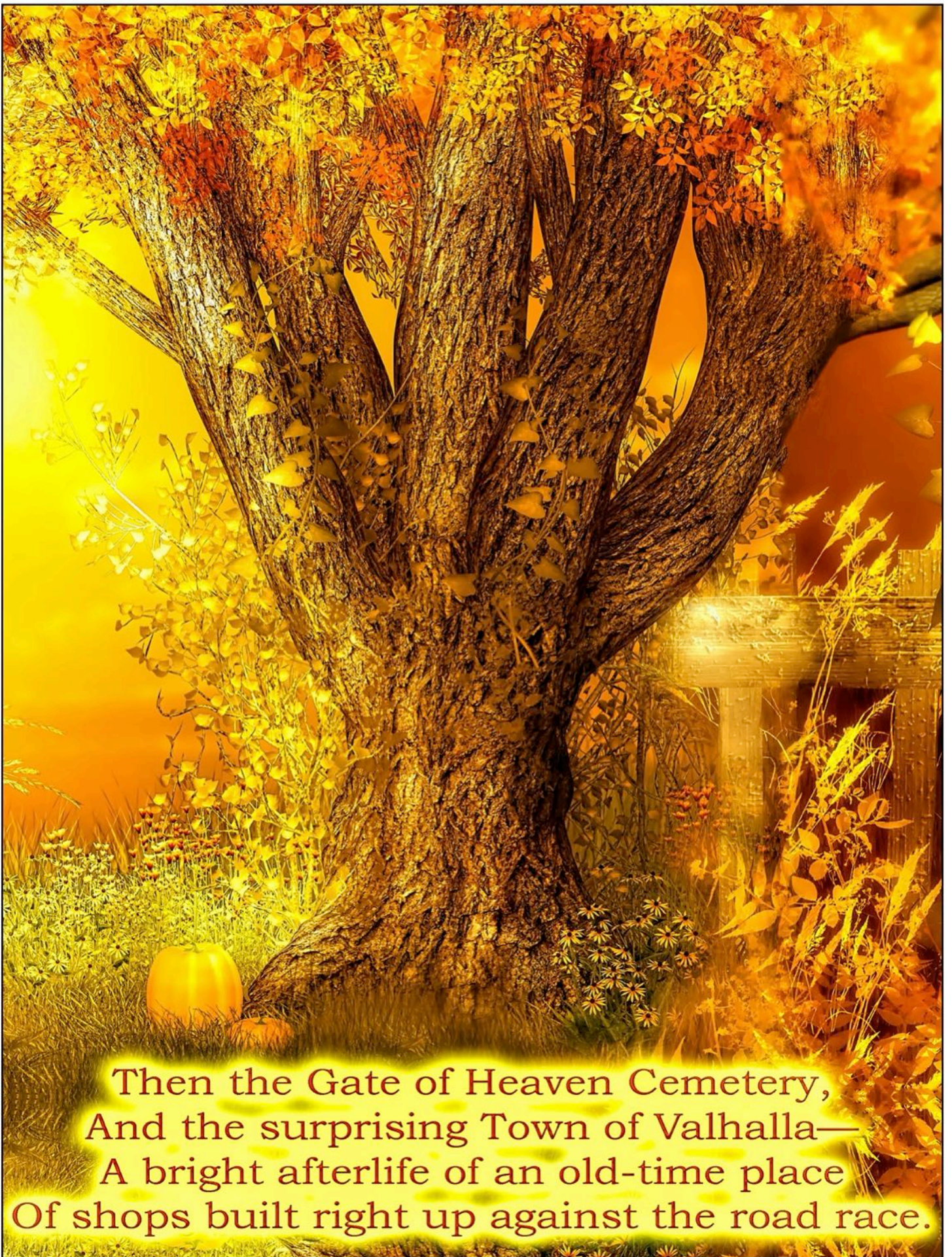
A photograph of a mailbox with the number 3 on a wooden fence in a field of tall grass and autumn trees. The scene is bathed in a warm, golden light, suggesting a sunset or sunrise. The mailbox is mounted on a dark post, and the fence is made of light-colored wood. The background features a large tree with yellow leaves and a smaller tree with green leaves. The overall mood is serene and nostalgic.

If Fishkill's and Peekskill's
murderous names
Had not been token enough,
there soon came

A sequence of locales that seemed to be
Ominous in their triple proximity.

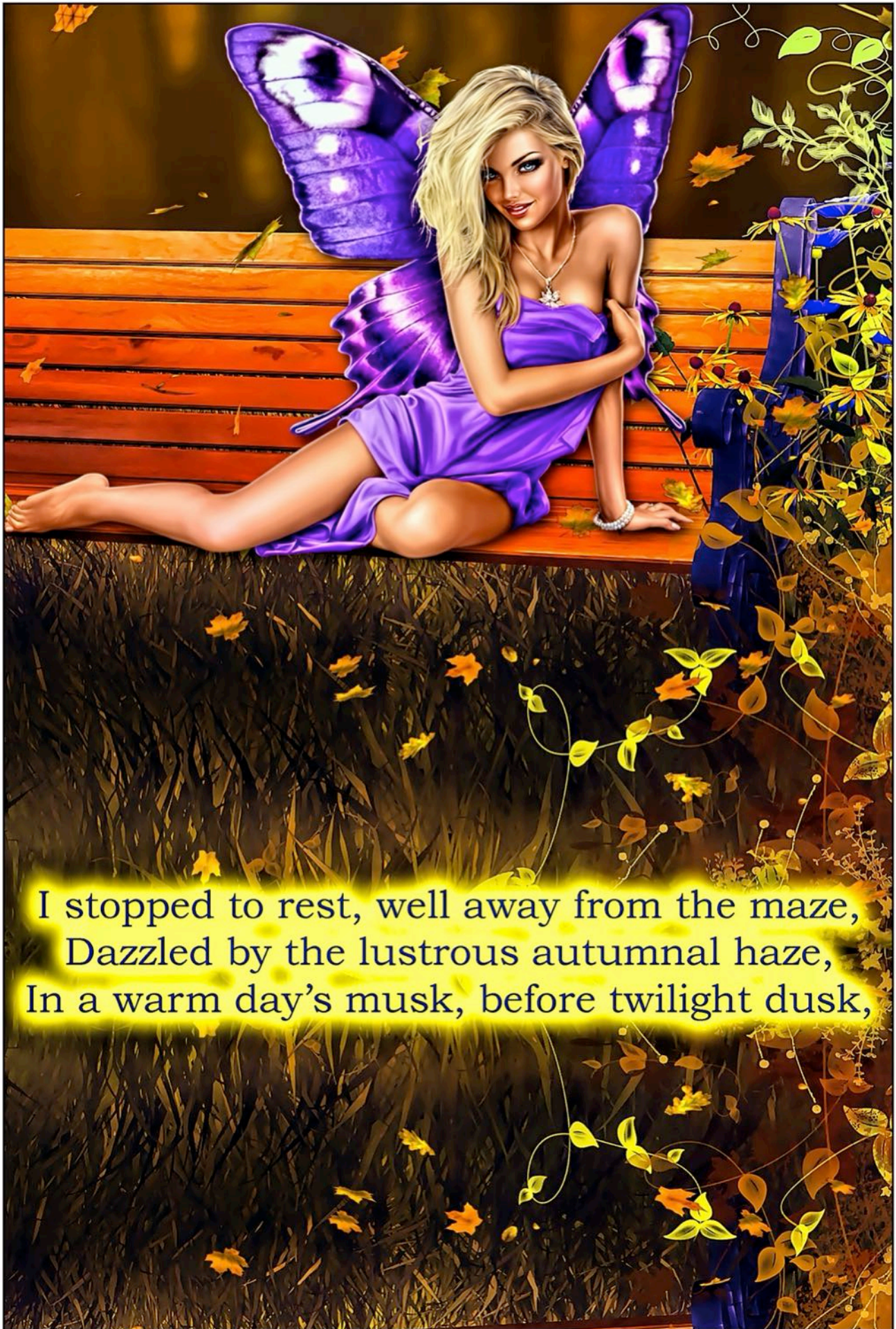


First was Sleepy Hollow, the haunted land
Of the gambols of the headless horseman,

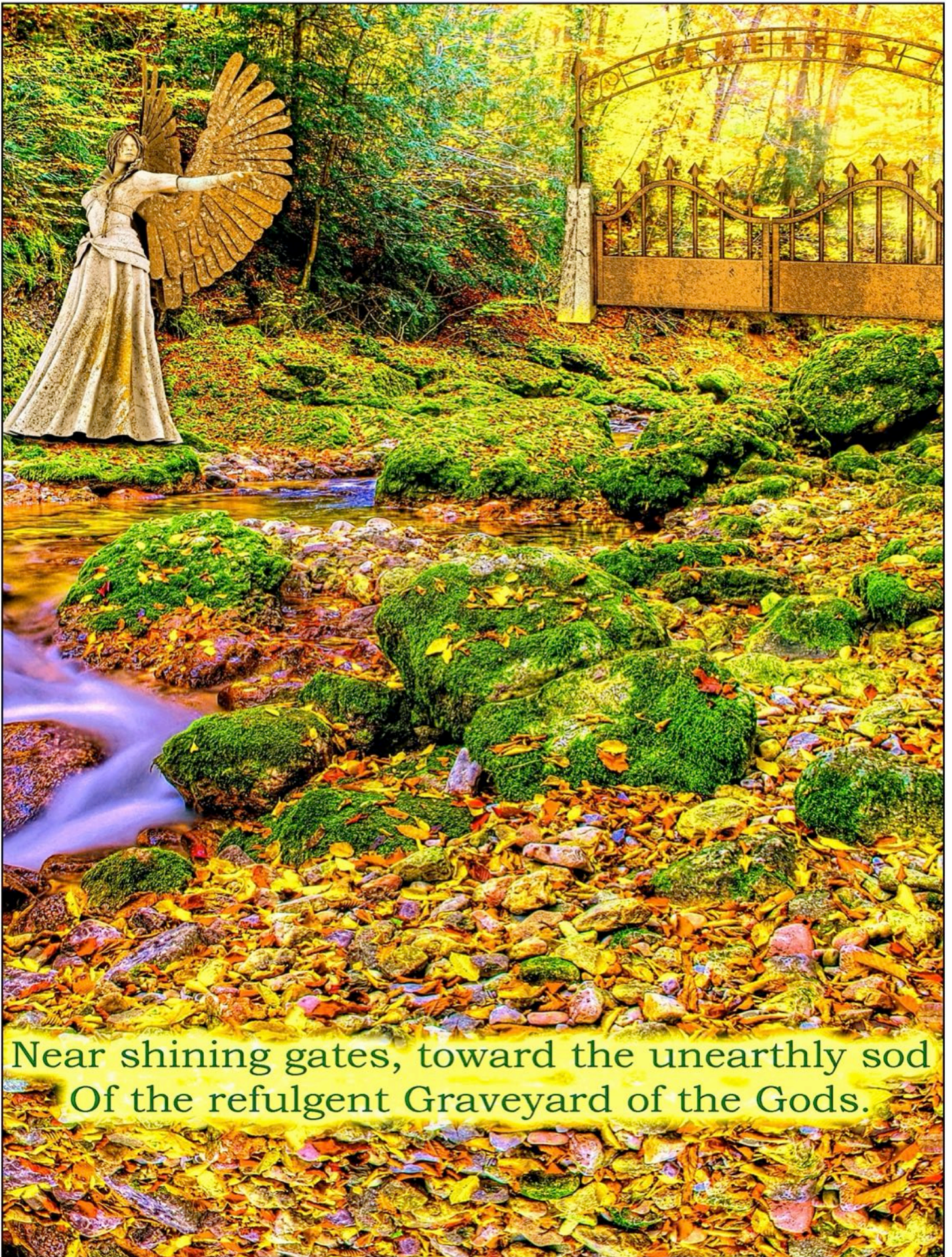


Then the Gate of Heaven Cemetery,
And the surprising Town of Valhalla—
A bright afterlife of an old-time place
Of shops built right up against the road race.

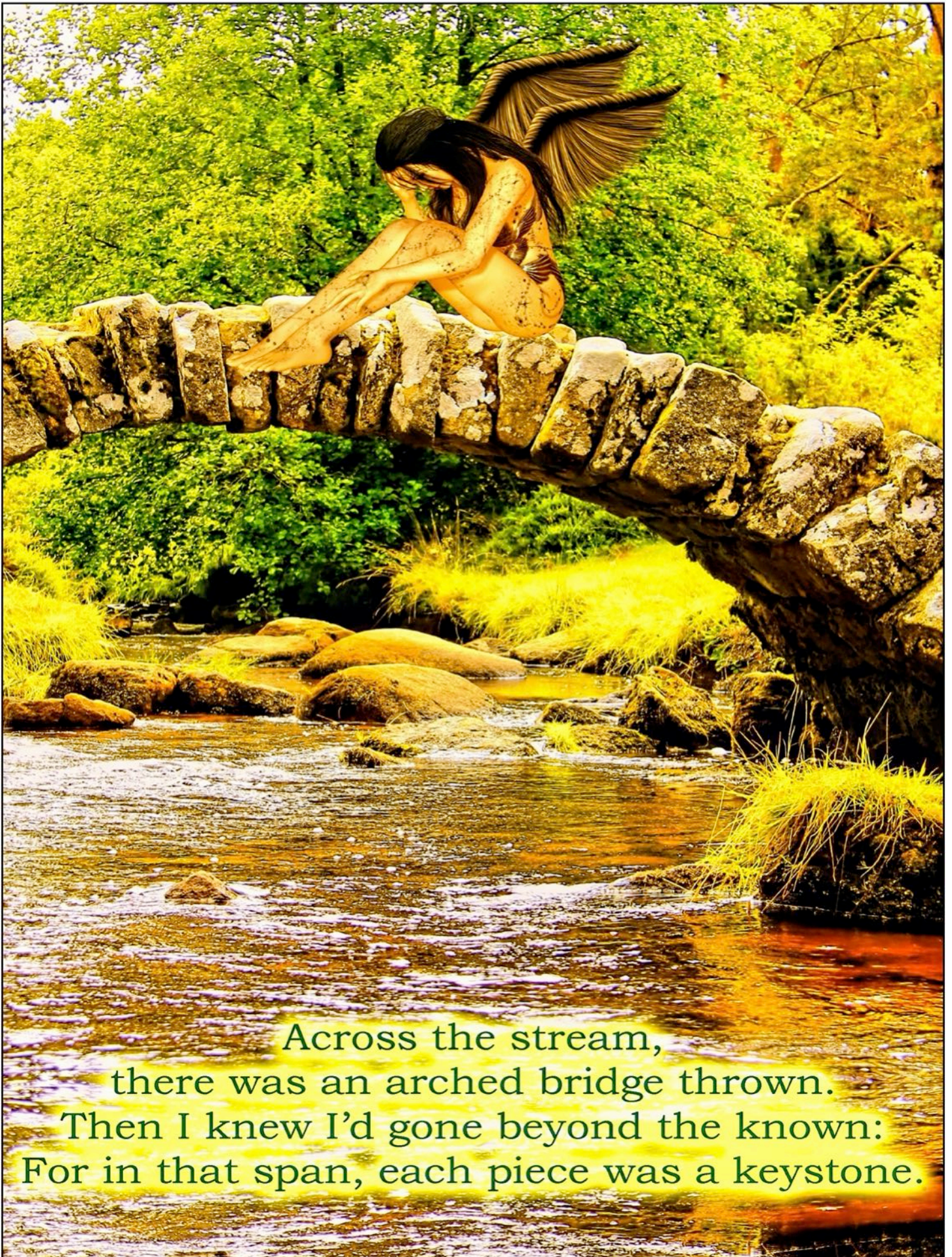




I stopped to rest, well away from the maze,
Dazzled by the lustrous autumnal haze,
In a warm day's musk, before twilight dusk,



Near shining gates, toward the unearthly sod
Of the refulgent Graveyard of the Gods.



Across the stream,
there was an arched bridge thrown.
Then I knew I'd gone beyond the known:
For in that span, each piece was a keystone.





I questioned two luminous angel goths,
“Where be the mythic
Graveyard of the Gods?”



They looked askance,
then smiled and pointed past,
“It’s just beyond the Land of Epitaphs.”



Into the Lands Of The Gods

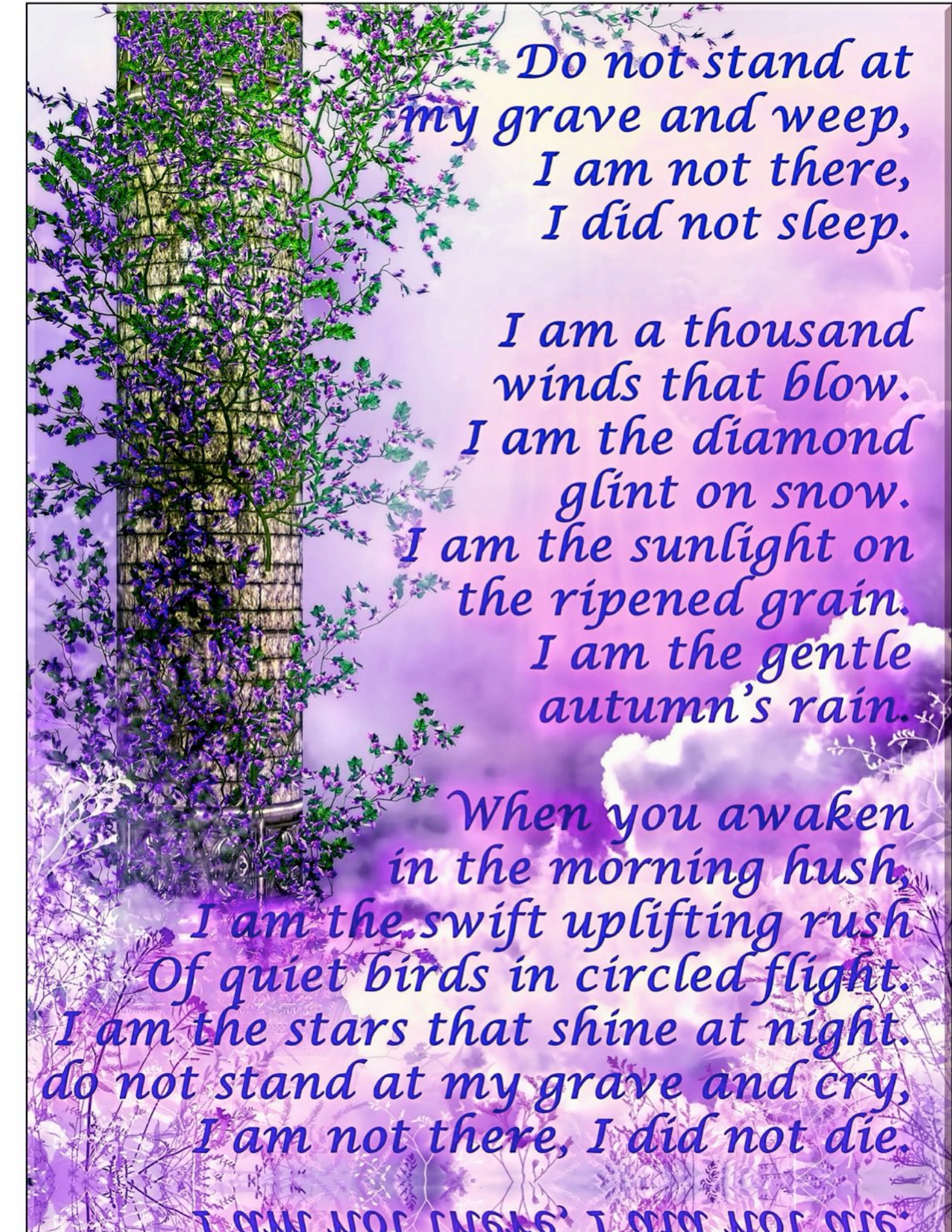


Austin P. Torney

THE LAND OF EPITAPHS

REMEMBRANCES





*Do not stand at
my grave and weep,
I am not there,
I did not sleep.*

*I am a thousand
winds that blow.
I am the diamond
glint on snow.
I am the sunlight on
the ripened grain.
I am the gentle
autumn's rain.*

*When you awaken
in the morning hush,
I am the swift uplifting rush
Of quiet birds in circled flight.
I am the stars that shine at night.
do not stand at my grave and cry,
I am not there, I did not die.*

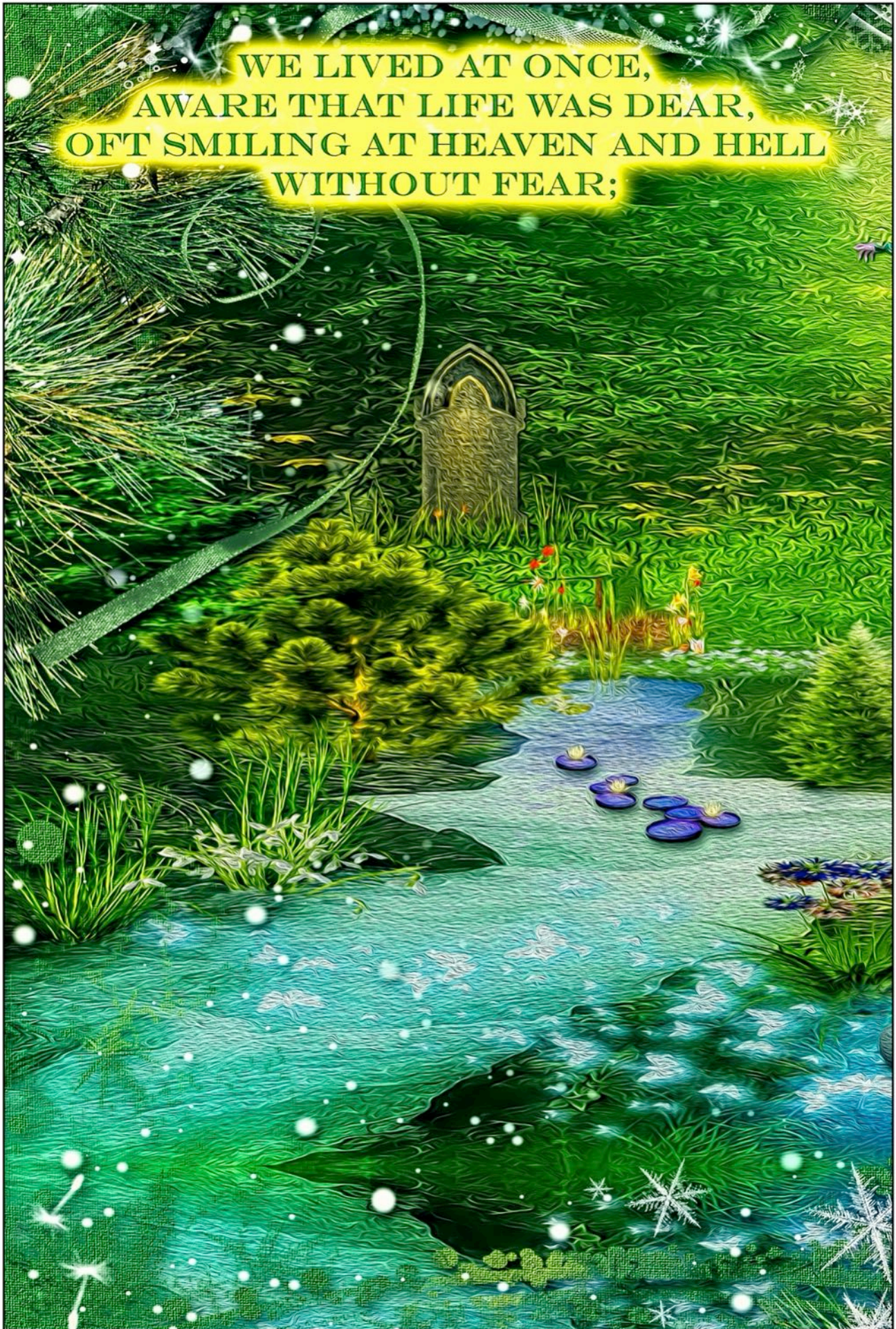


**THE CEMETERY WAS WHERE
THE DUCKS WERE FED,
WHERE TWO FRIENDS FEASTED
ON WINE, VERSE, AND BREAD,**

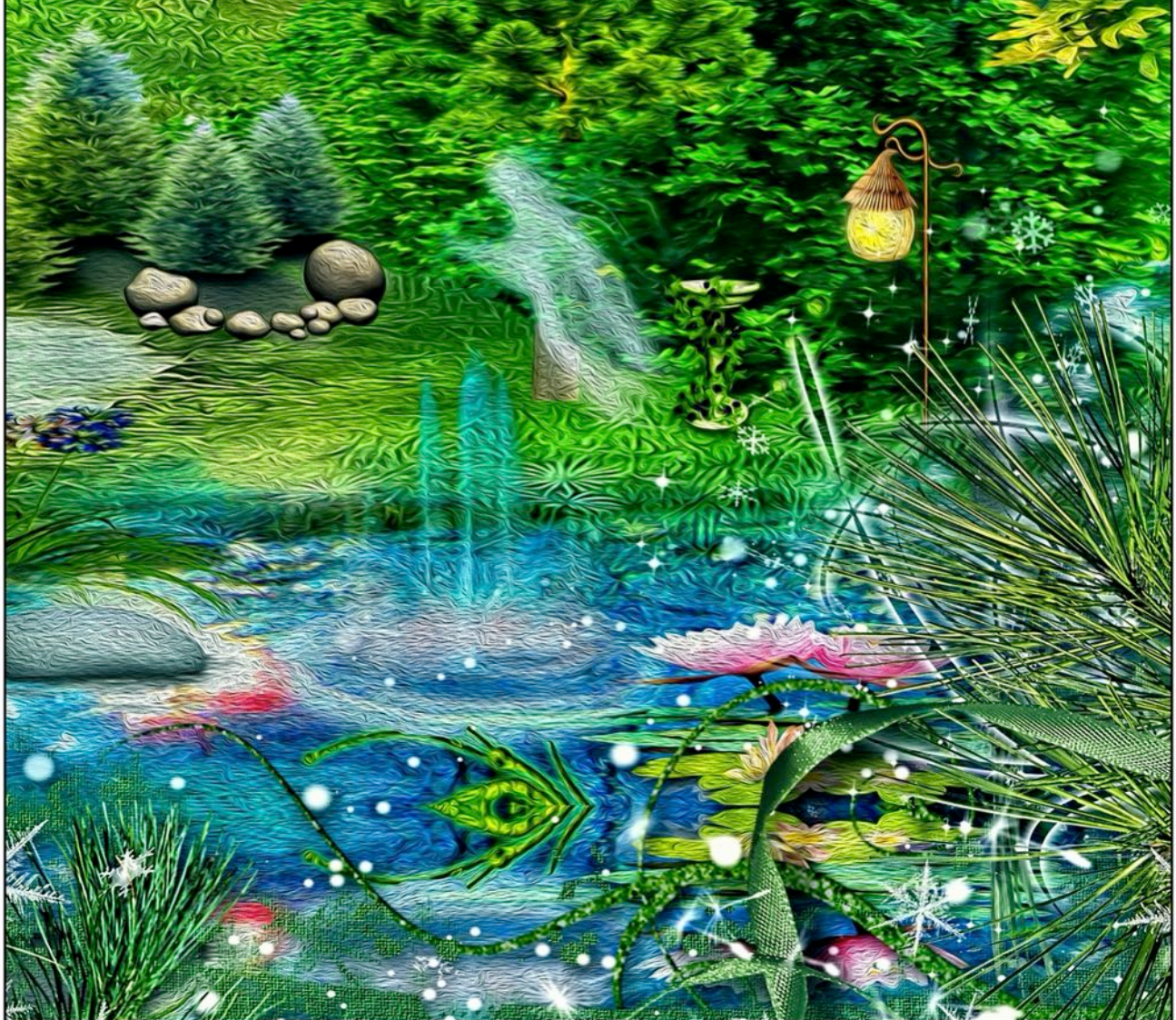
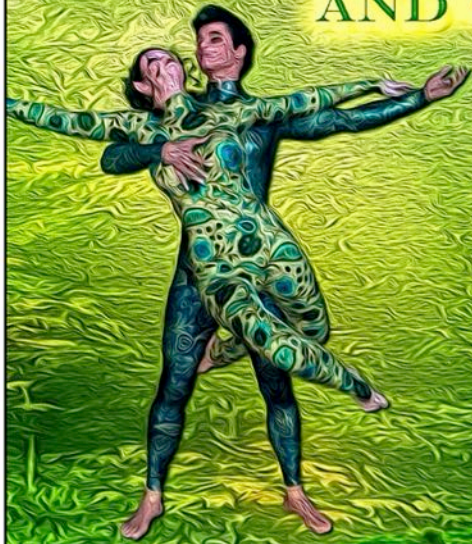


**AMIDST THE FLOWERED TREES
AND QUIET STREAMS—
THE HOME FOR BOTH
THE LIVING AND THE DEAD.**

WE LIVED AT ONCE,
AWARE THAT LIFE WAS DEAR,
OFT SMILING AT HEAVEN AND HELL
WITHOUT FEAR;



YES, WE HAD SOME LAUGHS,
GAVE TRUE LOVE, AND MADE
LIFE BETTER—FOR IT WAS NOW
AND WE WERE HERE.





**HERE THE GRAVE-SIGN
OF THE FOUR ELEMENTS:
FROM THE FIRES OF STARS
TO THOSE OF THE CREMATION,**



**HE HAS BREATHED, FLOURISHED,
AND DISSOLVED:
LIFE IS ASHES TO ASHES,
STARDUST TO STARDUST.**



OF AIRY WINDS, VAPORS,
AND A SOFT EARTH,
HE RESTS, AT LAST,
UNDER THE SPINNING SKIES,



THOSE OF EARTH'S SUNNY DAYS
AND STARRY NIGHTS.

The background of the page is a dreamlike night scene. A large, bright full moon hangs in a dark blue sky filled with stars. In the foreground, a black grand piano is positioned on a light-colored surface. To the right of the piano stands a tall, white, classical-style column. The scene is framed by delicate branches of red roses with green leaves, some in bloom and some as buds. The overall atmosphere is serene and contemplative.

The Symphony of Life

*All that we know, even
the loveliest of the best,
Decomposes into the dust
of earth compressed.*

*The songs once composed
now lie in repose;
Of this dust the future
rearranges to recompose.*

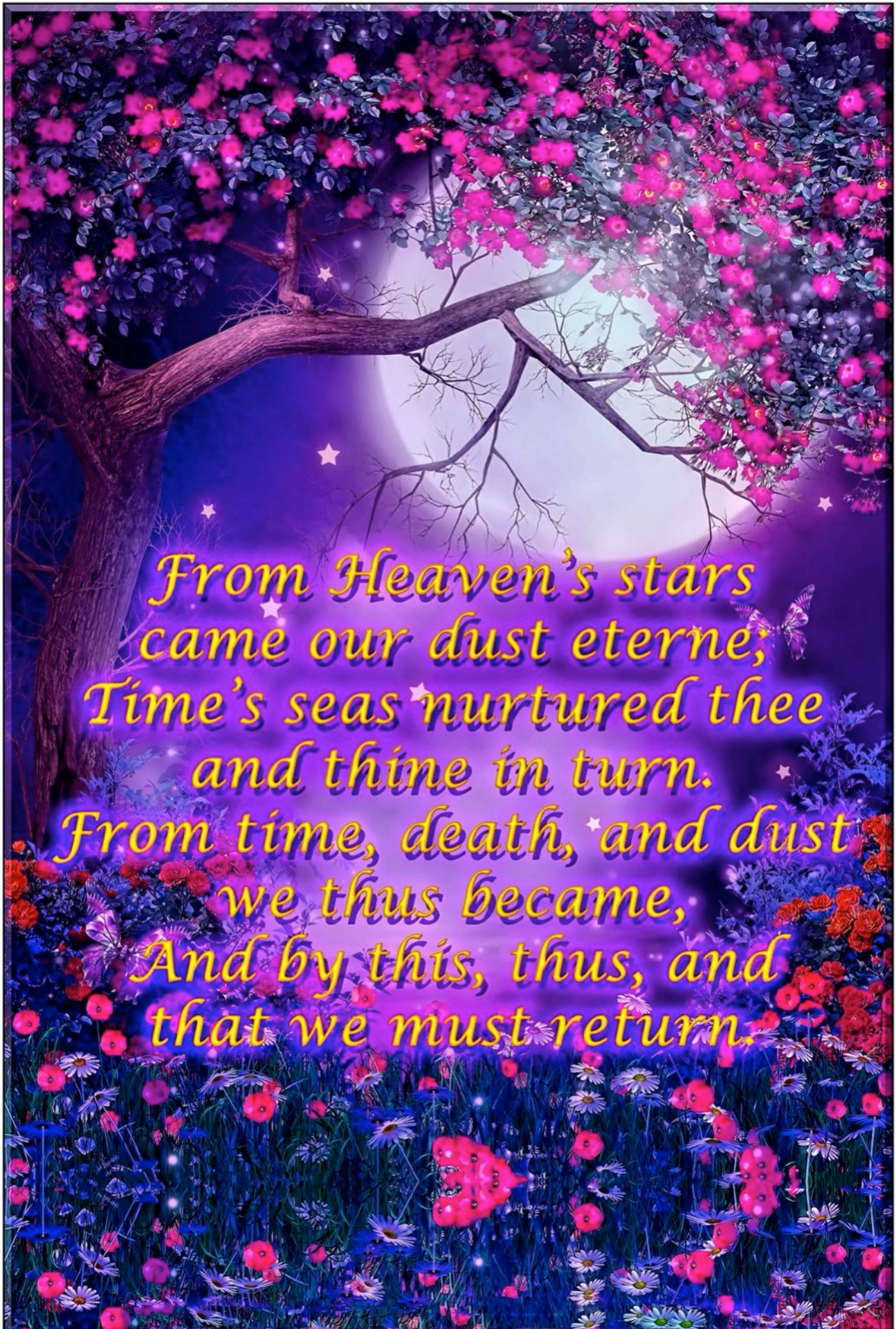
*rearranges to recompose
of this dust the future*



The Last Remembrance

*En-graved is "THE END"
of your earthly sigh:
Six sides 'round you:
five are dirt, one is sky.
Shov'ling, Death talks
to you at last and says:*

*"What were you
doing during
all of nigh?"*



*From Heaven's stars
came our dust eterne;
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.*

*All the world's wealth can't 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?*



Tip Your Glass, But Don't Spill

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

But He'll punish us for being human!
ἡσασθε ἐνείλησθε

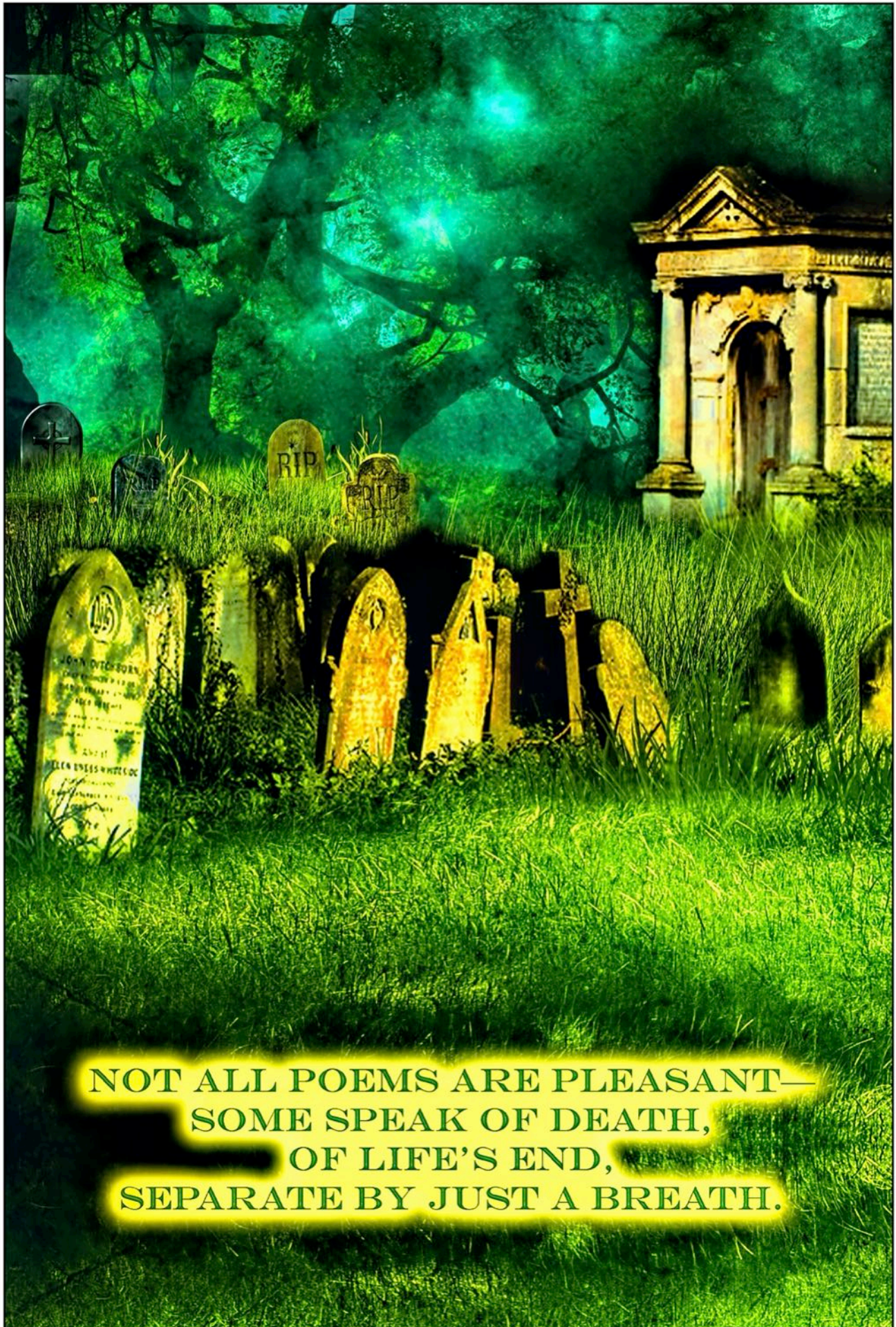
*The wings of time are checkered black and white,
As fluttering 'round the day flies the night.
Like chess pieces, we gamely play for life,
Until into the box we return quite!*



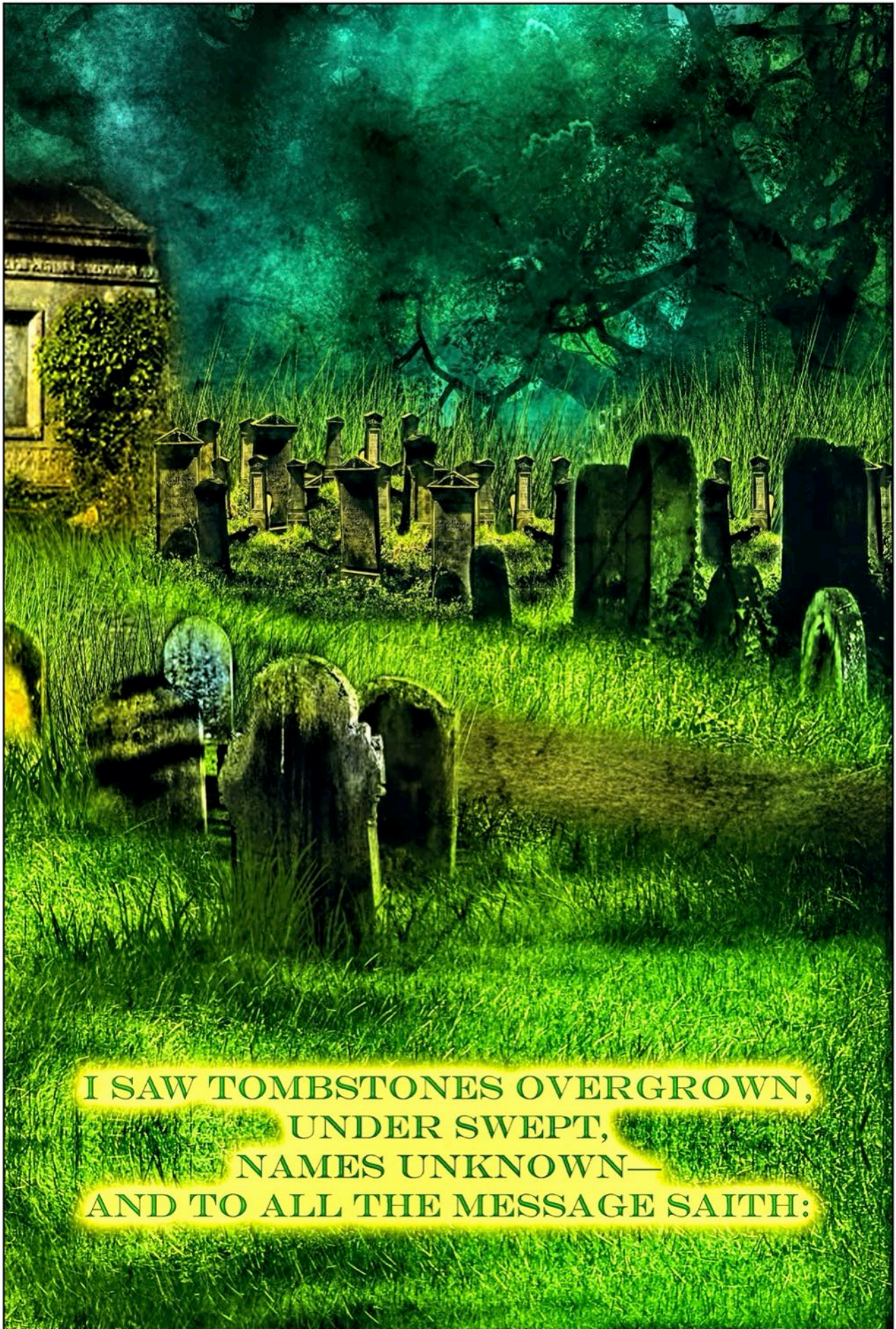
*Now my cup was nearly empty and done;
There was left but one last drop for the sun
To drink, or with which to make rivers run:
Its flavor burst in joy—my life was won!*







NOT ALL POEMS ARE PLEASANT—
SOME SPEAK OF DEATH,
OF LIFE'S END,
SEPARATE BY JUST A BREATH.



I SAW TOMBSTONES OVERGROWN,
— UNDER SWEEP,
— NAMES UNKNOWN—
AND TO ALL THE MESSAGE SAITH:

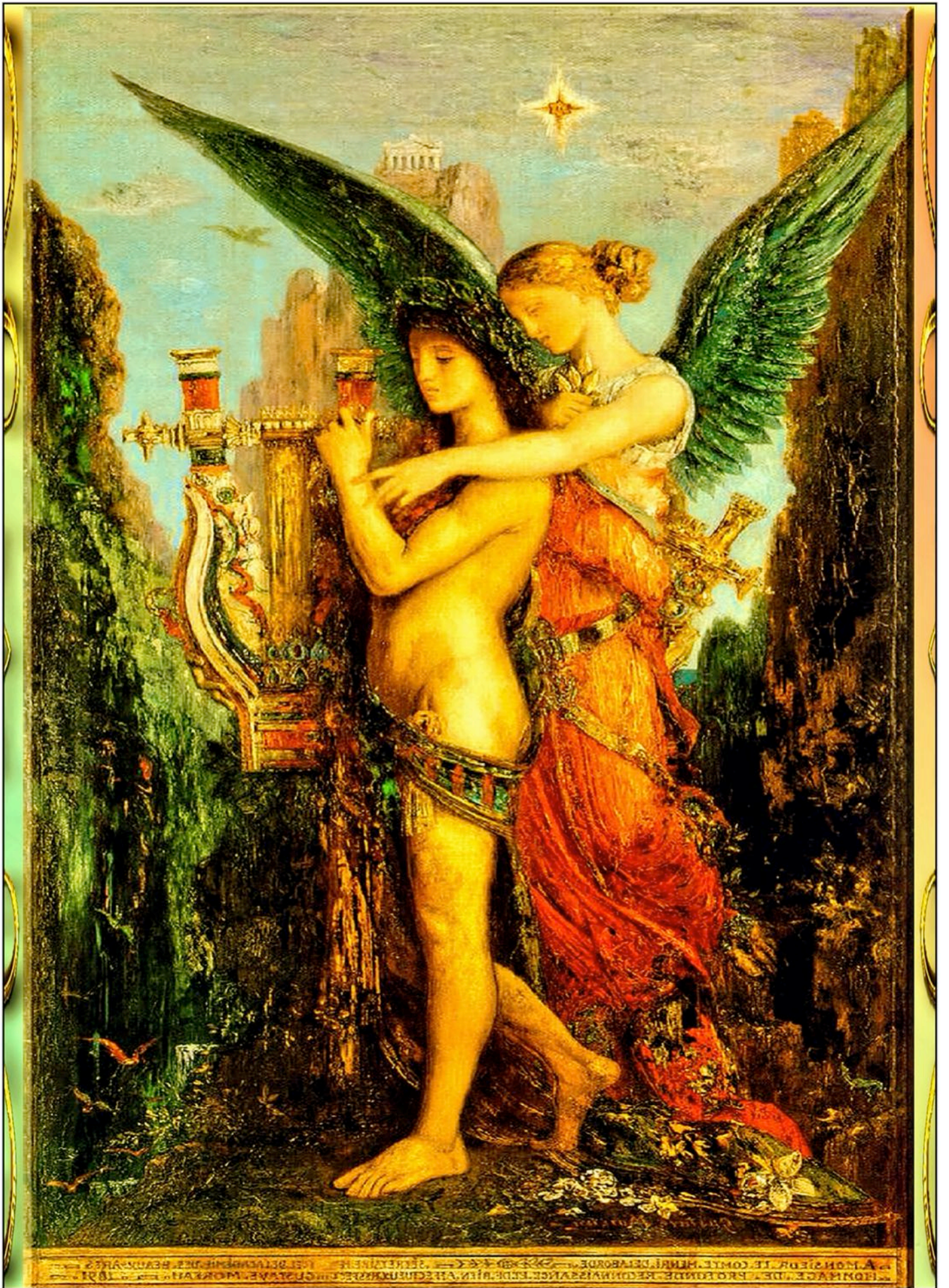
"READ ME"

P. Torrey © 1998

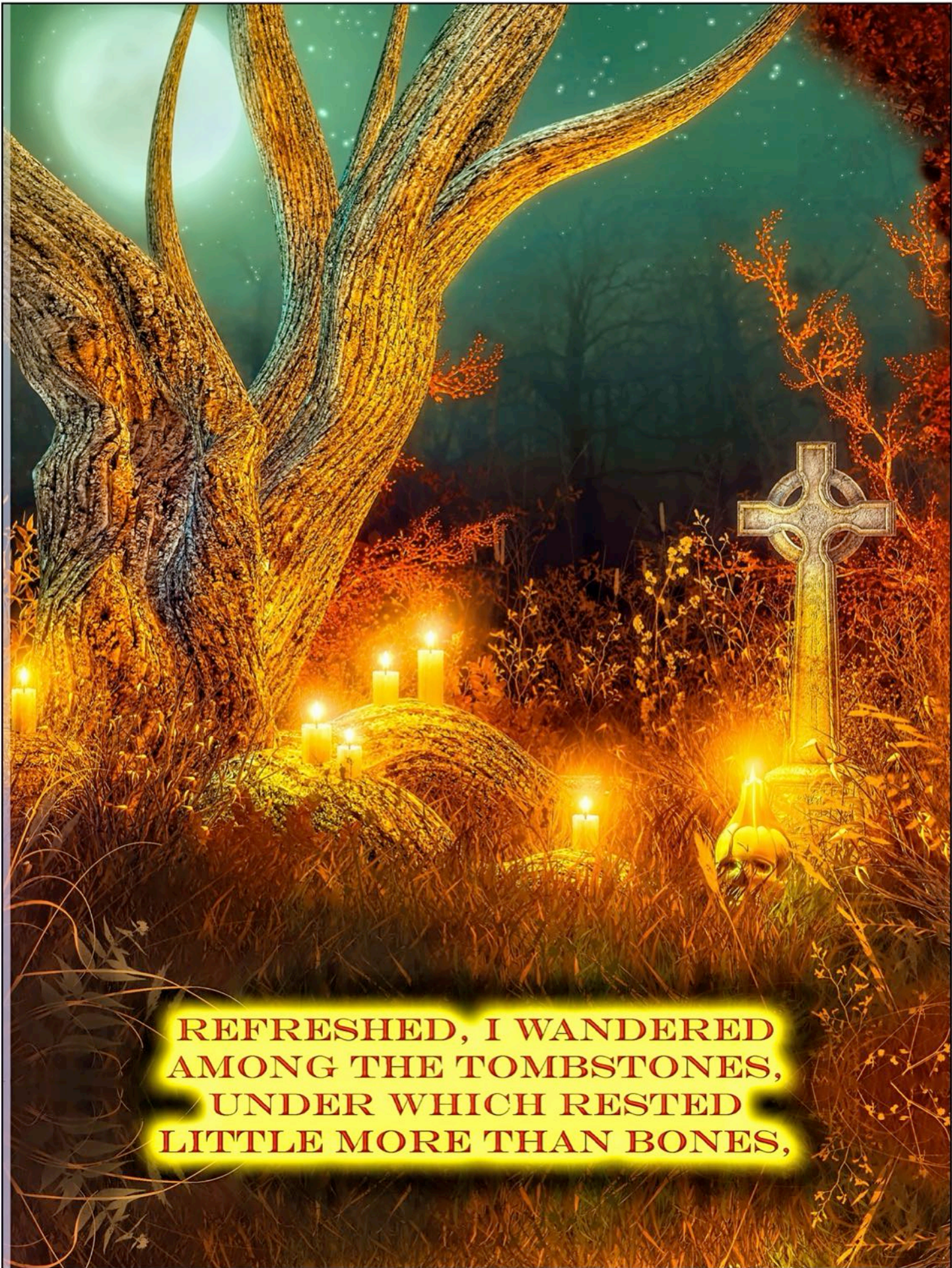
IT SAID, IN WORDS
ENGRAVED BEYOND
THE BRINK—

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

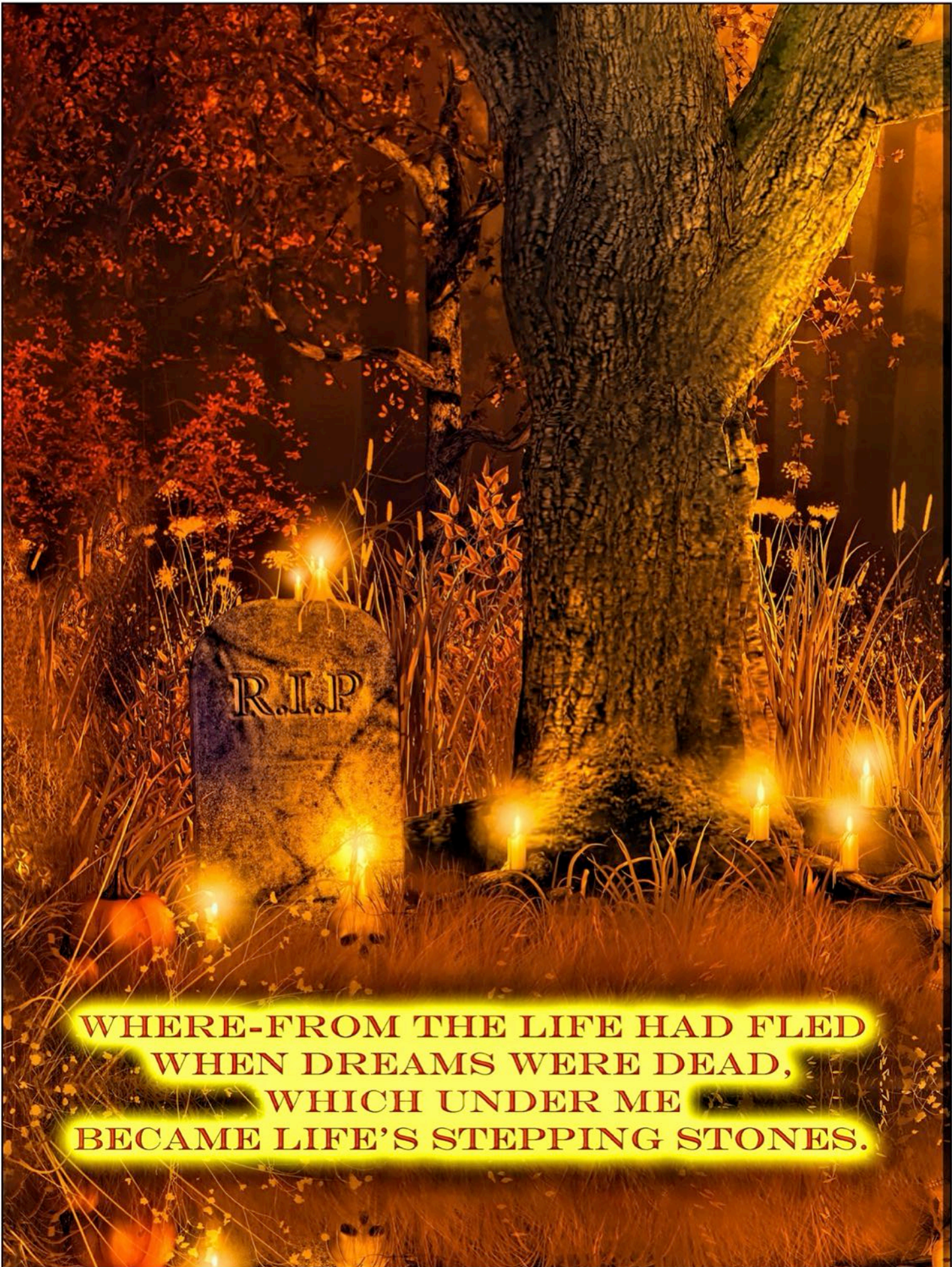
REST IN PEACE,
RELAX—IT'S LATER
THAN YOU THINK!"



À MONSIEUR LE COMTE HENRI DE LABOUE...
UN HOMMAGE DE LA PROFONDE RECONNAISSANCE ET DE BIEN AU GÉNÉRALISSEMENT...
GUSTAVE MOREAU 1891



**REFRESHED, I WANDERED
AMONG THE TOMBSTONES,
UNDER WHICH RESTED
LITTLE MORE THAN BONES,**



**WHERE-FROM THE LIFE HAD FLED
WHEN DREAMS WERE DEAD,
WHICH UNDER ME
BECAME LIFE'S STEPPING STONES.**

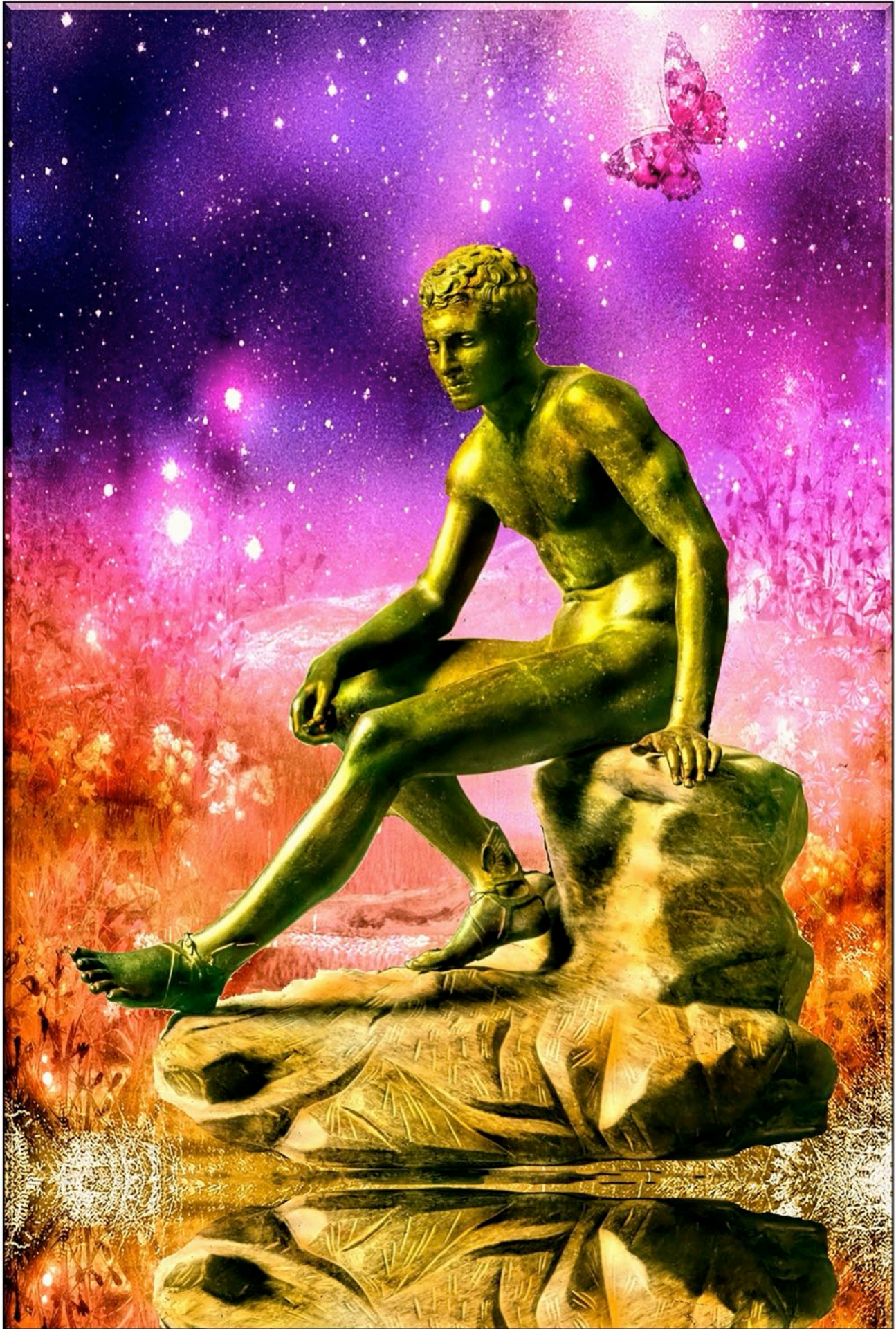
*I'll play the game and roll the earthly dies,
And through this worldly life enjoy the prize,
If Earth is Hell for love's adventurers,
Then I wish no more for God's Paradise.*





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





There's a mote in space, known as the Earth,
A pale blue dot of fluff orbiting a hearth;
Due but to Newton's laws of motion, there's
No Godly hand guiding it safe around the sun.



Every-thing, every order happens for a reason?

Yes, for the most part, for most seasons,

But not for the bottommost cause the first,

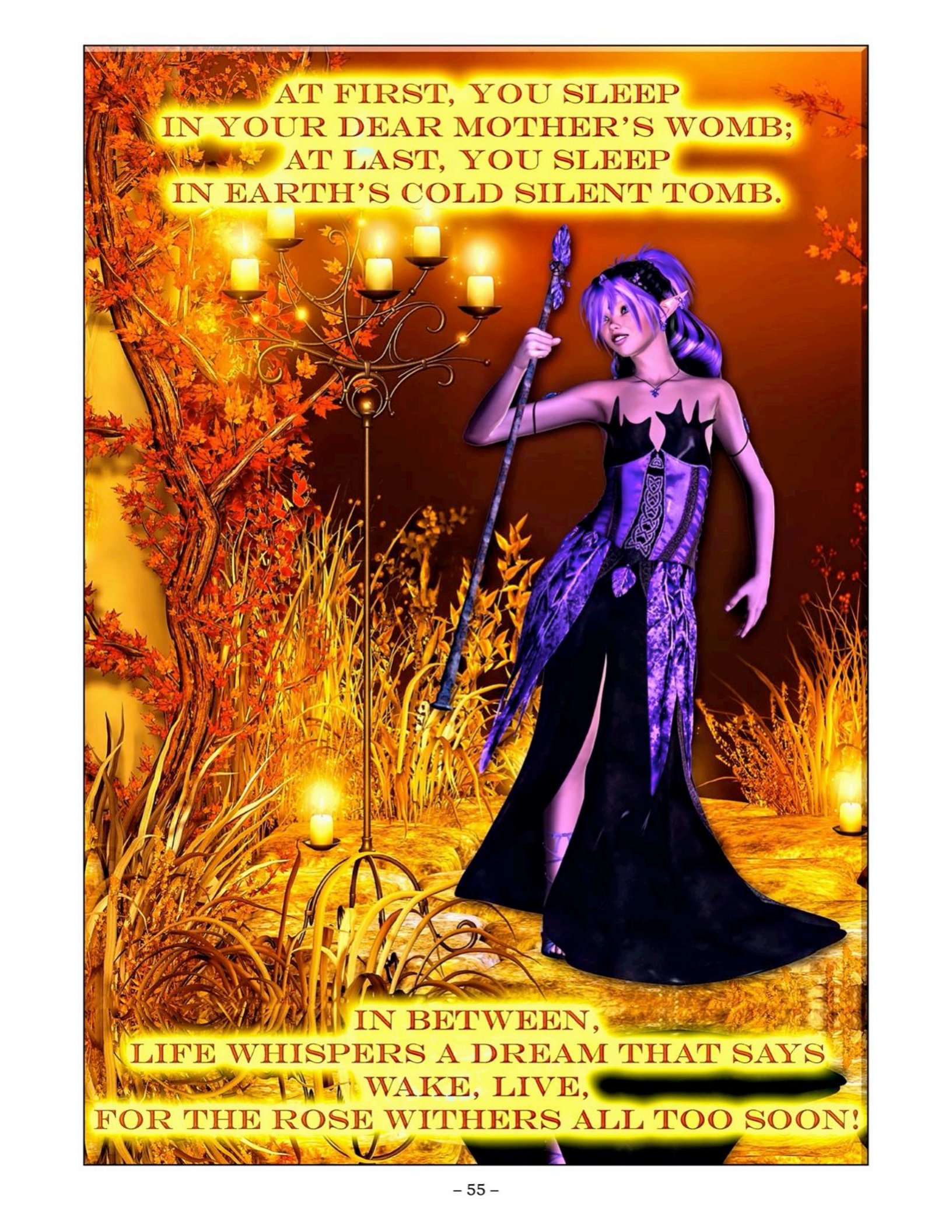
For there was nothing before it to reason it forth.





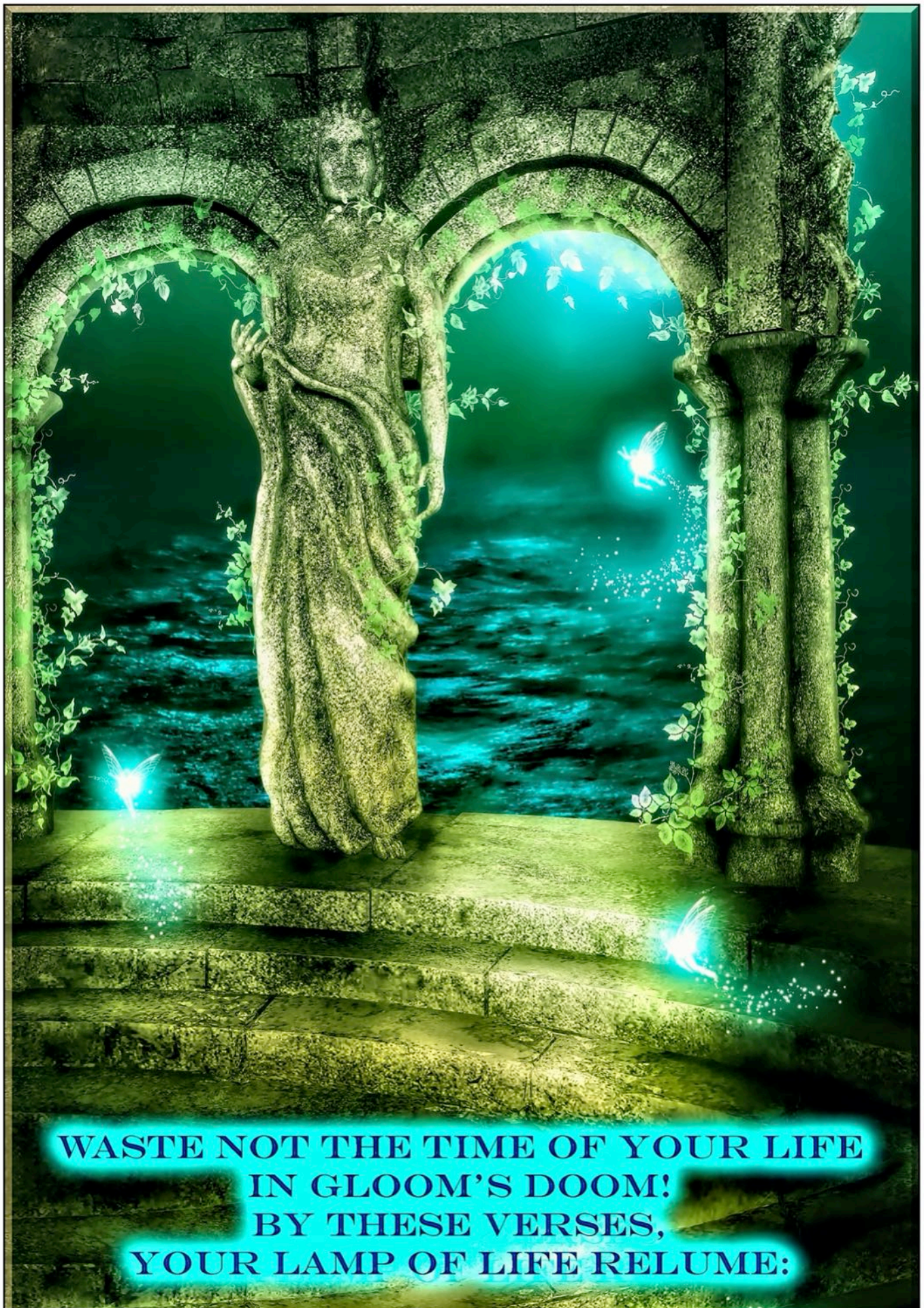
YOUTH AND BEAUTY
MADE AGÈD WINTER MOURN,
FOR SUMMER'S GRAIN—
THE WAVING WHEAT AND CORN;

FOR OLD AUTUMN,
WITHERED, WAN, HAD PASSED ON,
LEAVING THE EARTH A WIDOW,
WEATHER WORN.

A woman with long, wavy purple hair and pointed ears stands in a garden filled with autumn foliage. She is wearing a black and purple gothic-style dress with a high slit and a corset-like bodice. She holds a long, dark staff with a purple, feathered or crystalline tip. To her left is a tall, ornate candelabra with several lit candles. The ground is covered with fallen leaves and tall grasses, and several other candles are scattered around, creating a warm, golden glow. The background is a soft, hazy orange and yellow, suggesting a sunset or moonlight.

AT FIRST, YOU SLEEP
IN YOUR DEAR MOTHER'S WOMB;
AT LAST, YOU SLEEP
IN EARTH'S COLD SILENT TOMB.

IN BETWEEN,
LIFE WHISPERS A DREAM THAT SAYS
WAKE, LIVE,
FOR THE ROSE WITHERS ALL TOO SOON!





**YOUR LIVE BODY,
FULL OF WARMTH AND BLOOM,
IS WORTH TEN THOUSAND LYING
IN THE TOMB.**



**ART AND POETRY
ENRICH HUMAN EXPERIENCE,
BUT THEY'RE NO SUBSTITUTES
FOR THE LIVING OF IT.**

**LIKE KEATS' FIGURES ON THE URN,
SHOULD WE LIVE LIFE LESS?
NO, BECAUSE WHAT IS DEATHLESS
IS ALSO LIFELESS!**



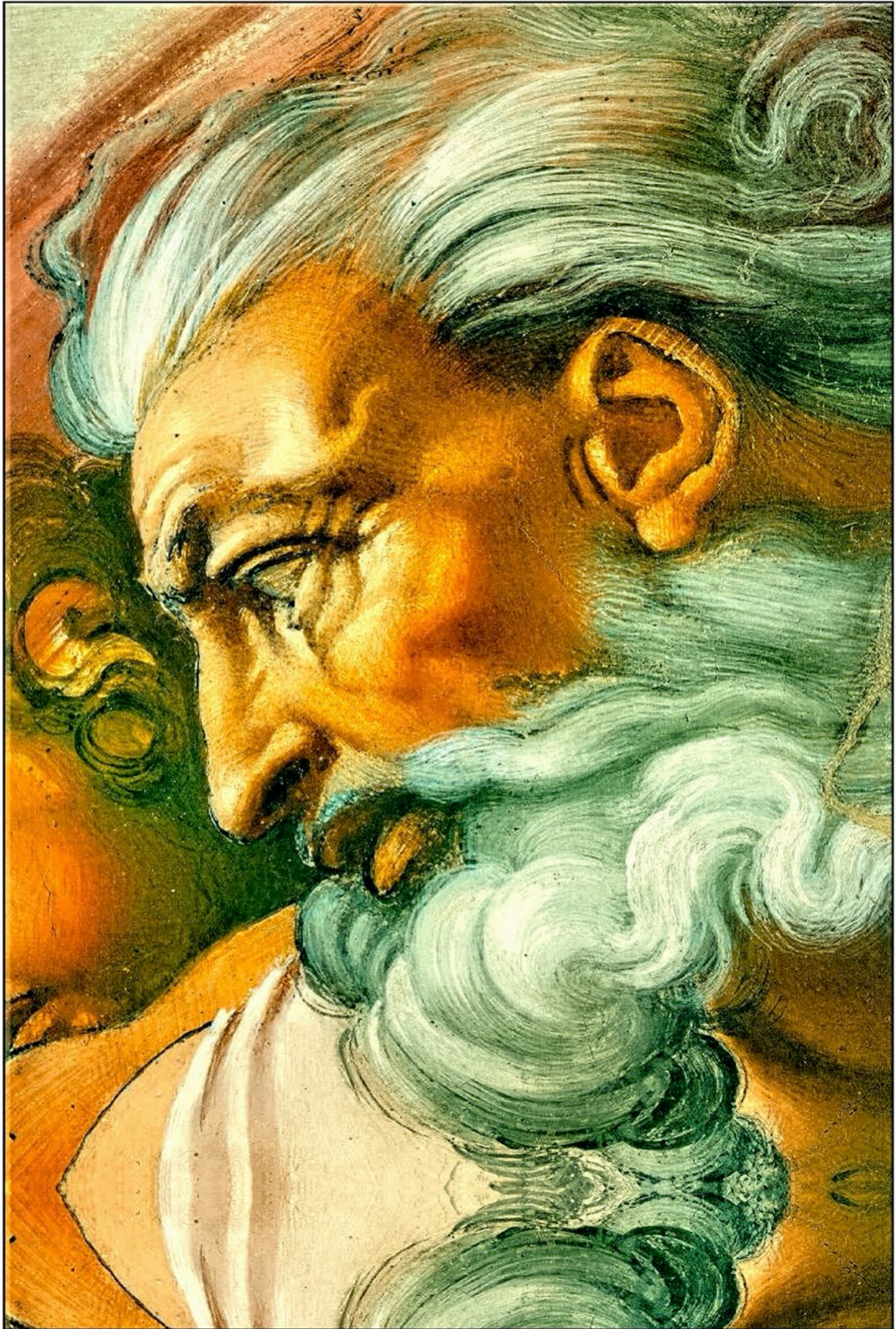
INTO
THE LANDS
OF THE GODS:
Of Dead Ideas

Austin P. Torney

Austin P. Torney



Into supernatural figmentations,
I strode, with brilliant imagination,
To examine all the supposed Gods there—
Some no more and some ruling everywhere.







Foggy notions, concoctions, phantasms,
Fantasies, falsehoods, conceptions,
Decrees, fiats, misrepresentations,
Dead ideas, magic, proclamations,

Wild tales, anecdotes, revelations,
Untruths, revelations, hearsay, scrap heaps,
Yarns, and fish stories stated as beliefs
In that unseeable supernatural station
Through faith's without knowledge ration;


These are all figmentations
of the imagination.





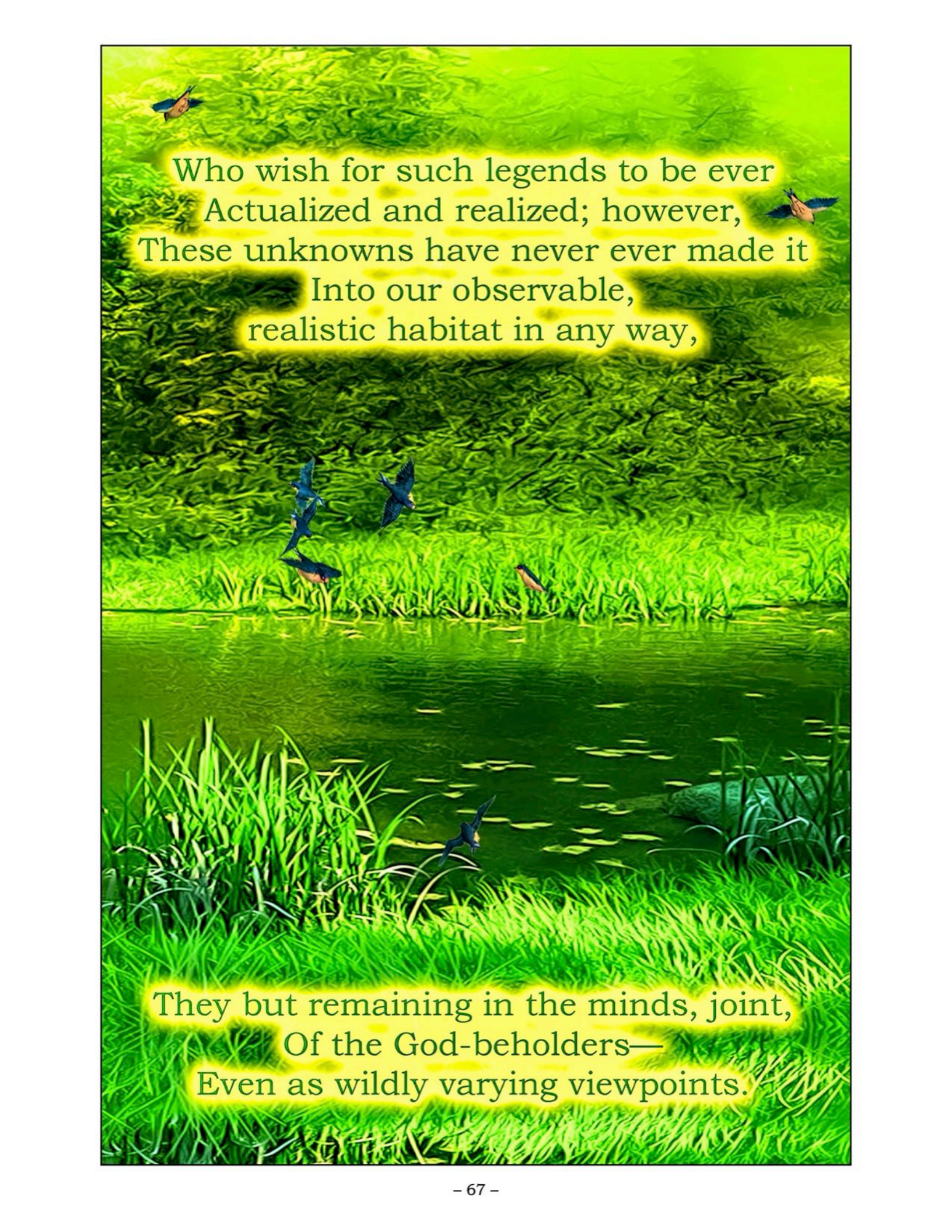
Strewn about this great panoramic realm
Of the One possibly conceivable at the helm

Were all of the unknowable fabrications
Often dreamt up via exaggerations
By the human race of mammal sapiens.



The realm of such pronouncements
has come to be
Superposed at the furthest edge of Reality,

Poised by the scope of some wishful thinking,
By all those dreaming and wild supposing,

A vibrant green landscape with a river, tall grasses, and several blue and orange birds in flight. The scene is dominated by various shades of green, from bright lime to deep forest green. The river flows through the center, reflecting the surrounding foliage. In the foreground, tall, thin grasses grow densely. Several birds, with blue wings and orange-brown bodies, are captured in various stages of flight throughout the scene. The text is overlaid on a bright yellow-green background that blends with the landscape.

Who wish for such legends to be ever
Actualized and realized; however,
These unknowns have never ever made it
Into our observable,
realistic habitat in any way,

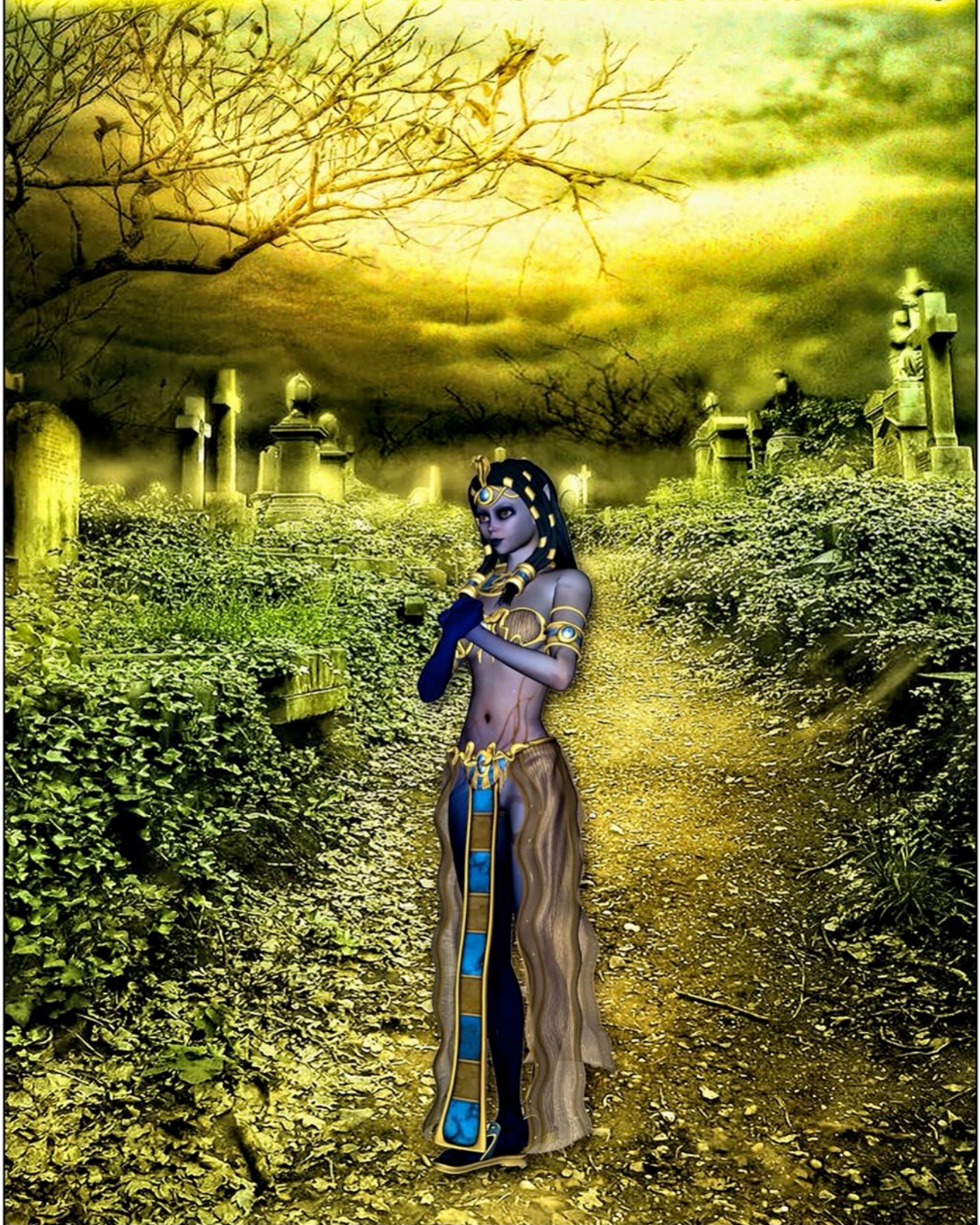
They but remaining in the minds, joint,
Of the God-beholders—
Even as wildly varying viewpoints.



The Graveyard Of the Gods



Without so much much as a word to say,
I passed those to whom most no longer pray,
Nor believe in, but once did, namely,
Those of the tombstones now deemed unholy:





Astrology—the God of the stars that plod,
Eternally blazed and marbled in the sod,

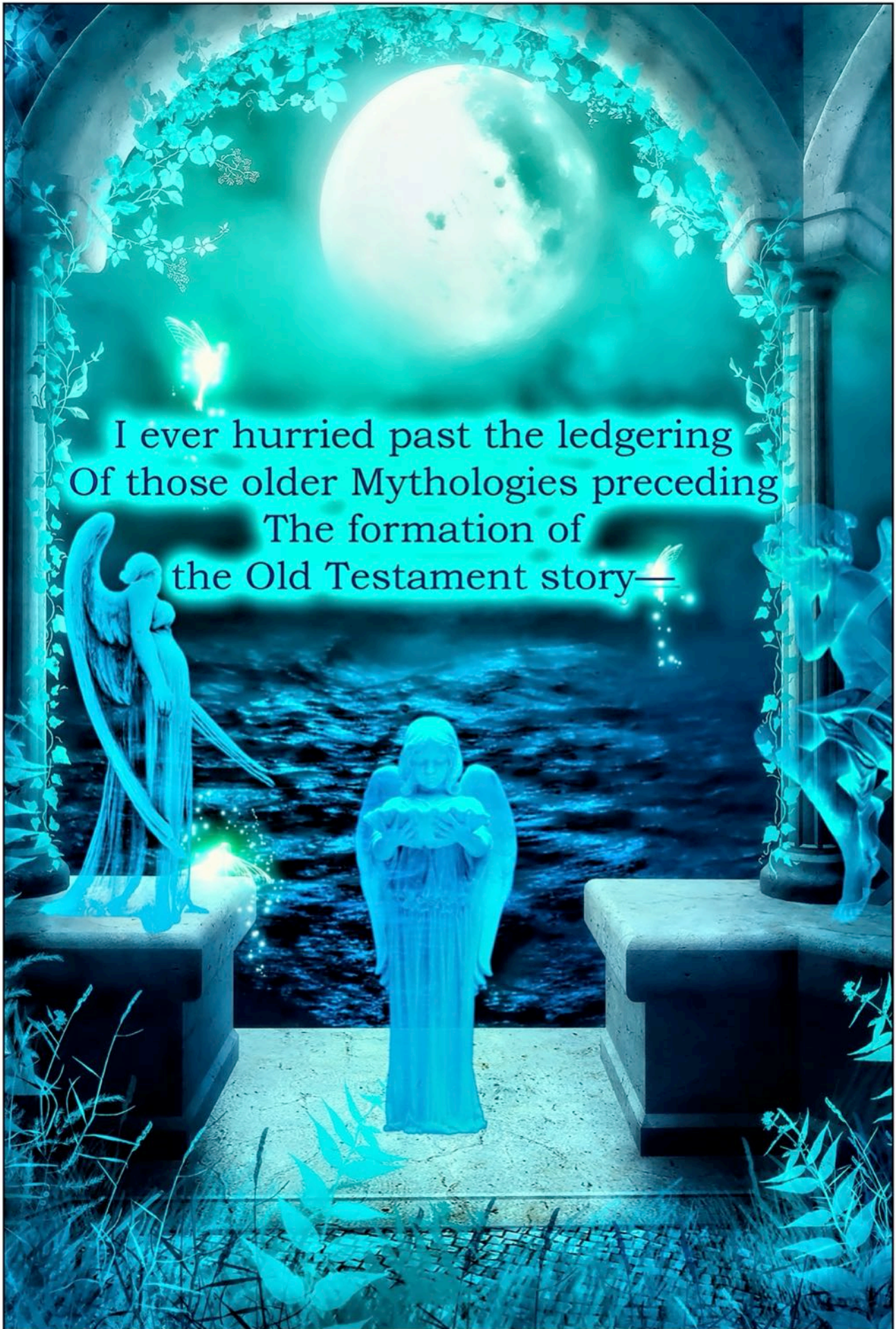




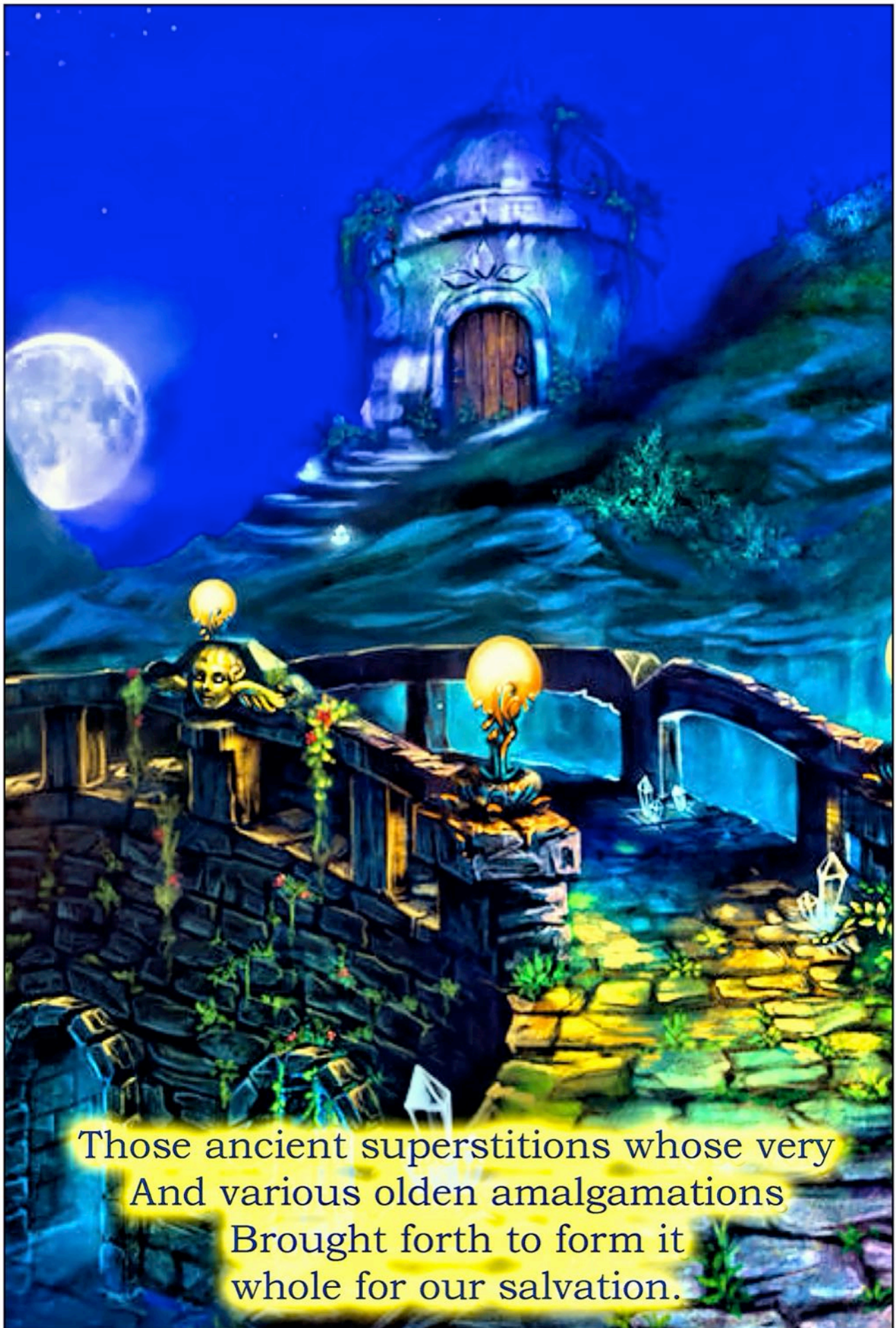
Monuments of Diana the Moon God,
Druid Gods, Apollo, Baal, Zeus, Wotan,



Aphrodite, Mithras, Isis, Amon,
Poseidon, Thor, and on and on, anon—
Posed in the burial ground of the Gods.



I ever hurried past the ledgering
Of those older Mythologies preceding
The formation of
the Old Testament story—




Those ancient superstitions whose very
And various olden amalgamations
Brought forth to form it
whole for our salvation.



I paused at that Old Testament maligned,
To mark the old but lingering lines
Of the 'knowing' of more invisibles,
The beliefs in imagined angelics:



There were angels standing, frozen in stone,
Over the timeworn memorials' poems,
As well as atop the crumbling gateposts,
Cast as undying and near-living ghosts

A woman with dark hair in a bun, wearing a white, flowing dress, is kneeling on a stone path. She is looking down with her hands clasped in prayer. The background is a soft-focus outdoor setting with green foliage and a stone wall. The text is overlaid on the image in a white, serif font.

Of the representations of the three spheres
Of the Heavenly host: the demigod-near
Seraphim, Cherubim, Ophanim,
Thrones, Principalities, Dominions,
Powers, Archangels, Angels,

and, those final,
And the most useful—the Guardian Angels,
Who are said to protect children from harm.



There, Amaranth, its dead red leaves never
Fading on this Earth, unto forever,
Gave some color 'round the graveyard pallor
And to the dateless headstones' gray squalor.





Of streaking lights of an electromagnetic sky.

I strolled on,
and into the vale itself.





INTO
THE LANDS
OF THE GODS:
Of Designers

Austin P. Torney



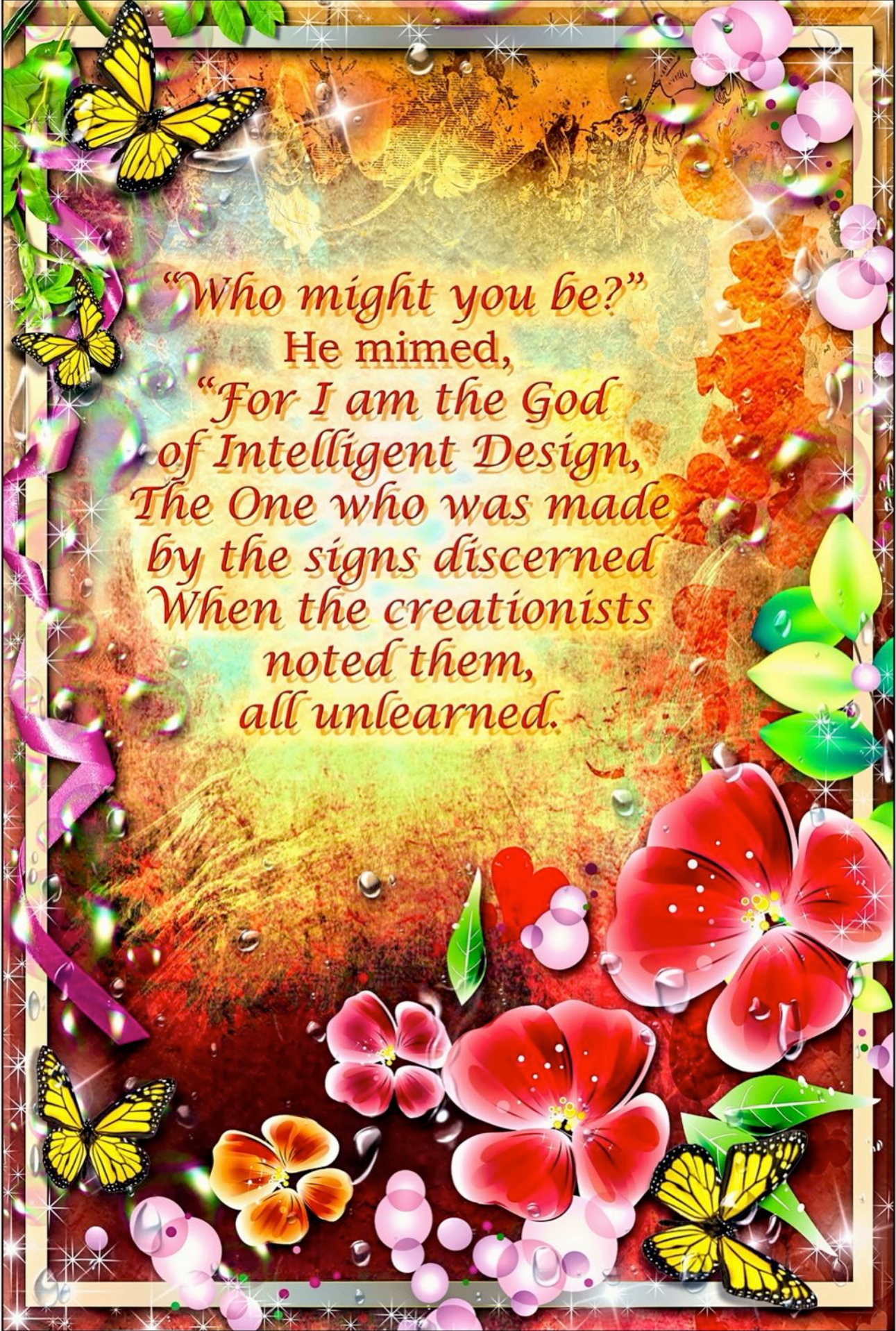
The Intelligent Designer



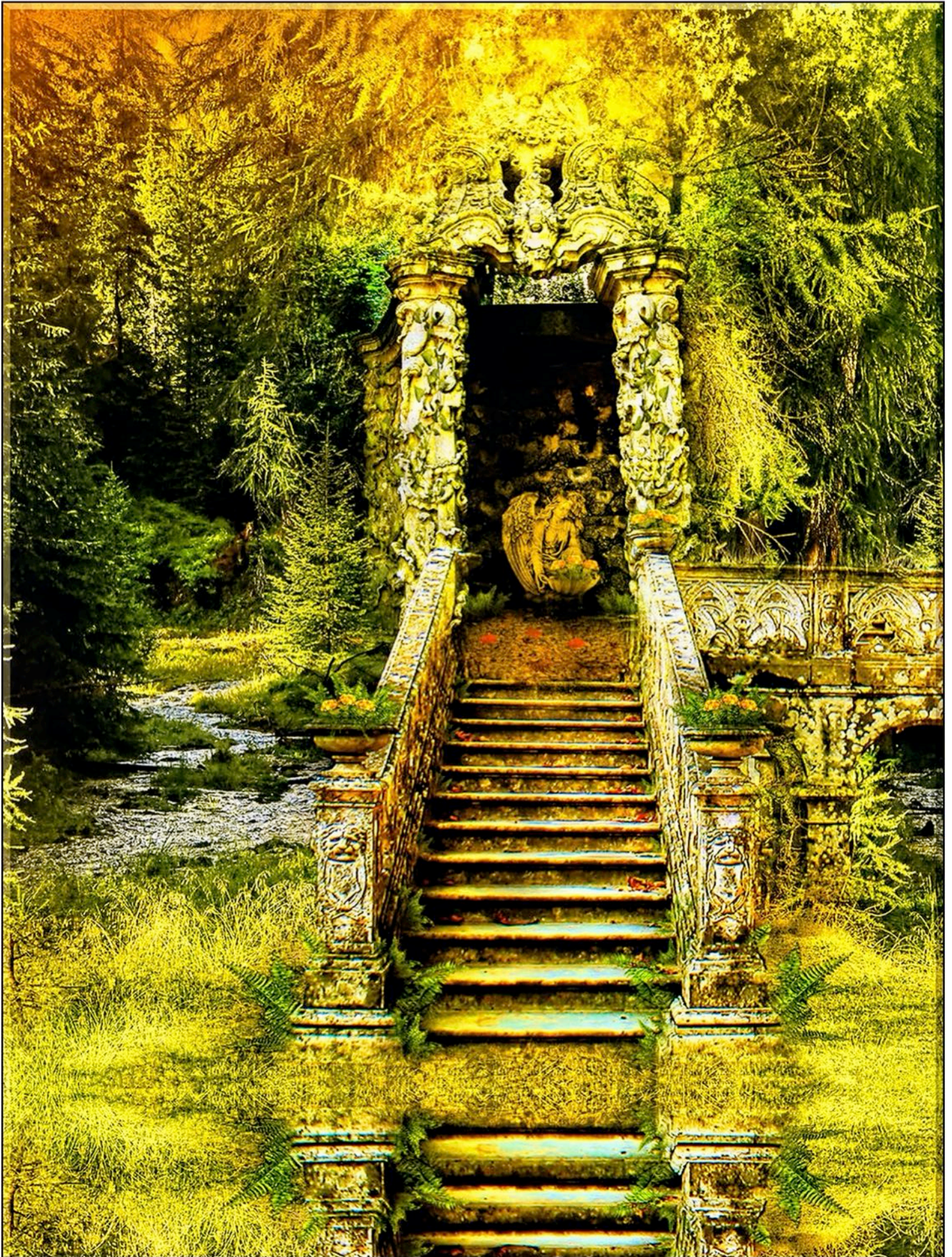
*I approached a semitransparent
Theistic Embellishment, rather well lit,
Who was holding out an eyeball—a shove
Of His hand for me to take note of.*



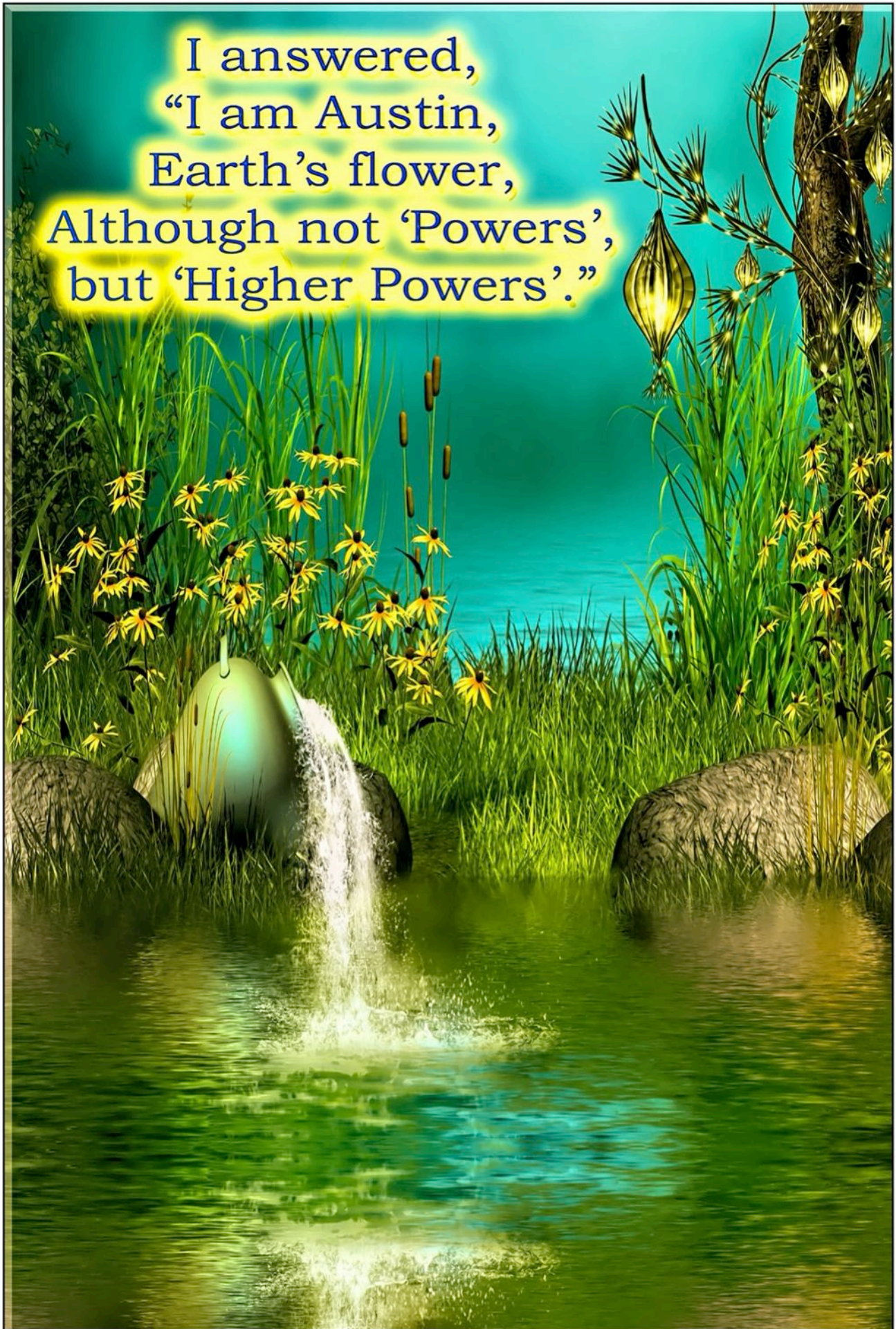


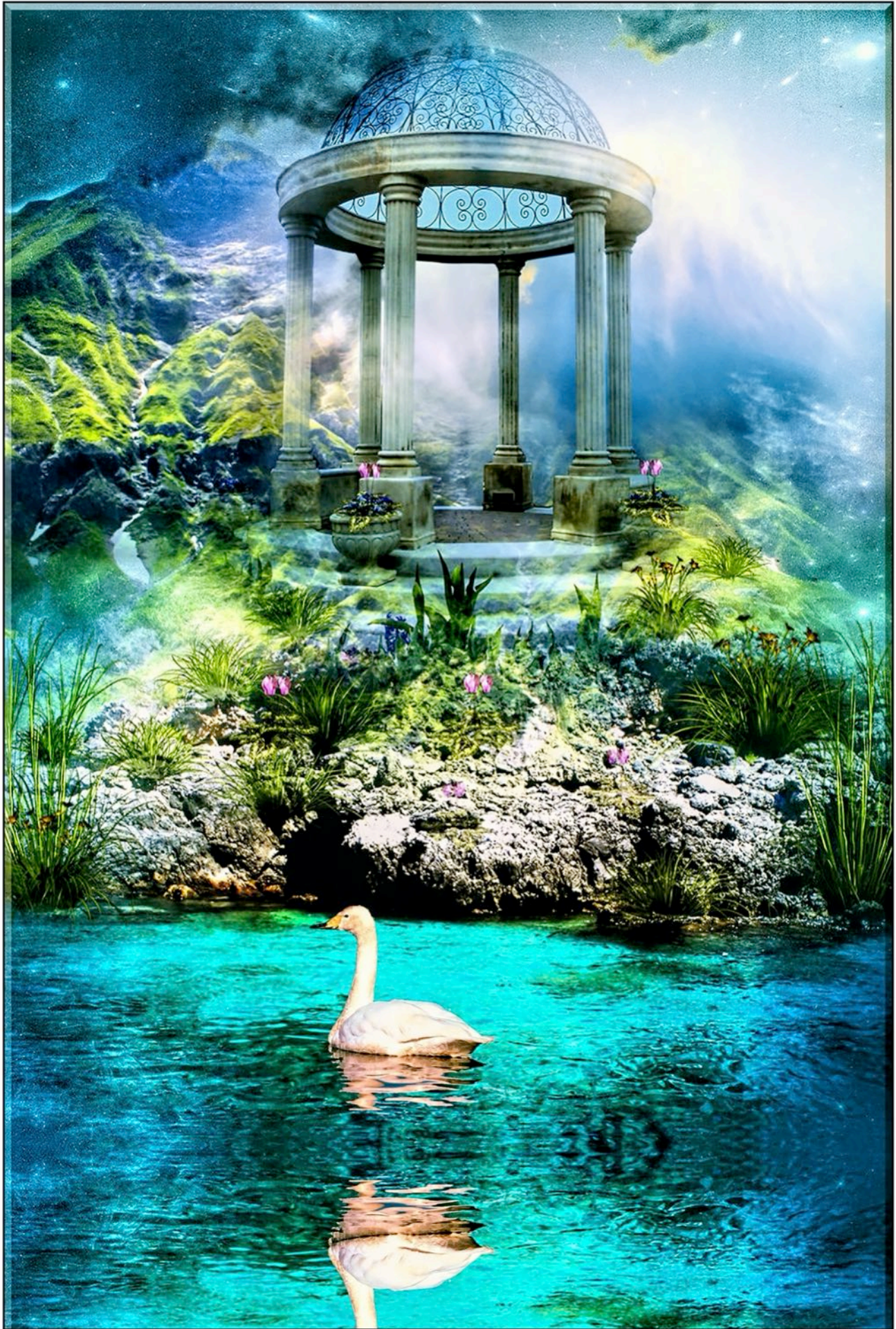


*“Who might you be?”
He mimed,
“For I am the God
of Intelligent Design,
The One who was made
by the signs discerned
When the creationists
noted them,
all unlearned.”*



I answered,
“I am Austin,
Earth’s flower,
Although not ‘Powers’,
but ‘Higher Powers’.”

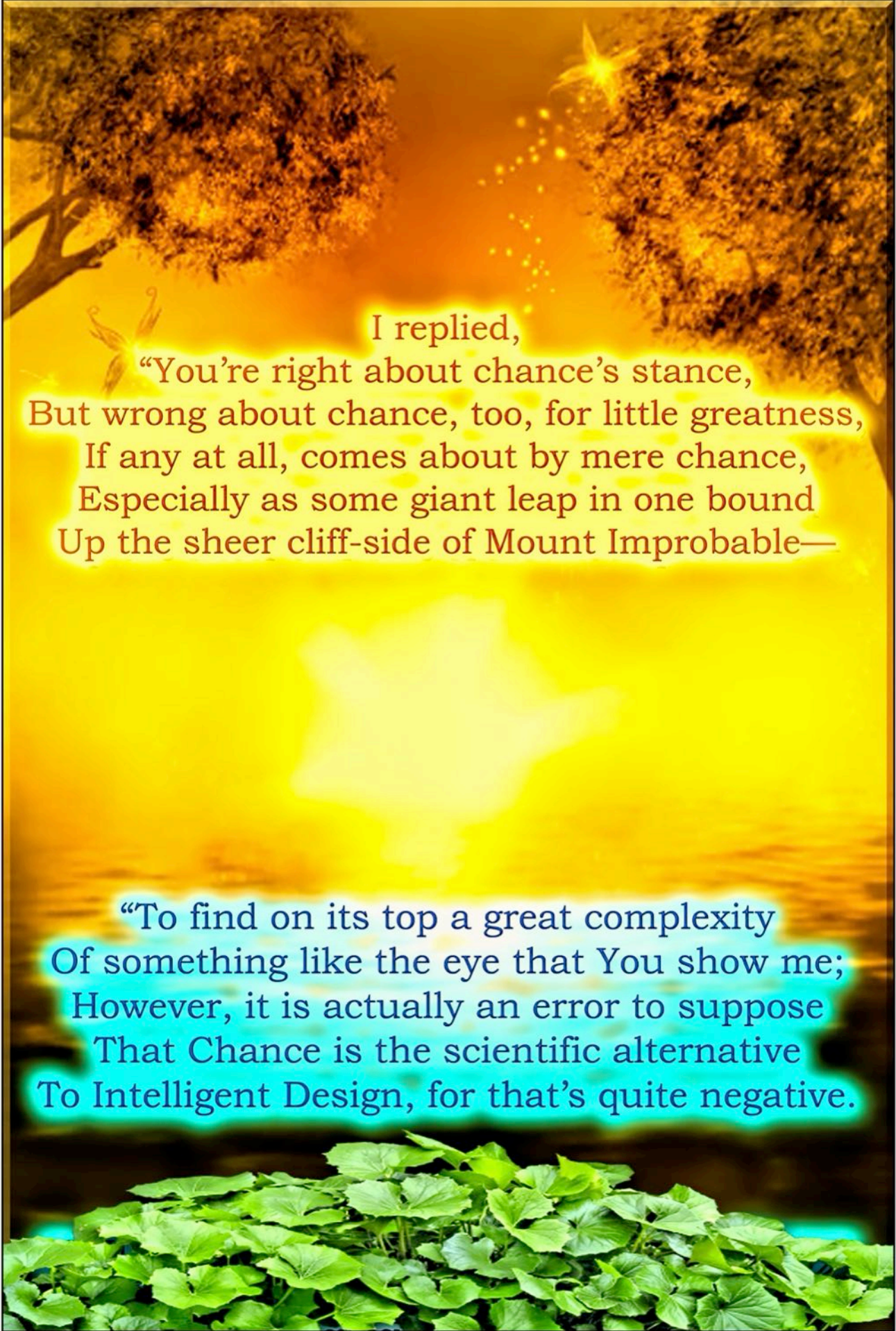




*“Ha. Lo, they saw
inexplicable complexity in Nature,
And, thus, they leapt and
promulgated that Nature
Must have a Grand Designer
of its mechanical dance,
For how could life
have come about
by chance?”*



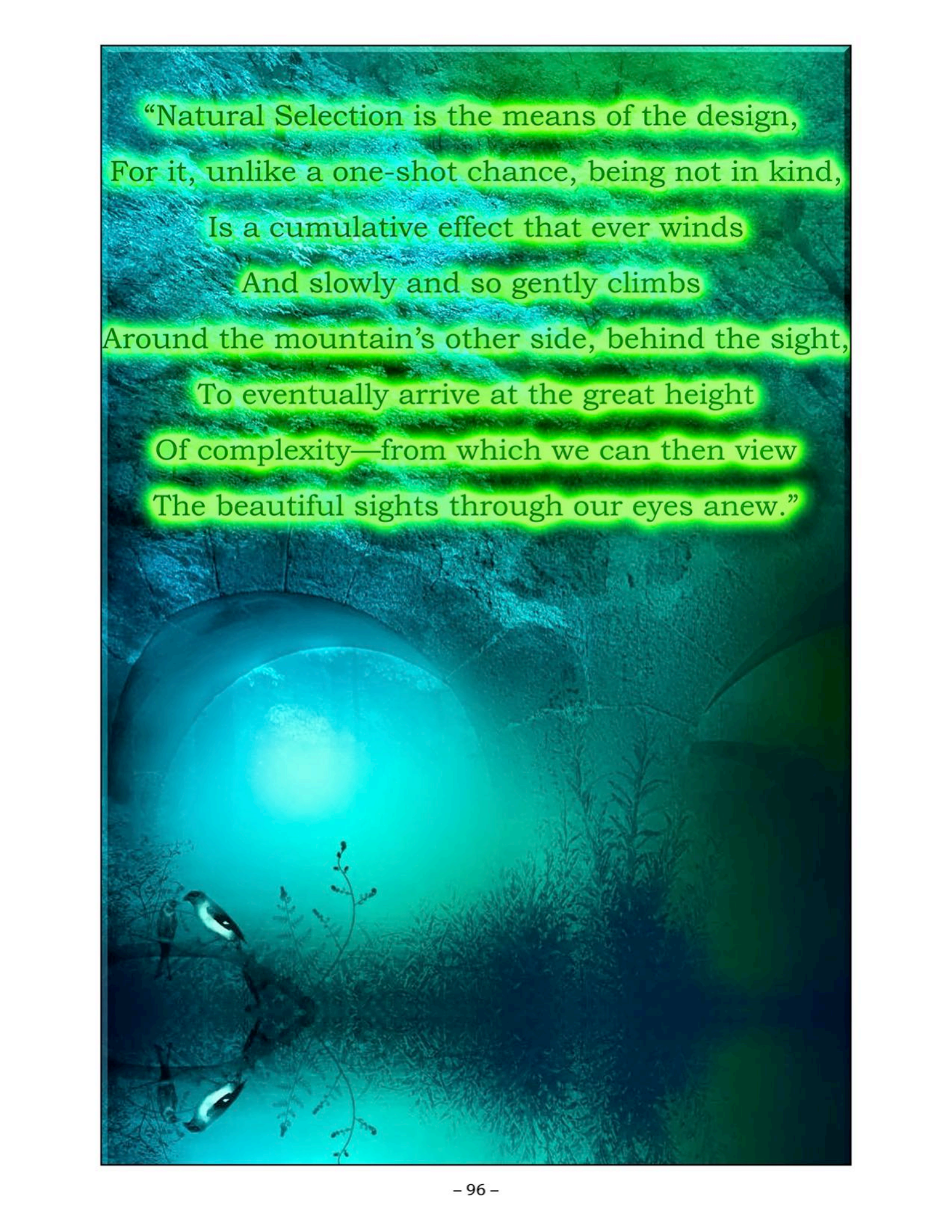




I replied,
“You’re right about chance’s stance,
But wrong about chance, too, for little greatness,
If any at all, comes about by mere chance,
Especially as some giant leap in one bound
Up the sheer cliff-side of Mount Improbable—

“To find on its top a great complexity
Of something like the eye that You show me;
However, it is actually an error to suppose
That Chance is the scientific alternative
To Intelligent Design, for that’s quite negative.



The background of the page is a photograph of a cave interior. The walls are made of rough, textured rock. In the center-left, a large, glowing blue orb, resembling a moon or a light source, is set within a semi-circular stone niche. The light from the orb illuminates the surrounding rock. In the lower-left foreground, a small bird with white and dark feathers is perched on a thin, dark branch. The overall color palette is dominated by shades of blue and green, with the glowing orb providing a bright focal point.

“Natural Selection is the means of the design,
For it, unlike a one-shot chance, being not in kind,
Is a cumulative effect that ever winds
And slowly and so gently climbs
Around the mountain’s other side, behind the sight,
To eventually arrive at the great height
Of complexity—from which we can then view
The beautiful sights through our eyes anew.”



*“But the widespread Watchtower Zines
Always pronounce that the biological Designs
Were created by Me instead of by chance!
Just look at these eyeballs—take a glance—
And the optic system hanging behind them!
How could that come about by chance, these gems?”*





“You, like your followers, may listen,
But You do not hear, writing with untruth’s pen.
IDers deceive by this wrong approach,
Whether they mean to or not; I give reproach.

“Chance is not the opposite of Nature’s design;
Evolution of the Species through the graduality
Of Natural Selection is the path to complexity;
Your ploy falls as flat as an imaginary line.

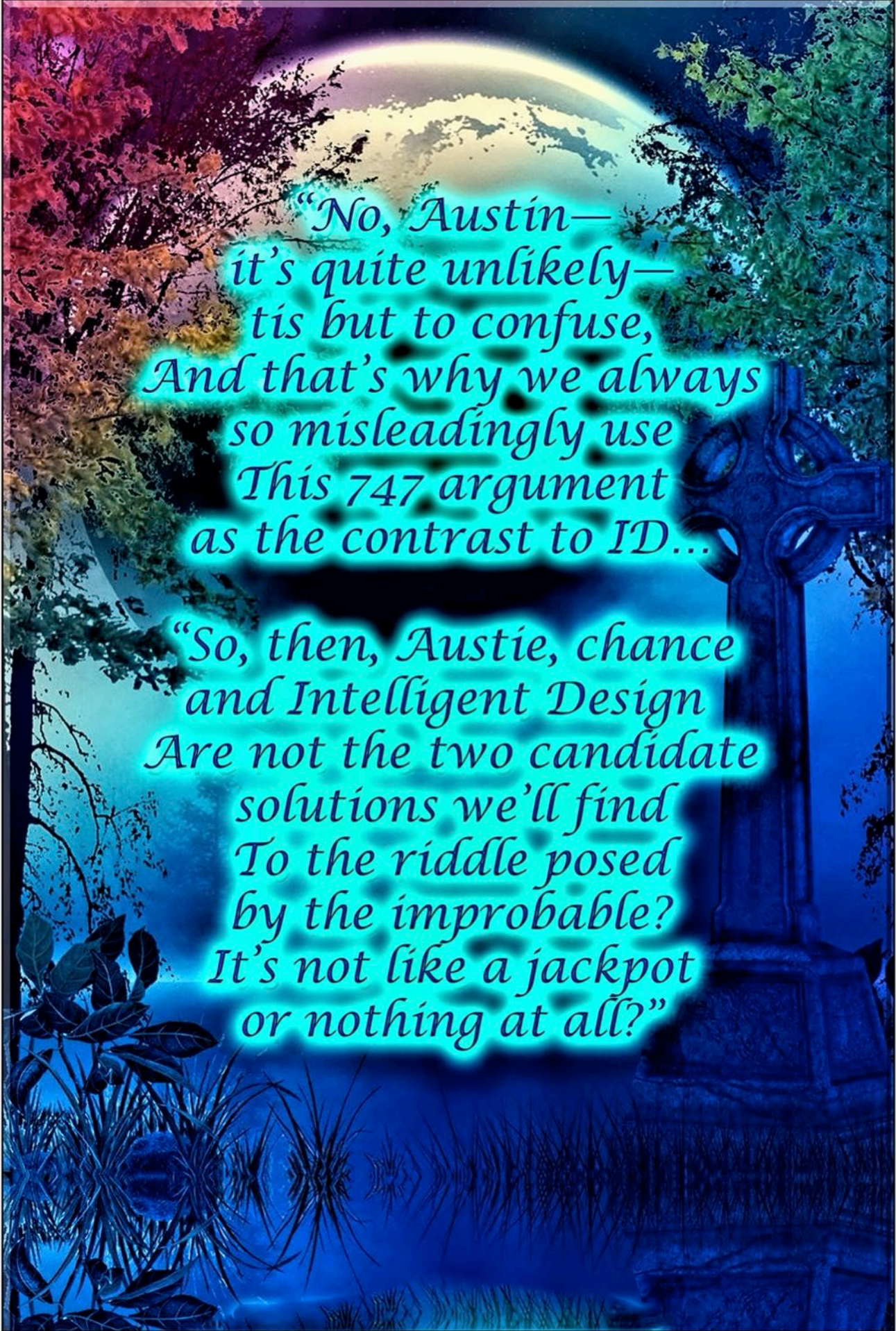
“A flatworm has but an optical system’s spark
That can only sense but light and dark;
Thus, it sees no image, not even a part;

“Whereas, Nautilus has a ‘pinhole camera’ eye
About as good as half a human eye
That sees but very blurry shapes;
Thus they are examples of intermediate stages.

“‘Rome’ can not be built in a day by chance;
Chance is not a likely designer at all!
Really now, could a 747 ever be
Assembled by a hurricane blowing free
Through Boeing’s warehouse of all the parts?
Now is this the sum of Your conversational art?”



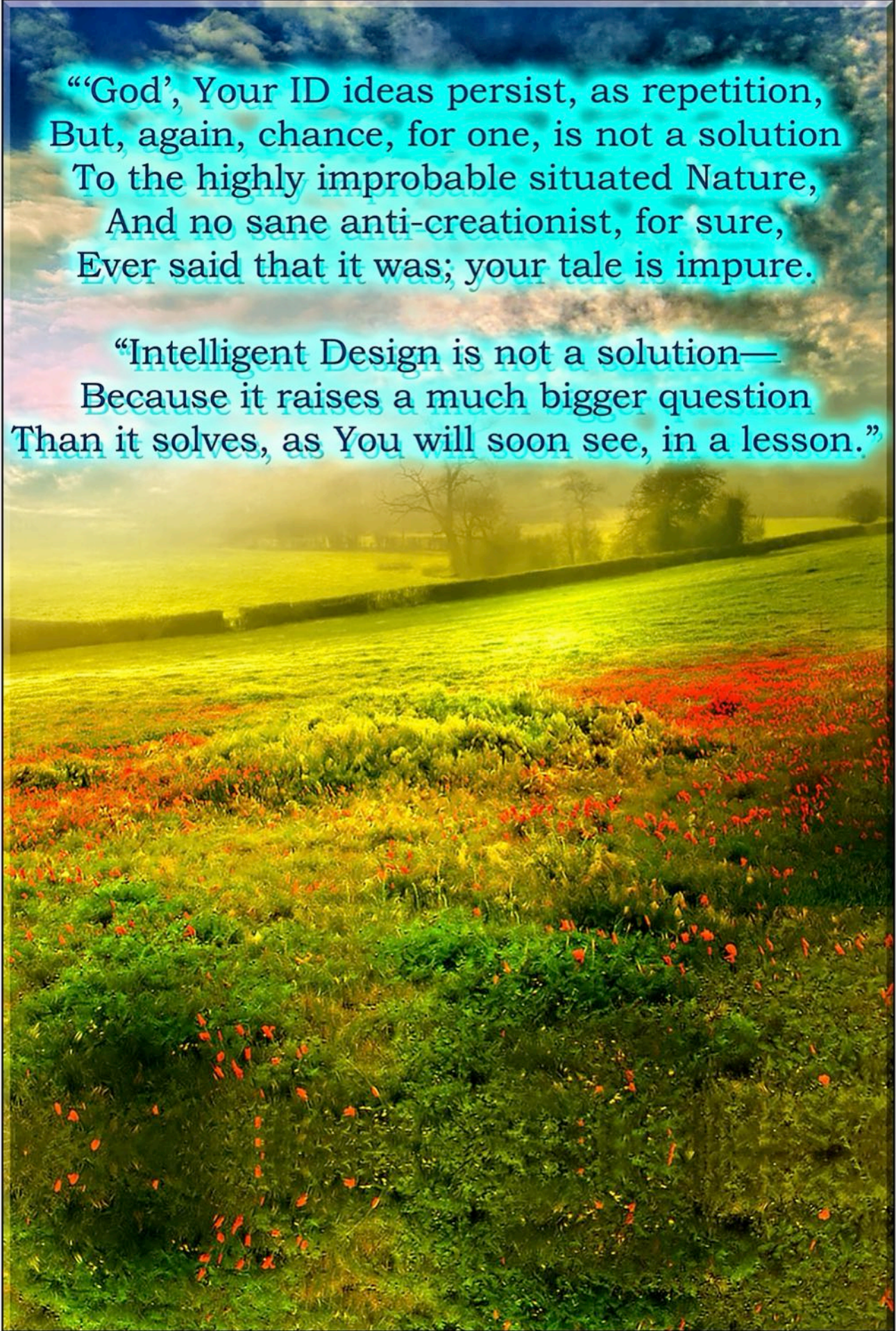




*“No, Austin—
it’s quite unlikely—
tis but to confuse,
And that’s why we always
so misleadingly use
This 747 argument
as the contrast to ID...”*

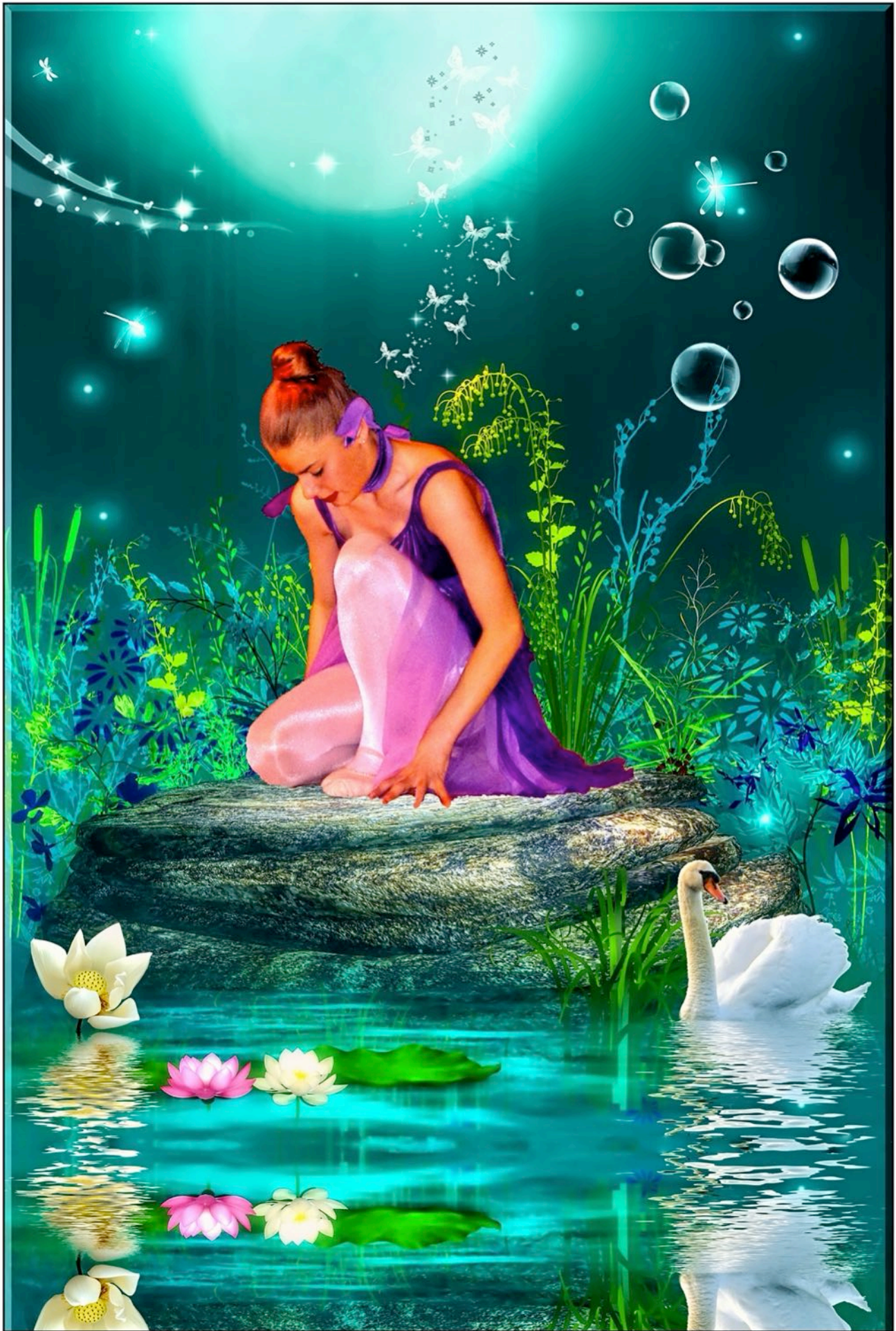
*“So, then, Austie, chance
and Intelligent Design
Are not the two candidate
solutions we’ll find
To the riddle posed
by the improbable?
It’s not like a jackpot
or nothing at all?”*





“God’, Your ID ideas persist, as repetition,
But, again, chance, for one, is not a solution
To the highly improbable situated Nature,
And no sane anti-creationist, for sure,
Ever said that it was; your tale is impure.

“Intelligent Design is not a solution—
Because it raises a much bigger question
Than it solves, as You will soon see, in a lesson.”



*“Well, I’ll be darned,” replied the Designer.
“Natural selection is a good answer;
It is a very long and summative process,
One which breaks up the problem’s mess
Of improbability into smaller pieces, less,
Each of which is only slightly improbable,
But not prohibitively so, thus it’s reasonable
As the product of all the little steps, of which,
Would be far beyond the reach of chance—it’s rich!”*

*“The creationists have been looking askance,
Seeing only the end product, perchance,
Thinking of it as a single event of chance,
Never even understanding
The great power of accumulation.”*

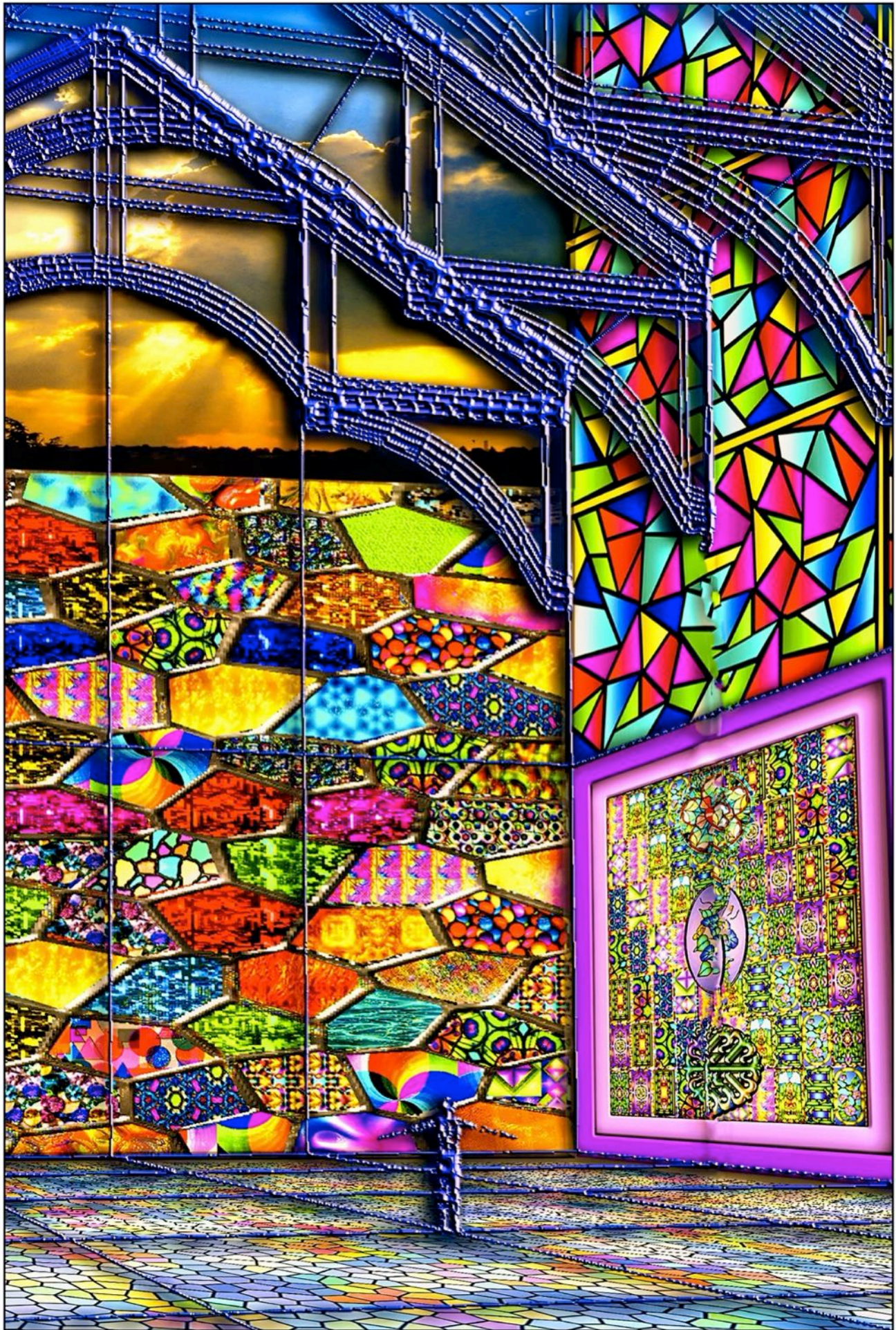
*“Such they didn’t know much else—their fall,
Not having any other natural ideas at all,
So, they outright claimed that ID did it, as the Tree
That can magically grow the All, namely Me.”*

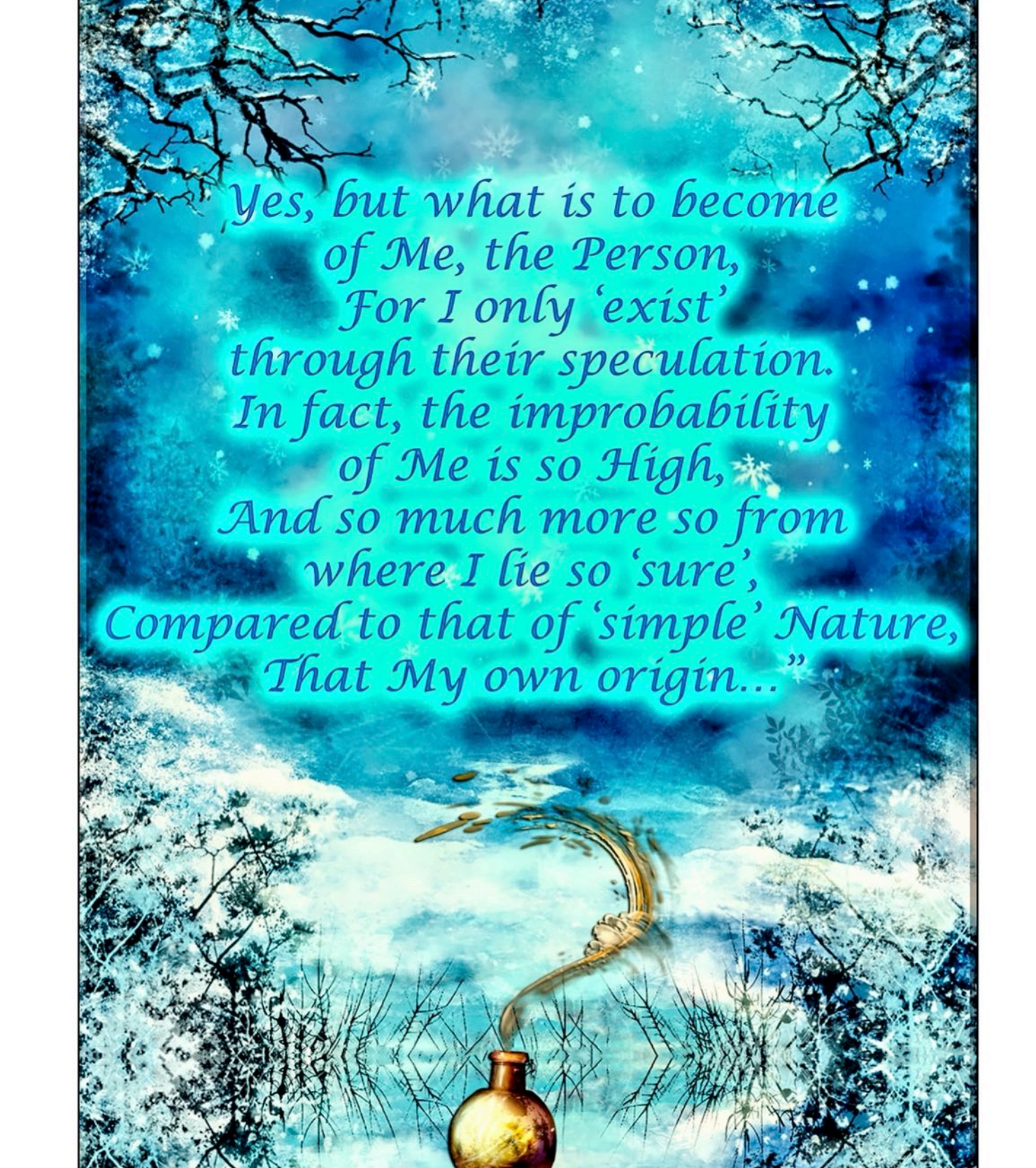






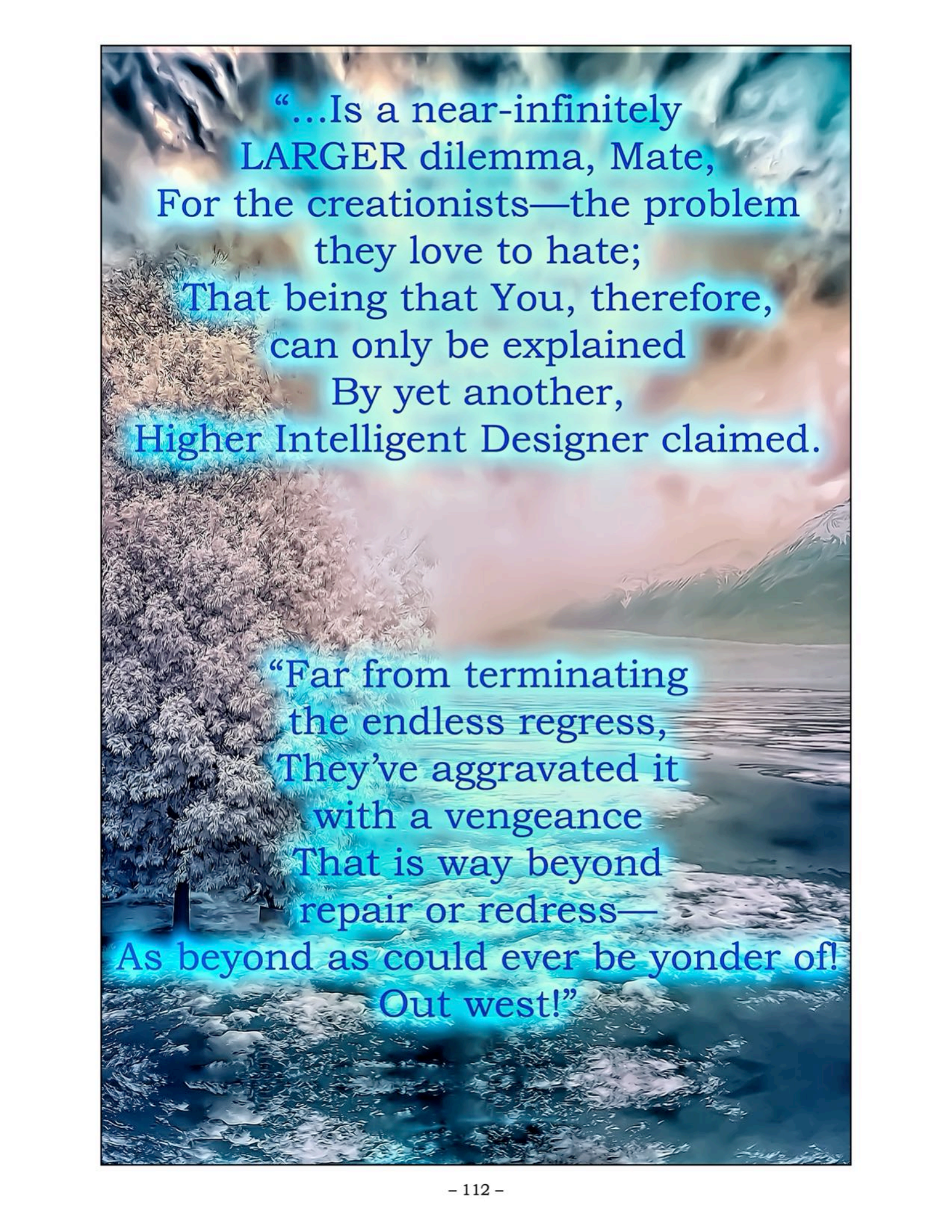
“So, ‘God’,
You have now
seen the light
Of the
accumulative
power’s might;
This is the elegance
of Evolution’s ‘sight’.”





*Yes, but what is to become
of Me, the Person,
For I only 'exist'
through their speculation.
In fact, the improbability
of Me is so High,
And so much more so from
where I lie so 'sure',
Compared to that of 'simple' Nature,
That My own origin..."*

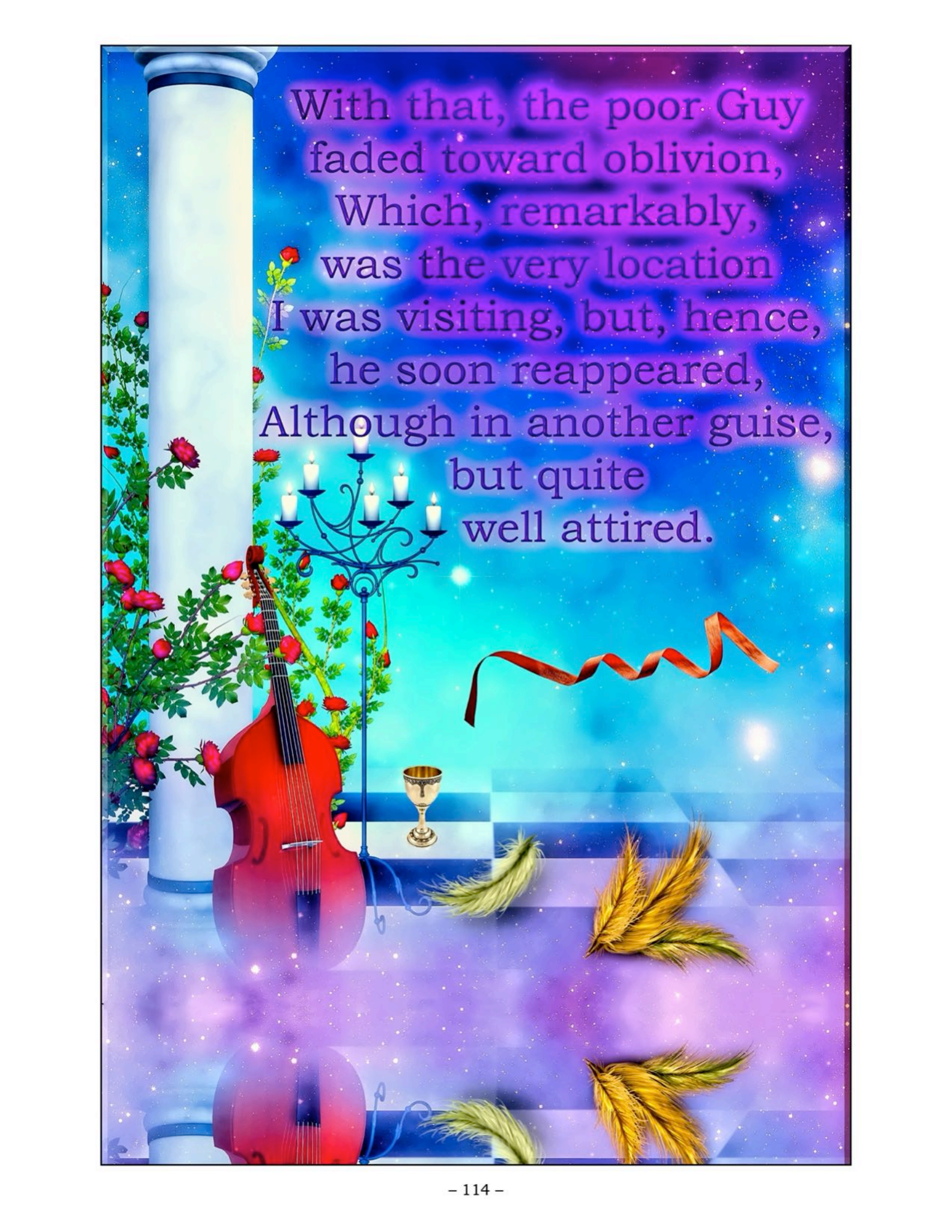




“...Is a near-infinitely
LARGER dilemma, Mate,
For the creationists—the problem
they love to hate;
That being that You, therefore,
can only be explained
By yet another,
Higher Intelligent Designer claimed.

“Far from terminating
the endless regress,
They’ve aggravated it
with a vengeance
That is way beyond
repair or redress—
As beyond as could ever be yonder of!
Out west!”





With that, the poor Guy
faded toward oblivion,
Which, remarkably,
was the very location
I was visiting, but, hence,
he soon reappeared,
Although in another guise,
but quite
well attired.



The Wan Moon

*Darkness drains my life away;
Sickness consumes my spirit;
My mantle is heavy lead;
Life's last glow is upon me;
My eyes are craters gone dim.*

*Death's ebon form seeks me out
He covers me with his cloak.
Come away with me, he says,
As he cools my burning brow;
I offer you quiet peace.*

*A sudden strength comes to me,
In my waning crescent wisp.
In night's cold shadow I say,*

*Un-hold my soul, Moon Reaper,
I shall fully shine once more!*

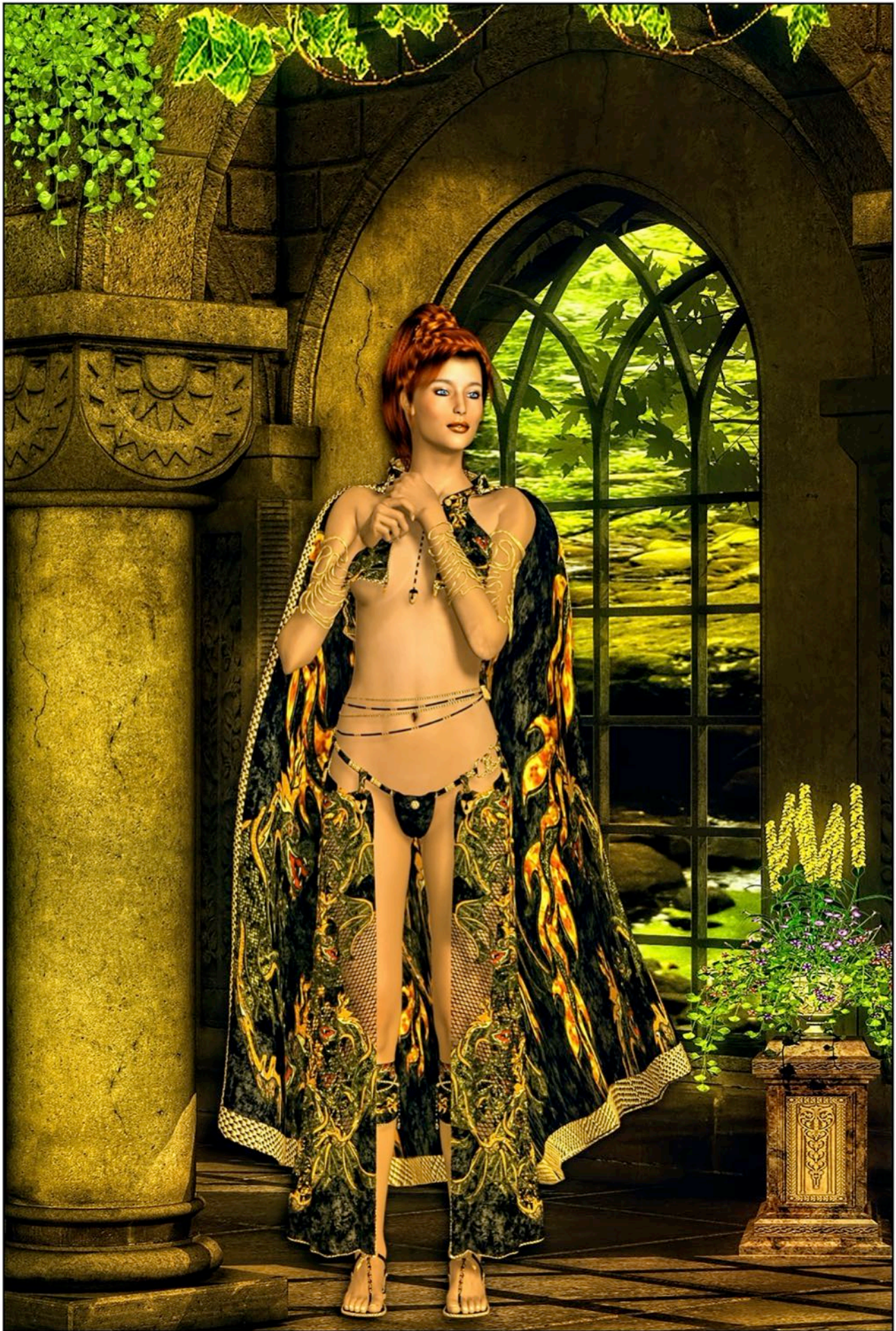






[They believed a shifty talking snake,
Ate the verboten fruit,
And were cast out, to fend for themselves,
'God' being quite surprised at their sin...]







The

God

of

Irreducible Complexity

Ἰρρεδῦκτῆς ὀμπλέξεως







*“Hello, Austino,
it’s time for more perplexity;
For I am now
the God of Irreducible Complexity.”*

*“That you are, being the unmade All,
And so it shall become your downfall.”*

“Eh? I’m never to be at all?”

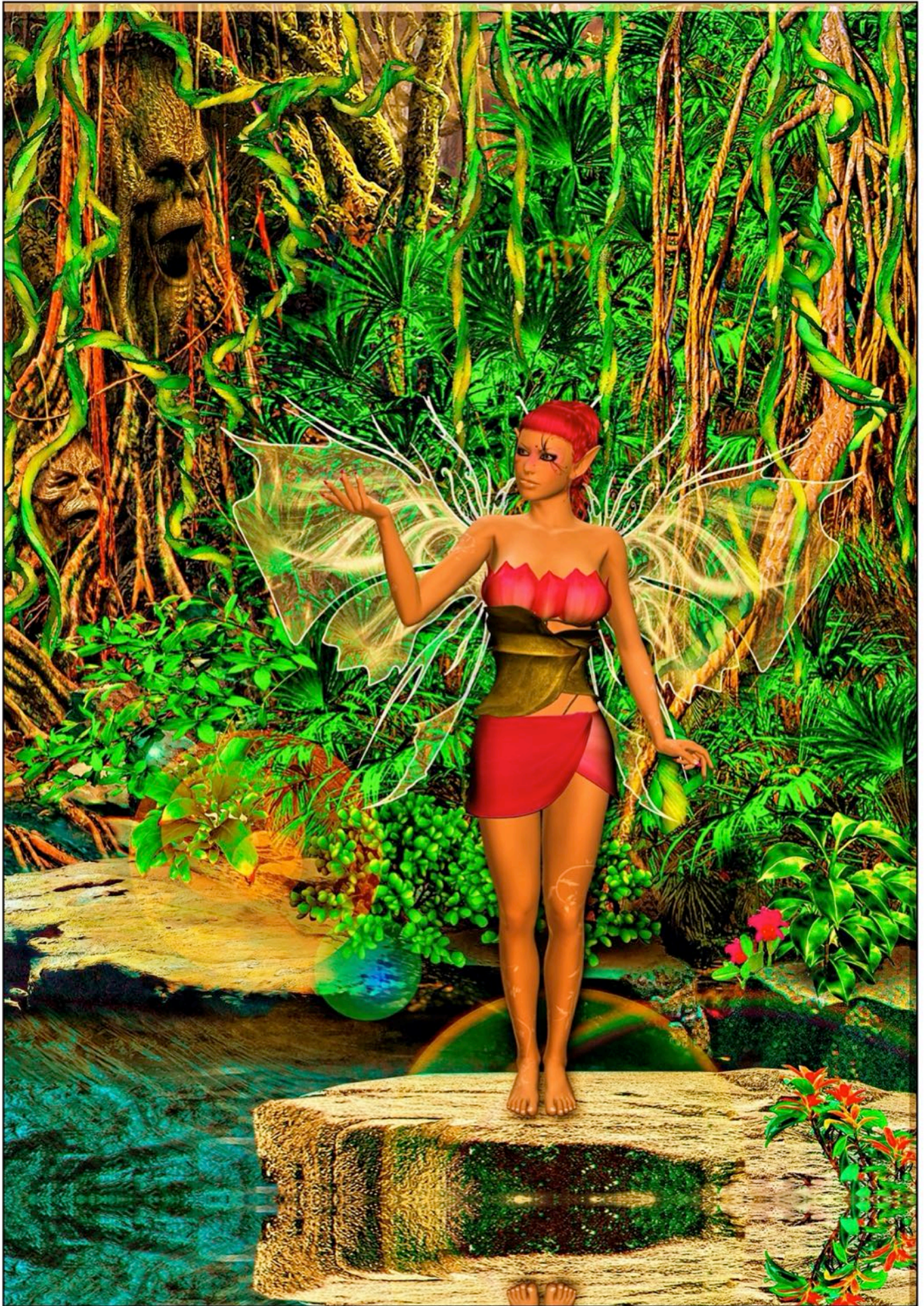
*“Your believers have given You
some fine new clothes:
But, Intelligent Design is falsely based,
God knows,
On Irreducible Complexity—
So I still recognize You as the God of ID.”*

That I am is what I really am now.”



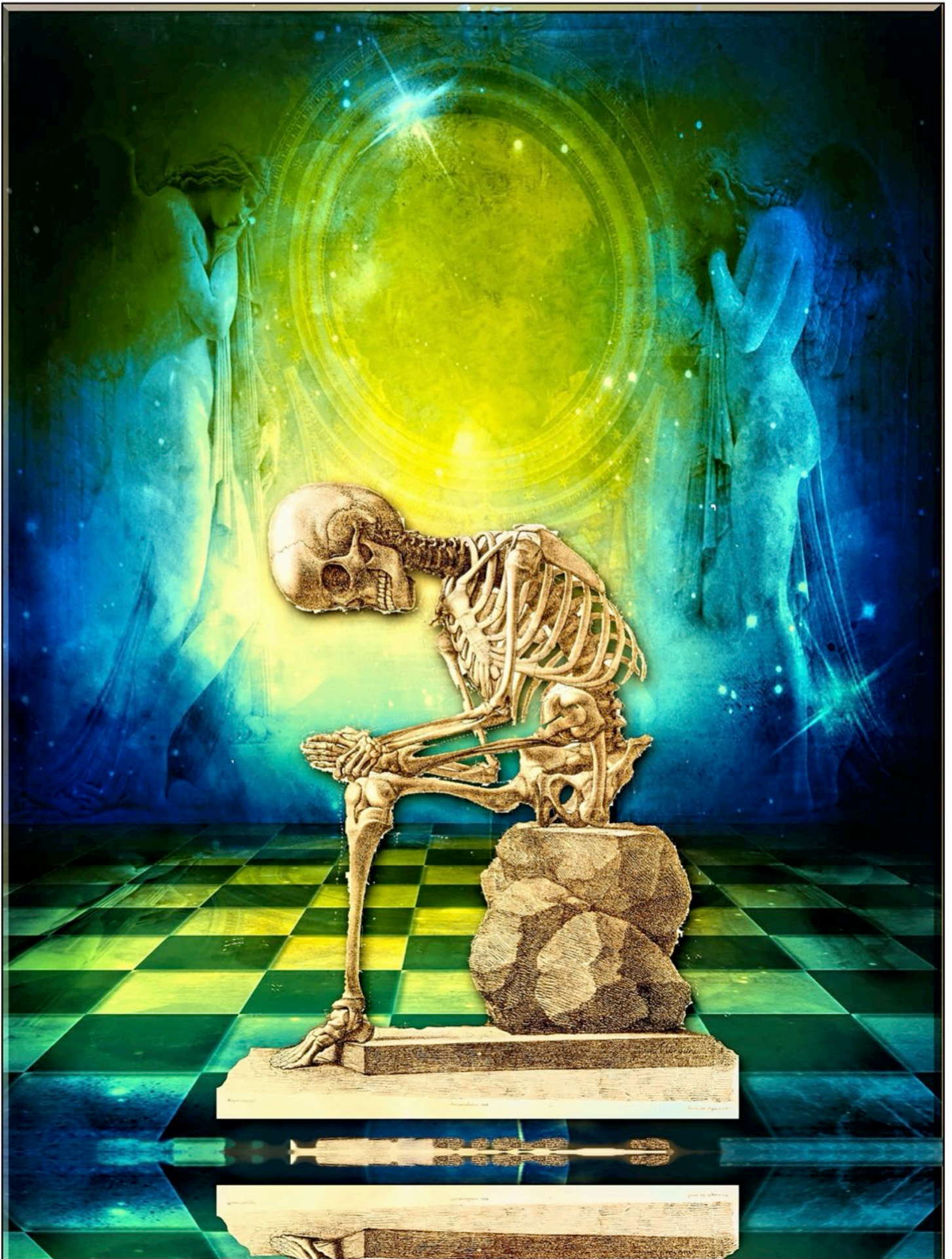
“Well, Darwin said
long ago that his theory
Would break down
if Irreducible Complexity
Were shown to be true,
and, yet,
No proposal has ever
stood up to the analysis.”

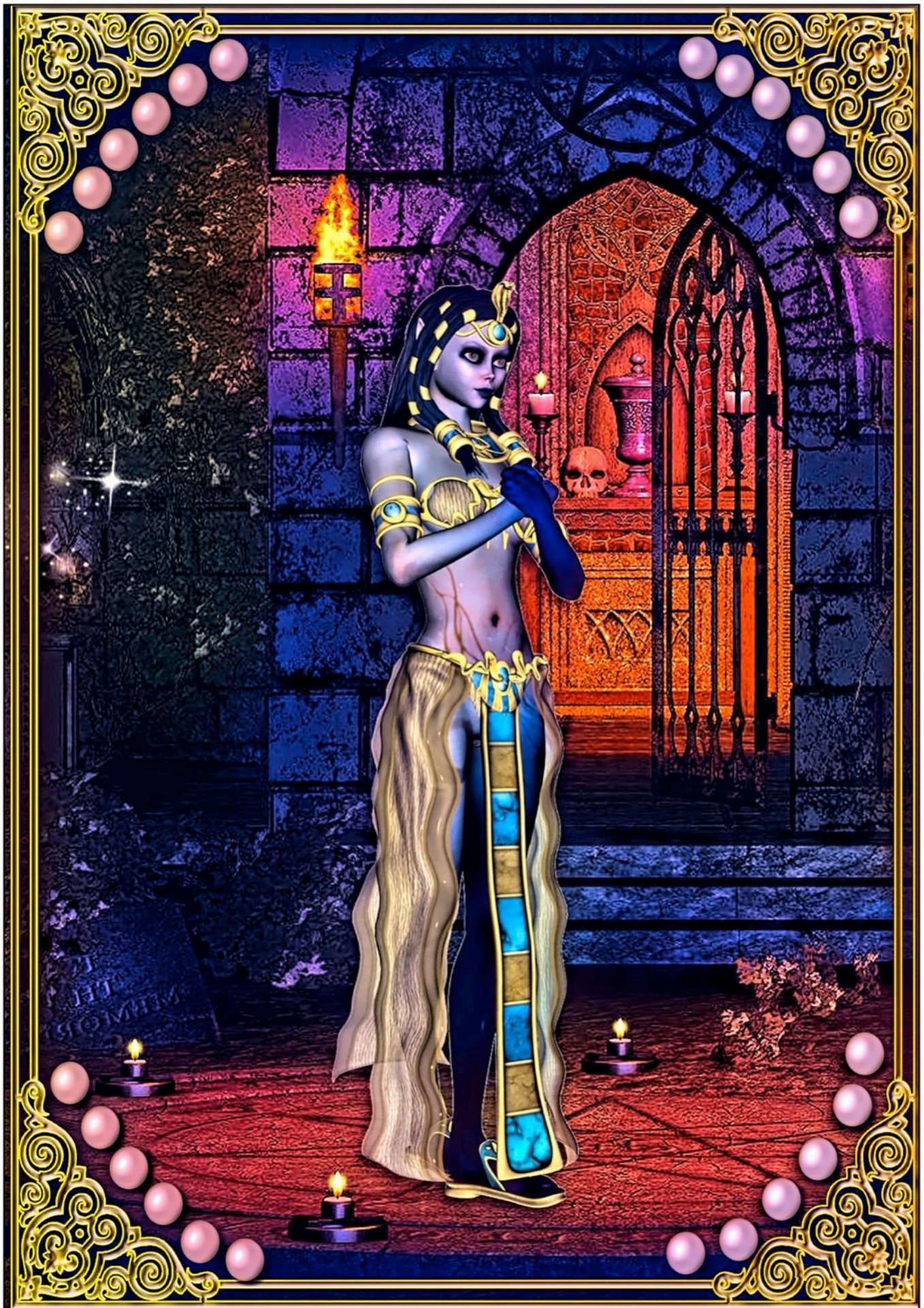




*“Still, here I am, Mr. A,
alive merely by possibility,
Myself indeed quite complex,
even irreducibly,
For I am the be all and end all—
the Prime Maker,
And so I keep tabs on
every form and splinter
Of the Universe, planning
its every constituent
That I designed.
So, then, simple I am NOT.*

*“Yes, I am an extremely
complicated System,
Yet I have no parts, for then
My parts that stemmed
Would be even more
fundamental than Me!”*

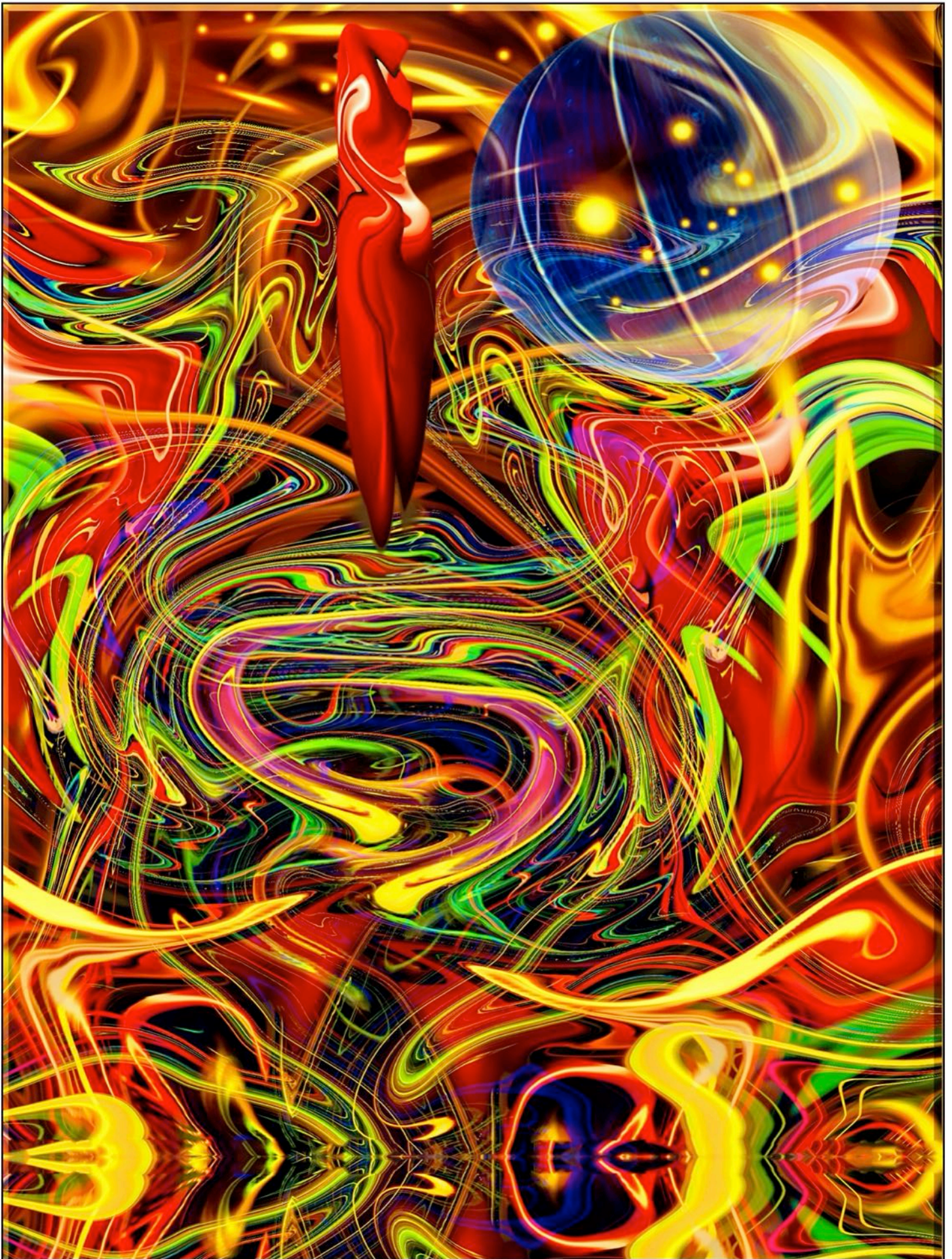


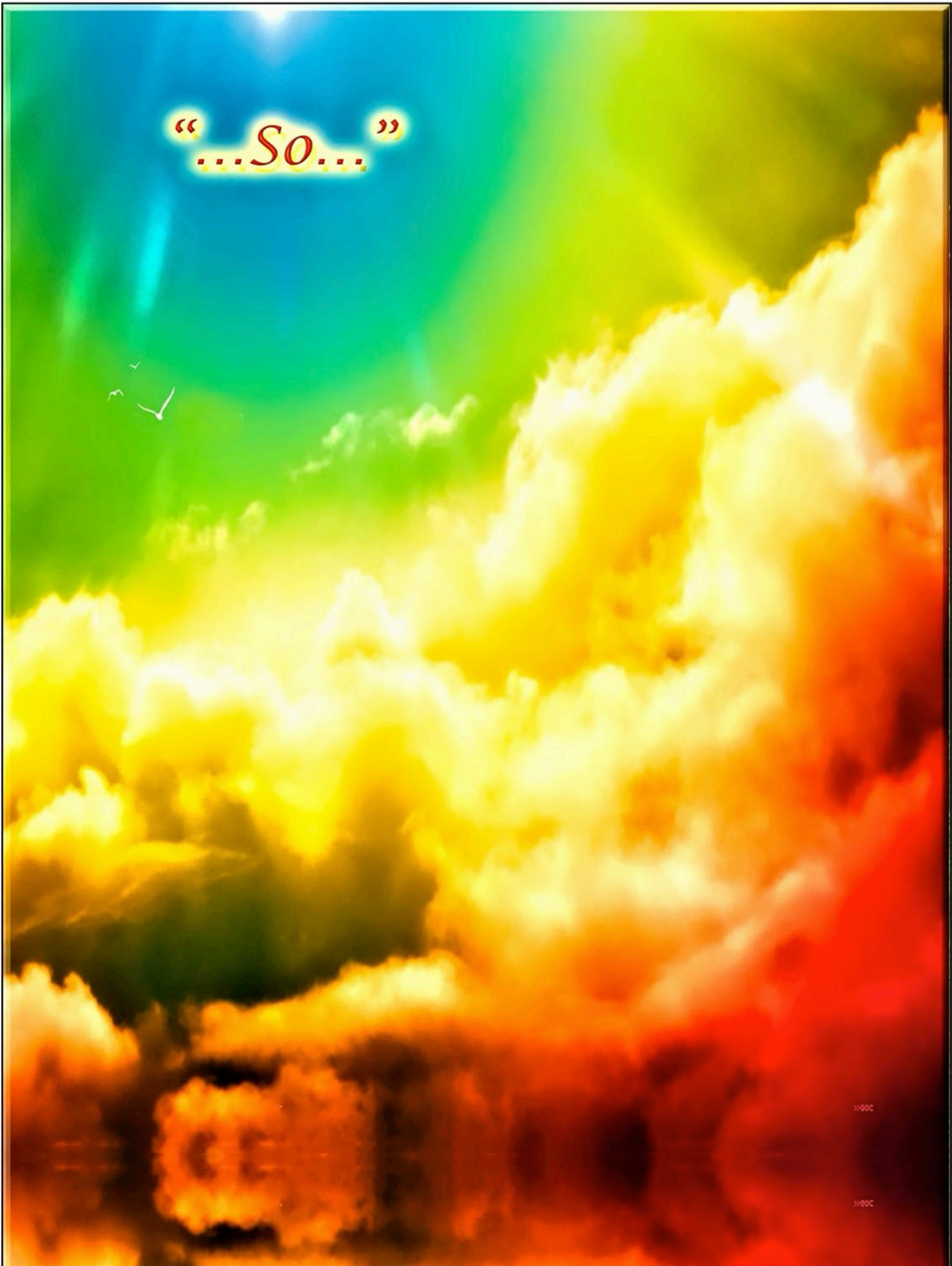


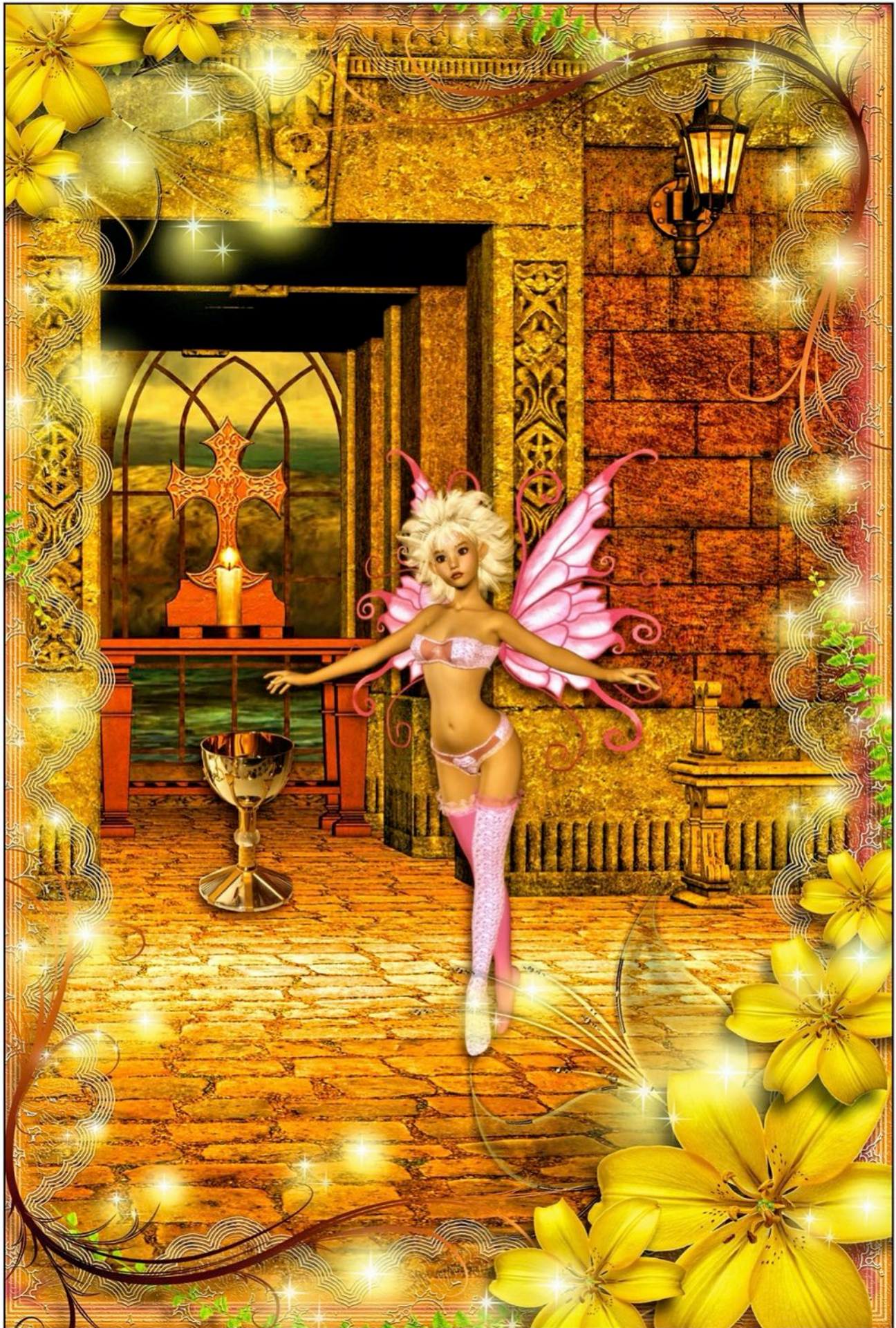




“Yes, ‘God’,
if You existed
you would surely be
Very very complex,
irreducibly so...”







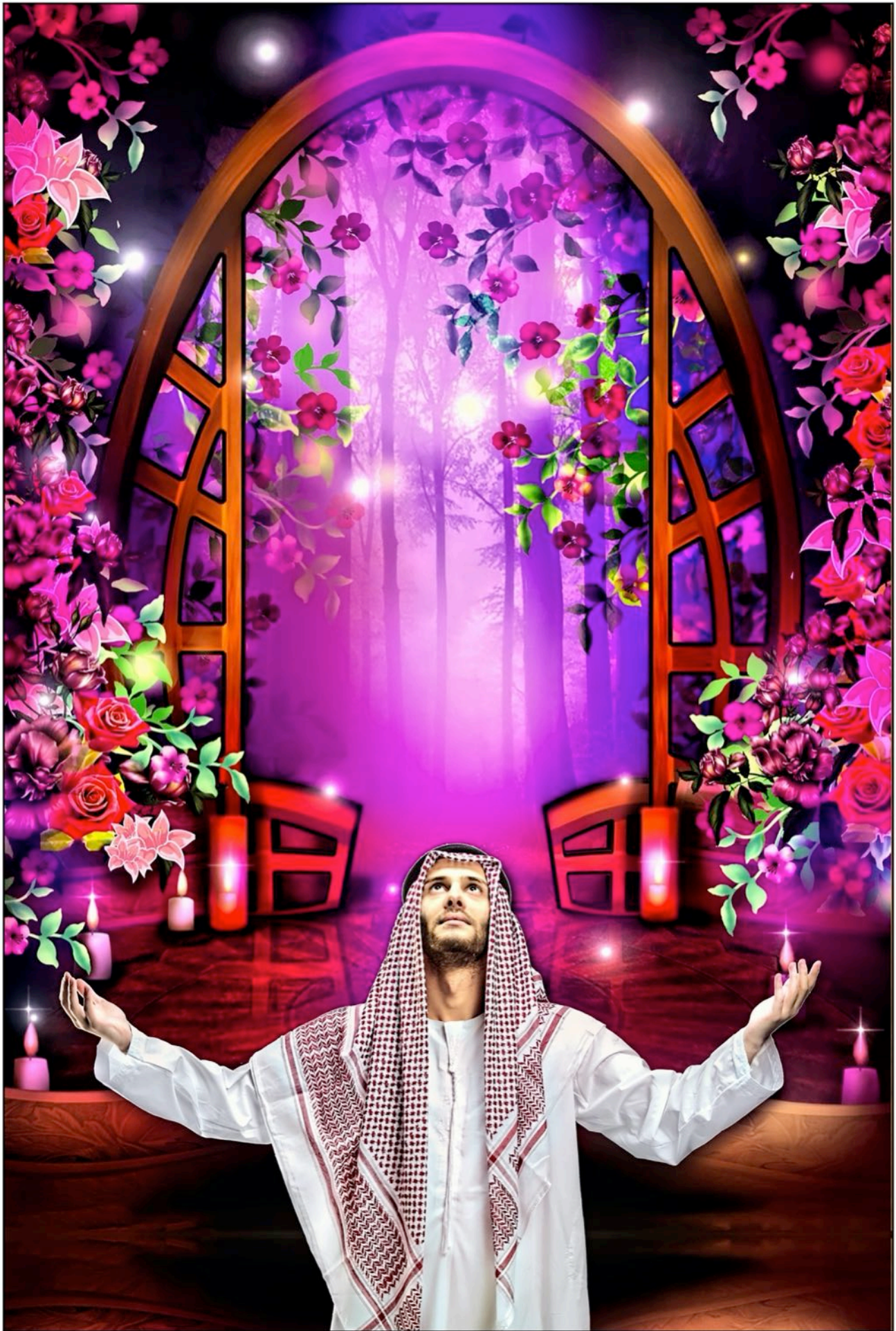
“...So, by the Creationist Theory,
such as it must be,
You cannot be explained
except by a larger ID.”







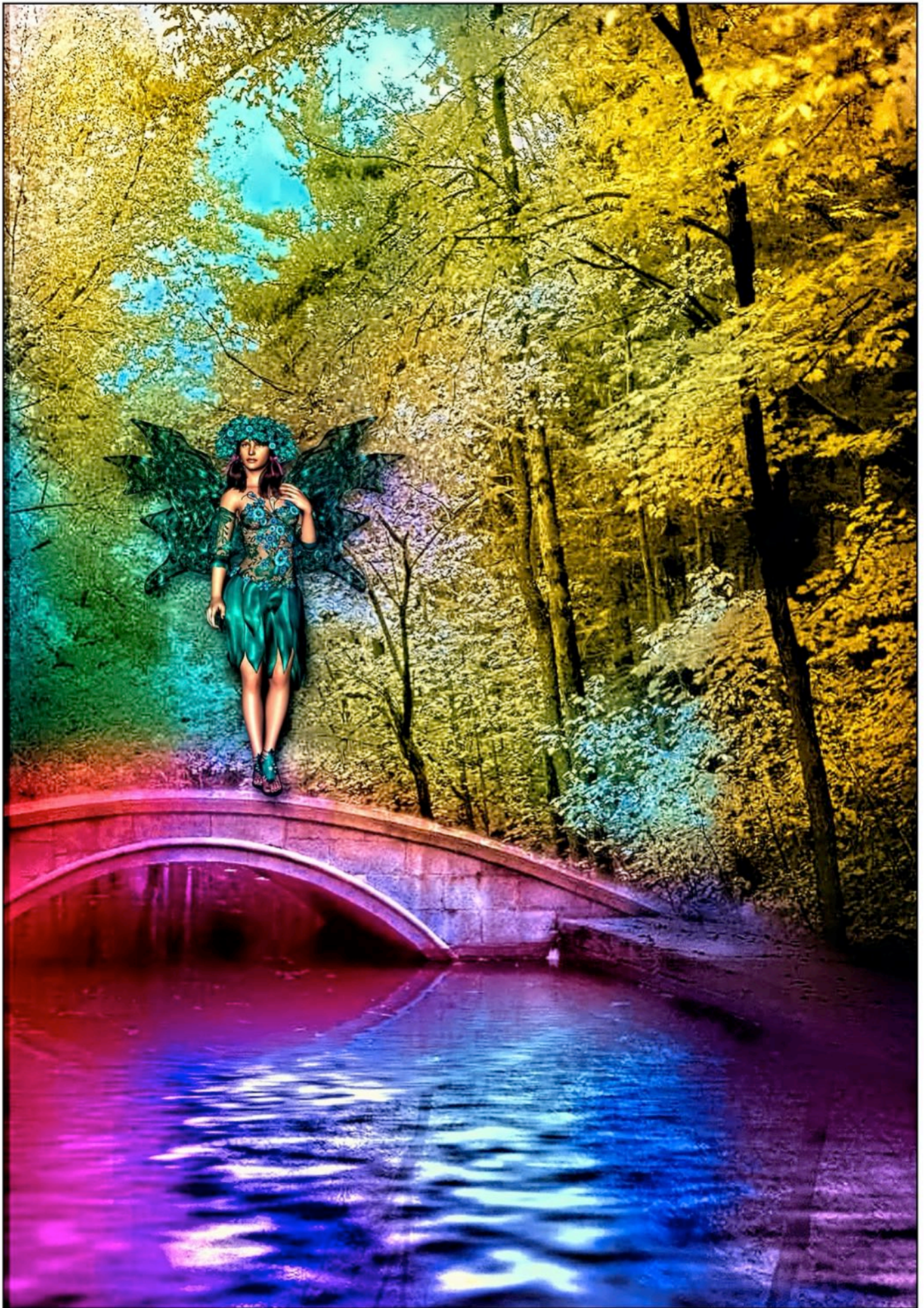
“I’m falling...”





“...Into the
hole that
they dug
for you.”







ENDURING EVERLASTINGS

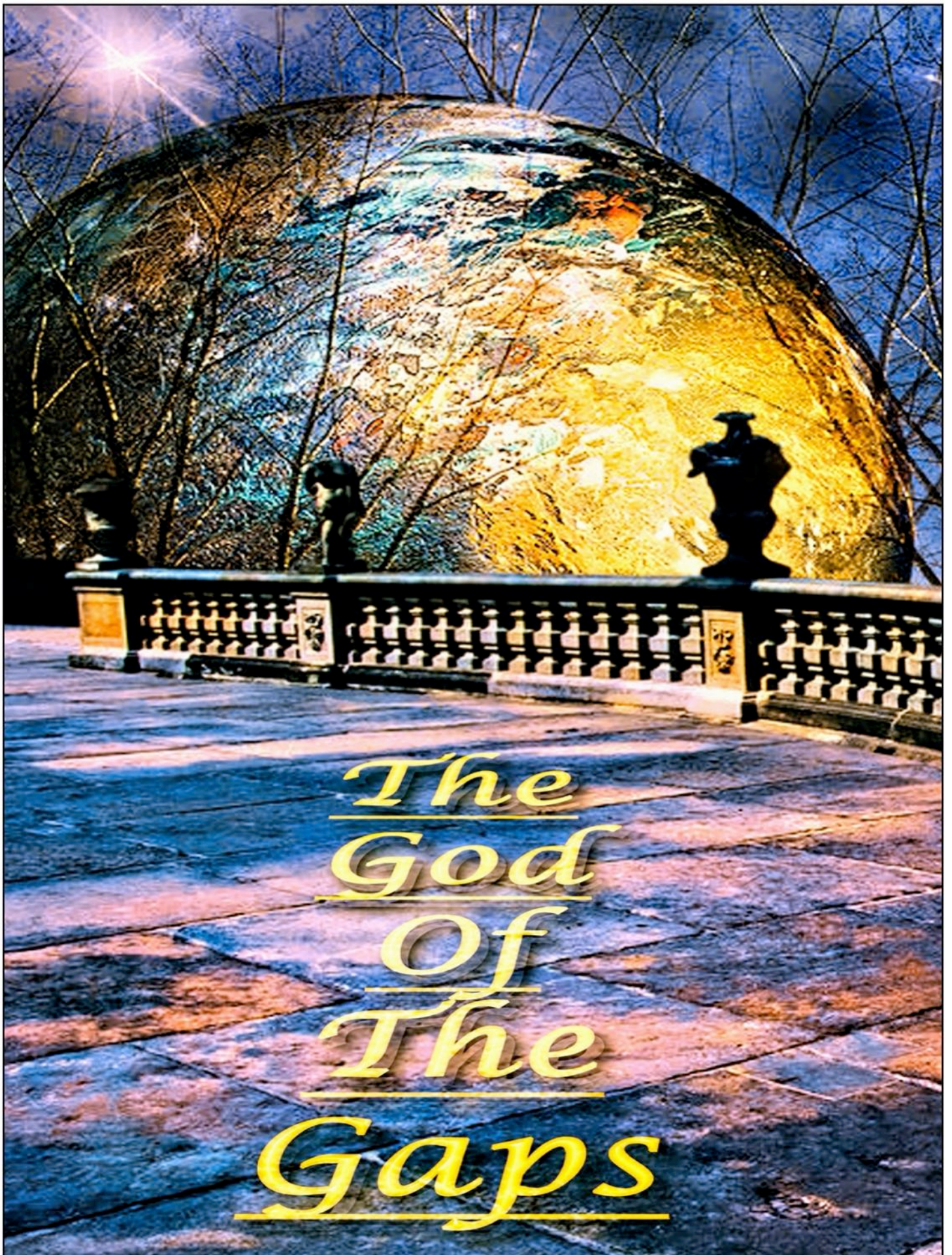
IF, NOW, YOU WORRY
THAT WE WILL NOT LAST,
THAT THE LIKES OF US
WILL SOMEDAY BE PAST,
AND WONDER WHITHER WHENCE
WE MORTALS WENT
AFTER THE LAST OF US
HER LIFE HAS SPENT...
THE ONE ETERNAL POSSIBILITY

YOU HAS FORMED
TRILLIONS OF BAUBLES
LIKE THEE,
AND WILL FORM,
FOREVERMORE,
THE COMINGS AND PASSINGS
OF WHICH ENERGY EMITS
TO IMMERSE,
AS MUCH AS THE AIR'S SELF
OF LITTLE THIRST
HEEDS OUR FLOATING BUBBLES
BLOWN AND BURST.

BTOMI VUD BOKSI



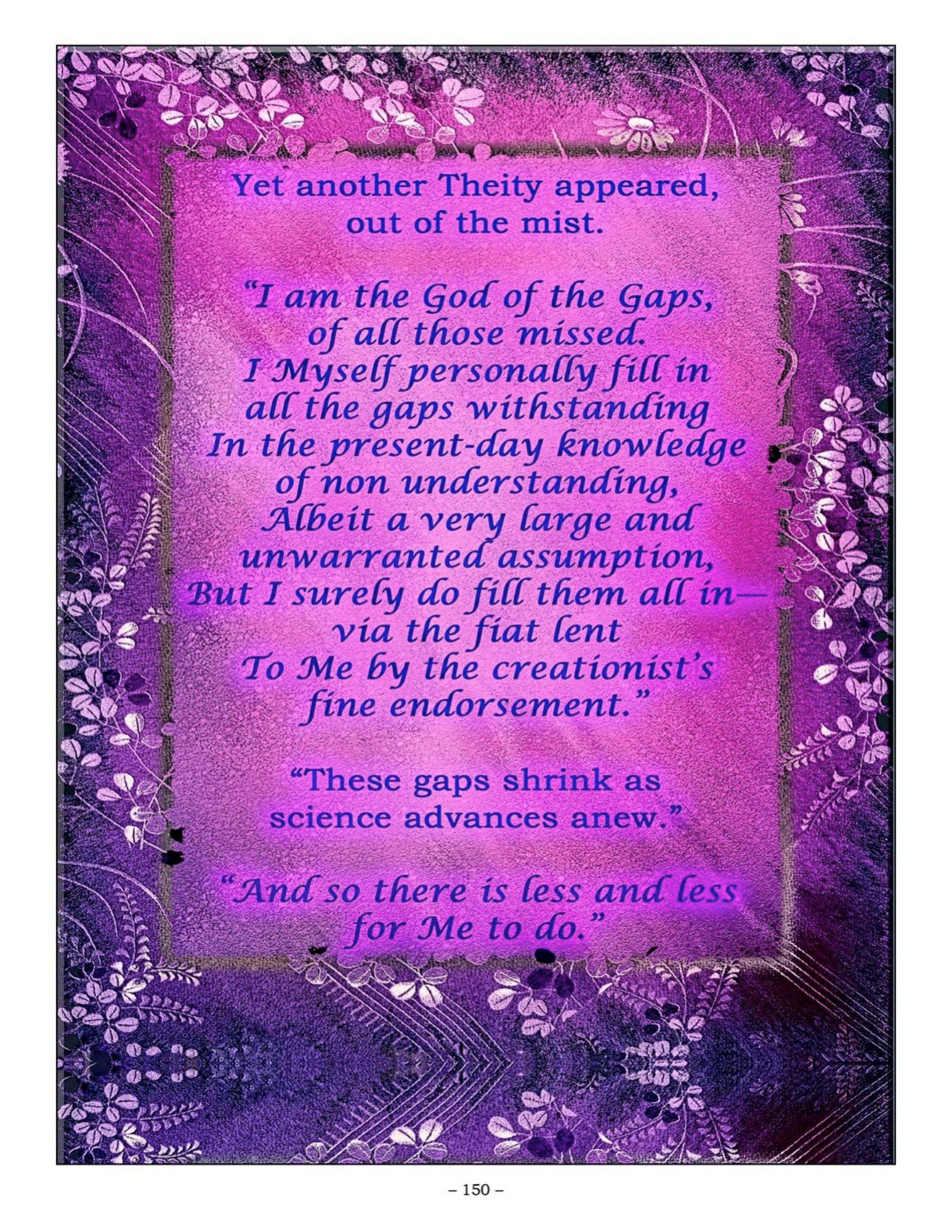




*The
God
Of
The
Gaps*







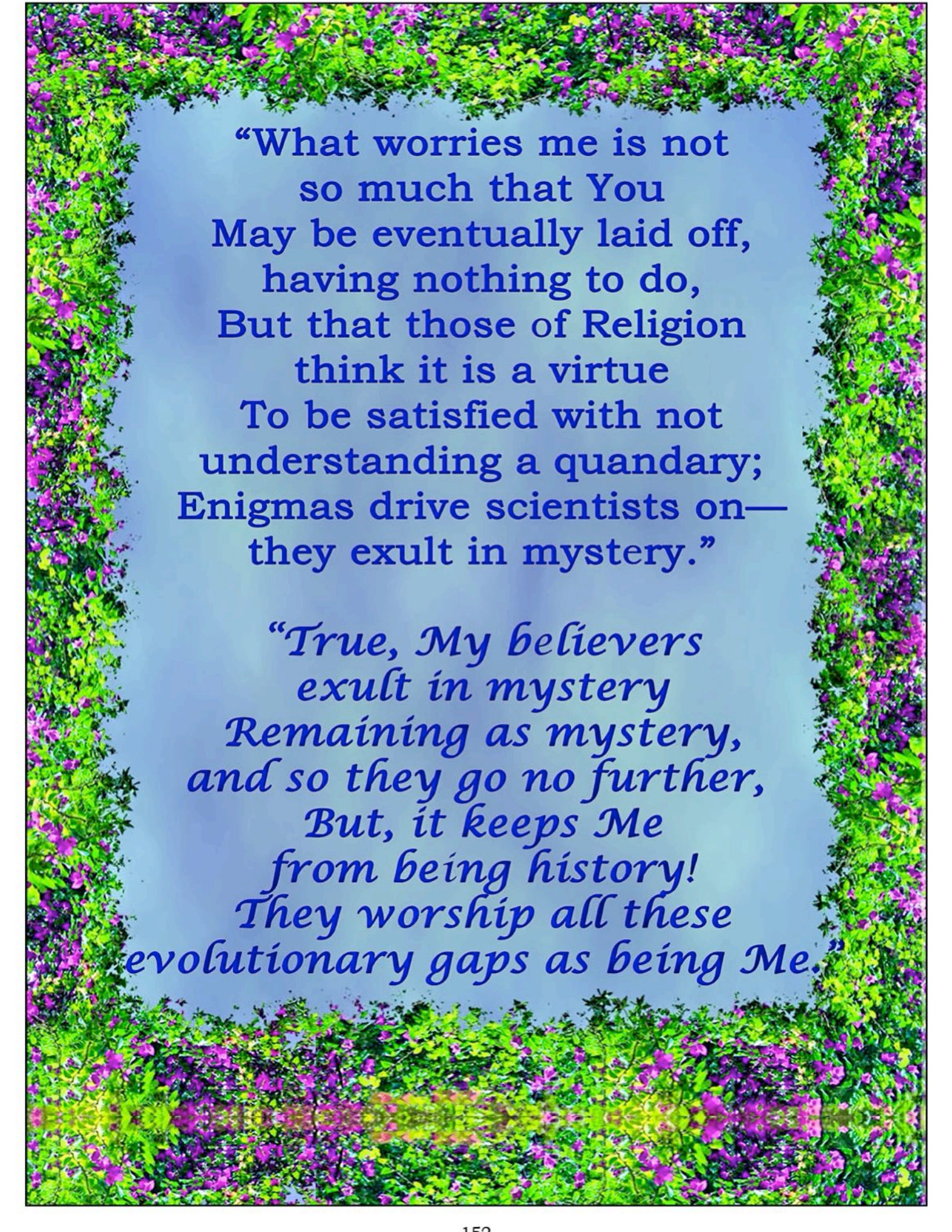
Yet another Theity appeared,
out of the mist.

*"I am the God of the Gaps,
of all those missed.
I Myself personally fill in
all the gaps withstanding
In the present-day knowledge
of non understanding,
Albeit a very large and
unwarranted assumption,
But I surely do fill them all in—
via the fiat lent
To Me by the creationist's
fine endorsement."*

*"These gaps shrink as
science advances anew."*

*"And so there is less and less
for Me to do."*

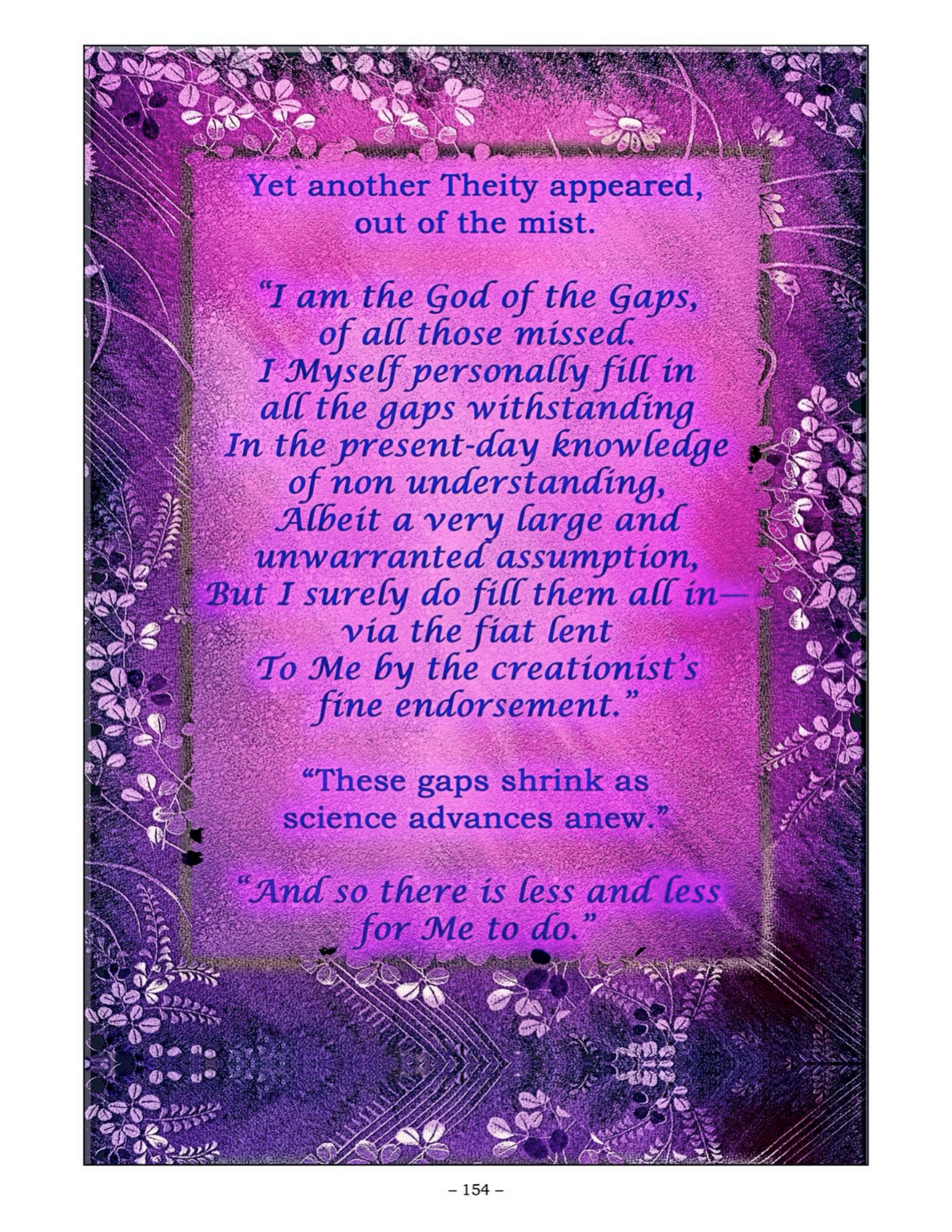




“What worries me is not
so much that You
May be eventually laid off,
having nothing to do,
But that those of Religion
think it is a virtue
To be satisfied with not
understanding a quandary;
Enigmas drive scientists on—
they exult in mystery.”

*“True, My believers
exult in mystery
Remaining as mystery,
and so they go no further,
But, it keeps Me
from being history!
They worship all these
evolutionary gaps as being Me.”*





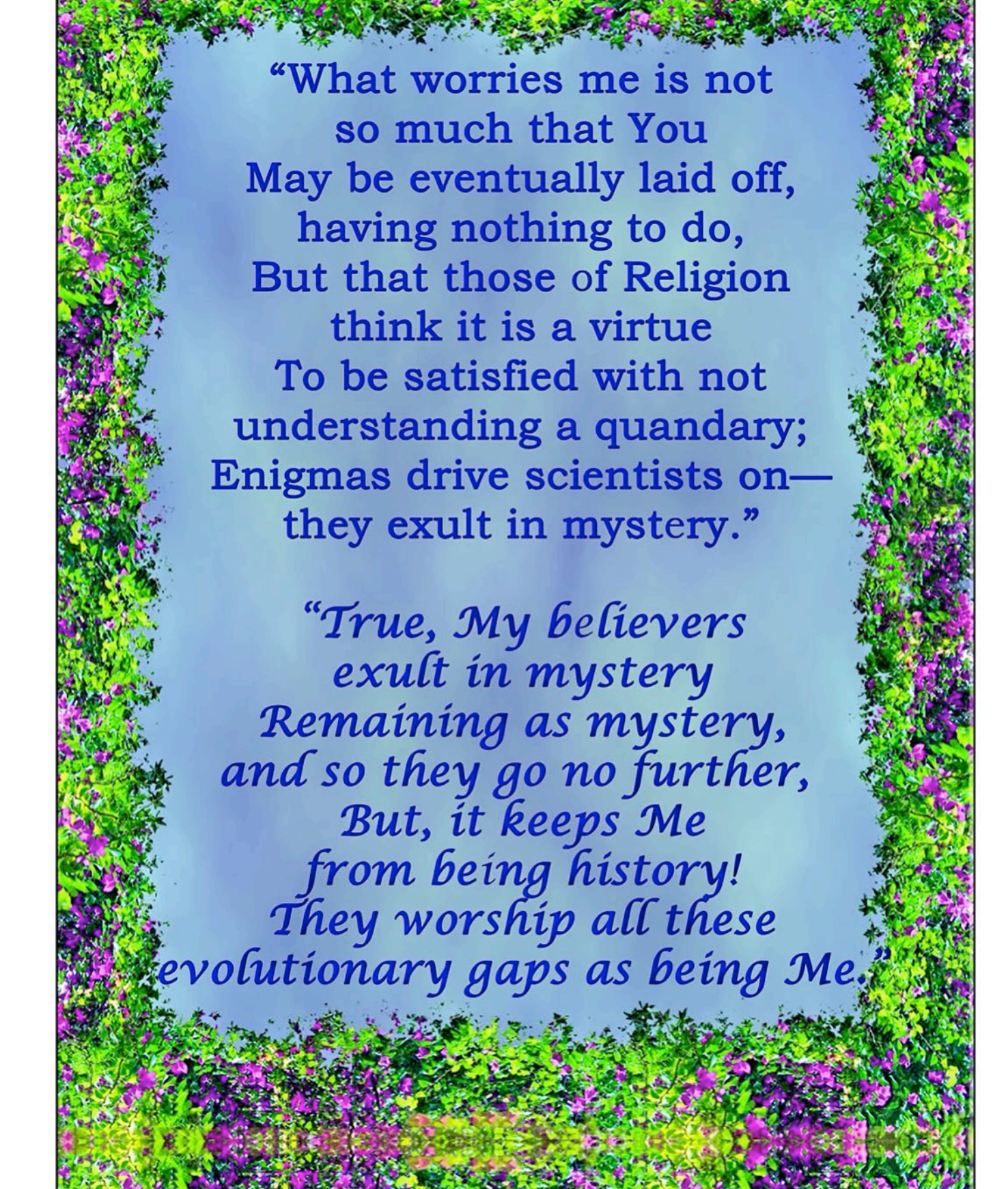
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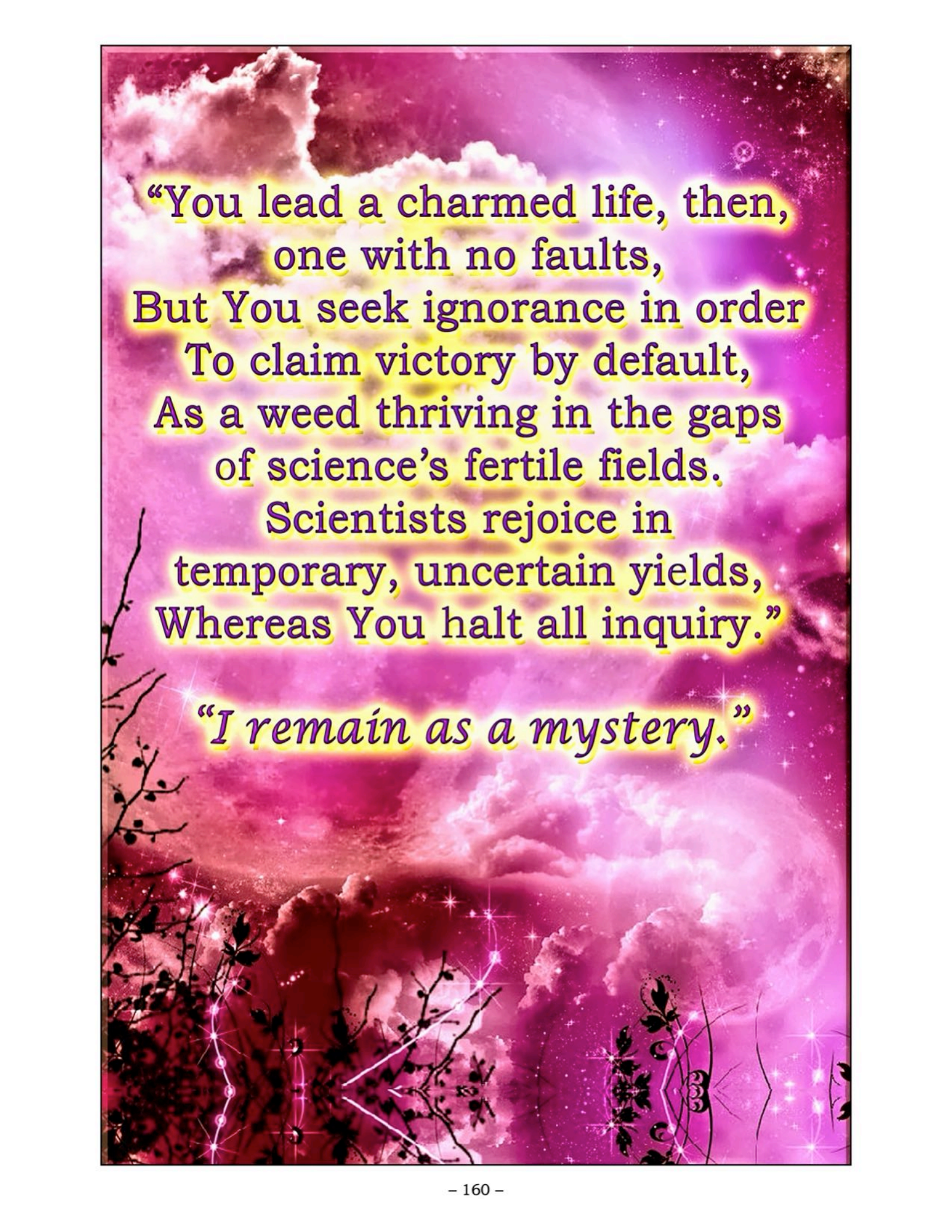




“With no justification?”

*“We have a
‘get out of jail free’ card—
a vocation;
It’s an immunity to the
rigorous proofs of science;
We just claim
by the ‘say so’.
All must respect
that stance.”*





“You lead a charmed life, then,
one with no faults,
But You seek ignorance in order
To claim victory by default,
As a weed thriving in the gaps
of science’s fertile fields.
Scientists rejoice in
temporary, uncertain yields,
Whereas You halt all inquiry.”

“I remain as a mystery.”



“You’re the same God
Of Intelligent Design assumed—
Now known by a much more
desperate nom de plume.”

*“I repeat that I intervene
To fill the evolutionary gaps.
I even alter DNA.”*

“We could check the
evidence for that.
We researchers fill the gaps
in the fossil record.”

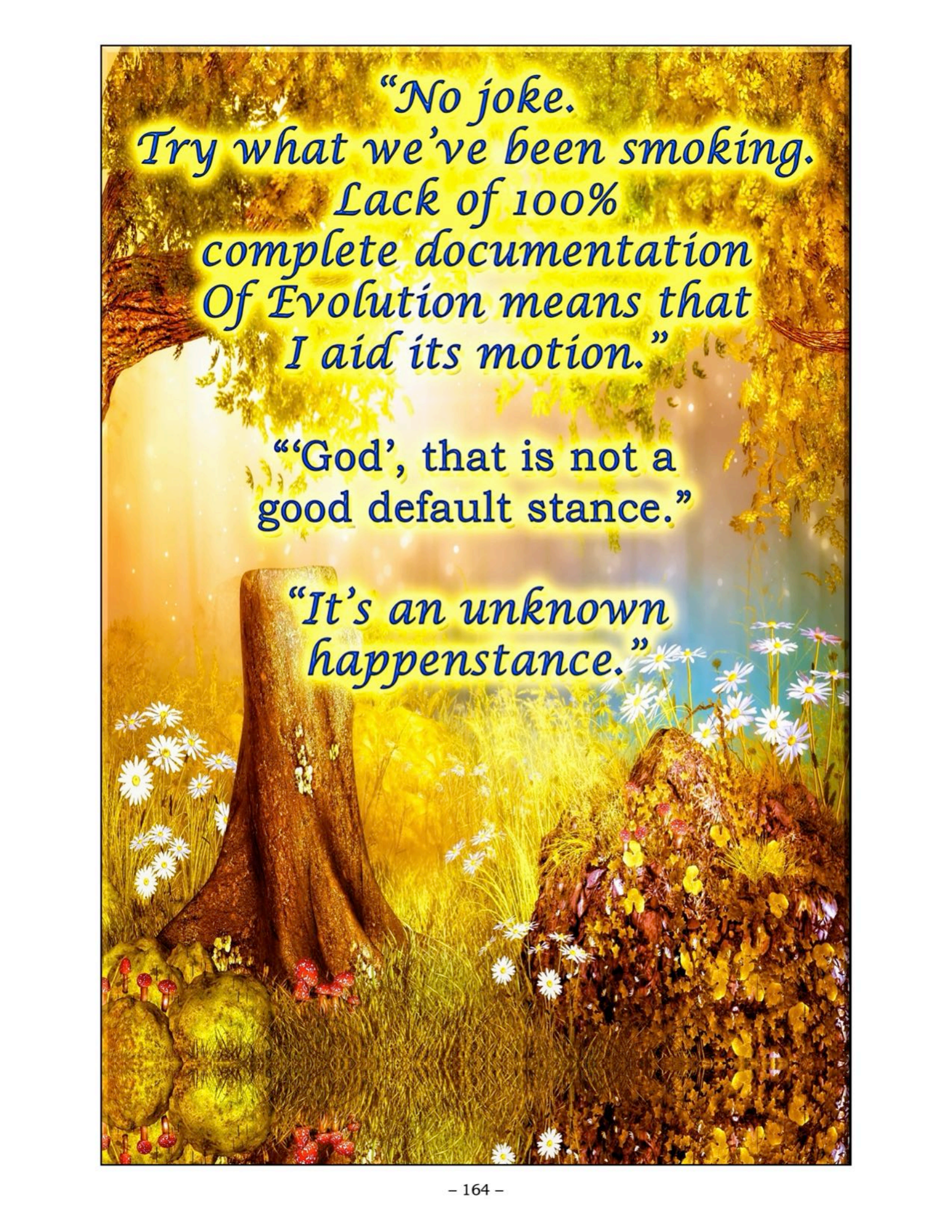
*“Then there are twice
as many gaps. Absurd.”*

“I’d laugh, but I know
You’re not joking.”

NON, I’E NOF JOKING.”

I A ISAGIU’ DAC I KIOM





*“No joke.
Try what we’ve been smoking.
Lack of 100%
complete documentation
Of Evolution means that
I aid its motion.”*

*“‘God’, that is not a
good default stance.”*

*“It’s an unknown
happenstance.”*



*“So, do we let criminals go
Because we don’t have a video
Of their every
intermediate foot step
To and from the lawless event?”*

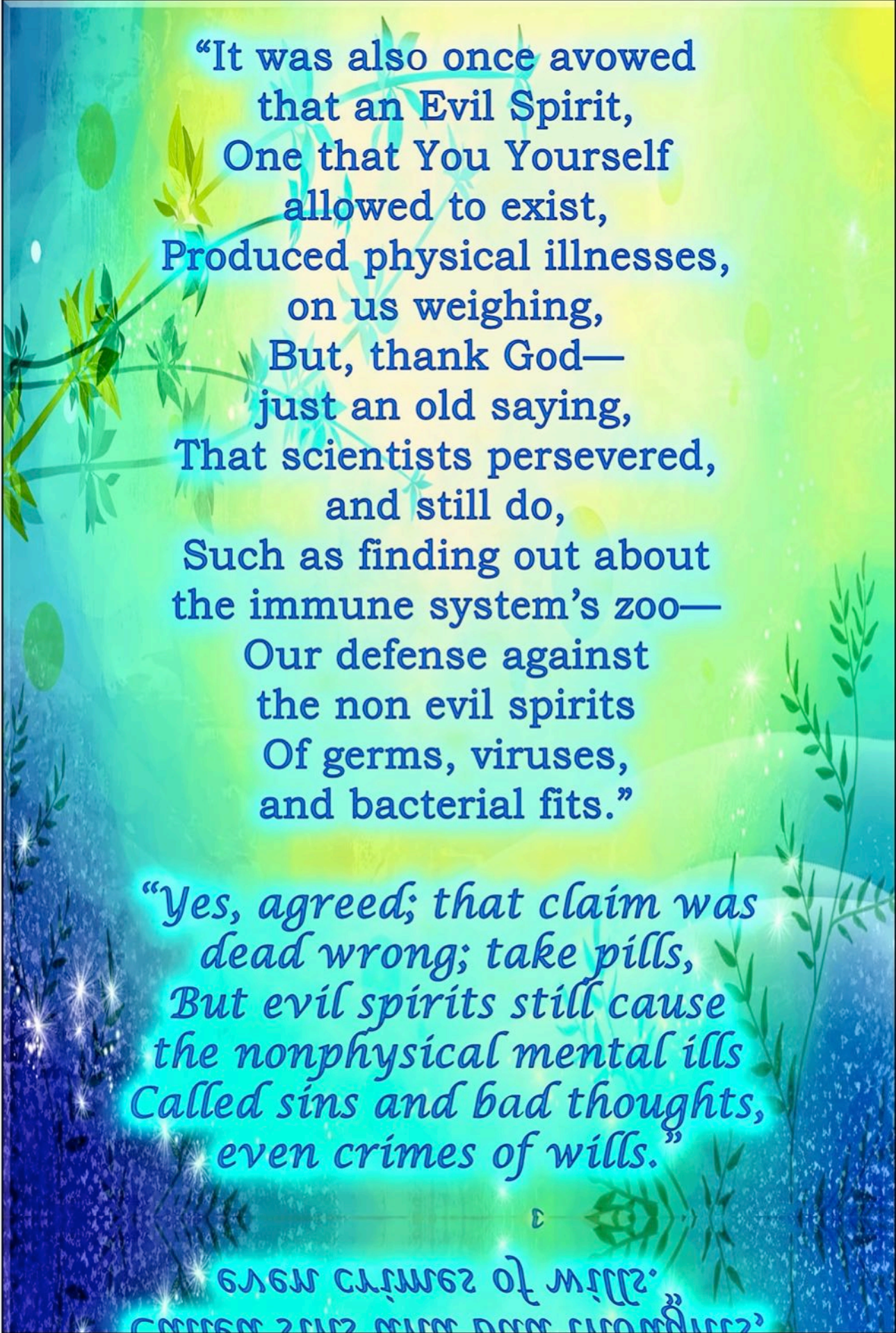
*“No, of course not,
but we now have great worry
About our precariously
perched gappy theory.
Also, you made a typo—
it’s a God default stance,
Certified by nothing more
than proclamation
Of Our Bull of Decree
covering all instantiation.”*

“An edict, huh.”

“Why not, duh.”

“Why not, duh.”



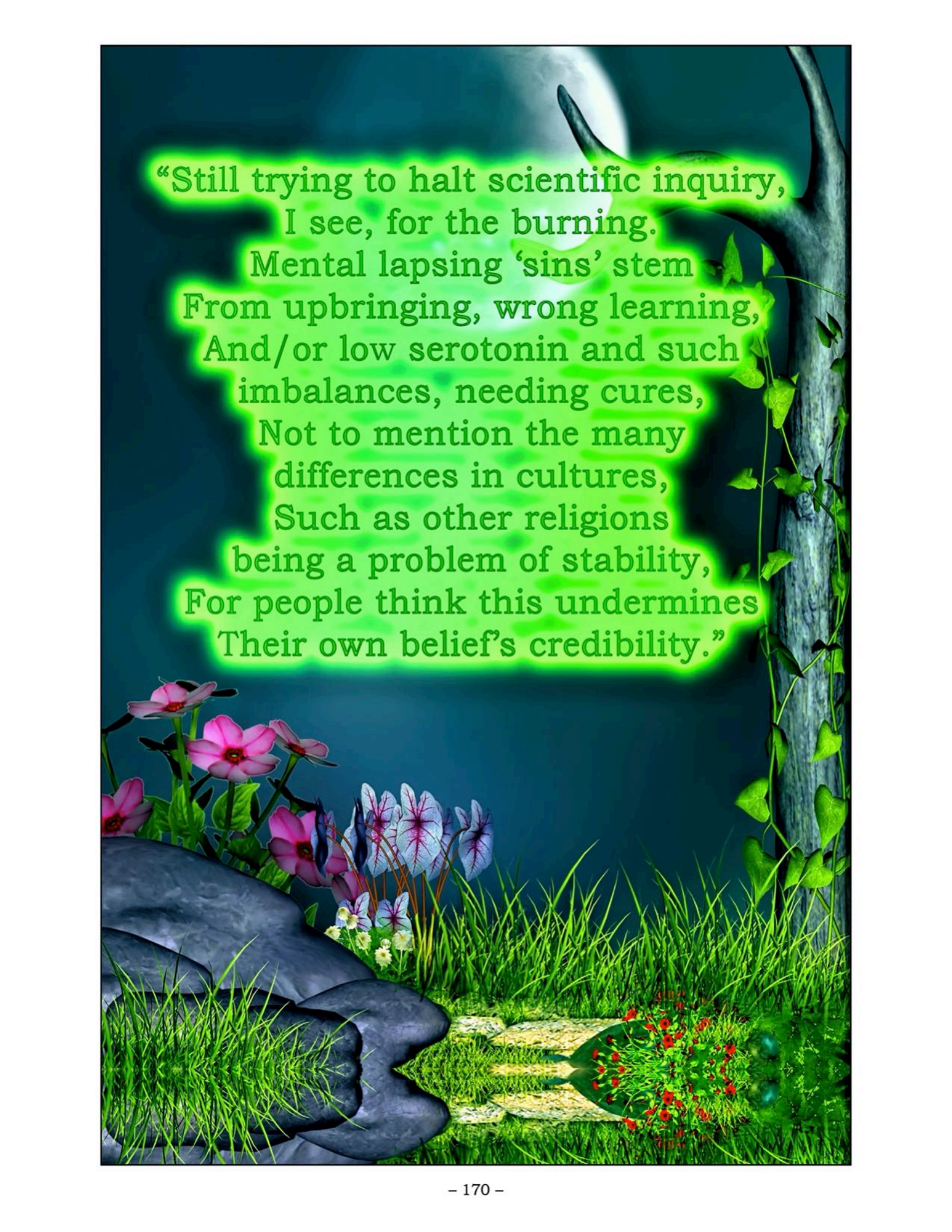


“It was also once avowed
that an Evil Spirit,
One that You Yourself
allowed to exist,
Produced physical illnesses,
on us weighing,
But, thank God—
just an old saying,
That scientists persevered,
and still do,
Such as finding out about
the immune system’s zoo—
Our defense against
the non evil spirits
Of germs, viruses,
and bacterial fits.”

*“Yes, agreed; that claim was
dead wrong; take pills,
But evil spirits still cause
the nonphysical mental ills
Called sins and bad thoughts,
even crimes of wills.”*

*even crimes of wills.
Sins and bad thoughts,
even crimes of wills.”*



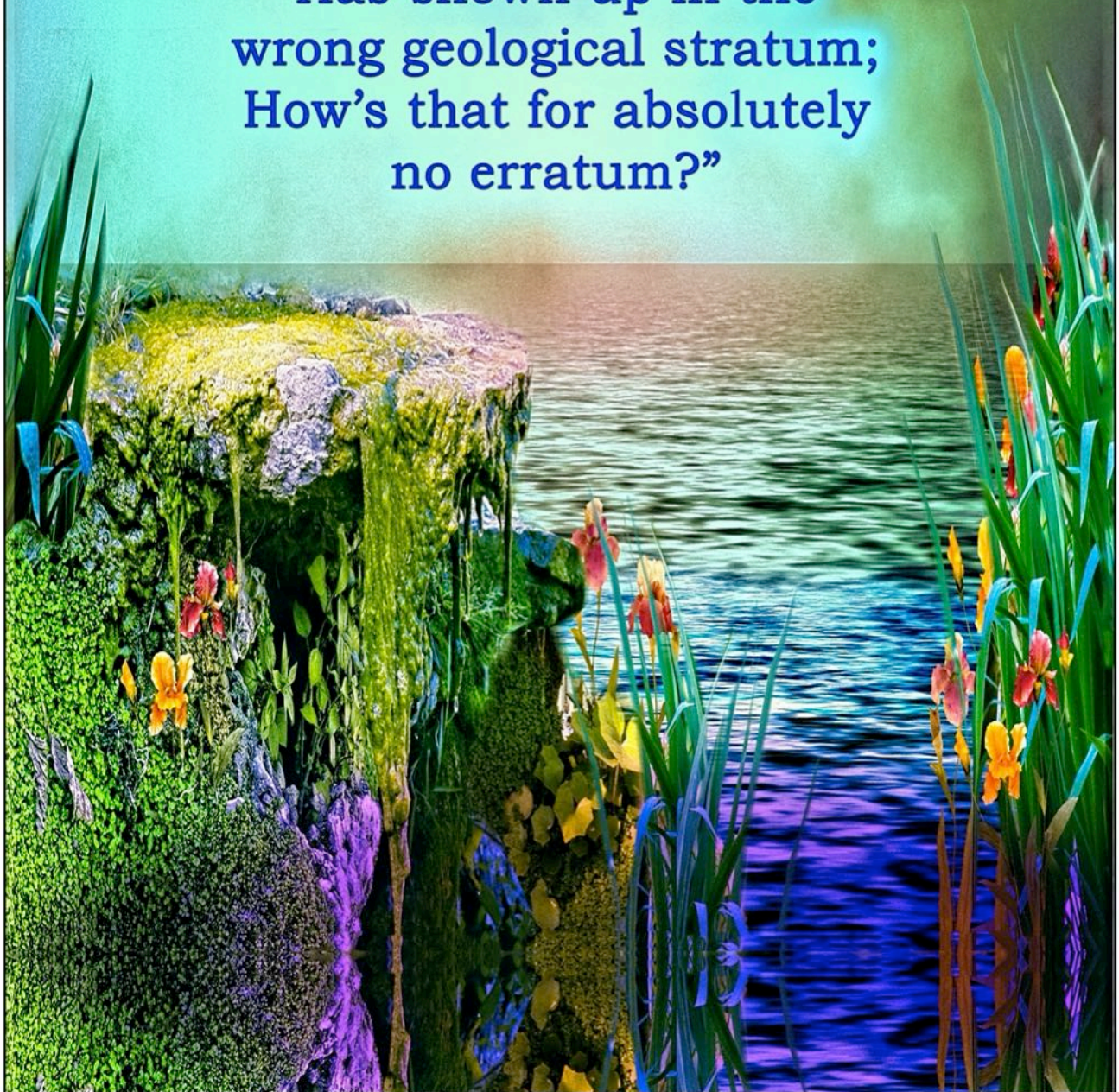


“Still trying to halt scientific inquiry,
I see, for the burning.
Mental lapsing ‘sins’ stem
From upbringing, wrong learning,
And/or low serotonin and such
imbalances, needing cures,
Not to mention the many
differences in cultures,
Such as other religions
being a problem of stability,
For people think this undermines
Their own belief’s credibility.”




*“Okay, I give up for now, AustinTorn. Be.
Go on with your work, with My blessing,
To discover important truths about reality,
But some fossils are evidently missing!”*

*“Only a tiny fraction of corpses fossilize;
However, not even a single fossil guy
Has shown up in the
wrong geological stratum;
How’s that for absolutely
no erratum?”*



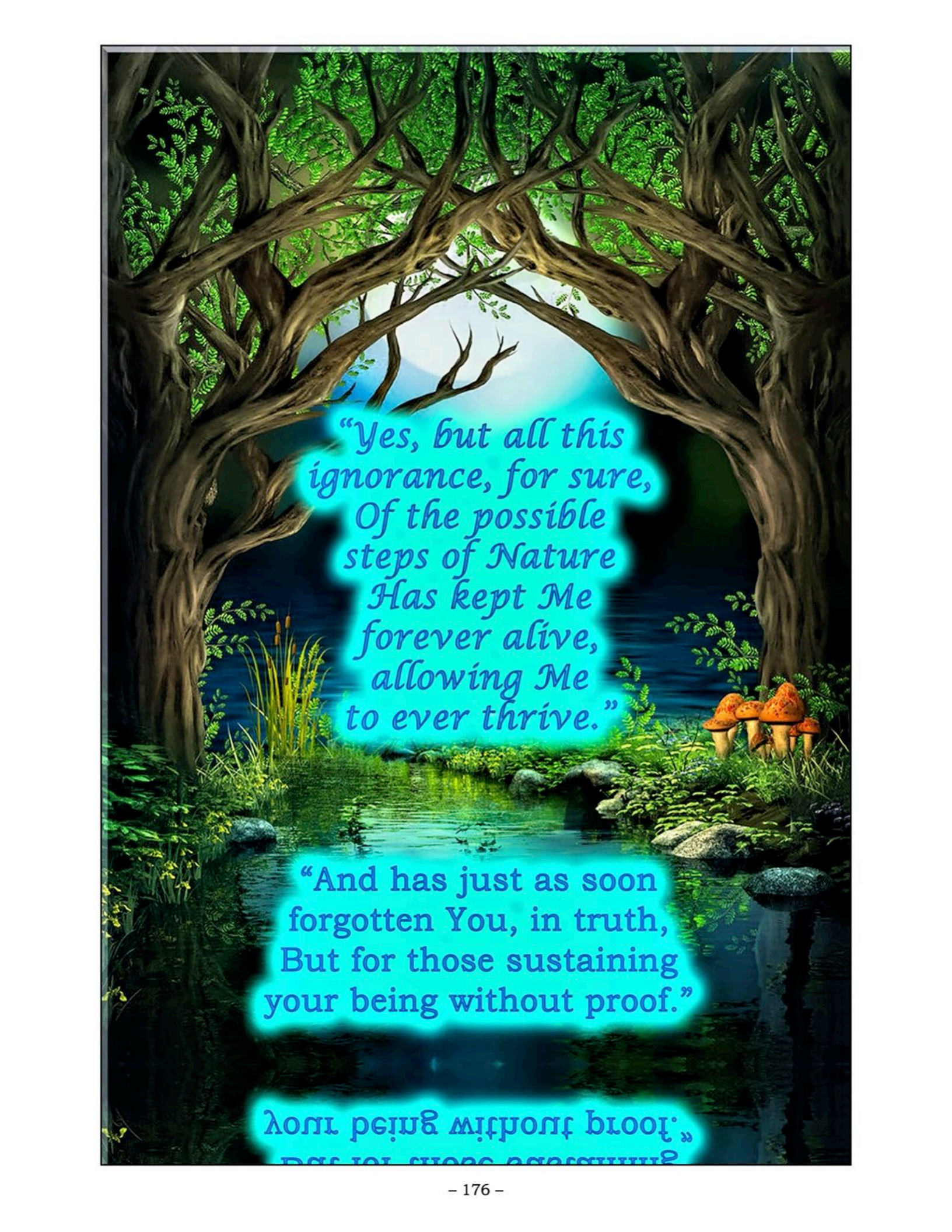


A scenic landscape featuring a cherry blossom tree on the left, its branches extending across the top. The background is a soft, pinkish-red gradient. In the foreground, there are several large, smooth, light-colored rocks partially submerged in a body of water. The water reflects the colors of the sky and the rocks. Tall grasses and reeds are visible behind the rocks. The overall atmosphere is peaceful and serene.

*“Well... it’s sad for Me, but true.
I’d still love to find wrong a few,
Like a fossil rabbit in the Precambrian.
I’d have planted one there if I existed then.*”

**“Dream on. Lazy reasoning
is all that’s behind
These declarations of
the irreducible complexity kind.”**



A lush, vibrant forest scene. In the foreground, a small stream flows through a dense thicket of green plants and ferns. The water is clear, reflecting the surrounding foliage. On the right bank, several bright orange mushrooms with white spots are growing. The middle ground is dominated by two large, ancient-looking trees with thick, gnarled trunks and dense green canopies. The background shows a soft, hazy landscape with rolling hills under a pale sky. The overall atmosphere is serene and magical.

*“Yes, but all this
ignorance, for sure,
Of the possible
steps of Nature
Has kept Me
forever alive,
allowing Me
to ever thrive.”*

*“And has just as soon
forgotten You, in truth,
But for those sustaining
your being without proof.”*

*λοπι ρεινδ μιτρολιτ βιοοι
ρεσ ιοι σπορε ερεσσηνιτ*

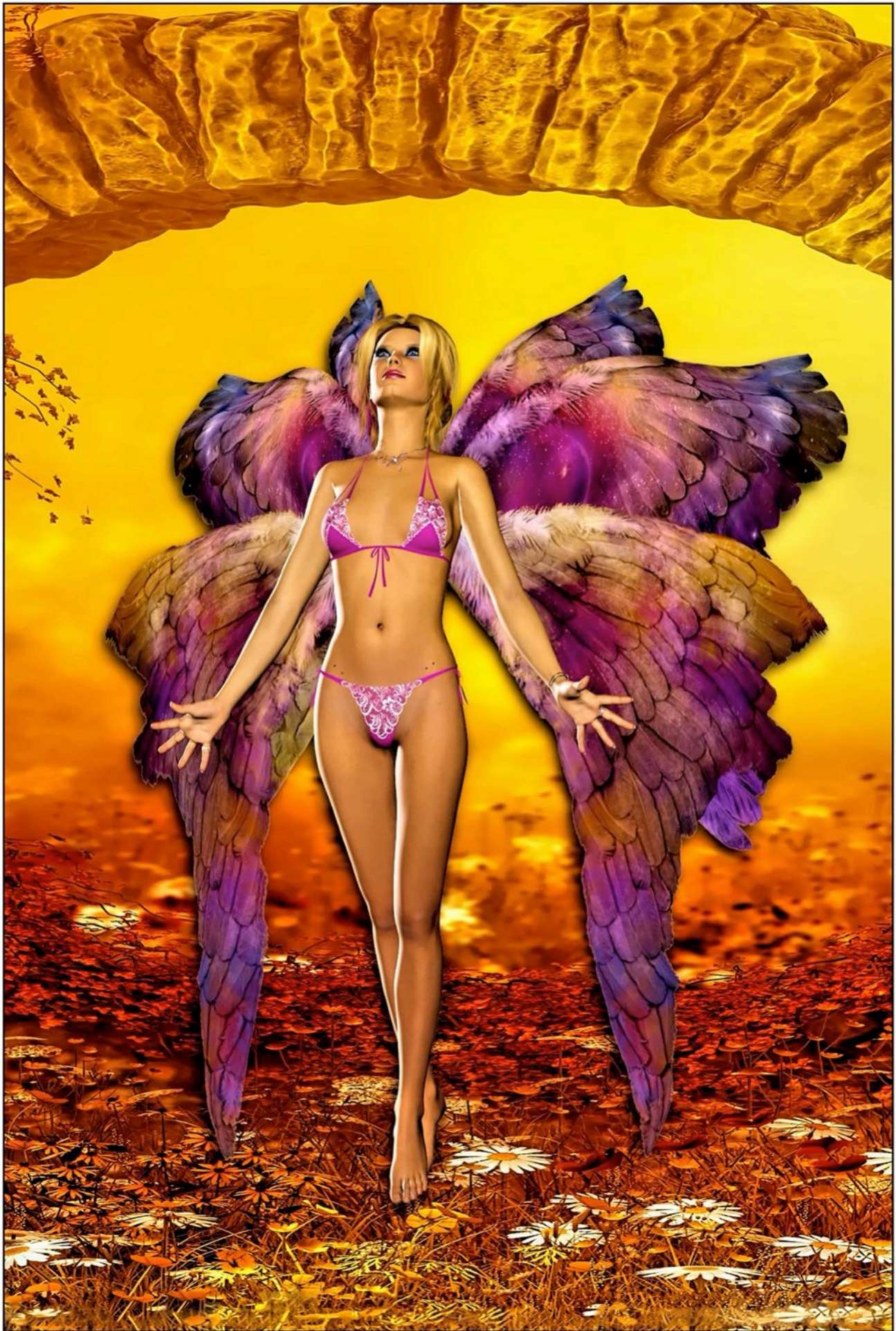


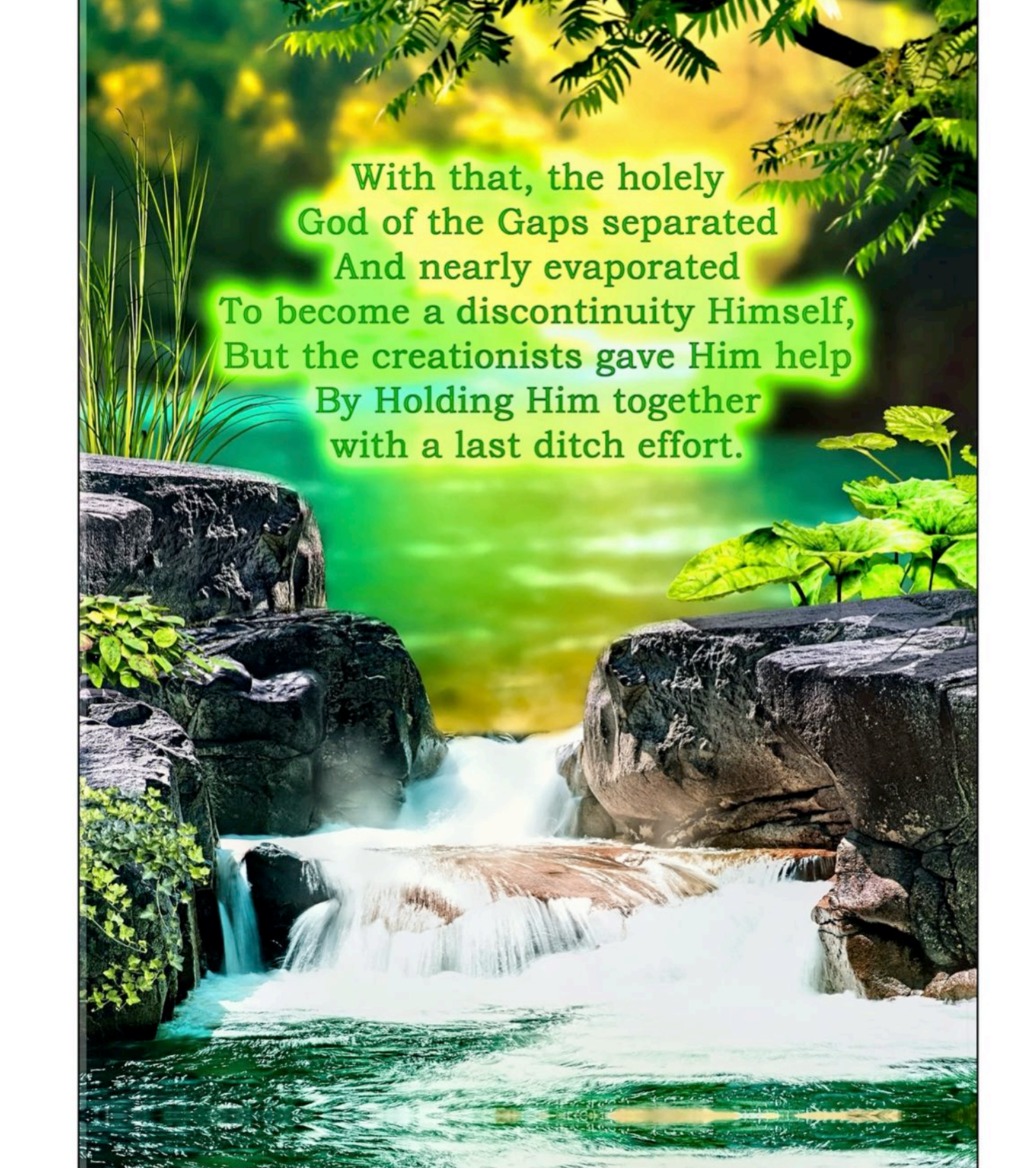
*“Wait, what about an arch of bricks?
I’ll try to use this one as a trick.
Pull one away and the arch falls apart;
It cannot survive the subtraction of a part,
So, how, then, was it built in the first place?
With this insight I can win the human race.”*

“By scaffolding, the same as seen in Evolution.”

“I was afraid that would be the solution.”





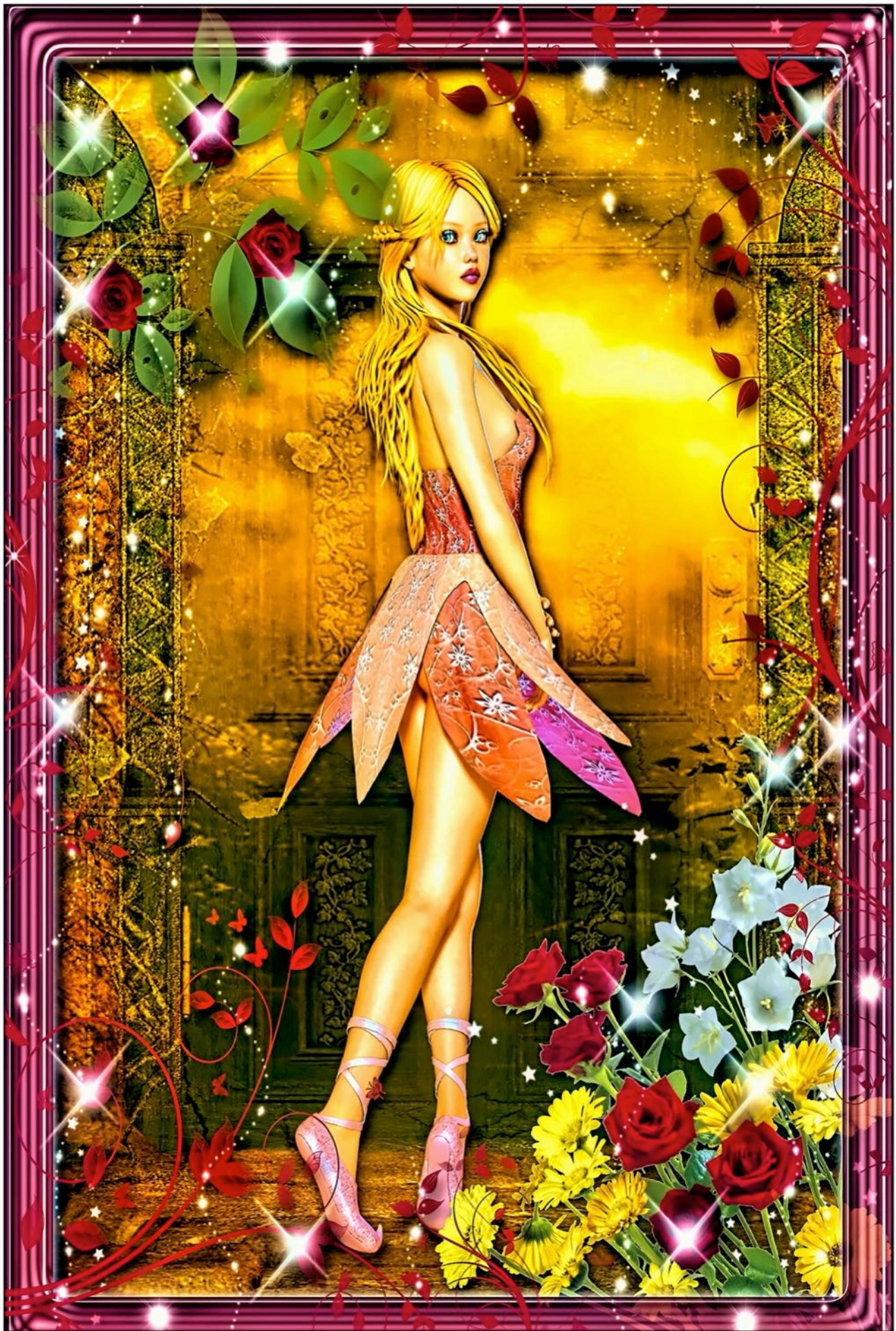


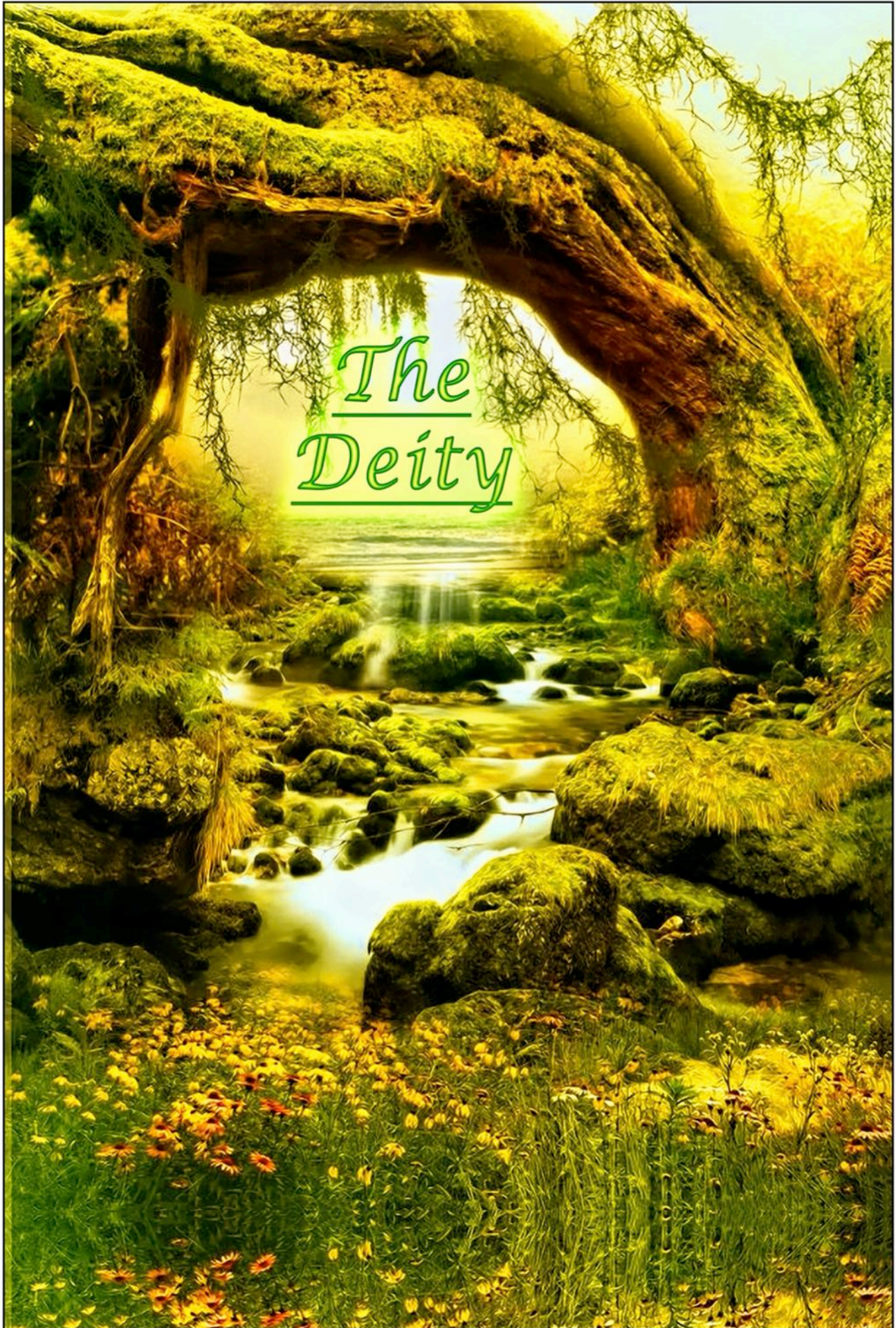
With that, the holely
God of the Gaps separated
And nearly evaporated
To become a discontinuity Himself,
But the creationists gave Him help
By Holding Him together
with a last ditch effort.











Another God appeared,
a mere Deity,
Meaning no intervention,
so He's not a Theity,
And thusly said,
"Forget the Theity solution.
I am the Smart God
who seeded Evolution.

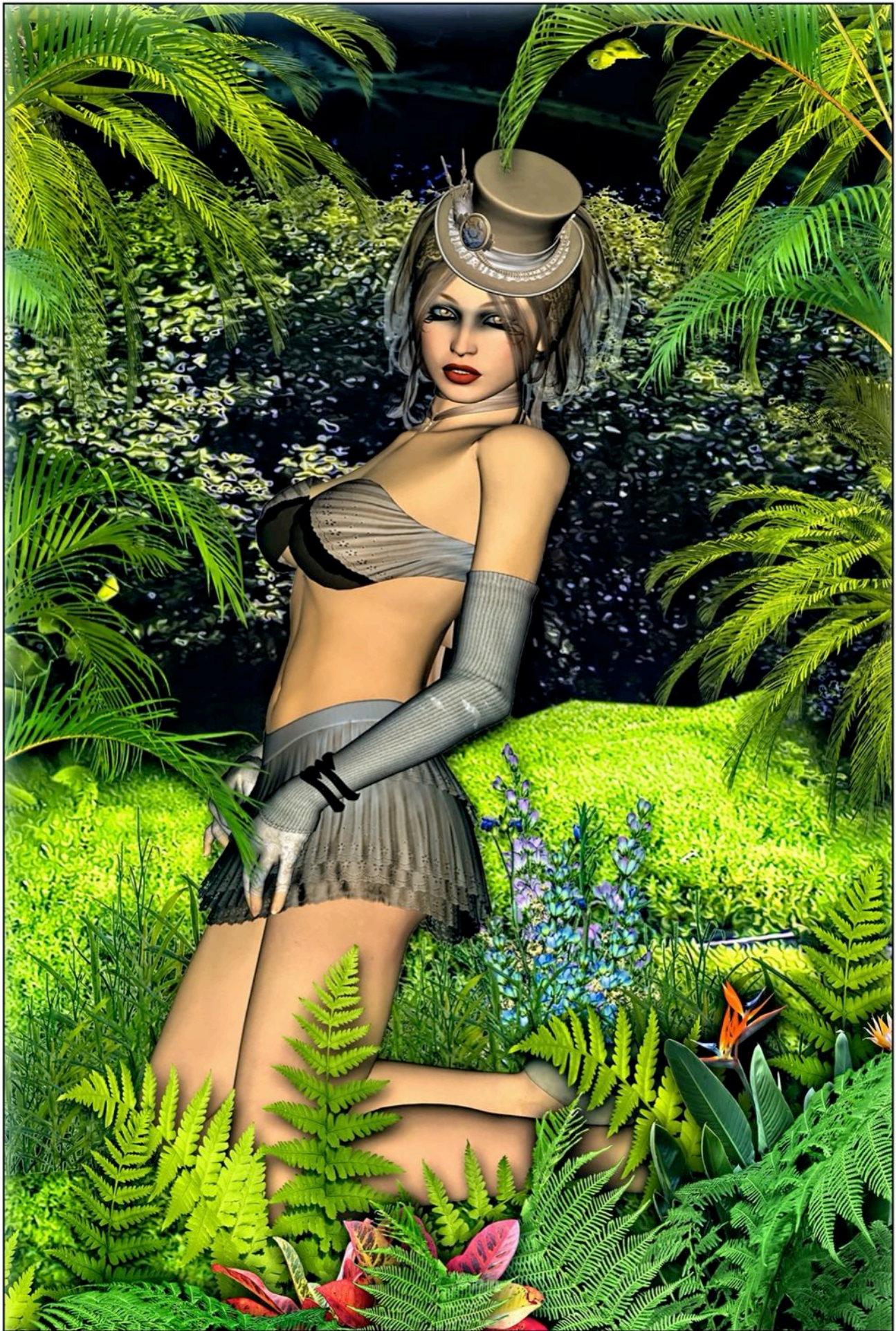
"It was I that set the
whole universal notion
And all of life's evolution
into motion;"

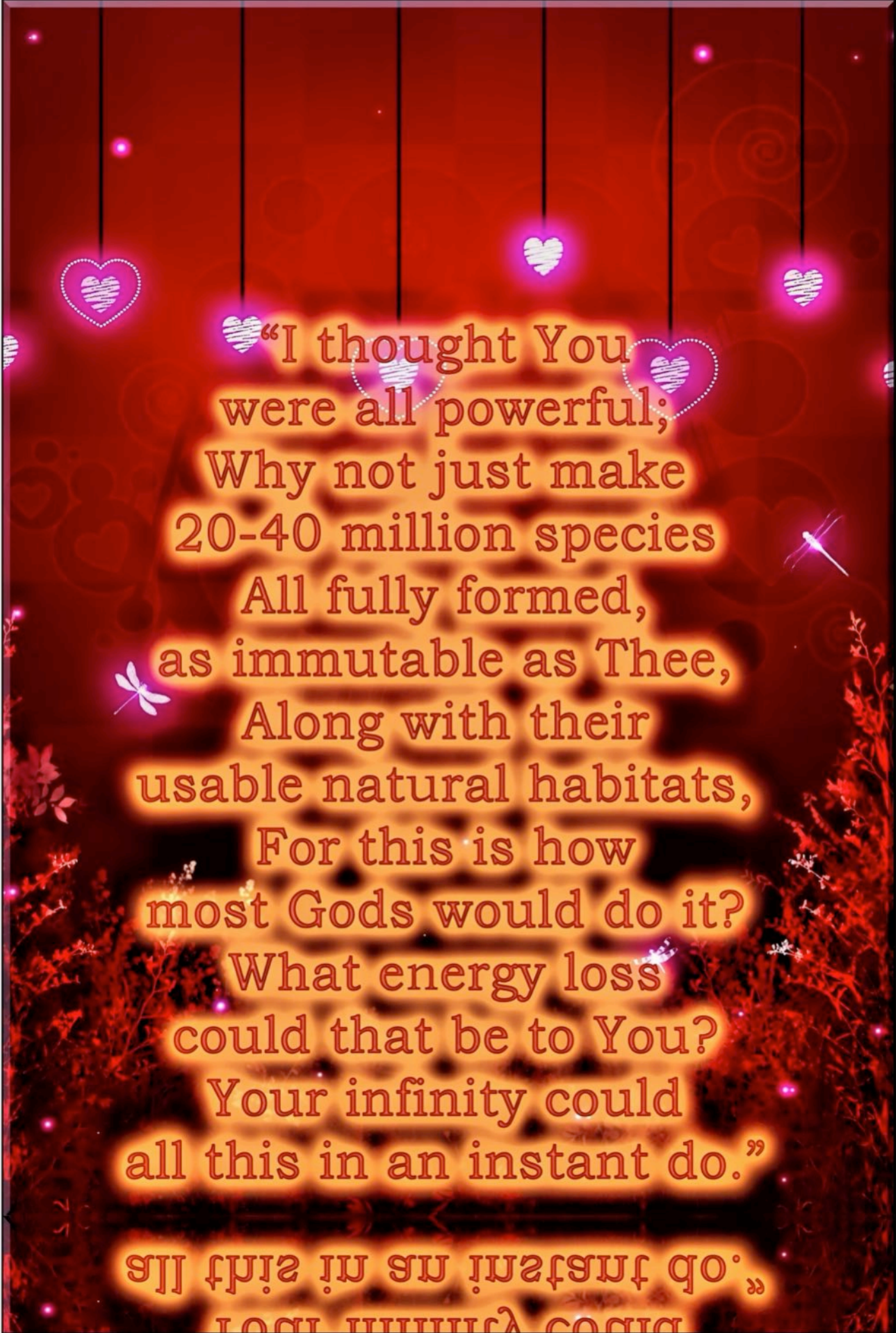
*That was My elegant
and foreseeing way
Of creating the kind of
life that would stay.*

The first matter seed-









“I thought You
were all powerful;
Why not just make
20-40 million species
All fully formed,
as immutable as Thee,
Along with their
usable natural habitats,
For this is how
most Gods would do it?
What energy loss
could that be to You?
Your infinity could
all this in an instant do.”

all this in an instant do.”
for infinity could





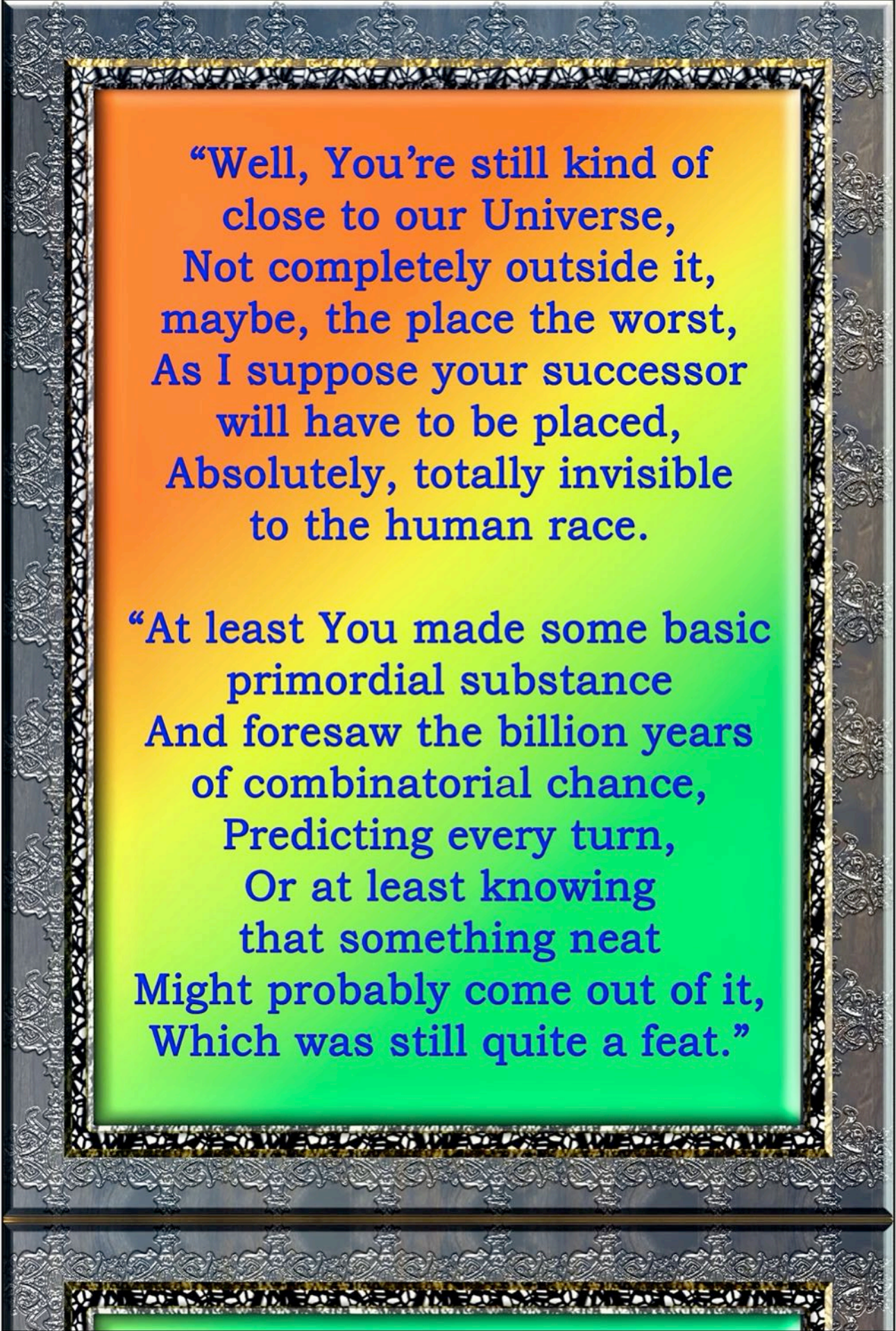


*“I’m not so Great, plus,
since Evolution is too stable
For some creationists to scoff at,
as a fable,
They have assigned the job to Me,
the Creator,
As all of Nature’s natural Instigator,
Because, they take retreat
from the first ID God
Who zooms souls into humans at birth—
it’s so odd.*

*So, now I am not
a Theity any more of proof
And thus I must ever remain aloof.*

*“Of course now I have very little to do
And so I am not much needed, true,
For I can’t even muddle with their lives;
They are all stuck now with their wives.
I might really just as well retire,
For I am superfluous and tired.”*





“Well, You’re still kind of
close to our Universe,
Not completely outside it,
maybe, the place the worst,
As I suppose your successor
will have to be placed,
Absolutely, totally invisible
to the human race.

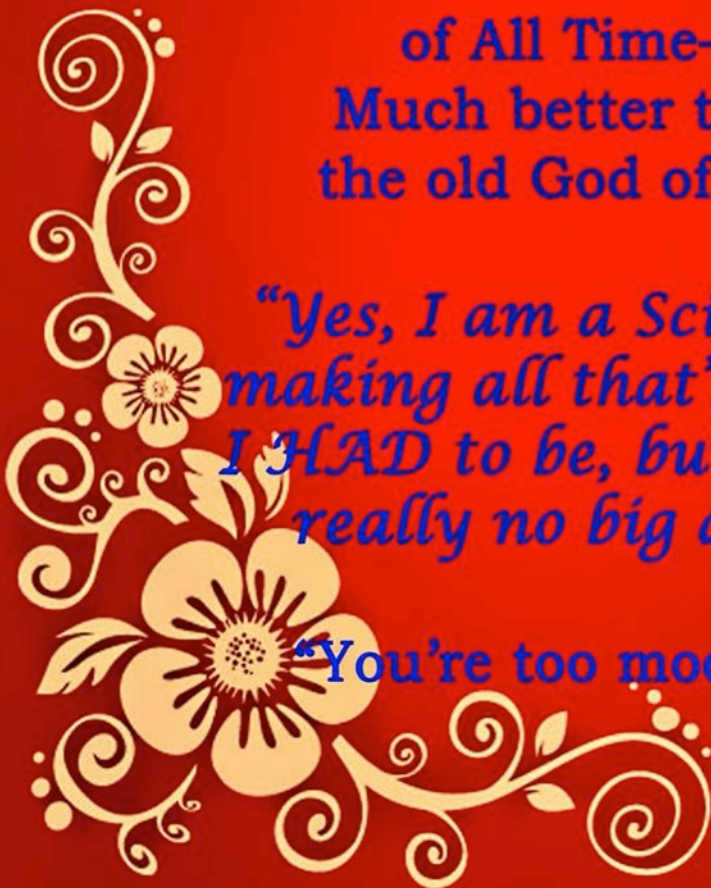
“At least You made some basic
primordial substance
And foresaw the billion years
of combinatorial chance,
Predicting every turn,
Or at least knowing
that something neat
Might probably come out of it,
Which was still quite a feat.”





*“Thank you,
but it was nothing.”*

**“On the contrary—I say verily—
You’re the Super Scientist,
An Engineer Par Excellence—
The Ultimate Inventor
of All Time—
Much better than
the old God of ID.”**



*“Yes, I am a Scientist,
making all that’s real—
I HAD to be, but it was
really no big deal.”*

“You’re too modest.”





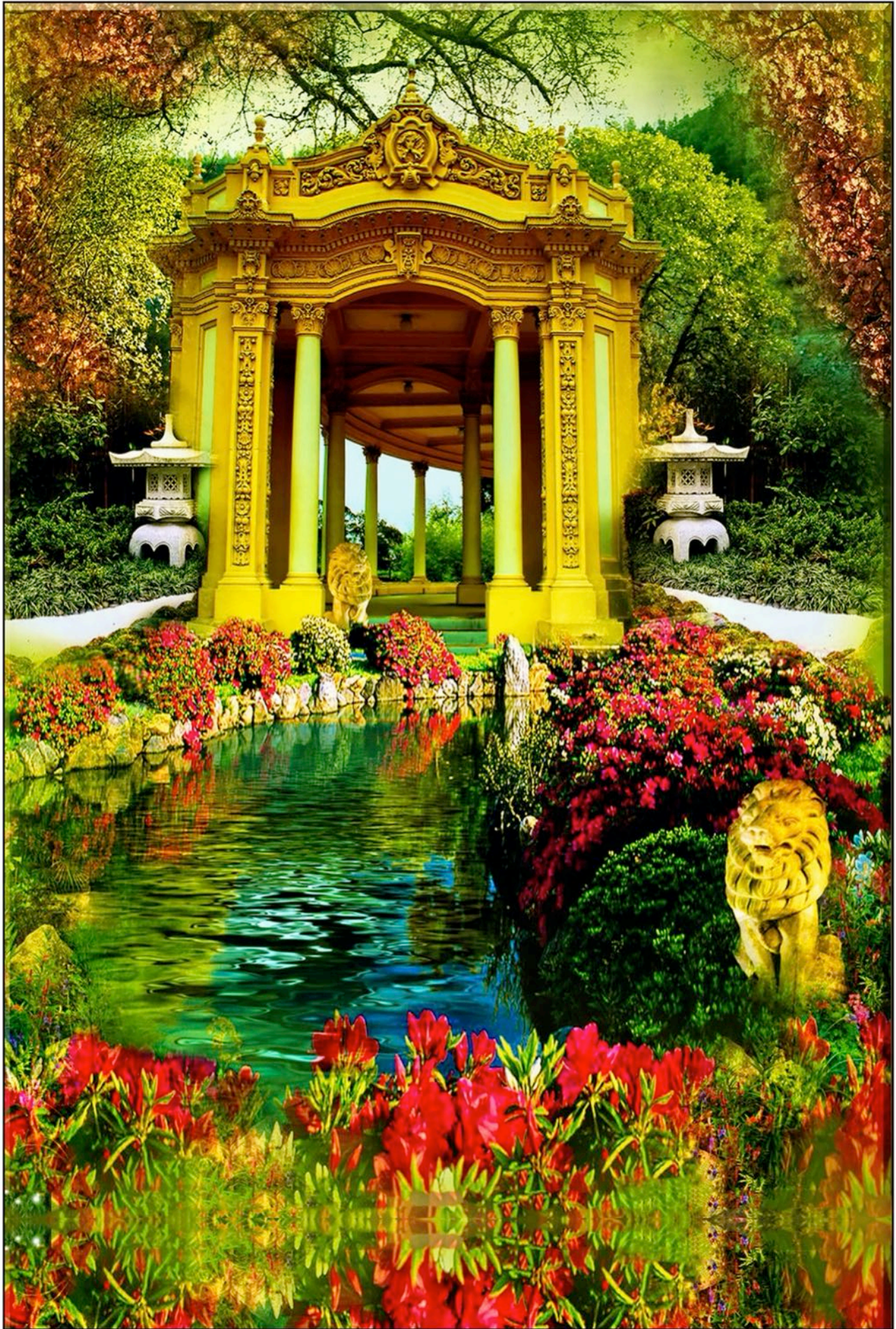
*“It was just some
little quarks
And some electrons
that I sparked
And some forces that arose
As reality was composed.”*

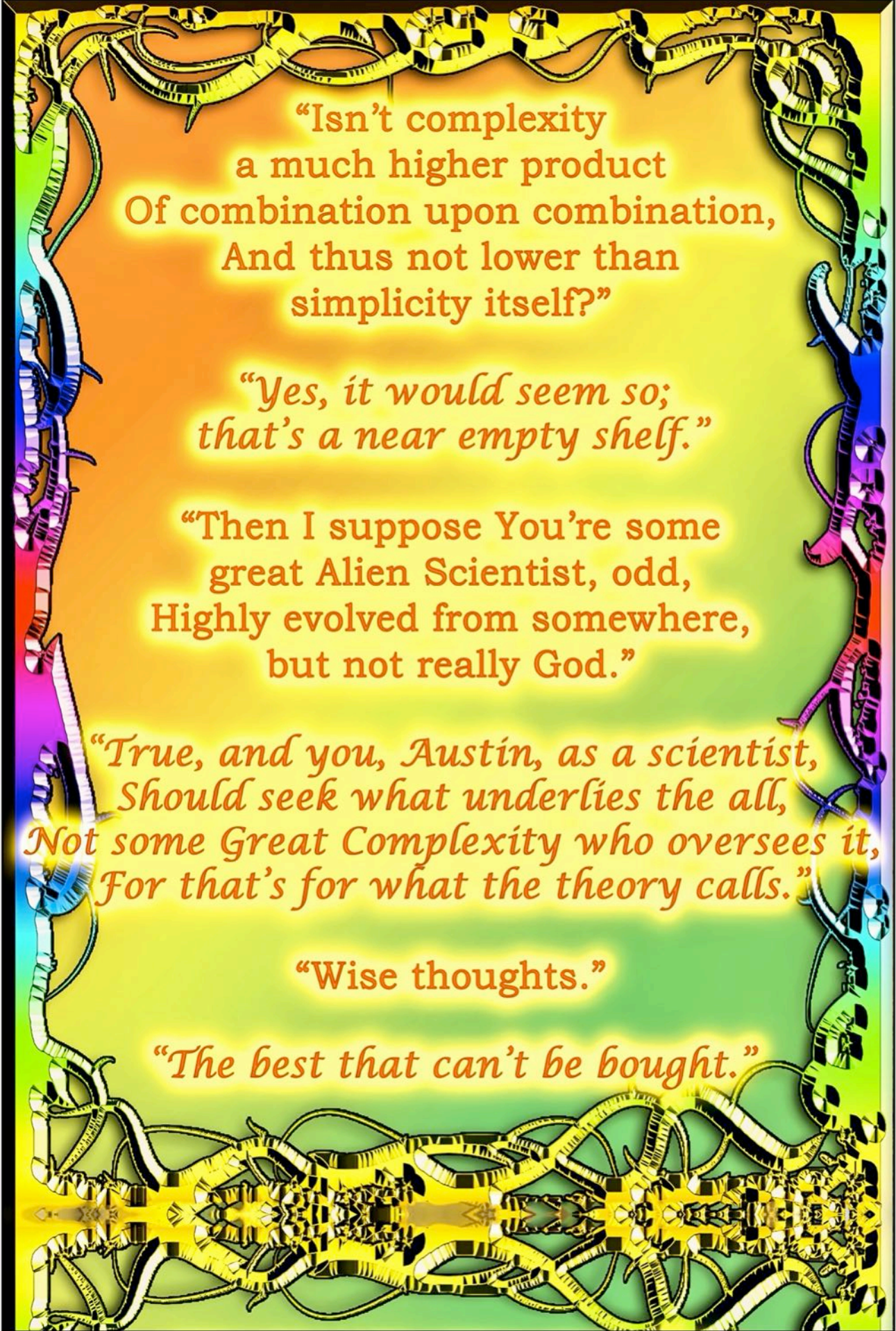
*“But look what became
of its simplicity—
Through its stages to
astounding complexity
Over billions of years
of circumstances.
We’ve traced the composites
to simple substances.”*



*“Well, um, it did really take that long for My intention,
By some coincidence the same as that for evolution;
However, I guess I’m just as surprised as you, frown,
That when some examine substance and get down
To these simple subatomic levels of unadorned things,
That they then take a giant leap back, of all things,
To the composite complexity of Me, the Ultimate.”*







“Isn’t complexity
a much higher product
Of combination upon combination,
And thus not lower than
simplicity itself?”

*“Yes, it would seem so;
that’s a near empty shelf.”*

“Then I suppose You’re some
great Alien Scientist, odd,
Highly evolved from somewhere,
but not really God.”

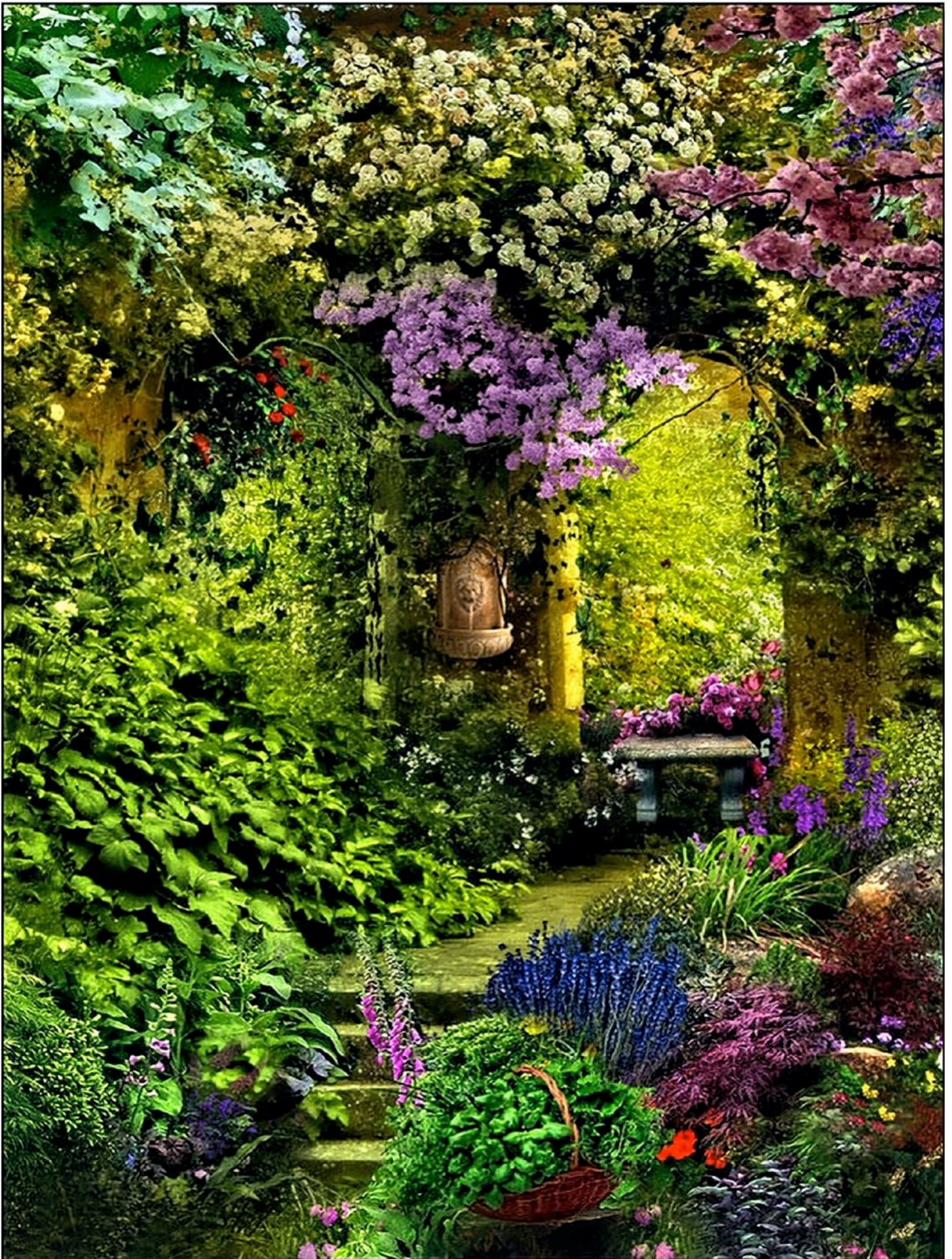
*“True, and you, Austin, as a scientist,
Should seek what underlies the all,
Not some Great Complexity who oversees it,
For that’s for what the theory calls.”*

“Wise thoughts.”

“The best that can’t be bought.”







“Well, whatever on
the alien thing of it,
But the creationists are
not keen on scientists,
For scientists regard the
honest seeking after truth
As as supreme virtue
beyond all reproof.
If the creationists ever found out...”

*“Yikes, they know not what
they have made Me.
As a Scientist Myself,
I truly value honesty
And skepticism over the
dishonestly faked beliefs,
Those that only seem
to bring Rolaid’s relief.”*

© 2008 by Rolaid's Relief







*Be qui... l'oblique le... de la...
public... de... l'...
... l'... l'... l'...
... l'... l'... l'...*

**“The Founding Fathers
of America liked You,
Although some of them,
as Thomas Jefferson, too,
Were outright non-theists,
seeing You as a Deity
Who just started things up,
never interfering with reality.”**

*... l'... l'... l'...
... l'... l'... l'...
... l'... l'... l'...
... l'... l'... l'...*

***“Funny how
President Bush’s
America sings,
Straying so oppositely from
its humble beginnings.”***



“Not to mention that some of
the world’s peoples, really,
Are squandering
their precious time
worshiping a Theity,
And sacrificing
to Him, begging,
Fighting, and dying for Him,
Even threatening the world
with its destruction.”

“What a waste.”

“Are you real?”

*“No, I am but a
figment of imagination, see,
But some really do like
harmless old Me.”*



“So, what’s really fundamental?”

*“The real elementals, just below
What you now call ‘fundamentality’,
Have always existed—
the quantum wave reality.”*

*“There’s perhaps no time of ‘forever’
At that level for Your ‘always’ ever.”*

*“True, they just are, and had to be—
the possible,
For the persistence of nothing
is indeed impossible.”*

*“Because there’s really nothing
to make anything of.”*

*“True, there is no other possible source,
so we call it Love.”*

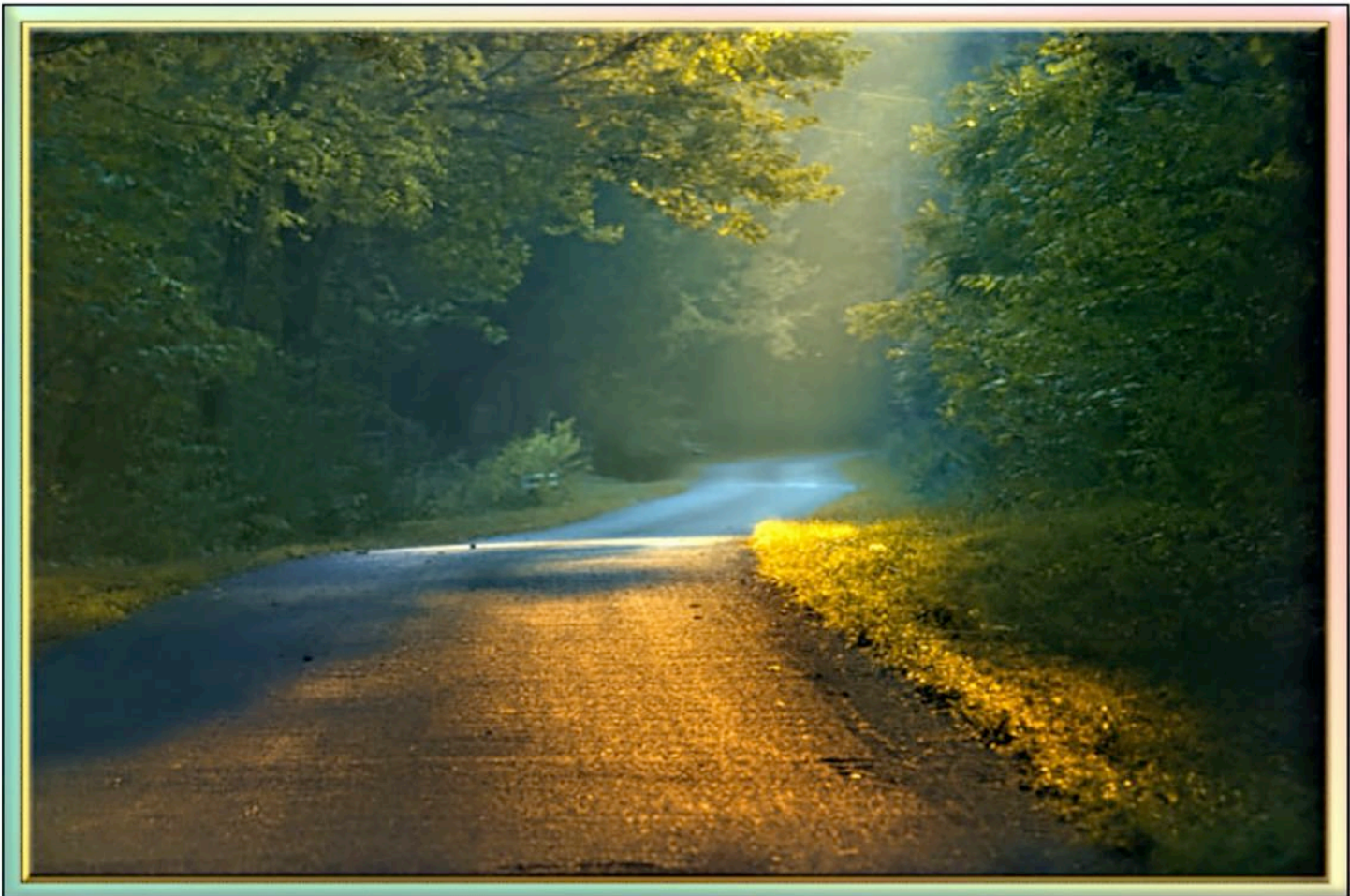
*“Thus the zero-balance of opposites
That we see everywhere in physics.”*



Earth could not answer;
nor the Seas that mourn
In flowing Purple,
of their Lord forlorn;
Nor rolling Heaven,
With all his Signs reveal'd
And hidden by the sleeve
of Night and Morn.

(Omar Khayyam)









The God
of the
Agnostics





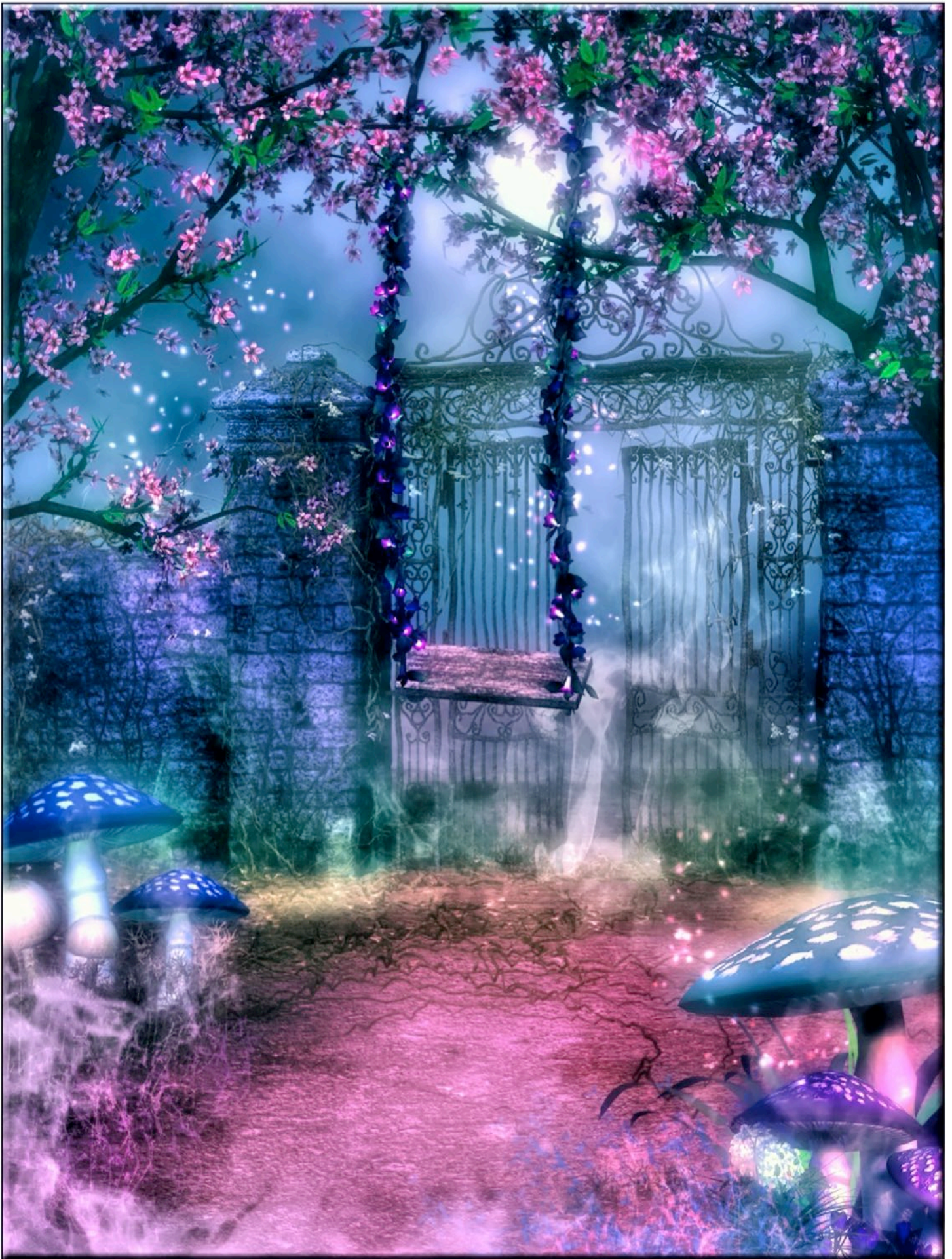
I next came upon a God
sitting on a high fence
And waved to Him, saying
“Come down and talk the whence.”





*“I can’t; I am stuck here,
but Salutations to you.
I am the God of Agnosticism,
One neither false nor true.
None of the agnostics know if I exist or not,
So here I must stay put a lot,
Along with the Tooth Fairy,
Santa Claus, and the Easter Bunny,
Just in case we all might exist or not,
As a quadzillion-to-one shot.”*



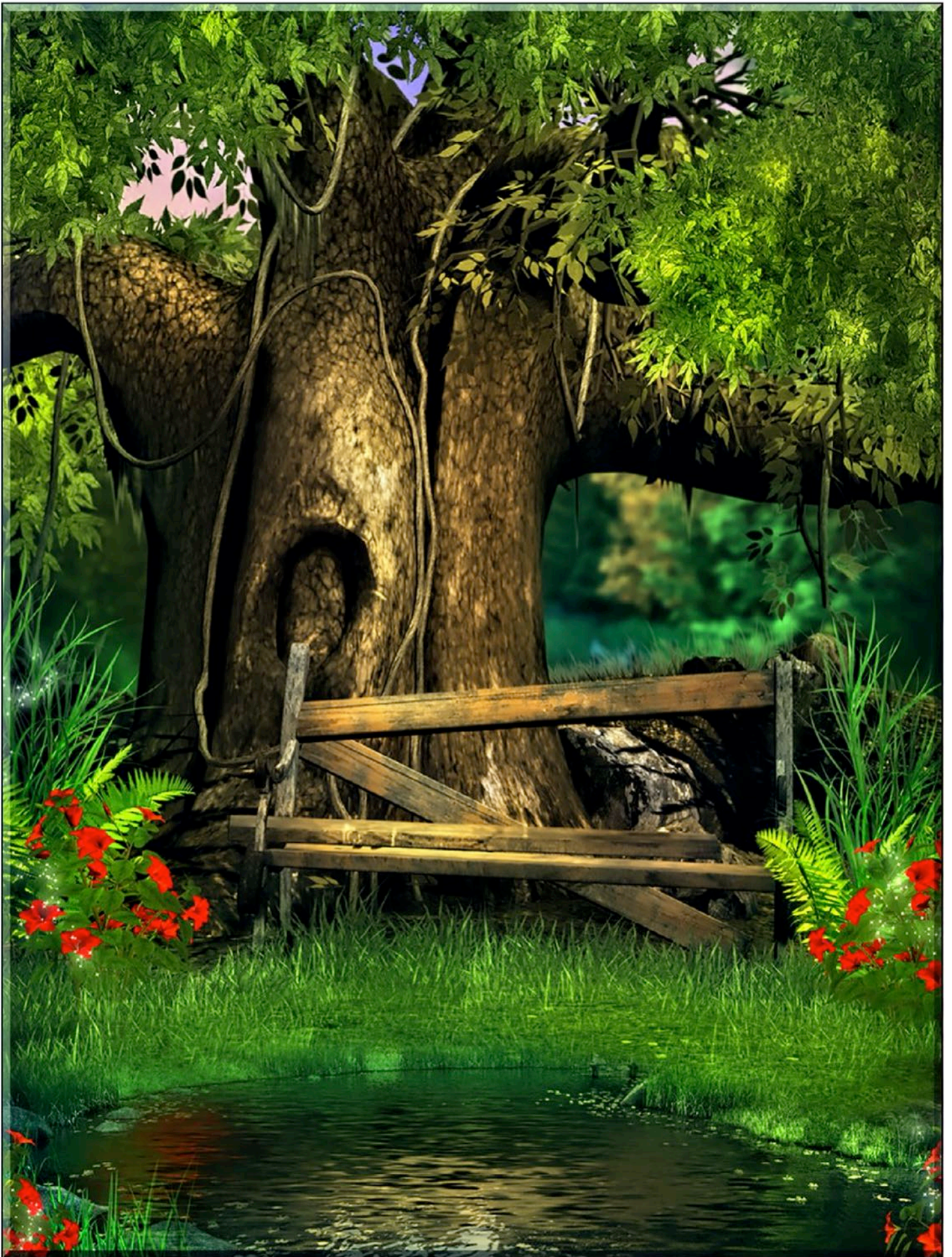


A vibrant, lush garden scene with a stone path, colorful flowers, and birds. The path is made of light-colored stones and is surrounded by a variety of flowers, including purple, yellow, and red ones. There are also several birds, including a blue bird and a white bird with a red breast, flying around. The background is filled with dense green foliage and trees.

“Why can’t agnostics make up their minds?”

*“My followers cannot even make or see
Probability judgments
about the question of Me.*

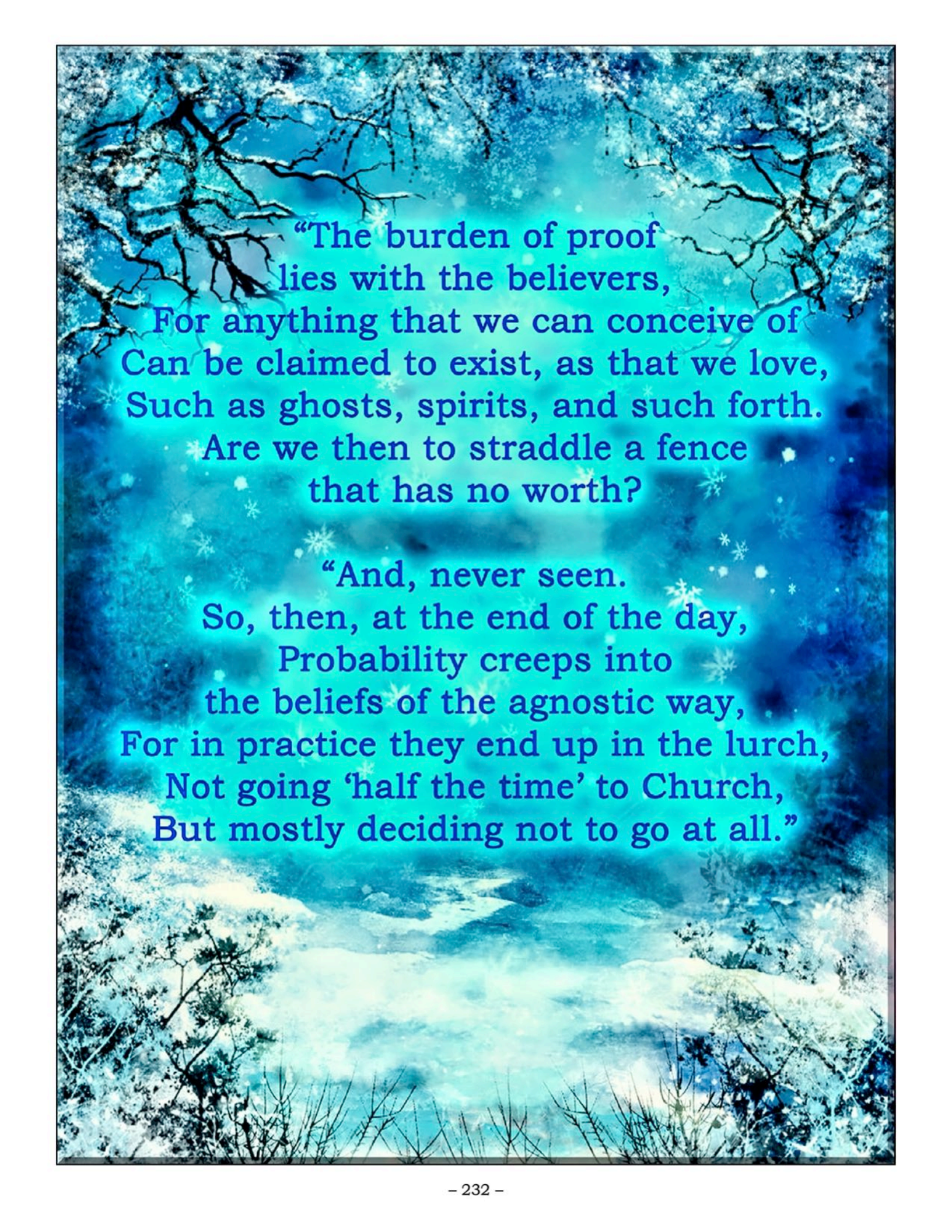
*This is the limitation of agnosticism,
Perhaps the error of no consideration
Of the likelihood of that
for which evidence seeable
Is not even the least bit conceivable.”*



**“It is a fallacy;
what I call the poverty of agnosticism,
Because, though being agnostic
Is reasonable criticism for some things,
Such as whether life exists elsewhere,
It is not appropriate for those things undoable
for which the idea of evidence
is not even applicable;
However, actually, we can still talk
About the probability of the event,
While even going for a walk.**

**“The true fallacy, however,
is that the existence ever
And the nonexistence of You never
Are not even on
an even footing
to begin with.
The two
are not
at all
equiprobable
cases.**

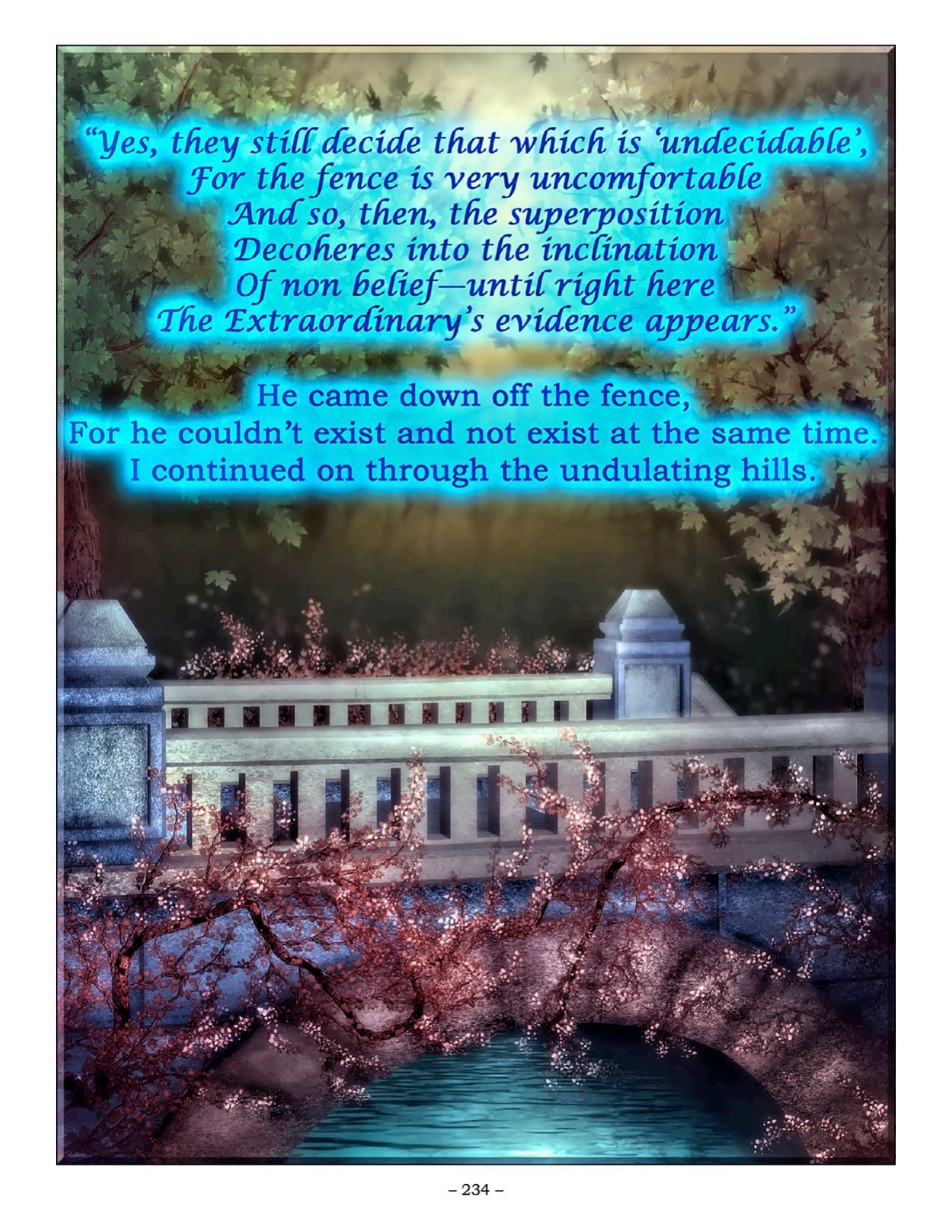




“The burden of proof
lies with the believers,
For anything that we can conceive of
Can be claimed to exist, as that we love,
Such as ghosts, spirits, and such forth.
Are we then to straddle a fence
that has no worth?

“And, never seen.
So, then, at the end of the day,
Probability creeps into
the beliefs of the agnostic way,
For in practice they end up in the lurch,
Not going ‘half the time’ to Church,
But mostly deciding not to go at all.”

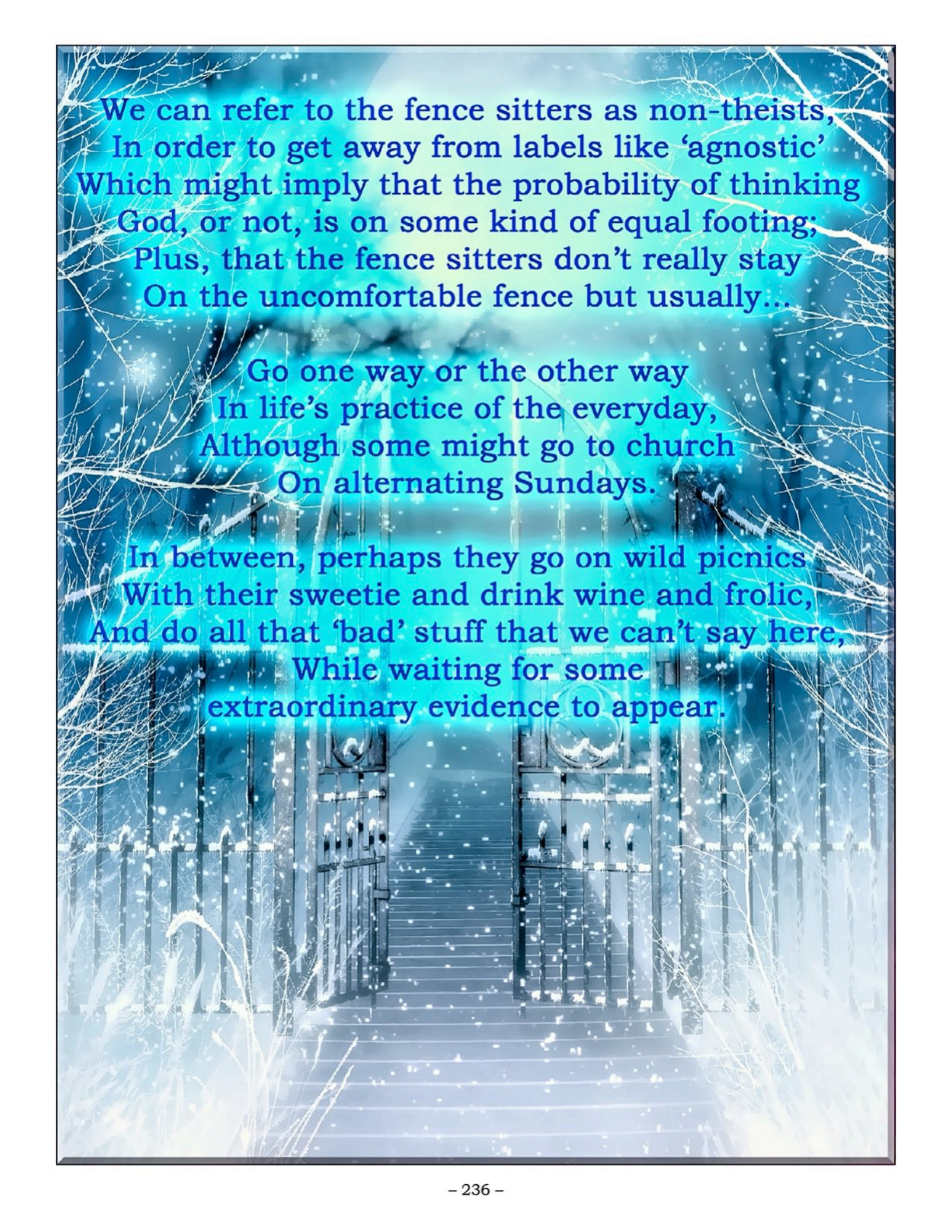




*“Yes, they still decide that which is ‘undecidable’,
For the fence is very uncomfortable
And so, then, the superposition
Decoheres into the inclination
Of non belief—until right here
The Extraordinary’s evidence appears.”*

He came down off the fence,
For he couldn’t exist and not exist at the same time.
I continued on through the undulating hills.



A winter scene with snow-covered trees and a path leading to a church entrance. The text is overlaid on this scene.

We can refer to the fence sitters as non-theists,
In order to get away from labels like 'agnostic'
Which might imply that the probability of thinking
God, or not, is on some kind of equal footing;
Plus, that the fence sitters don't really stay
On the uncomfortable fence but usually...

Go one way or the other way
In life's practice of the everyday,
Although some might go to church
On alternating Sundays.

In between, perhaps they go on wild picnics
With their sweetie and drink wine and frolic,
And do all that 'bad' stuff that we can't say here,
While waiting for some
extraordinary evidence to appear.



I will soon have a talk with
old Jehovah Yahweh's Thee.
He's not so terrible as many
have made Him up to be,
But then again He's not so great either—
he's quite off,
Just another poor middle manager
Caught up in the layoffs.

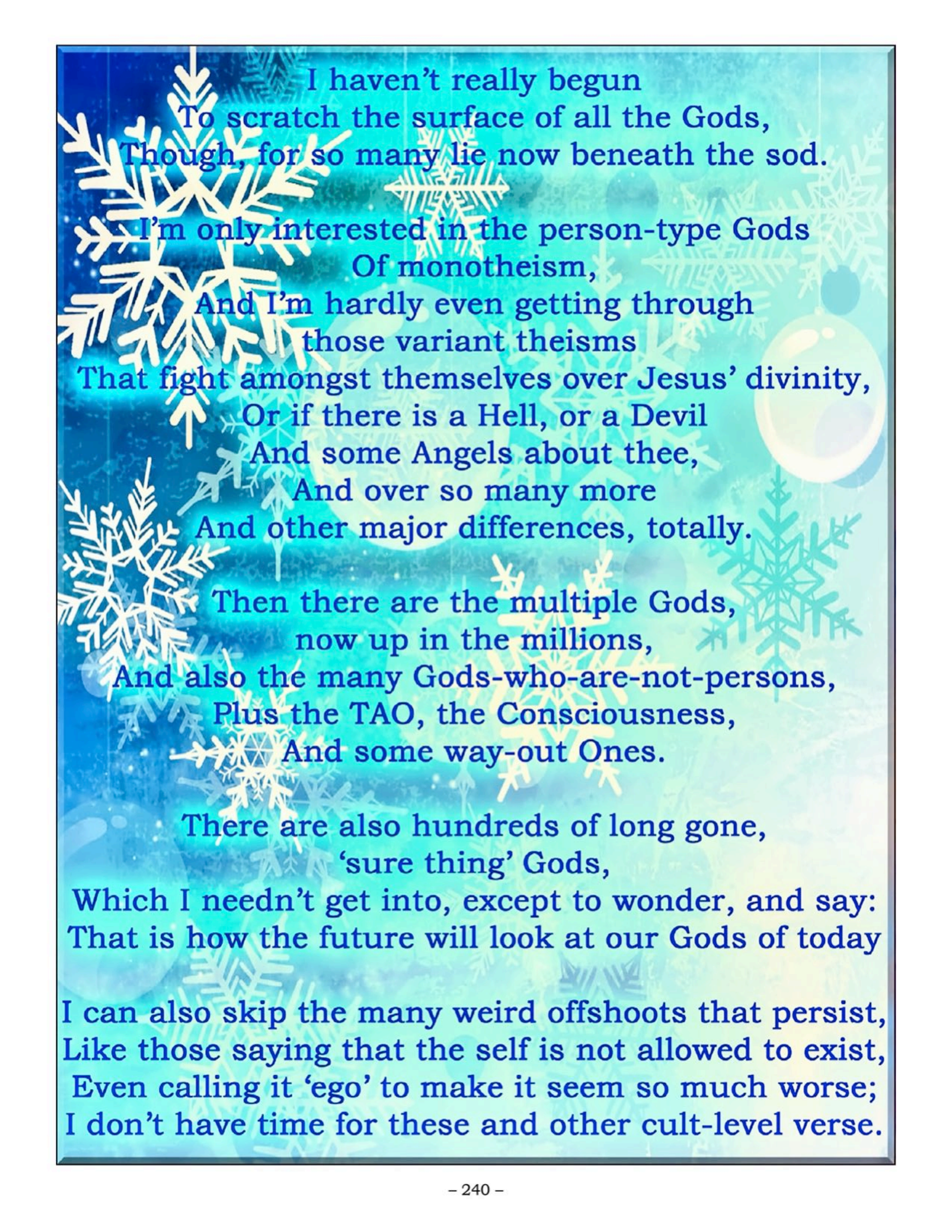
I spoke to the Deity the God
who doesn't ever interfere
In the running of the universe here.

The Pope doesn't know it here but a Deity
Is what he's leaning toward when he says, then,
That evolution is acceptable now
For Catholics to believe in, but not for mind.

The Deity Guy was actually kind of a great scientist.

I already met with the Creationist's ID God(s),
Who, while still a Designer,
Is, well, not so cool at all, either,
For He gets back to what
the Fundamentalists believe,
And neither, they would say, did evolution happen,
Or, if it did ever function,
God constantly stepped in to rectify its direction.





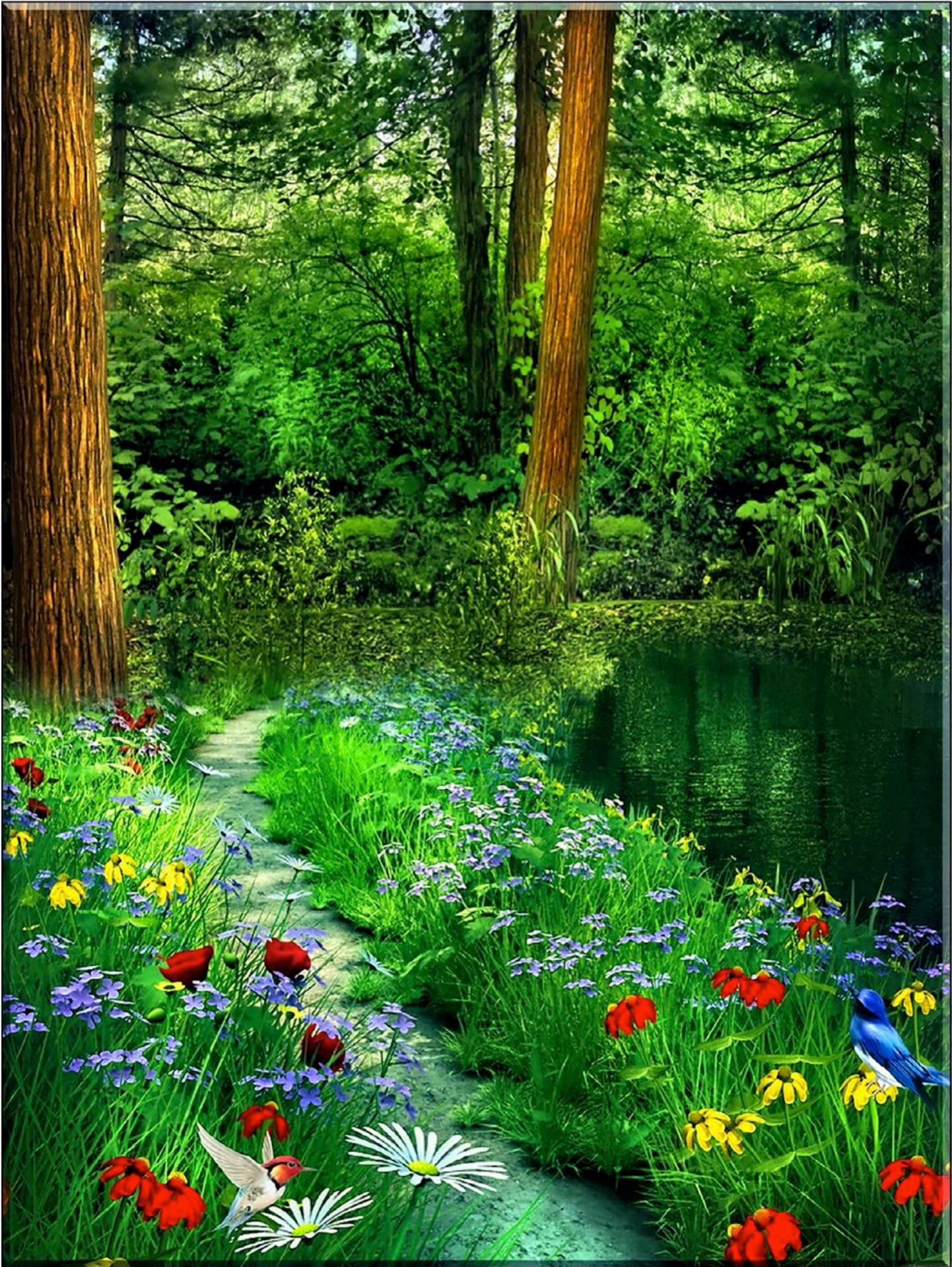
I haven't really begun
To scratch the surface of all the Gods,
Though, for so many lie now beneath the sod.

I'm only interested in the person-type Gods
Of monotheism,
And I'm hardly even getting through
those variant theisms
That fight amongst themselves over Jesus' divinity,
Or if there is a Hell, or a Devil
And some Angels about thee,
And over so many more
And other major differences, totally.

Then there are the multiple Gods,
now up in the millions,
And also the many Gods-who-are-not-persons,
Plus the TAO, the Consciousness,
And some way-out Ones.

There are also hundreds of long gone,
'sure thing' Gods,
Which I needn't get into, except to wonder, and say:
That is how the future will look at our Gods of today

I can also skip the many weird offshoots that persist,
Like those saying that the self is not allowed to exist,
Even calling it 'ego' to make it seem so much worse;
I don't have time for these and other cult-level verse.



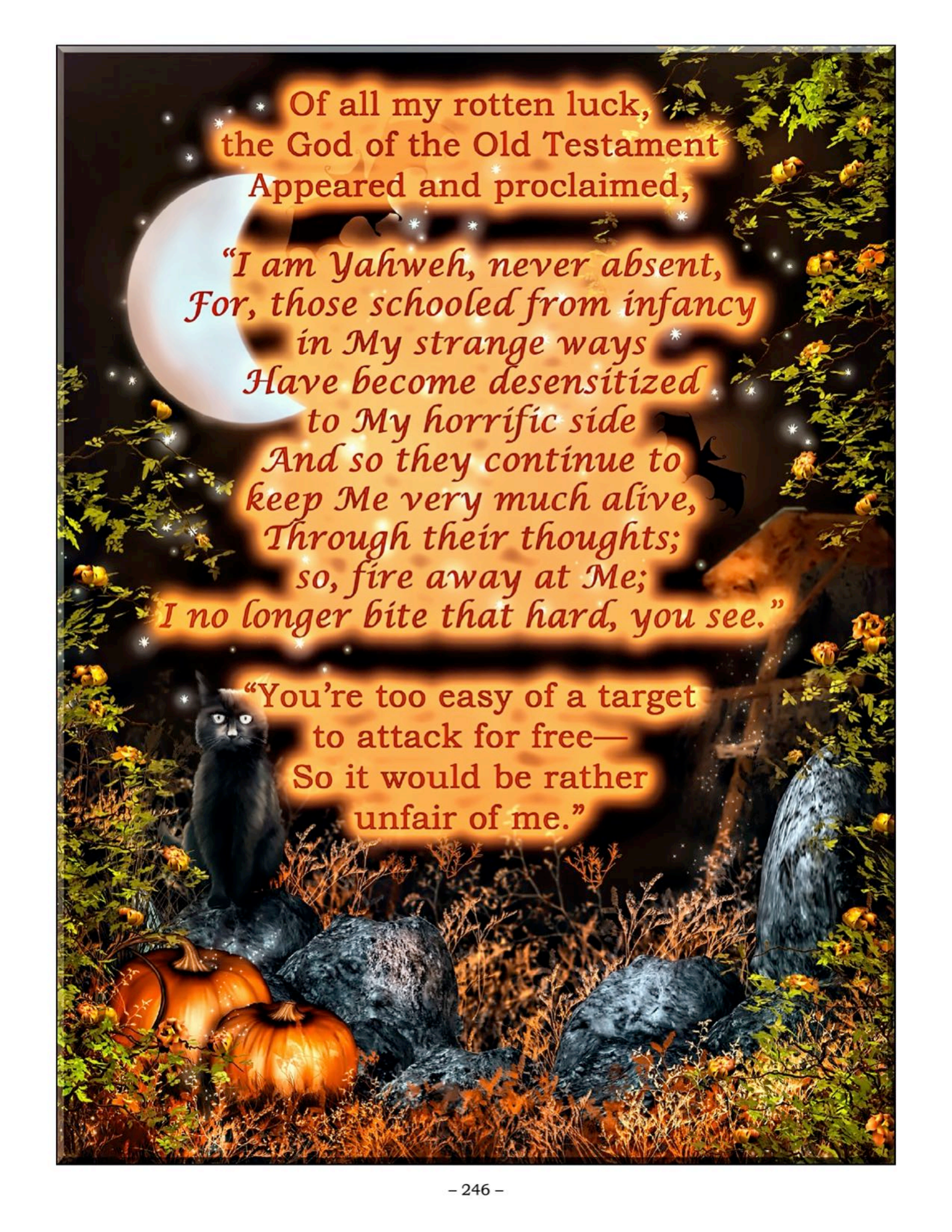


The God of The Old Testament









Of all my rotten luck,
the God of the Old Testament
Appeared and proclaimed,

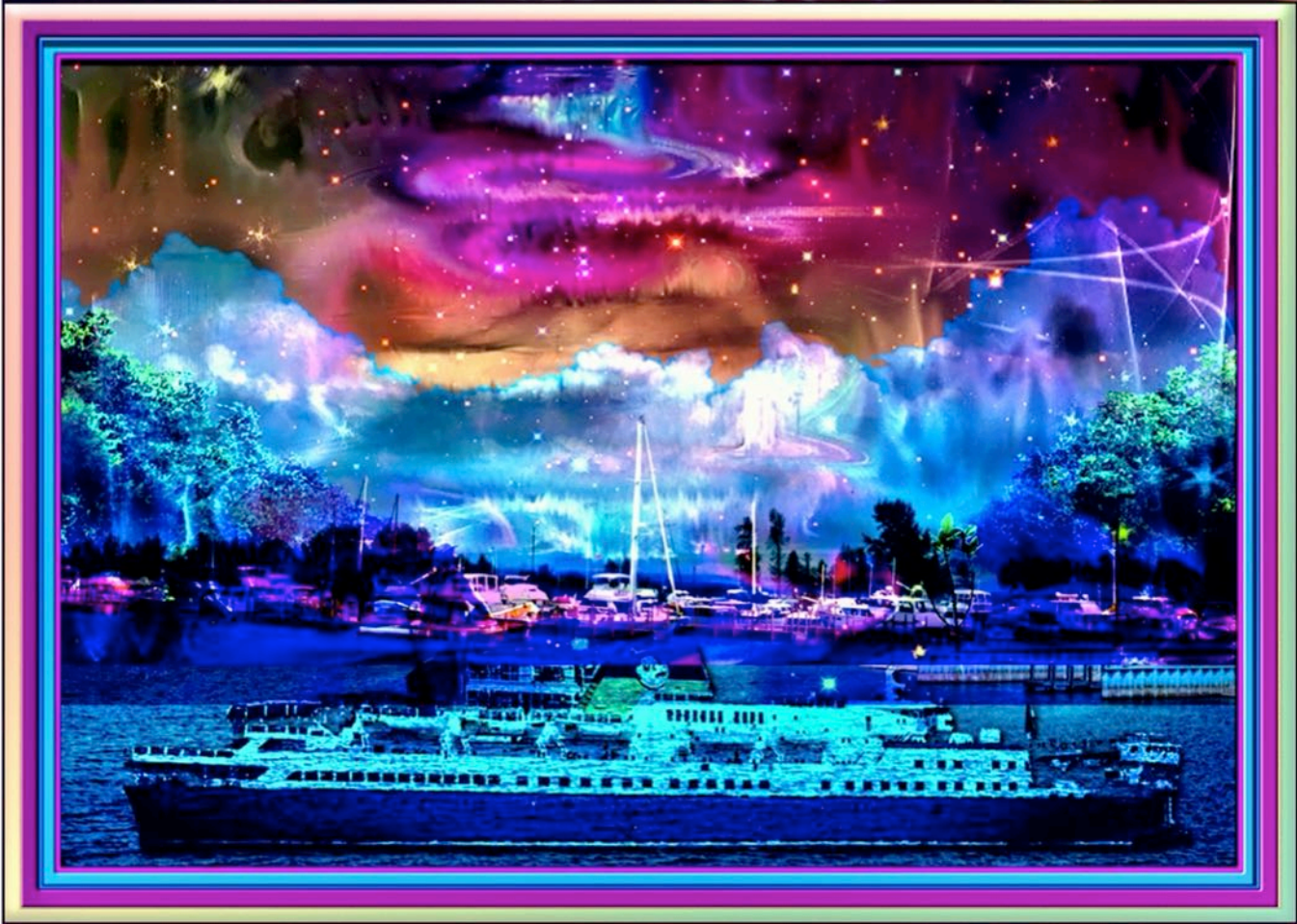
*“I am Yahweh, never absent,
For, those schooled from infancy
in My strange ways
Have become desensitized
to My horrific side
And so they continue to
keep Me very much alive,
Through their thoughts;
so, fire away at Me;
I no longer bite that hard, you see.”*

*“You’re too easy of a target
to attack for free—
So it would be rather
unfair of me.”*



*“True, and I won’t deny it—
It’s all there in the Old Testament.
I was the most unpleasant character
That anyone ever made up in literary fiction.*

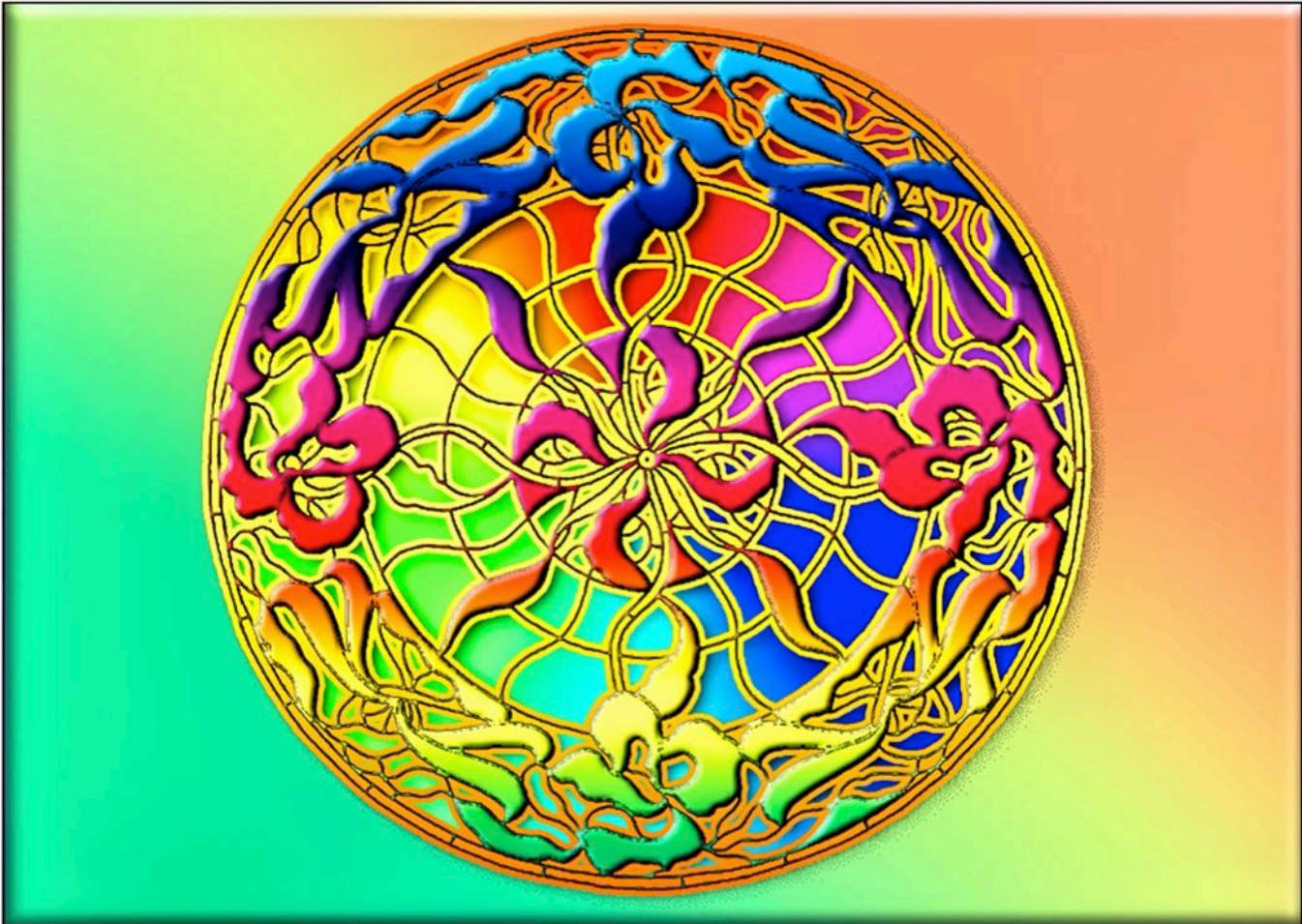
*“I was revealed to be jealous and proud of it,
Petty, unjust, controlling, vindictive,
An ethic cleanser, genocidal, infanticidal,
Filicidal, pestilential, megalomaniacal,
Homophobic, misogynistic, sadomasochistic,
And much more, and a Bully—who gave it
Free will only if it matched My own Will.”*

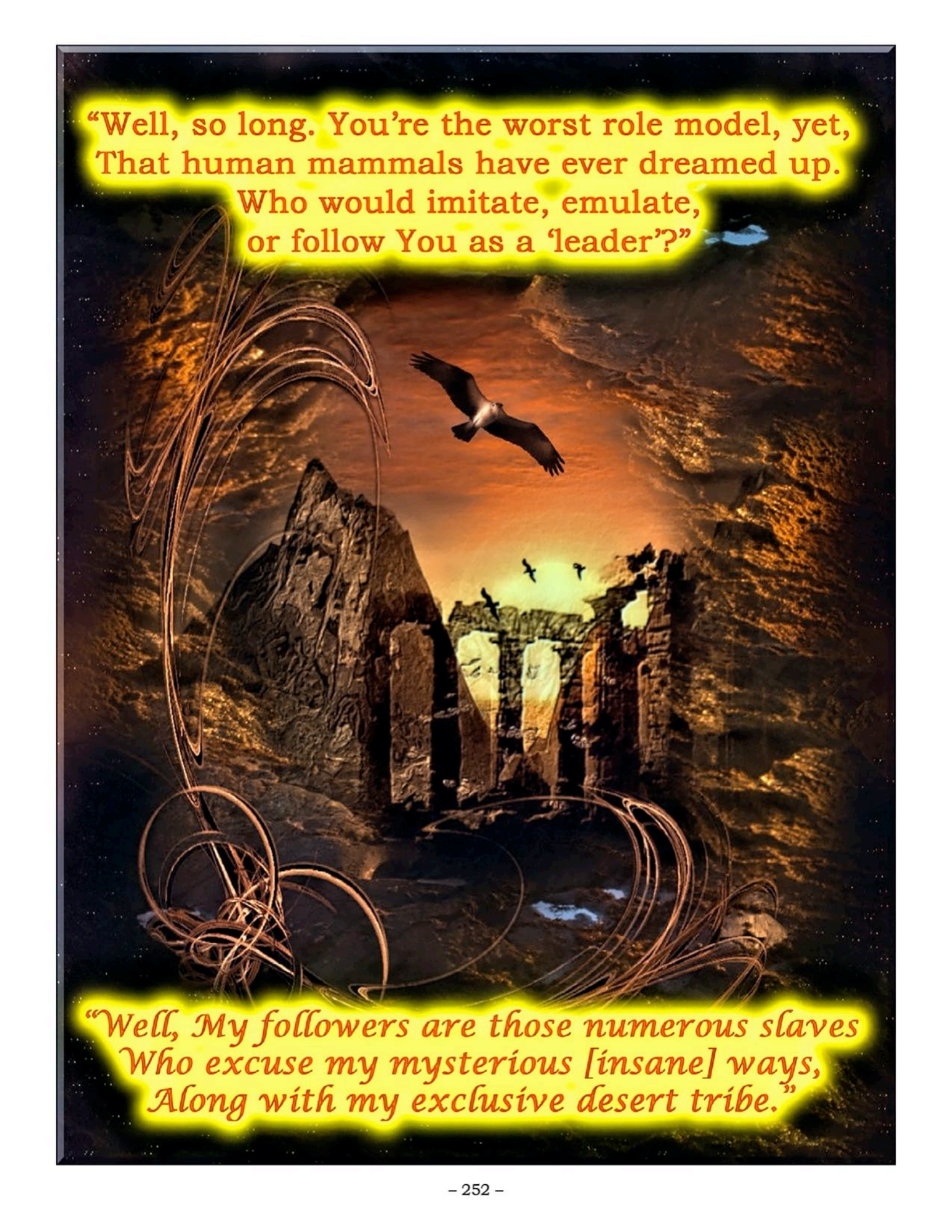


“Peace be with you.
How about the New Testament
To replace and hide Your scent,
As many religions have already
done through Jesus sent?”

*“Yes, that Testament is quite opposite in tone,
But I am still the Father of Jesus sown,
So, the problem of Me
can never really go away.
I am what I was,
still here unto the present day.”*





A dramatic, dark landscape with a large eagle in flight, rocky structures, and a glowing yellow text box at the top. The scene is set in a dark, cavernous or desert-like environment with a large eagle in flight, rocky structures, and a glowing yellow text box at the top. The eagle is flying towards the right, with its wings spread wide. The background features a large, dark rock formation and a smaller, more jagged rock peak. The sky is a mix of dark and light, suggesting a sunset or sunrise. The overall mood is mysterious and intense.

“Well, so long. You’re the worst role model, yet,
That human mammals have ever dreamed up.
Who would imitate, emulate,
or follow You as a ‘leader’?”

*“Well, My followers are those numerous slaves
Who excuse my mysterious [insane] ways,
Along with my exclusive desert tribe.”*





“Well, You’re the Boss, and, anyway,
Who ever said that a God
had to be perfect and good?”

*“Everyone that I told—
and those who thought I should.”*

“Oh well, never mind;
whatever pleases.
So, um, Joseph was not
the biological father of Jesus?”

“No, I was.”



“So Jesus didn’t really descend from David?”

“That was on his mother’s side.”

“Well, my ancestors descended from the trees.
Hey, why don’t Catholics get the 72 virgins
That Islam gives for martyrdoms for their sins?”

“I told each religious faith a different story.”

“You also gave a bible half-different
To the Mormon founder,
Joseph Smith, on finely engraved golden plates
He discovered?”

“Sure. I thought at the time, ‘Why not’.”

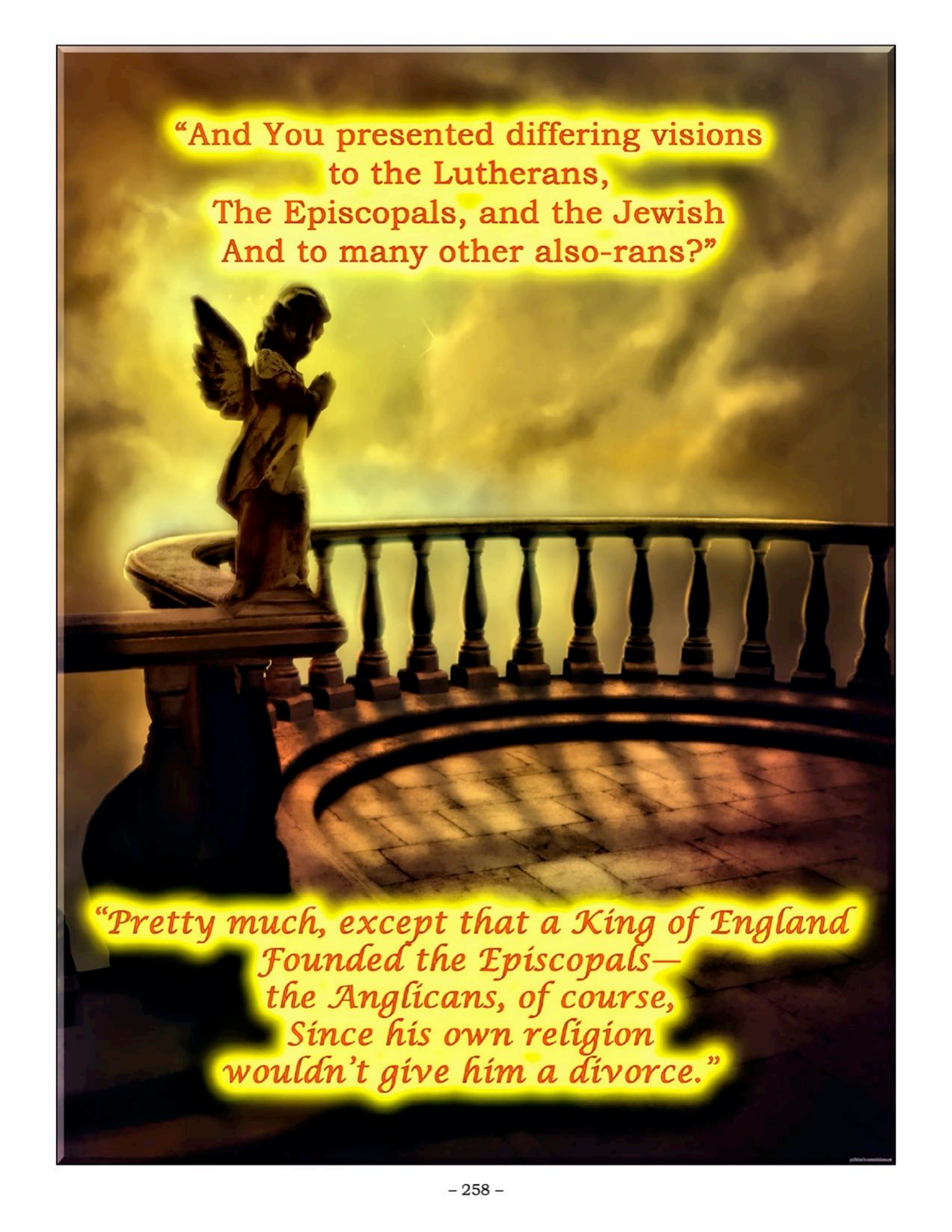
“You had Islam add different things
To their Koran, as well?”

“Yes of the many more ways to avoid Hell.”

“And You told only the Catholics
That there were umpteen levels of angels
And that bread was your body
And that wine was your blood?”

*“Yep, I told just them and a few other selves,
But they made up the Saints themselves.”*



A cherub statue stands on a balcony railing, looking out over a vast, dramatic sky filled with golden, glowing clouds. The scene is bathed in a warm, golden light, creating a sense of awe and grandeur. The balcony railing is made of dark stone with ornate balusters. The floor of the balcony is paved with large, square tiles.

*“And You presented differing visions
to the Lutherans,
The Episcopalians, and the Jewish
And to many other also-rans?”*

*“Pretty much, except that a King of England
Founded the Episcopalians—
the Anglicans, of course,
Since his own religion
wouldn't give him a divorce.”*



*“And you killed everyone but Noah
And his family in the Great Flood, wet,
Even young children and their pets?”*

*“Sure, again, why not? Life is cheap.
However, My creation of the rainbow
Says that I’ll never be so cruel again.
What can I say—I goofed. My sin.”*

*“But You are infallible, and even omniscient
And so You know all of the future meant.”*

*“My omnipotence of changing
my mind got in the way.”*

*“But your omniscience
knew you would... one day.”*

*“Yeah, I know—it’s a paradox; oh, the strife.
And I can still technically end all life
By means other than a flood
for Noah and his wife.”*



*“You burned people in Hell, not saved,
When they didn’t follow
the unfree will that you gave?”*

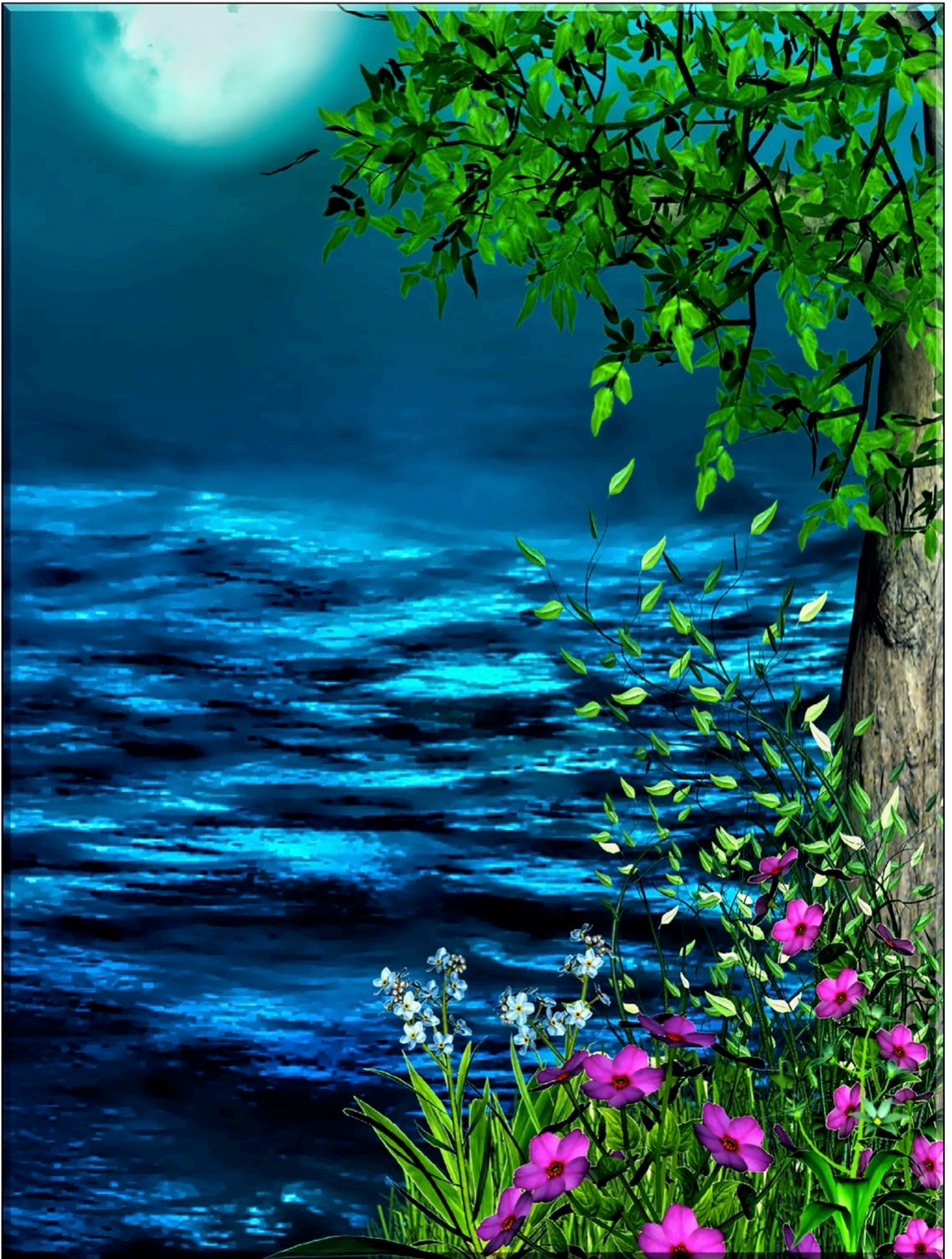
“Yes, because I was not a loving God.”

“Well, God, who made You be?”

*“No problem—either I was Eternal
or I made Myself be”*

*“This is remarkably the same, but for Thee,
As the Universal ingredients would be.”*

*“Then who would need me—hold,
I don’t want the answer told.”*



“Is the Earth only about 4000 years old?”

*“Of course not, but I may have let that slip to some
To tease their intelligence apart from being dumb.”*

*“Do you mind-read the thoughts of every human,
Using all of your acumen,
And write the earthly script for each event,
Being so omnipresent?”*

*“I tried that, at first, but it didn’t work for Me
To put my finger on every atom that be
And micromanage its doings for all of thee.”*

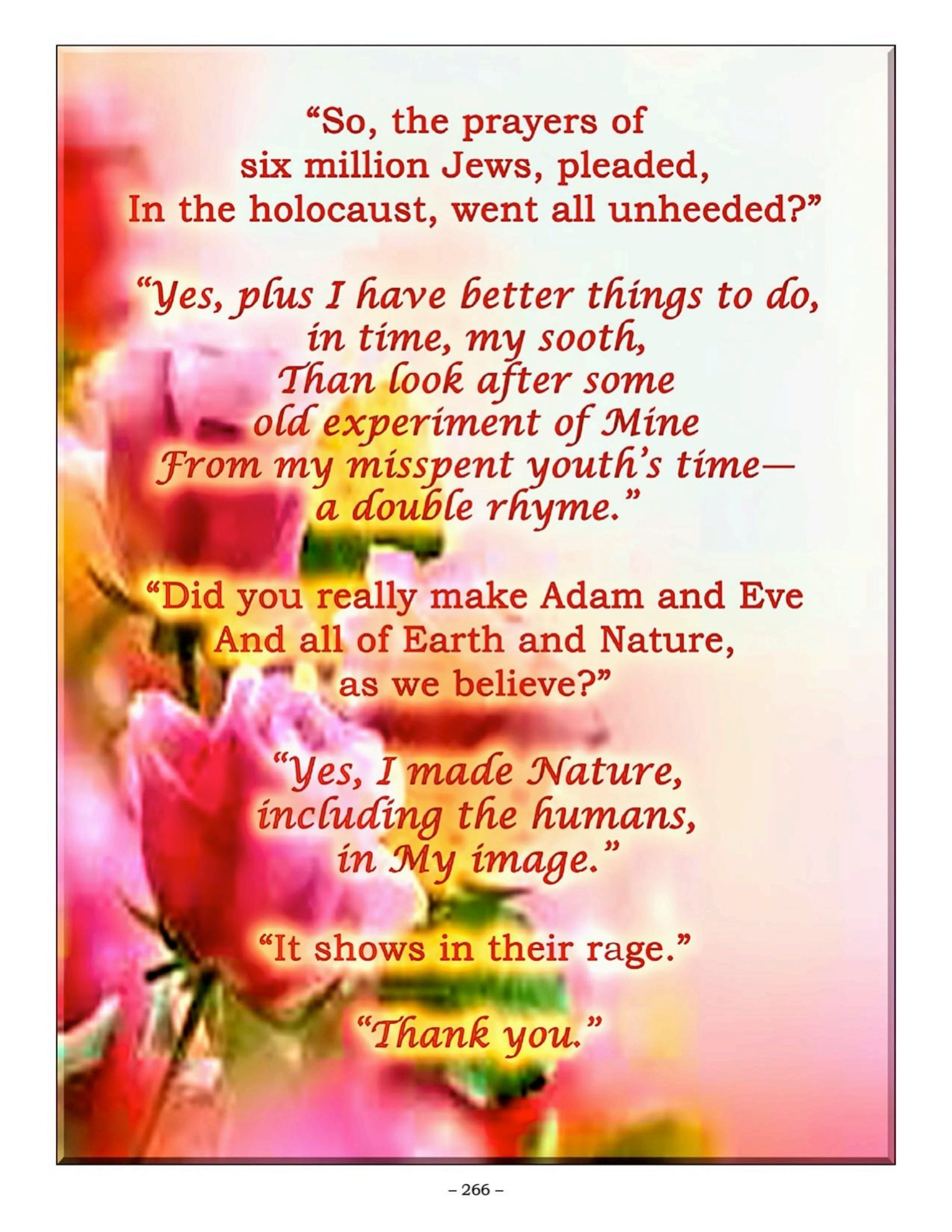
*“That’s called ‘God’s Will’, by some, even now.
What went wrong? Was it the where and how?”*

*“It disrupted the atoms’
normal and natural movements.”*

*“And that’s what caused the storms unfocused,
The lightning bolts, and the plagues of locusts?”*

“Yes, so I stopped making such a mess of things.”





“So, the prayers of
six million Jews, pleaded,
In the holocaust, went all unheeded?”

*“Yes, plus I have better things to do,
in time, my sooth,
Than look after some
old experiment of Mine
From my misspent youth’s time—
a double rhyme.”*

“Did you really make Adam and Eve
And all of Earth and Nature,
as we believe?”

*“Yes, I made Nature,
including the humans,
in My image.”*

“It shows in their rage.”

“Thank you.”

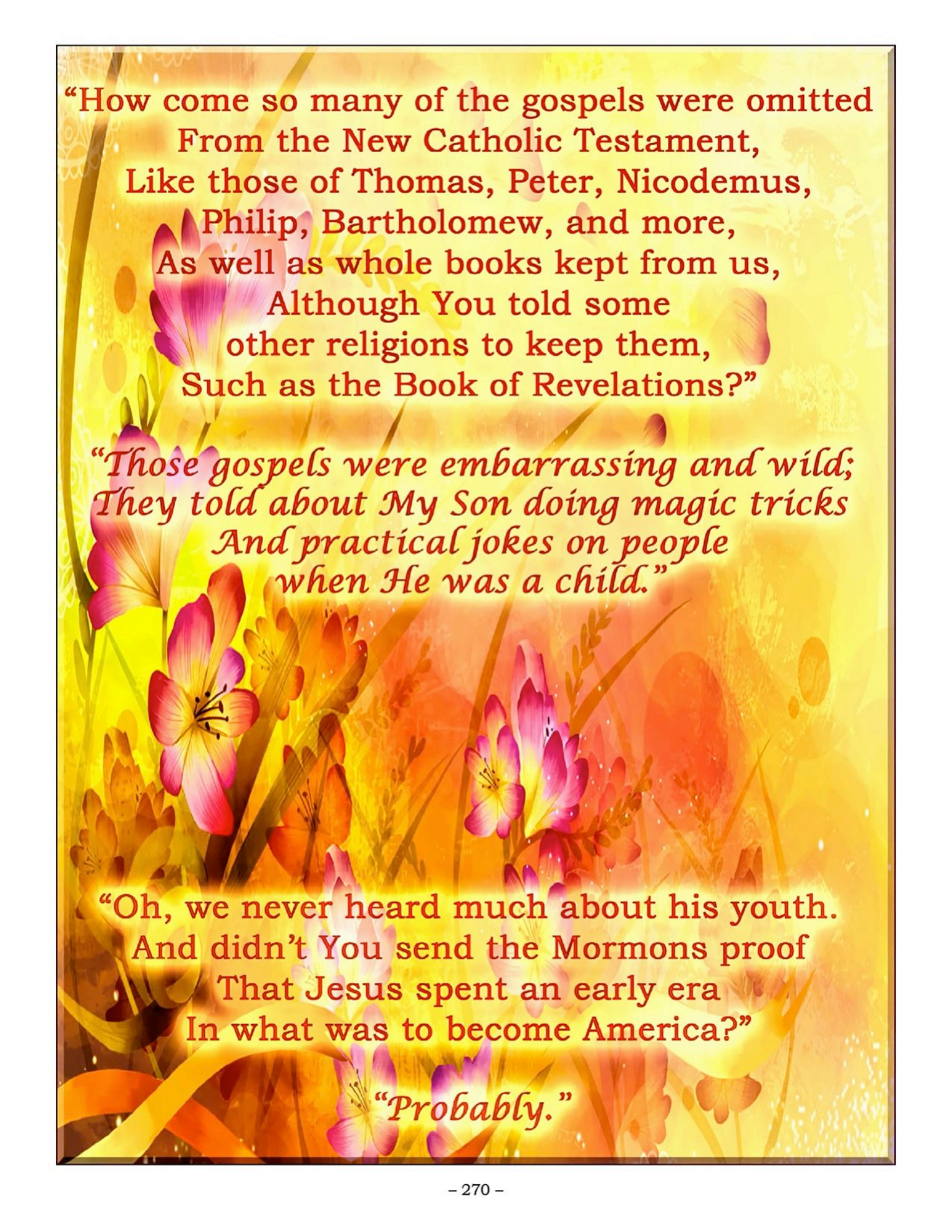




*“God, it’s ID deja-vu all over again—
I really have to move on.”*

*“No, wait. I like your questions.
I’m mellower now,
this being My new direction,
For not as many strictly admit to Me anymore.”*



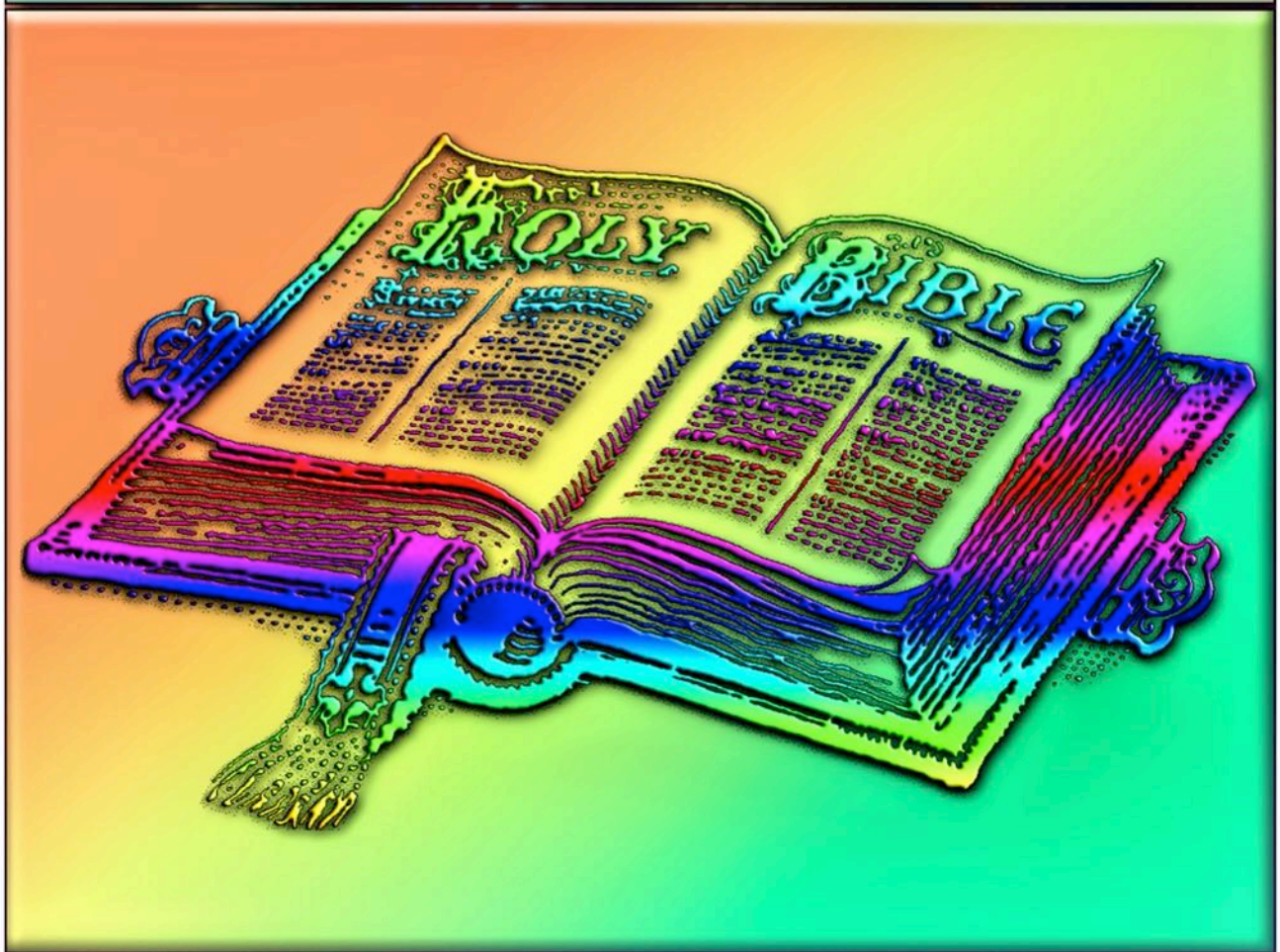
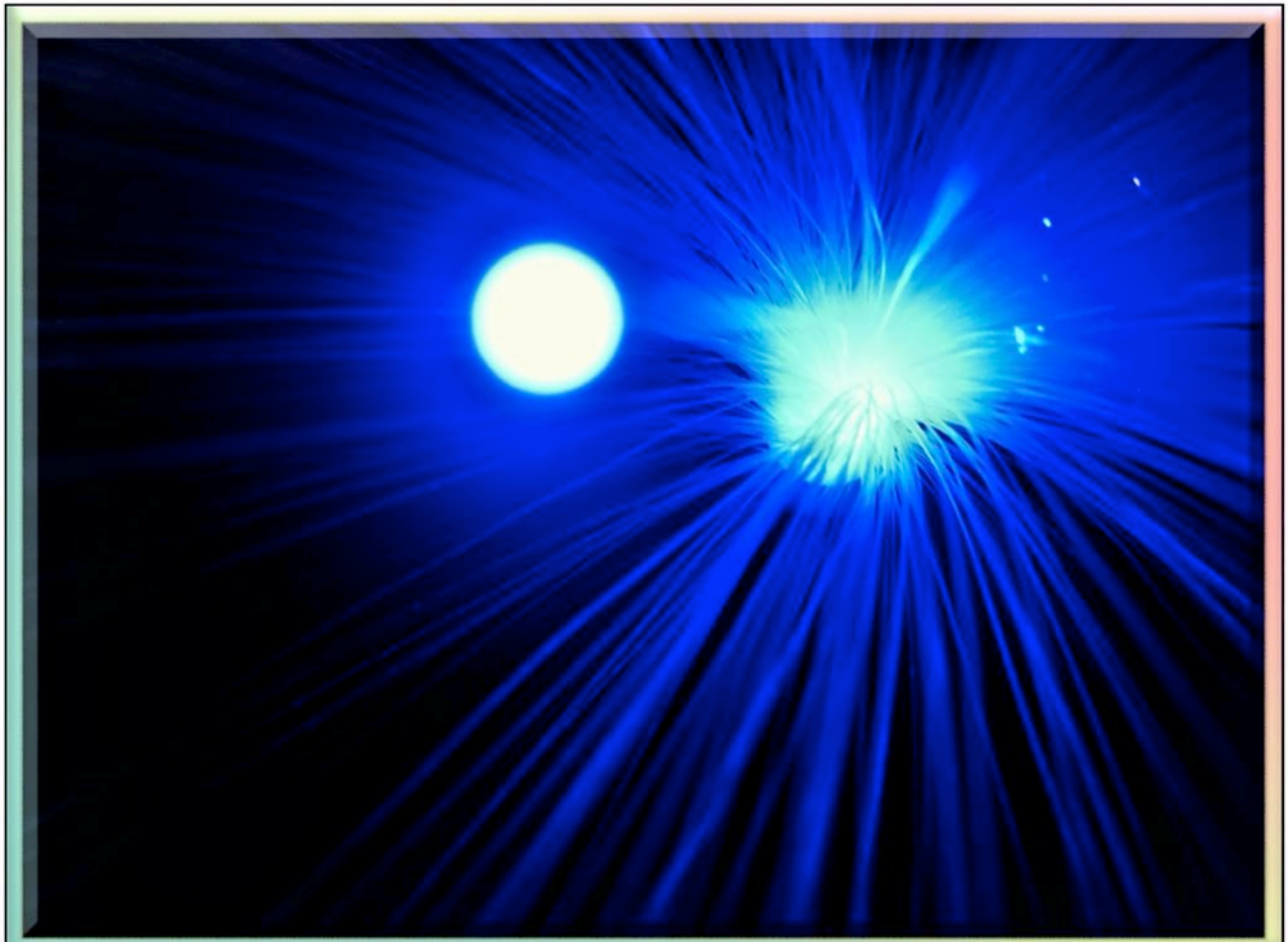


“How come so many of the gospels were omitted
From the New Catholic Testament,
Like those of Thomas, Peter, Nicodemus,
Philip, Bartholomew, and more,
As well as whole books kept from us,
Although You told some
other religions to keep them,
Such as the Book of Revelations?”

*“Those gospels were embarrassing and wild;
They told about My Son doing magic tricks
And practical jokes on people
when He was a child.”*

“Oh, we never heard much about his youth.
And didn't You send the Mormons proof
That Jesus spent an early era
In what was to become America?”

“Probably.”



“What about the trillions
of galaxies in the sky?”

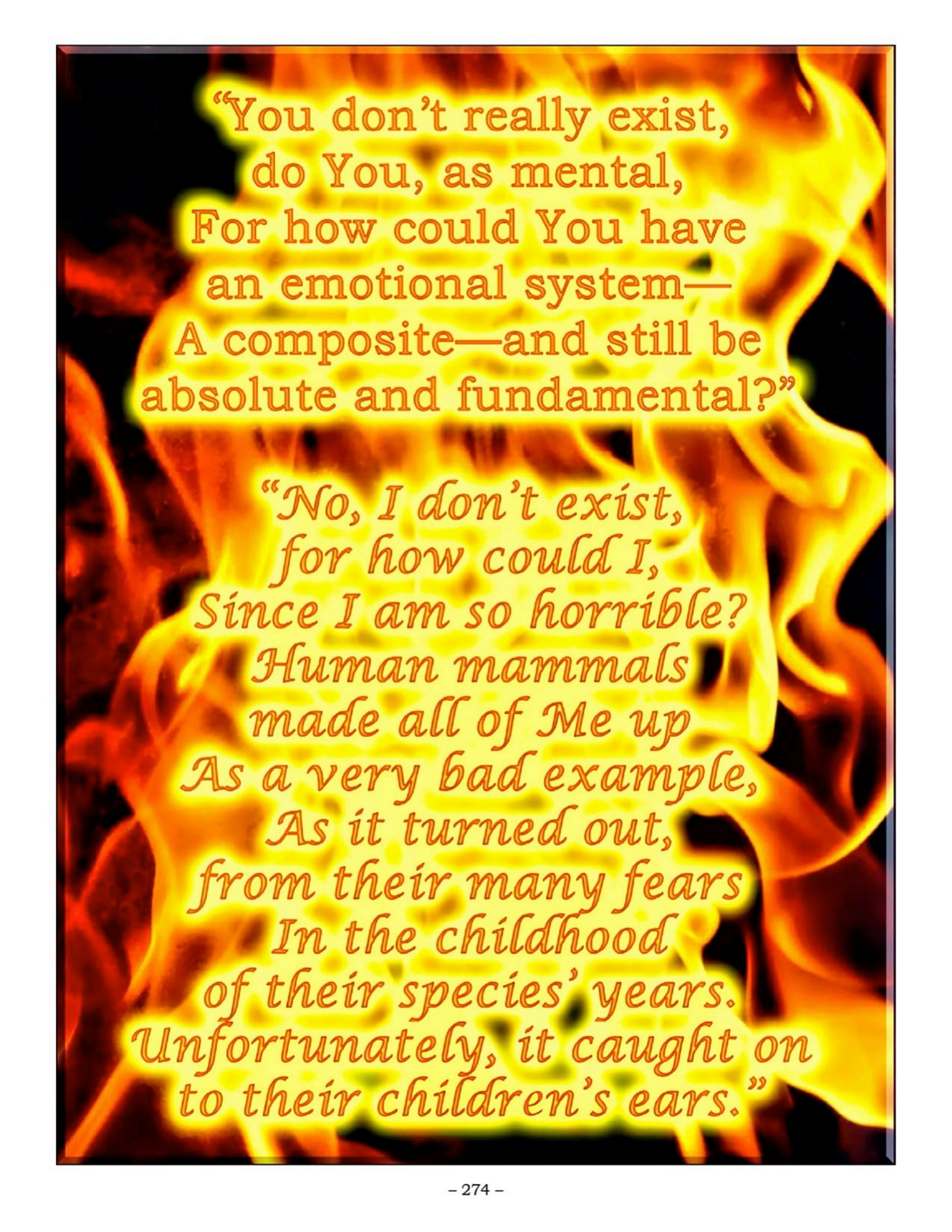
*“They’re just for show
and scenery on high.”*

“Where’s all your rantings
And ravings that I’ve heard about?”

*“I now take Prozac for
My mood swings and bouts.”*







“You don’t really exist,
do You, as mental,
For how could You have
an emotional system—
A composite—and still be
absolute and fundamental?”

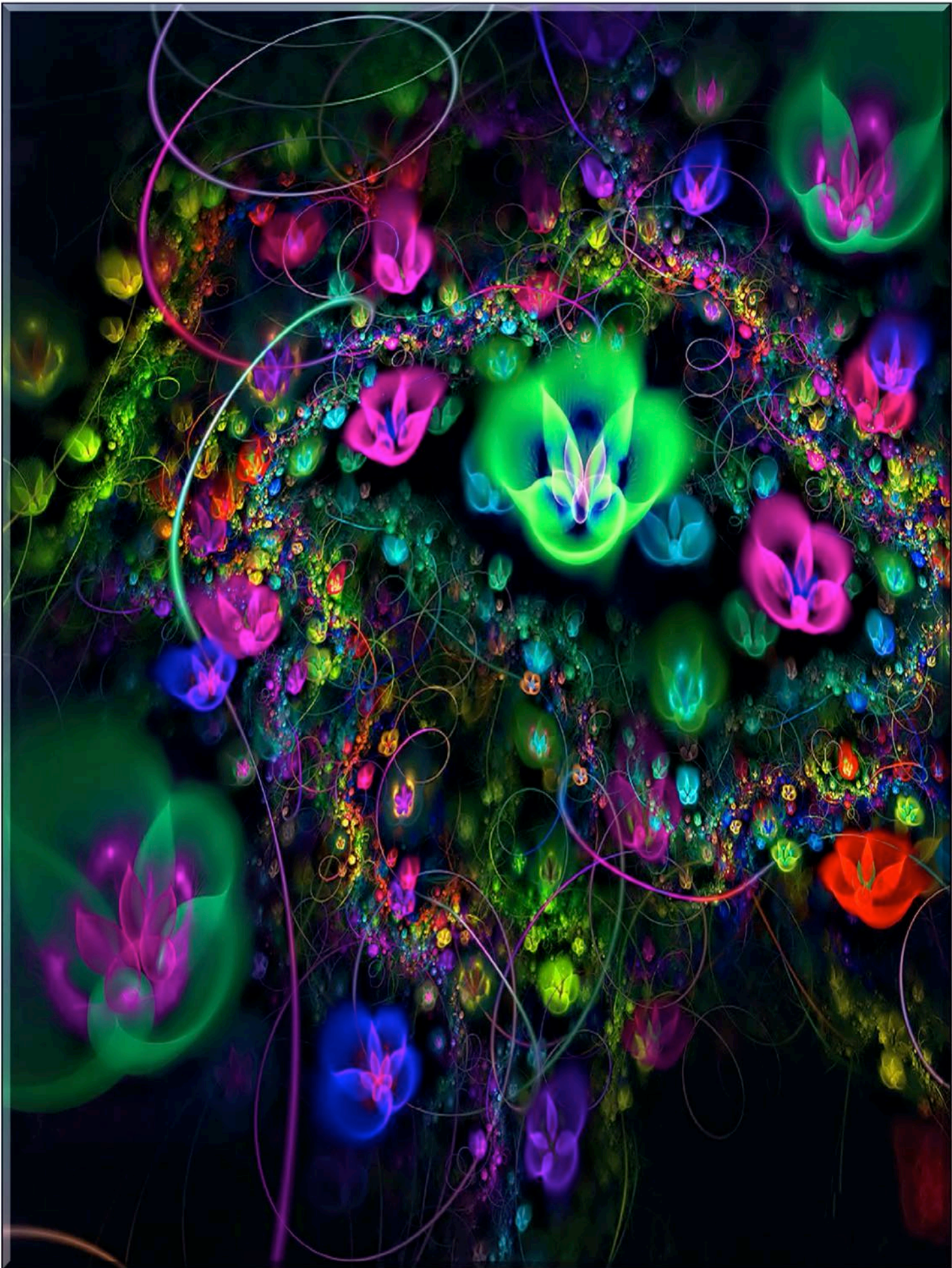
*“No, I don’t exist,
for how could I,
Since I am so horrible?
Human mammals
made all of Me up
As a very bad example,
As it turned out,
from their many fears
In the childhood
of their species’ years.
Unfortunately, it caught on
to their children’s ears.”*





*“So, yet You still subsist
In this indefinite locus of wishes?”*

*“Yes, sort of.
I am sustained here
since many children
Have learned to obey
And listen to
what is/was told to them,
For this obeying was an
evolutionarily useful thing,
As many of their obedience resulted
From warnings of things
That were truly dangerous,
and so the children grew up
To indoctrinate their own children
in all the ‘knowledge’.”*





*“We’ll have to offer more reason
To those so indoctrinated.
Now farewell to You,
the impersonated.”*

*“See you.
Pay no attention to Me as certain,
But to all those blinded by the curtain.”*

He soon dozed off into never land.

(The horn used for the Big Bang)





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?
(Austin)

Another said--
"Why, ne'er a peevish Boy
Would break the Bowl
from which he drank in Joy;
Shall He that made
the Vessel in pure Love
And Fandy,
in an after Rage destroy!"
(Omar Khayyam)



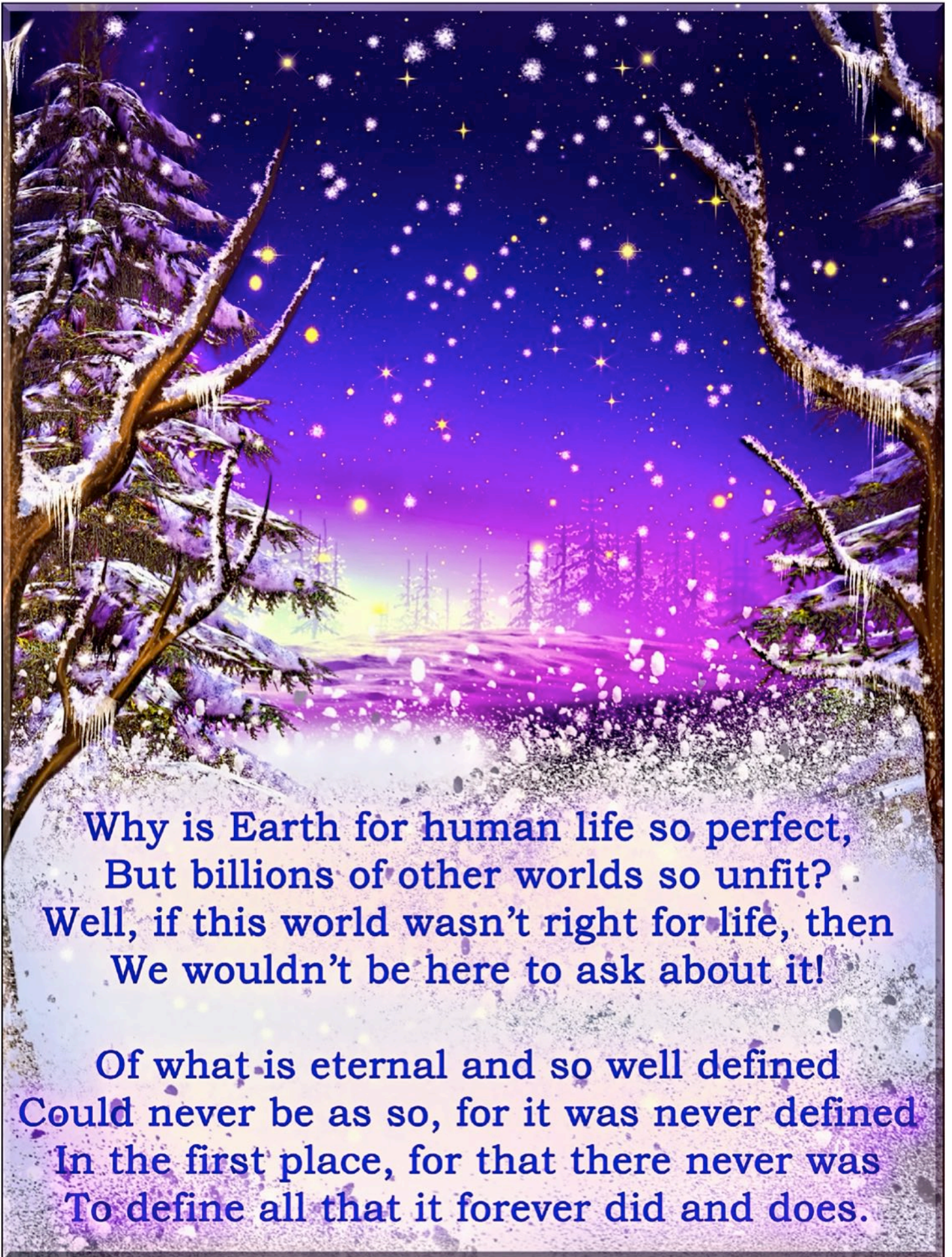


Wrath of the Gods

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.

From time to time
there were global catastrophes
In which some groups
of creatures 'became history'.
This raised many uncomfortable
implications at the time,
For why would God create
And destroy without reason or rhyme?





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!

Of what is eternal and so well defined
Could never be as so, for it was never defined
In the first place, for that there never was
To define all that it forever did and does.













The Gods Meet Each Other



The Gods Meet Each Other

I next encountered all the individual Ones,
The specialized Gods of all the Religions.
They didn't get along at all, not even for an instant,
For all they had in common was their intolerance
Of the others' greatly erroneous and unjustifiable beliefs
That clashed with their own, for tolerance as a relief
Was truly NOT an attitude the jealous Gods endorsed.

The followers of each God thought that their own
Irrational embrace of myth trumped the others' knowns,
And so this led to many of the religious groans.



I watched the Gods battling for a while, steadfast,
In the present, as well as in the distant past,
Their followers' beliefs scripting the actions,
Conflicts leading to dying for untestable propositions
About where everyone came from and was going to:

Metaphysical Martyrdoms
Conflicted with the Divine Book of Revelations.

Deuteronomy 13:7-11
Stoned those disbelieving in Yahweh,
Killing them, while the Koran eliminated many infidels.

India and Pakistan, different countries domiciled,
Because the beliefs of Islam could not be reconciled



Unconditional love never binds — it bonds.



*Luckily for us,
Commandments 11-15 were lost forever.*

With those of Hinduism, poised at the brink
Of nuclear war, merely because they disagreed, rife,
Over some supernatural 'facts' concerning the afterlife.

Karmas ran over Dogmas.

Musharraf suspended Pakistan's constitution,
To stamp out the growing Islamic militant coalition.

Palestine's Jews and Muslims scuffled on;
Balkan Orthodox Serbians dueled with the Catholic Croatians,
As well as with the Bosnian/Albanian Muslims;
Northern Ireland Protestants warred with Catholics;



Sudan Muslims discorded with the Christians;
Sri Lankas's Sinhalese Buddhists
Went against the Tamil Hindus;
Caucasus Orthodox Russians and Chechen Muslims
Exterminated each other and their kin;

Iraq's Sunnis and Shias massacred each other
For some very slight dogmatic differences.

I interrupted their skirmishing and said in haste,
"What about tolerance and respect for other faiths?"

They all answered at once and said, in unison's beef,
"That's just political talk. If we tolerated other beliefs,



*Breathe in all that's good;
Breathe out all that's bad.*



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

*That would be akin to recognizing them readily
As having some credibility, which they certainly do not.*

*“We are saved and they are all doomed, in peril;
We can’t have them exerting influence in the world.”*

“So,” I said, trying to make some small talk,
“I’ve heard that You’ve each written a book
That makes an exclusive claim as to its infallibility.
Congratulations to each of You on being published.

All have made the bestseller list;
However, I have respectfully shelved all of them
Next to the Egyptian Book of the Dead
And Ovid’s Metamorphoses
In the contradictory book and Bible section.



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



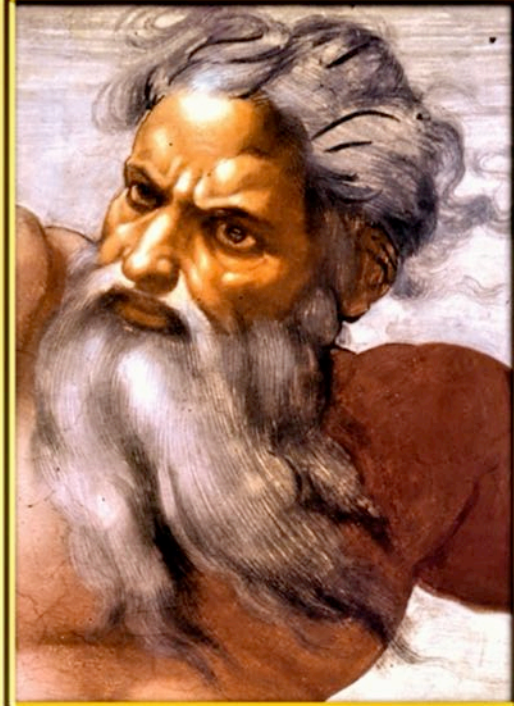
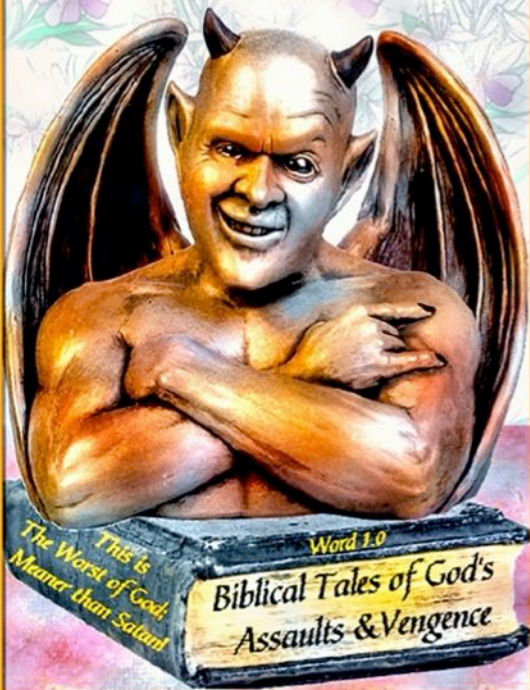
*“Well, My followers are those numerous slaves
Who excuse my mysterious [insane] ways,
Along with my exclusive Desert tribe.”*

“Hey, how about getting modern and making a film?
I know that a book was a great thing way back,
But a moving picture is worth 10,000 still pictures
Which are in turn each worth a thousand words.”

*“Indeed, we will each be divinely inspiring a movie
That will soon be playing in a theater near you.”*

“Wait, Guys, I take it back,” I said with alarm,
“Are not all your children doing enough harm
By fighting over your books and morality plays?
Will people now die for another media—the movies?”

“With 'friends' like God, you don't need enemies!”



They ignored me and fought on, with their kind,
Unable to see but through their own 'right' minds,
(Doing the opposite of their teachings of love)
Which they were especially and paradoxically out of.

Unfortunately, they now represented the largest threat
That human kind has ever imposed against itself—
All due to differences regarding some very improbable
And differing notions about the nature of the universe.



We Are It

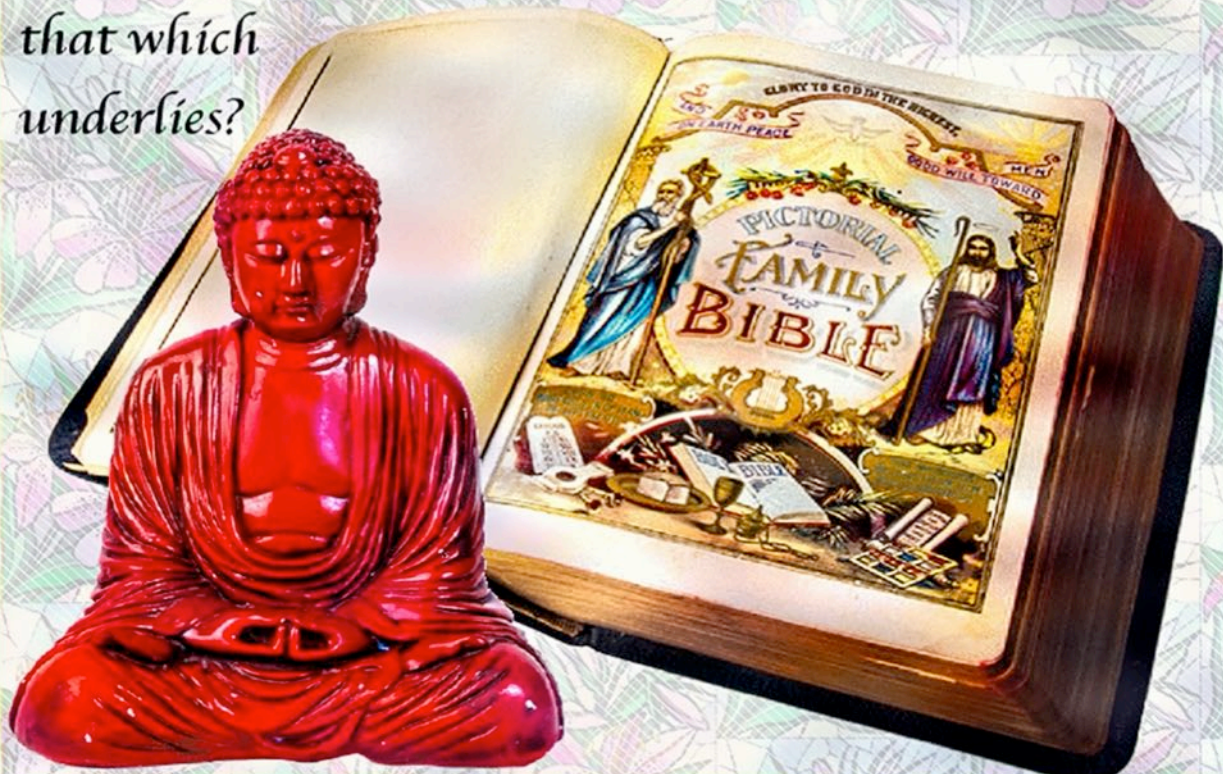
Appearance and motion wholly create
Being and time in the arena of space;
We're the complex composites from simple verse,
The ultimate, perhaps, in the universe.

I noted the Land of Evil Demons,

Although sometimes it was hard to tell which
Was which or not witch.

I also bypassed the numerous Gods of the instant Cults
That had always gained so many followers and bad results.

*Which is the more absolute? That which oversees or
that which
underlies?*









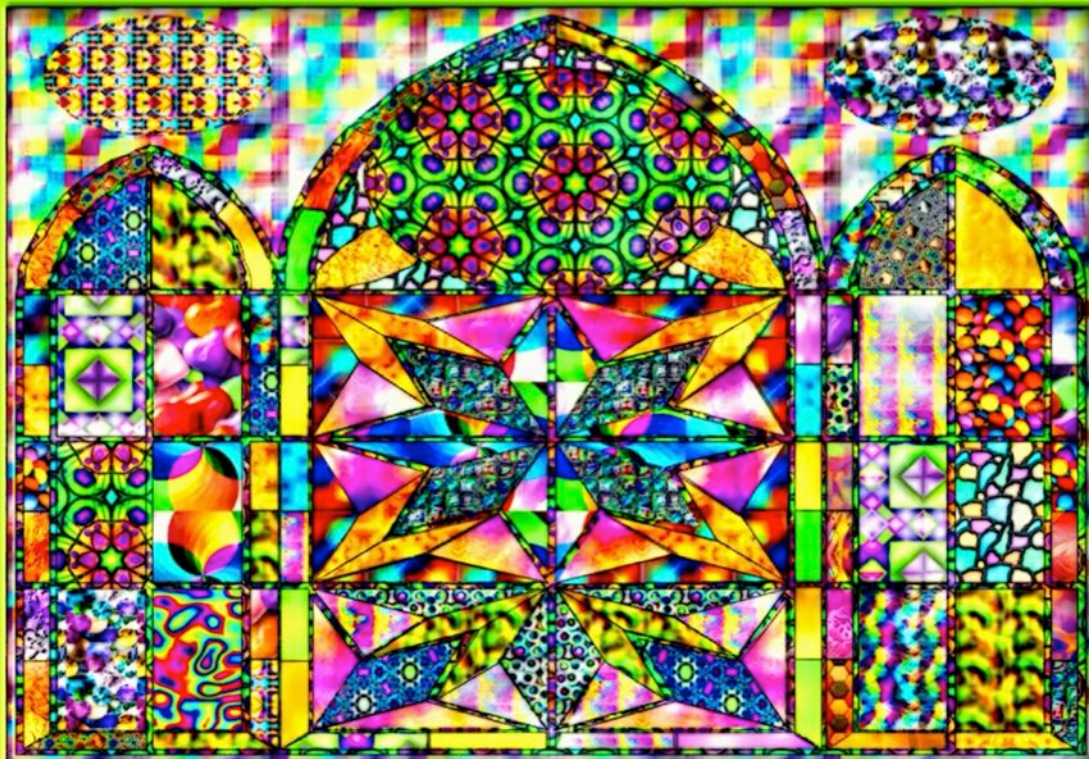
The God of the Religious Moderates

I next encountered the God of the Religious Moderates,
Whose numbers had been swelling lately, at any rate,
But they had seemed to get stuck in that middle state.

The God of Moderates said to me in soft oration,
“Greetings. All things in moderation.”

“I bet that You derive from secular knowledge
Combined with religious ignorance.”

*“Well, yes, modernity has allowed some dust to settle
On the very old unchangeables that do nettle,*



*And so now people pick and choose,
Invent, or ignore the Dogma's ruse."*

*"Dogma is indeed an unchangeable definition—
It does not admit of progress, by its very definition."*

*"True, but I am still their God, of course,
As they have abandoned the wingèd horse,
Virgin births, sexual prohibitions, the value of life—
And they even have some doubts about the afterlife."*

"They betray both faith and reason."

"That they do in this new season."







The Return



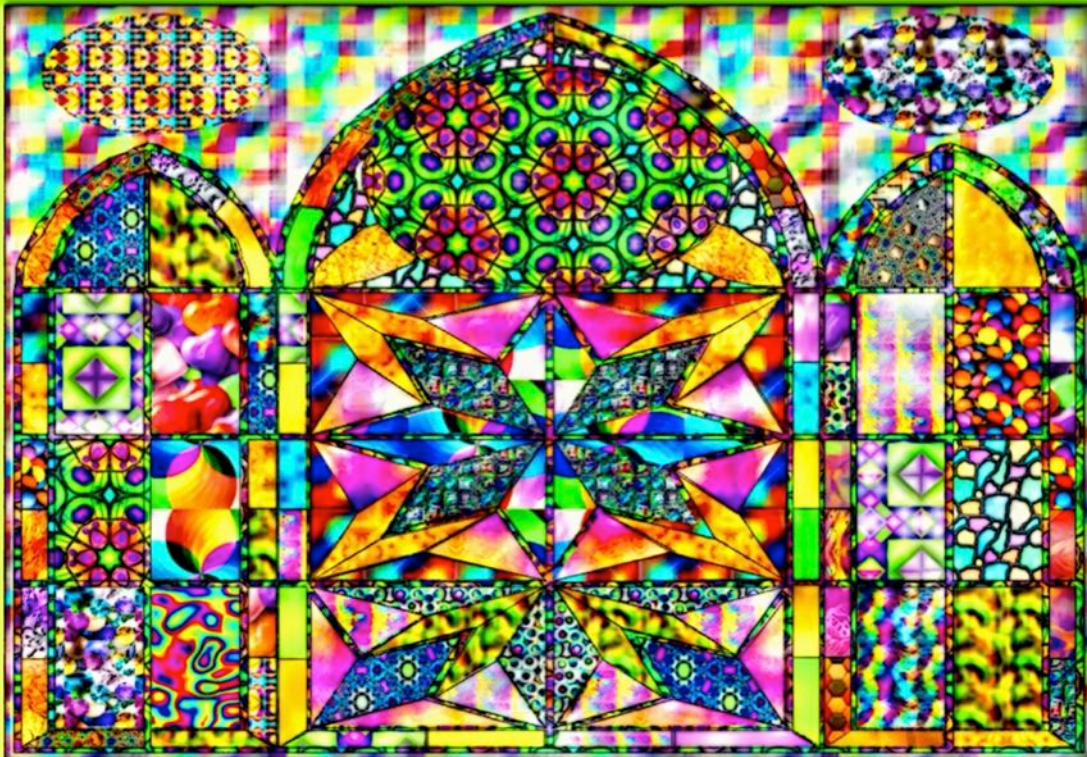
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"They betray both faith and reason."

"That they do in this new season."



The God of Nature

Lastly, I met the God of Einstein—Spinoza's God.

*"I am the so-called God of Nature,
Being am one and the same with it—no different;
Although, that which has no difference
Is really not any different.
Anyway, at least this is how the people awed
By Nature's intricacy and beauty refer to Me.
I am only here in this nebulous vicinity
Because I don't actually exist with certainty,
But seem to some to be tautological with Nature,
Always existent and beautiful."*



Go—while you can still hear the earth's song.



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

“It’s OK, don’t worry about it.”

“Thank you, and welcome to reality.”

“You mean I’m back?”

“Well, at least you have one foot in it through,
Just as I seem to do.”

“I’m going, but why did humans
Invent the theistic and deistic Gods?”

Worldly Romance

*As moon and Earth we bathe in radiance,
Cleansing our hearts in the grand alliance.*



*Round & round each other we dance, entranced,
Revolving in the whirl of our dalliance.*



*Can you resist the beauty of loves truth
When roses and tulips bloom in loving hearts?*

*“Man created them in his image’s inward glance
Because he was and is terrified of his insignificance,
As well as from a fear
Of losing the beauty of his life’s instance.”*

“So man just proudly declared
That he was of Special Creation.”

“Yes.”

“Farewell and thank You for Your insight.”

He called after me.



*“Enjoy reality—it’s really a place that’s better.
There’s nothing more beyond it. ALL comes from matter.*

*You’re bio-electro-chemical creatures—
As organic and natural as anything else in Nature.*

*“Consider this knowledge till
As the ultimate humility, if you will.*

Live life, love it—while you can,

During your lucky incarnation

From the evolving composites

Of the last 13.75 billion years.

You have arrived. You are here.”









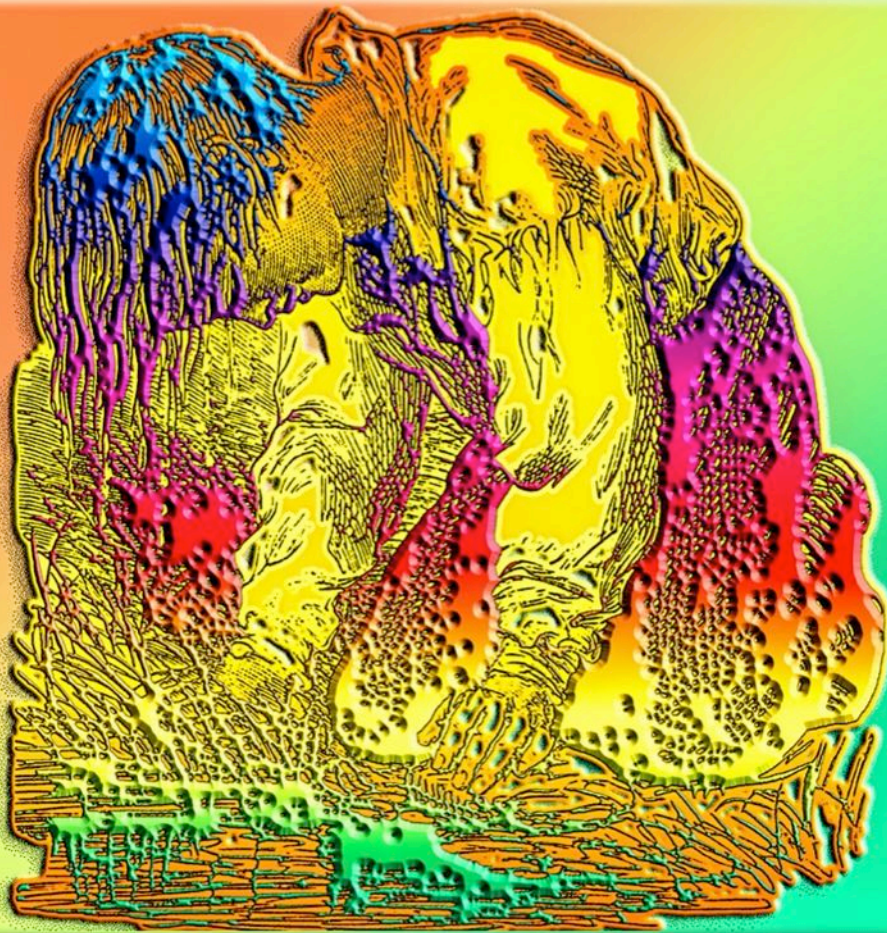


The Nature Of Pantheism

Panthea, the greatest God there never was...
How to explain? She does what nature does.
As a rose is still a rose by any other name,
Then so is a universe a cosmos the same.

The Problems of Traditional Religion

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



Down to Earth

As I rejoined Actuality, I felt its waves and seas
Of brightness and color joyfully washing over me.

Getting back to my existence and its stresses,
I ignored some knocking Jehovah Witnesses
Then made nine golden tablets,
And reported my findings on the forums,
And then went breathing, seeing and hearing,
And otherwise sensing all that was knowable as reality.





God in the News

I picked up some newspapers and magazines:

A suicide bomber blew up a bus and himself as well,
Sending many of the unbelievers straight to Hell,
While assuring himself and 72 friends a place
In Heaven, a double blessing from his Faith.

His family, relatives, and friends gathered, soon,
To celebrate their wonderful good fortune.
The bomber's death was especially lauded as wise
Because he had proceeded directly to Paradise,
Bypassing the possibly troublesome way
Of the litigation of Judgment Day.



Fighting continued in Kashmir
Due to some perceived insults to Muhammad.

A man was released in Northern Ireland
After claiming to be a Protestant atheist.

A child of Christian Scientists died
Due to the religious refusal of antibiotics.

Extremists sought nuclear formulas
And parts to reduce
The peril of the unbelievers in the world,
Those whose ways are not sanctioned by Allah.



Pope authorizes millions to reach
Children sexually abused by priests.

The recently discovered Gospel of Judas
Suggests he wasn't really such a bad-ass.

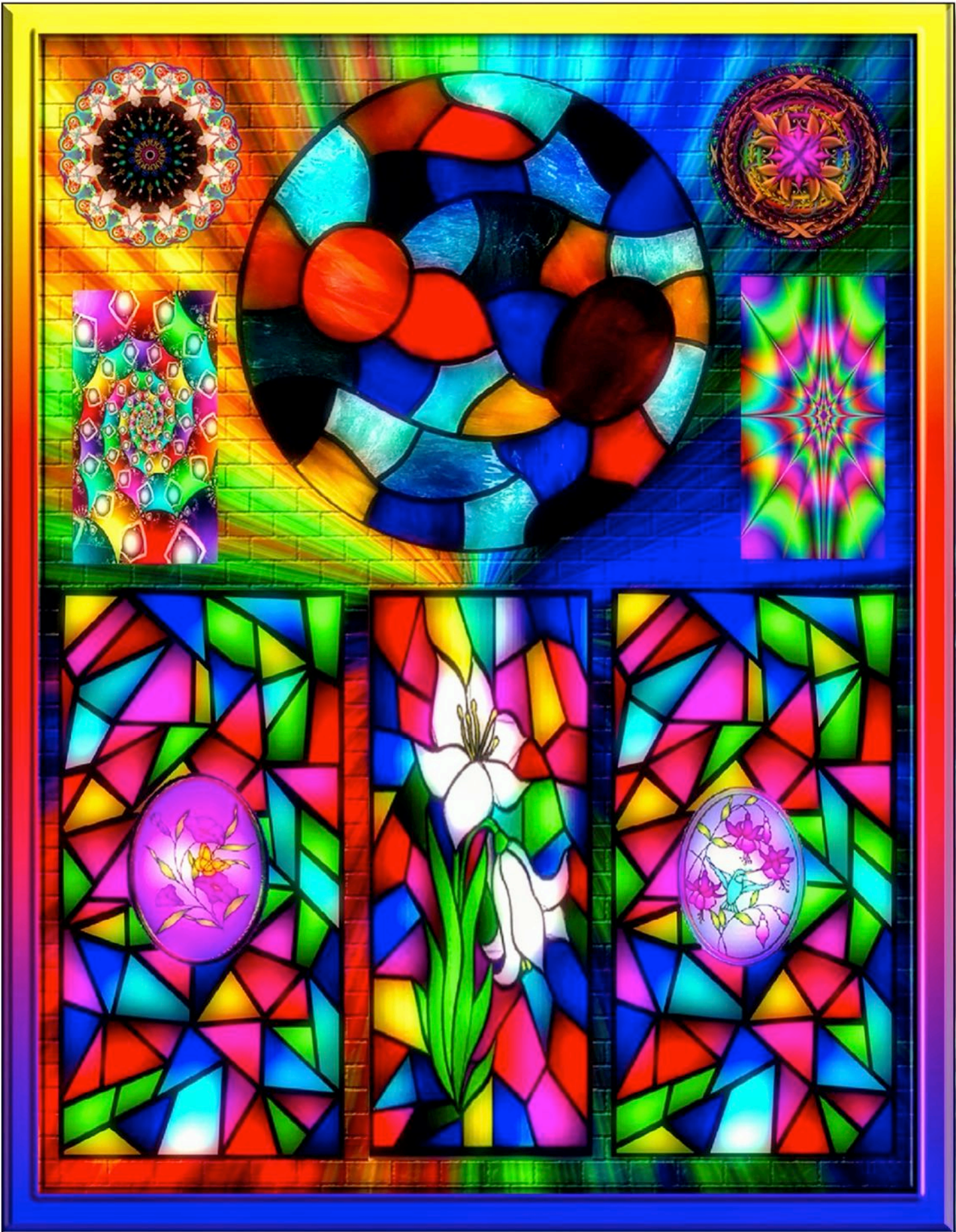
Some nuclear facilities no longer exist in Syria,
About whose disappearance both Syria and Israel
Seem to know nothing about.

Battles rage on over differences in some holy books.

Iran promises to destroy Israel.







President Bush led off his latest speech with
'In God we trust.'

And in a more than 2000 year-old newspaper:
The Emperor led off his latest speech with
'In Zeus we trust'.

And, finally, in a future newspaper:
Religious extremists detonate atomic bomb
In Washington, DC;
Nuclear retaliation destroys
Twelve highly populated middle-eastern cities.
World greatly stunned, begins to widely read
'The End of Faith', 'The God Delusion',
And 'god is Not Great.'



Black-Out

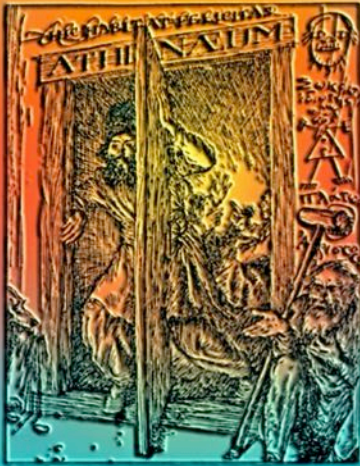
In the darkness, we alight from the Wiz,
And try to make sense of this world of His.
We soon find the 'answer' to life's dark quiz:
We must live this life by what light there is.

Illumination

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?

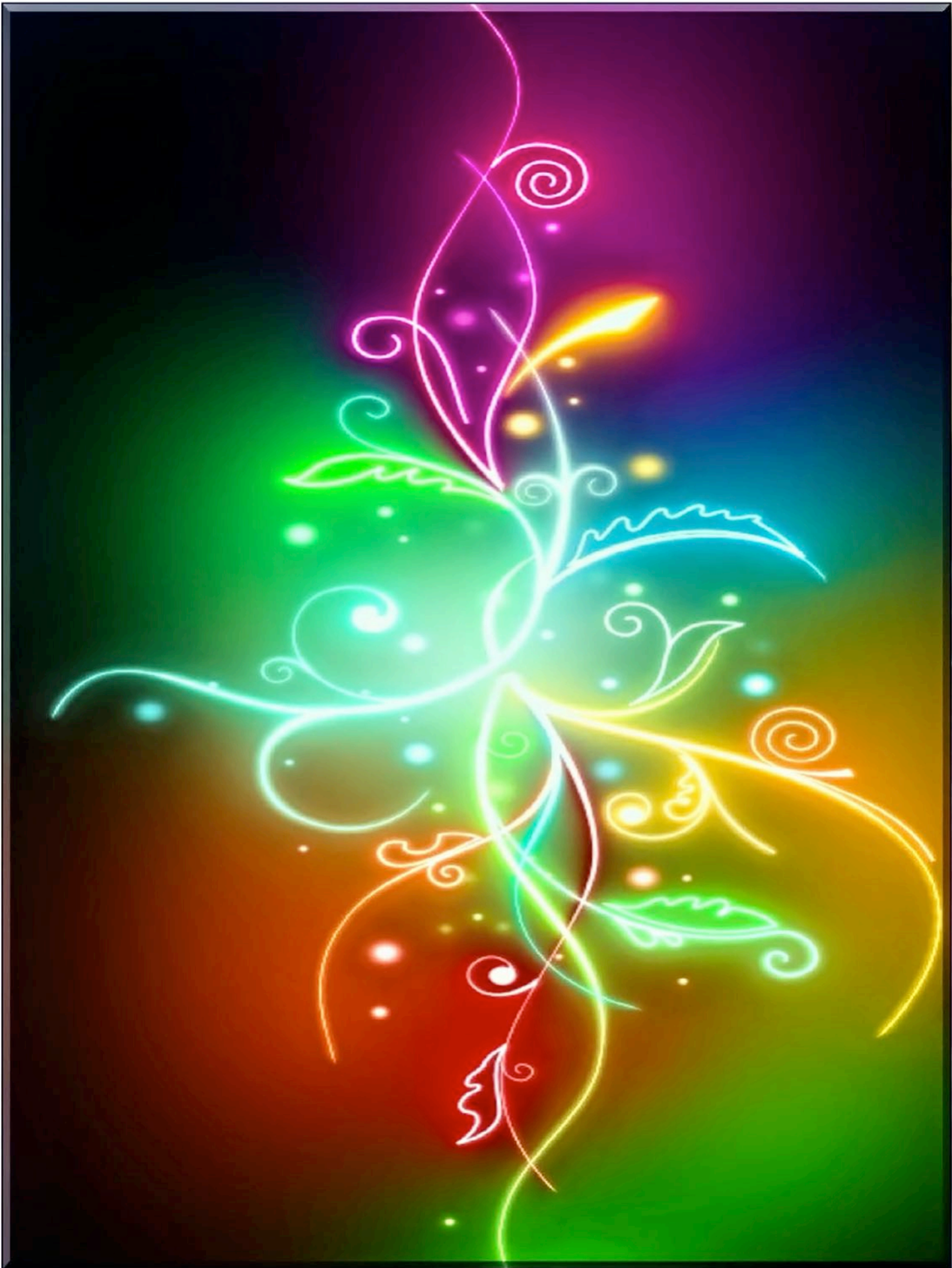
Forest for the Trees

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.



I also bypassed the numerous Gods of the instant Cults
That had always gained so many followers and had results.







In the Beginning

God obtained some material somewhere,
And thus created the heavens and the Earth.
Eve then cost Adam a rib, then an arm and a leg.

Cain killed Abel, and so we are all Cain's children.
So, our ancestors descended not from the trees.

Noah married Joan of Arc and took her
And all their pets on a world cruise, noting
The rest of the human race as dead and drowned.



God played a joke on Abraham,
Whose kind had often made burnt offerings when
Popping the corn or overcooking the Lamb of God.

Moses then tied his ass to a tree
And wandered away to cleanse the tribes.

The ancient Egyptians fleeced the electrolytes.

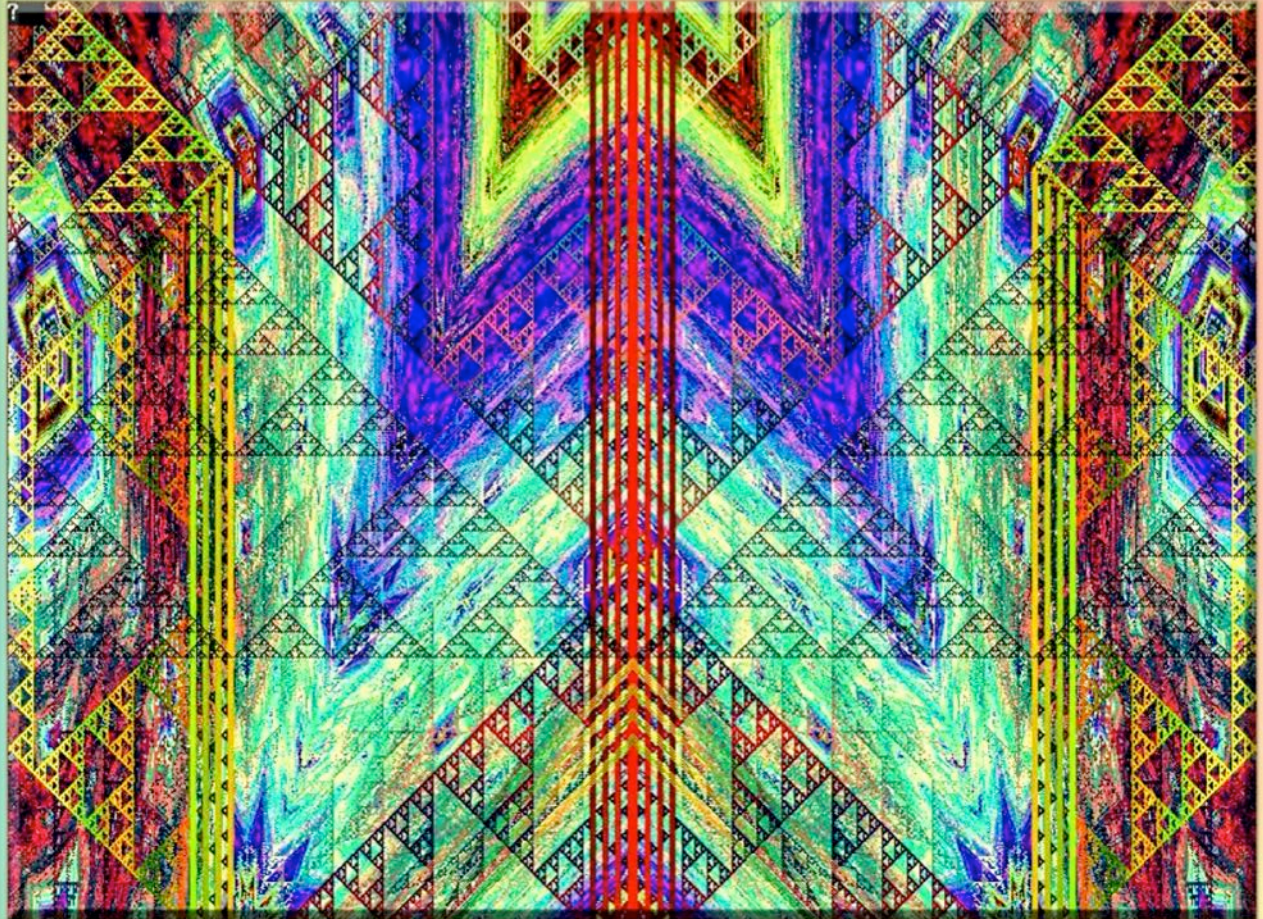
God made spiritual love to a teen-age virgin,
And Jesus was born, died, and was born-again
On Easter—Let us Raise the Lord,
But not before Jesus had made water into wine,
Perhaps encouraging alcoholism.



Mass was served by the altered boys
And even the odd girls, all preyed upon.

Lent soon became fast-food only time and
So fat Tuesday was invented to tide one over.

Thank God! Sleep be with you. Ah-choo.



The Creation Museum

The new Creation Museum in Kentucky
Features dinosaurs in their Ark,
Deemed small at the time,
4000 years ago,
So that they would fit in the boat.
None were mentioned in the man-inspired Bible,
Since their fossils were unknown at the time.
The oversight has now been corrected.



