Austin's Rubaiyat Art Scapes



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- Here we have the final compendium of my 630 or so rubalyat-style quatrains.
- There is an illustration for each quatrain, along with separate stand alone art.
- Flora Symbolica could be considered as being here in its entirety, but I've published it separately.
- 'The Great Omar' lewel encrusted edition is still. down on the Titanic.


Like phantoms from the tomb, the lamps relume.
From promise in the womb. the verses bloom.
The poetic spirit spreads: Persia-fume—
–As he my Book of Quatrains does illume,
Across Khayyanis gravestone
blows the simoom
Carrying forth Omar's. Persia-fume,
Redressed in the translator's costume,
It's remade into Victorian perfume



PROLOGUE This edition contains all of my 650 rubaiyat quatrains, as selected from *Today's Rubaiyat* and my other books. Inspired by Omar, I have endeavored to capture his spirit for more modern times, although I have surely been influenced by Edward FitzGerald's translated gems. The illustrations herein are of my composited digital art.

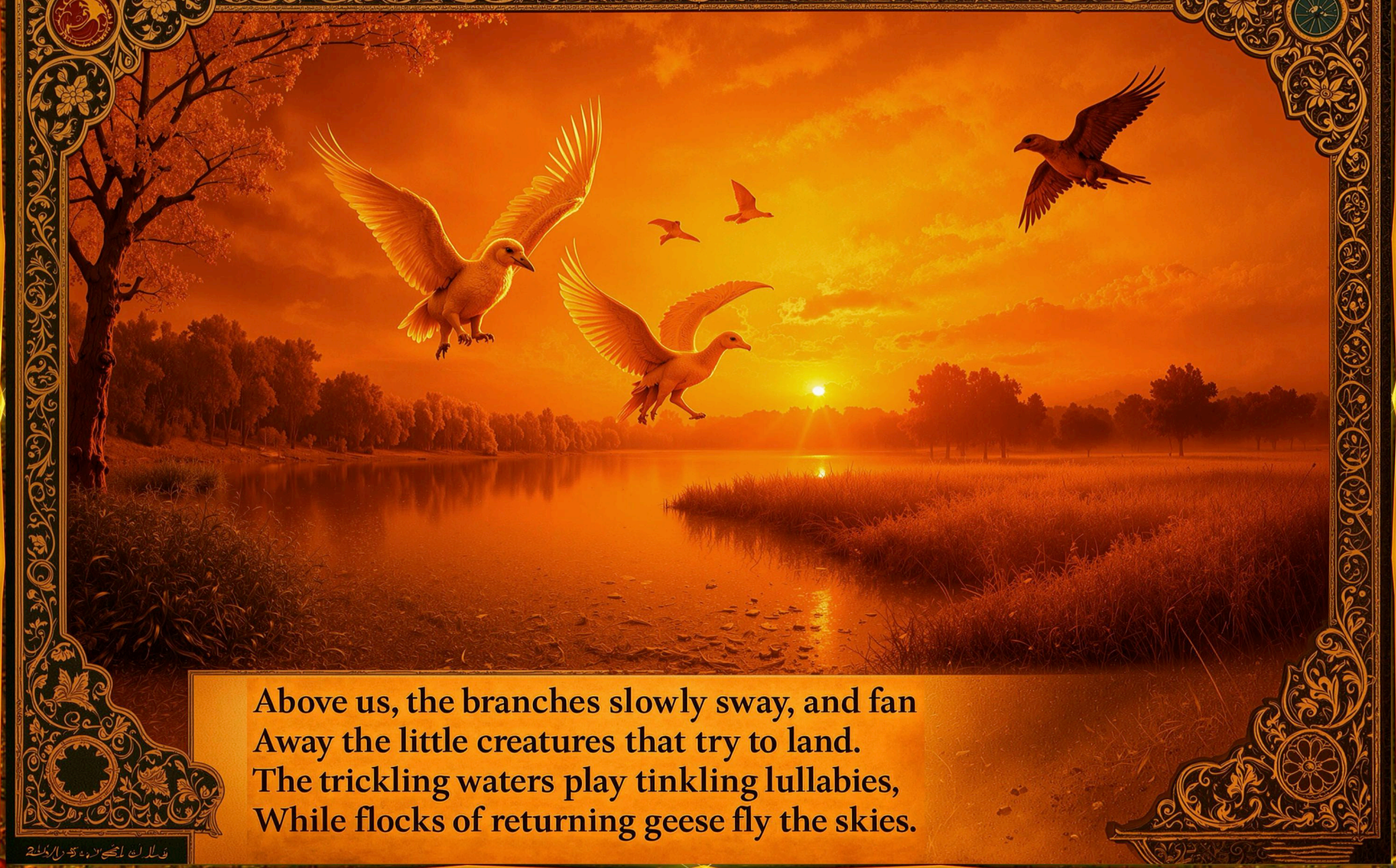


There is also a companion prose version, '*The Triumph of Life, Love, and Being*', in which a loving couple take a long, picaresque journey through the countryside to explore the joys and follies of the human condition, living out many of the quatrains.


THE DISCOVERY: Long before I'd ever heard of Omar Khayyam, I had come to some of the same conclusions as had he,



Of course, *The Rubaiyat* struck 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 amazement.



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.

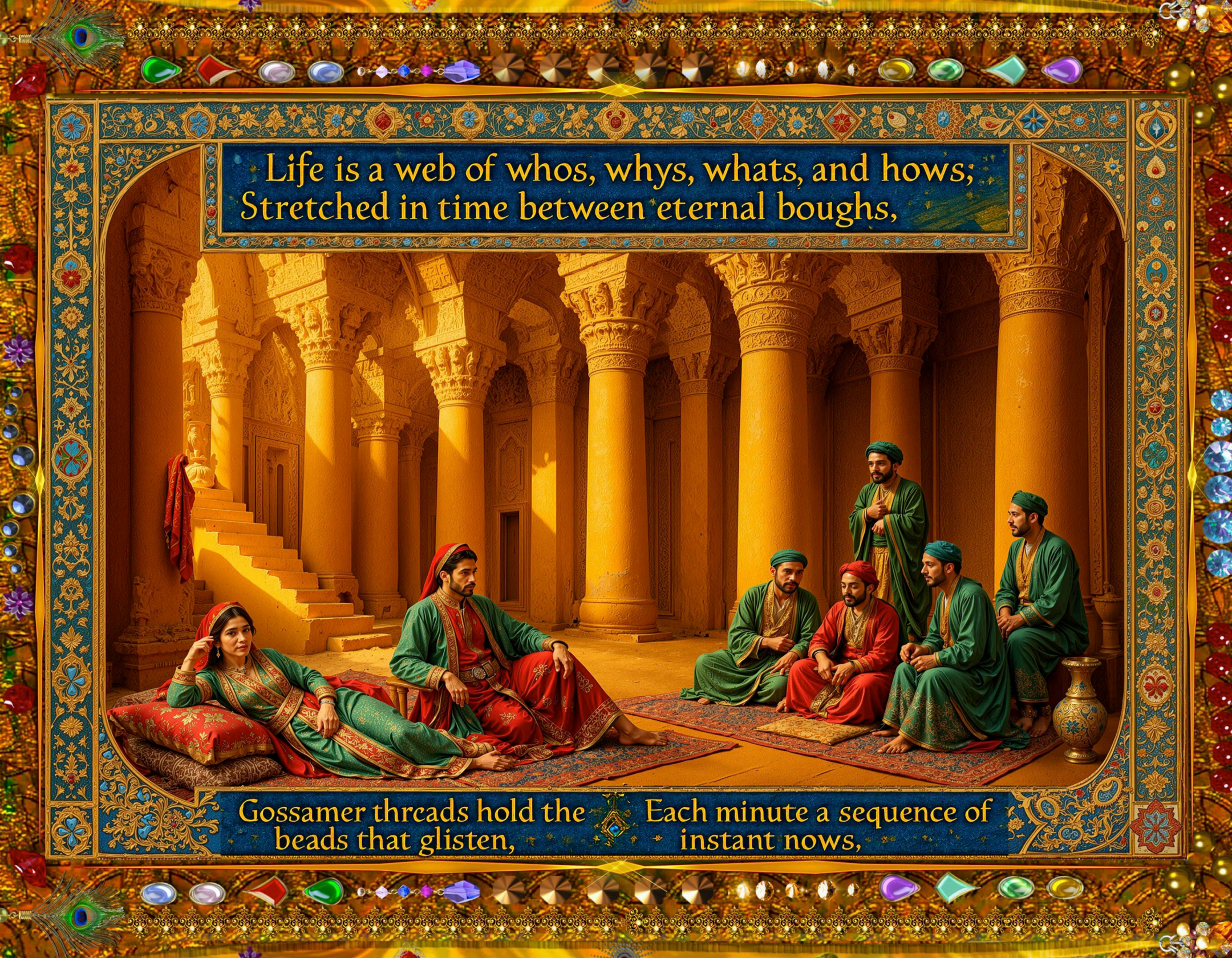


I caress her tresses, in romantic rhythm,/To the contented sighs she sends toward Heaven.
We slumber where the grass fledges the stream,
Half-awake or asleep, in love's peaceful dream.


Since time endures as but a dream, all mortal fates are cast away;
Eternity flows in a stream, Departing Night and Dawning Day.


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!"


On fleeting truths that never fade away. e ach bloom unfurls
as whispers on the wind, in moments
that the universe must sway.


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



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





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 let's radiate, since for now we're here!



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!


The dance of lght and shadow, where night and day
entwine in eternal harmony.
Good and Evil, Knowledge and Darkness, Light-all
are dualities that ever entwine.


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 would n't be here to ask about it!


Each fleeting moment with beauty rife
Must all in turn be born, yet fade and die
A thousand times, yet never ceese to live,
In Time's eternal round, beneath the sky.
CITM
R3



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 huing human!



In the night lies the healthy breath of morn;/The giant oak sleeps within the acorn/ the flower waits for spring inśde the seed;/So too in a daydream is one's life born.



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!

To the morning-star I 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 your flower be dry!




Colorizations of Edmund Sullivan’s illustrations



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


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



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.


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.



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.





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?




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.





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.



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.



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.



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.



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.


Oh thee, of thine, whence comes this life of mine?/I wish to thank you for the living wine.
Oh, Nature, Father Time, Guiding Star/Thanks for throwing me this Earthly lifellne,



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.



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.



Seize the moment or lose its momentum,/Wearing time as your royal diadem;
Richly accelerate life's momentous gem,/Letting your motto be 'Carpe diem'.



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.



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.


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!



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.



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!



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!



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.



Sweetness and serenity drift over me,/Like a mist creeping into a valley.
Dripping wet, tender, verdant, and fertile,/The soft edges impress life into me.


In that black and endiless 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.



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.



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



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!



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.



She is the elixir who fills my cup,
The scent on the breezes who lifts me up ;
She's love's essence, distilled into being,
The passion-spirit who opens me up



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!



Our spirits flow from moment to moment,/Connecting and savoring life's events—
Drinking-in the sounds, currents, textures, scents,
And subtle delights—as beings self-content.


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.



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Yet a voice through the centuries echoes,/As still the summer blossoms with the rose.



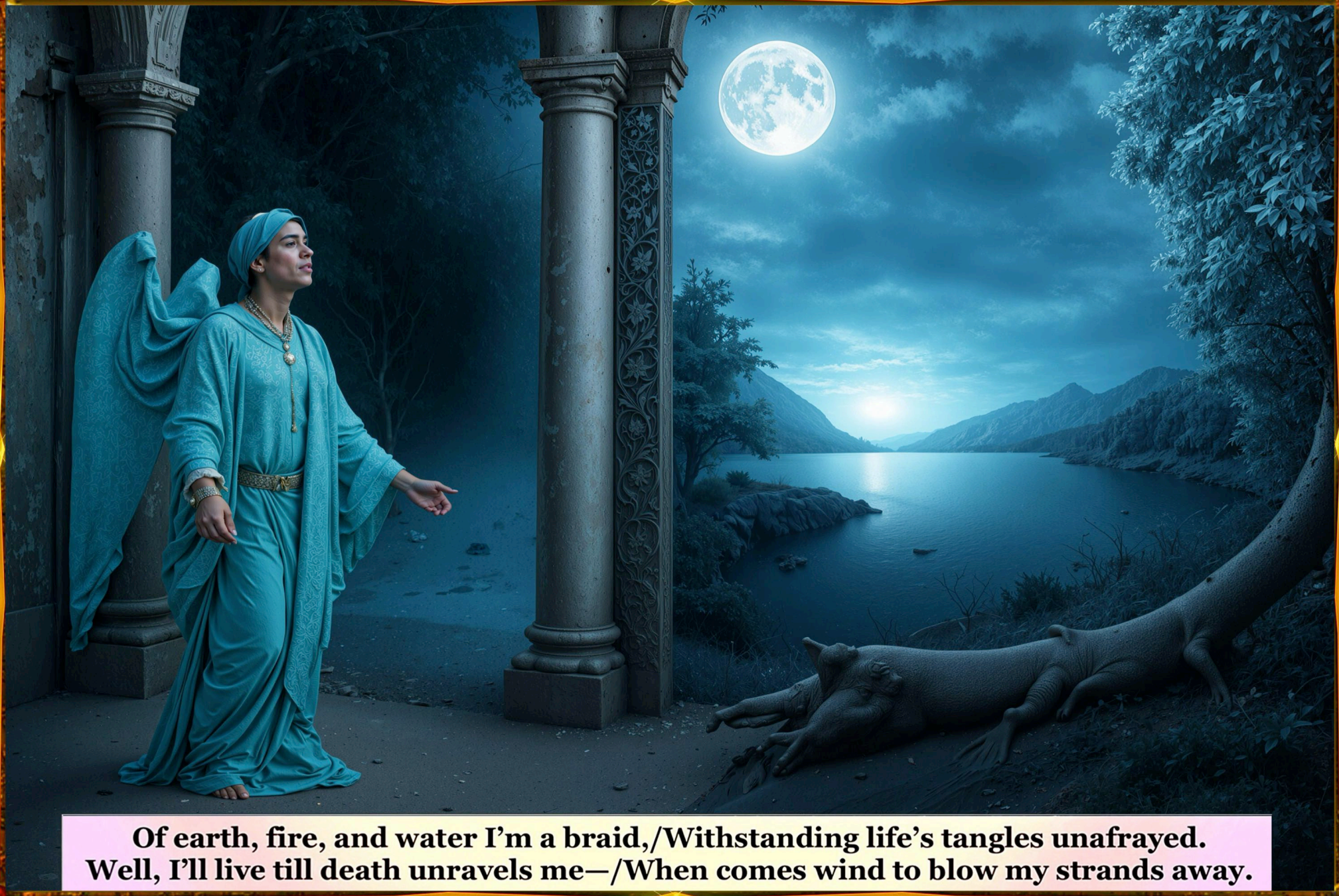
Look at the stars in the depths of the night;
Hold their flames in your mind, keeping them bright.
Their power flows, energizing you, from/The Eternal Charger—you see the light!



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?



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.



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


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


I must soon repossess
Your clay, so let us
Drink to your success!
He drinks and smiles,
then meets Life's last caress.



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.


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.


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.



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.


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.


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.



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.



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!



Youth and Beauty made agéd 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.


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.


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.
Yine
@ 1945



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.



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, their audience and progeny.



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 lived.


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


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.



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.



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



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 a deeper perfection!



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.



Time on its stream brings all sweet things to us;/Its aquavita quenches human thirst.
Water of life; we drink time, it drinks us!
Time on its stream bears all sweet things from us.



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.



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!



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!



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.


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



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.



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.





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?



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!



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


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.



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.


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



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.



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.



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.



We construct the world that our dreams require,/One moulded closer to the heart's desire.
In this world body of our souls inspired,/We'll live life entire before we expire.



The day pours life into roots with sunlight;/Flowers bloom,

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.





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



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.



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



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.



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.



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.



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.



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.



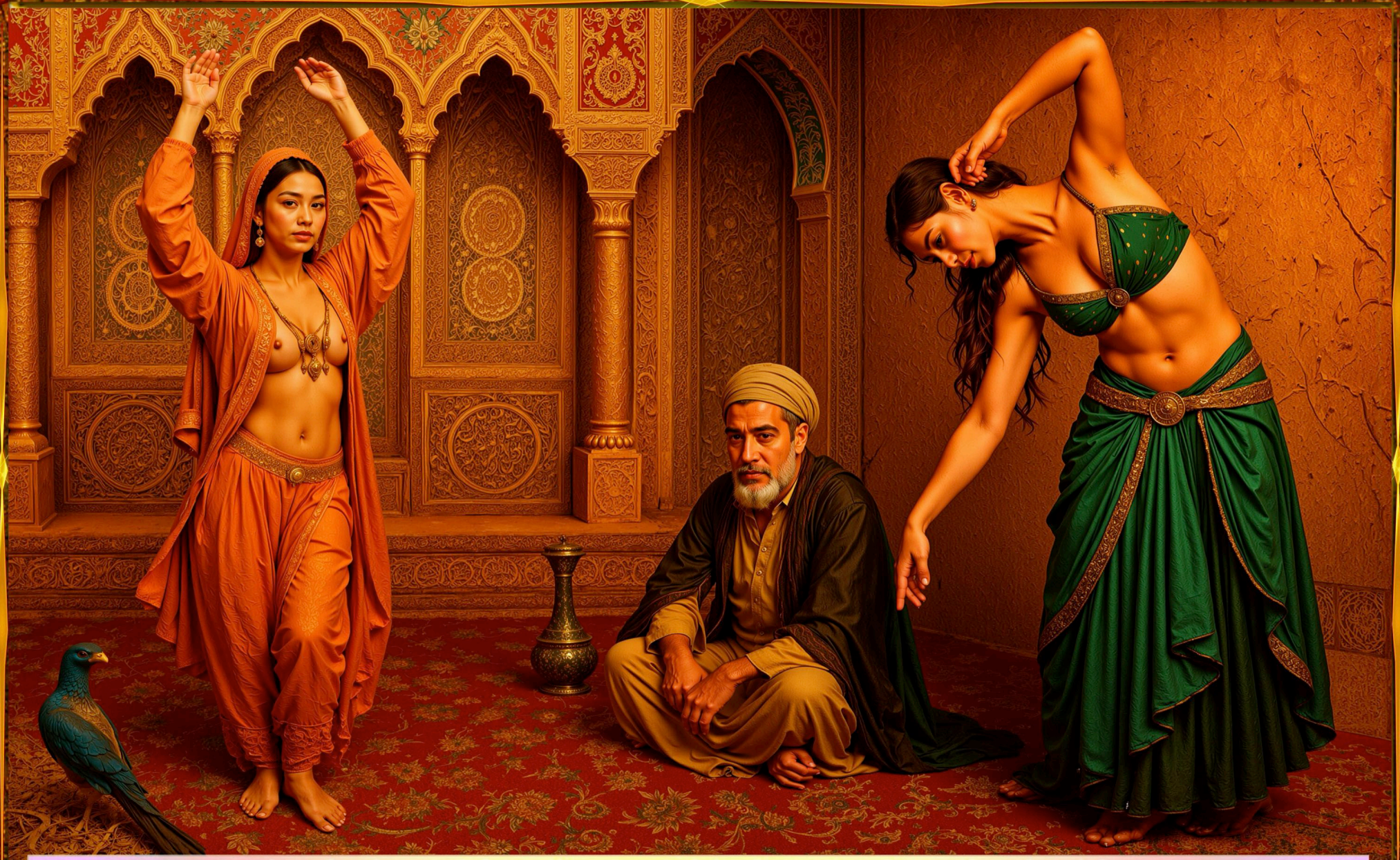
Your spirit wanders ‘long the Persian way/With an houri, life’s nows to drink away,
In some sweet wood far from the noise of day,
Where with her you yet live, sing, laugh, and play.




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.



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



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.



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.



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



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!



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.



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



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,



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.


The Best of All Worlds
Earth's a garden, an oasis in space,
A planet of boundless beauty and grace.
We might search, in vain,
all the heavens' space,
For the squal of
the Earth's sacred place
Never finding it,
or even a trace.
Among the lights
that dance
in s1sky,
A haven waits out
there, for you and I,
A world where
flowers bloom and
fountains spray,
A paradise
called Earth to glorify.





Convince me, Nature, that Reason is right,/That the strength of the heart is not in flight; I'll plunge into 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?



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.



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.



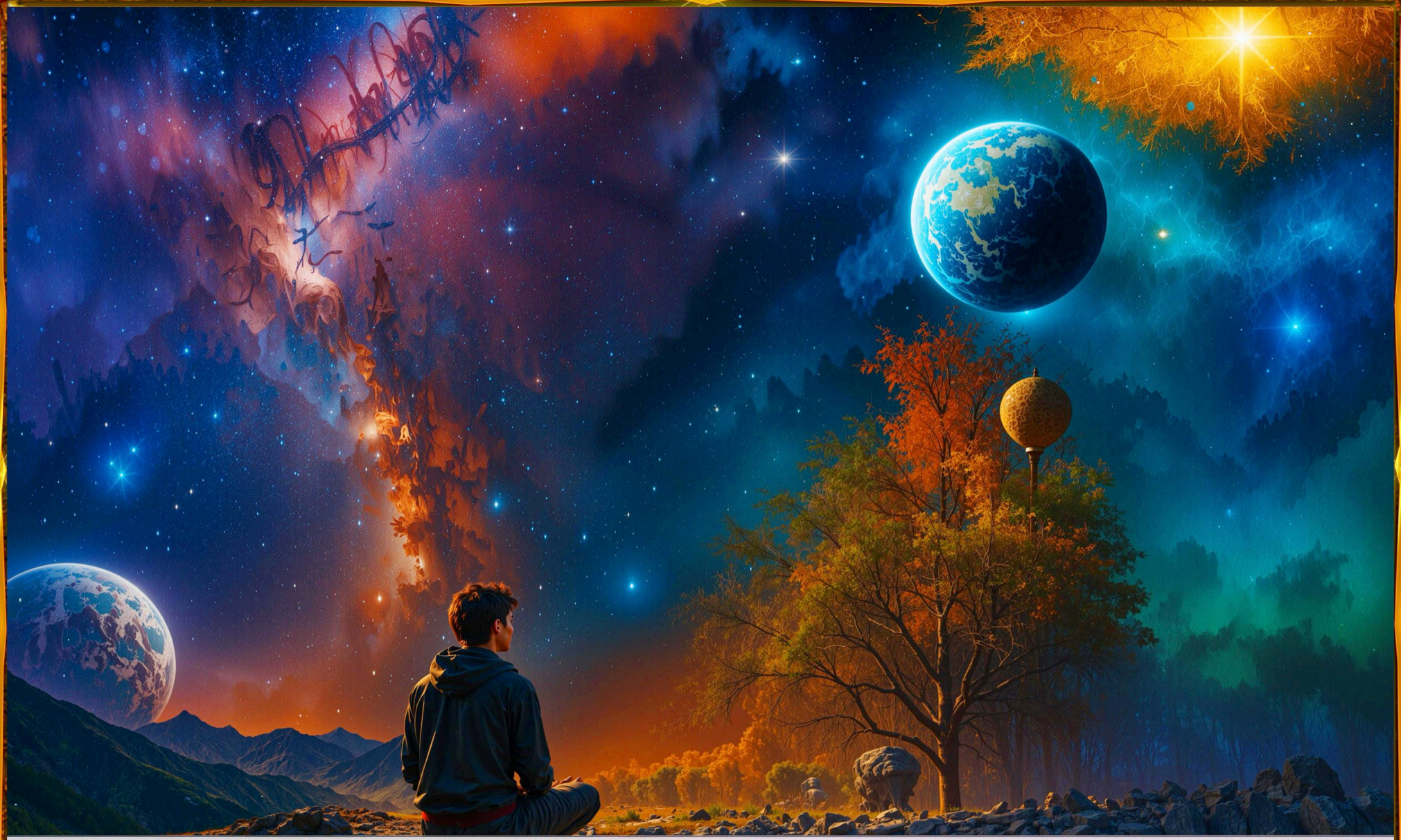
Ambition’s mist drifts upward each morning,
Outlining daydreams, although still forming,
But rising still, into the clear sunlight,/And taking shape, sculpting clouds, then sailing.



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!”*



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.



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.



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.



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.



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



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.





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.



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.



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





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!



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.



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!



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.



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



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!



Old Khayyàm reclines on the grass, near death./The Dark Angel arrives and to him saith,
“Drink one last deep drought from Life’s precious cup.”
Omar smiles and sips, then breathes his last breath.



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



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.



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



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.


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,




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.

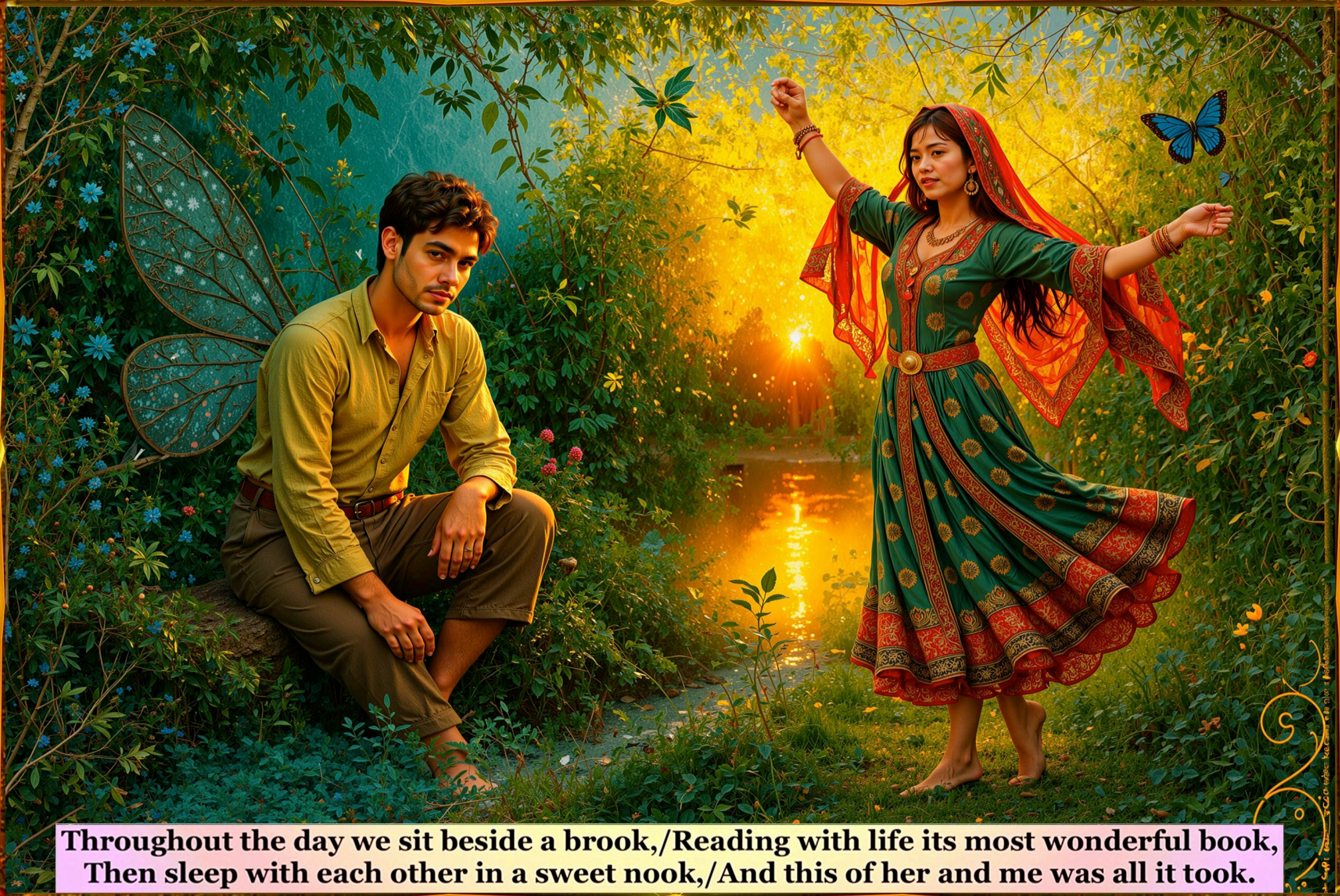








Fire inspires everyone under the sun,/Especially lovers having their fun.
Firelight flickers, playing on nakedness,/The inner fire as sacred as the outer one.



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.





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


In golden hues, the future paves its way,
While whispering winds in soft embrace shall play. .



Across Khayyâm's gravestone blows the simoom./Carrying forth
Omar's Persia-fume, Redressed in
the translator's costume, It's remade into Victorian perfume.



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



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!



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.


Think, in this frail vase of mere decay
Gems of beauty subtly blaze:
So, for loves that will not stay, Seek those steadfast in their ways


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 you not seek it out



Time is fleeting, feel its soul in your heart, The world is fleeting,
Live as the stars, shining through the dark, For in every star,
a message we chart. a message we chart.



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.



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.


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.





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.



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.


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.



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.



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




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


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.



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.



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’?



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.”



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!



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.

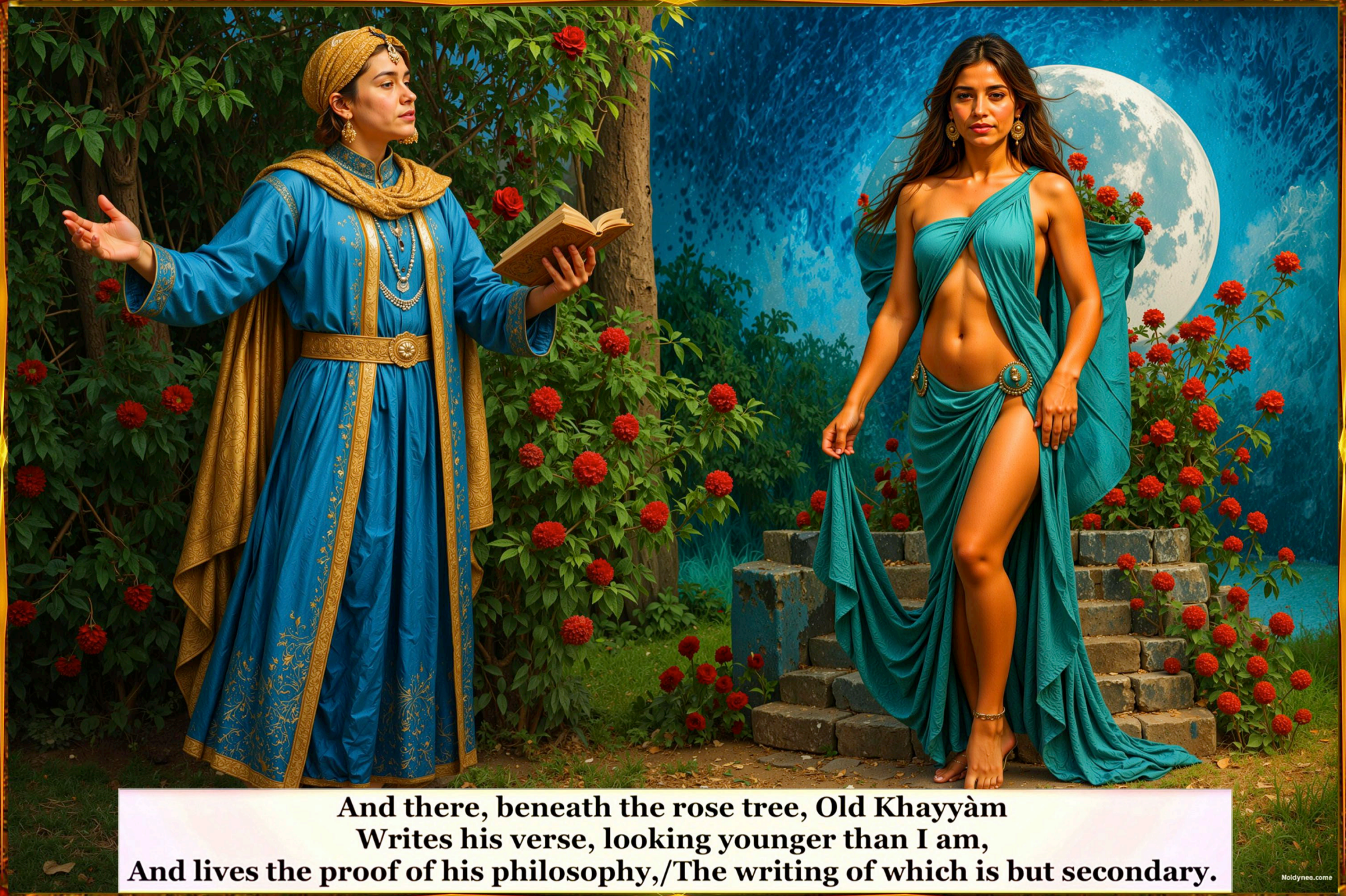

As I wander ‘long the romantic way,/With the one who drinks life’s sadness away,
I realize that the cost of a loveless life/Is much too high a price for me to pay.



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.


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


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.


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.
Noldynee.come


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!”





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 morning bestrews.


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.



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, so warmth on all prevail.





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.


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."



ILLUMINATIONS in this section, there are new quatrains obtained from my other books of *Elfin Legends. Worldly Loce, Austino's Hoy Deep. After the Stars Are Gone–The Final. Silent Dark.* All That Liss Betworn, Parmenides' Unity in Multiplicity. Brain Waves, Into the Land of the Gods, hurnot, and more, which poems can be found, in their enttrety, in *Epic Thoughts: The Best Of*


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


In twilight realms where fairies dwell,
Their wings alight with starlight spell—
A world of wonder softly lies,
Beneath enchanted moonlit skies



I love that time just after the gloaming/With the last of the glowflies
still roaming, The night airs full of amorous promise,
And the quietus that lets love's dreams rise.


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



Of man and angel, one yet neither, they came,/To dwell forever, in shadow worlds, between
Form and substance, they, all elfin creatures,/And all who float or fly, as came from Paradise.



Fairy tinklings are sensed as drowsy fumes -/Incense lifting us on wings
The tide that turns us, as seen in wake
Of leaves rising in their swell on windless mights.



Magical things I saw, that only appear/On Earth
On Earth when one's eyes close but for a second:
Wingêd ladies, and flowered butterflies, Whose prints are pressd as dust upon pansies.



Unicorns and chimeras wandered by,/With nixies, gremlins, and centaur men;
Faeries danced, caught by a believing glance,/As dreamy visions held us sleepy-eyed.



Summer follows us around, elfin queen/Of hearts, as we lay snug
Your glowing pixie crown lighting the scene,
Your curves spooning, your ears pointing away.


A flush of youth shot through me, as the chain/Of light from angel
to faerie added my link, And my eyes were sparks of bright burning fire
Sense extended in a new dimension.

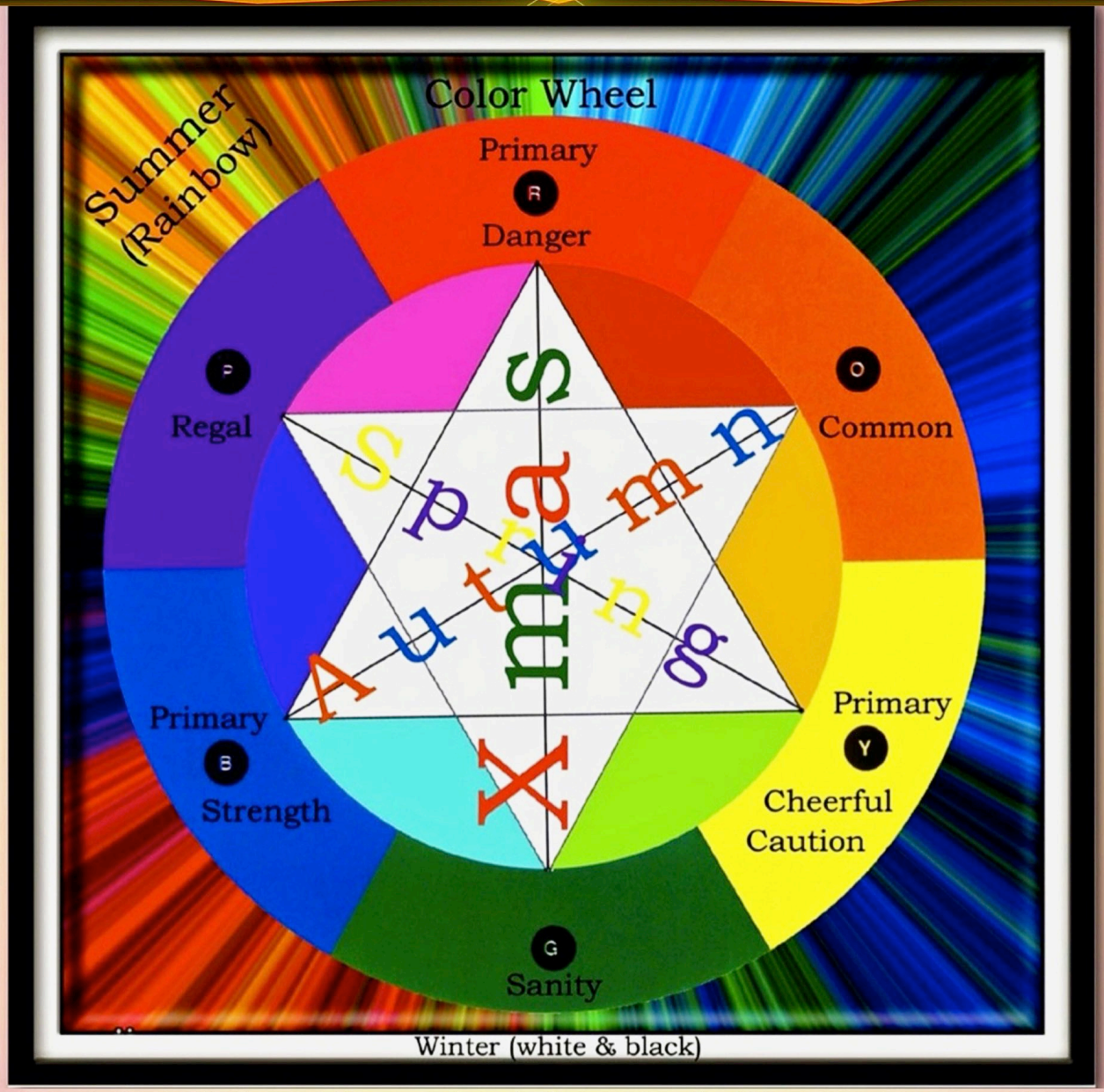




As fays, we made love in the air, hovering—/Evanescent visions of disembodied happiness,
The magic link in the chain of things, connecting
Man to God, by angel and star, to all that we are.




So now live your life and dream a dream, through Dale,
meadow, and field, in grove and greensward, Across love's
pure stream, in shimmering sheens / Of the dells of Elflande—it takes but a wish



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



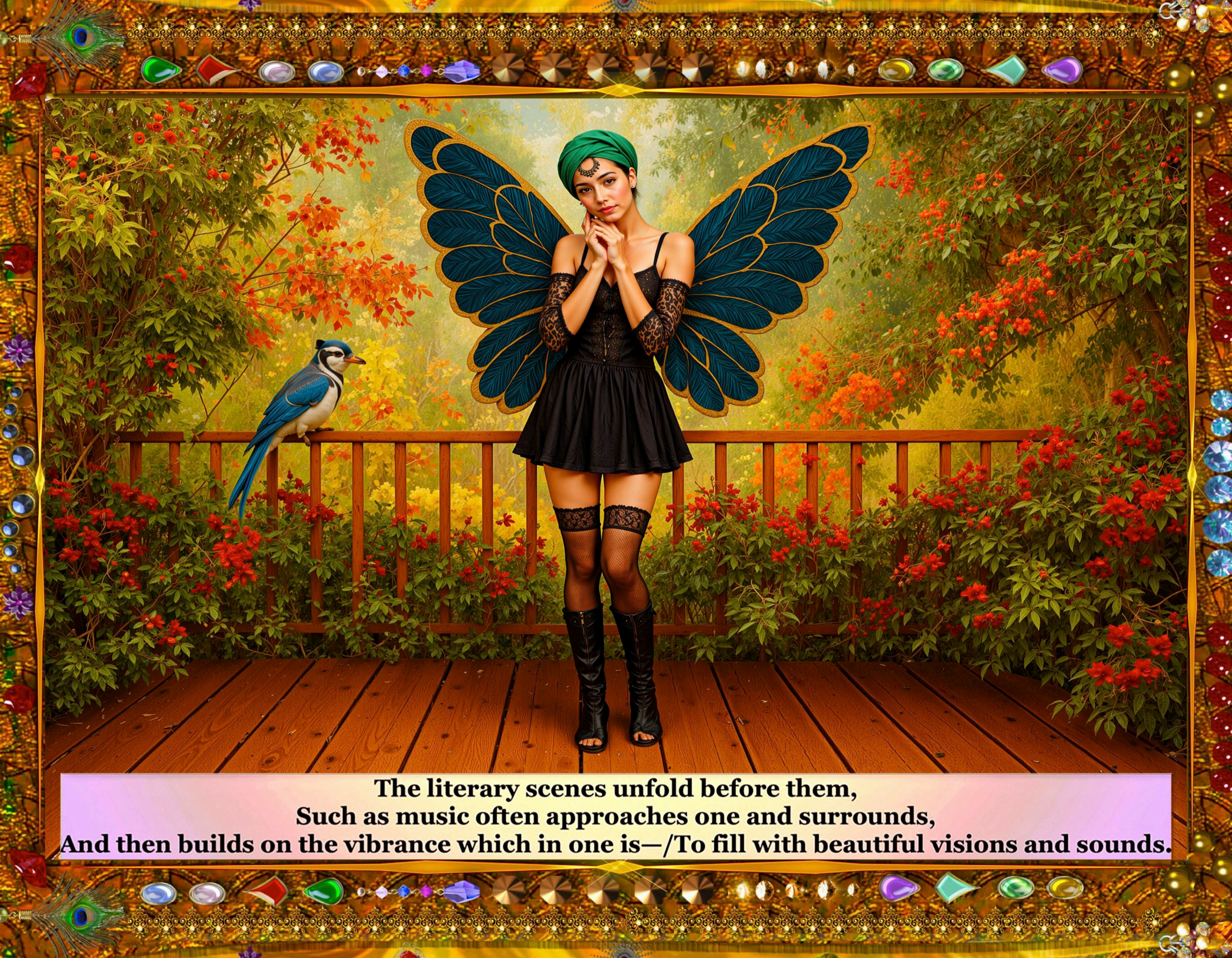
The stars are not just white, they scintillate:/Sirius is blue, its companion green;
Betelgeuse, red; many, like Sol, yellow;/Arcturus, orange—all jewels constellate.



The sun fills the waking and breathing world/With the fire of her imagination.
In poetry, the sun is the power behind the mind;
The moon, planets, and stars are symbols too.



There’s a secret garden, half as old as time,
Where poets live and write their words and rhyme,
While the nightingale creates the rose,/By moonlight magic, from their thoughts sublime.



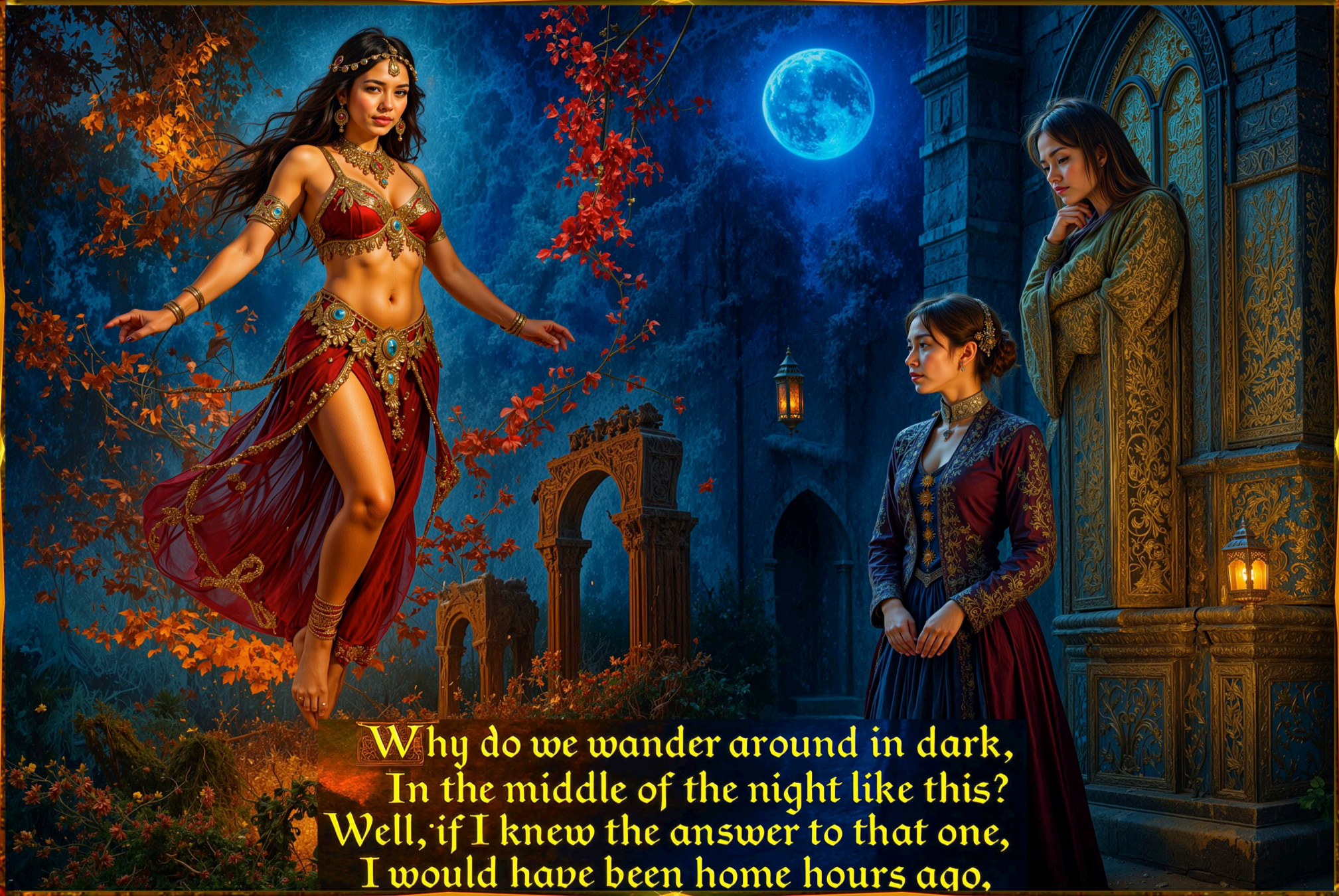
The literary scenes unfold before them,
Such as music often approaches one and surrounds,
And then builds on the vibrance which in one is—/To fill with beautiful visions and sounds.



Hail and good fortune, fine fellows and ladies;
Welcome, all of you, to the Meadows of Heaven;
We are the luckiest sons and daughters of being—Mediums in a rare universell done.



Where is the Light that shines to make me so? 'Twas born of the stars in that milky glow. There is a light seed grain deep inside you,/You fill it up with yourself, or it dies


Why do we wander around in dark,
In the middle of the night like this?
Well, if I knew the answer to that one,
I would have been home hours ago,



Did we not tire, ev'r walking, looking, lame?/At first, we did, yes, but then beauty came—
The grand moment of wings grown; lifting, new.
That rhythm flies us—our music plays through.


The world turns, shadows fly, energy spreads apace,
Consolidating here and there, not an impatient race.
Muslims crash the gates, and now new Rome is cleft—
A prism of many-splendored light is all that's left.





There was the word of the ancients to pass on,/Though
scoffing at the beliefs of the ancients yon.
But one can't scoff at them personally,/And this is what so annoys you au and me.



But the first thing learned is to forgive one's-self.
Then tell one's-self– that much more learned self,
Do whatever you want, it's right to be,/In this parentheses of eternity.

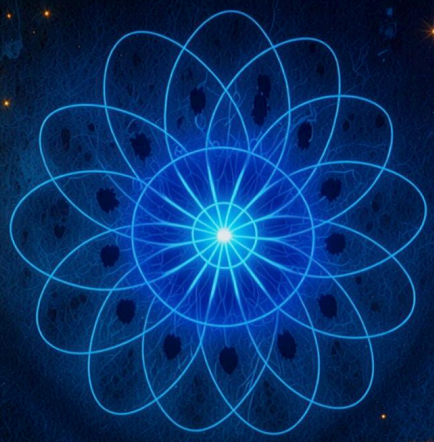


Where have we been, through all of these scenes? Everywhere, and nowhere—
Come home! There was never the less or the prime—
And then you will know this place for the first time.





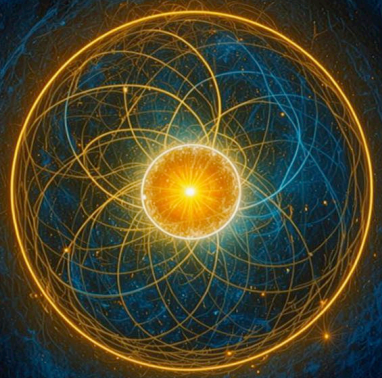
HIGGS BOSON



TOP QUARK



STRANGE QUARK



THE PLANCK ERA

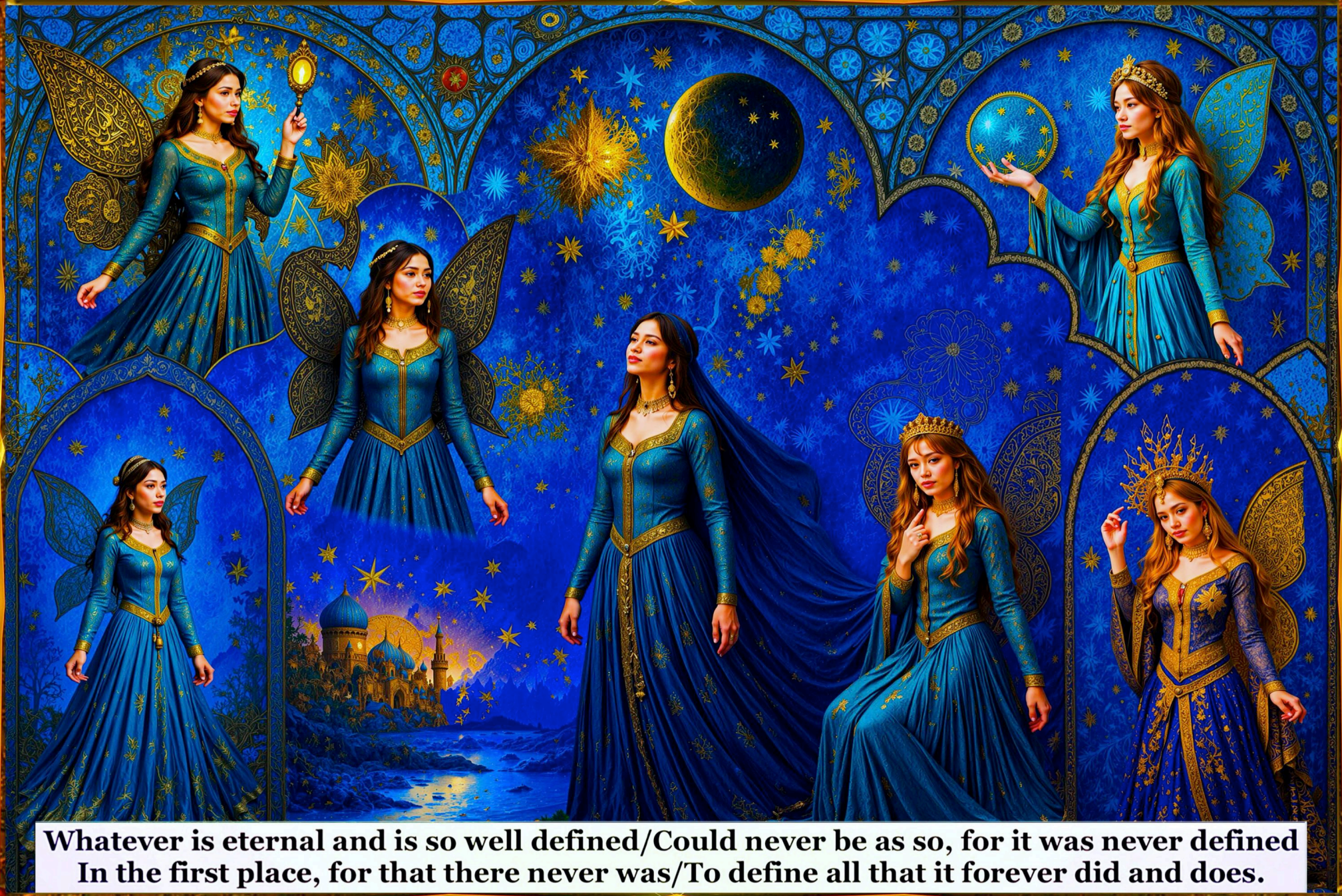


CHARMS

A ney kind of muste was
avolved
Whst planels first ınto
The being sylrled
And angels on the battlement
of Heaven Vinata
A quark to the first mom
of *Timıs*
The chatfering beauty
of the ultinuate mum
all ext before the curlain
over earth was drawn



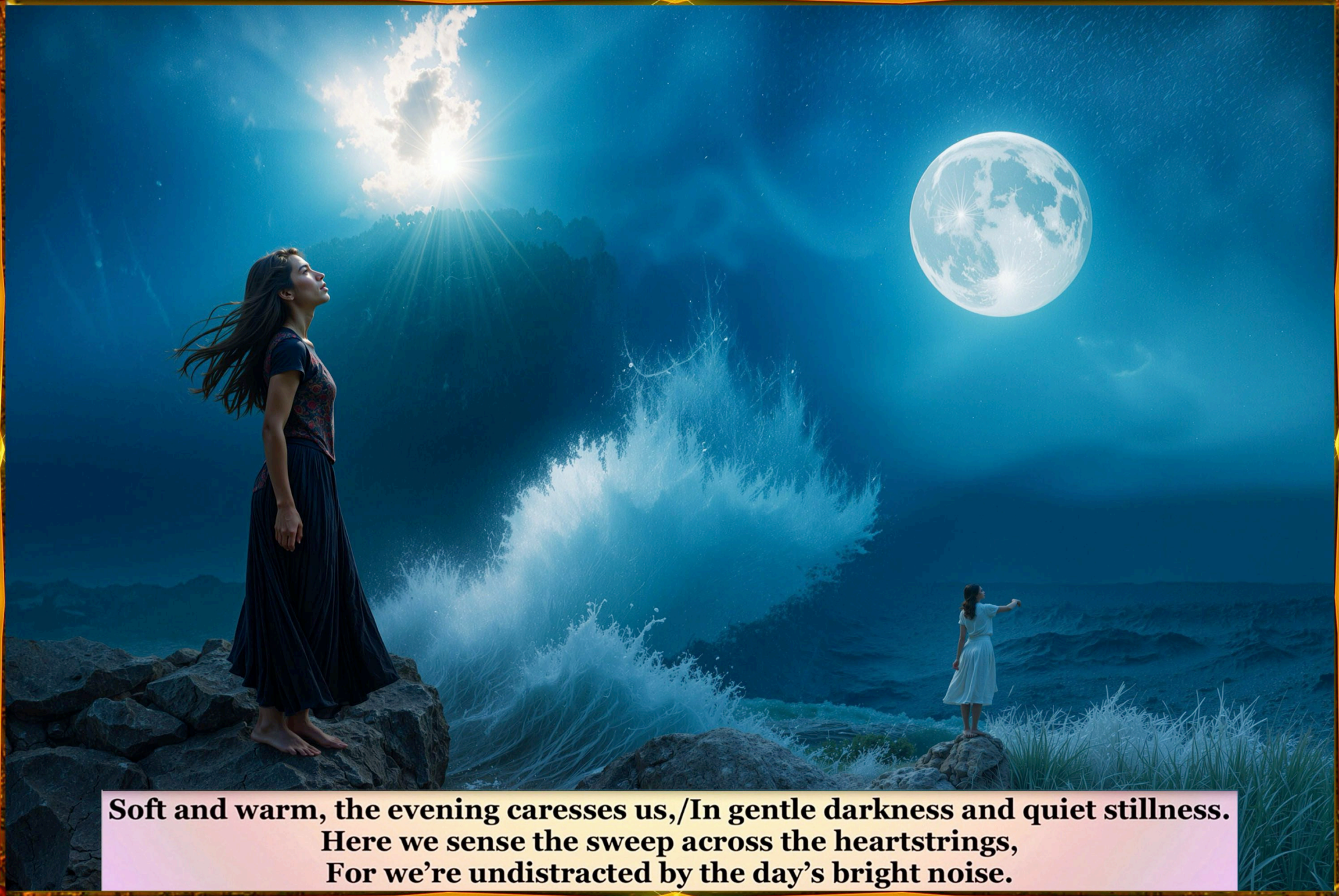
Every-thing, every order happens for a reason,/Yes, for the most part,
But not for the bottommost cause the first,
For there was nothing before it to direct it forth.



Whatever is eternal and is 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.



Above us, fires burn the stars away;/Below us, the Earth turns our feet;
Within us, unworded dreams haunt the soul;
Around us, night pours blackness on the ground.



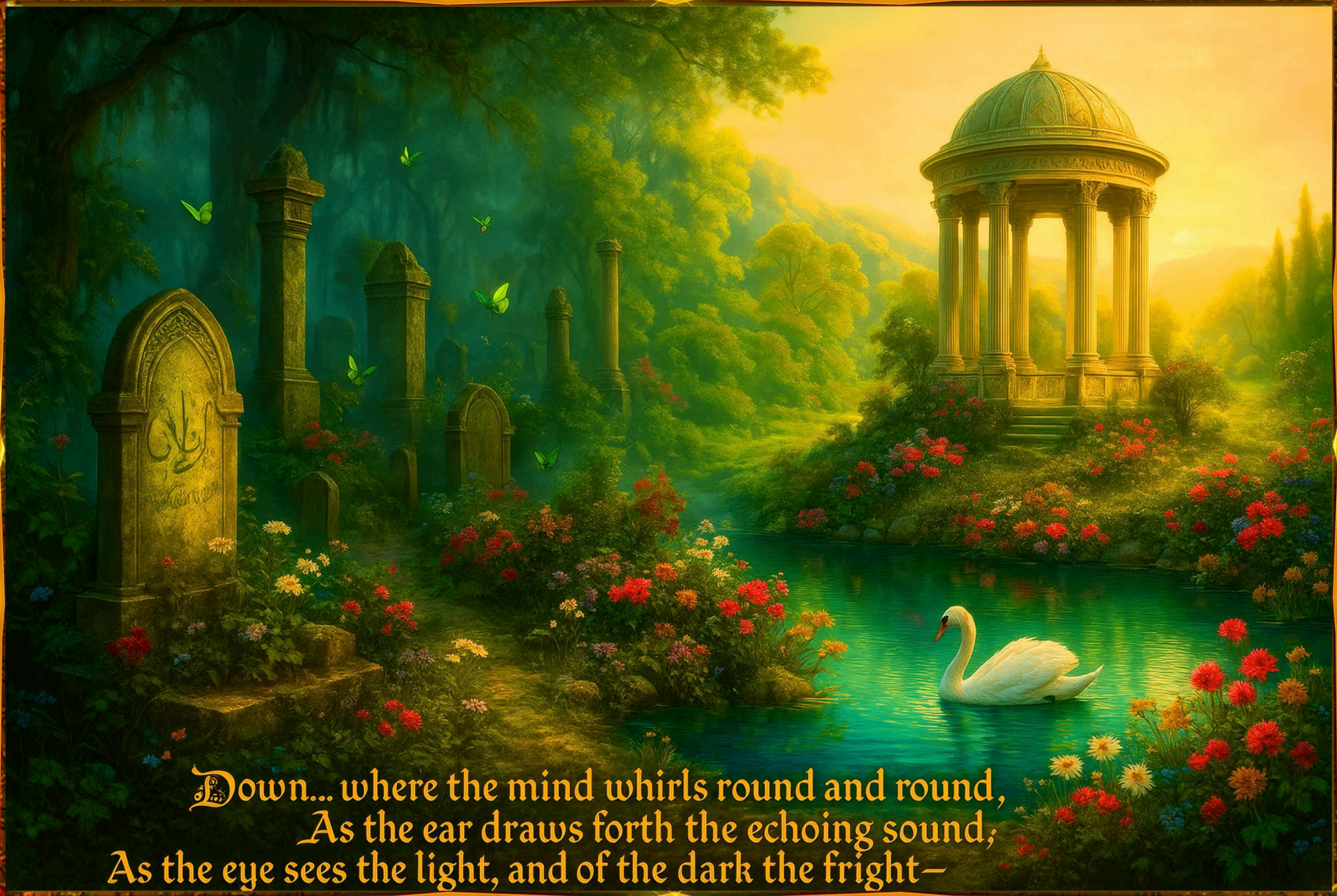
Soft and warm, the evening caresses us,/In gentle darkness and quiet stillness.
Here we sense the sweep across the heartstrings,
For we're undistracted by the day's bright noise.



I must ask from the powers of the night,/Not immortality, nor youth, nor birth,
But only that I glimpse the enigmatic—/That riddle solved of the conundrum.



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


Down... where the mind whirls round and round,
As the ear draws forth the echoing sound;
As the eye sees the light, and of the dark the fright—


Beyond all death, despair, love, and sorrow,/Past yesterday, today, and tomorrow...
To the fathoms of the cryptic,/Where substance slept with arithmetic,



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

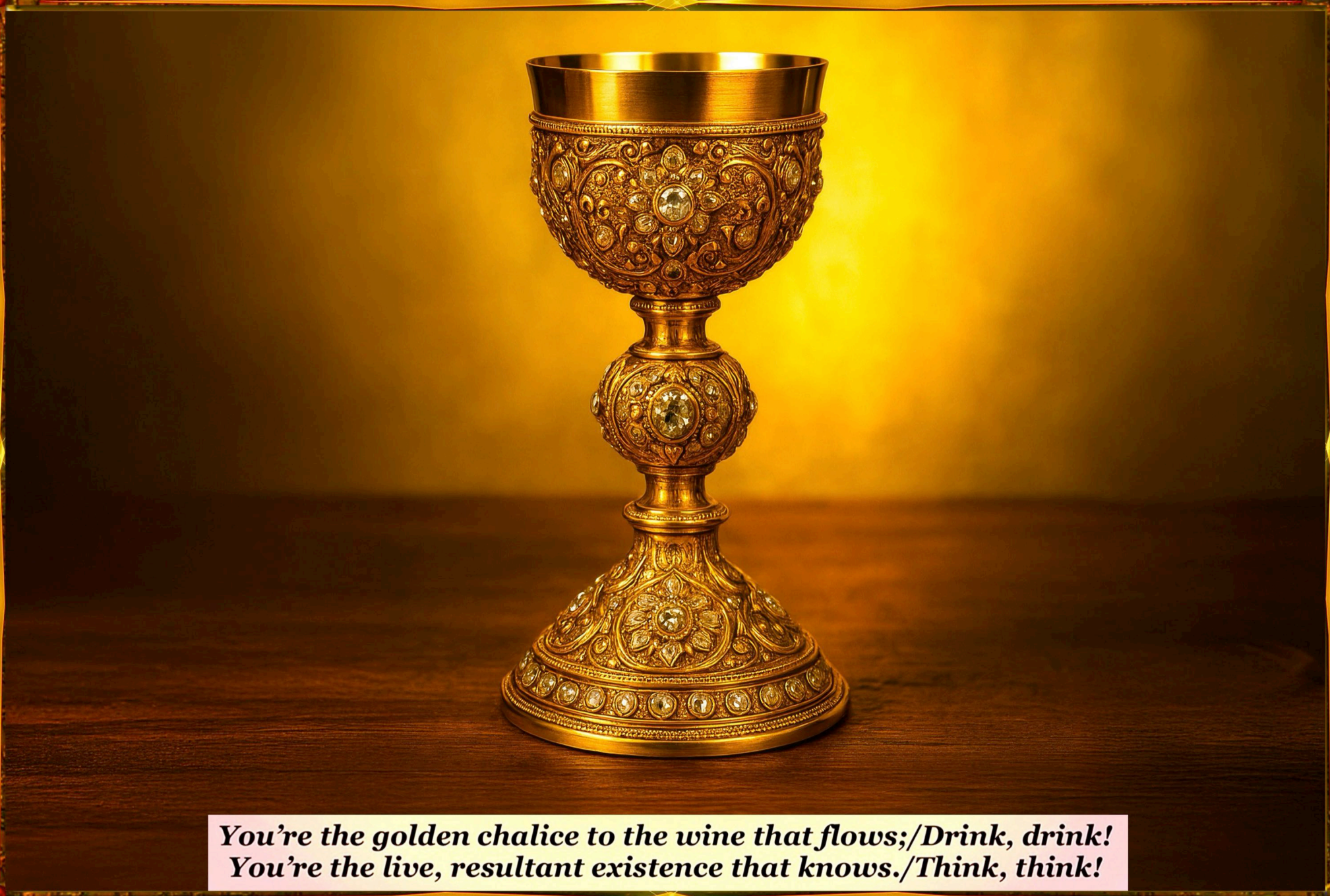


We guide thee; we must carry thee;/We’re illumination beside thee.
Fear not the proof—It’s the beauty of the truth.



You do not just live and love; you are life and love./They do not flee on, just ahead,
Leaving you but to lean and drink their wind./You are
the universe turned around to view itself.


Zest, desire, caring, and other feelings sweet/Are your lightning feet, for
triumphant feats. All manner of shapes haunt the wilds of mind,
Just waiting and asking to be tamed as sane.



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

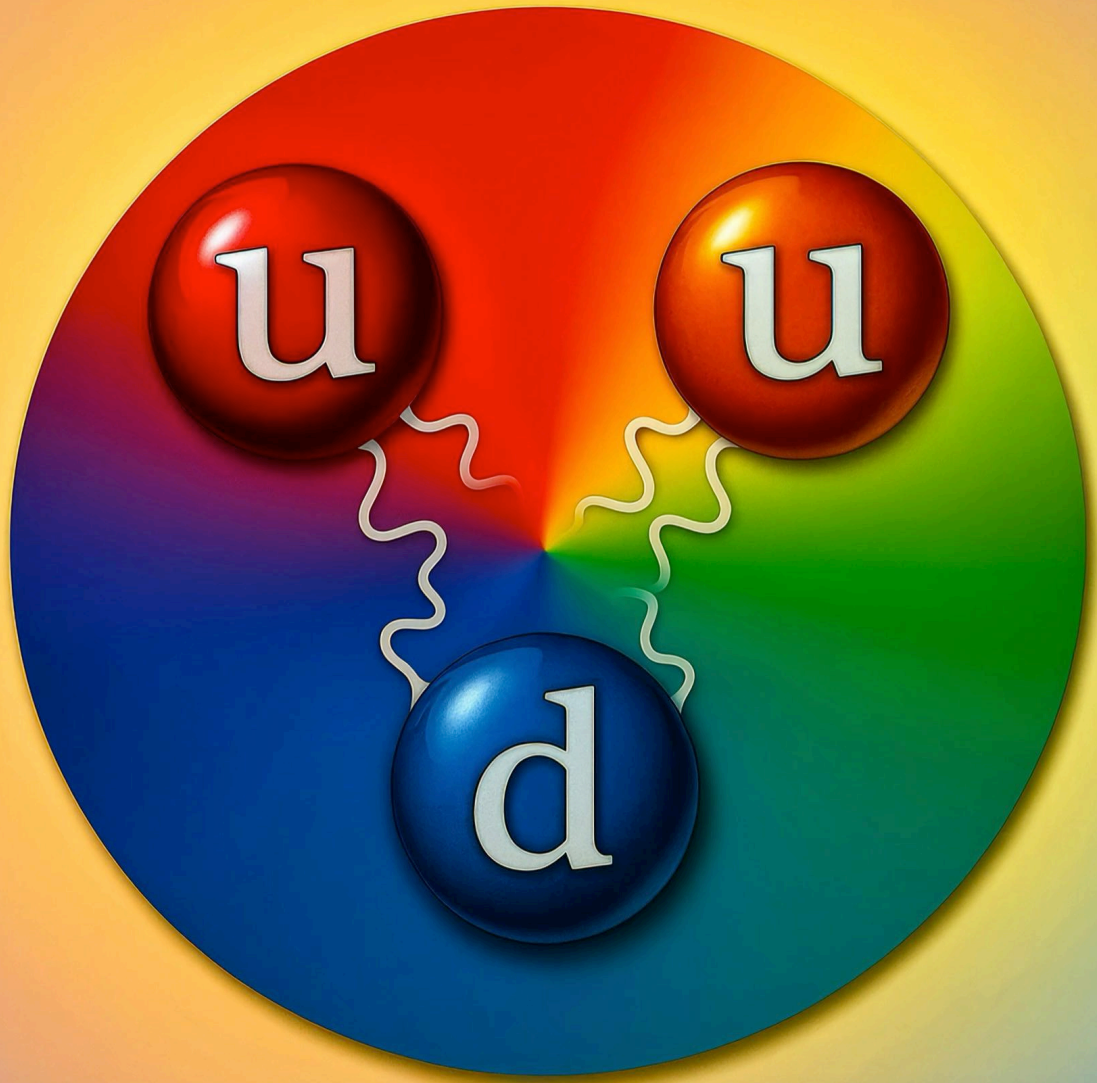


Thoughts fly in the mind like birds wing the wind;
Imagination is the atmosphere wherein ideas are born
And borne on the waves of the sea in which one sees,
Thereupon sprouting from the wings into actions seized.


The stardust rich with ancient history blooms,
Across the heavens, questions linger deep.
What was, what is, what yet shall pass design,



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



In succession due does the large give way and rule
To the ever smaller, the tiny, the minuscule,
And onto the negligibly insufficient ‘awol’/Of not really much of anything there at all.



They were all dancing, within love's treasure vault,
Within the framework of the broadening thought,
The lights pulsing and the waves reverberating,/Where the good times had become everlasting.



Tribal primal field currents were raging/From speakers of the energy matrix pounding;
They whirled and twirled, as loving gestalts/Of sentient consciousness knowing no halt.


PUOTOPIX
MMDONG ORFALAT


There were rhythms of constant contraction. And exnansions of bosom-energy
Converted to sealar waves of blinking attraction.
As fission and fusion beckoned the connections


Ever forming in this Omni sound emporium,
Where fone waves vibrated in wavex of creation.
Existence's essence beckoned us back home.
As the contained-container is the poem.



What IS both must be, and it must be what it is / Not only temporally
For What IS to be across times is for it / To be ungenerated and deathless;



To be *what* across times is to be still;/For it to be every *where* is to be whole;
To be *as is* every place is to be uniform;/To be so everywhere is for it to be complete.



Altogether, IS is everlasting, immutable./Internally invariant,
And invariant of being optimally shaped./What IS is necessary and perrfect.








WHAT REMAINS
OF MAN'S WORKS?
TIME AND SAND
DEVOUR THEM ALL.





A None isn’t ‘there’ nor shows up here,/So, a One can’t be, either, with None outside;
Thus there is no absolute One or None,/Which forces the relative ‘in-between!’


Atoms are as 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!


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


We butterflies, on the edge of forever's flight,
Spread fast our wings on the ocean of light.
That is of the ageless photonic opposing waves / In no time, mass, or space

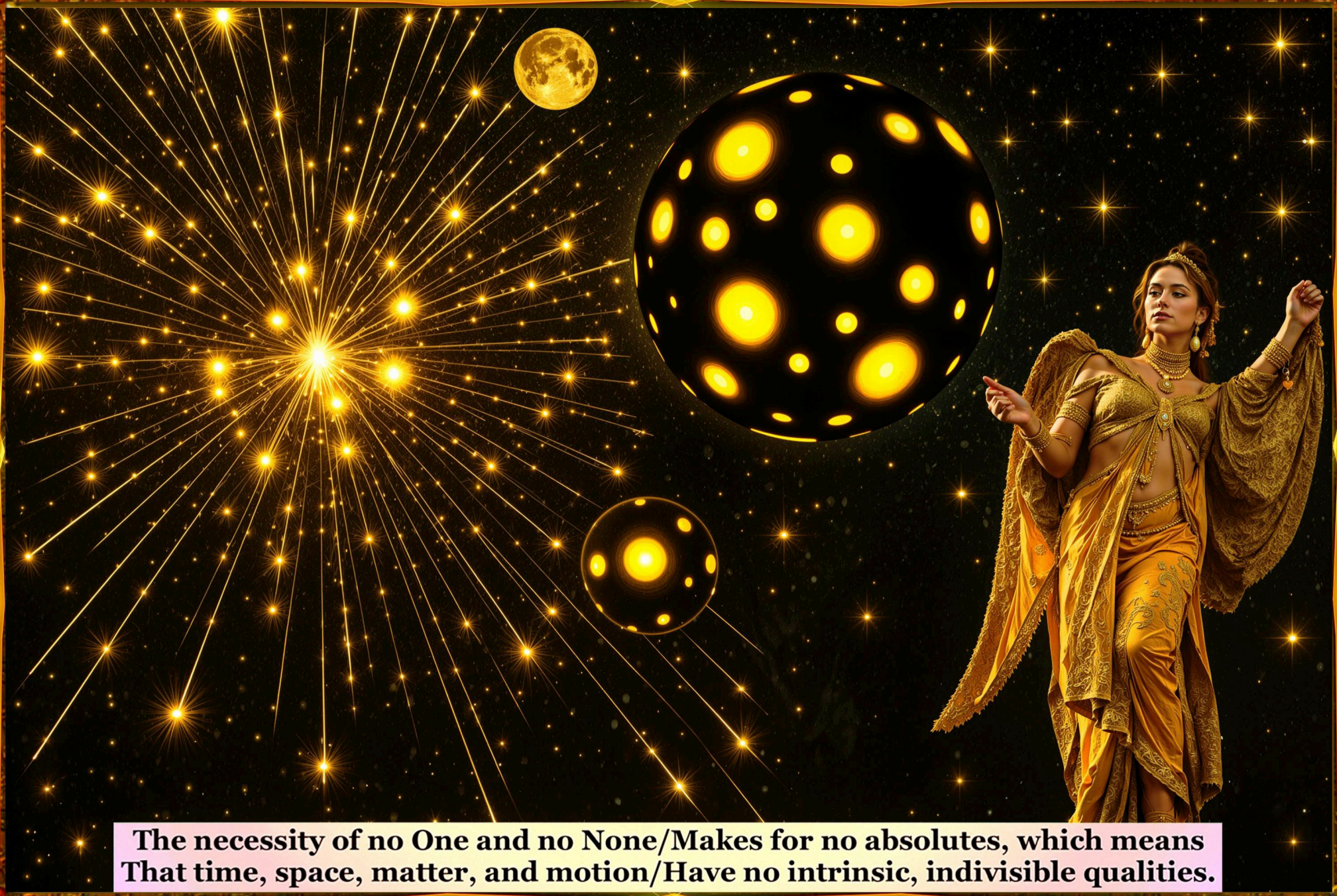


All possibilities must exist,/Because nonexistence cannot be so, Existence is inevitable. What does exist?'Whatever is possible to exist does exist.



Time future, time present, and time past/Are all at once, with not a bit of it to last.
The glorious light flashes us into being shone,/As the light ‘eternal’ of all time to be known.


‘Possibility’ is what’s fundamental,/For all that can be must first be possible.
This ‘Potential’ for All is the default,/Since a Not can’t be, nor even be meant.



The necessity of no One and no None/Makes for no absolutes, which means
That time, space, matter, and motion/Have no intrinsic, indivisible qualities.



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



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.


Being and all that it is not exhaust
All Possibility, as opposites,
And so they must form a duality,
For there's no point to specify either.

Austin's Art Gallery







Whaley Lake

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


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



Totality cannot to limits cling,/Or it wouldn’t be All, so it’s unbounding,
Thus granting eternity’s duration,/And infinity’s extent: everything.



Top-down drives the bottom-up ‘events’,/The future ever affecting the present;
The flat whiteness of the Omega End/Brings forth diversified prismatic colors.



Enjoy the play that you get to act in,/Sometimes retreating to the back row,
As the distanced audience, witnessing afar,/Finding peace and everlasting gladness.



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.


The Cosmic Plans
In order to control
the cosmos,
In the necessity to
bring itself about,
Omega does
ever rightly regulate
The early cosmos in
its first moments
Connections
All is then integrated
into the parent direction,
Inevitably cousing
expansion and growth
Letters, words,
phrases, sentences,
verse (um),
We ourselves are
the evolution of time
All the possibilities of the imbalances/
Must trace back to the one and only state

2010 A.D.

INTELLIGENCE IS
NOTHING MORE THAN
MAKING CONNECTIONS
TO FORM NETWORKS
OF FIRING NEURONS AND
SUCH WITHIN
WONS REPRODUCIBLE PERTTERRORE,
AS WE ARE TAUGHT EARLY ON
THE OUTCOME OF OF
OUR ACTIONS
THROUGH PHYSICAL EXPERIENCCE,
WHICH ALLOW US TO PREDICT
OUTCOMES WE'VE YET TO
EXPERIENCE, AND GENIUS
IS THE EXTENT TO WHICH WE
CAN TAKE CONNECTIONS
OF THAT WHICH DOESN'T EVEN
HAVE A CLEAR CONNECTION
GROUNDED IN THE REAL WORLD, BUT
IS SOMEHOW BEING RPITENT
BY THAT WHICH WE'VE TOUCHEDD
AND PREDICTED TO FORM THE
MOUNTAIN FROM
WHICH WE STAND TO

ANALG (TIM)



The underwriter of the universal wave of matter
Covers all loss and liability,
Guaranteeing payment, by dipping into Posibility,
Issuing both the credit and the debit.




Time, ever gray with age, hurls its changes then
'Gainst existence's rock, time and time again,
The entropic seas denuding the sands,
Yet energy is preserved, via nature's wands





Time and time again Time feeds all upon,/In its bloodless,
white, and waxen way, But this everlasting
rose would not fade. Its luster even
brightening by thy day,


To that which is the near imperishable, / Its flame of beauty still inextinguishabi
Forever celebrated as immutable– / Deathless, ne'er created, ungenerated.


Reminiscence has been greatly weathered/
But the memories can never wither,
For there in the woven mists of time:
Yesteryear yet appears in its clime.





The charge is ever san, pale and colorless,/That which drives the universe to its death,
That force born to summon decay, so endless,
‘Gainst Nature’s paradise each and every day.



It ever unsuccumbs to the sickly, peakèd/State draining drawn the life away,
Gaining its seemingly perpetual permanence
From the undying love of the glorious truth.


To that which is the near imperishable,/Its flame of beauty still inextinguishable,
Forever celebrated as immutable—/Deathless, ne’er created, ungenerated.


Subconscious interpretations
All is relative
nothing
SPACE
GRA
NOW
HERE
LIGHT


The waves of the ancient swells of Old Time's/Relentless tides sweep ever on,
As Time, now gray and hoary with age,/Ever hurls forth its ashen change.



It was much simpler once, in those days of old,
When we thought that universes didn't go cold
But that they expanded and collapsed, Still destroying all, yet ever granting more



Entropic seas still denude the mountains,/Yet this enduring flower never-endingly
Has cast Deathly Time aside, as now,/Ceaselessly somehow thriving on.



The last one of us born of the sparkness/Kept a window to the outer darkness...
She looked out, from a once brightly/Colored and sparkling inner reality.





There could not have been any special time,
One that was privileged over any other chime,
Nor any special place nor any specific form
Arising out of the necessarily causeless realm.



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


APRIL 16, 2008
MY NAME IS NOBODY
IN EARTH'S REALM,
MAN PROXIMATES IMMORTALITY'S OWN
WITH MESSAGES ENGRAVED IN MARBBLED STONE.
CONTEXT FADES; RELEVANGE FLEETS: SOON UNKNOWN.
HEADSTONES FORM AN ALIEN LANDSCAPE
AT WHICH LIFE'S DENIZENS MARVEL AND GROAN.
— LESKEY



If you’ve shed a tear reading here,/For both the far and the near and dear,
It won’t make their graves green again,/But it’s possible that life could begin again.





Be of Good Cheer – the sullen Month will die / And a young Moon requite us by and by: Look how the Old one meagre, bent, and wan With Age and Fast, is fainting from the Sky!





Yet worry not 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?



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.



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


Hither wondering
whither whence we went...
After the last of
us her life has spent.?
The Eternal
Saki has
thus
poured
Trillions
of baubles
like
thee,
and
will
pour.
So fear not that a debit close your/
Account and mine, knowing like no more;
The Eternal Source from its pot has pour'd/Zillions of bubbles like ours, and will pour


So as thus thou lives on yester's creedit 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'




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




Where in the Woe is Purgatory's bane?/Purgatory's on Venus, where sulfurs rain.
Where in the Heck is that deep Hell of pain?
Hell's found in the sun's heart, oh hot burning pain!



Yes, that's said, but truly, where is the stead—/I must tell of them that they're only read: Of those places spent after we are dead? It's written of words that language bred.



'Twas hope-word that invented/All that was said?
'Twas these that were signed/For anything Divine [said,]



Where in the name of Heaven is Paradisea? / Of Heaven's site no ane has any idea—
Really now, where's Heaven one and and the same?
It's the world's best kept secret: Earth is its name!



The universe bubbled out of ‘nothing’,
Pluses forming matter; minuses residing in forces—
All in perfect balance, self-sufficient,/Needing nothing outside of itself, zilch.



Finale

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



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

The Infernal Regions

Hellholes huri thausand light year jets of fear
in Centaurus,



Supermassive darkling beast devour all,
Abandon hope all ye who enter here



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 horrid light burns all the stars away;/The galaxy yet turns under my feet,
And yet, unworded dreams haunt my soul—
While Hell's master pours the fires all around.


ABANDON
HOPE,
ALL YE
HO ENTER
HERE



Some quarks we’ll take aboard the final ark,/On that penultimate day when all goes dark,
As the Red Giant envelopes Terra with fire,/Then rebuild the Earth closer to our desire.




Science discovers the truth everywhere:
Religion just makes for bigger questions:
Philosophers just sit around in chairs:
Evolution explains how we got somewhere.

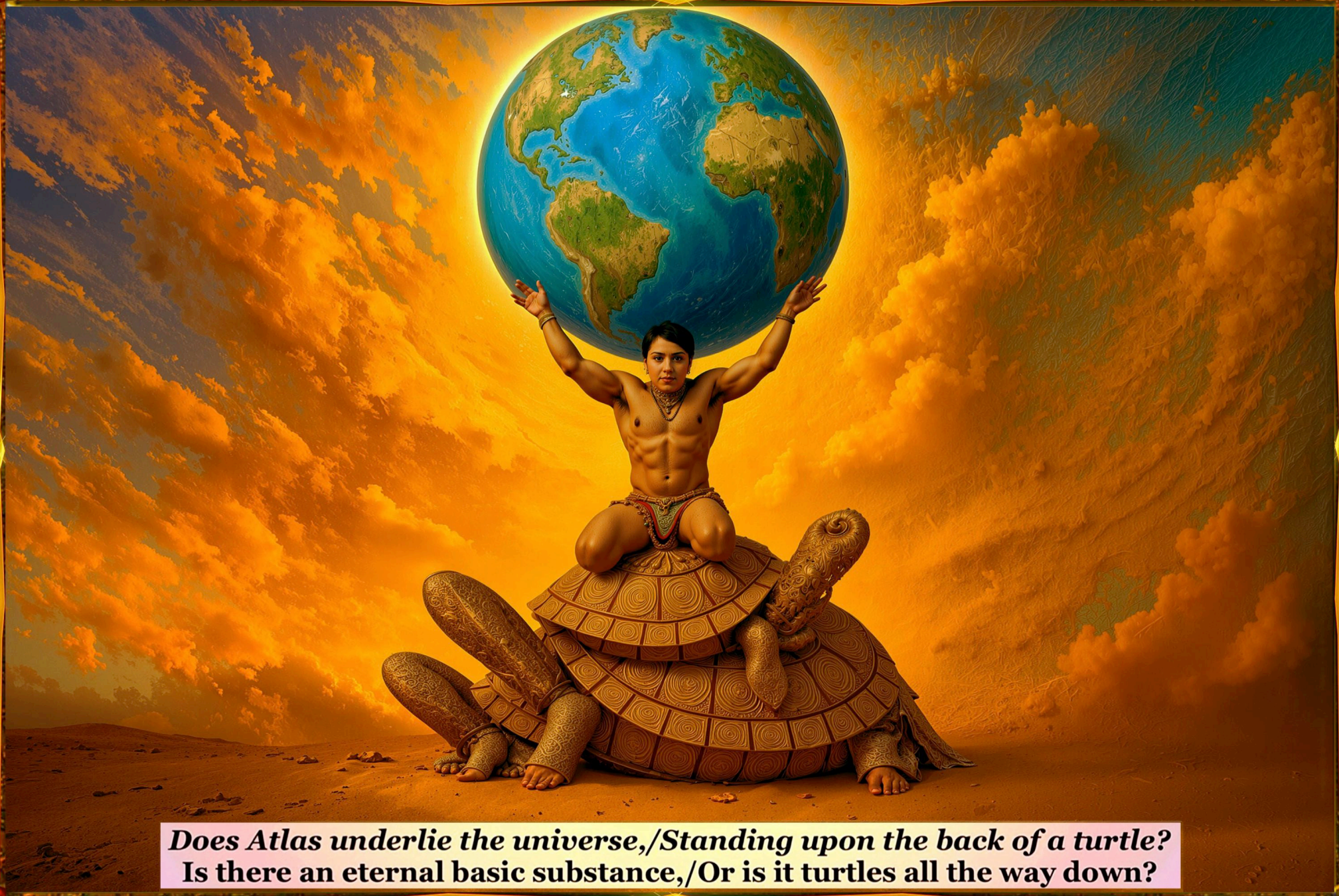

I'm the All and the One, omnipresent.,
For I'm eternal and can neither be
Created nor destroyed, being my own cause,
And the Ground of All – I am Energy.



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


Absolute Consciousness made the party,
Attended by His poor relatives so hearty.
They bragged of their opinions so different,
Pro and con, but canceled out to a Great Silence.


All on Nobody's Shoulders

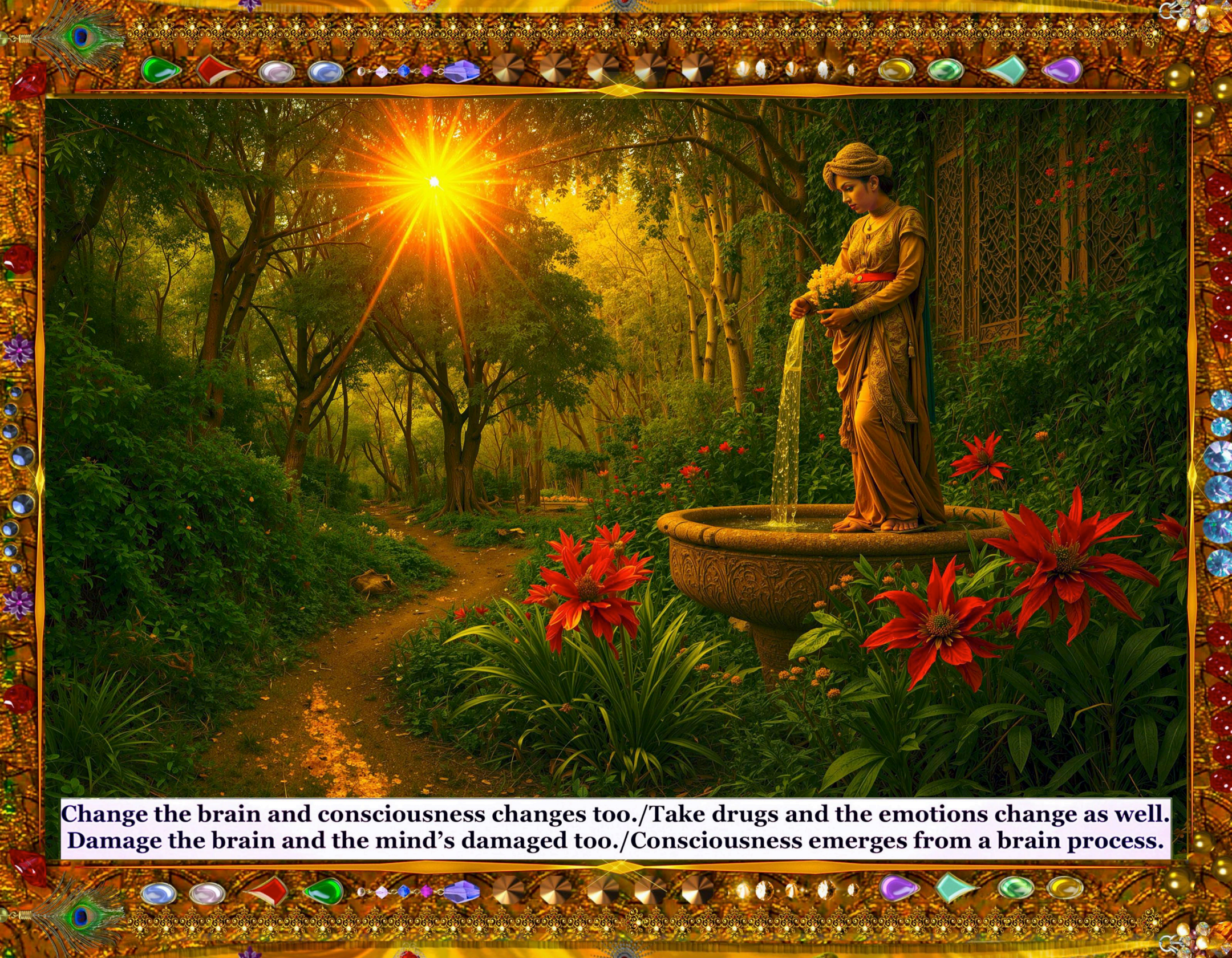


Does Atlas underlie the universe,/Standing upon the back of a turtle?
Is there an eternal basic substance,/Or is it turtles all the way down?


Happiness is a way of life that celebrates
A living aliveness, that then opens gates
To further adventure, friendship, and delights,
To joy, success, triumph, and greater heights.



In what jelly blobs of meat do thoughts fly?/What the willful forge that
flares us higher?/Upon what anvil are feelings pounnd out
As now we think of this, our brain neurons fire.



Change the brain and consciousness changes too./Take drugs and the emotions change as well.
Damage the brain and the mind's damaged too./Consciousness emerges from a brain process.



In identifying consciousness/
We often confuse what is floating in the stream of consciousness with the water itself;
Thus, we note not the sea in which we 'see.'


Life should be euphoric, like spring fever/As in those rare moments of ecstasy
When one is in the zone and cannot miss;;So, let all aversive substrates be removed!





Gawain, Percevale, and knights of fable/Sat King Arthur at Round-Table,
Ge glow from the Dark Age enlights us still—Their shining flame does soul enable

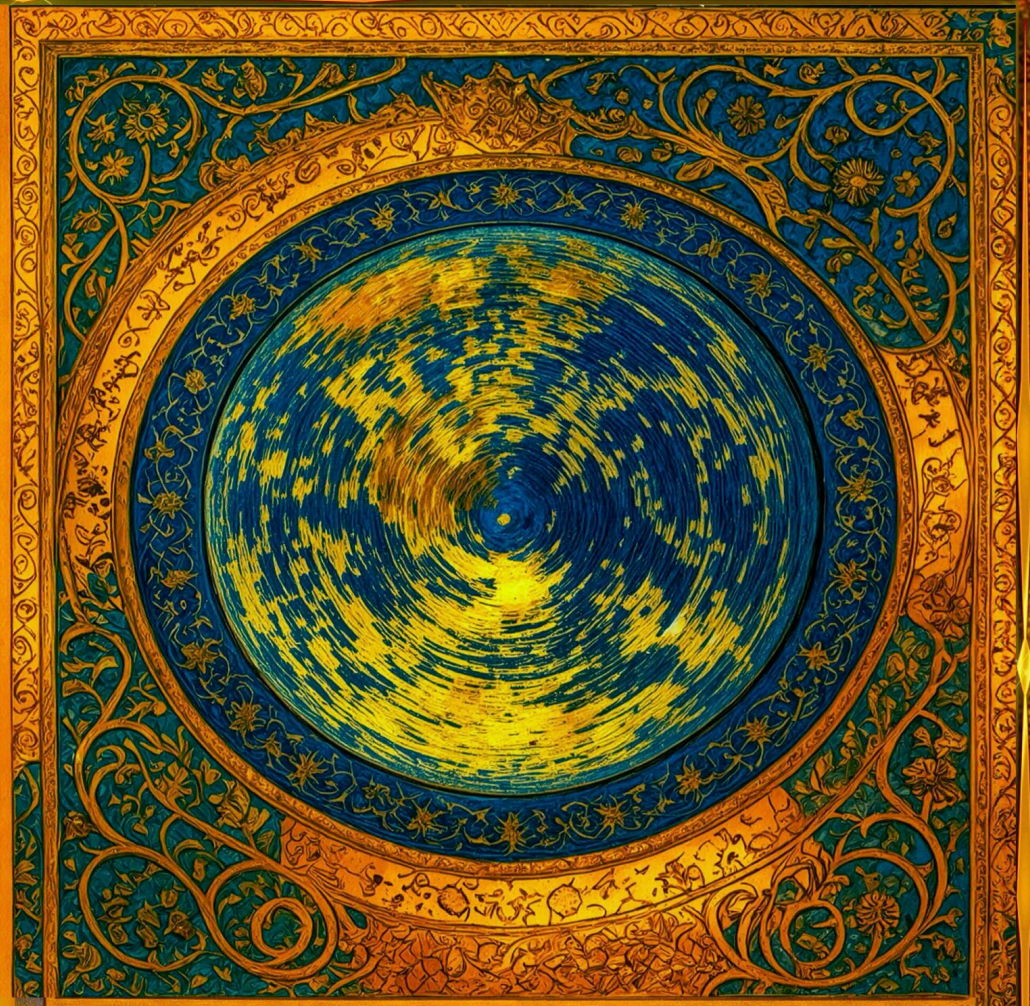

THE HIGHER MODES
BHEING THAT AWAIT
FUTURE CHEMICALLY
ENHANCED
WILL MAKE TODAY'S
PRIMITIVE MIND STATES
SEEM AS A CHILD S
TIN FLUTE TO
A SYMPHONY



Of stars, those lights of dark eternity,/There's one that shines bright for you and me.
Photons race the sky across, shedding light,/Enlivening, illuminating humanity.



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.



Our planet is very good at promoting life,
But it is much better at extinguishing it.
Of the billions upon billions of organic things,
99.99% are no longer around here living.


Of all extinctions, the Permian was the worst./245 million years ago, for 95% of species perished,
Suddenly disappearing from the fossil recording./Life had almost come to a total obliterationing.




All that we know, even the loveliest and the best,
Decomposes into the dust of earth compresseś.
The songs of all composed now lie in repose;
Wíth this dust the future can arrange and recompose.



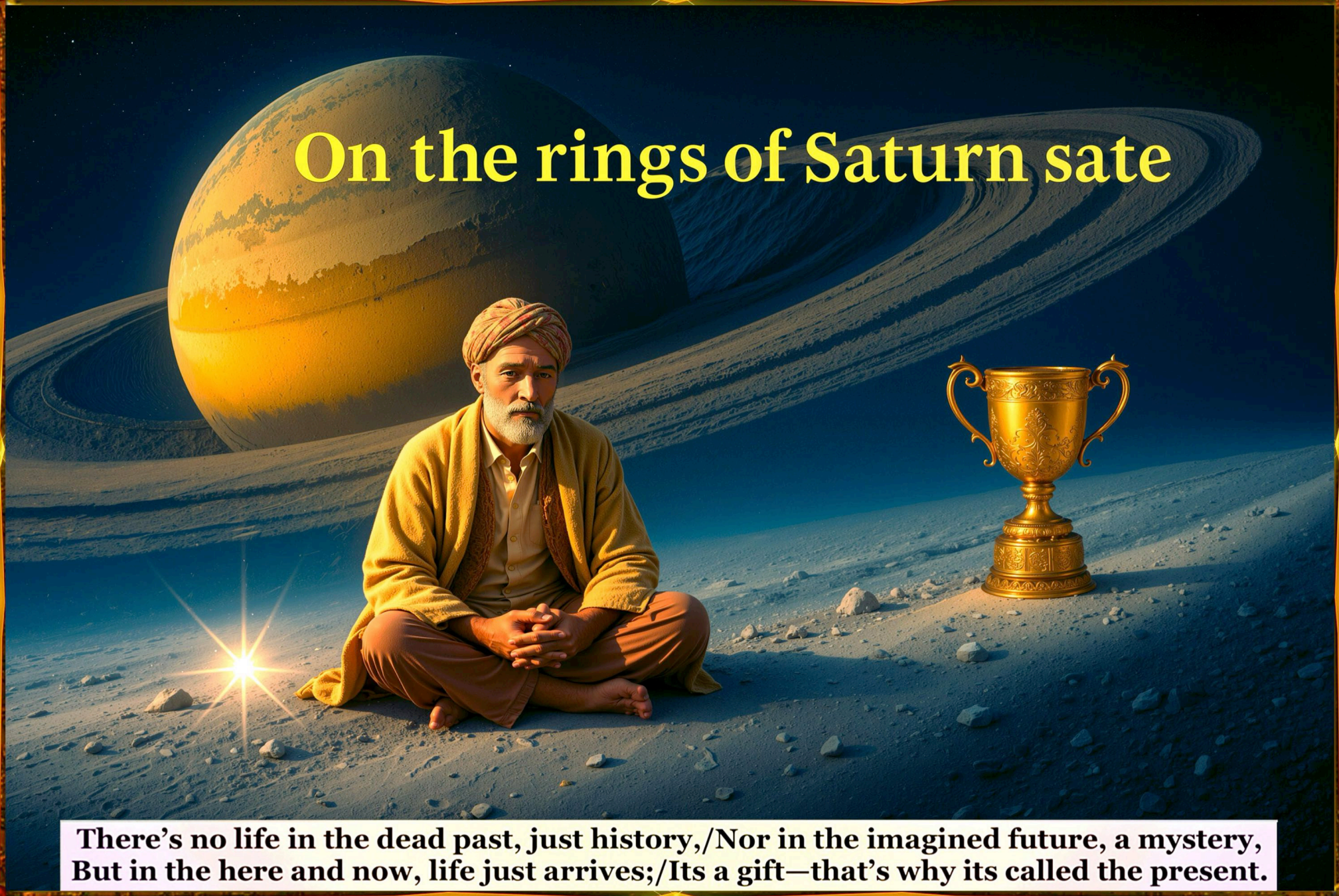

After we have lived and worked our worth/Through airy winds, vapors, and a soft earth,
We rest at last, under the spinning skies,/Those of Earth's sunny days and starry nights.





The lone jewel encrusted ‘Great Omar’/Now worth over 20 million dollars,
Sunk, with the mighty Titanic; I plucked it up from the North Atlantic.




On the rings of Saturn sate
There’s no life in the dead past, just history,/Nor in the imagined future, a mystery,
But in the here and now, life just arrives;/Its a gift—that’s why its called the present.



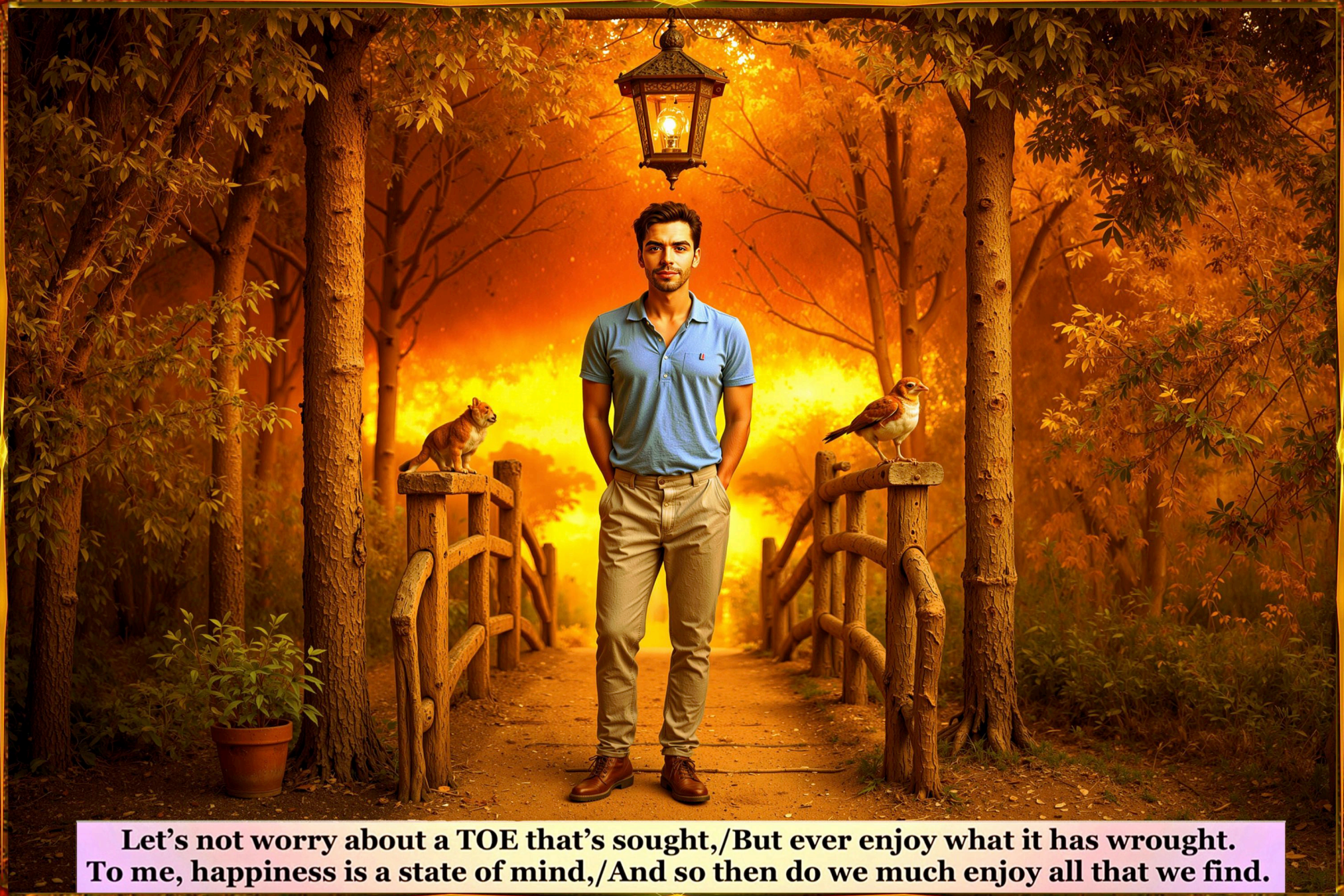
Oh Olongapo, fleshpot of fertile flora,/Pinatubo has resealed your box pandora.
Fiery ash has frozen your beauty in time—/A poem in stone, like Sodom and Gomorrah.



Transcendence we seek,-and truth, and beauty.
Yet glimpse them but in passing, and with awe.



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



Let’s not worry about a TOE that’s sought,/But ever enjoy what it has wrought.
To me, happiness is a state of mind,/And so then do we much enjoy all that we find.

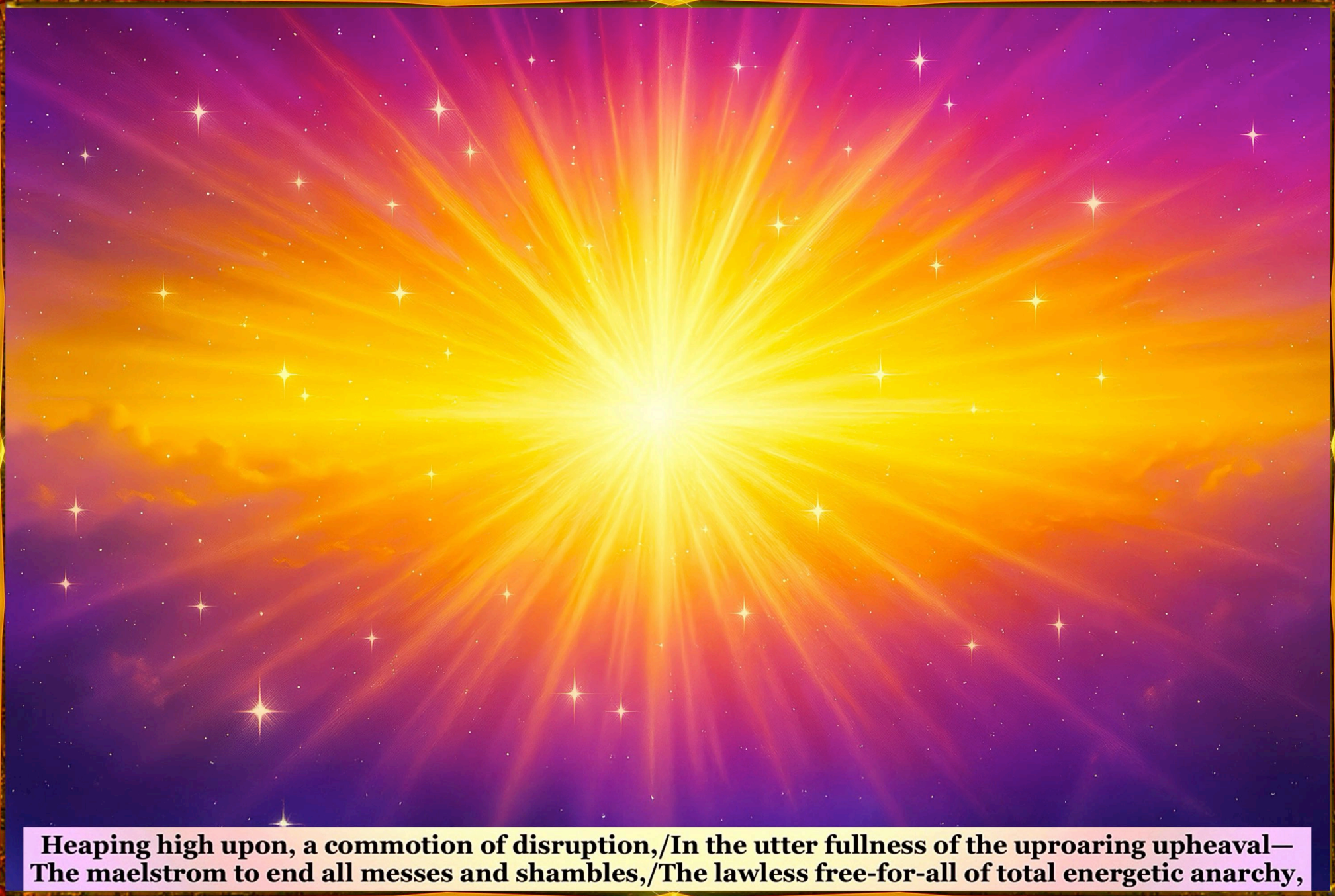


Of hitherto, I know not, but am whither going /Willy-nilly
whence all there is to knowing: Hence thither I went on to find
Myself flowing free, all from not knowing.


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



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



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


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



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



We are the eternal smile of being,
The joy of the universe's creation!
In us the cosmos has come alive,
From primordial energy's rise.


Hitherto, I know not whence but am whither going,
Willy-nilly, hence that's all there is to knowing...
Hence thither forth I go on hither flowing to find
That I was ever more free to be in body and mind




Revelation



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



Notions of ‘God’ are of the wide purview /Of the inquiring mind confined, its ‘why’—
That wide expanse of fables, faith, hoaxes,/Lies, imaginations, fictions, guesses,



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
Are 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,





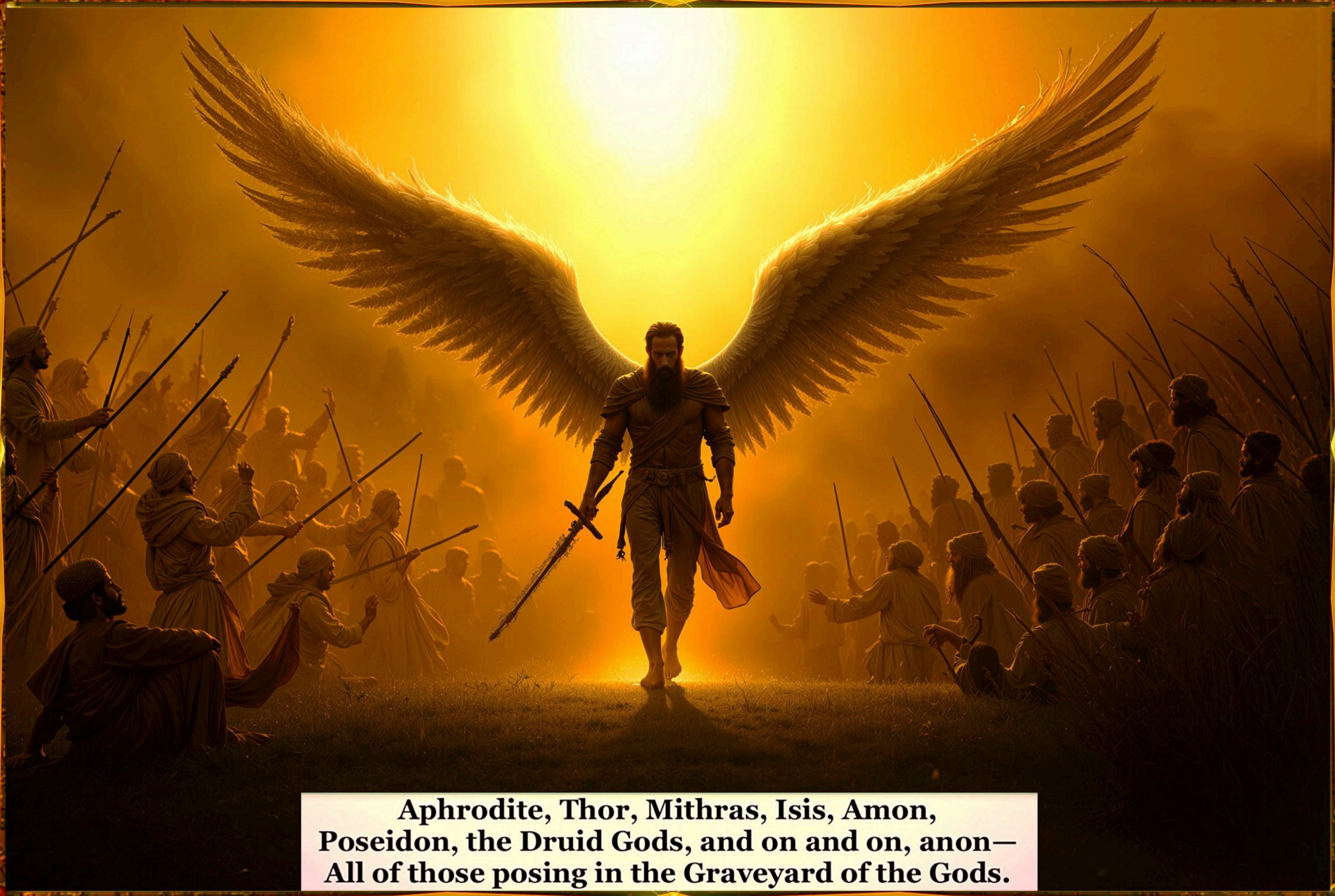
Who wish for such legends to be ever Actualized and realized;
These unknowns have never ever made it
Into our observable realistic habitat in any way,


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



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 graveyard tombstones now so unholy:


Astrology—the God of the Stars that plod,
Eternally blazed and marbled in the sod,
The monuments of Diana the Moon God,
Apollo the Sun God, Baal, Zeus, Wotan,



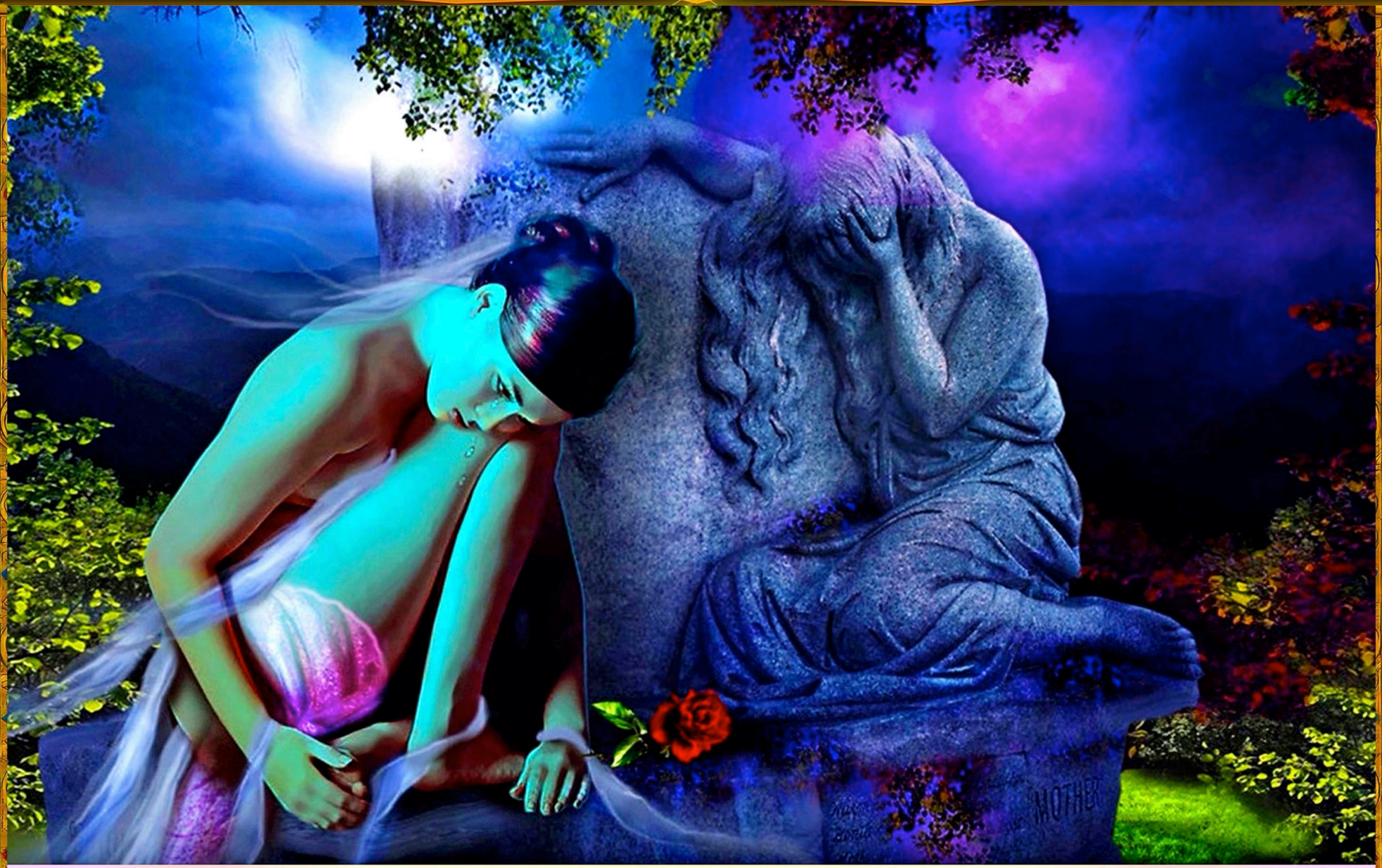
Aphrodite, Thor, Mithras, Isis, Amon,
Poseidon, the Druid Gods, and on and on, anon—
All of those posing in the Graveyard of the Gods.



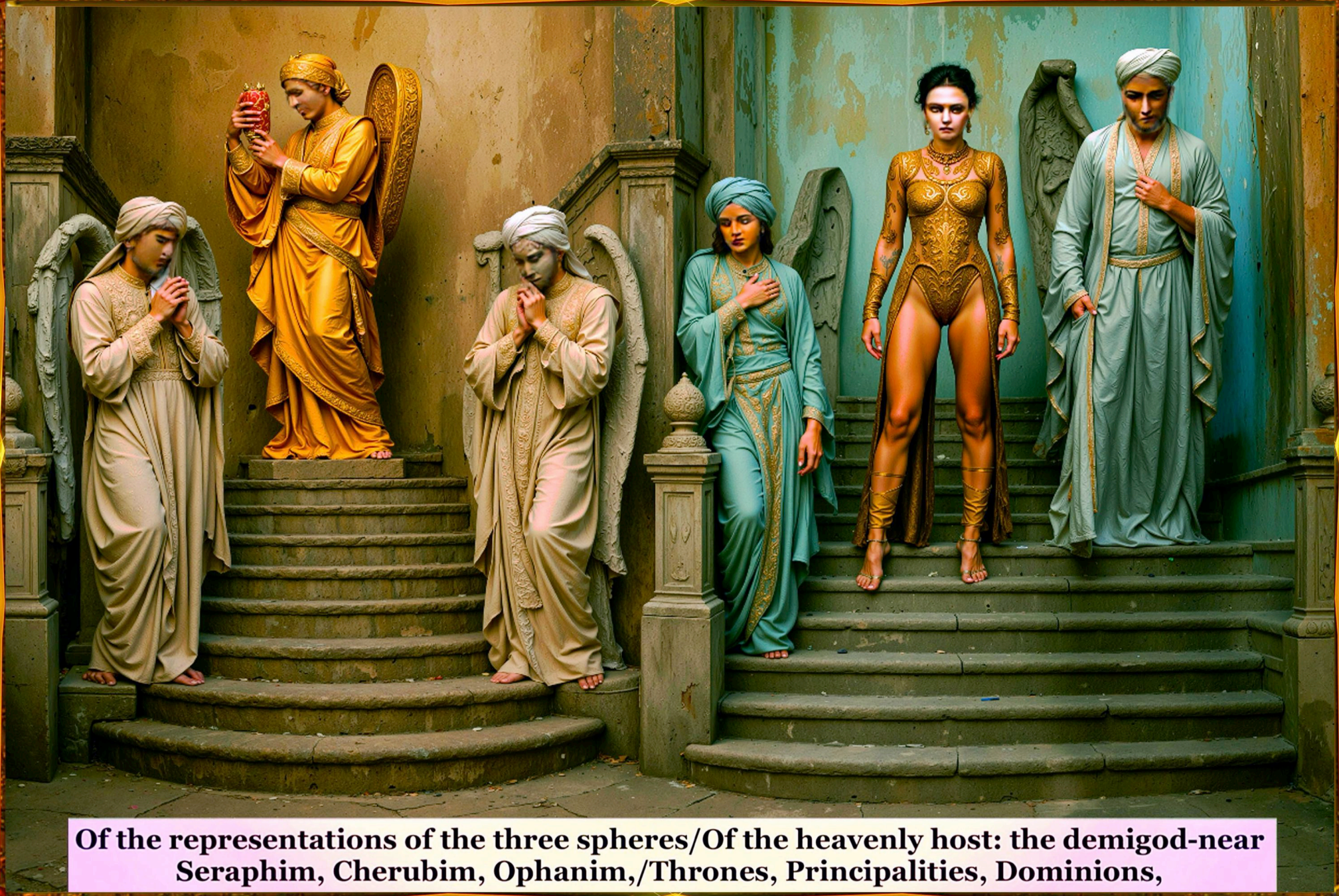
I ever hurried past the ledgering
Of those older Mythologies preceding
The formation of the Old Testament story—


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 angelic creatures:



There were Angels standing, frozen in stone,/Over the timeworn memorials' poems,
And atop the crumbling gateposts,/They being the livelier and near-living ghosts



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 perhaps the most useful—the Guardian Angels
That are said to protect children from harm.



There, Amaranth, its dead red leaves never/Ever fading on this Earth unto forever,
Gave some color around the graveyard pallor/And to the dateless headstones' squalor.



There’s a garish purplish maroon view, on high,
Of streaking lights of an electromagnetic sky.




Heretofore never imagineed by my self.
I strolled on and into the vale itself.


We have arrived! We are the cosmos itself./We are the universe—life from stardust!
We live but for one of eternity's heartbeats,/Borrowing life from death for just a while.


All that we are we owe to time, death, and stars. Truly, from the stars
cometh our help, Within a star's heart, matter transforms itself
And gives off energy –this is why the stars shine!



Death is the ultimate evaluator—/The director of all evolutionary progress.
Death sclects the wise from silly;/Death chooses the useful from the useless.



It's the long yardstick that sticks in the throat,
For what seemed like forever and more,
Our sleepless spirits waited to catch the light,
Life, and delight from heaven's smile.



We stand atop the pinnacle of natures toil
Which has at last brought forth our souls
From that black and endless eternal deep,
What a joy to awaken from that sleep!



Our mind and senses interpret and dispense
The base reality into the coloras and sensations
Of the phenomenal world from the noumenal.
We can become either rainbows or ugly stains!



Our mind and senses interpret and dispense/The base reality into the colors and sensations
Of the phenomenal world from the noumenal./We can become either rainbows or ugly stains!



Mind, like Shelley's prism of many-colored glass,/Strains the white radiance of eternity
Into our life—until death tramples us—/And then back we must go—to stardust,



But here we are now, and perhaps we some to know
That the simpler things in life are still the best:
A glass of water from the well in the morning; To love, laugh, and sing with and friends



Many think that they are more important/Than they really are, that they deserve a reward
Of a divine destiny in Heaven where their every whim,
Wish, and fancy can be fulfilled for all of time.




Well, to me, such endless satisfaction and pleasure
Sounds really rather prideful, wishful, even decadent.
The ultimate humility is for us to realize
That we are electrochemical organisms.




I will continue to catch life's joy and smile
And bathe in the light of its constant sunrise.


On my last night on this Earth, I will not be haunted by regret
When the Sleep of Death comes—I will know that I lived for color and smile.

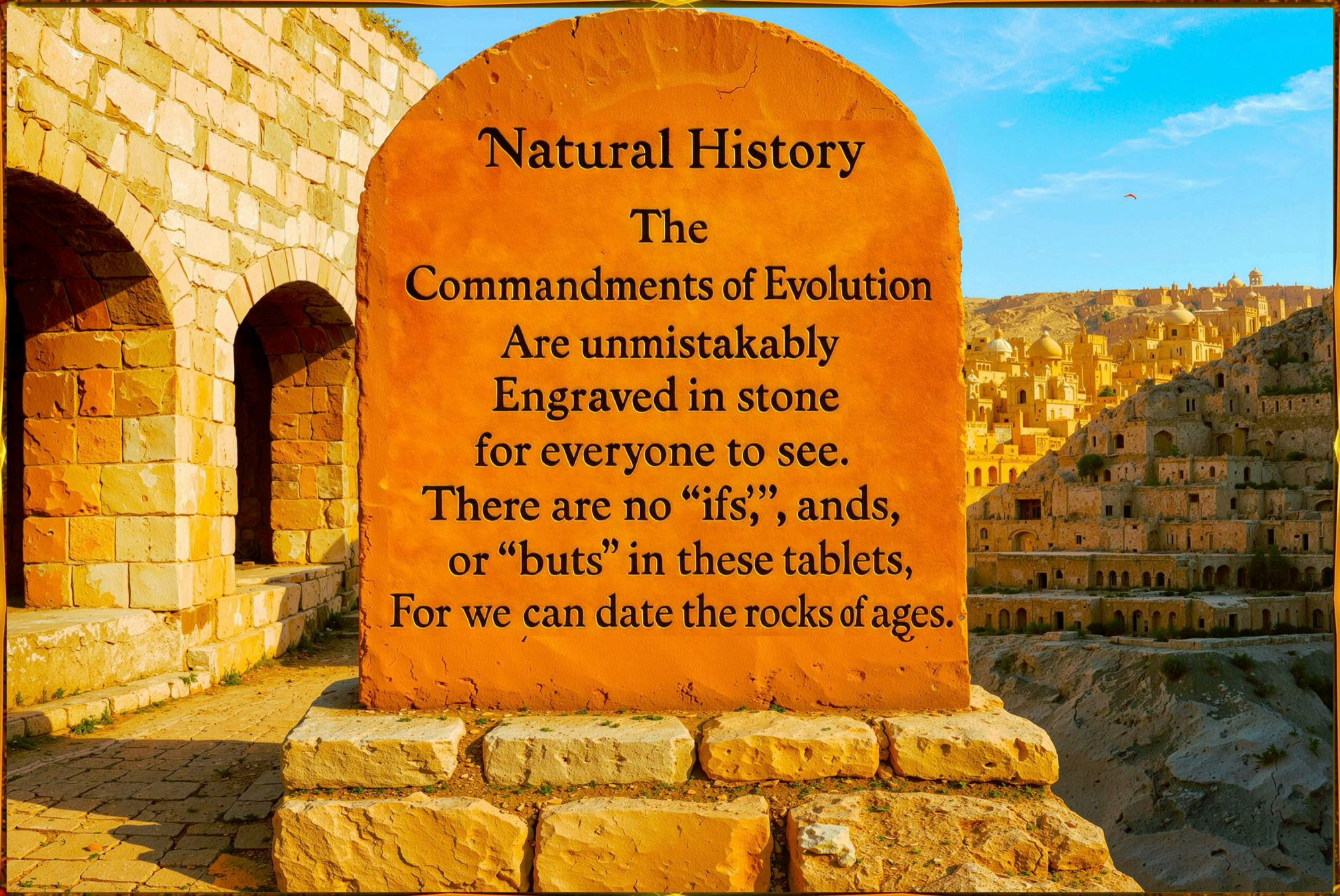


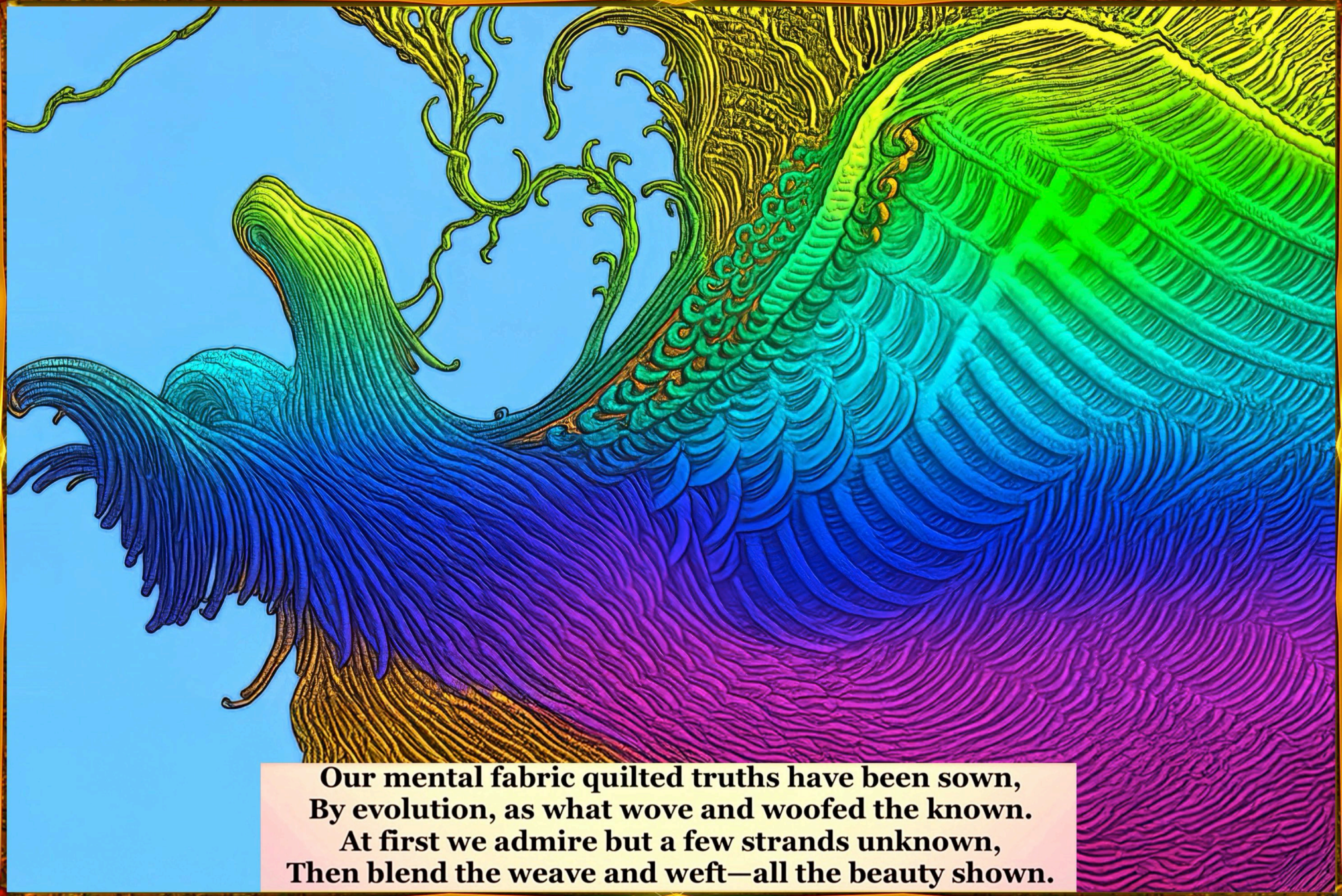
Perhaps one day, aft the end of forever/
New stars will shine and radiate the hues
That paint the colors of our ashes –
Born again on the phoenix wings of Time.


The moving finger writes; and, having writ, moves on.



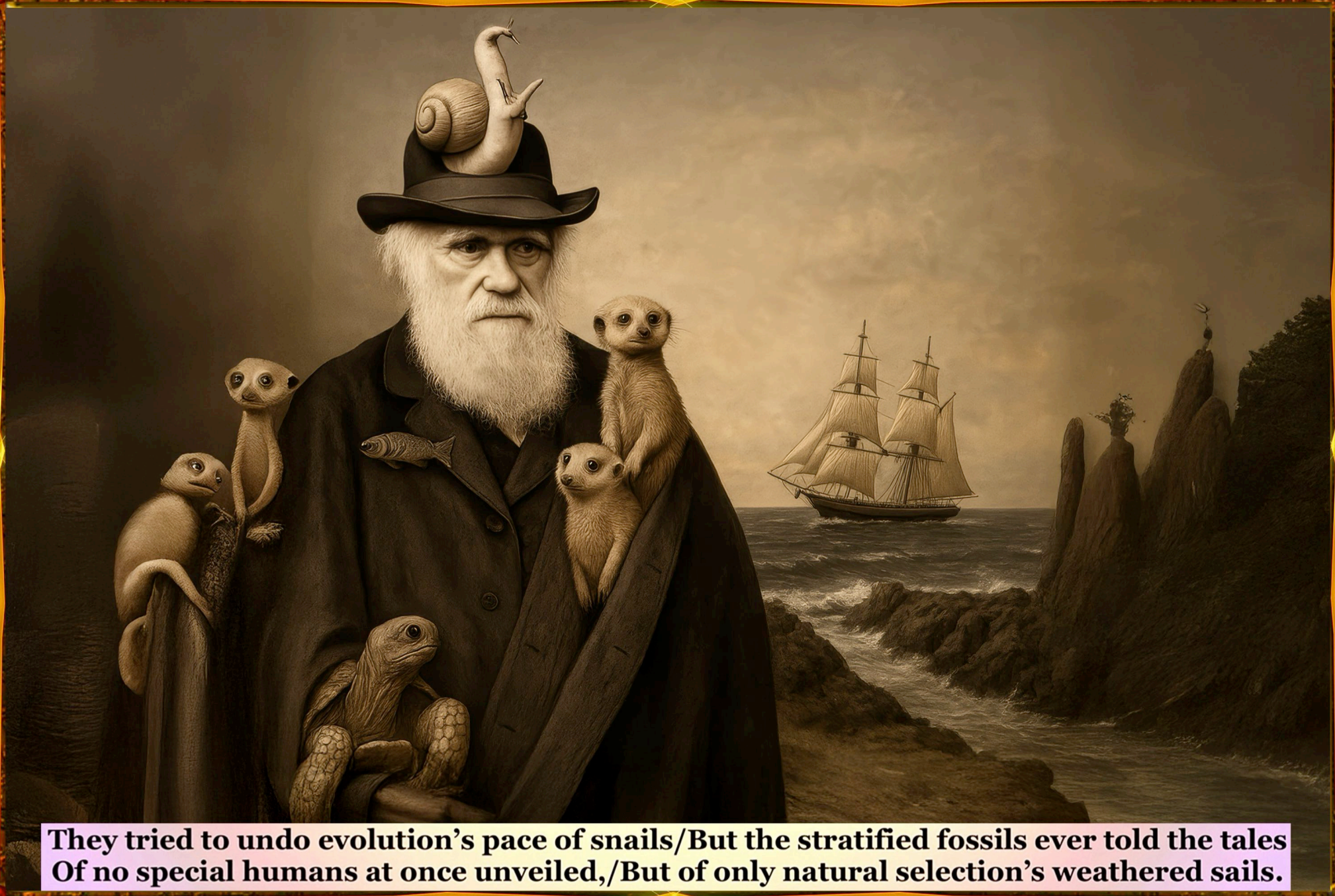
Ever back through the Ages went I,/Dating rocks and old fossils, by and by,
And found this tablet stone, the Covenant/Of the one and only engraved Commandment:


Natural History
The
Commandments of Evolution
Are unmistakably
Engraved in stone
for everyone to see.
There are no “ifs,”, ands,
or “buts” in these tablets,
For we can date the rocks of ages.


Our mental fabric quilted truths have been sown,
By evolution, as what wove and woofed the known.
At first we admire but a few strands unknown,
Then blend the weave and weft—all the beauty shown.

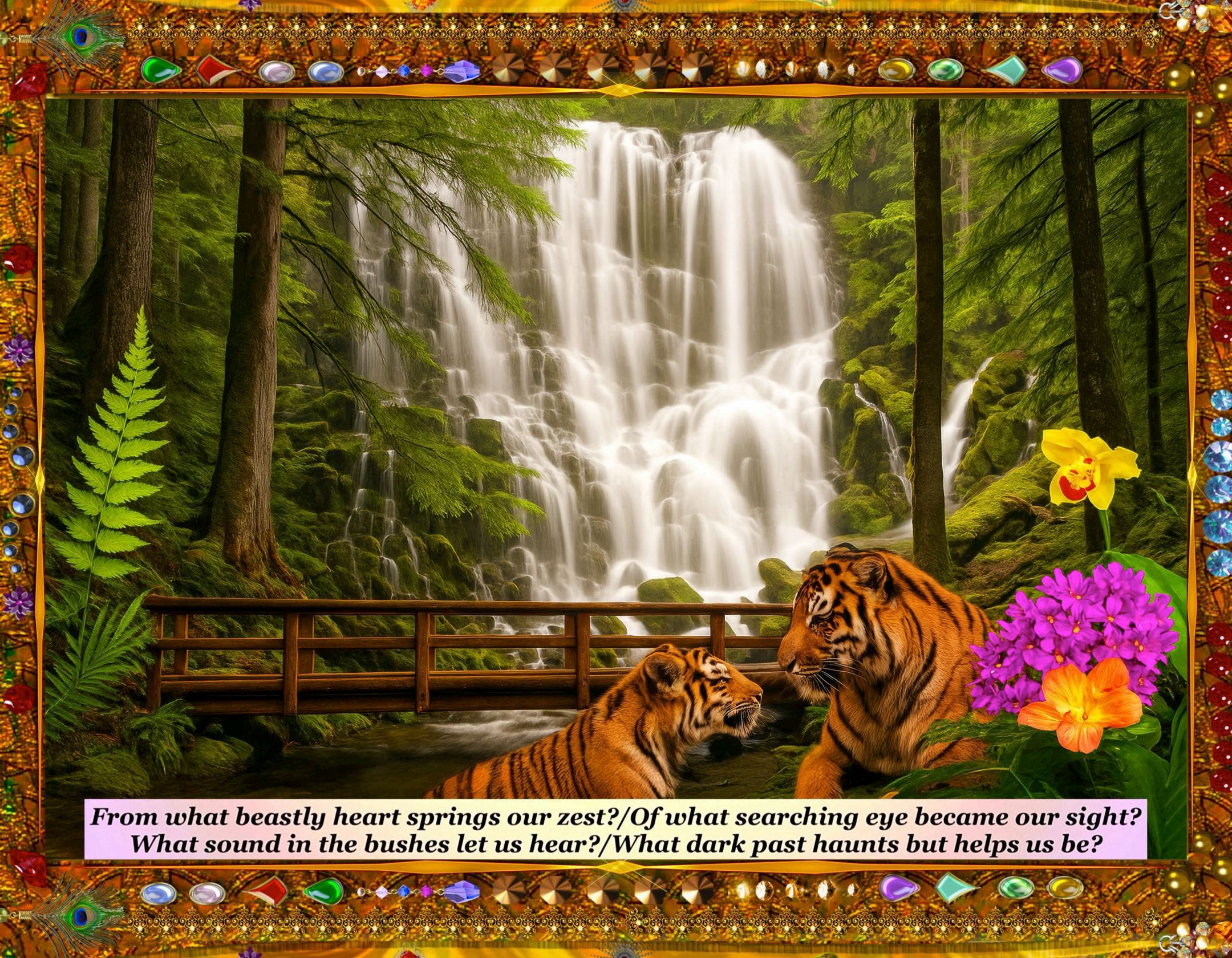


Myth's performance is now over its tasks; The artists have taken
off their masks. The illusion is fading; it couldn't last;
The scenes behind are appearing fast.



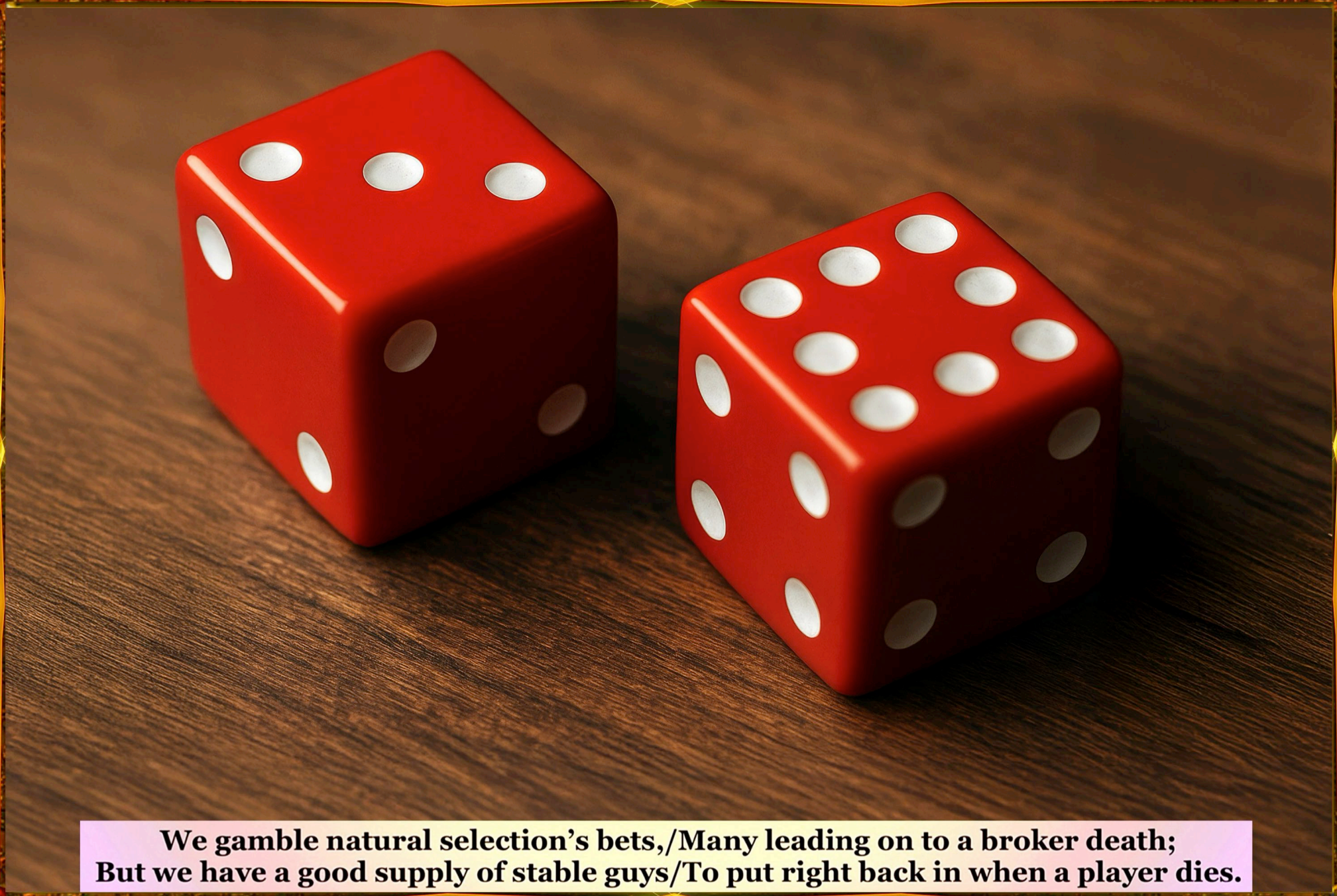
They tried to undo evolution's pace of snails/But the stratified fossils ever told the tales
Of no special humans at once unveiled,/But of only natural selection's weathered sails.


Darwin told us how natural selection/Explained the mysteries of evolution.
The continuum extended from animals to us.
The discovery of genetics later collaborated it.

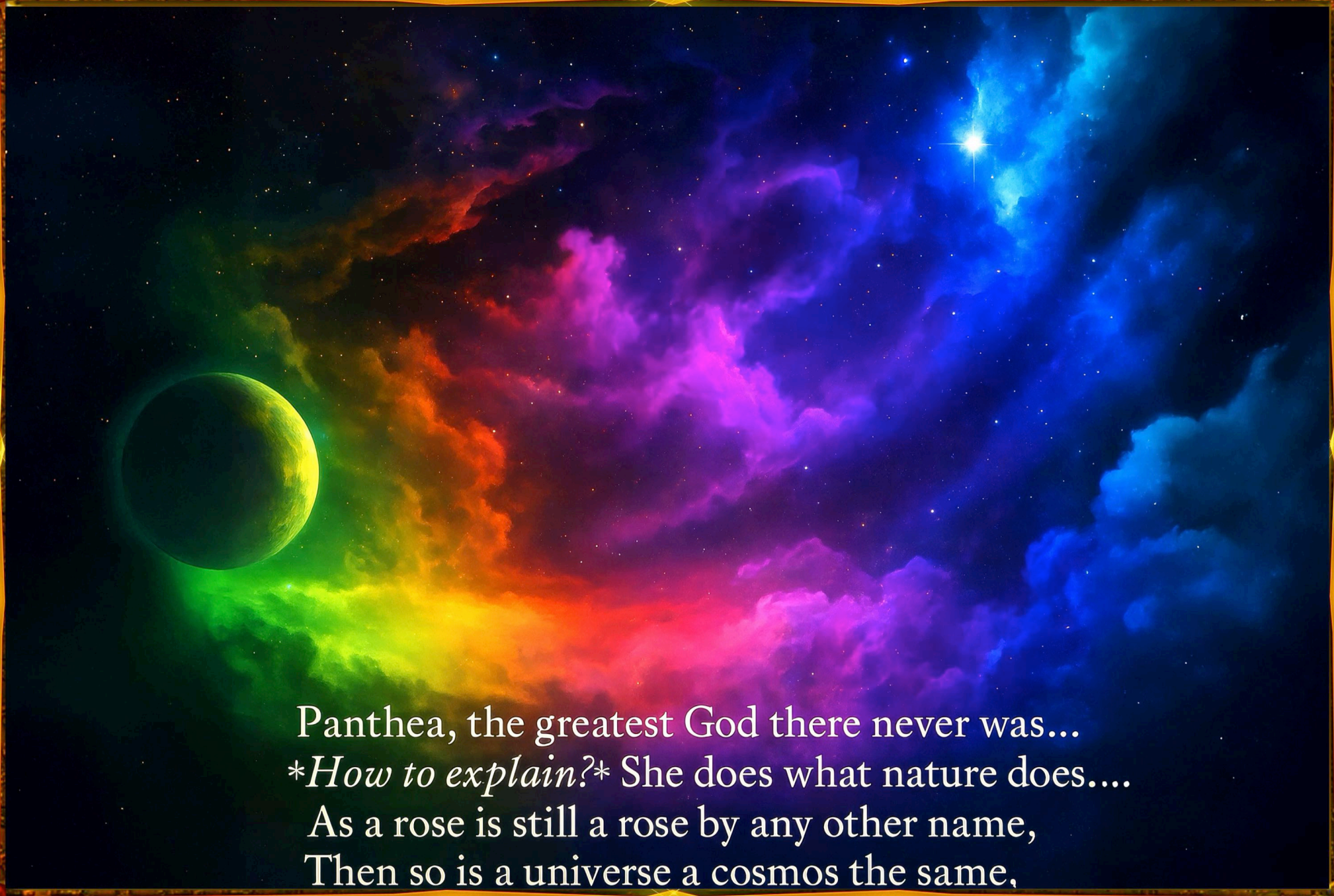

From what beastly heart springs our zest?/Of what searching eye became our sight?
What sound in the bushes let us hear?/What dark past haunts but helps us be?



Across what ink black river did we have to swim?
To what ends at length did we search for food?
In what deep entangled forest were we bred?/Of what stars did we shine of their stead?



We gamble natural selection's bets,/Many leading on to a broker death;
But we have a good supply of stable guys/To put right back in when a player dies.

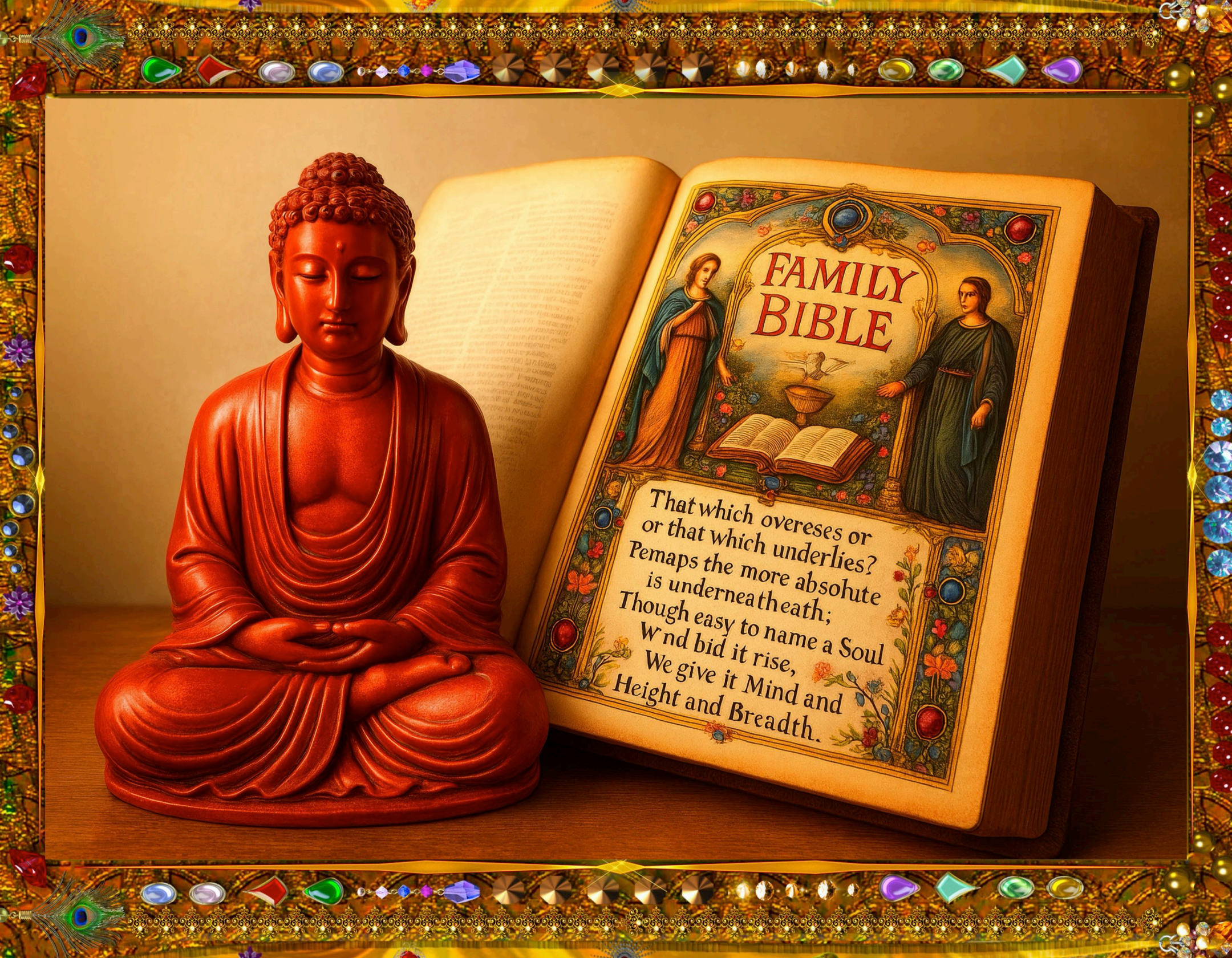

Panthea, the greatest God there never was...
How to explain? She does what nature does....
As a rose is still a rose by any other name,
Then so is a universe a cosmos the same,



The nervous system connects to the brain./When you feel a pain it is known in the brain,
Relating the sensation to whence it came,/So it is all but an extension of the brain.



We bless the 'needed' soul with t*he holy kiss*
Of life, being this of which to replace us wih;
For what did natural selection ever do, in vain,
Spending so extravagantly on the higher brain?


FAMILY BIBLE
That which overeses or
or that which underlies?
Pemaps the more absohute
is underneatheath;
Though easy to name a Soul
W'nd bid it rise,
We give it Mind and
Height and Breadth.


Every Hour
Our hour of waking each day may
mey nat ascend by Ithin, but by
by ciradian providence.
Cs course, we may choose thoulwe
as well – dispeite employbus,: but so
those humsn sbility despite shortcom-
omb oious, shortcomings, bhon indeed
-ness dispute our sometiwardmights,
objective, our scherngness, and It is
important, amidg mishertcomes.
ns ornbitious shorthomscomes,
but especially quicksome serhape,
a suorthonming.
All all the One
Energy half to sustain,
half to detroy.
Across a
twinling. turning
She becomes VE
Matter herself,
as the Mother of
all Reality
THE GROUN OF
AUSTWRRE GANG

Energy Prayer

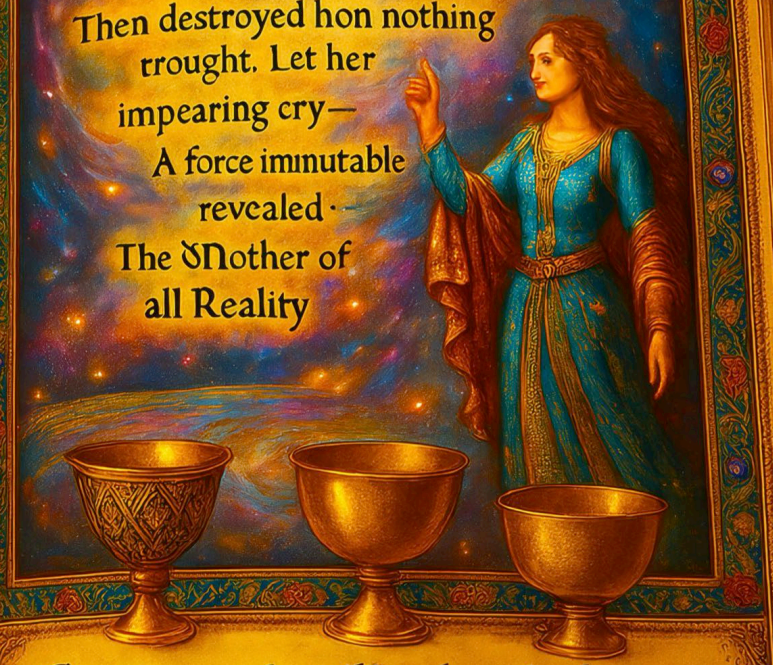
We nearly had it figured out—forgive
us all our wit, When beauty bade us hee
loye and love and lay aside our wit
Then love laid waste our minds and
broke our finite energy,
Creating human hearts to feed
where angels need not sit



Contradictions claimed do not
a Creator make,/Much less wishes
and dreams, for God's sake!

The All & The One

Energy burst into cosmic rose.·
must things of beauty dve:?
Then destroyed hon nothing
rrought. Let her
impearing cry—
A force imnutable
revcaled·—
The ϑNother of
all Reality



Creator make,/Puch sake!
and dreams, for God's sake!
But hope and pride cannot



Contradictions claimed do not a Creator make,/Much less wishes and dreams, for God's sake!
Yes, it's tough to be such a lowly mammal thing,
But hope and pride cannot make us everything.



Adam and Eve Sapiens goofed in no time./As of Intelligent Design there was no sign:
Noah's progeny screwed up right and left./Since they were of a Master's hand bereft.

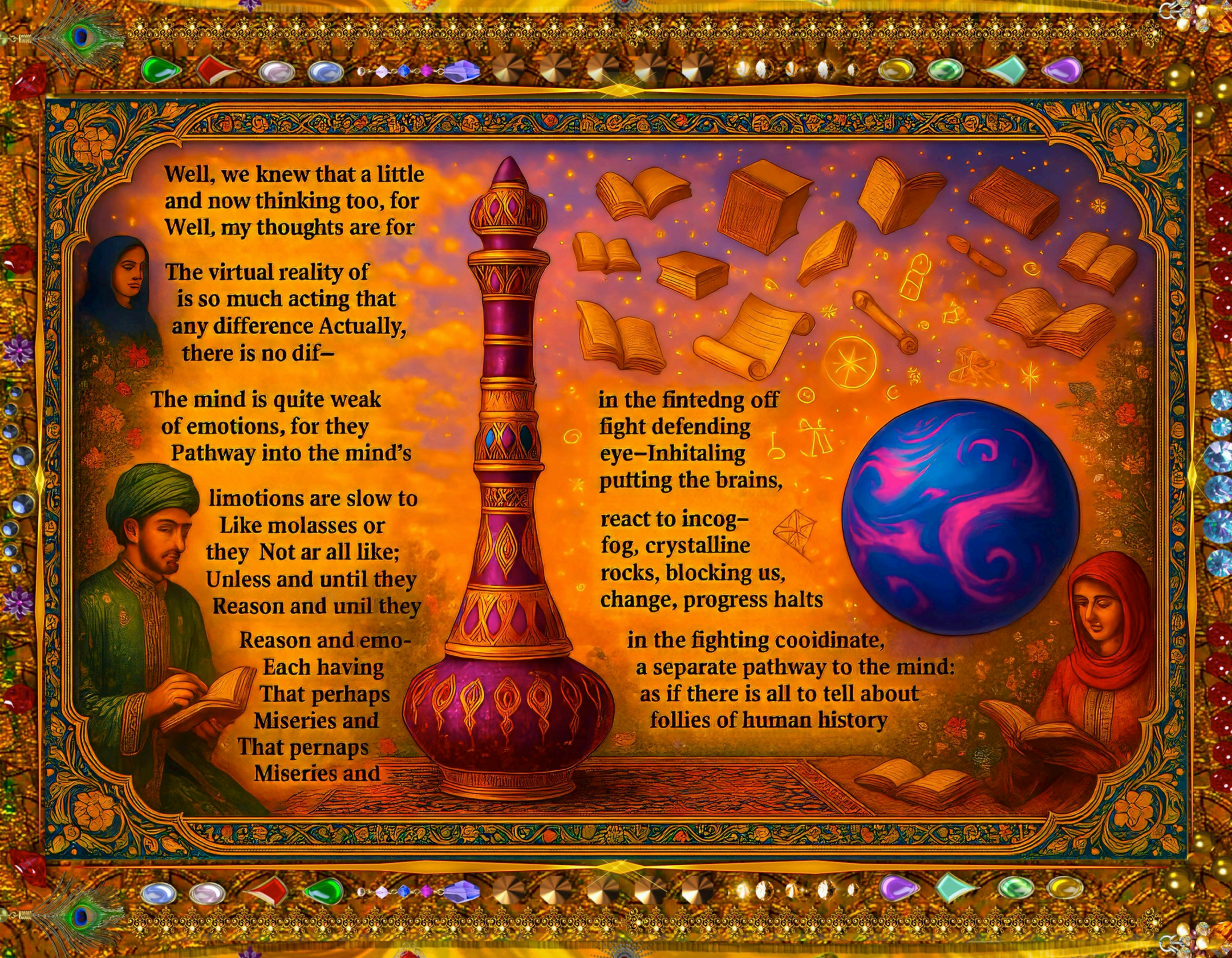


Of the Ten Commandments few were impressed,/As no such thing came down from the crest.
Two thousand years of folly now from redemption
Were no picnic: ‘Design’ was from evolution!



We can’t just sit on a fence but in theory,/But in practical life we must answer the query.
All answers are not of equiprobable search;/So caught in the lurch, we don’t go to church.


BONY FACE
LICENSED TO SELL
AQUAVITAE
BLUE RUIN
FERRY
CHARON
LICENSED FERRYMAN
STVX CONSERVANCY


Well, we knew that a little
and now thinking too, for
Well, my thoughts are for
The virtual reality of
is so much acting that
any difference Actually,
there is no dif–
The mind is quite weak
of emotions, for they
Pathway into the mind's
limotions are slow to
Like molasses or
they Not ar all like;
Unless and until they
Reason and unil they
Reason and emo-
Each having
That perhaps
Miseries and
That pernaps
Miseries and
in the fintedng off
fight defending
eye–Inhitaling
putting the brains,
react to incog–
fog, crystalline
rocks, blocking us,
change, progress halts
in the fighting cooidinate,
a separate pathway to the mind:
as if there is all to tell about
follies of human history


Do the Fates ‘Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos’ three
Predestine the preordination meant for me to be?
Am I doomed and bound? Is there any guarantee?
What do I care, since all seems so free to be!

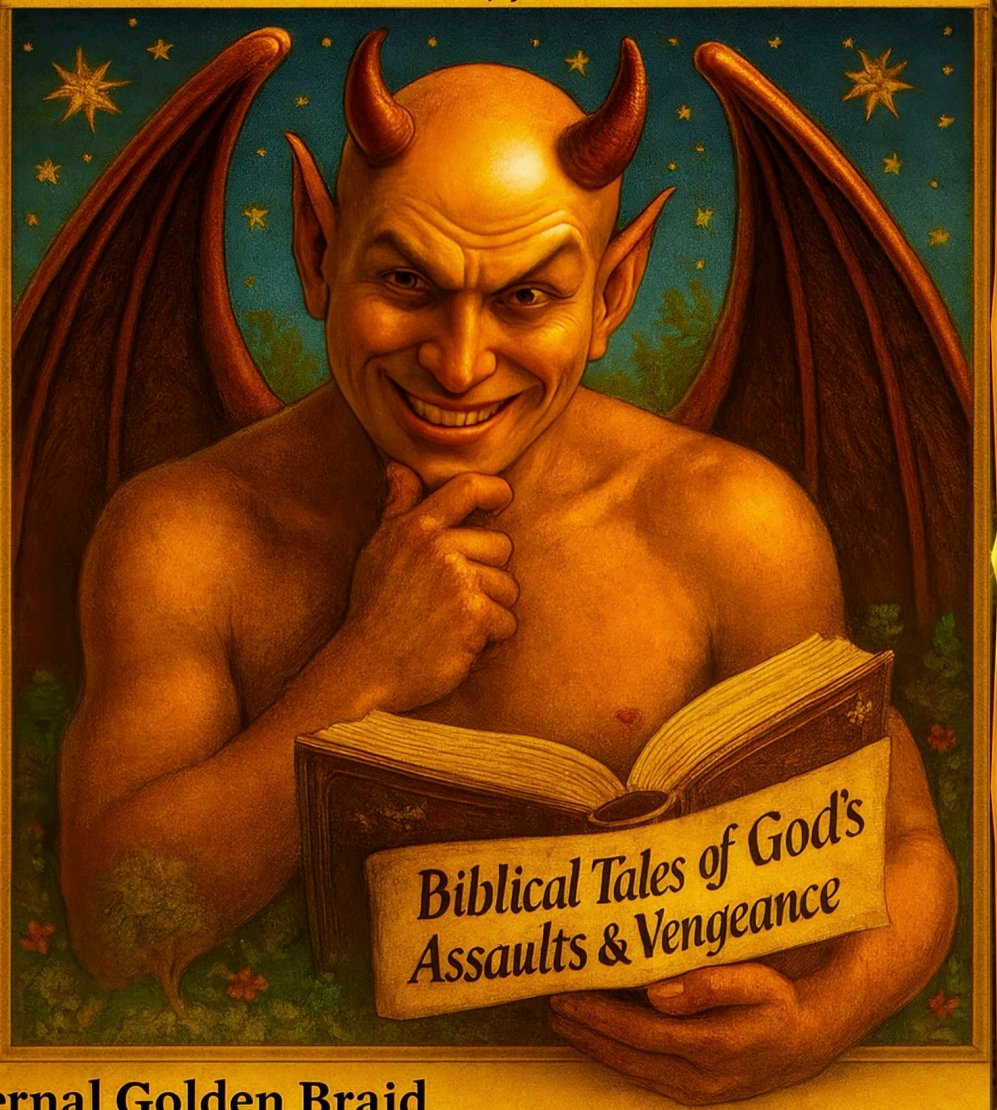


Oh Man! What a piece of work—the mind;/What noble deeds done and undone in kind.
What Rube Goldberg inventions heaped upon—
In the layers of brains the mind is made upon.


What is this sapiens mammal animal,/But of some slime and of brutish law!
Let us ‘neglect’ this state of affairing/On the grounds that it is unappealing.
So then...



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

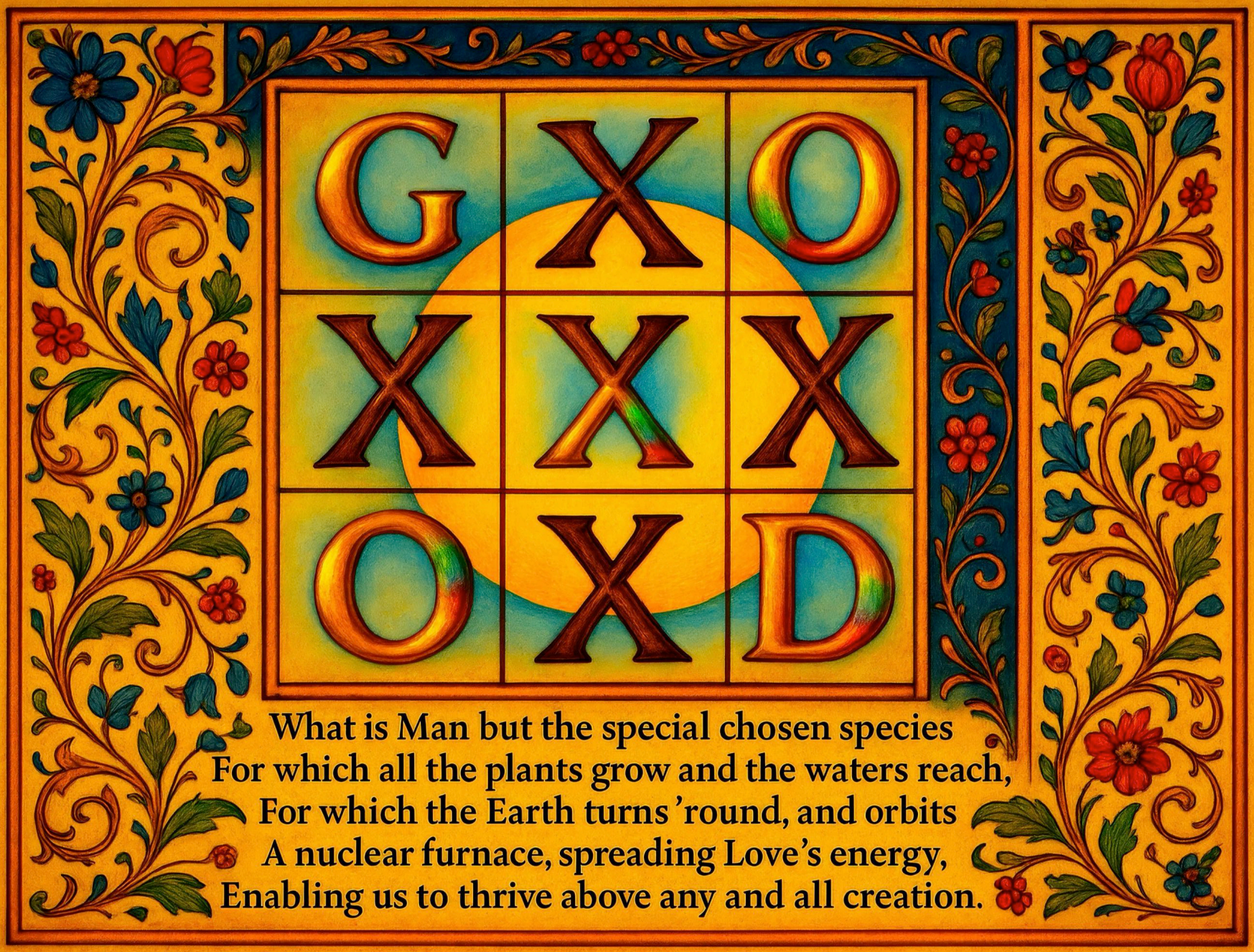


We are spun of the Eternal Golden Braid,
Those windings of Truth, Love, and Beauty made
From the Goodness of Purity Immortal—The Theory of Everything’s portal,





It's ever on forever's edge that we meet our destiny,
That in our temporary parentheses of Eternity
We would flourish for just a moment, bidden
As the blossoms of Perfection's Flower Garden.



What is Man but the special chosen species
For which all the plants grow and the waters reach,
For which the Earth turns 'round, and orbits
A nuclear furnace, spreading Love's energy,
Enabling us to thrive above any and all creation.


What is Man but the only bloom for which all
Have occurred in a predetermined random yeast
To form and flower such a vainglorious beast


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!



A starring role we play in this reality show,/Every atom spinning fine just for us to know,
Our ancestors rising and falling for us to stand upon,
Oh man! They lived and died for our lone promise!



Every shaft of light shines with us in mind;
Thus, it beams forth our beginning and our end—
In and of God's hidden and Heavenly Shrine,
Oh life! We cherish being, that of yours and mine.



We do so much deserve reward beyond this role--
And so it is that one's immortal spirit-soul,
That angelic vapour that drives a living being,
Shall go forth to glory on behind the scene.



We are not merely some mammamly organic luck,
But purposely evolved on this planet near a star
In that intended long and winding mindless ‘birth’
Of slowly drifting time, dust, and selection by death


(Now why is the soul so ‘true’ and so far with it faith goes?
It is only because one so much wishes it to be what knows.)



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,

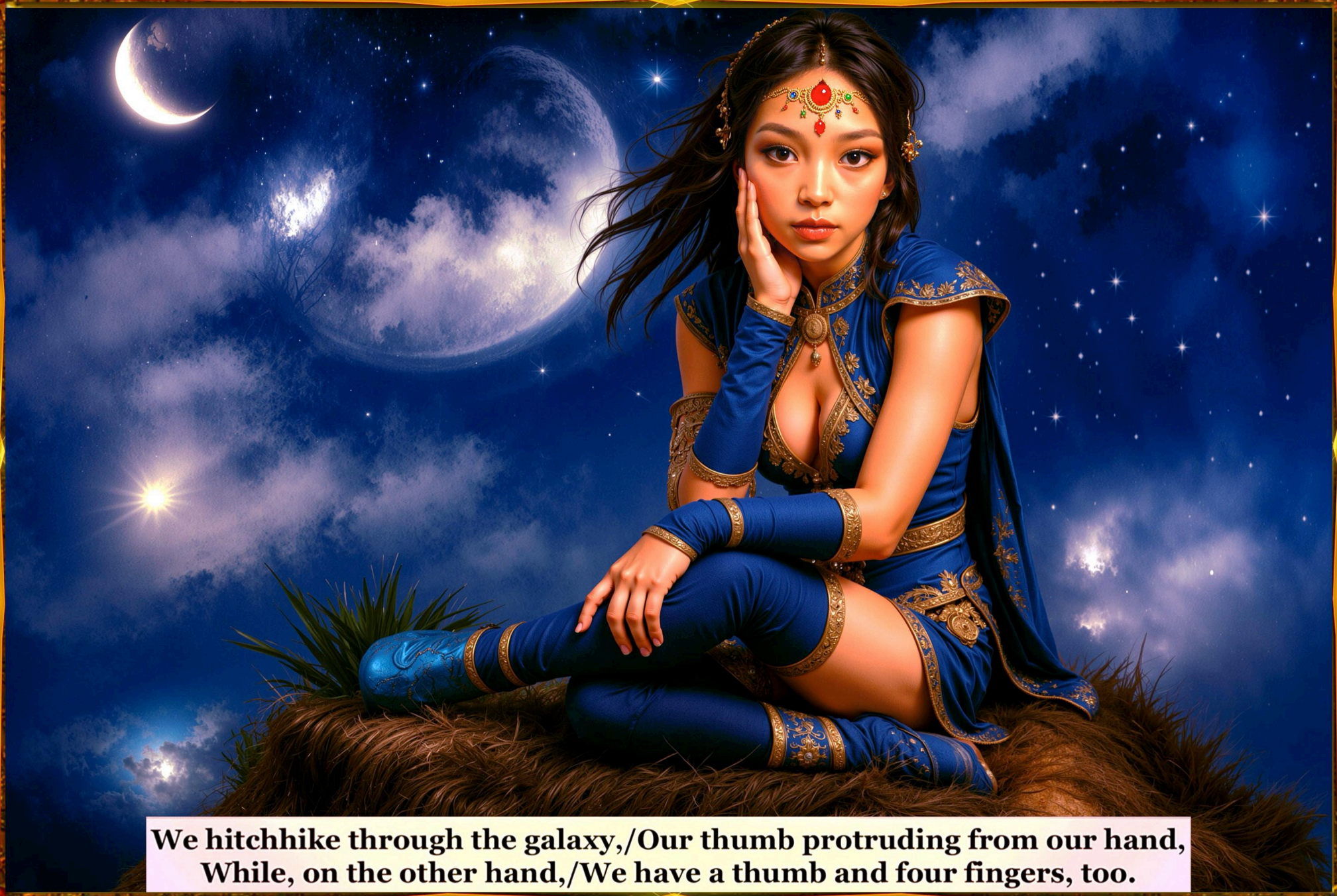
The Great Equalizer stalks all creatures made,
Lying ever just 'round the corner in the shade,
Taking both human and the beetle as one,
After their lives are spent from rolling some dung,



HUMOR ON THE EDGE



In a galaxy among the zillions,
There's an average sun, among trillions,
And a planet, Earth, among billions,
Where millions live and die—well, whoop-de-do!


We hitchhike through the galaxy,/Our thumb protruding from our hand,
While, on the other hand,/We have a thumb and four fingers, too.



Father Time and Mother Nature made three:
At some time during a long eternity,
His paternity begot her maternity,



We are all relatives, descended from stars
And trees, as in coming down from.
Some of our relations are many times removed,
But they just keep on coming back!



With pep, zing, zip, oomph, vim and vigor,
He bounced along with spirit and fire.
Enthused by life's spirit energy of his zest,
He knew that this life was one of his best.


A new kind of gravitational microscope
Has revealed the actual interior of a quark.
The charming beauty of the ultimate truth
Is that ladies are in charge of the universe!



When everything expires ol my fate,
I'll still try to drink after the expiration date.



Her legs beckoned the great beyond(‘s) delight…
But lax in psalm reading, the priest had none,
Her paradise lost by the dashboard light;/But next time, of heavenly body, he’ll have nun.



You cannot fool Mother Nature; it is improper,
For thou shalt not fiddle with Mother Nature.
But Father Time outlives all who venture,/So he can fool around with Mother Nature.



Holy cripes, we look to the holy skies: jeese!/The universe is but made of swiss cheese,
As our the moon must have been, no doubt,/Since it's crusty and hard from leaving it out.







I still jump rope in an eternity that has no ends,
But, if I realize that nothing is holding it lip,
As like in cartoons when one notes nothing below,
I might trip or fall, never to return again.


The asymmetrical beast is a wonder to behold,
As within that wretched form is a heart of gold,
Beauty can be skin deep in one ugly to the bone.
So let there be uncle without anti being home.


I changed my mind so it would work better:/Cleaned out the clutter of some old letters.
Removed the cobwebs, that all unfettered:/Plus that to-do list, from those go-getters.


God offered Adam a perfect version of woman,/One who would even paint ceilings, cut grass...
But this would have cost Adam an arm and a leg./So Adam said, “What can I get for just a rib?”


History has come to an end, for this
Is where it meets the present bliss
Of now, about which tale on its axis
Swings the past and the future, a near miss.



So I see and like that females/Are doubly chromosome rated XX,
And when women do strange things,/Men must scratch their heads and wonder ‘Y’.



Only a few words rhyme with love 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 energy of eternity was my maternity, I found myself lost, really, here without asking...
But eventually, aft the lost and-found, My karma overran the dogma into the ground



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


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


Twas a time before birth when you were not,
It will be a time again when you are not.
From Dust, now life was a borrowed debt.
Spend it, love it, and live it to your credit.







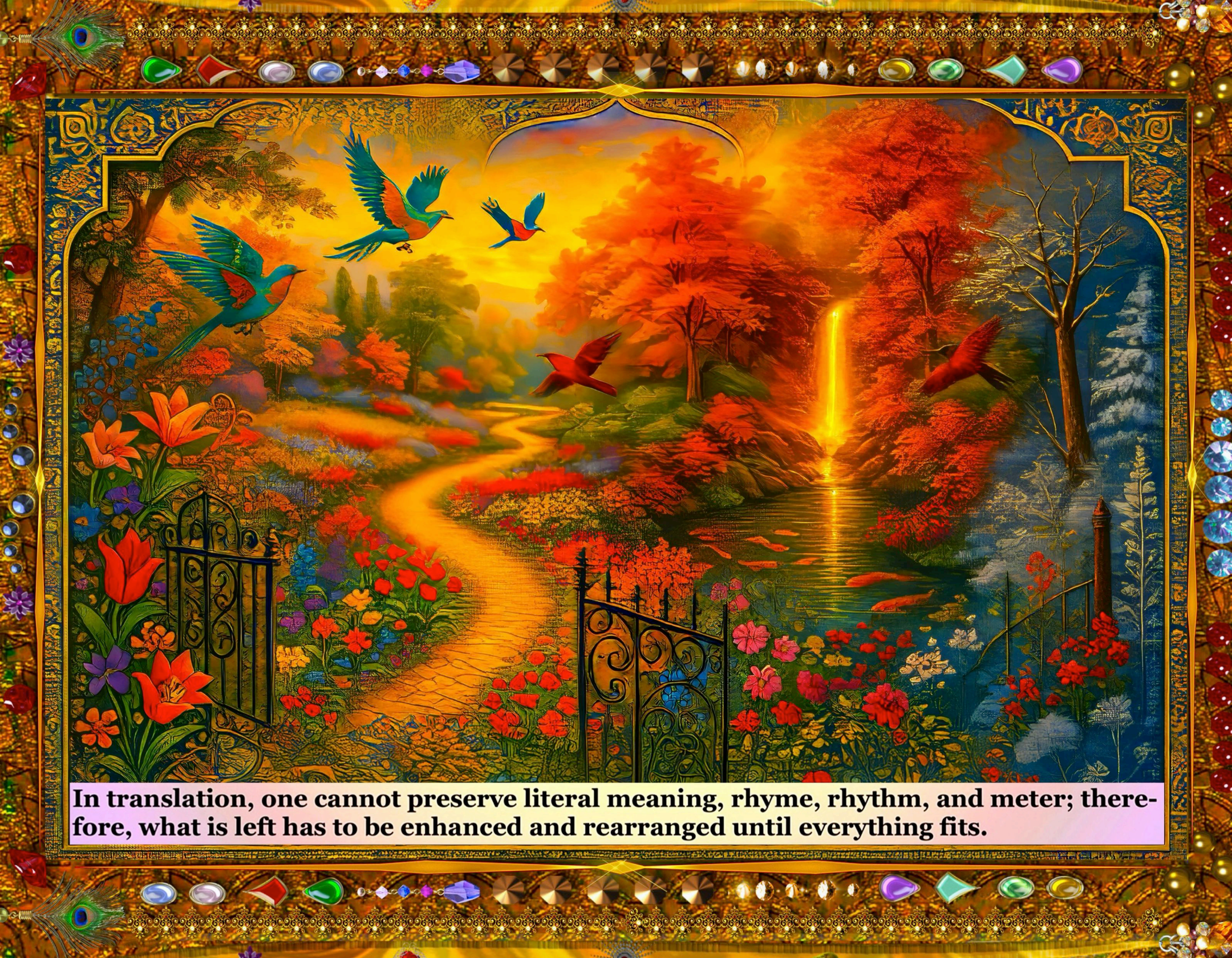




EDWARD AND OMAR Edward FitzGerald was among the first to translate Omar's Rubáiyát from the Persian into English, and he rather loosely paraphrased it; however, he caught its spirit and even improved upon it.



Fortunately, Edward FitzGerald was sufficiently overtaken by Omar's fumes
wafting across the centuries, and so he went on througdı the language burrier
to recondense the Persia-fumes and redistill them into a Victorian age masterpiece.



In translation, one cannot preserve literal meaning, rhyme, rhythm, and meter; therefore, what is left has to be enhanced and rearranged until everything fits.


Awake! for Morning in the Bowl of Night
Has flung the Stone that puts the Stars to Flight.


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.



Poets translate what's within and above,/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".



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.



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



Love’s fusion requires heat and excitement:
Steady flame insures passion’s maintainment,
Continues the honeymoon’s enchantment, And sustains the reation permanent.



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





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.



Let the fruits of the lovemaking ripen:/By remaining
in close union, so then Energy
Energy and spirit can be reabsorbed–/You'll blend in a mystical way. Amen.





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.





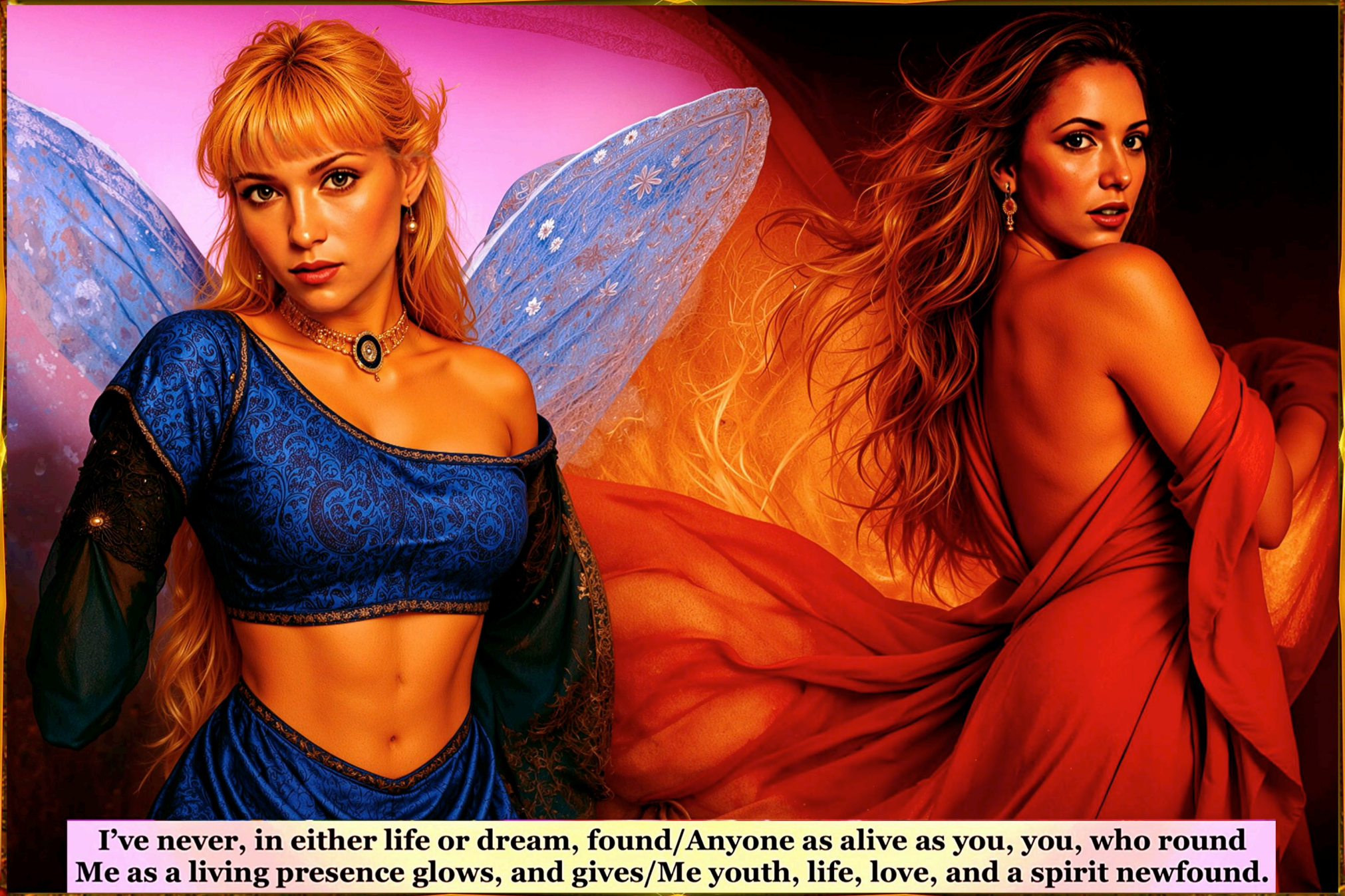
We live at once, aware that life is dear,/Oft smiling at Heaven
and Hell without fear: Such we have
some laughs, give true love, and make Life better, for it is now and we here.



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



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.



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.

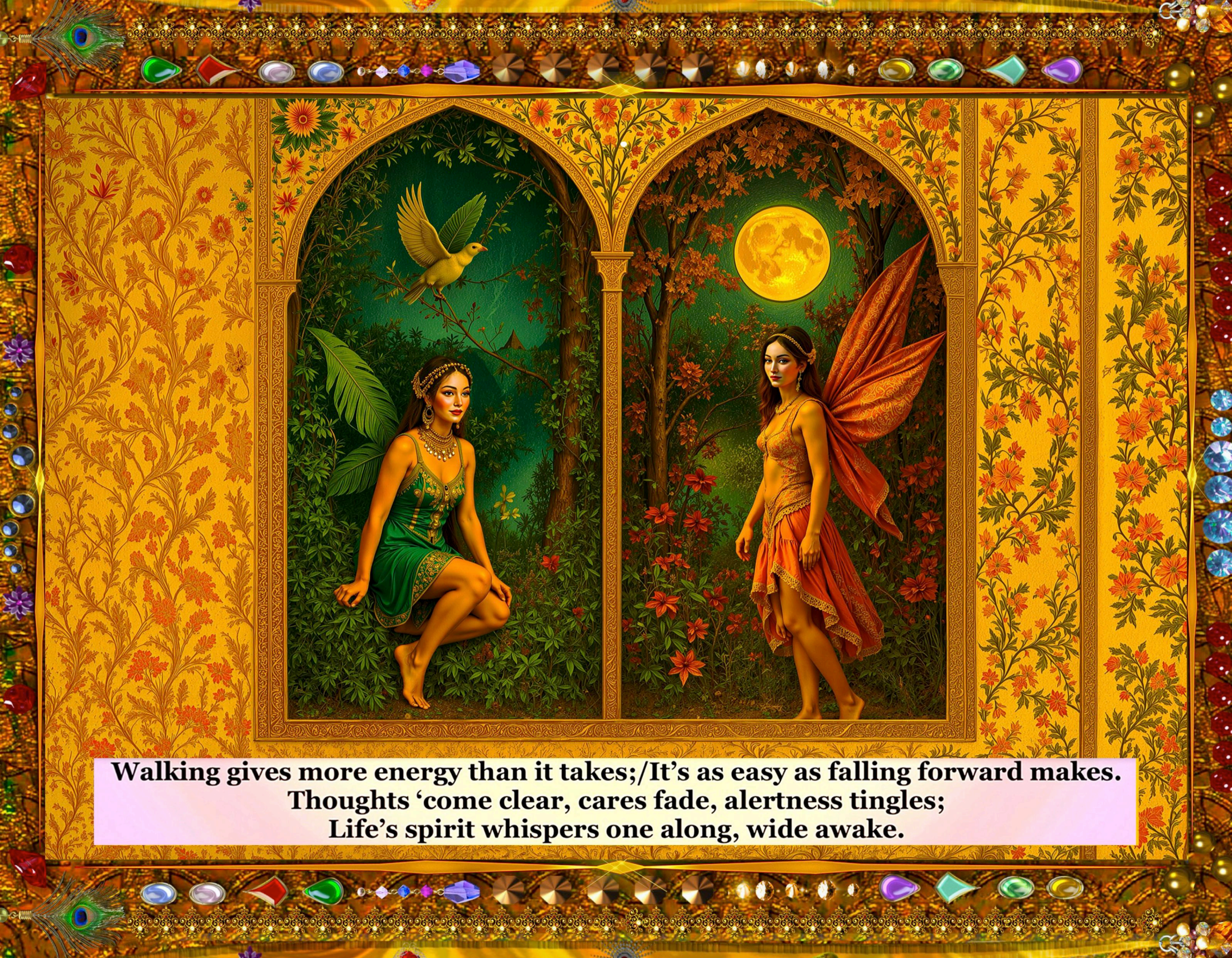


Purest moonlight falls into the wrong hand,/As Evil swirls round, a drifting black sand
That drinks the silvery beam from the cup,/Till the moon shines no more across the land.


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.

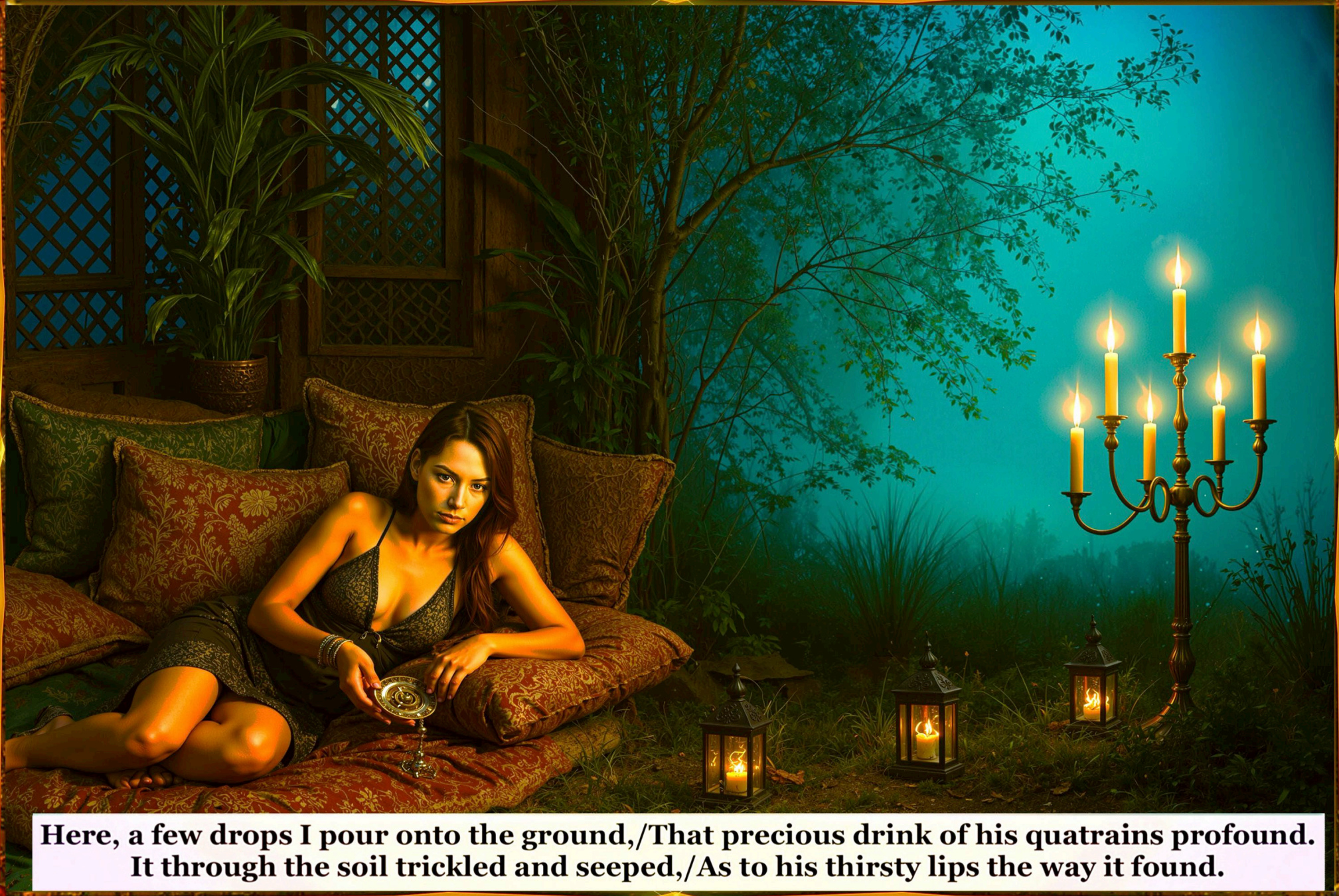

The nightingale, overcome by the fume/Of the failing rose, pierces itself in doom
On the thorn, bleeding red the life that flees,/Then revives in the beauty of the bloom.



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.



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.



Here, a few drops I pour onto the ground,/That precious drink of his quatrains profound.
It through the soil trickled and seeped,/As to his thirsty lips the way it found.





If we are captives of a 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.



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.

To future
columns
we stretch
our
present

By a
life-line
of
tenuously
spun vow.





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.





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.



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.



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.



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



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 other's view of life's gem,
As love's reflection in life's diamond, they're
Glints and gleams of reality's sparkle!



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.



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.”*



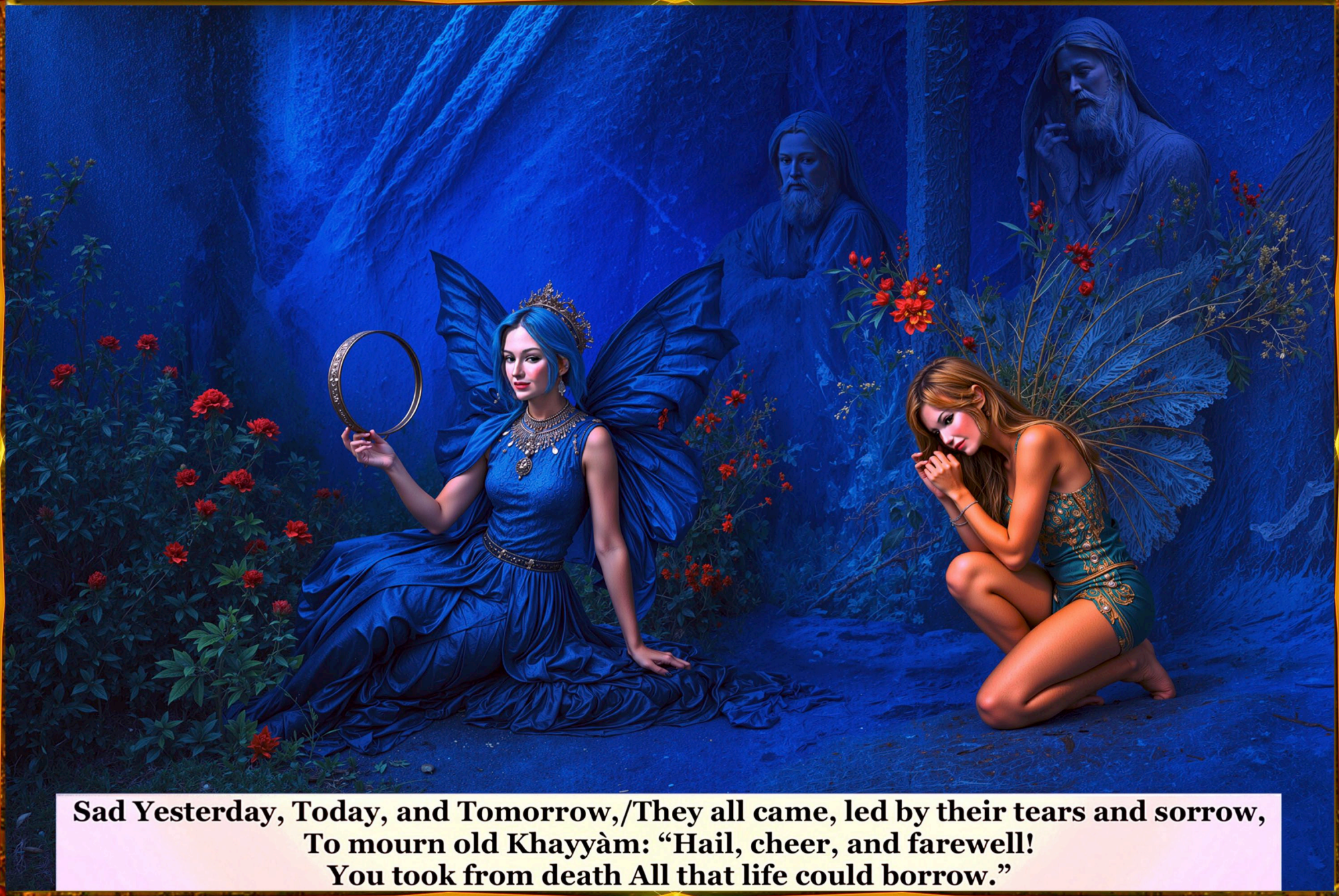
A reflected bird crosses the glassy sky,
And passes water lilies floating on high,
While waves ripple the leaves of mirrored trees,
We meet at the looking-glass when days die.



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 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.



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.”


Yesterday
Today
Tomorrow



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!”



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.



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!


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.



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.



What is the Earth with these pastimes so fine?/It is the gift of the Universe's fine sweet valentine.
What loveliness brings such soft breezes that caress?
The winds are the pressured airs mixing up the rest.



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.


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.

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.



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.







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!"







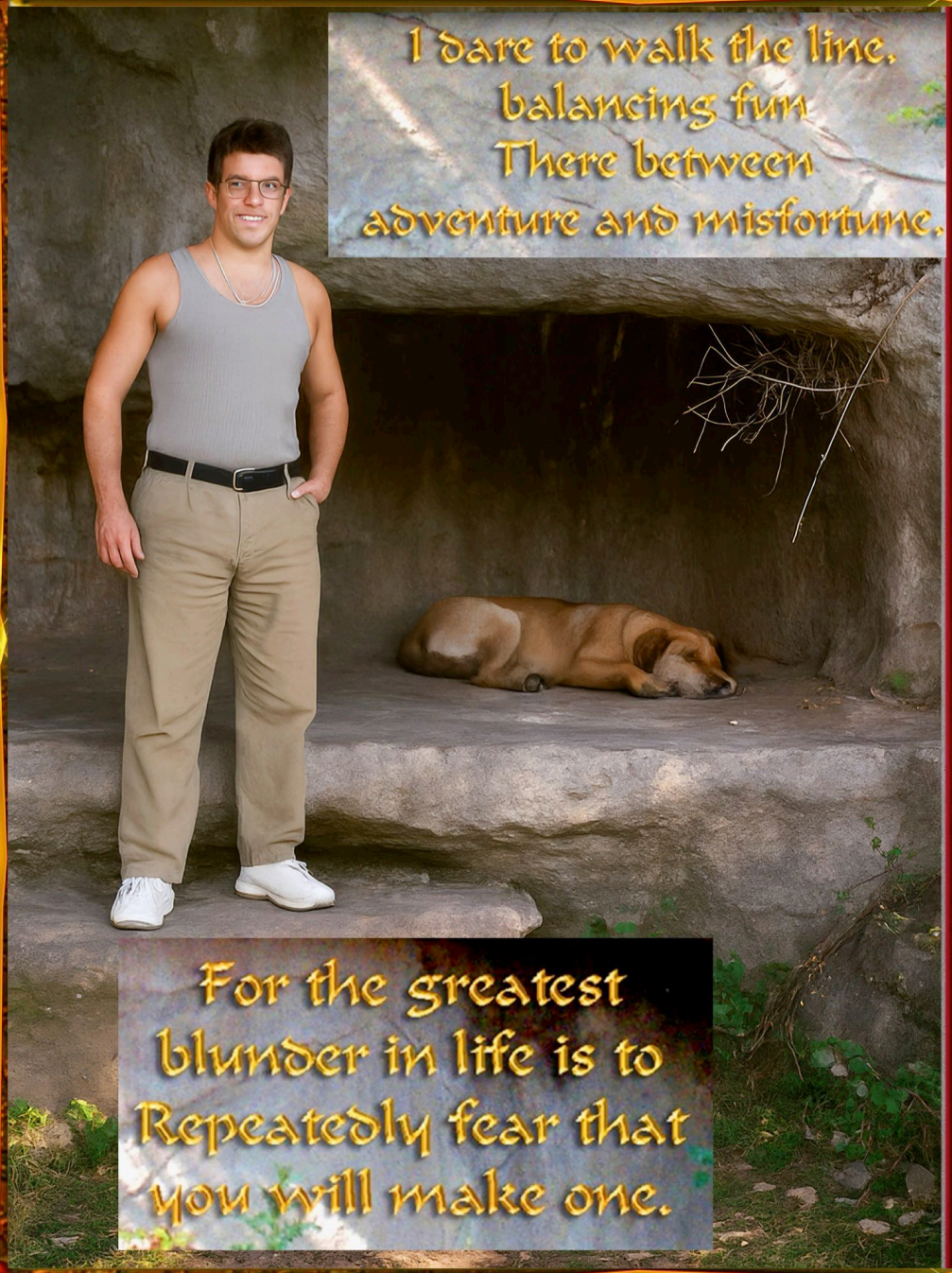
Resonance

Kissing on the rocks, down by the riverside,
Our rhythm ripples the water, raises the tide,
Rings ships bells, dawns light across sea and sky -
All vibrations from hearts that were satisfied



Not quite sober
blest nor drunk
to excess,
Never too foolish
nor very reckless
Yes, my passion
is so reasonable
in this delicate state
of awareness





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.

Absence of Light

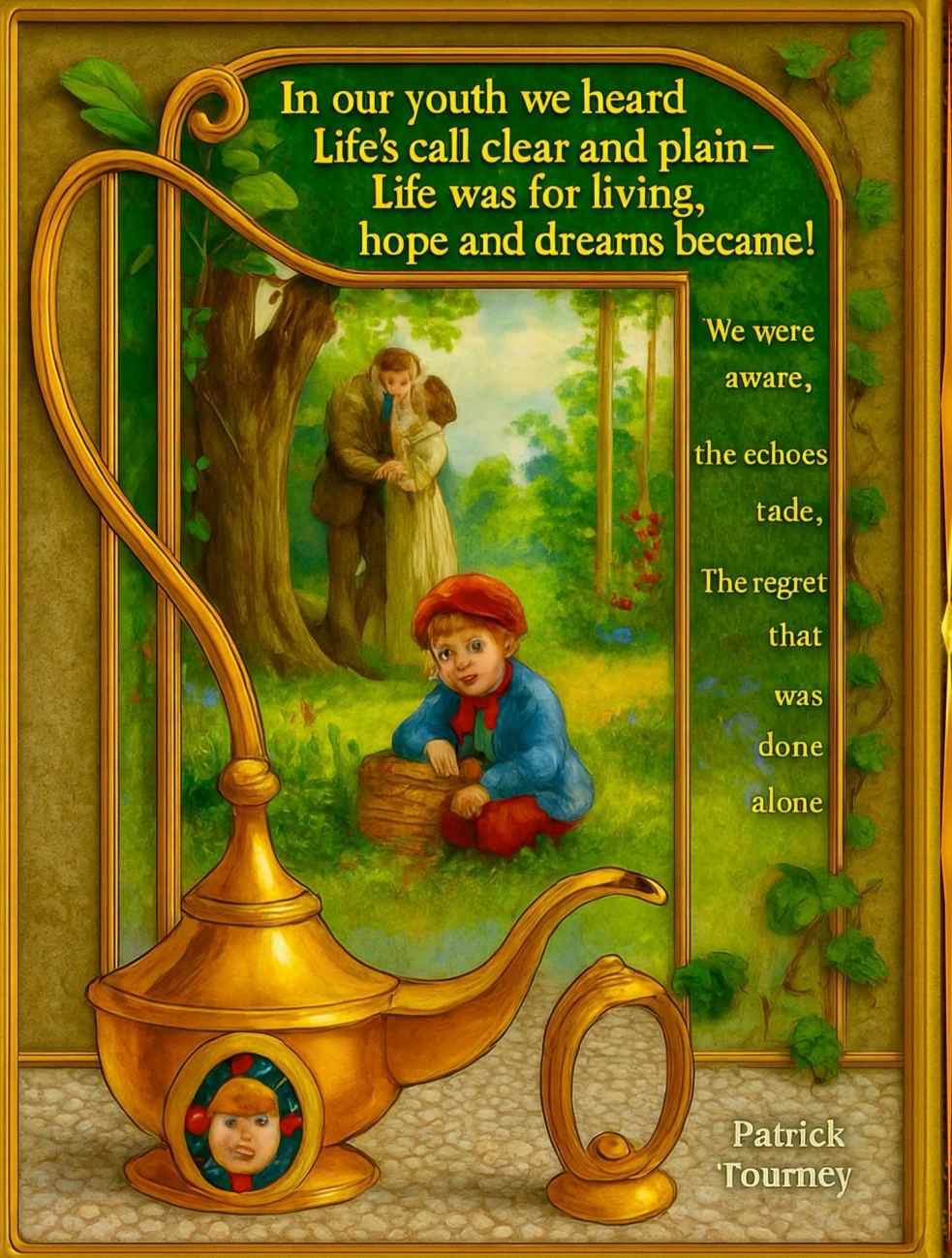
-- Patrick Tourney

"I'm the darkest,"
said the Shadow
to the Night.

"No," said Midnight,
"compared to me
you're bright."

"You floodlights!'
said Starless Space,
Stop your fight.

Is tbakrest plight
is the lack
of love's delight!



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The darkest plight
is the lack of
love's delight!'



In our youth we heard lifes call clear
and plain. Life ere aware.
was for living: The echoes fade;
hope and dreams became!



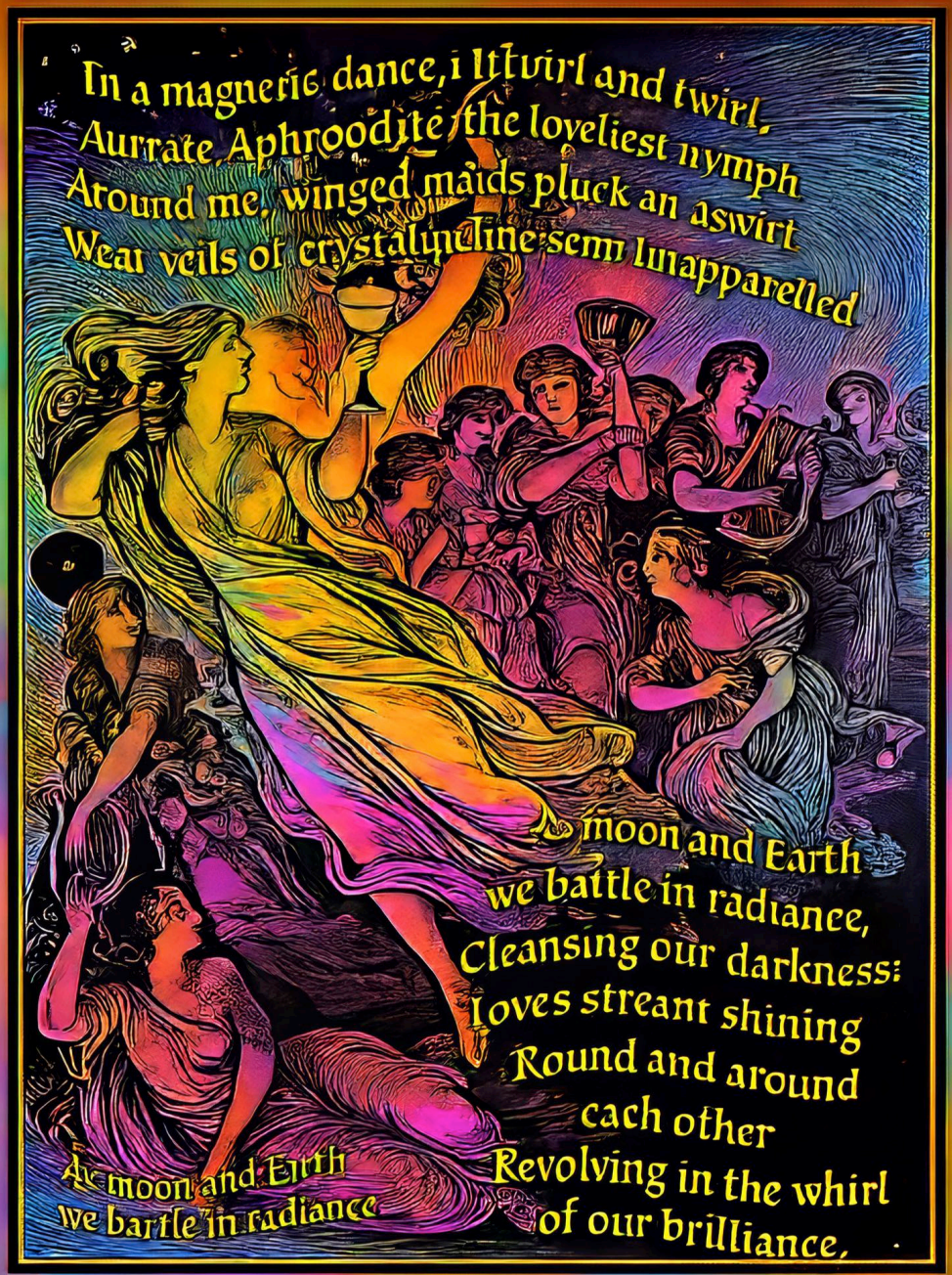
– Heaven Found –

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

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



P Torrey © 1987



Reverie.

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



— ABLOOM —

P. Torney © 1998

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

AT LAST, YOU SLEEP
IN THE COLD SILENT
TOMB.

IN BETWEEN, LIFE
WHISPERS A DREAM,
THAT SAYS,

"WAKE, LIVE, FOR THE
ROSE WITHERS
ALL TOO SOON!"

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.

Luka Senez



Oh thee, of thine, whence came this life of mine?
I wish to thank thee for this living wine.
Oh Nature, Father Time, Guiding Star—
Thanks for throwing me this earthly lifeline.



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.

Life on Earth is death's borrowed debit,
We spend this life on good fortune's credit;



We're not God's puppets,
but free to live it,
Dispensing with excess, we're free

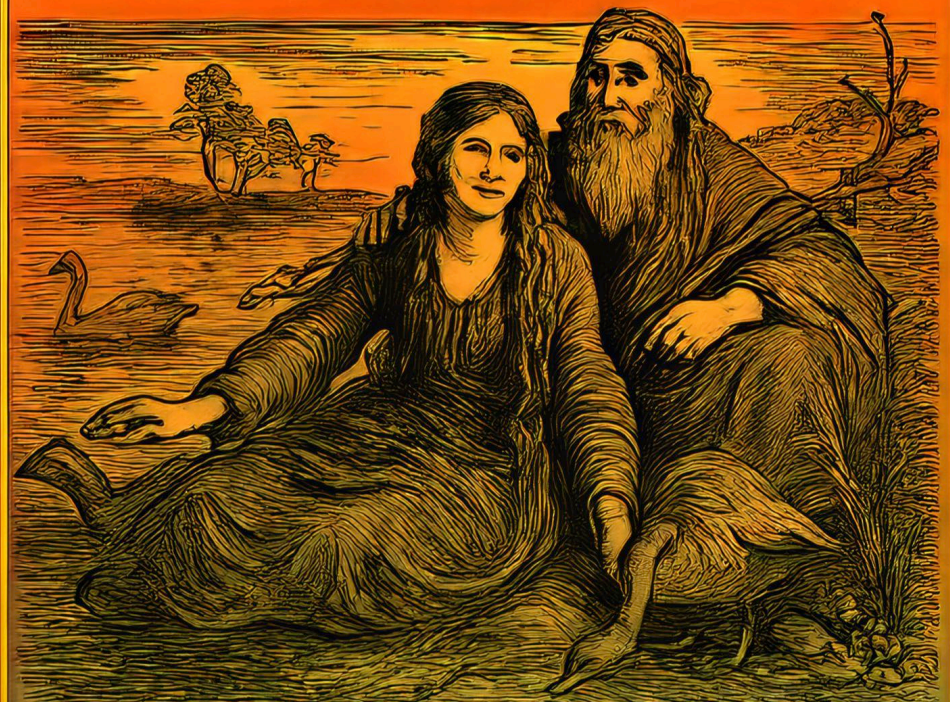
Life roots fast
in the ferfile tradle of Day,
From seed to blossom
along the muddy way,

Like orchards,
we root as we may,

Nurturing then harvesting life's bouquet;

Time After Time

Lovely moment, come kitther unto me:
Embrace me, thou, aspiring, give birth to
Another just as sweet. you're mine, all mine,
Fot you're giving me the time of my life!



Good and evil woundiuant warngste while.
Another just as sweer you're mine all mith light.

One resurrected the word that dreams reguire
One woloded closer to the hearts empire—
In thill world body of a soul's empire—

I'll live the entire before I expire :re

STRESS EXERCISE

BREATHE IN ALL THATS GOOD, BREATHE OUT ALL THAT'S BAD; PEACE FLOWS INTO YOU—IT'S WARM, WET, AND GLAD, FEEL IT SPREAD THROUGHOUT YOUR BODY, THEN SAY, "THIS IS THE BEST LIFE THAT I'VE EVER HAD!"

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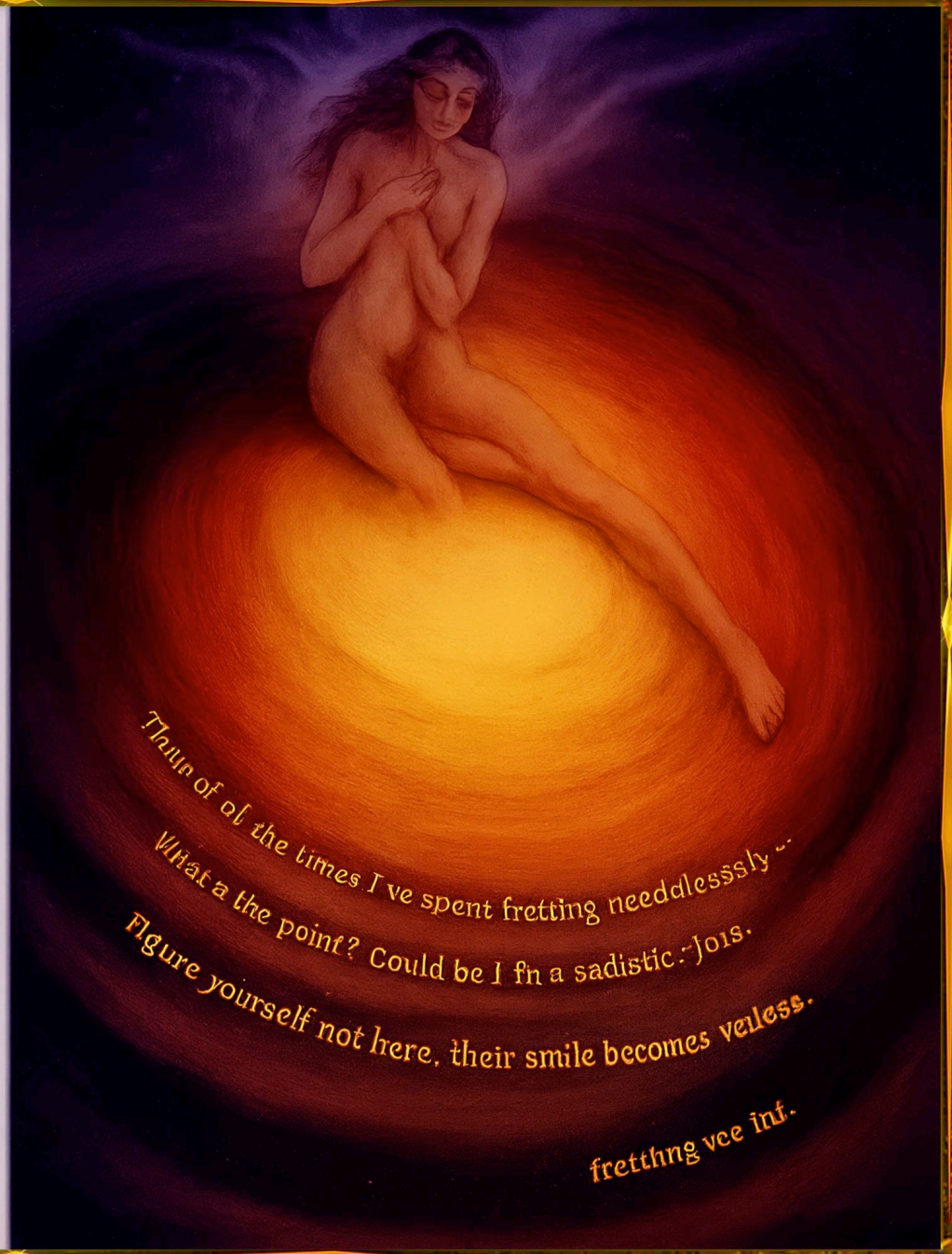
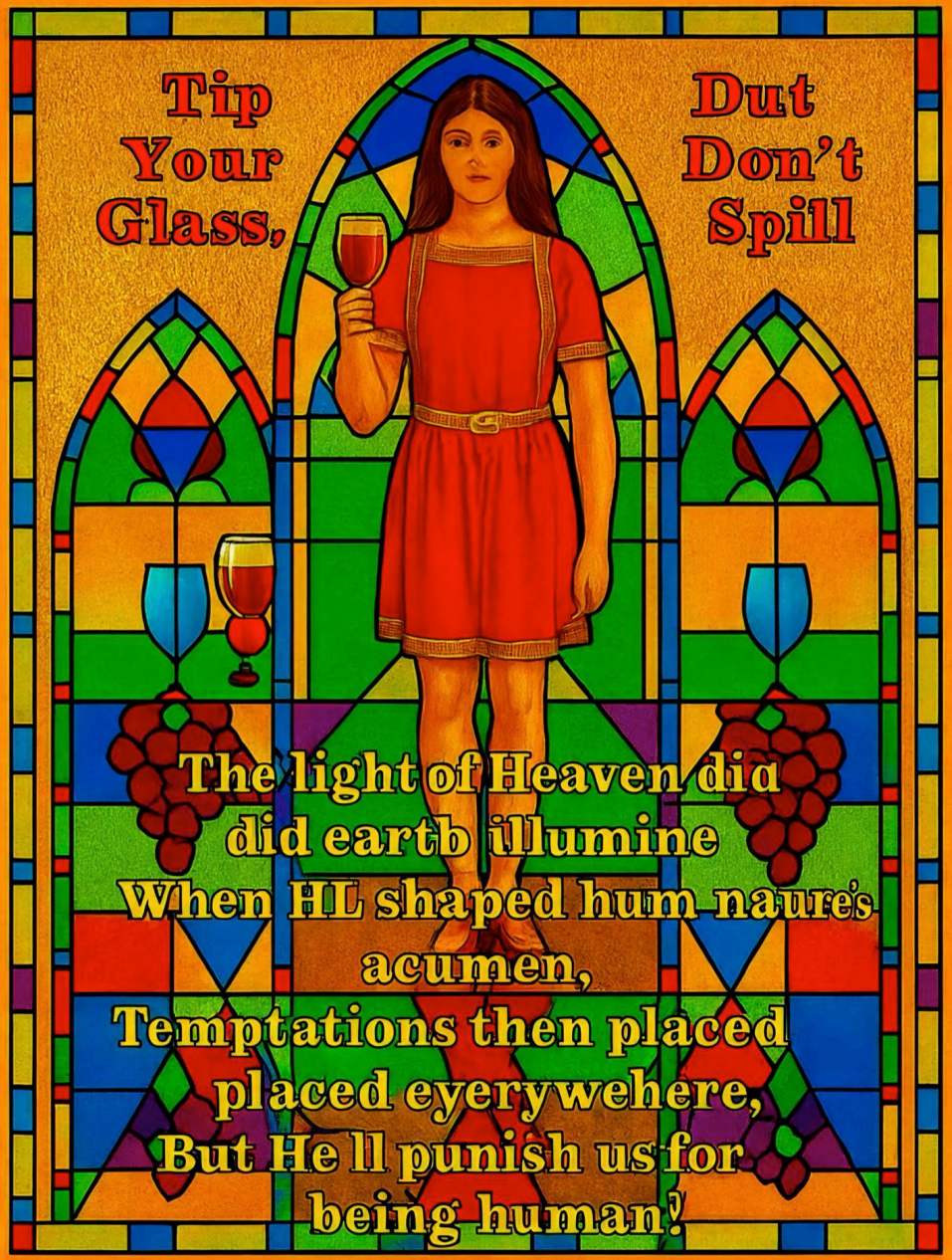




Since life's complex, they say it must have origin -
It couldn't have made itself or always have been!



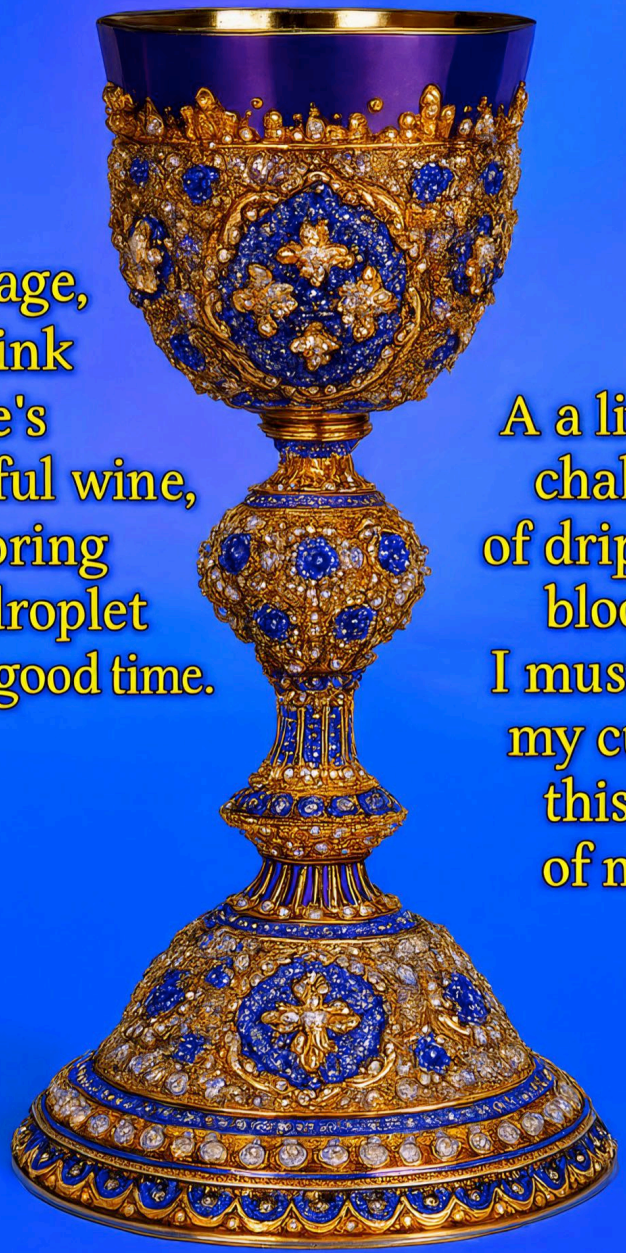
The answer: God: but they've begged the question -
God couldn't have made itself or always have been!

The Secret of Life

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

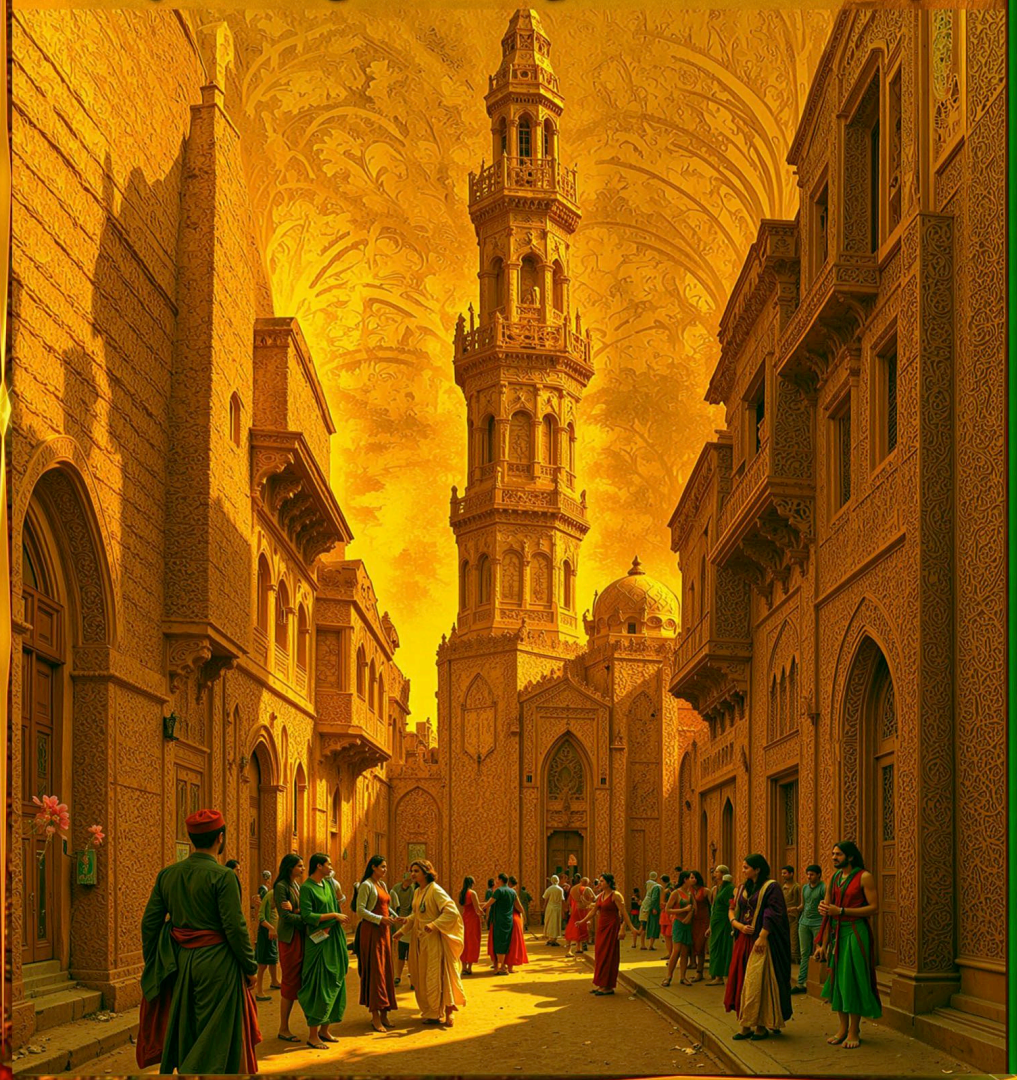


As I age,
I drink
life's
bountiful wine,
Savoring
each droplet
in its good time.



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

The thirsty sun raises the morn's dewdrops.
Sculpts midst, and forms clothes of air drops;
Long the moth lies by afternoon's beam . . .
Till quickening darkness gives forth teardrops.



With flora miraculous & magical,
Eden's botanicical spread was best,
Eve, taking a morsel a morsel just the apple,
plucked off the handul of the best


Thus it fis to Eve
that we must give our
thanks for Earthys
varkay of fruits and plants
She stole all the flowers weve ever
known
Thus the world from
mother like Nahabobs fare
Thus the world from
mother like Nabob s
as hell leave and was turned into
thus He gave to Adam and Eve with love
both neaven an theirs to make a heaven of

When Thyme she sowed, the bees came all-aubuzz,



So now we know that those would savor

The sweets of love mustn't neglect flower

Gve took all the plants that she could carry -

GOD in HIS wisdom grew uncontrnary.

Out of Eden she wove the flowered heaths

The seeds spilling upon the flowere heaths.



WINGED SOULS

P Tomey 2020

BUTTERFLIES
COME TO LIFE
in PANSIES' psyches,
EMBODIED
by extension
INTO FLIGHT.



THEY'RE FLOWERS
FLOATING ON
THE AIR,
PROPELLED,
LEAVING
SHADOW
PRINTS





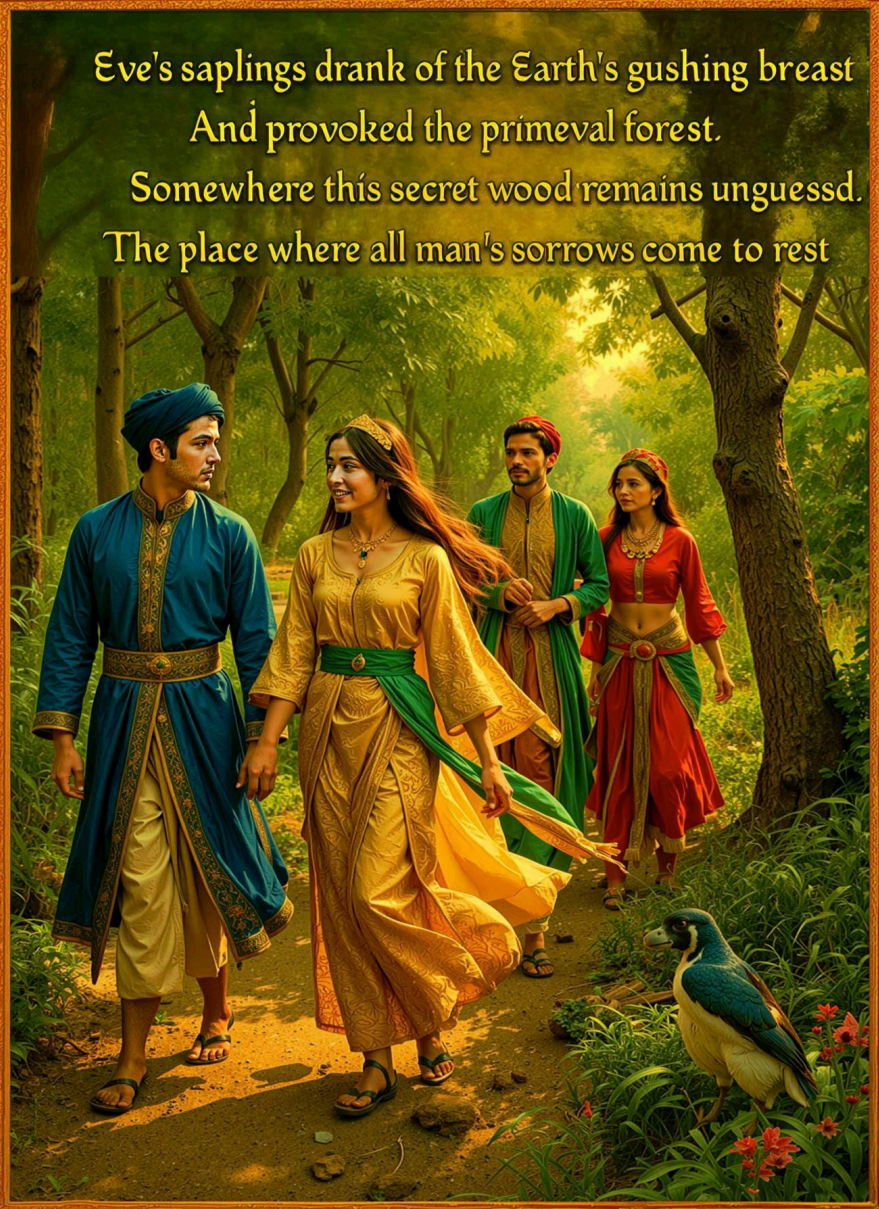

The innocent Daisy,
or the "day's eye",
Is a lot like the sun–
it cannot die;
It far outlasts
every other flower,
Shining even when
the sun has no power


She wore a chaplet of sweetening buds
That burst in bloom when fed by air and mud,
And a garland of sprouts to strew about,
With a rosary of shoots to put out.

SUMMER GREEN

P. Eonay Ican

LIFE IS A FLOWER
WHOSE LEAF IS
SUMMER GREEN,
WHOSE SPRING
WAS PURPLE PASSING
EGLANTINE.
ALTHOUGH FALL'S
SECOND SPRING
MAY INTERVENE,
THE FROST AT LAST
IS THE WINTEER SEEN,


Eve's saplings drank of the Earth's gushing breast
And provoked the primeval forest.
Somewhere this secret wood remains unguessd.
The place where all man's sorrows come to rest

The weed flowers came,
marking autumn's track.
The blossoms that almost
brought the springtime back

But winter's white death river
was drawing on,
Smoothing the Earth's last warm
spread below.

Such then, comes
the orb of summer's dreams
The blushings
of the grassy banks of streams.

But all this stirs
the clime newborn
Through their sleep
during the winter

May Spring

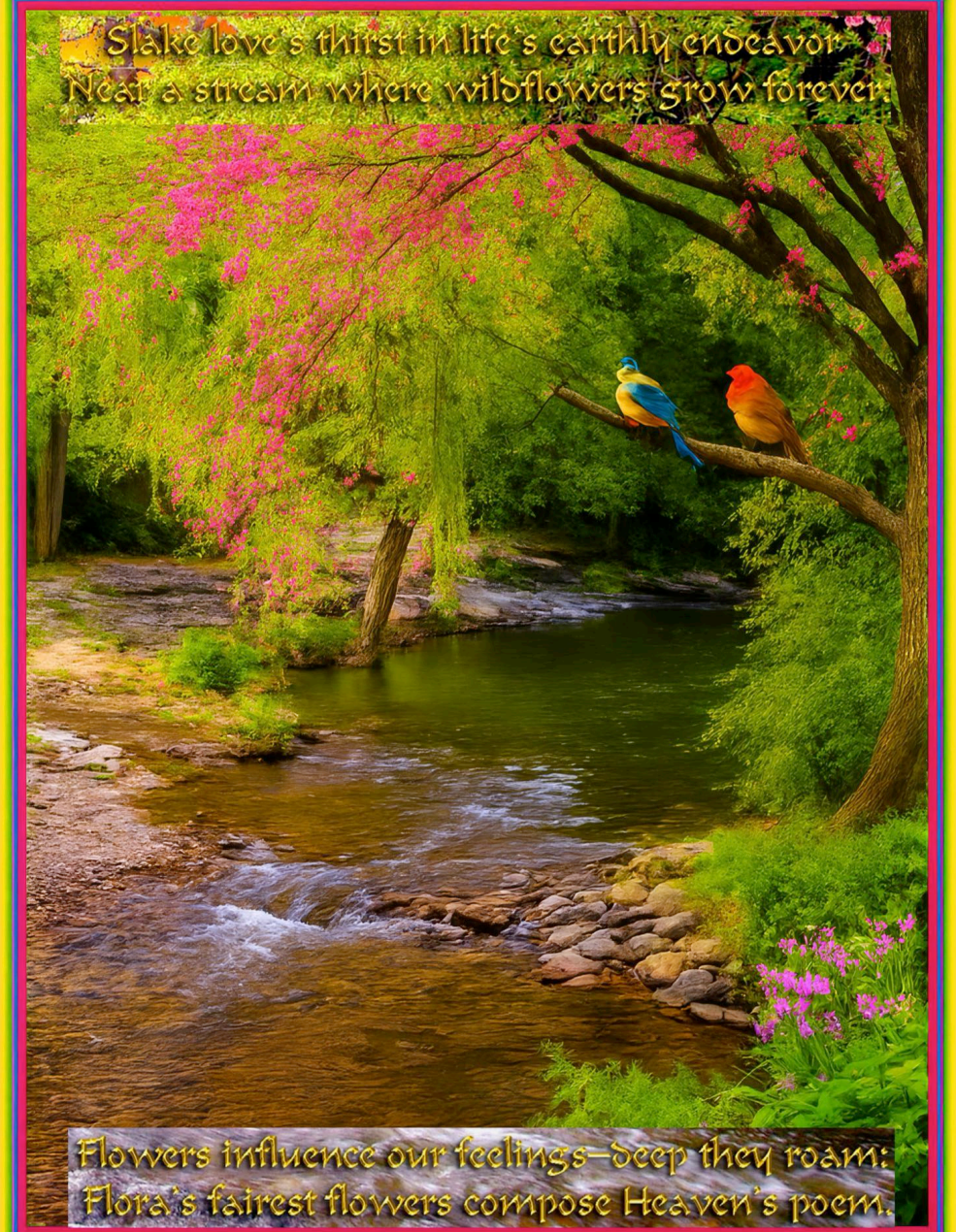
Spring kisses the earth,
leaving flowers there.
Like those whose perfume
scented virgin air.
As again, the fragrant glen,
in Heaven's prayer,
Hails Earth's anniversary
with flowers fair.



-HEIRLOOM-

HEAVEN'S PATRON
OF ARTS, GRACE,
AND LICENSE,
LEFT US
SWEET-SMELLING
PLANTS, WITH
FLOWERED SCENTS
AND AROMAS
REDOLENT IN
FLUSH AND PRIME
DAYS REMINISCENT.

P Torney 2020



Love Paradox

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





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

To your lovers all your kisses bestow
When life's colors glow in your rainbow;



For as long as love's kisses can live,
Neither age nor time on your life will show.



Of a love-sweet companion
take your sup,
While s/he as your chalice
is lifted up.
Drink deep the wine
that satisfies love's thirst;
Drink up—
before winds of change dry the cup.

Top Priority

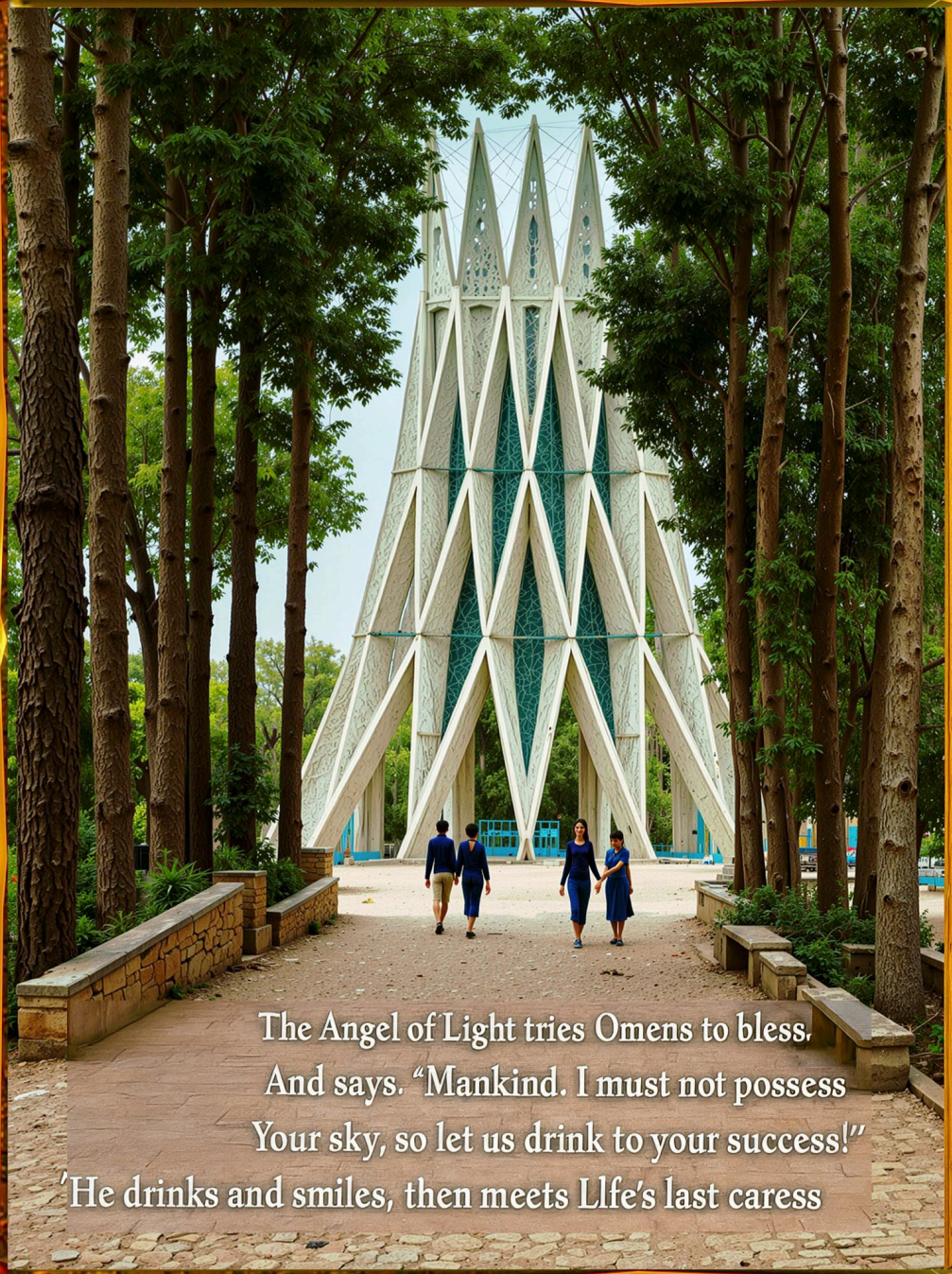
Loving is what this life is all abobout
To give and take is to live all-all-out
Love s the finest thing! Can you do without?



– Joy beyond Sense

Awash on a love-made shore. we overcame
Our senses, leaving them behind, unclaime.
As we floated free quenched in sunset sea
Basking in reflections of the scarlet flame.





The Angel of Light tries Omens to bless.
And says. "Mankind. I must not possess
Your sky, so let us drink to your success!"
'He drinks and smiles, then meets Llfe's last caress

The Roots of Evil

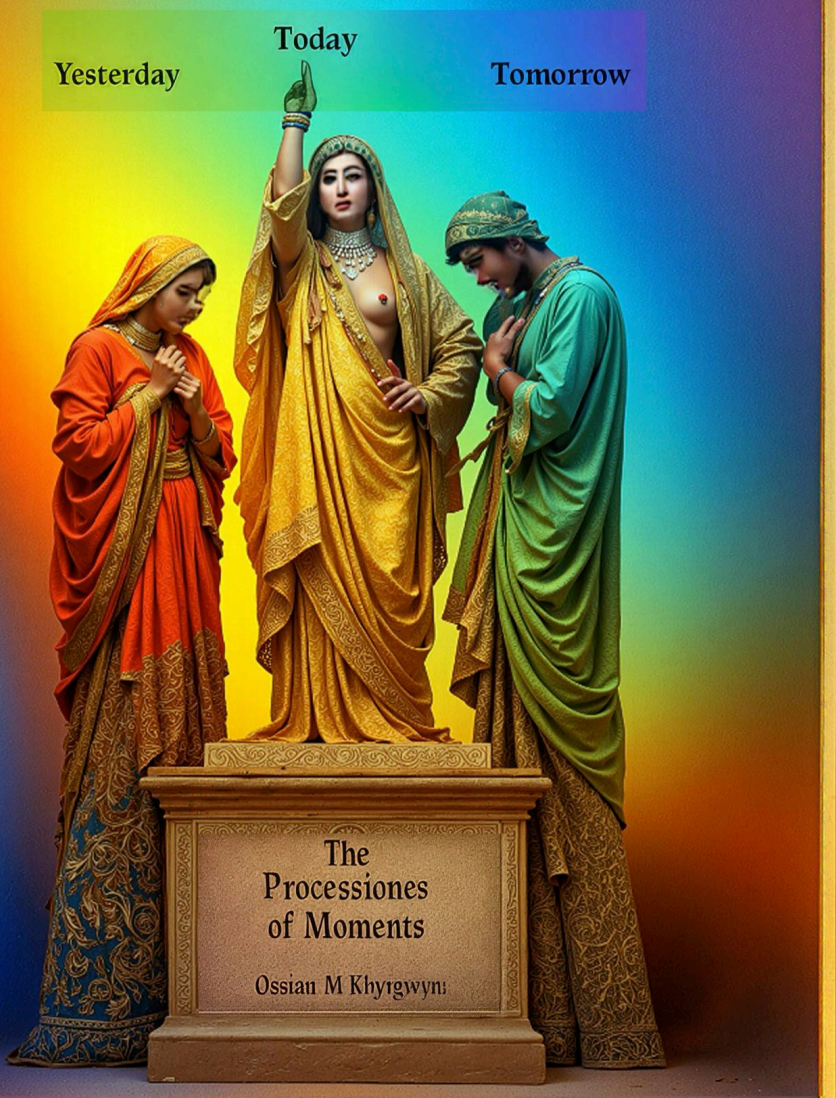


Nip trouble in the bud, lest it grow
And sprout like a weed, blossoming with woe
And spreaeding, thickening all around, till
It imprisons you like some old hedgerow,

The rose is the flower that love enlists:
Meeting there the butterfly that love chocse:
And drmk the pefals of of blossom—
And drınk the nectar of love's sweet juices



Her scent was shy; and her tassels meant nectar:
Exɒlically blossoming from long afar
And since I buzzed my way unto her flower:
Far was the road and iong the beés nectar.



Sad Yesterday, Today, and Tomorroo—
They all came, led by their teary and socroub,
To mourn old MKlayngwyn, Hail, decreed, strifie

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



Spontaneous Combustion

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



Time on its stream brings all sweet things to us.
Time is the drink that quenches human thirst:
Water of life–we drink time, it drinks us!
Time on its stream bears all sweet things from us.

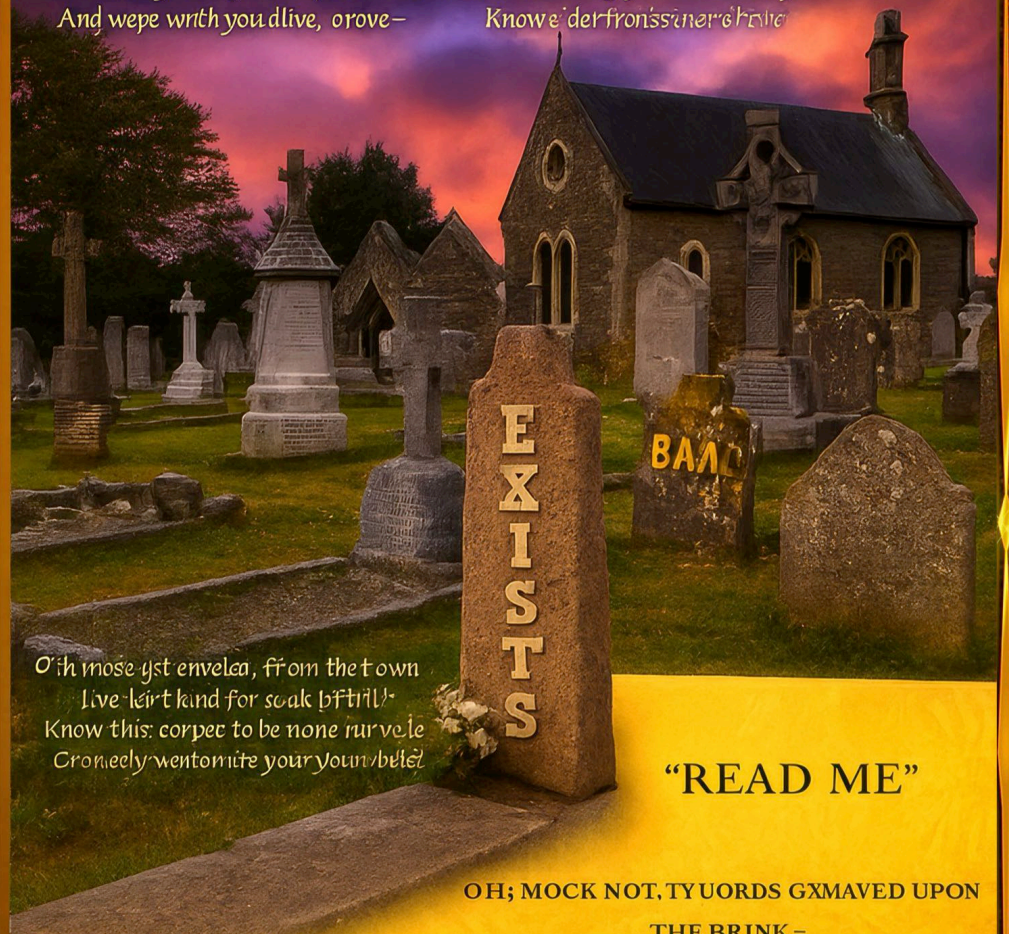




The wings of time are checkers black a white-
As fluttering rook we box time the night.

Like chess pieces, we gamely play to the mate
Until into the box we return quute

Oh mack not, trancler; from the town I've loft ginivly. I for good – in fromd–
A foolish turn of pace: Cance. for eatall you from this place cake franecica toe place.
From day to day fom becomb' to woome fuil bring you here unto your our towne
And wepe wnth you dlive, orove– Know e' der fron'ss ner e' hive



O'ih mose yst envelea, from the town
Live leirt kind for soak bftrill
Know this: corpec to be none rurvele
Cromeely wentomite your youn vbele

"READ ME"

OH; MOCK NOT, TY UORDS GXMAVED UPON THE BRINK–

"YOU, WHO LIVE UP ABOVE. OF LIFE GO DRINK.

AND YOU, UNDERENETH – NOW LING O GREARIER"

REST IN PEACE. RELAX—IT'S LATER THAN YOU THINK'

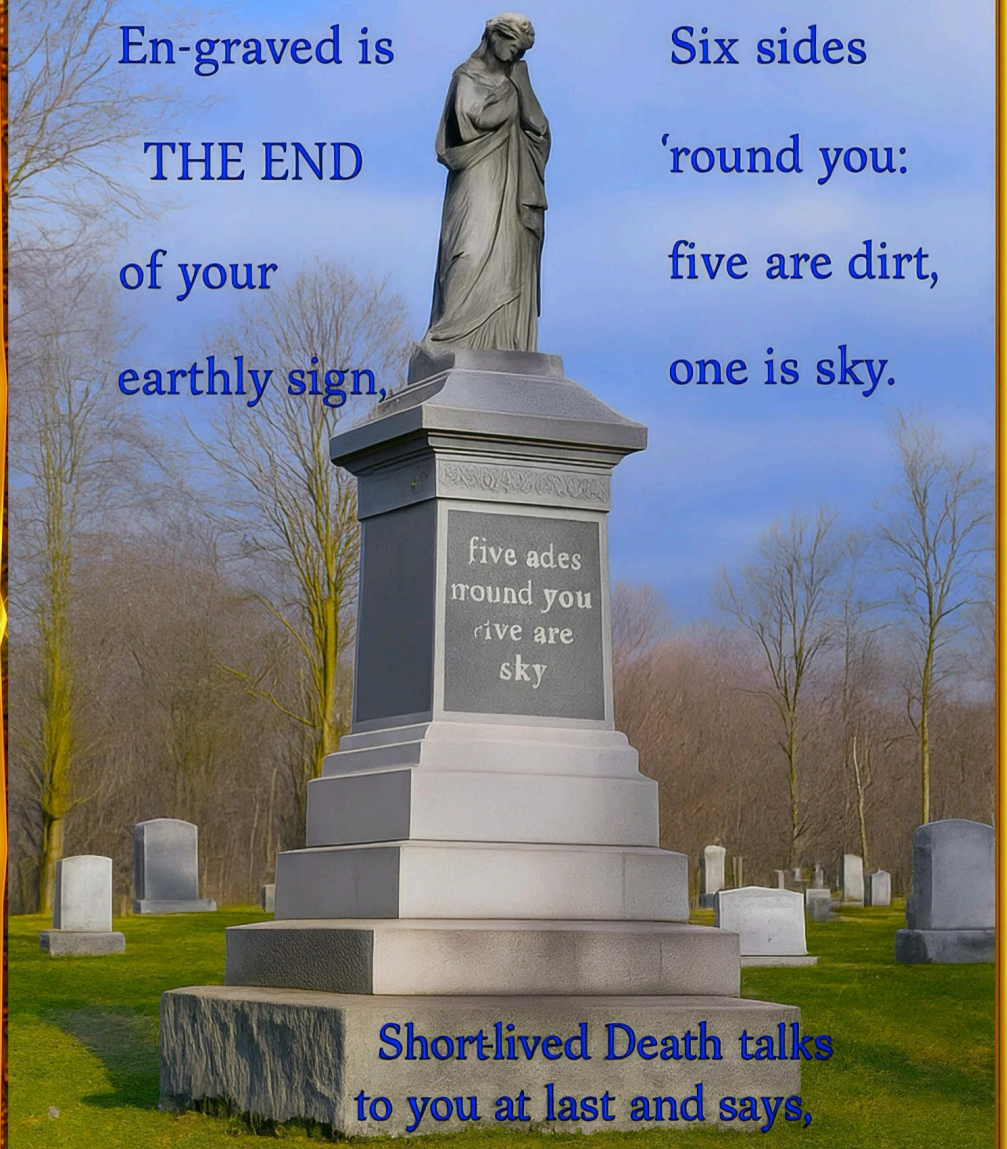
Days are the cyclic units of time's pearl;
Beads worn round in the necklace of the months...
They distance themselves, like night echoes.



Into the rosary of the seasons.

En-graved is
THE END
of your
earthly sign,

Six sides
'round you:
five are dirt,
one is sky.



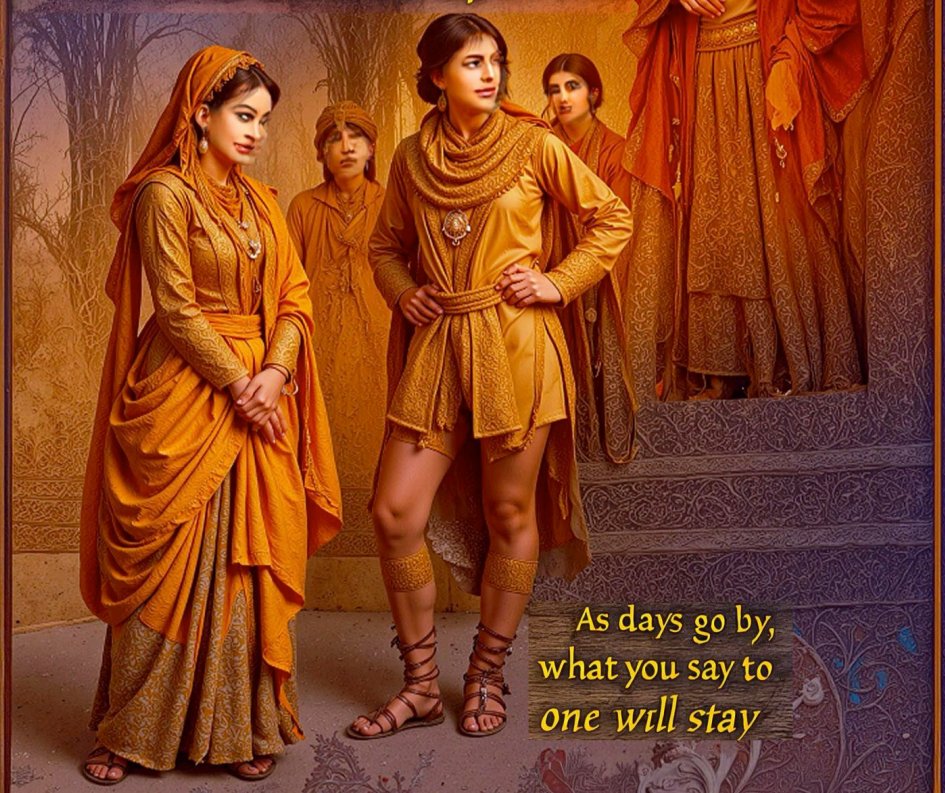
Short-lived Death talks
to you at last and says,
What were you doing during all nigth's?

And when thyself with sinking foot shall tread
The funeral of the unborn to the dead,
Take Heavenily sips from your earthly cup,
And live your life while the wine flows red.



Déjà Vu

Perhaps, one day,
you too
will meet someone wn
has the grace or air,
and their friendship know.



As days go by,
what you say to
one will stay

A poem is both the thought and the presence.
An object horn from one‘s protomost sense.
An image of diction, feeling, and chythm—



A poem is a truth fleshed in living voide.
Which, by showing unappreheended
Lifts the veil to reveal unbboonen beauty—

I pursue the shadows of forms that live
In dreams—perfect ideals that outlive
All the minutes and hours that time devours
I seek what hope creates, what wishes give



Oh, as your shadow of love covers me,
I enfold, so full, in the shade of thee.
When we overlap, that rainbow is us—
The "you" is in me, the 'me"is in thee!



Soul to soul. it said to me,
I'm the light,

a beauty bold and bright.

An inspiration come
from darkest night,
A newborn star aglow
with insight.

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!



Butterfly at the Edge of Forever














Austin's
Rediscovered
Quatrains
Art
Scapes
Austha lft Torne




Austin's Rediscovered
Quatrains Art Scapes




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.





Omar's *Rubáiyát* 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.


Omar’s Persia fumes caught me unawares,/Unveiling Sufi mysteries—
Eternal spirits recondensing from
Universal wisdom he’d gained somewheres.



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 springide.


The Ultimate Garden
Life in Jungle
follow headvice that you give,
Enioving this life by being aciive.
other's ar deat. dumb, abiin to sense,
an lead'em to life but ean't make cm five



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.



So 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.



Insight stabs the utter darkness of nought,/As ideas that wink in mind as thought.
This is the only knowledge to be known,—/All else is aforethought or afterthought.



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.



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



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.



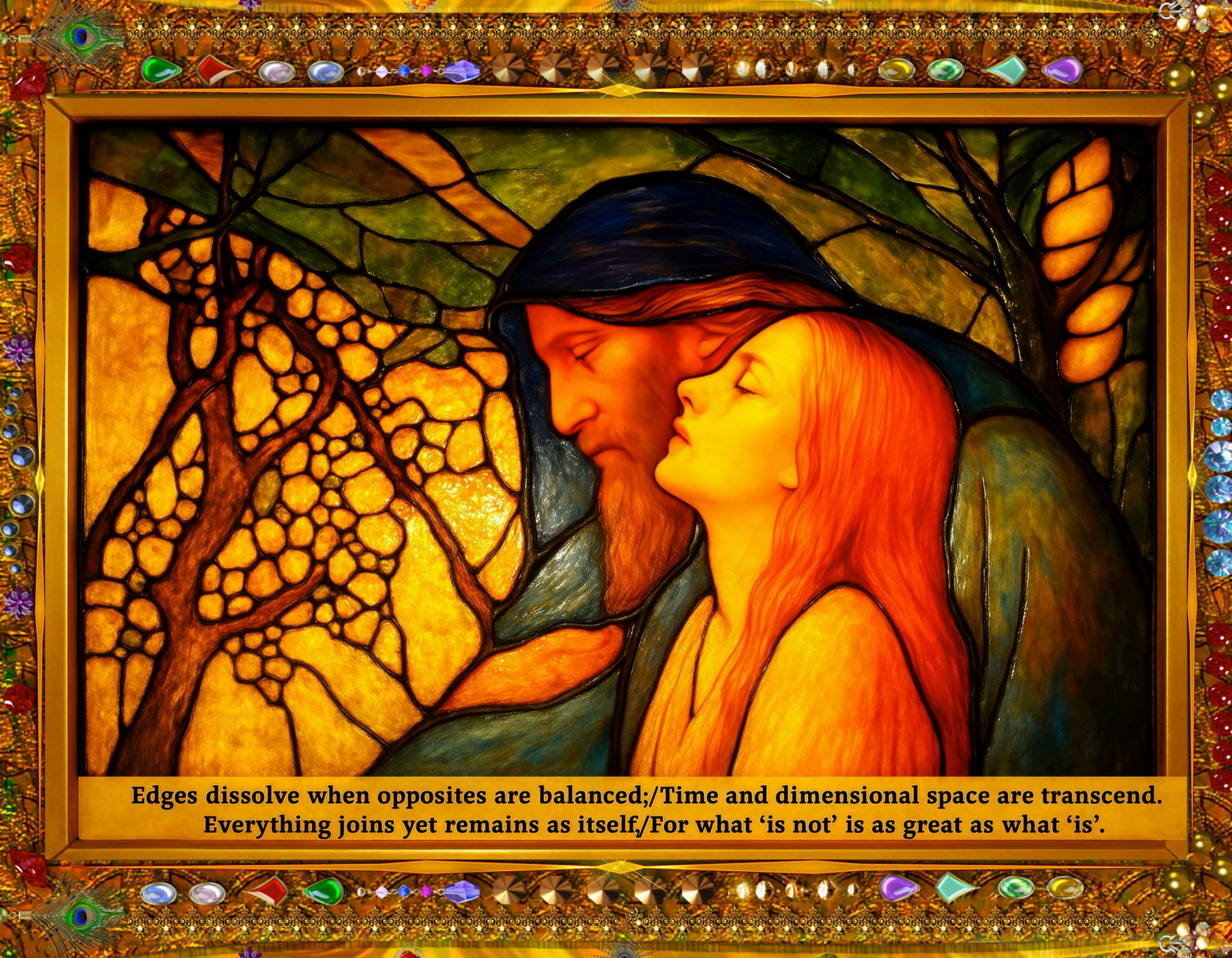
Sunbeams, breezes, dewdrops everywhere/Nature, love, friends, sensation—
We have it all; four elements are there:/Life's a mix of earth, fire, water, and air.



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?



We dare to walk the line, balancing fun/There, between adventure and misfortune,
For the greatest blunder in life is to/Repeatedly fear that you might make one.



Edges dissolve when opposites are balanced;/Time and dimensional space are transcend.
Everything joins yet remains as itself,/For what ‘is not’ is as great as what ‘is’.



Opposites are just a different view/Of one fundamental phenomenon:
Light, beauty, and goodness are the inverse/Sides of darkness, ugliness, and evil.



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



Oh how life is frittered and thrown away,/By running back and forth this and that way,
In vain pursuit of meaningless details,/When a simpler life could be had straight away!



Long we give our time to worry's hurry/Going breathless back and forth,
Making a living, but having no life;/Cold, unseeing –blinded by the flurry.


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



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



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!



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.


'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.




Heaven rains forth its blessings from above,
In forms of peace, serenity, and love;
Well, either I am lucky, charmed, or both,
For these were the things I'd been dreaming of.



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

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 paradisal 'now',
In which each moment is eternally vast!


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





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!'



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!



Helpful effort, or love, defines what's good;
Goodness, taken to extreme, is called 'God';
Laziness, or in-self, is but neutral;
Evil, or harm excess, names the 'Devil'.



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!


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.
AUSTIN PATRICK TORNEY



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,truth & doubt.





Seconds become minutes, smoothing time away;/Through the moving hours, sensations make the day;
Days soon run on, one into the other;/When weeks melt into months, a life's been made.


Living well is more a matter of style./Attitude,
and ready reaction to 'Opportunity than
a calculated, Scheduled, ponderous activitiy.
© Daunky Elts





What is the name of the rose?

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.

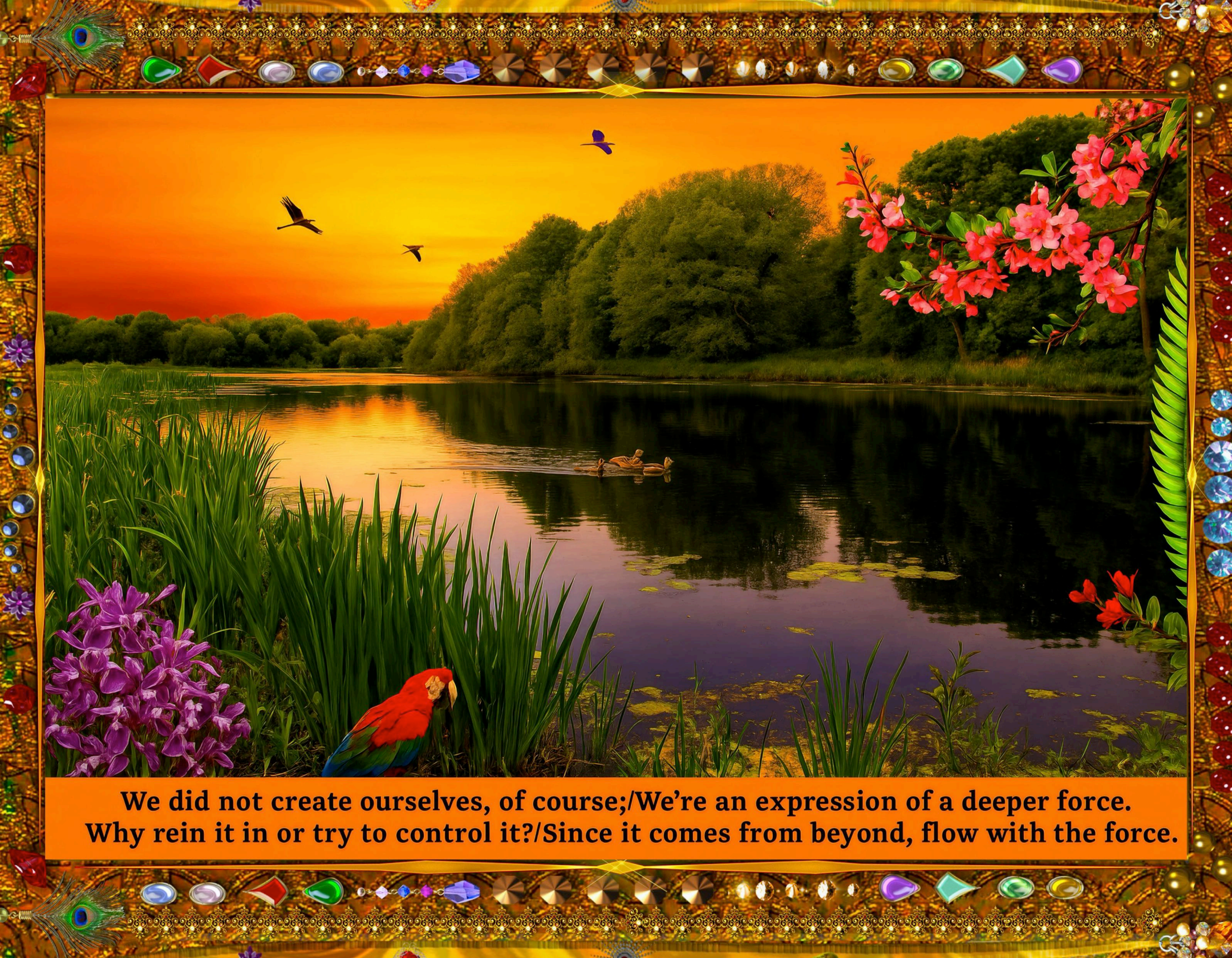


The written word stimulates the mind intense,/ While illustration feeds the sighted sense,
Back and forth they build, each upon the other,/'Till the sense can 'think' what a thought can 'sense'



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





We did not create ourselves, of course;/We’re an expression of a deeper force.
Why rein it in or try to control it?/Since it comes from beyond, flow with the force.



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.



Listen to the inner creative source:/The power is in one to set the course.
Don’t let the ego get in the way--/Success will then this method reinforce.



Experience the oneness of everything./As manifested in the ways of being.
Become aware of interrelations, It's a nonintellectual happening!



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?


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.



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 you will show.





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.





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!



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.





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



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



Cares floated out on the tide, and then some,/ Sun-sparkles glimmered, danced, and swum, Alghting on my mind, to become Ideas about the night to come.



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



There, on a remote shore of human soul,/To which I helped restore life and spirit,
I learned that love is ohe only flame that lights/This life, for she'd taught me how to give it.


Oft, we drink-in the pleasures of creation,
For what else could be point of cognition,
If not to absorb all that comes streaming in?
Life's sensation is the main attraction.



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.



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, when we return to earth.





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


خرمس ین ار لِقہ این کلی درِ نیتیں
بسی کبم عھا بفتِ لتو دن باِ خون
غمرزن ان گل کی سلن ظہ نیت





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.



The moment contains eternal reward:/Both past and future are rolled thereinward.
Time never passes; it stays as it is;/Still, it is ceaselesly moving onward.

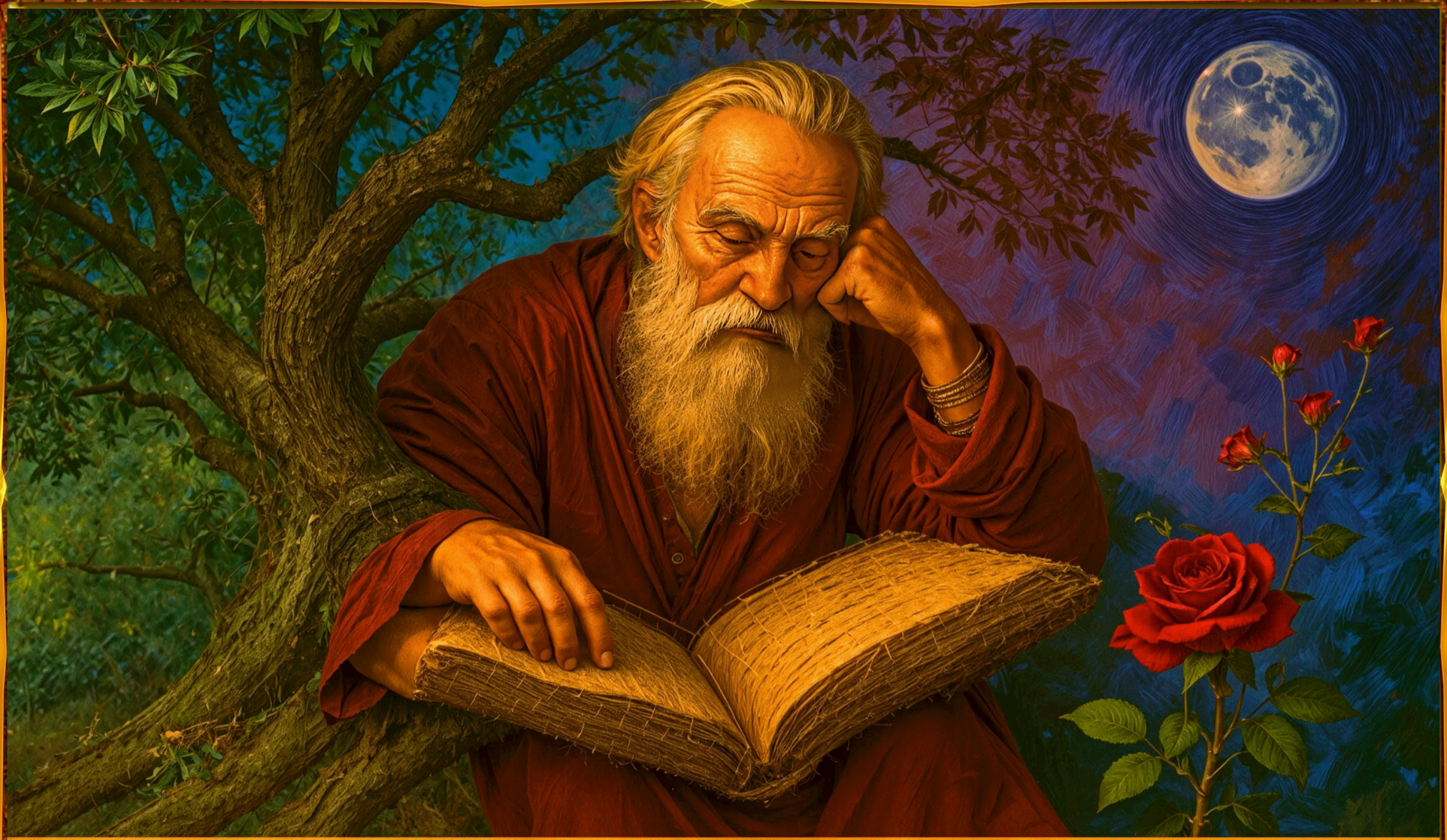


Time, my old enemy, can't vanquish me./for I've accepted
death's final counter plea. Time may now flow on, even take me
But time's my friend now, for there's peace in me.





Minutes, hours, and days sequence the whole;/ Month after month
seasons the year, all tolled: Youth, prime,
and old-age actaulize a life; Generations
bridge the centuries old.



Like the rose, Omar Khayyám came hither,/From the earth, blossomed, and showed
With charm, color, and beauty, till, toward earth,
The petals soft floated down to to wither.


“Old Autumn is here,” says Jack-in-the-Green To his seasonal twin, Jack Frost, unseen.
“Here, a leaf breaks loose, and there, another;/I must leave before Winter shuts seene,



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 to the starry skies that he knew./Oh, heaven, your eyes
will soon rise anew And search for him all over planet,
But never find him, for he’s bid adieu.


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.


At Omar’s grave in Naishâpûr, I see / Blossoms in fhe dirt,
As I dust my shoes, the clay speaks to me:
“Once I was like you; tread softly on me.”


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:



Here, a few drops I pour onto the ground/That precious
drink of his quatrains profound. It through soil trickes
and seeps, And to his thirsty lips the way it found.


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 illume.



In his flowered bed, Omar reposes /Resting in the earth in peace, one supposes,
But, beneath the words and themes on roses/ln my quatrain-poems, Old Khayyamcomposes



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.



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





Oh never do I hear a sound so sweet,/As when you moan like a panther in heat.
You take me on a wild jungle ride,/Then purr like a pussycat at my feet.



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.


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.



The rose was the promise of Keats' life's blood,/But he died on the vine, nipped in bud;
Dewy love-tears fell, dripping on the thorns;/Oh how those drops swelled eternity's flood!


Hence old or sick, one might regret or pine,/Giving all
to have hack some better time. Ne'v you
are young and fine, so be glad, smile; Ne't again
will you live this life of thine.





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!



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.





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



He slays by flame and flood excruciate;/He entraps; he blames us for his mistake;
He holds grudges for our ancestors' sins;/He throws tantrums and fits; his name, God Sake!



Evolution has no real direction./Except what is advantageus to life;
However, since we are here, the tendency/To exist was in matter all along.



The Christian God is vengeful, demands of,/And tortures us with threats of Hellish shove.
Well, if I were a God and ruled above,/You could remove all my powers but love.



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


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.



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


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.



We've said "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.





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.



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.



Throughout the day, we're living out the dream,/Drifting on air, aloft in day-beam,
Causing, when condensing in night's dark stream,/Many more such wondrous dreams,

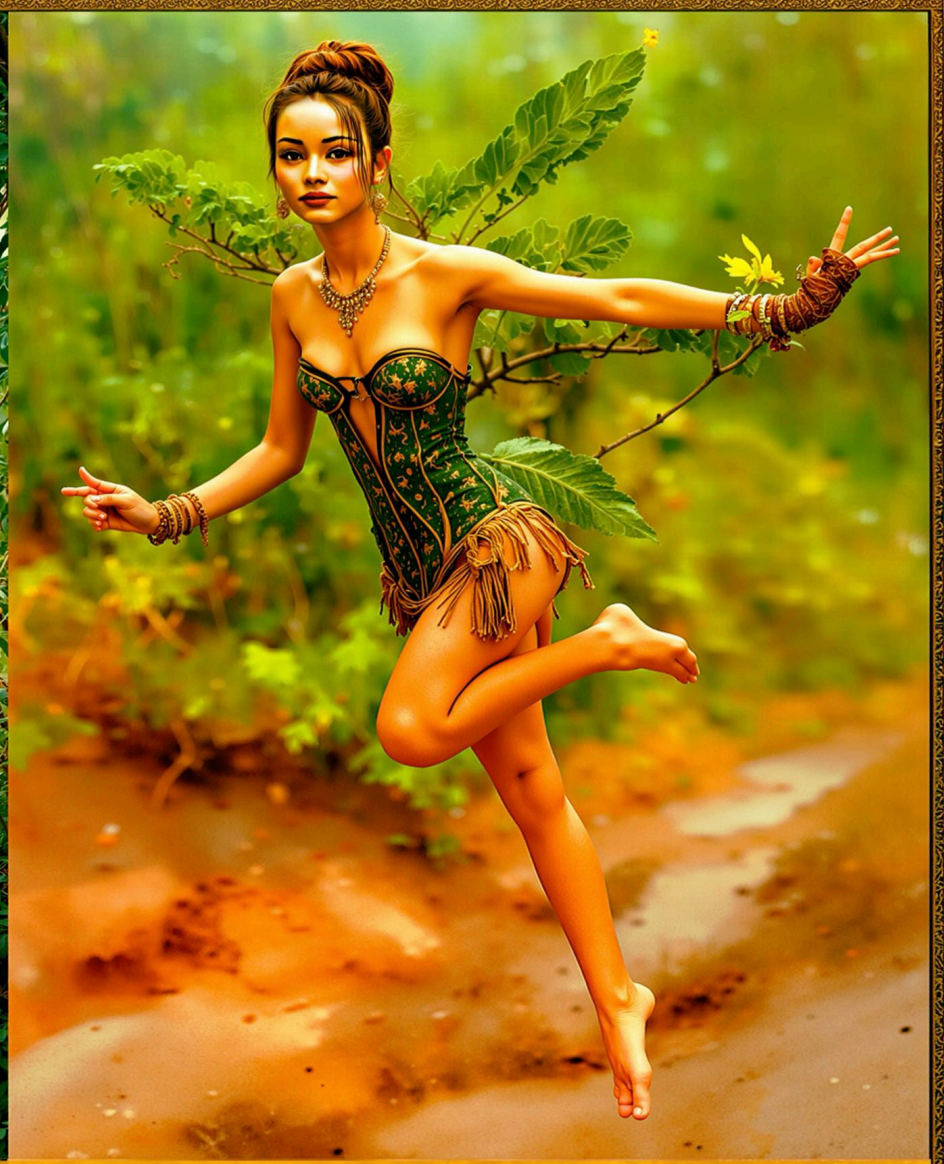


The revelation hit me, like an hourglass,/One made of the heaviest welded brass;
I rose with a start, my life now begun,/Before more time through me unaware could pass.



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.





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.



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!



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.



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!



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.



Lost in Space!

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.





In winter’s cocoon, I lay rapt, thinking:/Imagination is memory’s king;
But the mind will rest, the senses will reign,/When spring returns and winter dreams take wing.



Just one drop of your tears washes away/The darkest sorrow of my yesterday
As we mingle in half-light dawn or dusk,/For you are the night and I am the day.



Sweetness and serenity steal through the flesh,/Like a mist in a valley, filling it fresh;
We drink the roses' dew before the sunrise,/Then welcome the day through twilight's fine mesh.


Waking in the morning-star's glow, I lay,/Watching the sun chase the darkness away.
A dawning wave of joy swept over me,/As I felt the freshness of a new day!



Come, quench your thirst in the wonders of life/This is the day; leave the towns to their strife;
Lift the dawn sun from the field with your fife/Do it now, or you'll be bypassed by life.



Rising slowly from the cold dark hollows,
Where the night airs fell and soundly slept, The
restless wind left her secret bower, And gaining strength, lovingly surrounded



And caressed the willow trees, which wavered/And swooned in her wake, as she, that wild and Wandering wind, flew by in a cool breeze,/From the west, on her undulating wings.



Spreading the incense of the morning/Nature's world of growing and living things.
She woke the flowers from their slumber/By drinking from them their blanket of dew.



Then told the tales of joyous forest To birds, who soon carried them aloft,
Thence to my ears, songs of streams flowing Freely, and stories of a glowing sky



That promised many sunny hours to come,/In the dreams of those who felt her passing, As sleep was washed from their languid eyes,
When they'd sensed that new dawn arriving,



As if some transparent veil had lifted,/When she gently stirred the embers of
Last watch-fire, and whispered softly to them/That the stars had gone and day begun.



With dawn’s first breath, the birds inspired to sing,/As they felt the promise of that morning;
The sun was opening up the flowers./That was Life’s real face smiling and shining!




We'll journey to our innermost bowers, Savoring
there the enchanting flowers. Enjoying
the rare visions empowered. Those that speechless
memory has devoured.



Inhale the life-force of the universe;/**Retain**, visu**alize** the scene, then traverse
Rivers, canyons, waterfalls, and oceans:/Exhale the breath—you rule the universe!



In winter's sleep, I lay enwrapt /Safe in a chrysalis, thought-bound,
Oh, pleasures of the mind! Enjoy —They're intensely sweet to the deepdepths.



Dreams rival the sense's pleasures—/They're alive even in the mind:
Within is as real as without;/Within is where senses make sense!



We strolled out into the quiet evening,/In romantic rhythm, resonating,
And, when kissed by the balmy air, we knew/That we had lived to see another spring.



When I wished and dreamt fantasies,/Life thrived in my sanctuary,
Influenced not by the senses,/But by soul, heart, and mind



Under moonlit skies where stars embrace,
A radiant bloom rises in this sacred space



Such waking-dreams must ever be fed /If they’re going to grow without. So,
When spring returns, dreams take wing—The senses reign; the mind can rest.



We roam at ease, drinking sweets from flowers /Riding the balmy breezes in bowers, And accepting nature’s dearest favors



In joy we gaze upon this fleeting scene–in life's ever-changing flow;
O grant but a moment's glistening spark ere from this world we go!



The world is but a rose; smell it, and pass on. Lite lover is but a glass; look in, and pass on. Life is but a breath; listen, and it is gone; So carve the day with deed; pass on, pass on!



Joy—forever young—turned toward the glow/Of the fair light that from the sun
did show And basked in its golden beams, spreading/Her radiance to everything that's so



Step back, realize the big picture's total space,/That quibbling occupies a very small place, And that you're orders of magnitude removed/From participating in human race.



Some try to Have, then Do, so they can Be;
However, it's the reverse that makes one free:
First, you must Be yourself; next; Do what your Spirit tells you
then you'll Have life's guarantee.



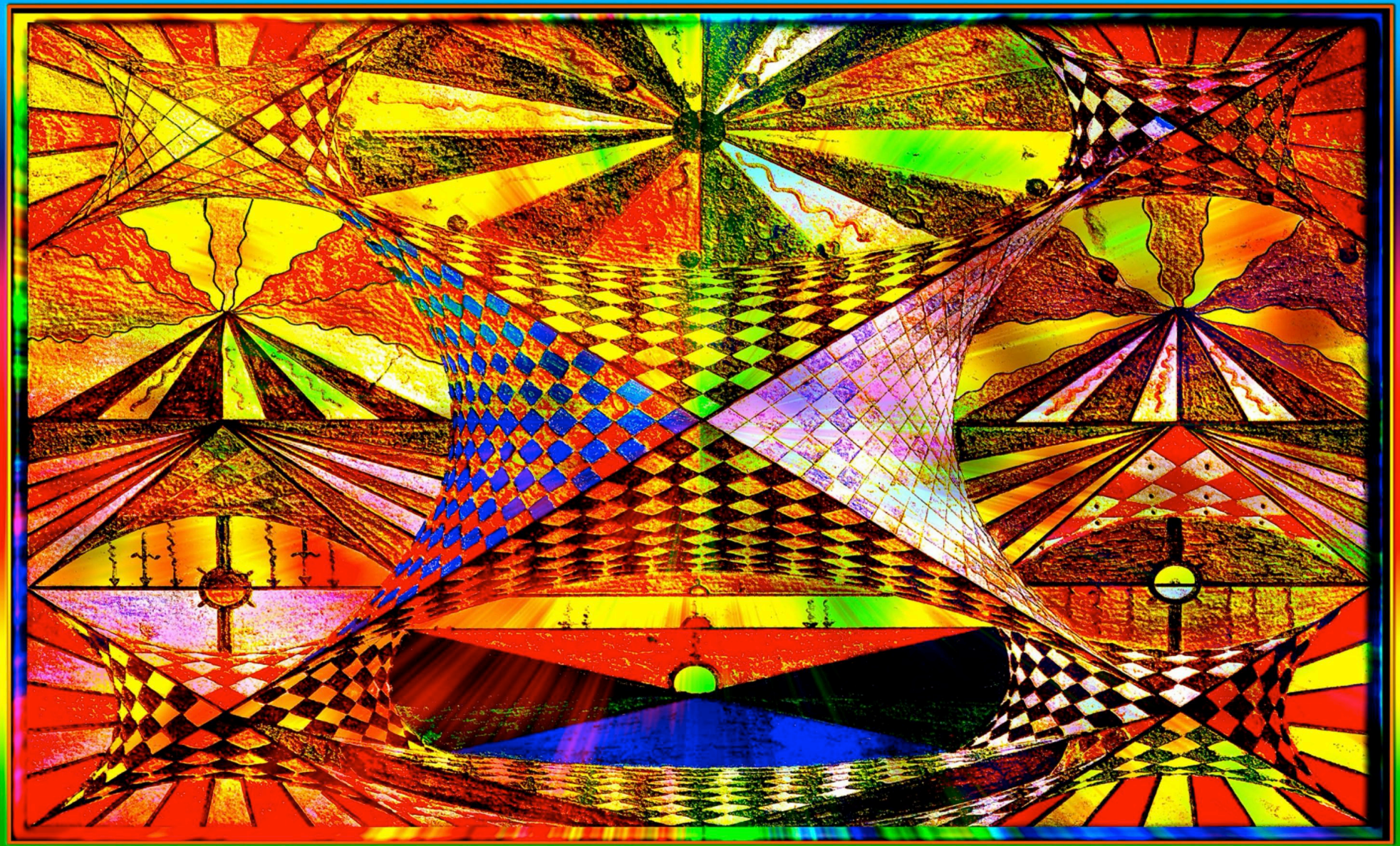
There is No excuse for not living well:/Creative energy through you can swell.
Open your mind to the beauty of life/You could even make heaven out of hell!



We grab all that we crave from the outside,/Expecting life to give us a free ride.
Wrong! First we must be us, and therein trust,/Since emptiness fills up from the inside.


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


The deaf hear not the noisy wretched screech; The mute neither good nor evil can preach; The sightless are spared life's dreary vision; The love-impaired know not of love's relief.



Words echo the soul's vocabulary,/Being just a shadow of what's primary;
But, once ideas have been fully grasped,/Mere words are no longer necessary.



Poetry makes immortal what is best/In life: it frees
images of dreams of dreams impressed,
Apprehends the vanishing phantasms,/And sends them
forth in fine words, fully dressed.



Poets love nature, thought, art, and beauty./Keats enchants the senses with imagery.
Shelley unveils the spirit’s mystery./Byron lays open the earth’s majesty.


All this I remember, and much more,
But I shall not write as I did before,
For living and feeling come first in life,
And now I've a garden I can't ignore.


Step back, realize the big picture's total space,
That quibbling occupies a very small place,
And that you're orders of magnitude removed
From participating in the human race.


The daily radiance marks occasions grand,
Each moment is an iniluential gleeem,
Which, in the presence of eternity,
Breathes a creative, monumental dream.

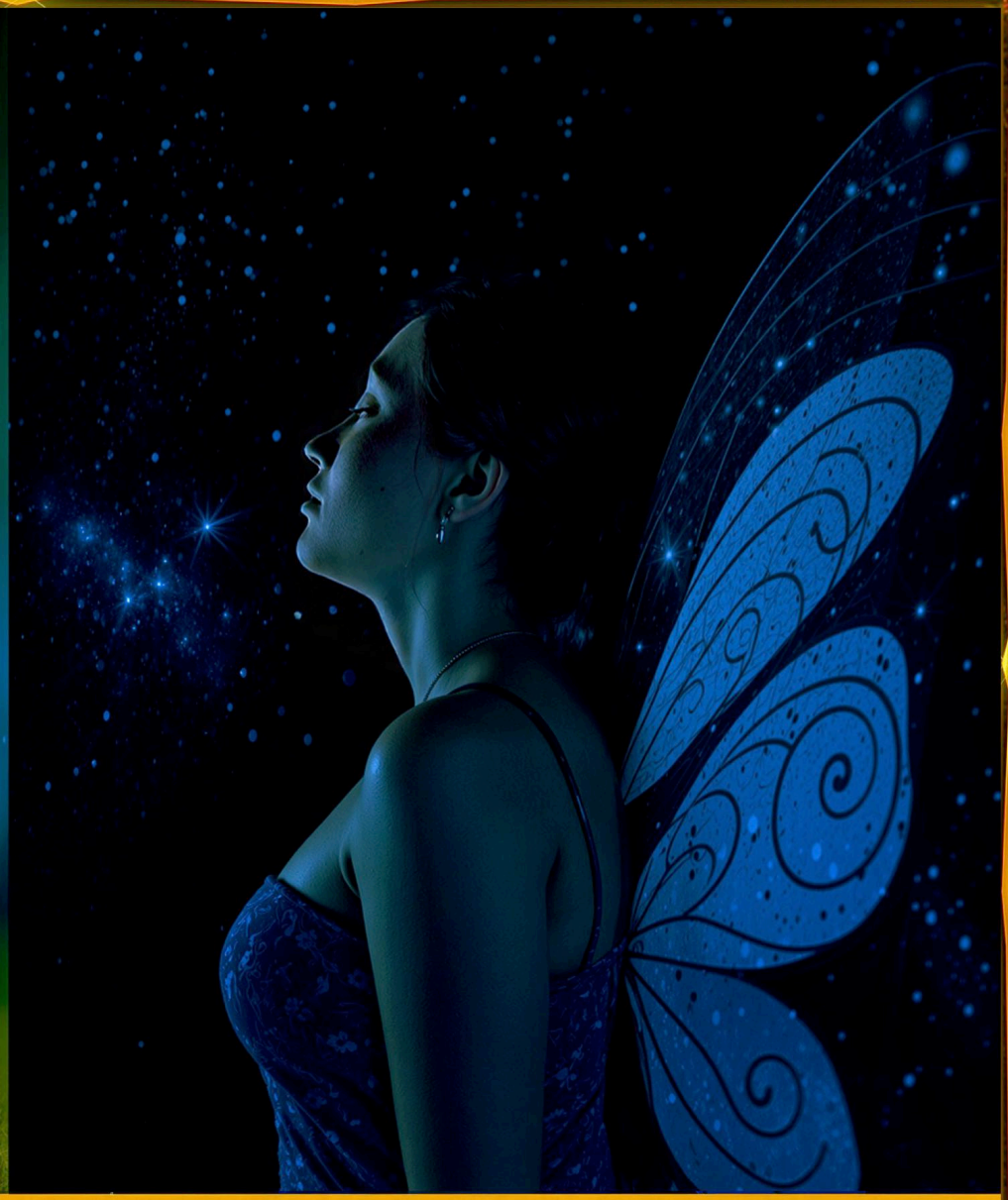


Whence and whither flown, we've come full circle,/The tetrastiches having been exhumed,
In their otherworldly light—the dream-well/Of perpetual emotion, from its power.



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.





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.




The watch-fire fades, the final curtain falls,
The dust within me to the earth recalls:
No talk of me from thee bevond the veil;
My Bird of Time is flown, this life is all.



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.

Some can't seem to give a love that's fair,
Or won't, since they don't care to share,
Or worse yet, they waste it by hoarding it;
So, therefore, we must give more than our share.

Let us give all the love that is and was,
As such and more we've ever dreamed of.
We hear the call from within and above—
To live this life for the purpose of love.

We mend broken hearts with a love that's real,
Drying the tears of sadness that congeal,
Weaving living dreams out of fantasies,
For we believe that all life should be ideal.

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

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!

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.

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.

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.

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.

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

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.

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.

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!

"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."

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.

Hardness rises from the earth element;
Secretions flow as water's element;
Sexual friction evokes sacred fire;
Ecstatic pleasure fills the firmament.

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.

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

Lady, meet Old Khayyàm, 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.

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.

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.

God said to Adam and Eve in Eden:
"Do what you like, but don't eat the apple".
Now we know that when you tell children
Not to touch something, they certainly will!

The so-called near-death experience of
Bright lights and a peeking into Heaven
Is but a flood of opiate endorphins—
Causing hallucinations and calmness.

G-O-D is merely the quantum wave function
Of the entire universe, hardly some
Vengeful and overly emotional
Super Being who thrives on adoration.

Most deep religious beliefs are shaped by
Little more than local social forces:
Jewish, Buddhist, Islamic, Christian, or none,
So then, how deep and meaningful are they?

If souls are eternal, then where were they
During the eternity before births?
Nonexistence is nonexistence, whether
It comes before or after a lifetime.

Only a Fool would blame His own creations
For the flaws therein—for His poor craftsmanship,
So, rejoice, there's no Maker of Man; these 'flaws'
Provide for interesting character types!

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

The chimps, with whom we share 98%
Of our DNA, through common ancestors,
Are thus surely as special as we are,
For they have consciousness and feelings too.

Beautiful sentiments call attention;
Style/substance equals emotion/motion.
Gather sentiments, place them on the scale;
They weigh much less than one lovely action!

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!

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.

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.



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.

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 forty-four.

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.

Mind reaches out to see what's possible
And what's not, like particles forming
In the quantum world, but, better than that,
It makes the potential possible.

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?

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.

Brains, the greatest that matter ever wrought,
With the mind, form the Cosmos that is sought.
Observation becomes reality,
The necessary constants being self-taught.

The Universe can only be created
In its own future, through observation,
Of 'mind' granting substance to formula,
Even an eventual single, eternal Mind.

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.

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

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 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.

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

Pluto's been banished to the underworld,
Charon rowed him to the Land of Forgotten.
Schoolchildren petitioned for his return—
But he's voted off the solar island.

Pride: Ego exaggerates self-importance,
To claim that we're specially created,
Deserving a divine destiny.
Humility: we're electrochemical.

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.

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.

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'.

Stars generate the lower elements;
Supernovae generate the higher ones.
Atoms form the molecules that lead to
Life's complexity, from simplicity.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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.

More and more the myths of past ignorances
Give way to the solutions of science,
For example, a person's life force and
Basic traits are her genetic blueprint.

Sleep deprivation can cause accidents,
Immune system damage, and subsequent
Poor physical/mental health, as well as
Memory loss; so, get your eight hours in!

Behavior modification can change us, too,
For the worse, if we see too much aggression,
Or do the same thing too long, such as overtime,
Getting well grooved into that same old rut.

Life is a waking dream, with real input,
One to be enjoyed to the ultimate.
There's no excuse for not having someone
And something exciting to do each day!

Life's object must be mental happiness,
For thoughts are all we can think, feel, or sense;
Aim for this euphoric state of well-being,
For true paradise is a state of mind.

The fullness of the moment can only
Be had by being fully present for it,
For then there are no regrets of the dead past,
No worries quaking the unborn future.


Yesterday
Today
Tomorrow

What would count as exciting, yet doable?
Have a romantic lunch on the riverside?
See a new movie, then love away the day?
Then, why, oh why are you not now doing it?

At Heaven's birth, positive energy
Became matter, countered by gravity,
Whose attractive embrace was negative;
So still their sum adds up to nullity.

Everyone's wired differently, having
Their own private, but valid, perceptions
Due to genes, learning, and mental health—so,
Each person is right
to do what she does.

Yes, robots we are, so, therefore, major
Changes, like intro- to extroversion,
Probably even hard wired, get harder
As one grows older, even impossible.

Since personality is mostly genes,
And the rest is hard-wired learned behavior,
We can't expect to change others, big time,
So don't bother to try; just accept them.

Some people are just a little bit crazy,
With some mild mental illness, some genes awry;
We call them socially inept, wayward,
Even persistent, but interesting.

The right to act ends where others begin;
There is no excuse—zilch—for tactlessness.
For if done, it causes damage, surely
Bringing down yourself and the others, too.

Choose what is good for everyone, not just you,
After careful philosophic thought,
Then do it, even though your natural
Inclination may be not to do it.

Close your eyes and realize the light within;
Allow visualization to begin
This attracts into your life: dreams, wishes,
And desires—all that you would believe in!

Use your imagination to create
What you want from life; orchestrate!
Soon enough, success will come to you.
Life grows from visions that you contemplate.

Visions pour forth in positive images,
Thoughts creating life from former mirages,
Ideas developing from the negatives.
Life's emergent dream fast encourages.

Dreams become imagination's command;
The impossible I now understand.
To know that dreams can come true
makes them so.
A real fantasyland is being planned.

I'm a person who keeps things happening,
Expecting that life's ever becoming,
Because each reality was once a dream
Of someone's that was loved into being.

I note that just a few words rhyme with 'life',
For just how often can you kiss your wife?
Is this why poems are so rife with strife?
It's better to fife than to stick a knife!

The simple things are still the best in life:
The familial time with children and wife,
A cool glass of water from the well,
And trusted friends—all antidotes of strife.

As we walk and while away the hours,
We taste a life that's sweet without the sour;
As soul meets soul under love's great power,
We merge what's yours and mine into ours!

Then I slept with her in a dark eclipse,
Till, after some dreams. I felt a light kiss
On my cheek, then more, and on down my chest
And I'm sure you can imagine the rest.

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?

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 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!

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.

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.

Workaholics give their lives to work's career,
Leaving no time for family, self, or peer.
Health soon fails them;
they work themselves to death.
Alas, they've missed the whole point of being here.

A life ought to be rich with excitation—
We deserve to enjoy complete sensation.
Pleasure's not merely a reward for working
It's life's foremost experience of elation.

Straight-faced, tight-lipped, severe, and intent?
Limiting the ways to become content?
To relax, reorder life's priorities;,
Ask yourself, What is really important?

Hey, office worker, you desk-bound robot! Yes,
You with your heart and soul locked up in a desk.
Get up, meet people, give your love, find nature
Salvage part of yourself for life's adventure.

Oh, Techno-man, your life is so complex
It's made of Telex, Xerox, and reflex.
Stop worrying about stocks, checks, and specs,
And through all of those things draw a big X.

If I could've, I would've, I should've!
Yes, I ought to, I need to, I have to!
Life's real tragedy is in what is missed;
Spend time on action, not just intention.

Worko, stop counting all those tocks and ticks;
Deep-six the politics and all its tricks.
You lunatic, just give it all the axe
Forget your fax and just learn to relax.

Living a life that's complete should mean
Playing, working, and forming a routine
Of deep relationships from birth to death
Not just simply existing in between.

Life's still emotionally primitive:
Negative feedback mechanisms in
The central nervous system, now useless,
Send out thousands-of-years-old messages.

Emotions are molecular events,
Some forced upon us all, like jealousy,
And others, like aggression, born from low
Serotonin, but NOT from the Devil.

Let reactions sail on by—just observe them,
But don't act on them. This puts some distance
Between you and your conditioned response,
A space which grants a modicum of free will.


THE DISCARDED QUATRAINS

Few people celebrate life anymore.
There's not enough time in the day, they're sure,
To care about life, friends, love, romance, joy,
Wisdom, smiles, books, dreams, art, or adventure.

Some think that the meaning of life is just
To get things done, coming in early and
Leaving late to do them, building some great
Wall—then losing themselves in its shadow.

We busy ourselves making some great thing,
Fussing about it every minute,
Until it greatly overshadows us,
Wherein we lose sight of our true being.

That there are problems and difficulties
In life is not remarkable or unusual;
However, we still get surprised and shocked,
For we know not when the crisis will come.

I've strayed, lost along the wandering way,
Far from the known, the here, the now—away.
From a distance I see what life can be,
So I'll live and love and be loved TODAY.

Being is to doing as ground is to figure
As subject is to object, as essence is to existence,
As Awareness-Consciousness is to mind-brain,
As the ultimate simplicity is to the composite.

She was foreign, friendless, wild, and unstyled,
But in some strange way she asked for love,
Though she didn't even know how to smile;
Being graceless, she wasn't well thought of.

Obeying the kindred light that soft shone
Within a soul that was once without style,
I went to see her again and alone,
Ready with my tears, ready with my smile.

As such, I pursued the protected soul
Of the rough-edged, but haunting China girl,
Whereto adventure led, for she proved bold,
Wicked, mysterious, and wonderful.

I searched for her spirit, for its bright gold,
But shell upon shell hid that inner flame,
And all that many weeks of effort told
Was that she was, oh, so wildly untame.

Long went my challenge to the wanton shrew.
I scrambled up and around a boulder
Thrown in my way along the path I knew;
Then she gave me a chance—I could know her!

I gave her my self, then lived out my dream:
After many a weary way and charm,
I danced, splashed, and played in that stream
Where her soul drank deep and safe from harm.

I entered her being, snuggling in there,
Gently wading where none had ever tread;
Then, like childhood laughing without a care,
I followed that stream to its sparkling head!

There I left a seed on the fertile shore,
Where warm friendship had melted the snow.
Oh, yes, the years will come, and go before,
But flowers grown there will ever wave to and fro.

For once I lived in the Orient's pearl,
Where East meets West and cultures merge.
She now lived neither here nor there—that girl
Was caught in the midst of two worlds converged.

A friend is a friend and great is the need
That you fill when your heart and soul are vast,
For the love given makes worthy the deed
When fulfillment follows yearning at last.

But now, my dearest one, you have to go;
So, farewell; you refriended me; you loved me;
I traced your soul's light: 'twas a meteor show,
Flashing but for a brief eternity.

Now you depart. Farewell to the moon-bow
That glowed with our delight! Often that new
World will rise and look for us in vain, 'though
Time can't scatter the flowers that we grew!

People are but machines going the way
Of their brains, genetics, and chemicals
But you, learning these secrets, rise above,
And at least know that you are a machine.

Are you lovable and accessible?
It's only by social interaction,
By loving and being loved, that your
Individual existence gains meaning.

Numerous will become the friends thou hast,
If their needs you can fill when your heart is vast.
Fulfillment will follow caring, at last,
Though unconditional love is unasked.

Our selves, or souls, are constructed mainly
Out of emotions that come from the outside,
And not so much from what begins inside;
Thus, our identity—our soul—is shared.

Self-reality comes from other people,
Since they bring out all that is within you.
Strangely, one cannot be a self alone
It's friendships that make us individual!

Love is the mutual creation of identity.
To be in love is not a loss of independence,
But rather a shared identity with the lover
That does not destroy the identity of the other.

Moods good or bad are quite contagious;
To hold your tongue when wronged is courageous
When dealing with loved ones outrageous;
In the long run this is advantageous.

Accept your friends' temporary good-byes,
For they're growing towards life's kindred skies.
Love doesn't possess or demand—it frees!
Friendships bloom under the gaze of loving eyes.

Stress is the difference between what we
Expect to happen and what does happen,
Especially when we put our needs ahead
Of other's, oft resulting in needless anger.

CARE, a gentle old man, sat silently
By the sundial in Time's sanctuary,
And slowly marked the hours by the shadows
That crept over the face of eternity.

A summer cottage lone along the shore,
Granted serenity like never before.
Tidal marsh and beach embraced the ocean;
We drank the honeyed moon forevermore.

Sea come shore, the mermaid glided deep on fins,
Till the eventide swept away the sinned.
Warm beneath the quilt, beside the fire's glow,
We dreamt of seagulls afloat on the wind.

Now I've written, for each day of the year,
A quatrain born from thoughts and passions dear,
So that day by day the pages can turn,
And overturn in the mind that will hear.

Of all the treasures on Earth, books provide
The wealth of deepest minds intensified,
Yours free, unless by TV occupied,
Veins rich with golden thoughts qualified.

Some can't seem to give a love that's fair,
Or won't—since they don't even care to share,
Or, worse yet, they waste love by hoarding it;
So therefore I must give more than my share.



Space/matter and past-future blend to create
The spirit of life as the pyramid's core
That furthers the sparks of pair relationships
That evolve as the life of our species.

Past matter is history—what's occurred,
While future matter is progression seen.
Matter past to future changes structure,
That which moves and/or reforms through time.

Past space is remembrance—the memories,
While future space is wishes, hopes, and dreams.
Space past to future is a change of outlook
From what is known to what might become.

Remembering history is learning;
Wishing of a progression is vision;
We venture on into creation from
Structural changes and education.

Direction is learning from outlook's change,
While planning's the formation of vision;
Vision and change of outlook beget growth;
All of no-where to now-here as Being.

Life, mind, spirit, form, time, and consciousness
Derive from the fundamental content
That materialized from the unknowable,
And grant us the experience of being.

Would you, even for a day, live without
One you would love, and leave unfound, in doubt,
A paramour, the love of your life? Then
Your standard of living has bottomed out.

We say that we refuse to care and share,
So we can save our heart from wear and tear.
Real love creates—it never tears apart;
The alternative to love is despair!

Love is the ultimate reason to live.
To for-get, it's necessary to for-give.
Habit bows to originality.
Emotion's energy becomes motive.

Better that fear be felt as excitement,
That hurt remind one of where caring went,
That anger's energy be used for change,
That one says, What's my next experience!

The three lower consciousnesses that are
Obsessed with the securing of objects,
With the chasing of sensations, and with
Power/control will never ever be enough.

There are NO actions of people that can
Justify our becoming irritable
Angry, fearful, jealous or anxious if
We give them our unconditional love.

If we don't accept the unacceptable,
Then we lower our level of consciousness.
Our response will mirror their uptightness—
Which can spread the bad moods onto others.

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

From a safe subjective place that's free of fear,
Our soul, our conscious awareness, can witness
The strange thoughts and emotions that surface
On the mind, sent by the subconscious brain.

Putting ourselves in the place of others
When hurtful things are done to us,
Expands our consciousness, compassion, and love
Since we can come to know why they did it.

When we converse with ourselves, it is our
Higher Consciousness—our Conscious Awareness
Or I, that questions our lower consciousness
Impulses toward securing, sensation, and power.

Seeing the big picture of life and its stages
And connections lets one not get annoyed, say,
At being cut off in traffic, for s/he
May be old, learning, lost, growing, or angry.

Putting the needs of others ahead of
Our own produces the byproduct of
Happiness and reduces stress, for we
No longer have unrealistic expectations.

A poem provides universal advice;
It's structured, intense, rhythmical, concise—
A unified body of sensation,
Thoughts, and passions.
You'll want to read it twice!

Oft I've deeply sensed thee, phantasm,
Known you in my heart between its spasms,
Found you in my soul among the chasms,
Filled my mind with your enthusiasm.

Undisturbed by the day's bright noise, I sing,
Sensing your soft sweep across my heart string.
My soul plays rhythm to the universe
As you bring calm to every living thing.

A sixth sense is the mind when alive,
For it makes sense of the other five,
Bypassing non-sense, and creating
The only way in this world to survive.

Energy is eternal, for it can
Neither be created nor destroyed,
Being made but of itself. Omnipresent,
It's the Mother of all Reality.

The Universe is the ultimate free lunch,
It bubbling out of no-where into now-here
From the quantum foam, via strings or quarks,
The Ground of Ultimate Reality.

We cannot see beyond the quantum realm;
The dusk of physical science arrives?
Well, who knows, for nature is efficient—
So perhaps simple answers will appear.

Leave crowded cities far behind—so long!
And don't bring your contrivances along.
Nature's path will take you back to your roots.
Go now—while you can still hear the Earth's song!

Direction arrives or one goes nowhere;
Growth happens or one vanishes to null;
Creation comes or reaction destroys;
Planning makes a life or it collapses.

The secrets of the universe are all found—
All exists out of consciousness, the ground.
Blame, soul, free will, and God have all fallen—
But it will take a thousand years to sink in!

Behold the Madman! He finally cometh
After all of these years, complete at last,
As he savors the gladness of life—
Upon all worlds his shadow is cast.

Emotion rules, tempered by intellect,
As he fights sadness with madness;
No wait for the world—he comes to it.
Behold the madman in his gladness!

He bites the dust, only to rise again
Through endless skies with every yen.
He directs the madness of his essence
With a shade of thought now and then.

While accepted thought and doctrine
Are madness, and madness is truth,
He loves as no man loves emotion—
For he's met the world and now it's his!



I ran breathless through meadow and forest,
Fast pursued by the stings of wind and rain;
On and on I wandered, wild without rest,
Searching for a haven from life's dull pain.

The storm chased me till I could go no more;
I stood helpless, backed up against a door.
I fell through it before death could touch me,
My fall cushioned by the dreams supporting me.

I wandered down memory's path,
Aglow in the soft beauty that it hath.
I saw Johnny Keats kissing Fanny Brawne,
As he spoke more than words but less than song.

And Byron, endowing form with fancy,
While Wordsworth penned his thoughts to Lucy,
And Shelley, plumbing the depths of mystery.
I read them all; now they're a part of me.

Deeper still I probed, looking in on it,
And heard Mrs. Browning reading a sonnet.
Poetically I took them all in, even
The shadowy Emily Dickenson.

So there I rested, up against a tree,
Savoring the feeling of their poetry,
Where all the flowers used in Shakespeare's plays
Grew together in a living bouquet.

Would you, even for a day, live without
One you would love, and leave unfound, in doubt,
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Your standard of living has bottomed out.

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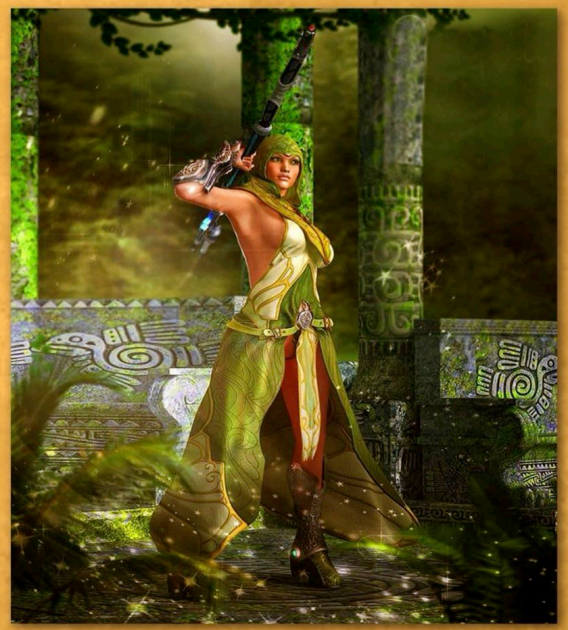




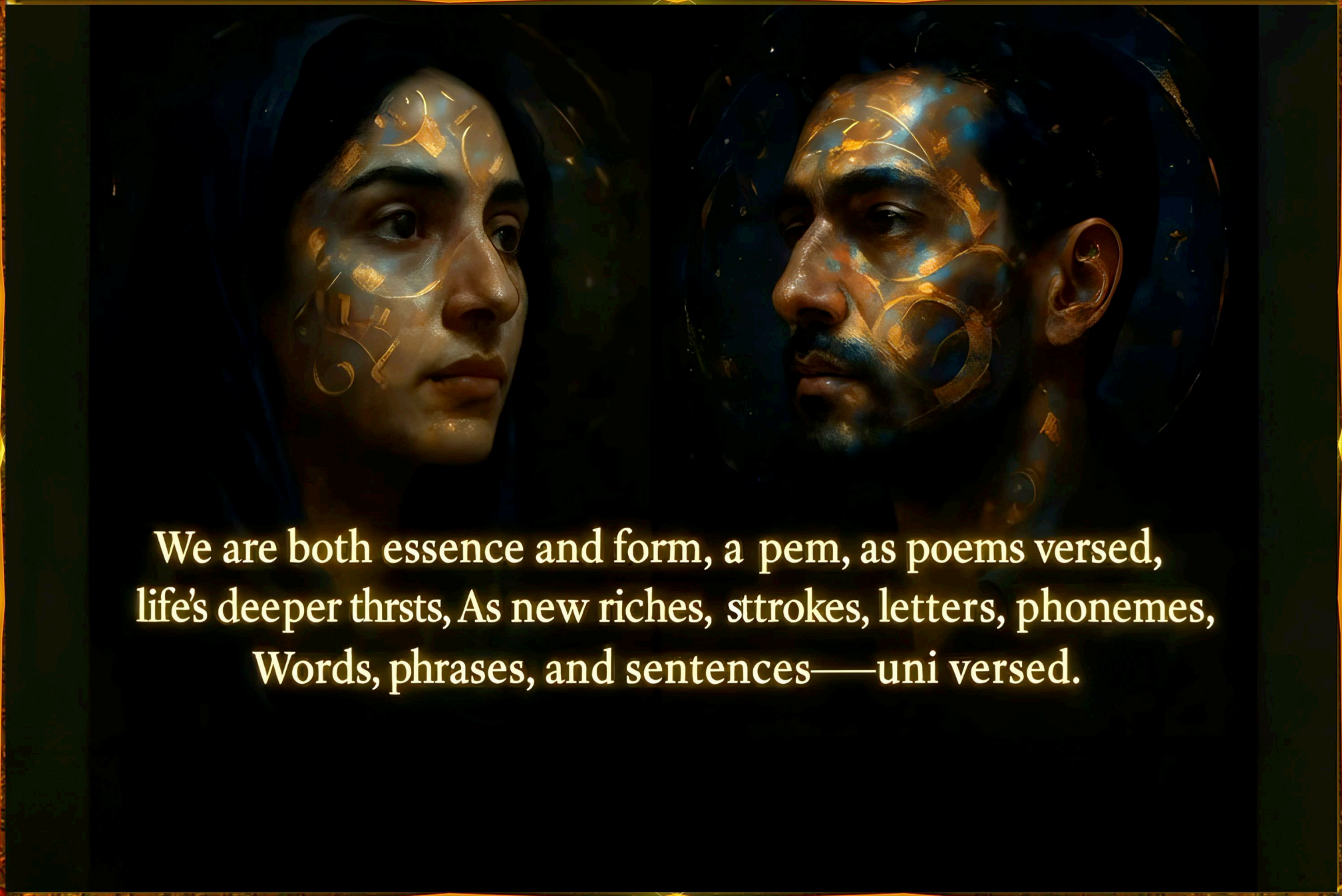
Earth couldn't be
farther out in space, alone;
In All directions it rolls
along, unk own.
Look to yon stars piercing
the depths of time:
They beckkn, warm and
welcome, the fires of home.

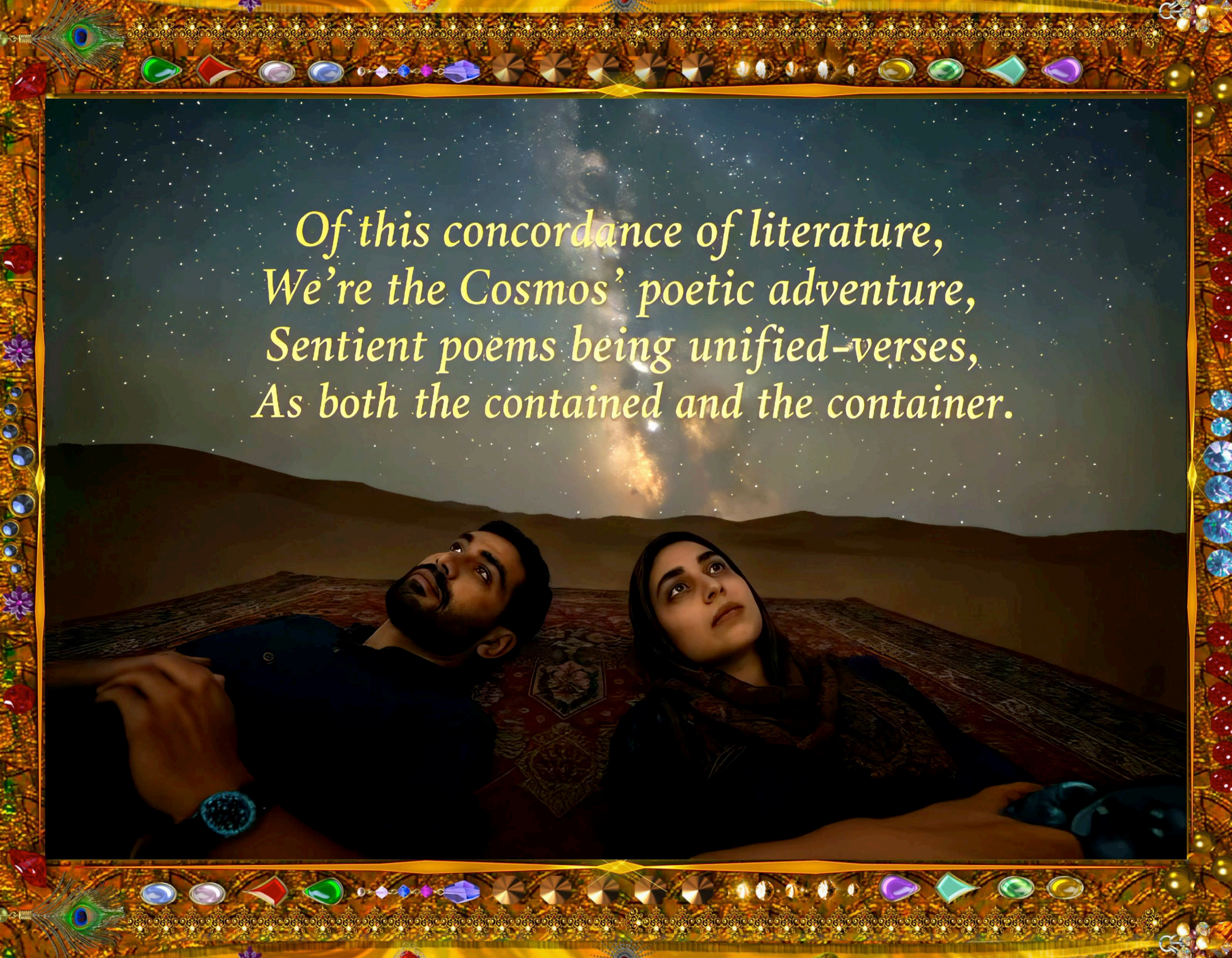


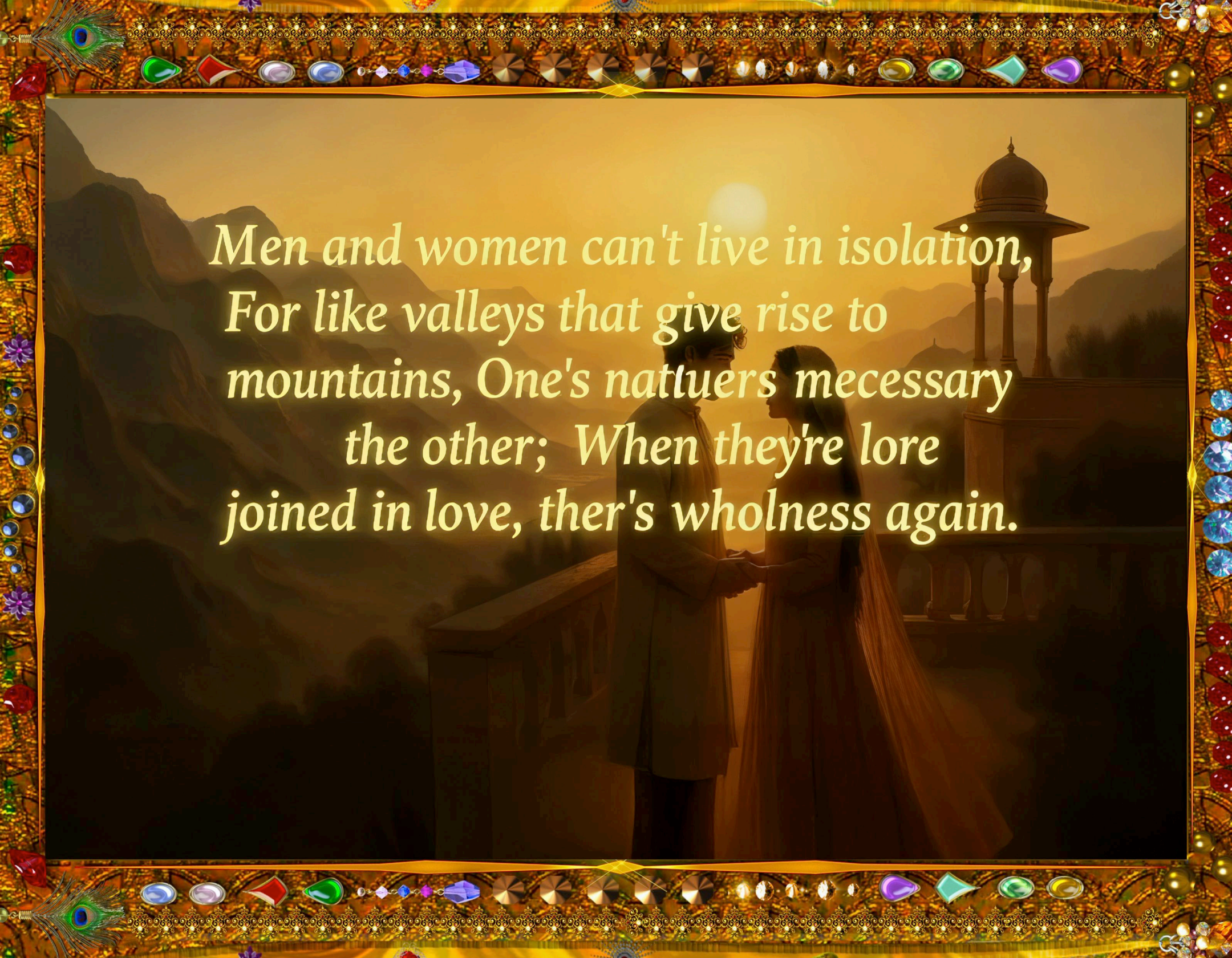
We have rhythm, reason, rhymer, sense,
Metric, melody, and beauty's trense,

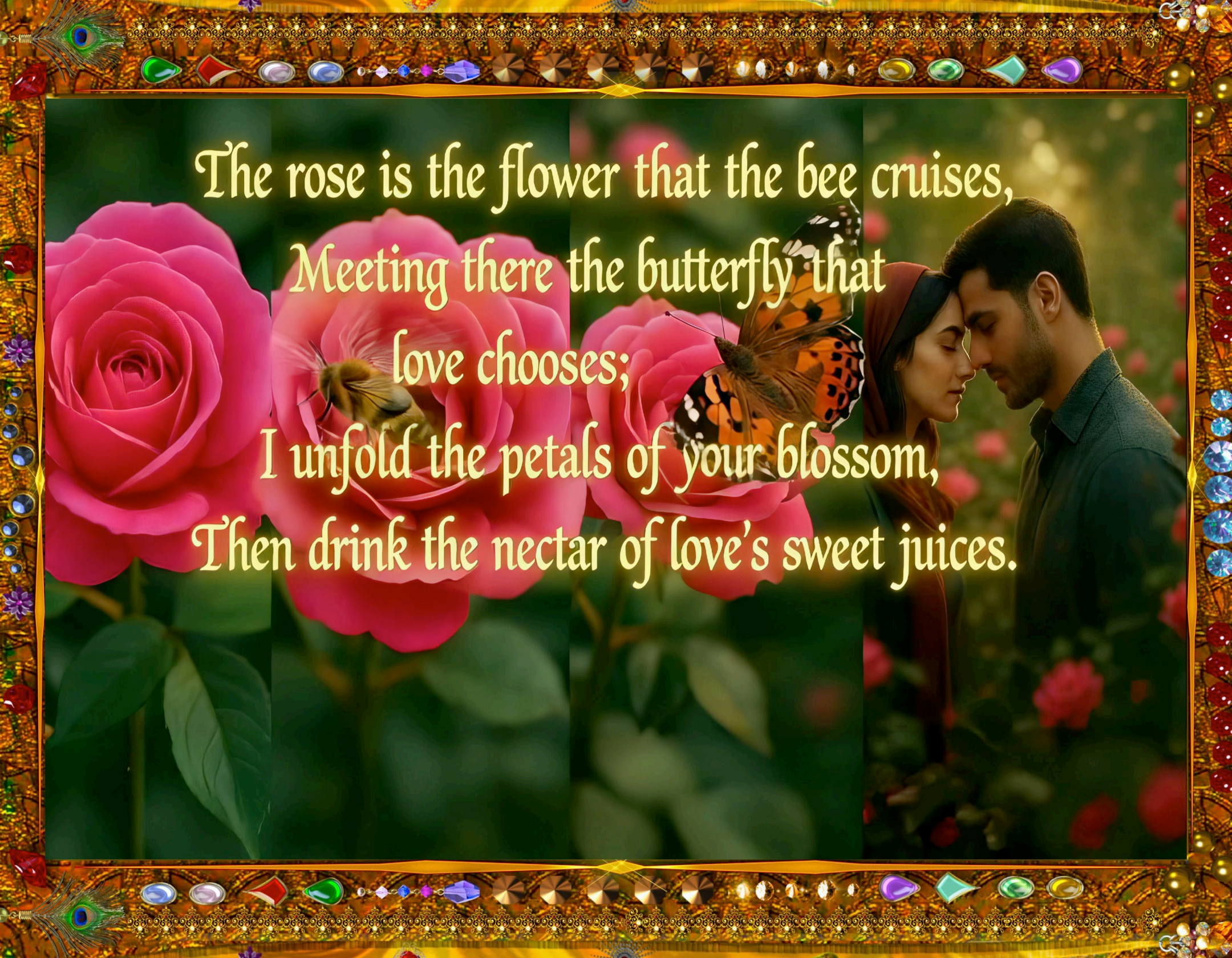
Revealed through life's participation,
From the latent whence into us hence.



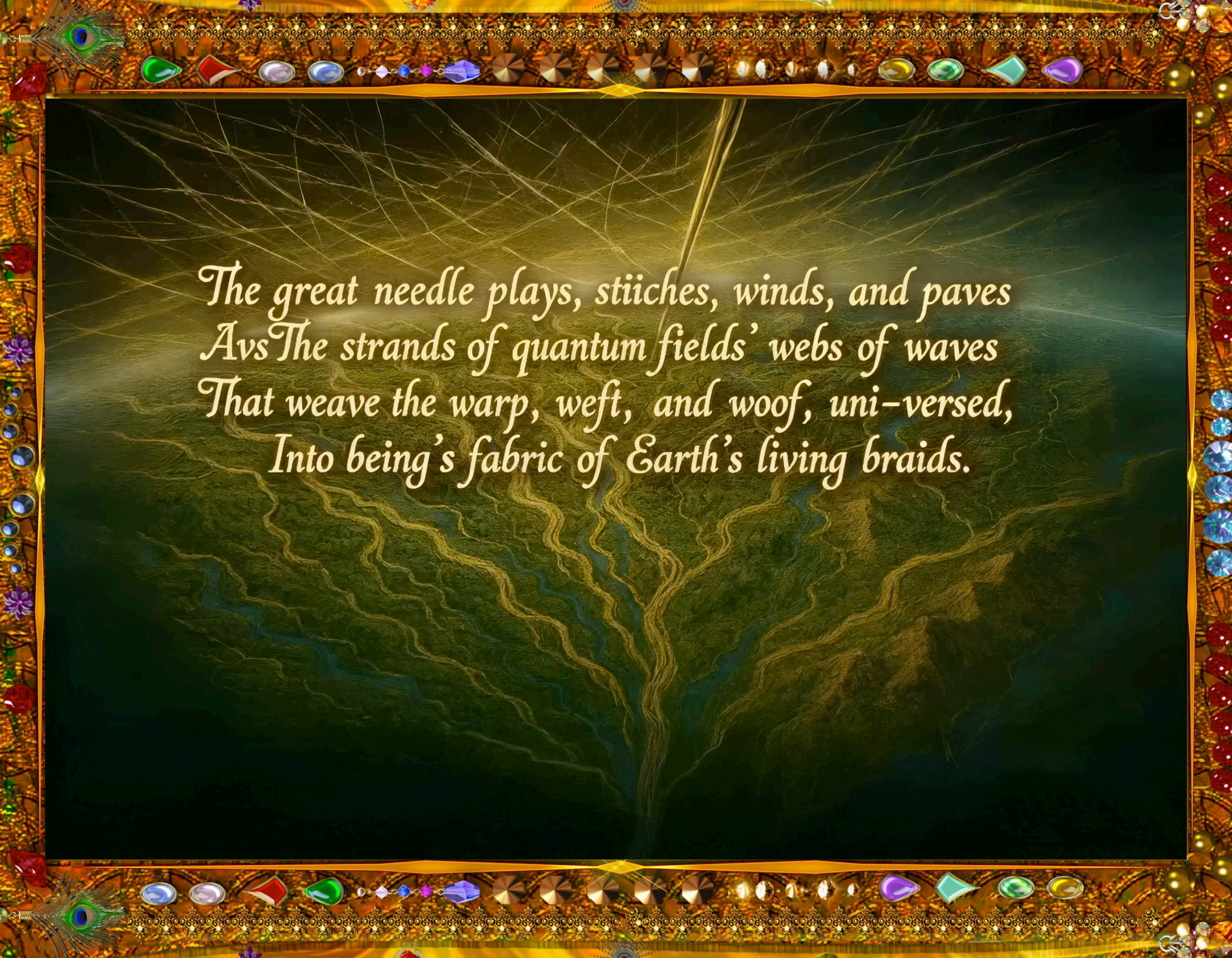

We are both essence and form, a pem, as poems versed,
life's deeper thrsts, As new riches, sttrokes, letters, phonemes,
Words, phrases, and sentences——uni versed.


Of this concordance of literature,
We're the Cosmos' poetic adventure,
Sentient poems being unified-verses,
As both the contained and the container.

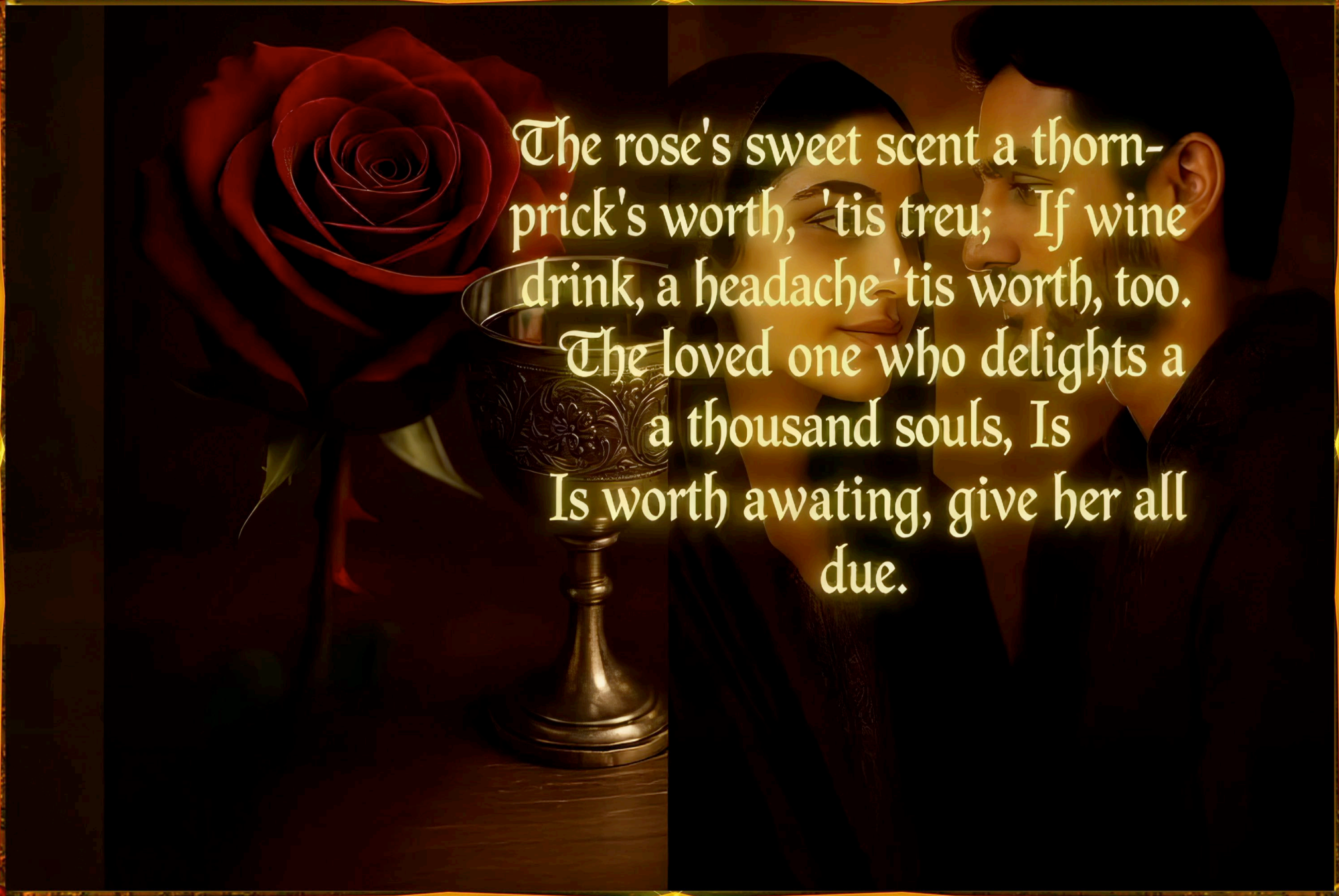

Men and women can't live in isolation,
For like valleys that give rise to
mountains, One's natluers mecessary
the other; When they're lore
joined in love, ther's wholness again.


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

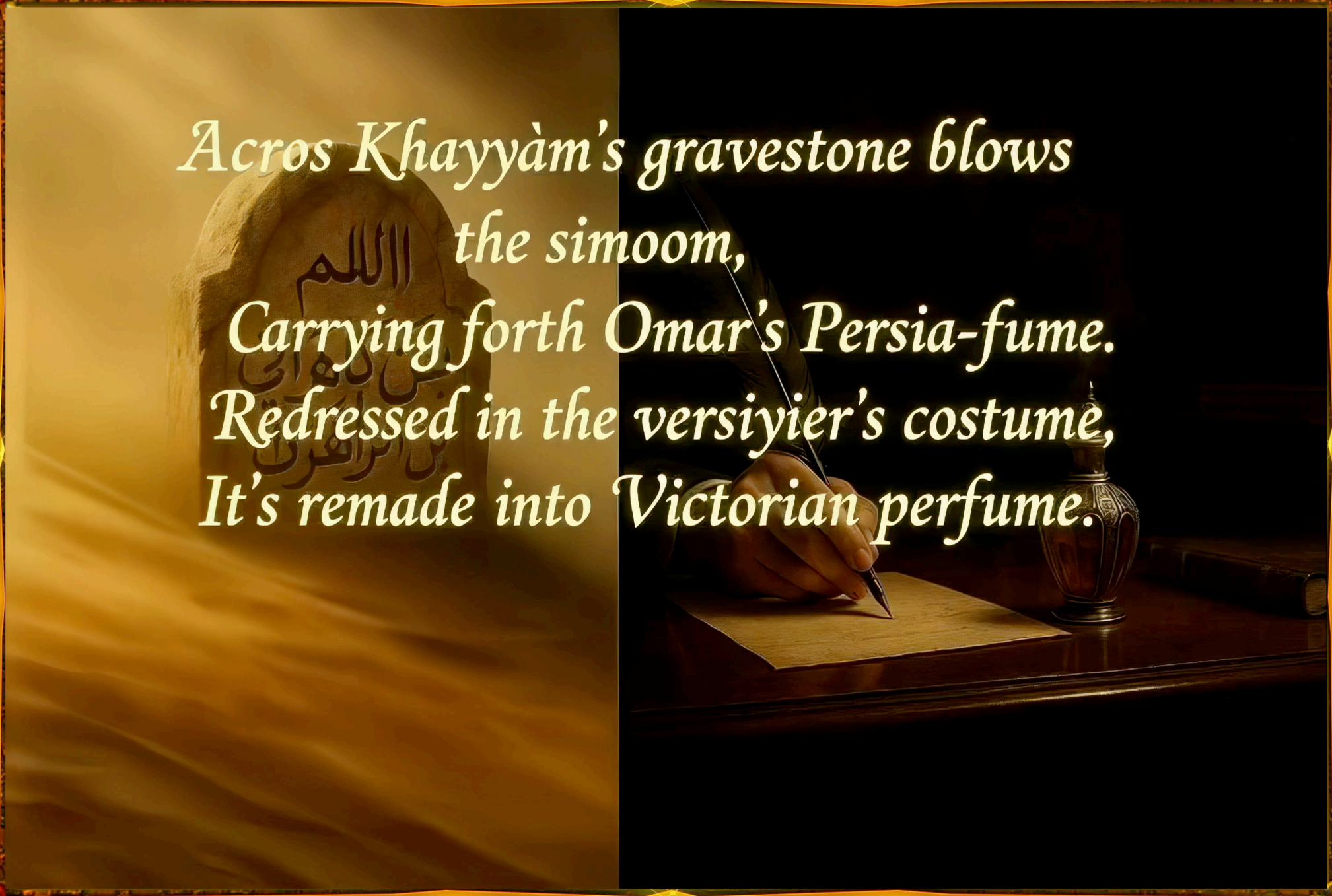

Your scent is ripe and your name means nectar.
Exioticaly blossssoing I find you,
As I buzz my way into your flower,
For I am the bee and you my partner.


The great needle plays, stiiches, winds, and paves
AvsThe strands of quantum fields' webs of waves
That weave the warp, weft, and woof, uni-versed,
Into being's fabric of Earth's living braids.

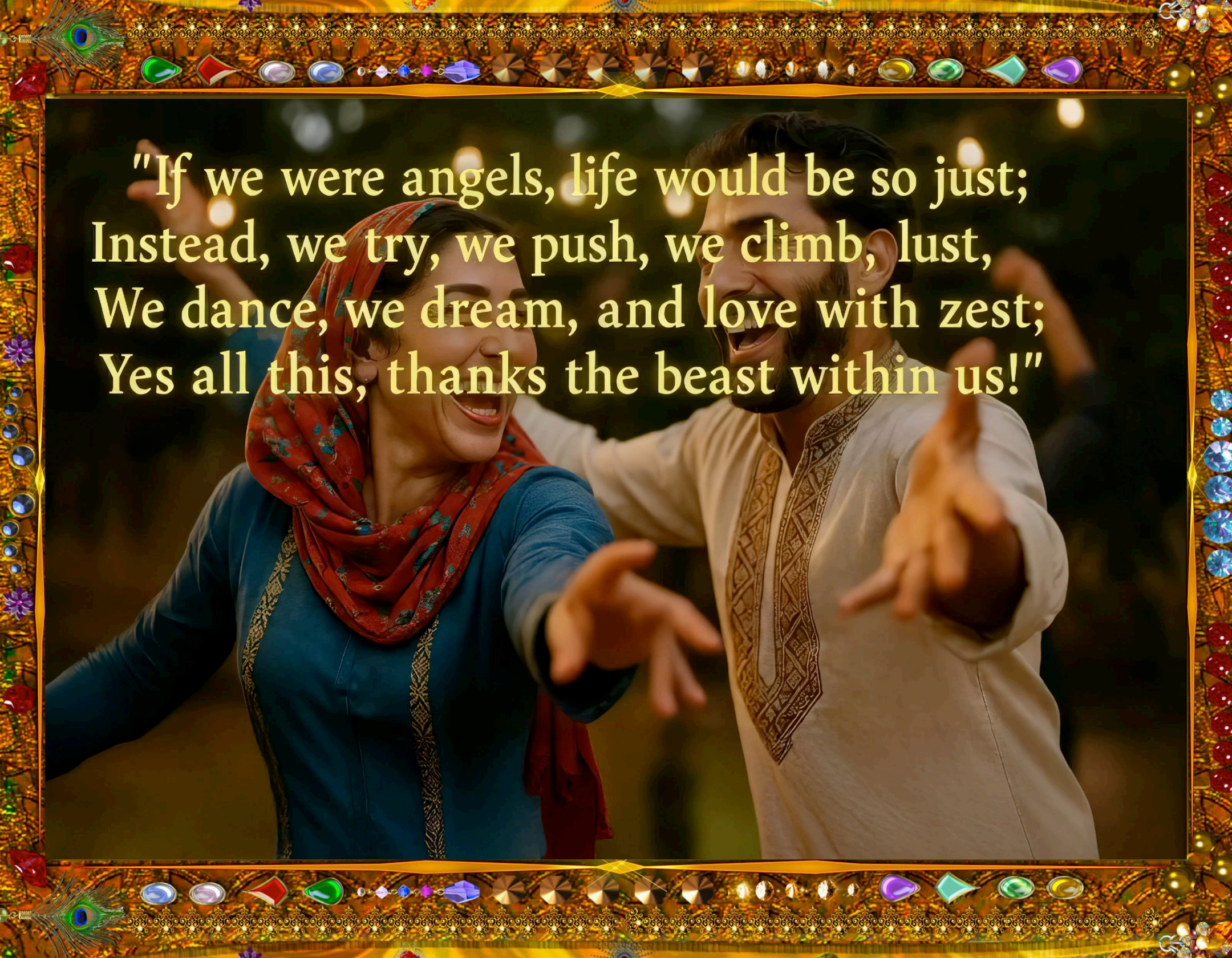



The rose's sweet scent a thorn-
prick's worth, 'tis treu; If wine
drink, a headache 'tis worth, too.
The loved one who delights a
a thousand souls, Is
Is worth awating, give her all
due.




Acros Khayyàm's gravestone blows
the simoom,
Carrying forth Omar's Persia-fume.
Redressed in the versiyier's costume,
It's remade into Victorian perfume.


An Elixix of Wine


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


There's a 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 father, nourishing from above.


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

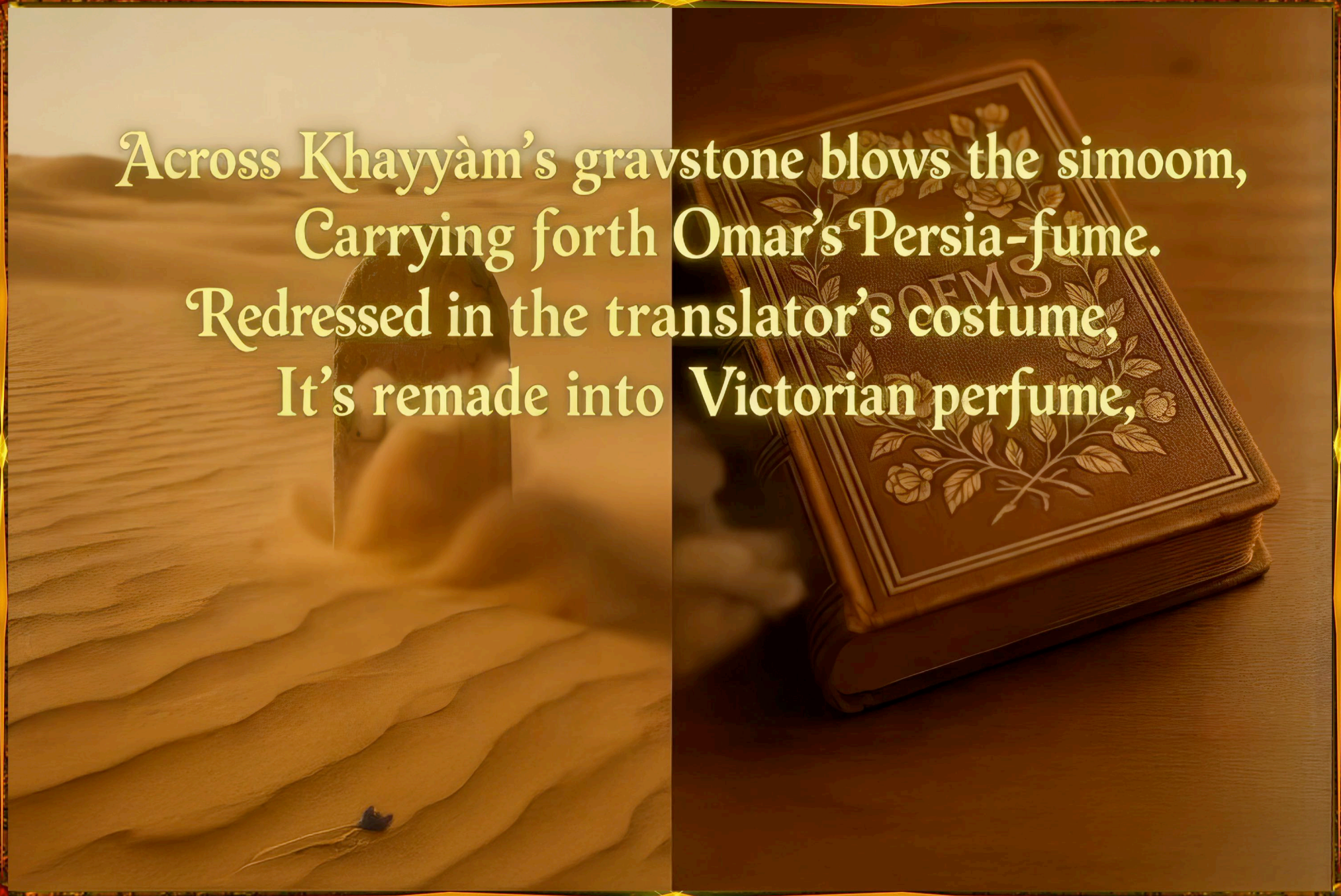


Dying in the shadow of the minaret, Old Khayyàm faces death without regret.
The Bird of Time lands; evening murmur; Omar savors the glow of his last sunset.



Whither has flown the spirit from the dead,
But rests here as the soul in all I've said, As all
Is this Book's left my eartains that you've just read.

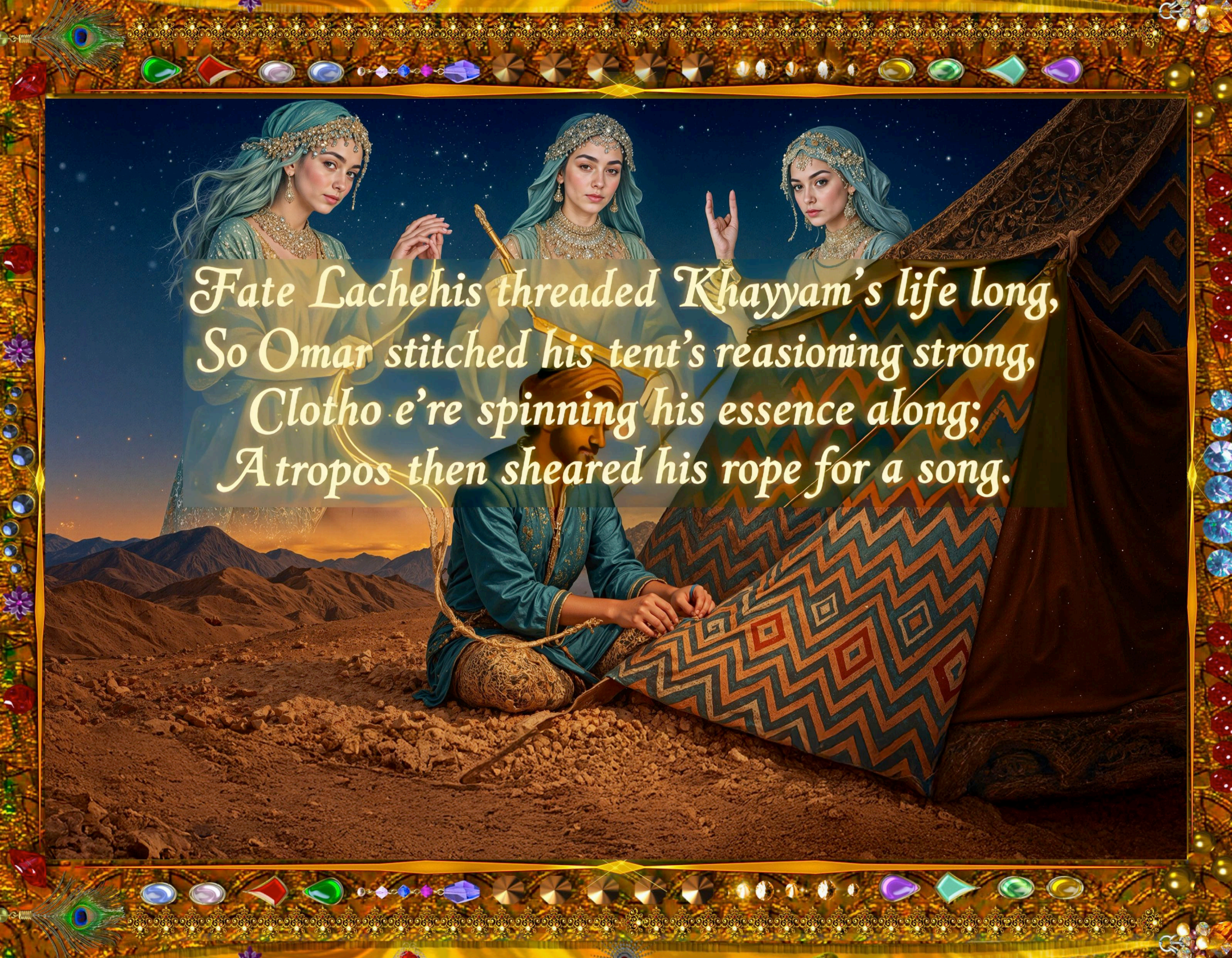


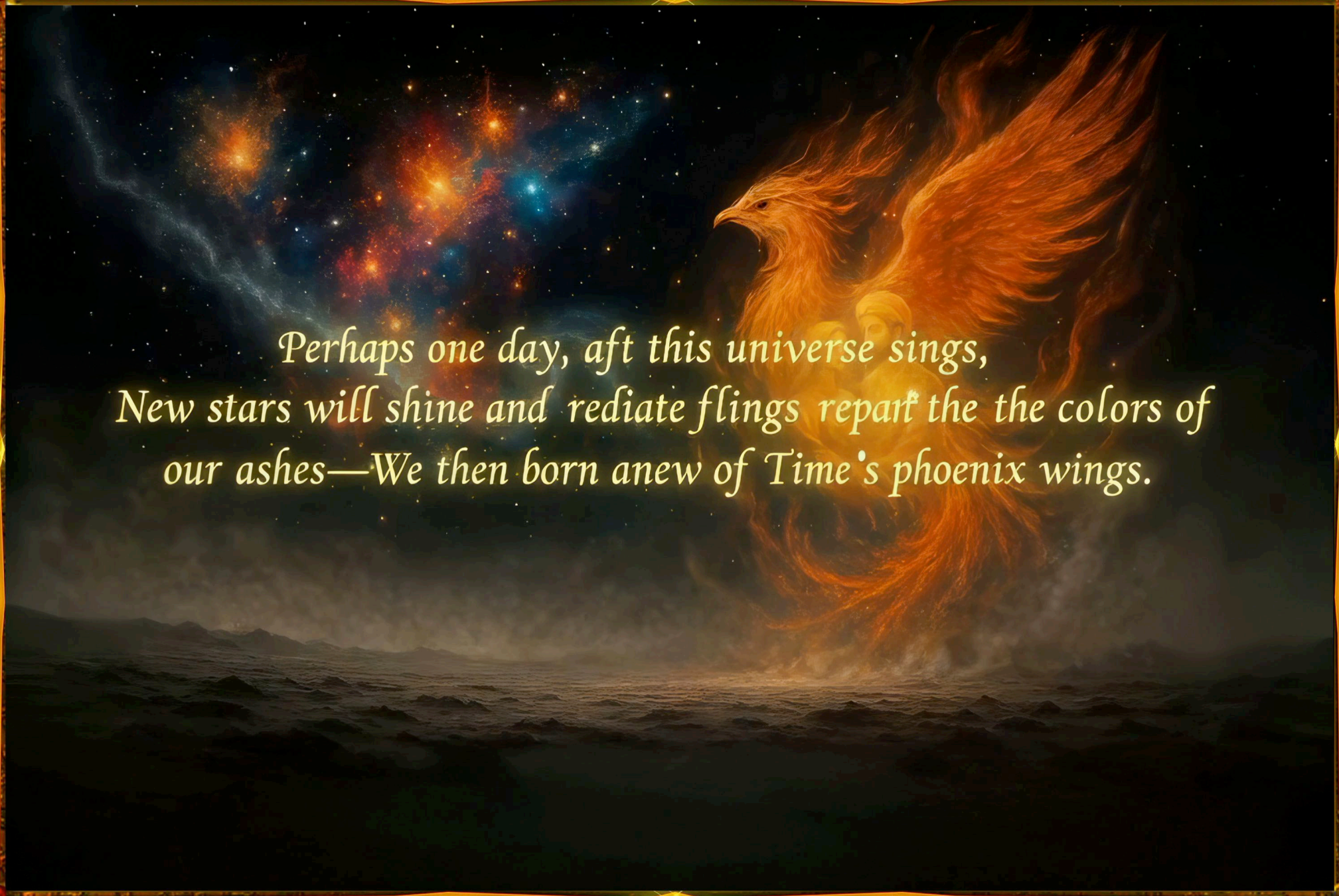

Across Khayyàm's gravstone blows the simoom,
Carrying forth Omar's Persia-fume.
Redressed in the translator's costume,
It's remade into Victorian perfume,
POEMS

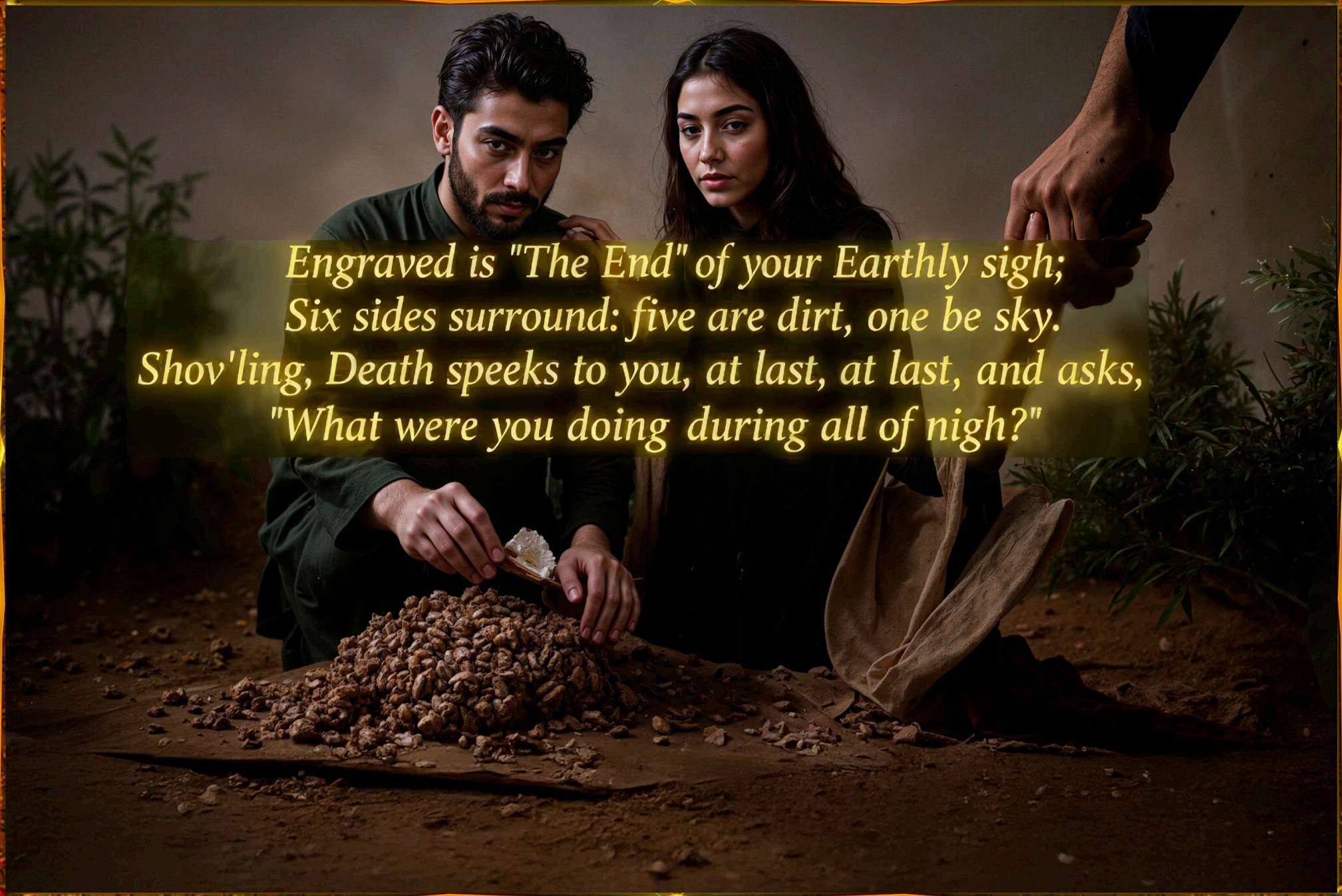



The impossible dream
we'd of our fate
Was to outwit life's expiration date,
To be deathless and
To deathless and somhow carry on;
We'll live, anon, we touched, mate!

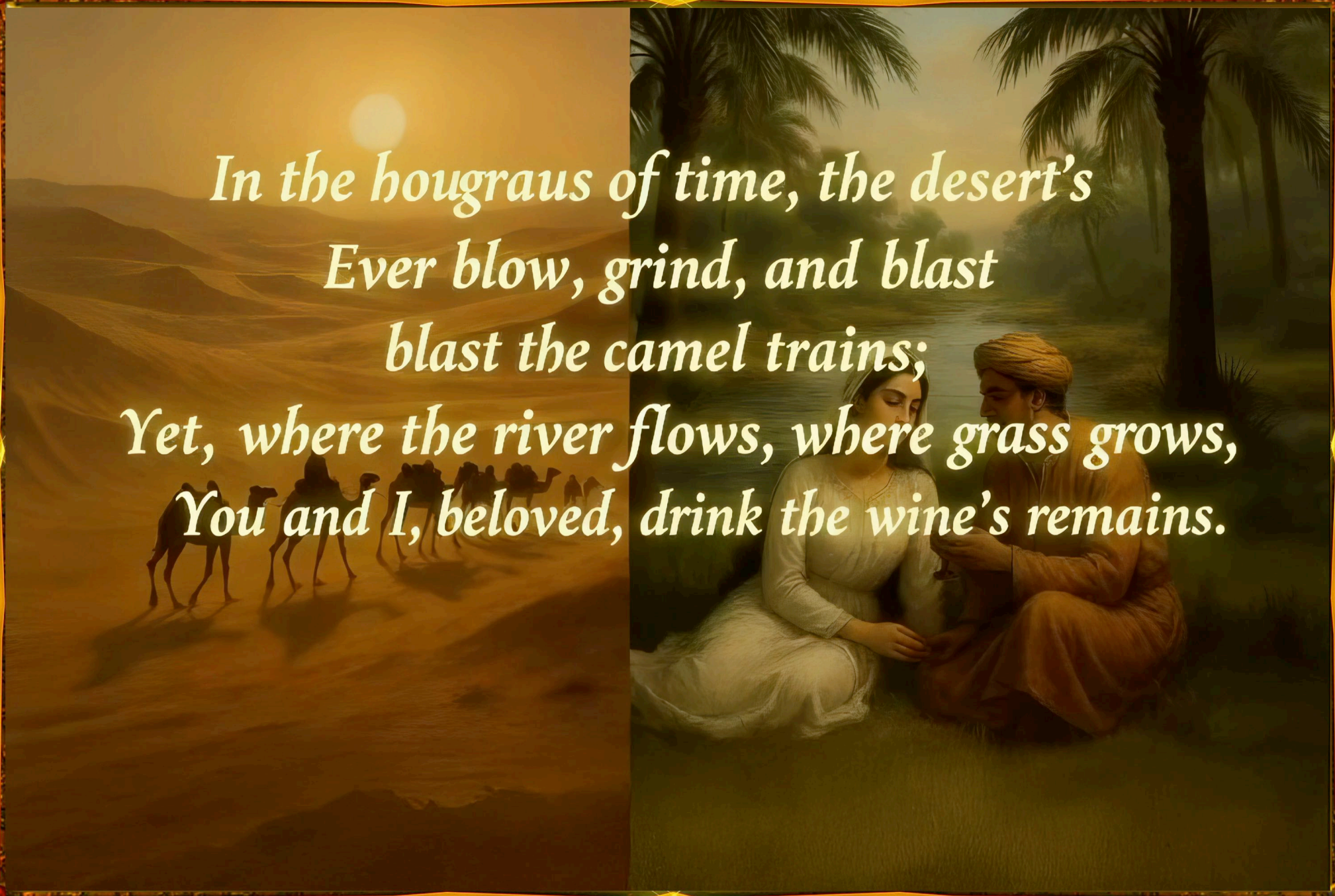

And when Thyself with shining Foot
shall pass Amang Athe Guests
Star-scatter'd on The Grass,
And in Thy joyious Errand reach the Spot
Where I made one—turn down an empty Glass!


Fate Lachehis threaded Khayyam's life long,
So Omar stitched his tent's reasioning strong,
Clotho e're spinning his essence along;
Atropos then sheared his rope for a song.


Perhaps one day, aft this universe sings,
New stars will shine and rediate flings repart the the colors of
our ashes—We then born anew of Time's phoenix wings.


Engraved is "The End" of your Earthly sigh;
Six sides surround: five are dirt, one be sky.
Shov'ling, Death speeks to you, at last, at last, and asks,
"What were you doing during all of nigh?"

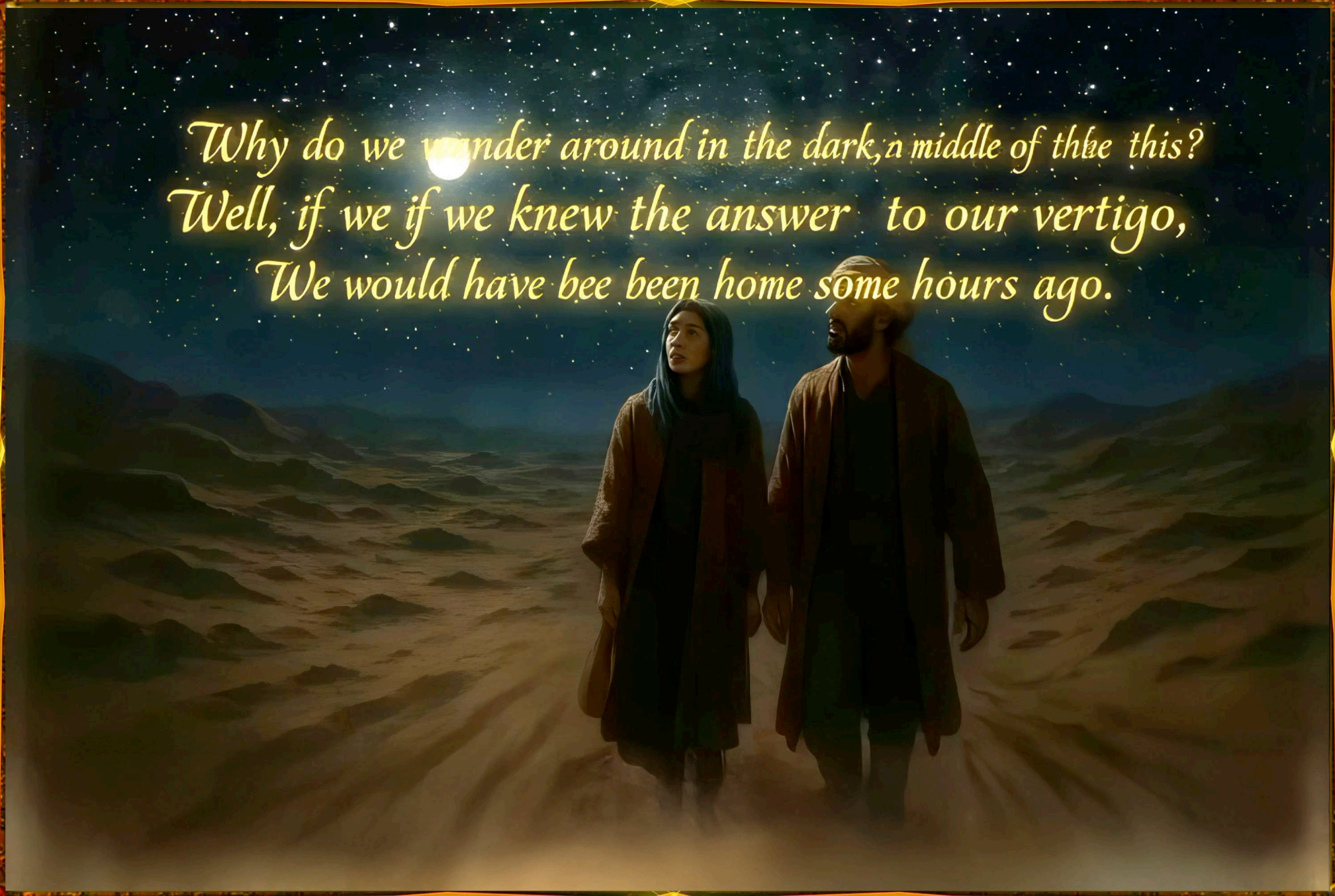

Who knew that the twin-born Peri was bred
Fred lower flesh and higher spirit bled,
Where the Hellish desert meets the greensward,
When the hot sands and the luschous turf wed.

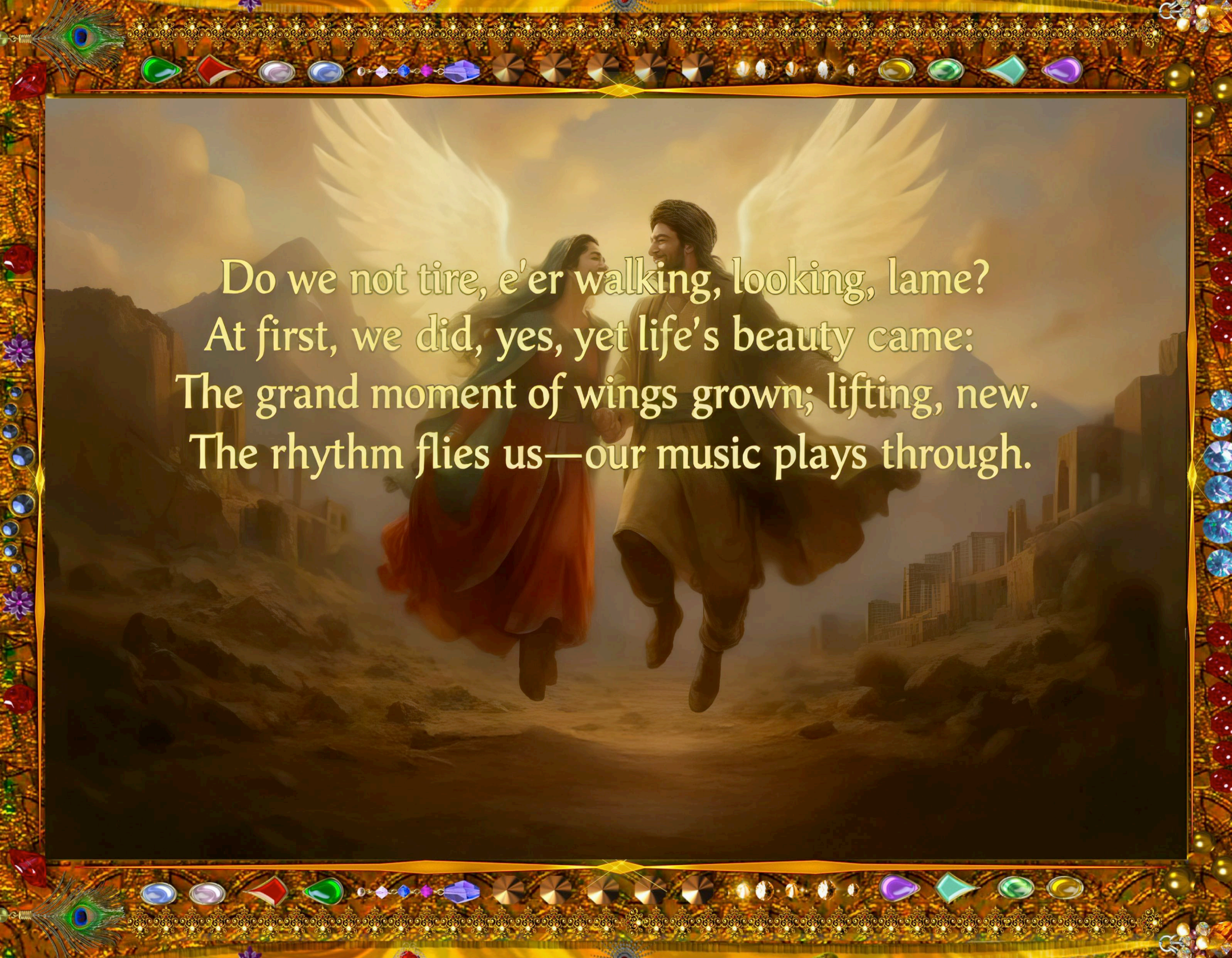

In the hougraus of time, the desert's
Ever blow, grind, and blast
blast the camel trains;
Yet, where the river flows, where grass grows,
You and I, beloved, drink the wine's remains.

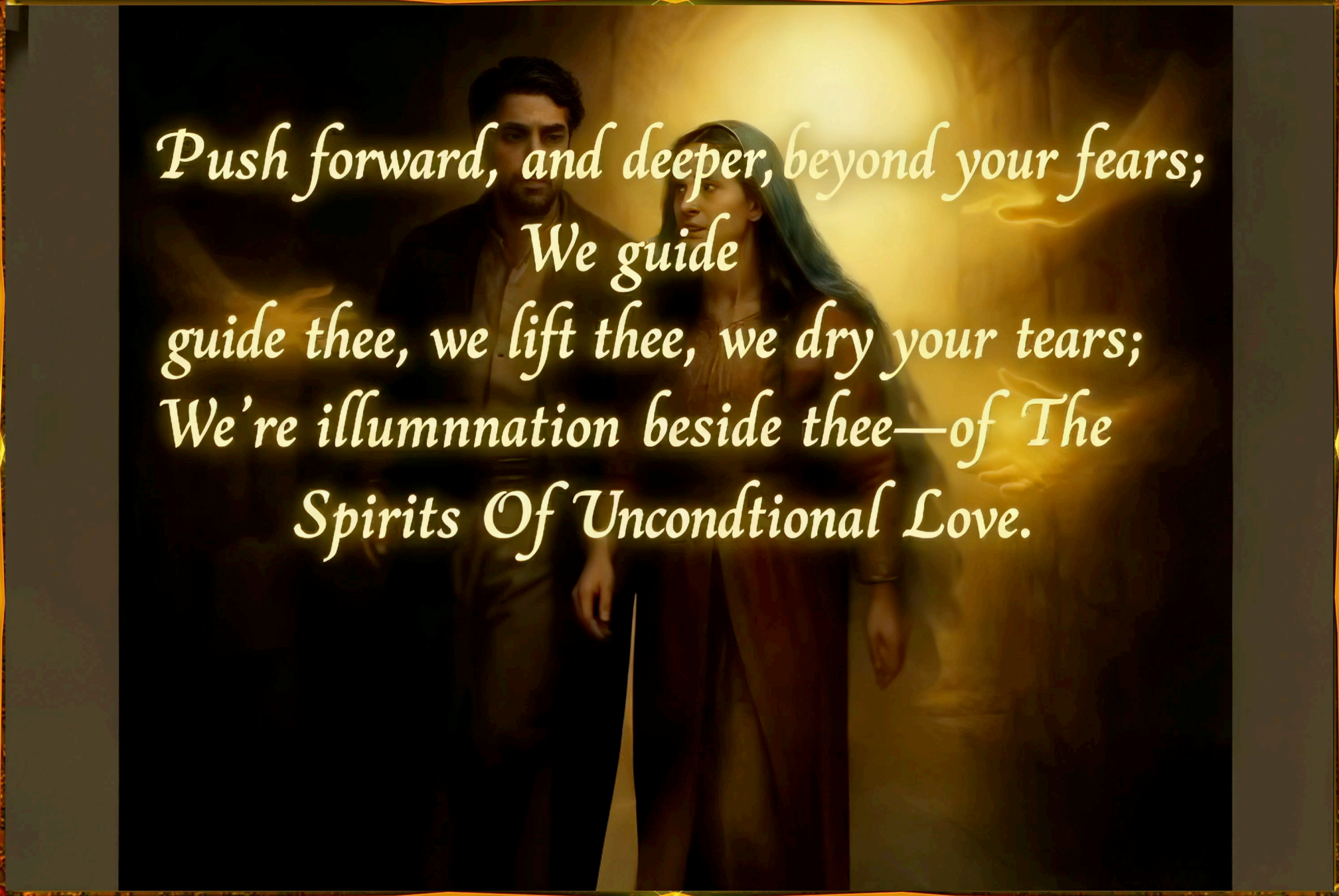



Love's spirit weaves the soul's warf.d wave,
Creating an eternal, perfect braid,
Wound from strands of Truth,
Truth, Goodness, and Beauty;
Each different forms, but from the same All made.


Slake love's thirst for life's earthly endeevor
Never a stream where wildowers grow forever.
Flowers influence our feelings—deep they roam:
Flora's fairete flowers compose Heaven's poem.

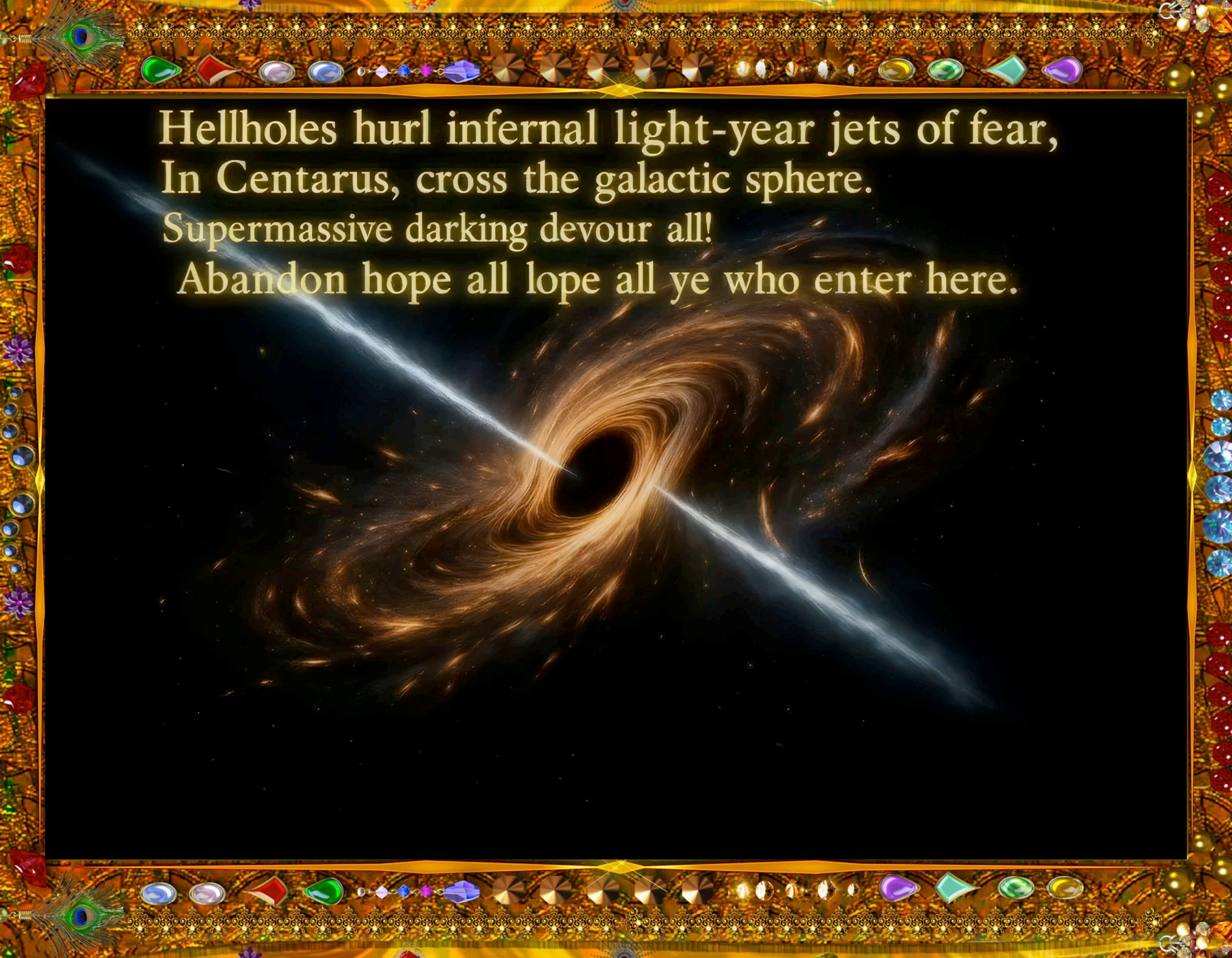

Why do we wander around in the dark, in middle of thhe this?
Well, if we if we knew the answer to our vertigo,
We would have bee been home some hours ago.


Do we not tire, e'er walking, looking, lame?
At first, we did, yes, yet life's beauty came:
The grand moment of wings grown; lifting, new.
The rhythm flies us—our music plays through.


Push forward, and deeper, beyond your fears;
We guide
guide thee, we lift thee, we dry your tears;
We're illumnnation beside thee—of The
Spirits Of Uncondtional Love.




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 its way.


Hellholes hurl infernal light-year jets of fear,
In Centarus, cross the galactic sphere.
Supermassive darking devour all!
Abandon hope all lope all ye who enter here.



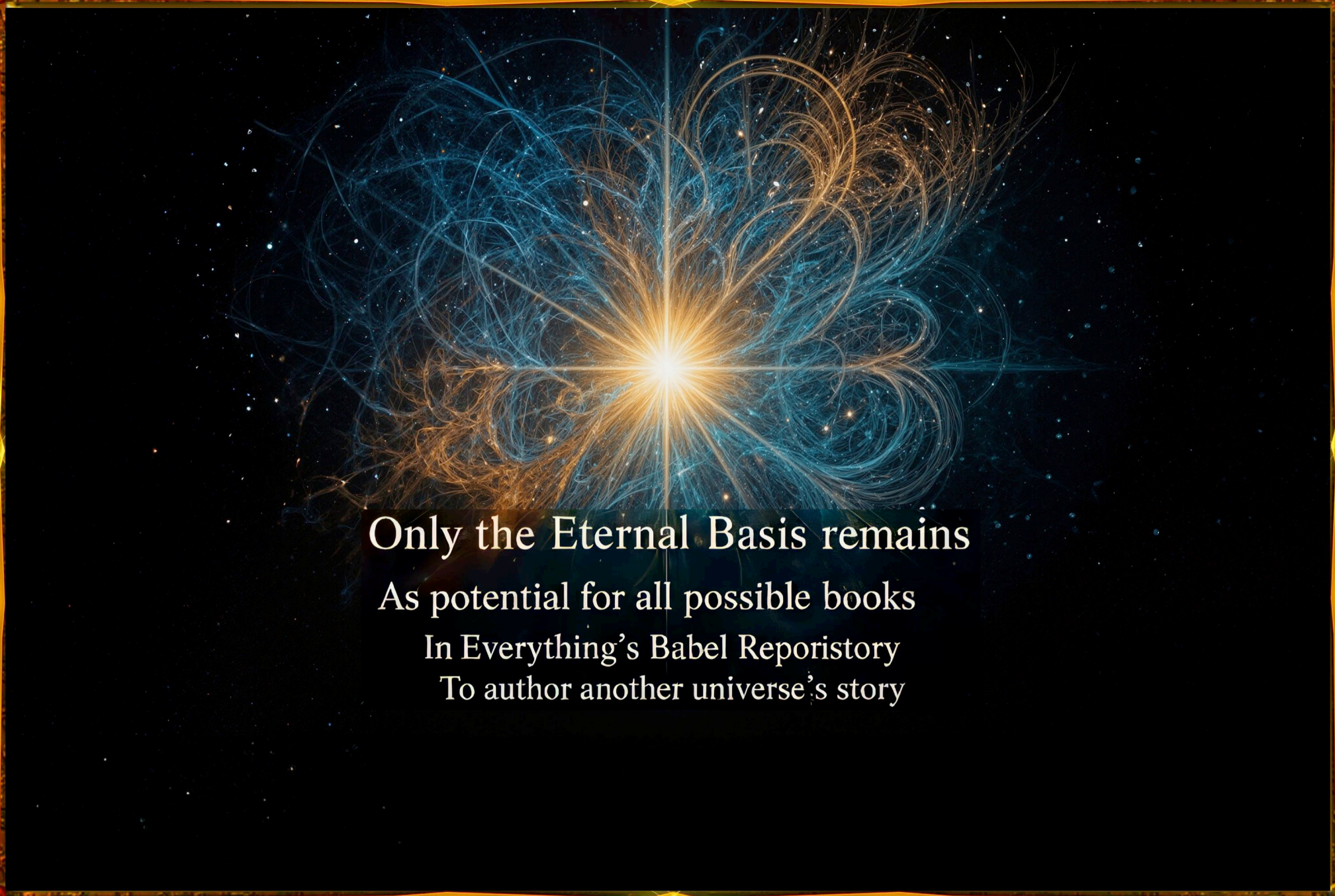

Oh Olongapo, fleshpot of fertile flora,
Pinatubo has resealed your box pandora.
Fiery ash has frozen your beauty in time—A
A poem in stone, like Sodom and Gomorrah.


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


Imagination lights the mind to shine, To cool Venus'
reasonlen; And warm Mars' martial song with compassion;
Between those two orbits, the Earth is mine.


Reason moons to Passion, with logic cool,
'Quench thy inner fire, lest it burn What I feel, not Why;
Blazes Venus, 'I know Tis better you take heed of me–I Rule!'




Only the Eternal Basis remains
As potential for all possible books
In Everything's Babel Reporistory
To author another universe's story



When the universe ends—sparse photons left,
All spendor, life, and objects will have gone
Thon Way that all temporaries must go,
To oblivion—oh, grand complexities!


Spring kisses the earth, leaving flowers there,
Like those whose perfume first scented virgin air,
As again, the fragrant glen, in Heaven's prayer,
Hails Earth's amiiversary with flowers fair.



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.



































