

# **The Eternal Sea of Creativity**

*An exploration into from whence we came,  
why we are here and where we are going*



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## **Dedication**

This life, for me, has been full, lively, challenging and opportunistic. I give thanks to the place where the mix of life's droplets formed into the person I arrived as and to the enviable number of interactions that I have been privileged to have enjoyed - and still do. The family that early on nurtured me has dispersed into a mix of hazy remembrances and a lot of forgets. The vortices of my friends over the years are largely smoothed out, with some precious exceptions, and their ripples seemingly less consequential. My associates, bosses and employees are like old 78 records, stored upright but rarely played. And, bursting through all this are memories that are revived by the writing about them.

I salute and still hold dearly the women who I have loved. My children and grandchildren remain the objects of unconditional love – perhaps the greatest gift we have and can give. There have been special pets – who demonstrate over and over again what unconditional love is. To all who continue to stir my vortices – I greet you still say how much I value you.

It has been a truly wonderful path I have been on - one that has yielded the experiences, the personalities with whom I have been involved and the opportunities I have had. These are being “memorialized” more fully in a book I am writing entitled: “In the Grand Manner.” I am delighted that some of the seeds I have sown as ideas, organizations, designs, and developments have taken root and evolved. Creativity is such a gift and way of being in life. I have “played” and “allowed” the creative spirit to enter me, shared it with those with whom I have interacted, contributed it to a variety of plans and organizations that have with time and patience grown to implements them, and through words, paintings, sculptures, and ideas perhaps launched other things that about which I have no idea.

I dedicate this work as revised to life and to the years yet to come, and to whatever lies beyond.

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## **THIS THING**

This thing;  
This idea;  
This concept;  
This relationship;  
This work.

This IS – and  
This ISN'T –  
Before:  
It never was here or there.  
No boundaries;  
No margins;  
No form;  
Untouchable.

There was:  
No present;  
No past;  
No future;  
No age;  
No existence --  
All was potential.

Then . . .  
It was conceived;  
A push and a pull;  
It became;  
It existed and exists.

It came from  
The raison d'etre  
Of why we are here.  
It emerged from  
The Eternal Sea of Creativity.  
It came and entered  
Into your and my life.  
“I” put it here.  
It is beautiful.

## INTRODUCTION

What follows are some of the remnants – the “jetsam and flotsam” – that somehow have survived in various forms and shapes after being hauled around through dozens and dozens of moves over the eight decades of my life. They reflect thoughts and ideas that arose in the places I have called “home” or “office” since that day in October of 1936 when my birth certificate says I incarnated into this world. I have found boxes, note cards, pads of lined paper (written upon), some bits of napkins, file folders, underlined books and pamphlets, and articles researched.

Before deciding to ‘toss’ these, I started reading the words and found a very interesting and perceptive (to me, at this time) person who wrote and researched these items. Having done some past life ‘adventures,’ and trying to connect to the entity that wrote some of the materials and poems presented herein, I find that for some, it seems like there was a distinctly ‘other’ who wrote/experienced/channeled those words, thoughts, concepts.

Some of the materials were written and collected for a book on Happiness that I worked on (and never finished). I remain fascinated by the insights, wisdom and concepts that were penned over those many years. From whence they came and for what purpose they were written I cannot say as of this writing. What I do find is that as I read and re-read these words they fit and mirror more and more of where I am now on the path toward answering the ‘why am I/why am I here?’ question, and the subset of ‘who are we/who are we?’

What was the pull that attracted me to harvest those words and concepts from the infinite possibilities that exist? What was the prescience that guided the pen (and later the keyboard) to have the words sit there – in files, in boxes, in some place in keyboard memory? Were they pulled from some vortex in the Zero Point Field we understood as being the vacuum of space?

I have gone back to what was published (very amateurishly) in 2011 and have ‘polished’ some of what was there and tossed some of the stuff that sneaked in. Click on it, open it anywhere. If you are so motivated, I’d love to discuss whatever comes to your mind.

## A CONCLAVE OF WISE PERSONS AND THEIR THOUGHTS

The following quotes were collected on note cards over a period of time. It looks like, for me, the 1990's was a time for exploration and searching. That formed a base for more decades of reading, discussing, introspecting. I would like to add some more quotes, from the many books, articles, and discussions I have had since these. Perhaps that will happen in the next revision. I do see this work, or whatever may follow in whatever form it ultimately takes, as part of the evolutionary process to which I am contributing.

*"When you come to a fork in the road . . . take it!"* [Yogi Berra]

*"No story is a straight line. The geometry of human life is too imperfect and complex, too distorted by the laughter of time and the bewildering intricacies of fate to admit the straight line into its system of laws."* [Pat Conroy: *Beach Music*. (1995) Doubleday, NY. p. 104]

*"It is not events that disturb the minds of men, but the view they take of them. The trouble with things going wrong is not just that they will go wrong, its how you feel anticipating that they will go wrong and how you feel after they do go wrong."* Greek philosopher Epictetus as quoted by Timothy Miller: *How to Want What You Have* (1995) Avon.

*"We are different probability amplitudes in the field of infinite possibilities. . . . We are localized bodies of information and energy in a cosmic world of information and energy. We are conscious beings in a conscious universe. 'We' are not our physical bodies. That is just a place where our thoughts and dreams rest. . . . Beauty is love at the heart of creation. Time is perceptual experience in eternity. The soul is the thinker of the thought. The thinker is in the spaces – it is silent and it is a field of infinite possibilities and potentialities. We are in this world but not of it."* [Deepak Chopra. "The Mystery and the Magic." PBS, Sept. 1995]

*"We are such stuff as dreams are made on, and our little life is rounded with a sleep."* [Prospero, "The Tempest: 4.1.146]

*“We can trust that happiness will realign not only the dendrites in our brain but also the molecules of our material world and become a lullaby that will charm the Universe. . . . Unhappiness does not exist in the present moment [which just is]. Being present opens the doorway to happiness. [Barry Neil Kaufman. *Happiness Is a Choice*. (1991) Ballantine Books, NY, p. 143]*

*“Life is life; and it is the business of the individual to be happy in life itself, not to require perpetual bonnes bouches from fate, and galadays from chance, and grand high festivals from destiny.” [John Cowper Powys. *The Art of Happiness*. (1935) Simon & Shuster, NY, p. 218.*

*“Every human being, whether they are conscious of it or not, illustrates with their lives how he or she thinks a human being is supposed to live. . . . In other words, the basic stuff of the universe, at its core, is looking like a kind of pure energy that is malleable to human intention and expectation in a way that defies our old mechanistic model of the universe as though our expectation itself causes our energy to flow out into the world and affect other energy systems. . . . The problem with life isn't in receiving answers. The problem is in identifying your current questions. Once you get the questions right, the answers always come. . . . Whenever we doubt our own path, or lose sight of the process, we must remember what we are evolving toward, what the process of living is all about. Reaching heaven on Earth is why we are here. [James Redfield. *The Celestine Prophecy*. (1993) Warner Books, NY. pp. 137, 142, 154]*

*“The perennial philosophy is primarily concerned with the one divine reality substantial to the manifold world of things and lives and minds. . . . In every age there have been some men and women who chose to fulfill the conditions upon which alone, as a matter of brute empirical fact, such immediate knowledge can be had; and of these few have left accounts of the Reality they were thus enabled to apprehend and have tried to relate, in one comprehensive system of thought, the given facts of this experience with the given facts of their other experiences.*

*It is because we don't know who we are, because we are unaware that the Kingdom of Heaven is within us, that we behave in the generally*

*silly, the often insane, the sometimes criminal ways that are so characteristically human. We are saved, we are liberated and enlightened, by perceiving the hitherto unperceived good that is already within us, by returning to our eternal ground and remaining where, without knowing it, we have always been.” Aldous Huxley. The Perennial Philosophy. (1945) Harper & Brothers, NY, pp. vii, 14-15]*

*“When you love someone, you do not love them all the time, in exactly the same way, from moment to moment. It is an impossibility. It is even a lie to pretend to. And yet this is exactly what most of us demand. We have so little faith in the ebb and flow of life, of love, of relationships. We leap at the flow of the tide and resist in terror its ebb. We are afraid it will never return. We insist on permanency, on duration, on continuity; when the only continuity possible, in life as in love, is in growth, in fluidity - in freedom, in the sense that the dancers are free, barely touching as they pass, but partners in the same pattern.*

*The only real security is not in owning or possessing, not in demanding or expecting, not in hoping, even. Security in a relationship lies neither in looking back to what was in nostalgia, nor forward to what it might be in dread or anticipation, but living in the present relationship and accepting it as it is now. Relationships must be like islands, one must accept them for what they are - here and now, within their limits - islands, surrounded and interrupted by the sea, and continually visited and abandoned by the tides.”*  
— Anne Morrow Lindbergh, Gift from the Sea

*“When you have the capacity to create these feelings by your faith and the discipline of your thoughts, you will realize that needing anything else to succeed is unnecessary. Once you can get to the feelings behind your desires and know that feel prosperous is only a belief and is inauthentic. . . . Love is the truest antidote to fear and doubt. The more love you contain, the less room you have for the energy of fear and doubt.” [Wayne Dyer. Your Sacred Self. (1995) Harper Collins, NY, pp. 109-10]*

*“You give but little when you give of your possessions.  
It is when you give of yourself that you truly give.*



*For what are your possessions but things you keep and guard for fear you may need them tomorrow?*

*And tomorrow, what shall tomorrow bring to the over prudent dog burying bones in the trackless sand as he follows the pilgrims to the holy city?*

*And what is fear of need but need itself?*

*Is not dread of thirst when your well is full, the thirst that is unquenchable?*

*In truth, it is life that gives unto life – while you, who deem yourself a giver, are but a witness. [Kahil Gibran. “Giving.” <http://www.katsndogz.com/ongiving.html>]*

*“[T]o create in consciousness is our greatest gift, and what we create continues to evolve. If you open yourself without judgment to your role as a creator, you gain much more freedom. Genesis doesn’t have to be a far-off event that put the universe into play. It can be a constant event that renews itself at every moment. While we are creating in the material world, we are affecting every level of consciousness and, therefore, every level of creation. Meaning is never isolated. If you are blankly looking at the world, it has power over you, because you are passive and the world is ‘doing everything to you.’ If you engage in a process (going through a divorce, driving to work, cooking a meal) you are a bit closer to power, but the process has its own momentum and can overwhelm you. If you are the object of being seen-- a rich man, a beautiful woman, a preacher, a criminal –those objective labels give you status and meaning, but you have given yourself over to others, the ones who make labels and stick them on people. Only in the unity of all three roles do we achieve our complete power as creators. At the soul level, all three roles are enfolded into unity.*

*Thus, God is the Creator and his creation. Once he projects his creation outward, unity turns into diversity. . . . When the creator begins to look at himself, instantly there is a three-in-one state. An observer beholds an object through the process of observation. As soon as the three emerge, the entire universe emerges with them; the matter dispersed by the Big Bang is only one facet of an invisible mechanism in which the creator suddenly sees what is possible. In that seeing the possible comes true in infinite variety. The entire universe contains only 4% visible matter and energy – the remaining*

*96% being so-called dark matter whose function seems to be that it holds the visible universe together in some mysterious way. The 'Creator' doesn't have to have a persona; it can include the invisible field from which everything visible is organized and upheld.*

*The three-in-one state wouldn't matter if it didn't affect everyday reality, but it does. Seeing is enough to create. The 'observer effect,' as it is called in physics, literally creates matter. It takes an observer to turn the invisible energy state of an electron into a specific particle located in time and space. Before the observer effect takes place there is no electron, there is only the possibility of one. Our eyes cannot detect it, but we are immersed in a sea of possibilities." [Deepak Chopra: *Life After Death*. (2006) Harmony Books. Pp. 158, 163]*

## PREFACE

Why are 'we' here? That could be the basic and most important question in life. Perhaps one might want to preface that with "who are we?" A first assumption then is that there is a 'we' and not just you and I. One possibility would be that this is all a dream and the only thing to decide is whose dream it is. We might also want to explore where is 'here?' However, let's not go 'there' for now.

I visualize an answer to the "why are we here?" question as follows: There is an Eternal Sea of Creativity that is made up of all that ever was, what is, or what will be. It was/is/will be perfect - yet not ever complete. It is infinitely perfectible. This 'Sea' could be the very essence of what has been called God or some other name for the Source and/or the Creator. In one sense, this Sea is made up of pure potential. This concept is the basis of the latest finding in quantum physics. Some materials have been added on this and several of the poems seem to 'go' or 'come' from 'there.' My picture is that we are incarnated from this Eternal Sea, each holding the elements of the whole, while becoming individualized 'drops.'

As this 'individual,' it is our 'mission' to experience, to create, to take back to the Eternal Sea more than we left it with. As droplets from the Eternal, each droplet contains all the elements of the whole - like a hologram. So, when our droplet experiences, when it creates, it then adds back to the whole and thus it makes a difference that each droplet – you/ I/we - that we exist.

## ZERO POINT FIELD (ZPF)

Heisenberg's uncertainty principle  
Implies that every particle,  
Without exception,  
Relies for its existence  
On a ground field of energy  
That is interacting  
With everything  
Everywhere.  
Energy as explicate order  
Is enfolded in, and emanates from,  
An implicate, transcendent order  
Of pure energy  
That is infinite and absolute.  
Our material selves -  
What is called manifest form -  
May be compared  
To a standing cloud  
Of no substance  
Over a mountain peak  
Where a dynamic process  
Of condensations and evaporation occurs,  
As droplets of water  
Form and un-form  
In the air  
Over the mountain.

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=x5Mnv7Nuoug>

What this all means is that, at the cutting edge of contemporary science, the emerging insight indicates that the Universe, with all the things in it, is a quasi-living, coherent whole. All things in it are connected. All that happens in one place also happens in other places. All that happened at one time happens at other times. All the traces of each thing that ever existed endure.

Matter, though it appears solid, is energy bound by and in quantized wave-packets. These packets are further bound together to create the

vast and harmonious architecture making up the world. It is deemed a mistake to believe that all matter was created in the Big Bang and that it will disappear in the Big Crunch. This idea, this finding, that everything is connected, coherent, and whole reflects an ancient notion that was present in the traditions of most every civilization.

We are validating our sense of Oneness, of belonging, of being part of each other and of nature. We are a conscious part of this universe, beings through which it comes to know itself; where all things interact with all other things - together creating a coherent whole. The scope of this interaction transcends the prior known limits of space and time, is instantaneous over any distance, and conserved over any known (and unknown) span of time.

The fundamental particles of the cosmos turn out to be continuous with each other and remain thoroughly 'entangled.' These particles have both corpuscular and wave aspects. They have no definite characteristics and exist simultaneously in several states at the same time until they are observed or measured. These states are all pure potential. It is as if the observer or the measuring instrument fishes the particles out of the sea of possibilities, transforming them from virtual into 'real.'

This quantum field that exists in what was formerly believed to be the vast vacuum of space can be considered to be the originating ground of all things in the universe, as well as the ultimate destination. As the fundamental medium, it underlies all the particles, all the forces and fields that govern particles and the systems built of particles, for all space and time.

So, in all of the Grand Unified Theories (GUT's) that have been postulated, the roots of all of nature's fields and forces are ascribed to the mysterious energy sea known as the quantum vacuum or ZPF. This energy is everywhere, surrounding and embedding atoms and organisms, as well as stars and galaxies . . . and you and me.

The quantum vacuum is responsible for the stability of the atoms that are the basic units of all complex forms of matter in the universe. Electrons orbiting the atomic nucleus would move progressively closer to the nucleus except for the fact that they absorb energy from the ZPF. The quantum of energy they absorb offsets the energy lost due to their orbital motion and keeps them at a stable distance from the nucleus. This is the same interaction that stabilizes the Earth's

orbit around the Sun. Inertia, mass, gravity, and the stability of the atom, as well as of the solar system, may all be due to the vacuum interaction.

As a grand equilibrium exists between the ever-agitated motion of matter on the quantum level and the surrounding ZPF, we are literally and physically "in touch" with the rest of the cosmos as we share fluctuating ZPF of cosmological dimensions. Astronaut Commander Edgar Mitchell (Apollo 14) has concluded that the quantum vacuum is the holographic information field that records the historical experience of matter.

I join Commander Mitchell in postulating that vortices of information are 'off loaded' by each human -- akin to the information stored in the manner that information from computers (and who knows what else?) -- is stored in the 'cloud.' Think of the amount of information involved with each memory we have; being recalled in 3D, in color, and in motion. I postulate then that, under deep hypnosis, one can access a vortex of another human - and by doing so, one can tap into another's memory - yielding the impression of experiencing a 'past life.'

The process described by Mitchell is similar to what takes place in the sea where waves spread in the wake of each and all of those travelling on and in the sea. Fresh waves superimpose on those already there, and the sea becomes more and more modulated. More and more information is stored. We know that water has a remarkable capacity to register and receive information. Think of the 'magic' of homeopathic medicine where water is infused with a substance that is then removed, leaving only the 'memory' in the remaining water. That memory is then transferred to the human to whom the water is given.

In this process of wave recording and interconnecting in the quantum vacuum (the Eternal Sea), there are no forces or things capable of cancelling or attenuating the waves. The particles that make up matter in the universe and that are responsible for force, are themselves waves in the vacuum. They do not cancel each other out and, as the vacuum is super fluid, motion through it does not produce friction. In sum, the vacuum is a physical substance that extends throughout the universe that registers and transmits the traces of charged particles that disturb it. The vortices that are created by the waves link the particles and objects made up of the particles nearly instantly. It has

been suggested that their group speed is in the order of 10 to the 9th power times the speed of light or *one billion times the speed of light!*

If you are still with me on all this, let's go further into the scientific explanation of where all the 'stuff' that we experience, all the 'stuff' that is out there, all the 'stuff' that is timeless and in its multi-dimensional form, where all this 'stuff' is stored and available for retrieval through that fabulous mechanism called the human brain.

The spin of the particles that have a quantum property have a specific momentum. This magnetic impulse is registered in the vacuum through particle-triggered secondary vortices. Whether waves create vortices in water or in the vacuum, they consist of nuclei around which circle other elements. H<sub>2</sub>O molecules in the case of water, and virtual bosons in the case of the vacuum. In this way, the vortices created by charged particles in the vacuum carry information, much as magnetic impulses do on a computer disk.

The information carried by a vacuum vortex corresponds to the magnetic momentum of the particle that created it. The vortices interact when two or more torsion waves meet, forming an interference pattern. The resulting pattern integrates the strands of information on the particles that created them. Thus the pattern itself carries information on the entire set of the particles that created it.

These vacuum vortices are superluminal and enduring. The 'phantoms' generated in the vacuum by charged particles persist even in the absence of the objects that created them. Thus, among the mysteries that can be 'solved' by taking into account the infinite storage disks that are in the quantum vacuum of the ZPF are:

- memory recall that can be so vivid, multi-dimensional, time-traveling
- past lives, where we access the voices of other souls' incarnations
- communications via non-verbal, distance separated mechanisms.

What then is the "so what?" Is this the path for our evolutionary voyage? Is this emersion in the Eternal Sea we come from, where we are now 'swimming,' and to which we return? What do you 'think?'"

## **POETRY**

### **FROM AND TO**

#### **THE ETERNAL SEA**

*What motivates someone to write a poem? For me, it has generally been when life has dealt me (or I created from an event) some circumstance out of the ordinary – where my head, my heart, my soul – where some part of ‘me’ wants to express itself for joy, to pour sorrow, to explore some unknown thing. At those times, I have ‘let go’ and opened myself to the creative sea and pretty often some good stuff emerges. Looking at these poems, on occasion I can recognize the who, when, what, why, where of its creation and the impulse pushing it. And, mostly, the creator of these works is pretty much a stranger!*



## **CHAPTER I: COSMOTIC EXPLORATIONS**

*Chapter I focuses on a variety of ways that the questions that underlie our perceived existence: “Who Are We? Why Are We Here?” - questions that serve as the foundation for examination and for finding paths and some answers that have come to me over decades, where these get explored. I don’t really ‘know’ if there is AN answer that is universal – although I do postulate one for exploration and pondering.*

### **QUESTIONS**

How did it all start?  
Where will it all end?  
Through science and religion  
Mankind has pondered  
And wondered.  
These are questions so immense  
That the answers may come  
Only through the eternal.

So, day by day,  
We take thin slices  
To occupy ourselves –  
To apply OUR science  
And OUR religion.

In the day by day world,  
We seek rest, change, learning.  
Peace comes in the babble  
Of a flickering screen,  
On a playing field,  
At a resort,  
For the weary mind.  
It comes in the silence  
Of a meditative mode.  
(continued)

You know what?  
Whatever Is –  
Is all that there Is.  
Is the physical world,  
The imperfection  
In the otherwise  
Perfect Universe?

-Or-

Is it that  
In our perfect Universe  
Contains  
What we have  
Otherwise thought  
As imperfections?

If we are moving  
Away from Creation  
(The creative force)  
At just over  
The limit of our ability  
To perceive –  
Then we will never  
Be able to perceive Creation

-Or-

Is it rather that Creation  
(and the Creative Force)  
Is infinite.

So,  
It continues,  
It continues  
Throughout the Eternal Sea  
It continues  
Forever.

## ON COURSE

In this I call my life  
Nothing ever goes wrong;  
Each heart lives to love,  
Each voice to give song.

We are here, spread out,  
Smooth, not knurled,  
Spirit's manifestation  
Experiencing the material world.  
A part of the Creator,  
A chip off the sublime  
We are energy existing  
In space and in time.

In this I call my life  
Nothing ever goes wrong;  
Each soul lives to give,  
Each voice to make song.  
Each time we awaken  
From the eternal soup,  
We go off a-questing  
And return to regroup.  
Unconscious creates our reality;  
Consciousness bears her fruit;  
It is for us only  
To conceive as we would suit.

In this I call my life  
Nothing ever goes wrong,  
Each spirit lives to unite,  
Each voice sings that song.

## YOUANDME

If  
All is ONE, and  
One is ALL, and  
IN THE BEGINNING  
There was God, and  
There was a beginning,  
That was, is, and will be  
Evolving (or ending?), and

This Path,  
*Youandme* -  
(Weareoneyouknow)-  
We are traversing from  
Beginningend  
To  
Endbeginning.

Then,  
How to figure out  
What is the job  
We have to do  
In this SPACE?

If it is so  
That all there is  
Is NOW,  
Then presence –  
PRESENCE –  
In this NOW  
Is what is required.

A PRESENCE,  
Awareness,  
(continued)

Of the glue  
Holding the atom,  
And holding  
The threehundredbillion galaxies  
Each containing threehundredbillion suns –  
Energy  
So vast, and  
Space even vaster.

Space,  
Absolute zero (we thought)  
Around Black Holes  
Absolutely hot  
(“We” haven’t been there yet).  
Ying/Yang  
Everything/Nothing.

MEandYOU,  
YOUand ME,  
Creation,  
Evolution,  
Devine energy.  
The saying goes:  
“You can’t see  
The forest for the trees.”

How to be ONE –  
Lost in  
YouANDme?

## LISTEN

### *Listen*

Listen to the whispers  
Of the Universe:  
The eternal vibrations  
That underlie all sounds.  
Listen to the sensations reflecting  
Each soul's story  
In this time  
And in this place  
We call our life.

### *Listen*

Listen to the thundering silence --  
The silence that inspires;  
The silence that supports;  
The silence that determines and defines  
The vessel that contains the bounds and boundaries  
Of existence - of possibilities;  
Of all that ever was;  
Of all that is;  
Of all that will ever be.

### *Listen*

The notes we play  
Have a deeper melody -  
A baseline and rhythm  
Underscoring the top notes.  
Listen to a melody that knows the sounds -  
The sounds of what was  
Before the Beginning;  
The sounds of what will be  
After the End.

### *Listen*

No crashing symbols;  
No Ode to Joy;  
No Angel's choir;  
(continued)

No thundering God.  
... A Silence ...  
That is much,  
Much more.

*Listen*

Listen to the ebb and flow,  
The ebb and flow of  
The Eternal Seas of Creativity.  
It laps upon each shore,  
It soothes the weary,  
It inspires and uplifts.  
It is from where we came,  
And to where we shall return.

*Love*

Love is created from the silence;  
From the space between the notes.  
Listen to the music of silence!  
Listen to the music of love.

*Listen.*

## THE RESTLESS SEA

The restless sea  
Once again returns  
To its seduction of the shore:  
To tempt, to caress,  
To tenderly wet and smooth,  
And, at times,  
To frothingly pound and ravage,  
All according to the mysteries  
Of the pulling and pushing forces.

We, as the ultimate shore,  
Pounded or caressed,  
Smoothed or roughened,  
Await the next surge -  
Not quite sure in our expectation.  
We await,  
Knowing surely that *it*,  
*IT* will come,  
Then withdraw,  
Gone once more  
Returning to the Eternal Sea,  
Leaving us with the memory  
Of a wave from the Ocean of Time.

May we appreciate then,  
The majesty of the shore,  
Proud in its existence,  
As the waves hit and withdraw -  
Some as smooth and impeccable  
As the infinite grains of sand  
Washed between the ebb and flow,  
Some grow or incarnate as  
Jetties of rocks.  
In the jetty of humanity,  
Extending into the Eternal Sea,  
We are worn and changed  
By the restless sea -  
(continued)



Finally dissolving  
Into the Sea's mass -  
Becoming once again  
Part of the whole.

These infinitesimal parts  
Combine to form the shore,  
The substance of what we call  
Life -  
Clean and white,  
The Foundation for the future,  
Building on the past  
For a purpose, undefined -  
Yet divine.

Give thanks.

## **THE DROPLETS OF LIFE**

The droplets of life  
Are held in a crashing  
Tumultuous sea,  
Riding the tides,  
Their ebbs and their flows,  
Emerging.

What was once  
Washed up upon the shore  
Is gone . . .  
Except that we know  
The traces of their presence,  
The legacy of what was.

They existed,  
They have made their indelible marks.  
They have returned  
To enrich and make  
More perfect  
The Eternal Sea.

Life is richer  
For the cycle -  
For the legacy,  
Their contributions.  
May we never lose  
Awe of what transpires.

## WHO SAYZ?

Two hundred billion times  
Two hundred billion,  
Someone sayz -  
That's how many  
Stars they say there are -  
The calculation is  
 $10^{24}$  stars.  
That's a 1 followed by twenty-four zeros.

Where did they come from?  
Where will they go?  
Someone said:  
"They come from the Creator -  
From a Big Bang."  
*Imagine that noise!*

Someone else sayz  
There's lots more 'stuff'  
We don't know about -  
Real dark stuff:  
Stuff that really holds things in.  
What's on the other side of that?  
And, by the way,  
What was before the Beginning?  
What will be after  
The End?

Someone else sayz  
There's another way  
To look at things:  
Move our concept of  
Beginning and End,  
Move our concept  
Of left to right,  
Of yesterday and tomorrow  
To only NOW -  
And NOW,  
(continued)

And NOW is infinite -  
Not only is IT "possible,"  
But everything just "IS."

The two hundred billion times  
Two hundred billion  
May be just a drop in the bucket.  
Think about all the life  
Teaming here  
Just on this ONE planet.  
Think about all  
Your thoughts, and  
All your dreams, and  
All the possibilities  
You KNOW are possible . . .

It is like  
A long row of eateries -  
And just as we stop at McDonald's -  
Not because it is good,  
But because we KNOW it -  
We aren't threatened;  
We are comfortable with the familiar.  
So huddle the masses;  
Who wants to walk to the edge  
And jump?  
Of course it is scary,  
And FEAR is so controlling -  
So determinative.

Two hundred billion times  
Two hundred billion -  
That is a lot of sunshine.  
Walk to the edge . . .  
Why not jump?

Who sayz  
You can't?

## **THE MANY ARE ONE**

The many teachers are ONE,  
The voices become a chant,  
Sung together.  
It is variations  
On a theme:  
The beat of our ONENESS  
Is solid, pervasive,  
Resonating and filling all space.

The melody is simple,  
Clean and compelling –  
Like the notes of  
Master Beethoven's Fifth.

And, AH!  
The variations:  
Billions of us  
Playing with these notes  
On instruments we have modified  
And individualized.

The many composers are ONE,  
Their names,  
Their silences –  
The space between the notes.

Such communication:  
Playing the spheres  
Of Eternal Spirit's Orchestra,  
Communicating more than we know  
How to hear.  
Listen, listen,  
The music is eternity.

The many players are ONE.  
At first, the discordance  
Of the orchestra tuning –  
(continued)

Each on her own instrument,  
Working to create the pitch,  
Striving for harmony.

Then, attention to the conductor,  
The baton falls,  
Enlightenment enters;  
Cacophony becomes waters  
Falling over the cliff,  
Plunging into a deep pool . . .  
Of BLISS.

## DIMENSION

Dimension,  
Onion-layered.  
We move along  
A green-white sliver,  
Bending back upon ourselves.

The brain machine functions  
For the unnamed mechanism.  
Unnamed?  
It seems man's quest  
Has been to find that label.

And all science's endeavors;  
And all philosophy's semantics;  
And all of discovery's yields  
Have been a left-brained tour-de-force  
To come to another layer  
In the onion-layered Universe.

Sure, some of us inhabit,  
Maybe even understand;  
Some, maybe, can even commute  
Among the dimensions.

Onion-layered Universe.  
We peel back the green-white slivers,  
Looking for the truth about ourselves.  
Then what?

The quest gets Major League status.  
Our onion plays with untold numbers  
Of other onions –  
New dimension:  
Onion/layer/onion -  
A universe of onions.

(continued)

Beyond that?  
Onion Universe plays  
In a league  
Of all kinds of vegetables.  
Each, put together,  
In different ways.  
Beyond that?  
Leagues of all kinds  
Of growing things.  
And beyond that?  
An infinity of beyond,  
Of Universes,  
Of Gods.

Onion-layered Universes,  
Peeling back the green-white slivers,  
Opens the mind and being  
To answers  
And more questions.

The Quest is infinite,  
Going to two points:  
The Center-In, and The Center-Out.  
And the line that connects them  
Is everything, *is* creativity,  
Is the eternal Now.

And you and I – “we”  
Can even start from that line  
That is everything  
And explode it,  
And stand on it,  
And be with the infinite other lines.

And explode  
*And Explode*  
**AND EXPLODE !!!!!**  
**HALLALUJAH!**  
(continued)



**Wow . . . wow . . . wow!**

And  
All  
You  
Gotta  
Do  
Is  
Let  
It  
Be.

**WHEW!!**

Stars and flashes;  
Spining wheels –  
Streaking meteorites;  
Foaming rapids.

Throbbing temples;  
Pounding heart;  
Panting breath;  
Funny stomach;  
Swollen brain.

Excitement;  
Newness;  
Creativity;  
Fresh/breezy/sparking.

Turn on . . .  
Turn on . . .  
Turn on . . .

Whew!!

## AND I SIT ON THE DECK

The Sea calls.  
The human race  
In its petty pace  
Is evolving  
On the shore.

The masses of cells,  
That within us dwell  
Stretch back  
To a spark from the Sea –  
Nothing more.

And I sit on the deck,  
Wondering what to expect:  
What has this life  
Got in store?

Out past the horizon I gaze,  
Filling out all the  
Parts of my days  
With creative energies  
Coming to the fore.

What is the Force  
That charts the course  
And, in the end,  
Tallies the score?

Who pilots these senses?  
Who creates all pretenses?  
What is it  
Behind life's door?

And I sit on the deck,  
Wondering who gets the check –  
What has this life  
Got in store?

(continued)

Each of these cells  
Is connected  
One tells;  
We are linked together  
Forever more.  
And the Sea calls  
To each part of the Race  
To pick up its pace  
To move in,  
Away from the shore.

Connected we are:  
Each cell,  
Each star –  
Listen . . . here it is:  
Big Bang's Primal Roar!

And I sit on the deck  
Oh, what the heck,  
We are Now and Here,  
We are all ONE,  
Forever more.

## TIME

Time:  
Minutes, hours, days –  
Steady flow of events,  
Upon events,  
Upon events.

Remembering  
Things, places, people –  
Remembering lives and loves;  
Lines in space;  
Creating past . . .  
Anticipating future.

Prescience:  
Blessing or curse?  
Remembering no time,  
No place –  
Blissful allnothing.

Remembering at ONENESS  
With things and no things;  
Going past creation;  
The eternal void.  
Meeting pure love,  
Peace.

Time:  
An 'interesting' creation  
For embodiment to relate;  
For being on a plain  
Where material selves  
Can dance.

Hear the music –  
That is the eternal language  
Of the Universe.

(continued)

Engage in the practice  
Of Being –  
The place and space  
That time underlies  
And surrounds.

(continued)

Time:

Hold it in your palm;  
Turn it around  
And inside out:  
Play with it.

Time flies;  
Time drags;  
Time stands still;  
Timeless –  
Whose time?  
Got the time?

Tick . . .  
Tock.

Blessed silence.

No time.  
Forever more.

## **IRRESISTIBLE**

Sunshine  
Tops a comely landscape  
Of gently weathered  
Hills and vales.  
I walk proud and strong  
On the high road to selfdom.

Has that brilliant flame  
Always burned to drive  
Down the path to tomorrow?  
Did spent sands  
From The Eternal Sea  
Cover molten creativity,  
Stuffing the eruption?

Domesticated sun,  
Spinning in monotonous orbit  
Within the Universe  
Of endless circles,  
Flies off in a tangent  
Of creative confusion.

The magnetic attraction  
Becomes irresistible.

## WE CAN BE ONE

More -  
Than the obligatory  
Saying in words  
And knee-jerk reactions.

More -  
Than external acts  
For others to see and applaud;

More –  
Than recounting what was;  
Or anticipating  
What could be.

I reach into the ONE  
That is The ONE  
That moves you,  
Thinks you,  
Spirits you,  
Is you.

I experience a soul  
That is wise and whole;  
A spirit that dances  
In the space between the stars;  
Lighting not only galaxies,  
But also, other souls.

I bathe in that light –  
Holding a mirror  
Of clearest cut diamonds  
For you to see  
Your many facets  
And how your soul glows.

I feel and I “know”  
That we are ONE in many ways.

I sense that attraction  
Will pull us into a world -  
(continued)



A world of answers;  
A world of contributions;  
A world of meaning;  
A world of knowing –  
Knowing Who We Are  
And  
Why We Are Here.

It is the trip we came to take;  
It is the path to be followed.  
As you so wisely said:  
“It never gets boring!”

With love . . .  
That is, in the end  
What is the best and only thing  
ONE can offer.

We can be . . .  
We are ONE.

## LIMINAL MOMENTS

Liminal moments  
Imbue our lives  
With mystery and meaning.  
These are the inexplicable experiences  
In which the visible  
And the invisible worlds overlap.

This is the intersection  
Of timelessness with time,  
Expressed through metaphor and poetry.  
These are the soul-level perceptions –  
Subjectively significant –  
Understood in the heart.

These moments,  
These experiences,  
Provide intimations  
Of a divinity in ourselves  
And in the Universe.

These moments are the basis  
Of the perception of an underlying ONENESS,  
And of after-death communication.  
They are called synchronistic,  
Psychic or mystical experiences.

They are.

## **CHAPTER II: LIFE’S GIFTS**

*These poems fall into a category that salutes the gift of life and consciousness. If it is true that we are ‘here’ to experience – to expand the Creator’s creations – then tapping into those aspects that we can access via our creating out of all possibilities those manifest things, events, emotions, thoughts – the creations of consciousness – means we are ‘doing our job!’”*

### **THE JOYS OF A MOMENT**

The droplets of life  
Are held in a crashing,  
Tumultuous Sea –  
Riding the tides,  
Their ebbs  
And their flows.

Sad it is  
That what was once  
Washed upon the shore  
Is gone –  
Except that we know  
They were here.  
They have existed;  
They have made their indelible  
And distinguishing marks.

Life is richer for the cycle --  
The chance.  
May we never lose  
Awe of what transpires.

## **REMEMBER**

Remember  
All the times;  
All the places;  
All the people;  
All the events.

Remember  
The specialness of our planet;  
The sweetness of air and water;  
The magic of a smile;  
The lift of sound, of color, of light –  
The way a baby ‘knows.’

Remember  
The thrill of sensual  
And sexual attraction:  
The letting go of orgasm;  
The loving of a partner:  
Giving and receiving.

Remember  
The getting caught up in a game;  
The forgetting of time;  
The Being  
In the Here and Now.

Remember  
The beginning and the end;  
And the beginning – again;  
And the trip to the edge

And beyond.

*Here's a triptych of Rainbows – catch 'em! They 'played' in and around my trailer home at the Omega Institute.*

### **THE DAY THE RAINBOWS CAME**

It was Sunday morning:  
Father's Day –  
I 'slept in.'  
6:40 A.M.

The sun hit the crystal  
Hanging at the upper window  
Of my trailer at Omega –  
Rainbows appeared everywhere;  
The first time  
I had seen them  
In the 75 days I've been here.

“Hey, y'all,  
Welcome.  
Yes, this is a place  
For you to dwell.”

And how they arranged themselves . . .  
Everywhere and all around.  
A twist on the crystal's ribbon  
And multi-hued angels  
Were flying everywhere.

It was Sunday morning;  
I returned later –  
The rainbows were waiting.  
All the 'stuff' out there:  
The brushings poor ego  
Has to take;  
The “I don't know why's,”  
The “me,” “me,” “me's.”

Maybe I can climb  
Into the crystal  
(continued)

And shoot out  
Into Rainbow World.  
Hurry, though,  
The sun is moving,  
My rainbows are almost . . .  
Gone.

It was Sunday morning,  
A little later.  
The space was empty –  
The rainbows gone.

Can I visit Rainbow Space again?  
Is it in my heart?  
Can I climb into Rainbow World  
And spin in and out of the crystal?

Sunday morning:  
Rainbows . . .  
Life, love, experiences.  
Ah!  
If you are patient,  
The Rainbows  
Will come.

## SHARING RAINBOWS

A rainbow,  
Crystal focused,  
Moves across my wall.

It is long;  
It is warm;  
It is magic;  
It is a gift.

I am transported  
To times  
We shared rainbows  
On your wall.

Think of me  
And “we”  
When you see rainbows.  
My love throbs  
With the pulse.

Oh . . .  
To share  
Rainbows  
With you.

## HELLO RAINBOW

Rainbows  
Form on my walls.  
They float in air  
And light on the ceiling.

Sunlight,  
Captured by cut glass;  
Focused in spots,  
Bringing a smile.  
Look directly into the prism:  
The world explodes!

I remember the light  
You brought into my life –  
The full spectrum of feeling;  
Of being alive.  
I call the rainbows  
Thee!

Look  
Directly into the prism –  
What do you see?

Each morning,  
The rainbows come.  
They are part of my life:  
The sun, the light broken.  
Rainbows;  
Memories;  
Laughter.  
Love.

Hello, you.



## LETTING GO

*[If I had to pick one piece of advice I would give – one thing that I have learned:*

- *from the good and bad ‘stuff’ that I have directly experienced*
- *from the training I received as an Empowerment Facilitator*
- *from all the studies I have done through the years I have been privileged to enjoy on this planet, and*
- *from the wisdom that so many of those who have shared their wisdom in so many ways,*

*what I come up with is the great gift there is to be able to “let go.” This involves ‘letting go’ of all that holds you from moving on in life; from forgiving yourself and others; from being in the Here and Now; from conquering the fear involved in change – in coming up with what you really want to put into the space that is created when you let go.*

*Perhaps the most significant thing I have read comes from Carlos Castaneda in describing his walk along the mountains in Northern Mexico with his mentor, don Juan:*

*“The twilight is the crack between the worlds.” don Juan says. “It is the door to the unknown.” He then points with a sweeping movement of his hand to the mesa where you are standing. “This is the plateau in front of that door.” He then points to the northern edge of the mesa. “There is the door. Beyond, there is an abyss and beyond that abyss is the unknown.”*

*You stand transfixed, looking across the mesa at the edge. “You will now be like dust on the road,” don Juan tells you. “Perhaps it will get in your eyes again, someday.” Don Juan then steps back into the darkness that has descended.*

*You feel very alone. It is unbelievably quiet. All you hear is the beating of your heart.*

*Suddenly – a strange urge, an irresistible force, seizes you. You run to the northern edge of the mesa. You see darkness ahead. You jump off the edge. You are alone.*

*At some time in each of our lives as we travel our path, we come to an edge, a challenge, a decision-point. What do we do? Some decide not to take the challenge and fall back to the road they have been on.*

*Some jump and perhaps crash. Some jump, survive, and resolve never to do that again. Some jump, survive and can't wait to do it again.*

*So: tomorrow's task is to plunge into the unknown by yourself. Sit there and turn off your internal dialogue. Go to the edge and jump into the abyss. You may gather the power needed to unfold the wings of your perception and fly to that infinitude. Create.  
So, walk to the Edge, spread your wings, fly off to that infinitude*

Letting go –  
Is a place;  
Is a time;  
Is a space.

Letting go –  
Sometimes a pain;  
Sometimes numbness;  
Sometimes gain.

Letting go –  
Of the memories that are bad;  
Of the arguments we had;  
Of times that were sad.

I let go  
Of those things;  
Of those times;  
Of the zings.

Instead, I choose not to ever lose;  
And I will retain those things where we gain.

Smiles and laughter;  
Creation and elation;  
Security and maturity;  
With these make a nation.

(continued)

Letting go isn't easy;  
And, yet, we know  
It's the path to take –  
From the learning  
We grow.  
So – let go . . .  
Of what fails thee;  
Focus on  
What enralls thee.

There is a beginning  
To each end;  
Letting go  
Can be your best friend.

## THE UNTANGLE MACHINE

At first glance,  
It seems there is no way  
The morass  
Can be ordered.

Step back.

How does an untangle machine work?

Find the beginning  
(Or the end) –  
Of the tangled thing,  
Be it a space station  
Or a piece of string.

Then . . . be focused;  
Be meticulous;  
Be ordered.  
Wear the Buddha Head,  
The Royal Robe;  
Assume the mantle  
Of the Creator.

And, then . . .  
Listen.  
Hear those who are restorers;  
Hear how it all matters.

So . . .  
Step back;  
And  
Begin.

## JUST A TAG END

Where  
Is endless time's  
Beginning ravel?

Can I find  
Just a little end  
To hold a moment  
To see what is gone;  
What is here;  
What is to come?

How often  
Will I slide  
Under and around  
To come again  
To face the same frustration?

Under and around,  
Over and through,  
To come again  
To face the same frustration.

Just a tag end  
For clinging,  
Just a tag end  
To begin to right  
This imbalance.

## WE TURN

Curled up, around  
Pulling so close  
To make outside  
In.

How can you know?  
And you do

Time is split;  
Each meeting  
Becomes a new dawn . . .  
Rising tentatively.  
Heat and light  
Begin again, and . . .  
The sun really doesn't rise.

We turn,  
Making the warmth rise,  
The smiles flow –  
Creating an aurora  
Of peace and bountiful silence.

Time  
Pushes and pulls.  
It is forever.  
Can we lay with it?

Let it flow all around;  
Keep it close'  
Celebrate together,  
As all are joined  
By the fleecy edges  
Of breeze-blown fluff.

Thunder and lightning:  
The gathered energy  
Of the infernal machines  
Carry the bright, speckled eddies  
(continued)

To quiet pools at sky river's side  
To wait forever  
Until . . .

We turn,  
Making the warmth rise,  
The smiles flow.  
The aurora of peach  
And bountiful silence  
Flow on fleecy edges  
To silence  
The infernal machines forever  
Until . . .

## **LOST AND FOUND**

One can get lost  
On the River of Time,  
Navigating the Past,  
Questioning things  
That don't rhyme.

One can get lost  
In the Forest of Time,  
Never looking up  
To the light  
Of the sublime.

One can get lost  
In the vastness of sky,  
Exploring nether reaches,  
Always questioning:  
Why?

One can get lost  
In the bowels of the earth,  
While the weight of the world  
Obfuscates all of our mirth.

One finds one's self  
In the Here and Now;  
Relax,  
Enjoy it,  
You know how.



## MARIPOSA

*[Butterflies are perhaps my favorite flying things. Their colorings and shapes so attract my eye and my imagination – they are such a fabulous example of transformation. In special times in my life, butterflies seemed to ‘show up’ – certifying that at least at that time that what was going on, what I was seeking, was there and was blessed. Mariposa is the Spanish name for butterflies].*

Winged friend: Mariposa;  
You flew circles  
While I waited for love to arrive.



You incarnated in each place –  
Cupid-playing  
While bathing in the vibes  
Of love's unfolding.

Winged friend: Mariposa;  
You were there,  
Trailing twinkles and love dust  
Wherever we looked.

Dear Mariposa,  
Winged friend –  
Love's messenger –  
Come fly  
On the bosom of enchantment.  
You have earned  
A place in our hearts.

## MORNING GLOW

Early orange glow,  
Whose source is hidden  
Just beyond the end of the street:  
Down  
Or is it up,  
Or just plain out?

Thinking about finding  
The pre-dawn chill,  
And by bright caress  
Producing (pollution-fee)  
Warmth.

Would it be the same  
Without: street, buildings,  
Trees, lights, cars, dogs . . .  
People?

These make a funnel for my eyes,  
And inject a spring to step;  
A life to mind;  
A turn at each corner  
Of my mouth . . . UP

The glow is cool,  
The color illusive.  
Words here serve  
Only as picks  
To memory's eye –  
And, as a lid opener  
On capped feeling  
Of early orange glow.

## WHITHER?

Whither?

The mountains rise up on all sides;  
The valleys pierce the peaks  
To sky's falling off.  
Paths run off everywhere  
Through the wood;  
While white-streaked streams  
Rush off this way and that.

What to follow?  
Which to conquer?  
Why follow?  
Why seek to conquer?  
Why choose at all ...  
Just because they are there?  
Because it is  
Our God-given mission?  
Because heritage calls?  
Meanwhile psyche pushes --  
And that nagging knot  
Incessantly pulses.

Love  
Whispers, beckons,  
Flashes its signals;  
And that hook –  
That handle inside  
Which is for reaching for  
And pulling upon  
Exists.

By reaching out  
And opening up;  
By giving, and giving,  
And giving . . .  
The choice is made;  
The road is covered;  
(continued)

Mountains are bridged;  
And valleys flown.

I flow out to all,  
Cover each crevasse,  
Walk each path  
Its full length  
Until . . .  
It begins again.

Remember  
Be  
It is all an experience.  
And so we live.

## BEACH THOUGHTS

Strewn weed and pebbles,  
Fascinating hordes  
Of shell shapes,  
Washed upon a shore,  
Driven by yesterday's winds;  
Shaded and baked,  
Stepped upon and flung up;  
Caressed and admired.

Some kept for only a moment –  
Others perhaps for a lifetime;  
Alone or crowded together –  
According to the whims and wiles  
Of today's fashions:  
The gathering group  
Of babble-tongued hue.  
Together and indistinguishable –  
Is there a goal?  
Survive for now –  
For this life --  
The current 'eternity.'

Shine bright in light;  
Move in the still struggle  
To the top –  
Efforting to be admired  
And picked.

So many pebbles;  
So many straws;  
Too many decisions  
About which shells to pick.

Destiny to be broken  
Into myriad pieces;  
To lie a hundredfold

(continued)

Beneath the glistening surface  
Of the Eternal Sea,  
Waiting for the next Eternity.

In the while,  
Seek to glisten  
Just a bit more;  
Strive to be taken up  
And cared for.

## FLOATING SOULS

In cool, ice-strewn waters,  
White-flecked with the floe  
Of our humanity,  
Float our souls.

Iceberg camouflaged  
With volcanic hearts;  
The tips only show  
Of mammoth Being –  
Stretching into unfathomed depths  
Of unsounded potential.  
The sun curtsies  
To sister power:  
Light and heat shared.

What shoals to traverse;  
What temptation to resist –  
To lay quiescent  
Within the weed-laden tip,  
Hidden in backwater,  
Stagnating and barnacle baiting.

Far horizons glimmer,  
Sing and call honeyed songs of promise;  
Of fulfillment, of worth.  
How far the voyage?  
Which way the course?  
How true is the company that points?  
From whence the power  
And drive to traverse?

Each soul in its casing  
Works a wide swath,  
As it attracts and grows  
Within the Sea.

(continued)



Veneer-stripped rumblings  
Approach critical mass;  
Explosion and power  
To feed the souls –  
Both beneath and above,  
To glorify  
And fulfill the Mission  
To go, open and burst forth.

The life of a soul.

## **FLOATING ON THE SEA**

*(Aboard the SS Nieuw Amsterdam on the way to Europe - 1963)*

What you push down  
Rises up;  
Time and space are the vital dimensions.  
Round about, all buzzes:  
Burgeoning banalities boom;  
Cacophonous calls crack;  
Delirium dementia droons . . .  
Bottoming.  
As one seeks a sounding,  
Surroundings close in with a surge;  
Pushing;  
And as we bottom,  
We rise.

The loftiness becomes exhilarating,  
Fluffy white,  
Myriad shades of blue,  
The air filled with salt spray,  
As gulls cry and soar.

The mind is restarted,  
Kindling the fire  
Of the soul's burner;  
Stimulating a panoply  
Of raw, half-baked, and full loaves –  
Conceptualizations to feed the path  
To conscious realizations.

What, then,  
Are the vital dimensions?

## WHAT COULD YOU BE?

Try this formula:  
Humankind in some  
Not too distant future  
Is to humankind today  
As humankind today  
Is to caveman and cavewoman.

[past <present> future]

Our skills, senses, thoughts, capacities  
(so advanced today when looking back)  
Are but primitive waking  
To the offspring  
Of our offspring.

Perhaps,  
This is why  
We negatively hold and categorize  
So many tastes, smells, sounds,  
Sights and touches.  
Our senses get lost  
To the media gods  
And electronic devices,  
And to all the other companions  
In no-think-land.

Why do we outlaw  
Mind-expanding substances  
But legalize depressants?  
Why is the creative thinking  
And experimenting soul 'crazy,'  
While "normal" is  
The lowest common denominator?

Do we fear the creative voice we hear?  
Shouldn't we be evolving  
To be more of 'our' selves?  
(continued)

Can we let go of the image  
And fill the space created  
With the visions  
We get to allow?

We incarcerate the true self.  
We analyze until we paralyze –  
All in the name of law,  
Of progress, of normalcy.

Let us remove the barriers;  
Let us move the line;  
And move the line:  
Tolerate  
Cogitate  
Investigate.

I am more than “me,”  
You . . . You  
Think of what  
YOU can be!

### **CHAPTER III: LOVING AND LOOSING**

*Perhaps of all the things that motivate one to create poetry, number one would be the joys and sorrows – the elation and deflation – the almost indescribable feelings and thoughts that are engendered by romantic attachment and detachment. This Chapter from the Eternal Sea is very self-centered in the most part. Chapter IV is in the same vein and also has a subset that includes some ‘incoming’ poems that were sent to me. There may or may not be a ‘match’ among the poems included here. Looking at what has been written, I can picture just a few situations that can be ‘tagged.’ The rest let’s just dedicate to this most delicious of sentiments and experiences, and to lovers whomever and wherever they are.*

#### **MAKE WHEN NOW**

When I am with you,  
I want to be  
The person I like.

Too often,  
I’ve been driven by ego,  
Claiming abject love.  
Too often,  
I’ve been a petulant kid,  
Ready to run when rejected.

When I am with you,  
I want to be  
The person you like.

I want to fit in  
The nooks and crannies –  
The interstices in your life.

When I am with you,  
I want you to be  
The person you like.

(continued)

There are lots of joys  
And wondrous moments  
To share, being together.  
There is spiritual delight;  
Closeness and ONENess,  
And oh those EQ's  
[Emotional Quakes].  
There is mutual appreciation,  
Sharing of experiences –  
Sharing of sadness and cheer.

There is a fit  
Where the individual piece  
Is preserved  
In the jigsaw of life.

So, it is time  
To celebrate  
Our joys and wonders.  
It is time  
To bury petulance,  
Together with ego's fantasies –  
Being fully aware,  
Each of the other.

Can we walk those paths  
That from time to time  
Criss-cross in ecstasy?

Can we make when  
NOW?

## LOVE'S GIFT

Love  
Is like  
Each growing thing:  
It needs to be  
Nourished to grow.  
Weeds choking it  
Need to be plucked.

Sometimes the weeds  
May be perennial;  
Other times  
They may quickly bloom,  
Fade and die –  
Never to grow again.

Some love  
Yields food for the body;  
Other love  
Nourishes the soul.  
Once in a while –  
Sometimes it is a long, long while,  
That very special flower blooms.

It has no reason;  
It has no rhyme;  
It just IS –  
Is sheer joy  
Happiness to behold, to savor.  
A love to be IN,  
To be a part of and share.

No point asking why or how;  
No real way to resist.  
Just roll it 'round –  
Savor . . . enjoy.  
Give thanks!  
Give great thanks  
(continued)

That life has dealt something  
So GOOD!

Love  
Is like  
Each growing thing.  
When nourished  
And allowed,  
We all become  
A song to sing.



## CROSSROADS

*[This poem won me “Poet of the Year” award at the State University of New York, Morrisville – Kudos to the English Department there]*

A crossroads,  
Creeping through those inner parts:  
The interstices of marrow;  
The backstairs of the psyche;  
The third eye’s retina,  
The final jangle  
Of each ganglion’s pulse;  
Memory’s yet-to-come input;  
The light rushing ‘round the corner  
To confront my soul’s  
Beyond tomorrow.

A pulse, a beat, a cacophony –  
Sounding and playing  
That ‘other’  
Who’s been a part of you;  
That soul who, of late,  
(So sad “of late”)  
Whose vibrations have set off  
That who wave  
Of sympathetic notes,  
Until each mini-second  
Of each hour,  
For every day that I live,  
Sounds with the potential  
Of the love that who will deny . . .  
Exists.

Of love that cannot be denied;  
Sounds of the realization  
Of wishes – past and present –  
Sounds echoing but a moment  
In the eternal span of time.  
(continued)

A crossroads, I devine,  
Is near – or here.  
Which path, which road,  
Can we kick up  
In harmonious steps;  
Joyous dust that will play  
Tunes of delight,  
Sorting itself into masterpieces.

Kaleidoscope of love,  
Fusing with growing strength  
Until its power and light  
Melts two super beings  
Into a galaxy  
Whose power sweeps all before it.

Or, do the lovers  
Take separate paths:  
Tears moistening  
Purple forget-me-nots,  
As distance renders the bond  
Between two suns.

Memories  
Have been etched in the paths –  
Yes, bittersweet renditions  
Of nagging regret and uncertainties  
Over what Union with realization  
Might have yielded.

There spins between these orbs  
That gentle, lovely soul -  
The “we” –  
Springing from the essence of each  
That grows with each day;  
Each revolution  
Spinning off a mass  
Whose light may outshine  
All others.  
(continued)

Though spirit drags  
Crossroads there is.

Here is my hand,  
Tomorrows call  
And we must go on.  
Will you take that hand  
And match my tread  
On the road  
We both can trod?

## THE LAST NOTE OF YOUR SONG

*[I really like this one – the concept of being “the last note in the song being sung,” in the final ‘act’ of someone you love – unconditionally – just shivers my timbers (love that phrase also!). Music, to me, is the universal language – it speaks to all who hear it and creates a whole other sentiment and understanding from words – particularly if the words are ones you don’t understand because they are in another language. Life itself has an eternal music – an eternal song].*

The fire of life  
Burns bright and burns strong,  
Energy is singing  
Life’s eternal song.

That energy flows  
Into matter and music,  
And we human spirits  
Are created to use it.

We were created,  
Humans, tigers and doves,  
To experience life’s dealings,  
It’s travails and its loves.

The fire of life  
Burns bright and burns strong  
I want to be  
The last note in your song.

The lesson is simple,  
Open and clear,  
Be in the Now,  
Be Present, Be Here.

Do understand that the eternal quest  
Is to be at ONE,  
In the Creative Spirit’s nest.

(continued)

The fire of life  
Burns bright and burns strong,  
It's the space between the notes,  
In Love's sweet song.

The music you play,  
It's best loud and strong,  
Makes me want to be  
The last note in your song.

## **MY LOVE LIES INSIDE**

I can feel  
The spot  
Where you lie.

It's on the left side  
In a revolving curve,  
Underneath  
My heart.

I reach out  
To bring you in.

The melding seems  
Not terribly hard.

Then,  
I tuck you away.

My love  
Lies inside.

## LIFE'S MAGNIFICENT CHARGE

Bubbles burst;  
Rainbows disappear;  
Warmth and light  
Are followed  
By biting wind  
And darkest night.

Joy can dwell inside.  
Visions paint  
Our brain's eye  
With every colored hue.

So, too,  
Love sits in the saddle  
Of a charging steed –  
And, oft times,  
Falls off.

Nothing, here, though  
To stop  
Life's magnificent charge:

The struggle  
Up the hill  
In stickered wood,  
Reaching the exhilaration  
Of the top.

## **LIFE IS FOR LIVING**

Life  
Is, oh, so many things  
When a smile surrounds.

Life  
Grabs and holds me  
When I listen to your sounds.

Life is for living  
When love is a-giving:  
Life is, oh, so many things  
When you are around.

There are many forces  
One can't ignore:  
All the Kings' men and horses  
Are here to assure  
That life is, oh, so many things  
When you are around.

Life has its reason  
In each and every season,  
My senses get pleasin'  
When you are a teasin',  
And life IS for living  
When you are around.

So keep up the music,  
Be with it  
And choose it;  
Love is the harmony  
That the soul sounds.

Life is . . .  
Just so complete  
When you are around.



## **SWEET NECTAR**

The sweet nectar of life  
Moistens the dewy petals  
Of the lovely flower  
That is your soul.

I,  
Bee-like  
Fly to draw  
The nectar  
For my new hive.

I leave  
Undisturbed,  
But enriched.  
Blessed be YOU:  
The flower  
Whose nectar  
Has become  
The sustenance  
And sweetner  
Of this new life.

**NYPL (New York Public Library)**

*[The big central public library of the NYC system is at 42<sup>nd</sup> street in Manhattan – (no one ever says ‘Manhattan’ – it is ‘The City’ or New York). The main entrance is framed by two stone lions. I stood there fairly often and wondered what they were saying and what they cared about – if anything. And such riches inside – although relatively hard to access.]*

The lions turn  
The other way –  
Cathedral of knowledge  
Framed our joy,

Temple of learning  
Knows nothing  
Of the twists  
Fate can employ.

Cold books,  
Scratchings on paper,  
On shelves  
All properly in a row.

Yet, outside,  
In the warm drizzle,  
Emotions  
Create the glow.

The spark  
Grows to a fire;  
The flames fanning  
“True Love.”

The lions turn  
Another way,  
Which condition  
Is the real one?  
Which state  
(continued)

The ultimate Truth?

Can all those collected words  
Give the answer?  
Does it lie  
Under that roof?

Was all that  
A temporal flush of emotion,  
Or rather the coming together  
Of the one and only truth?

I am caught up  
In the challenge;  
Where is the answer?  
How to pick,  
How to choose?

Perhaps,  
They are inseparable  
And by choosing  
One would lose.

## AT FIRST

*(I met a woman during dance classes at The Omega Institute – I was single at this time, having relatively recently gone through a ‘friendly’ but still difficult divorce. Would another woman enter into my life? This poem reflects the ‘odyssey’ that ensued).*

At first,  
You smiled at me –  
Just an ‘innocent,’  
Sweating through five shirts,  
Trying to figure dance steps  
For a performance  
I would only get to watch.

At first,  
You enticed me.  
You came back,  
Smiled a lot,  
And was always ‘there.’

At first,  
How nice it was  
To have someone  
Excited to see you  
And seek you out.  
We talked;  
It seemed so easy  
And ‘nice.’  
I got “hooked.”

At first,  
You confused me;  
And, yes,  
You told me  
It would be four months –  
At least –

(continued)

Until I could come  
To your house:

I came the next weekend.

At first,  
I slept as a guest;  
Then I held you –  
God, holding you  
Was the nicest place  
I'd ever been  
In my 21,870 days.  
It made me feel  
That I wanted to do it  
For another 31,930 days.

At first,  
You drove me crazy;  
And then there was raised  
The specter  
Of discomfort and mistrust.  
You didn't believe me;  
You thought  
I would intentionally hurt you;  
God, that gave me  
Such pain.

I trusted the truth would prevail –  
And it did.  
The scars healed on us both.  
I came to want to be near you –  
Lots;  
To refocus m place  
Of Being in life.  
I wanted to be a support system  
For your life's goals.

(continued)

And then,  
You said I was crowding you!  
The ground fell out  
From beneath me.

At first,  
You had opened for me  
A new door to love.  
I loved your music,  
And making music with you.  
I loved your laugh,  
And laughing with you.  
You picked me . . .  
There I was, laughing with you.

I loved  
The comfort of your home  
And being comfortable there.  
I even loved  
Your regal pair of felines  
And figured we all  
Could have a wonderful life together.

So  
Where was this explorer to go?  
I thought I was  
On the 'right' path,  
Yet kept running into  
"No Trespassing" signs,  
Seeing nothing  
But brambles ahead.

At first,  
You had picked me.  
How nice it was  
To have someone –  
Someone you grew to love –  
Excited to see you;  
(continued)

To seek you out;  
And make you feel welcome.  
Oh,so good!

Holding you  
At that time  
Was being so close  
To feeling at ONE  
With the source  
From whence all comes.

So, now,  
*(that now was a couple of decades ago!)*  
Can we move  
Past picking out  
To create what comes next?

So, now,  
Is there a path  
To your heart  
And love's life  
I can follow?

Will you take my hand,  
Will you take my heart,  
Will you dance with me  
To the Universe's beat?

At first,  
You smiled,  
Enticed, picked . . .  
Confused –  
Where will it end?  
*(It did)*

## MY SOUL JUST AIN'T THE SAME

Head kinda heavy  
And chin hanging down,  
Fighting through the  
Earth-bound fog;  
Eyes, mind,  
Lifting up.

Then rose salmon  
Cotton-tiered cloud.  
Mountain tops rounded –  
But not bowed:  
“You are your own best friend.”  
To live, then, I am learning . . .  
Damn well, how.

But,  
And this think  
Is an essential part --  
A true nub of me:  
My soul ain't the same  
When it is not  
Connected to “WE.”

In fantasy land,  
Church into theater is re-made;  
On the screen  
Don Quixote's a-questing,  
Seeking Dulcinea  
A scullery maid.  
And, yet, I dare . . .  
I do  
Dream the impossible dream,  
And turning homeward  
Search for the path  
Upward to the sky.

Crescent moon,  
(continued)



Long and erie,  
Piercing through earth-bound fog;  
Then still looking up . . .  
Arriving –  
But not going inside.

Stars fixed in random beauty:  
Fixed by each of our searching eyes;  
Crossing then –  
A flash of light—  
A “shooting star” . . .  
Fate; Kismet;  
Calling to Westerly shores,  
To goals near and far.

My soul is a good one –  
So welcome journey-mate and friend.  
Somehow, somewhere  
(Oh, I know)  
I have discovered (with you)  
That place where that road  
Has an end.  
There are beginnings:  
Myriad dreams.  
Gazing upward becomes normal.  
Life is so much fuller,  
It does seem.

So choice:  
Here you face me (us).  
We know it's no game,  
Something is not quite right –  
And to fix it I aim.  
So hear you this message;  
Think of the shame  
When we are not together . . .  
Our souls  
Just ain't the same.

## SPECIAL YOU

Cheeks:  
Whose muscles stretch  
In joy and freedom.

Mind:  
Wide, absorbing,  
Released.

Emotions:  
Unmixed, real,  
Warm.

Ears:  
Grasping the rumble,  
The deep depth  
Of you.

Nose:  
Filling  
With a special scent.

Limbs and blood,  
Nerves and muscles –  
Body alive  
As it draws  
Breath of you.

## CHAPTER IV: SHARING

*Creativity, of which poetry and other writings is a part, is not a one-way street. And the experiences and stimuli that engender what gets created are often shared and not just something affecting or relating to the author/creator. Some of what follows I categorized as "incoming." Love and feelings and perceptions are spoken of and shared. I have taken a few 'liberties' with the writings that were mostly shared on 'scraps' of various kinds of paper. There were few titles and a little punctuation has been added here and there. The rest is pretty much as was resurrected. Enjoy!*

### A MESSAGE

I received this message;  
I sent it on to you:

elements in a universe  
realized we are in space  
the largest we become in each other's arms.

are we to be alchemists joining in the answers  
while we are the forces pulling wonder to form?

there is a part of me which is the worldless scientist,  
star gazer,  
earth mender  
serving the perfection  
of mind and desire.

a hugeness about us,  
an open-ended scheme,  
mandate: explore and record  
react together,  
opening our time to weightlessness, there are no wiser fools.

## THE PLAYGROUND WITH THE FASTEST SWINGS

you and I awake,  
having a cup of tea,  
nothing set before us in the day;  
the sun would break through;  
the rain would seem to stop.

it became a much more  
crowded world last night –  
a place for lovers only in the mind.  
there is no doing away with  
the other's lover – no thought of it;  
but is there a ramble path through the other's?

can the stroking of black curls  
in Ashland up to the morning  
be felt in Woodstock hollows  
on a walking head of salt & pepper  
pressed to the life of another  
found soul?

plow horses riding the early morning,  
a bluesy yawn, and all the solemn promises  
play the futures on a nod.

you're an important man in my life;  
your presence as "evolved" man  
shapes a space for my womanhood.  
you're an environment for my history, present and past;  
the Playground with the fastest swings;  
the museum with the lushest walls.

but time is tight this year as  
everyone knows and creative centers  
close early – may the luck of  
being locked in, staying all night –  
do gents gossip?

(continued)

the preview of the growth  
ahead of you excites me  
like the promise of a carnival  
for one night only.

the notion  
to become lovers is a sweet notion;  
strangers exchange lives in a moment –  
carbon arcs.

the need to talk to you;  
the must of dialogue  
last night (Sunday, Our Town)  
set you as “not me,”  
“other than me” –  
Separate and beyond the region of monologue.

so I write you, two cups of tea,  
music to move me along,  
and spoken conversation awaiting  
a call.

I find this all interesting,  
the way humans feel;  
what they choose to sustain recreation  
(I love you)  
can I touch your sweet lips?

after speaking to you –  
in the most complicated  
association;  
two humans,  
I speak in images of simplicity,  
almost ritual.

tea, the smelling of air  
with rain stuck in its teeth,  
the licking of sandstone,  
the making of each other human;  
(continued)

perhaps the creating of each other by touch,  
anointed with sun, lips, earth, wind.  
we are of the same mind.  
there is consent to exchange knowledge.

I lie open to your imagery.

### **CARPETBAGGERS OF LOVE**

I am exhausted and walking with  
the thought of you.

The evening light is a saturation.  
words are forming like February  
buds on my limbs:  
skin gardens of poems for you,  
aiming one love on the light  
and the other is held  
like mercury in crystal.

as I drive,  
the sky melts on my eyes,  
clouds are holding the romantic era  
and I travel in the folds.

We've made summer plantings of winter's gardens  
(we become carpet-baggers of love)

## WINDING MY WAY

Light fades:  
Each day  
Shorter.

Tree's soul signals,  
Leaf's lifeline dries;  
My spirit, using rainbow brush  
Touches leaf.

Spirit also paints you;  
But mind's eye,  
And soul's touch  
Won't cover your glimmer –  
Your inner radiance.  
God! So lovely!  
Formed by that laughter  
You patented and own.

Another laughter comes to mind,  
Touched off by sensual play:  
The music that you make  
As I ride along.  
You peer from familiar spot:  
I put you, your light,  
In favorite places to be.

My alone time is with you  
As I reach, stretch out.  
My senses try their wings  
And I FLY  
In ways I can't fathom,  
Except by touching thee.  
My thoughts brush softly  
The sides of your cheeks:  
Finely covered,  
(continued)

Pink spheres introverted.

I salute,  
Seeking your tongue;  
Juices flowing,  
Seeking those fields  
Where your puddles lay.

I am sky and cloud,  
You mountain –  
To lay upon and surround:  
So softly,  
So lightly,  
Finding ways to unite.

Our skins, our covers,  
Shatter as souls, juices, thoughts  
Burst through  
To unite . . . to fly;  
To mix and tumble;  
To intertwine;  
To become as ONE.

The effort is exhausting.  
I have changed.  
I have given all.  
All to know that I love  
And am loved:  
Knowing that fills  
All my days.

And as the days shorten,  
Light fades –  
And so doth our time together?  
Perhaps not;  
There are ways . . .  
Summer lovers?  
Comets touching?  
Wildflowers mating?  
(continued)

Trying phase after phase.



Remembering and re-living:  
Intertwining by the fire –  
    Becoming the fire –  
Touching, licking, burning,  
    Flaming side by side:  
    Two bear hides  
    Slowly rubbing,  
Interminable hibernation:  
A different way of dancing –  
    One of Love's  
    Many faces.

Oh, there is something  
    Burning inside:  
    Growing spirit  
More in love with you –  
It is so easy then to fly:  
    Just plug into DC.

So love, I'm connect;  
I draw from your current;  
Your flows and your energy;  
    Your spirit and drive.  
Your swings are the fastest  
And on them I do ride.

Keep the flag flying  
When tears we are crying;

They make a river  
On which we can flow.  
In these waters,  
We can join and mingle  
    Our hearts,  
    Our minds,  
    Our souls.

(continued)

Our ripples come together:  
Under and over –  
Making circles and eddies  
That will forever remember  
Our lives and our loves.  
What, then, does it matter  
If our bodies are apart?

So shortening days  
You are welcome;  
The change of season  
Merely stimulates other ways  
To reach out and be touched.

May I now paint you  
With rainbow;  
Blow upon thee with cool breeze;  
Cover you with falling leaves?  
I caress your sweet warmth;  
Your lumpy nextness;  
Your twinkling presence;  
Your luxurious languor.

We exist forever  
In our togetherness World.

## MY CELLS HOWL

Lover, who are you, gentle in my bed,  
the power of lions in your jungle strokes?  
my cells howl at the moon for you:  
man who's very, very bright –  
soul and passions as soft and holy as candle's light.

particles, waves,  
ether suspensions and a floating walk,  
until the touch –  
the teeth shown, the tongue coiled:  
the deepest heaven.

rest,  
fold your hands held in my arms,  
tones burst forth around our love.

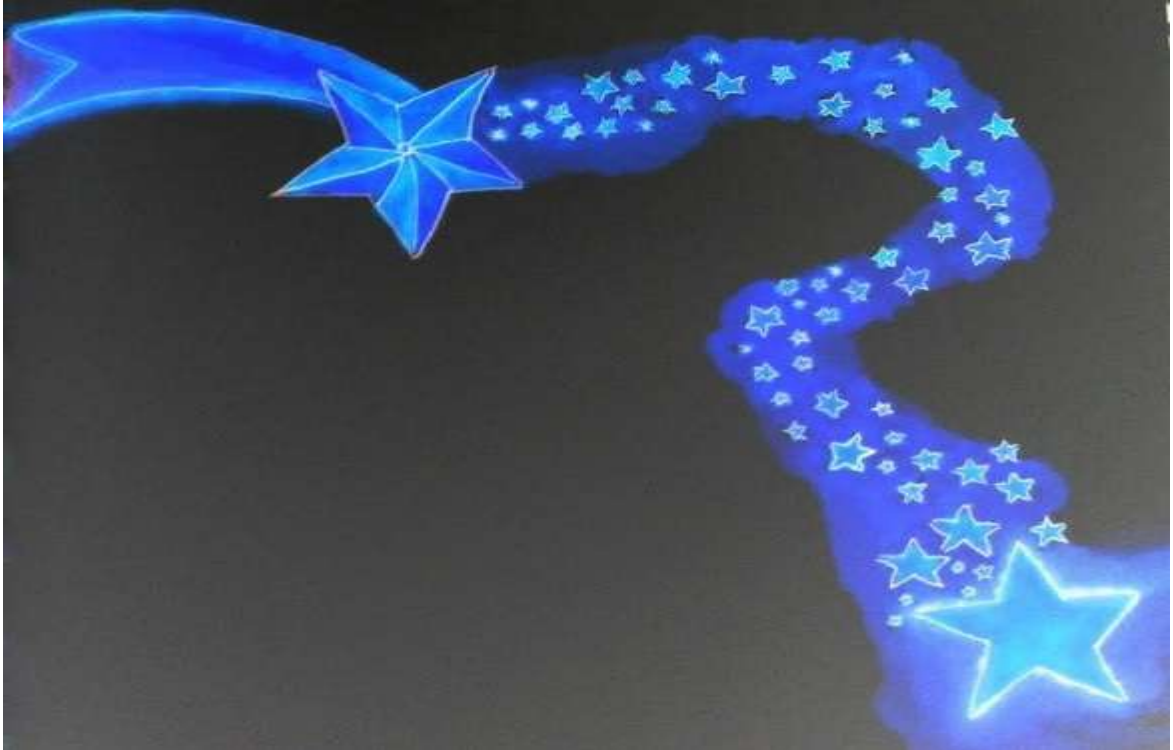
## WE ARE THE PLAYERS

tumbling forward in the autumn light,  
lovers peel back my eyes,  
hello my sweet.  
lascivious giants –  
carnival jugglers with my possible lines,  
and I *prefer you*  
feeling your way through  
and giving  
shelter in the personal unknown.

Sunday  
There is instinct urgency  
and the opening of a smile at the “ain't that just somethin'”  
lunar docking, click, of no touch – vapor joy –  
desks and furniture wise as all get out.

my love,  
we are the players of each other's mystery.

## OUR GALAXY



Bright star  
From afar,  
What magic attraction?  
You could be cool,  
A mere fragment  
Of that mysterious firmament,  
Forever adding just a spot  
To my dreams of you  
And night.

Eyes wander  
With forced thought  
To other constellations –  
Other bodies who spin and glow,  
Who call with siren's song,  
Falling on my ears  
As only the static

Of the Universe.

Bright star,  
Growing sun,  
Filling my nights  
With blinding glow  
Of all the suns  
Of my days.

Days past, whose clouds  
Are burned to nothing  
By the light and warmth  
Of each tomorrow's sun,  
Shining through my heart  
To inner eye,  
Delighting my soul.

Shining star,  
From afar,  
I rise and grow  
(continued)  
To fill the space  
And time inbetween.

My dust and parts  
Coalesce and burn,  
Falling in, while falling up  
To critical mass.

I, too, am star.  
I rise and grow,  
Gaining equal orbit,  
Matching light and heat.

Twin suns,  
Feeding each other  
As matter flies  
In passionate exchange.  
Symbiotic orbits,  
Drawing in from near and far –

Matter and force,  
We spin –  
Each a sun.

Together we suns  
Are a new galaxy,  
Finding new power,  
New force,  
With each orbit  
Of our special days.

I rise and grow  
To your call and light.  
This truth  
Is our fate,  
Is our destiny.

### **UNRESOLVED**

my mind is muddled –  
dreams from days ago fall into  
morning tea –  
as unresolved  
as the future.

I'm afraid  
Of the truth in worried ideas,  
pile on the load;  
there are no endings  
in the bleak tenderness,  
just building corrals  
for the quality of life.

I am clattering  
the knives on the bars.

## MOLECULAR FOG

roving internal burn alchemists,  
with standing onslaughts  
by 'aura.'  
dazzling molecular fog,  
lipstuck to our skins and  
falling in veils.

molecular fog –  
particles of our spoken thought,  
ranging desires  
and color  
chewed on and spit.

love me the color of  
moon's skin tonight.

## REVERIE

In a spot for reverie,  
Love's sacred and roaming monks set the tones;  
I cannot carry anger or cynicism within it.

I go there for the secrets we discuss most freely academic.  
I lay me down on springs of laughing souls –  
simple cacophonies (of blown notes)  
tune the buoyant lunacy.

embers cross my lips with songs  
(century twine)  
slung like South American sleeping hammocks  
in this rambling mind;  
a restful perusal of all that has been;  
(that you are laying in a hammock  
of centuries from which you gaze  
at times).

## LUXURY

I've thought of a luxury I'd like to share with you.  
The luxury of laying about, sometimes propped up,  
with books each held in silent opportunity for thought –  
that active passion we rarely share the enjoyment of.

Each of us reading quietly, agreeing, passing,  
breaking in inaudible cheers.

Side-by-toe or head-to-belly  
Until an extravagant break into kisses ‘  
Exchanging the workings of an author's ideas  
as we fold them into our minds.  
The exuberance of reasoned reaction to someone's work;  
The pleasure of expressing one's sense of it all up to now –  
making the love of scholars pleased with themselves  
and looking for the perfect mean.



## **WALK BUT A BIT WITH ME**

Why can't we sometimes see  
The forest for the trees?  
Sun's glare, moon's glow,  
Casts out the mind freeing  
And never ending possibilities  
Of a trip through the vast Universe  
That lies beyond.

Spirit entwined  
At the mouth of the cave,  
High on purple mount  
Struggles to free itself –  
To look first  
At the endless green and stretch  
Of the fields and valley below.

Spirit yearns to soar  
O'er peak upon peak.  
But how, when entwined,  
At the mouth of the cave,  
High on purple mount?

I stand and grow,  
As forest over tree;  
As Universe beyond sun and moon;  
As endless valley and reaching range  
Of snow-roofed peaks.

I reach  
To clear eyes and ears;  
I call to show the way  
And light the path  
To realization.

Walk not ahead or behind,  
But by my step  
To test the tread.

(continued)

Listen but a bit to words,  
Echoing the mumblings  
Of soul's furnace,  
And to the sounds  
Of wind, of bird,  
Of rustling tree,  
Of roaring brooks,  
And snowy tread.

Share a bit –  
For no matter what,  
It will stretch your soul;  
More room for feeling and giving.

Walk a bit with me;  
Look at forest, Universe,  
Plain and peaks.  
Fear not for yourself,  
Your love,  
Our seed.

I am gentleness born on the wind,  
Riding a leaf over gushing stream,  
The sparkle in the web  
Lit by fire's glow.

Fear not –  
Love

## MOTES IN THE AIR

it is in my soul that I love you,  
so it is that I read:  
(skimming centuries; a sleek flat rock on mind's skin)  
Pythagoras, who grants us to be born  
with the music of the spheres  
in answer to its silence  
and souls pulled from the void as numbers.

The soul is the motes in the air.  
Motes of their own nature continually move,  
even in complete calm.

The soul is attunement.  
The soul is . . .  
but the body.  
the body is to receive it;  
diving to the soul,  
we love in tender storms –  
the day is held,  
and we are the day.

In the afternoons  
I dress in the muse,  
exhausting myself  
on fantasies and rhyme,  
leaning on the evening light  
'til fallen asleep by.

I accept lovers,  
and all of them  
are you.

## **WHERE SILENCE THUNDERED**

We minded the crystal jewels  
from surfaces of moon glitter  
and rode them  
down snowy dunes  
into shadows of stillness  
where silence thundered.

I thank the gods for sweet night  
which opens heaven to my soul.  
I thank you, my sweet friend,  
for flowering in my sight of joy.

you coached the morning  
pastel colors to my door  
and covered my wakened eyes  
with your soft glow of rose  
hovering over mountain breasts.

## **MOMENTS OF OURS**

suddenly it hurts  
to think of you  
or touch lip to face and palm to falling hair.  
a thousand times we'll never laugh together;  
time chews you open and I am alone.

there are moments of ours –  
a kiss lasting or when you,  
with ancient hunger only, wet my hair  
with your tongue and chew soft circles  
of darkness in the gold.

tell me the truth with your hands,  
you know that thought blows wild,  
invisible in the gathering woods;  
warming dragons' bone dust, and  
century-old light to burning night,  
we will sustain the flesh of summer.

## APART – FOR TOGETHERNESS

Give me some air,  
Some room,  
SPACE  
For growing;  
For looking down  
And around.

To me,  
Inside has to grow.  
All about you,  
I want to know:  
The bits and pieces  
I want to sew,  
Creating the fullest life  
That we can have.

We will make air,  
Room and space,  
And time for soul,  
Body and face;  
For smiles, laughter, and delight;  
For tears, turmoil,  
Pain, and empty nights;  
For rekindling flames;  
Relearning names;  
Contemplating from below,  
Aside and above:  
Time, space, room  
Researching the love  
That was there,  
Covered over and hurt;  
If it is true and strong  
Out it will spurt.

So it begins –  
This experiment,  
Testing strongly  
(continued)

If for each other  
We were meant.

I throw myself in  
With strength;  
Confidence and grace,  
To let love  
Come back,  
Through time,  
Room,  
And Space.

### **DO I REACH YOU?**

I feel,  
I can project my thoughts;  
My experiences;  
My feelings  
To you  
Across whatever time  
And distance separates.  
It is scary  
And exciting.

You fill empty pockets  
In my being –  
Blank spaces  
In my thoughts;  
Dips in my emotions.

Here,  
On the edge of so many things,  
Are you to be a part –  
A partner –  
A vehicle?  
A destroyer of recreation?  
What?  
(continued)

I've been reaching out;  
I've been aching.  
Do I reach you?  
Can you feel those threads  
Moving around you,  
Running up your limbs,  
Caressing each patch of flesh,  
Brushing by and rubbing against  
Each hair,  
Resting in warm spots –  
Moist spots;  
Running and flowing  
With your juices,  
Being swallowed  
And entering the inside of you –  
Maybe becoming a part?

Do you feel that?  
Do I reach you?

I ache from  
Loving you.

## **CHAPTER V: WOMEN, MEN AND HAPPINESS**

*Maybe it is a non-starter, an impossible dream, or a complete non-sequitur when one puts men and women together and anticipates that happiness can somehow be yielded. Or, is a real basis for happiness the joining of the two sexes in a truly loving and mutually respectful and mutually supportive relationship? In my forays looking to find bases for happiness, I ran into John Cowper Powys (1872-1963) who was described as “one of the great puzzles of 20<sup>th</sup> century literature.” He wrote over 50 volumes, including novels, poetry, essays and philosophical works. In his “Art of Happiness,” Powys portrayed women in a very dated way (at least to my way of thinking). He held women on a pedestal that most women today would not climb upon. In any event, I was inspired to use his musings as a basis for some descriptive-type poetry that I suggest could best be enjoyed by being read aloud (as are most poems I do believe).*

*Just to be clear:*

*I am of the belief that women are a superior race.*

### **WOMAN**

A woman is an artist  
Who creates an atmosphere  
Into which she can escape;  
Where she can stay  
Whole and independent  
While her mate  
Is perpetually dragging her  
To engage in purposes,  
Undertakings and mental images  
All of his own.

Her world and his  
Are separate crystal spheres  
That actually touch  
At only one point:  
The point of enjoyment of each other –

(continued)



An enjoyment  
That would lose its zest  
If what touched  
Were two flat boards  
And not a magnetic point  
On the curve of a planetary circle.

Women are closer to nature;  
Women savor deeply  
And mysteriously  
The general spectacle of the world.  
They relish, with an indescribable glow,  
This motley procession  
Of sights and sounds;  
Of changing moods  
As the fitful fever of life  
Foams and ferments around them.

The sub-aqueous pleasure of theirs –  
In the chaotic motion of the life-stream –  
Belongs to the innermost  
Nerves of their being.

Only the wisest of them  
Are aware of their deepest happiness;  
And, aware or not,  
They all enjoy it,  
Drawing their miraculous endurance from it.  
They are all mediums  
Of its occulted revelations.

Every woman is a sea shell,  
Within whose hollow curves  
The great ocean of life  
Murmurs its hidden secrets.

This mystic realism of theirs  
Evokes that indescribable smile  
When they listen to man.

(continued)

Man: the abstractor of essences;  
Man: the projector of theories;  
Man: the creator of ideas;  
Man: the discoverer of laws –  
Droning on like a great metaphysical  
Bumble bee on the high shore  
Of the many-sounding deep.

A woman's world  
Is a coral pleasure dome,  
Built upon the depths  
Of the fabulous gulf-stream  
Of life.

It is hard to re-enter  
This earthly paradise  
When the pressure of common life,  
Of custom and recurrence  
Have once closed those magic gates.

She escapes into her own world  
Of sensation and creation –  
A world that links her girlhood  
With her womanhood –  
A world that all other women  
Can make shiver to its foundations;  
A world about which  
No man –  
From the beginning of history –  
Has any clue!

## HAPPINESS AND LOVE

When a woman loves,  
She loves a man's inalienable self  
(*recognizing here that love can span one's own gender also*)

That self which his dignity –  
His pride and his masterfulness –  
His grandiose gestures,  
As well as what his lust  
And weakness conceal.  
These things are concealed  
Not only from the world,  
But also from man, himself.

A woman's happiness  
Is rarely a mental thing –  
Rarely a self-conscious thing.  
A woman's happiness is indeed,  
At its deepest and most natural,  
Just that very pleasure  
That there is in life itself.

For a man to be happy,  
His pride needs to be satisfied;  
His lust satisfied;  
His conscience satisfied;  
His love of work,  
And his love of play  
Satisfied.

For a woman  
It is much more complicated.  
Conscience has nothing to do with it;  
Pride very little;  
Lust hardly at all;  
Neither work or play  
Emerge as of primary importance.

(continued)

She – woman - must have  
Scope to live to herself:  
To build a self-stylized  
Work of Art that surrounds her  
Like a mother-of-pearl shell,  
Projecting her essential soul.

## **HAPPINESS FOR MAN AND WOMAN**

*(So, is there, then, an answer – a formula – to achieving happiness in a relationship? Let's leave aside for this exploration same sex relationships although the roles assumed may also benefit from this one).*

To be happy –  
With that deep, fluid, pervasive happiness –  
Waiting to brim over  
From the Sacred Fount  
To invade every nerve and fiber –  
A woman needs to feel  
Her desirability.

Her desirability relates first  
To her relationship with the common elements –  
Things appearing solid  
(which we know they are not)  
And things so related  
To how the things  
She interacts with –  
To the cosmos.

Then, with regard to herself,  
To other women,  
To her particular man:  
She needs to yield herself up  
To that mysterious  
Embrace of the Universe  
Where she feels  
That she loves  
Everything in the world –  
And everything in the world  
Loves her.  
She becomes  
A bride of the Universe.

(continued)

What man loves  
Is girlhood in the abstract.  
He then becomes possessed  
By a mysterious and strange Being  
Whose ways are not his ways;  
Whose thoughts are not his thoughts.  
So what is he to do?  
Confess his sins,  
Offer up on the altar  
His conquests and his pride.

It is better to be a shameless fool  
In Paradise,  
Than a discreet and honorable gentleman  
In Hell.

Hold her as  
The wickedest of all women;  
And when you have gone the limit –  
Think of her  
As you love her best;  
As you admire her most:  
All fault forgotten.  
The wickedest will then have died  
And your angel returned to life.

Assume it is impossible for her to change;  
Yet always possible  
For you to change.  
She is an elemental force of nature.

If you, as man, are to be happy –  
Your first rapturous epoch  
Of love-making now past –  
You must forever stimulate  
That magical lust  
Which a woman's body  
And the expressions on her face  
So excite you.

(continued)

Use every passing glimpse  
Of other long-for caskets of mystery  
To enhance diffused satisfaction  
In the one at your side.  
This “bird in the hand,”  
Is a living embodiment of  
All the infinite allurements  
That so attract you.

So, in the end,  
What is the formula –  
The equation, the potion,  
The posture, the stance  
That will enable each –  
And together –  
To recapture and hold  
The magic of romance?

The whole glory of going onward  
Is wrapped in the formula:  
**That *he* should be man to the limit –**  
**And**  
**That *she* should be woman as she was born.**

*Happiness is then  
Forever being renewed  
By the eternal building of new bridges  
Over the everlasting gulf.*

## CHAPTER VI: NATURE AND NURTURE

*My stack of poems is dwindling down – almost like the words in September Song: “and the days dwindle down to a precious few” and “the wine dwindles down to a precious brew.” So let’s see if I can brew up some precious words and thoughts about nature, actions and reactions, and some relationship to experience and The Eternal Sea.*

### NATURE’S WAY

When the balance  
Of people and nature  
Is mostly nature’s way,  
Life seems more tranquil,  
In order, with reason –  
Day, happily, follows day.

How much of life involves fighting –  
Struggling for the “progress”  
We’ve made changing this natural balance;  
Changing it so we may hurry,  
Be taller, talk faster –  
Shutting off the envelop  
Of nature’s lovely glade?

We manufacture:  
Noises, gases, garbage, toxins,  
‘Stuff’ that needs more ‘stuff’  
To take care of it.  
This waste creation,  
Fulfilling the pursuit of happiness  
And the “American Dream,”  
Is for ‘Progress’ –  
A better life;  
Having more than . . .  
For what?  
We forget (or ignore)  
The ‘Way(s)’ of our ancestors,  
(continued)



The time when all lived in harmony  
With each other and with Nature,  
When getting and giving  
Were the underpinning of the cycle of life.  
So the course, we are told,  
To follow, to pursue, to 'success,'  
Is one forgetting nature's balance,  
Its rhyme and its rhythm,  
Plunging on, straight ahead,  
Unblinking and unthinking.

Is our course so charted, unswerving  
That, however, we try  
We are locked into a pattern  
We have dubbed "progress?"  
What upheaval, at what cost,  
Can the burden be righted, again?

Is the burden of 'progress'  
So fixed and so heavy  
That it cannot be thrown off  
By today's mortal men and women?

Can we relearn, teach, experience  
Lessons from another day,  
When the balance of people and nature  
Was mostly nature's way?

With that balance,  
Life can be so tranquil.  
So, then, in order,  
With reason,  
Have season follow season;  
Walk the path  
Of Nature's way,  
And life will unfold,  
The story gladly told  
Of day, happily, following day.

## CLICK

*[Sitting with our remotes, clicking away at the fare being offered on the TV, what is it that we really are seeking? Perhaps more than anything else a surcease from the striving to understand what is going on around us; what is it that allows the events that are played up on the 'news' to be so attractive – events that involve pretty much human kind's dark side and/or nature's way of reminding us who is really in charge. Here, the click of the remote brings forth the scope of the lives we live – lives that rush through the seasons and years and with the flick of the wrist could click us to answers to those basic questions].*

### Click (Being):

The twinkles become reality.

Spring has sprung –  
From bare and nothing,  
Greening comes forth:  
Everything is possible.  
Fresh, joy, no cares;  
Playing freely, no rules:  
Being.

### Click (Doing):

Days are full,  
We become 'responsible,'  
Segueing from nourished  
To nurturing.  
Warming, maturing,  
Living in the 'real world.'  
Time is precious and presses,  
Balancing spending and storing.  
Doing.

### Click (Being/Doing)

Daylight is shortened;  
The prism of life  
Transforms the greens  
Of our summers  
(continued)

Into multi-hued blazes –  
Breaking the intensity of  
Summer’s ‘doings’  
Into a panoply  
Of memory-driven  
Times and places.

Click:  
The “September Song” tells us:  
‘When the Autumn weather  
Turns the leaves to flames,  
That we haven’t time  
For the waiting game.’”  
Yet, we have been blessed  
With many extra decades of this life  
To once more chose among the paths  
That open before us.

Click (Being):  
One ‘next’ path  
Is (forgive me Nike)  
Being all we can be;  
Being what fits in the center  
Of those separate circles of  
What you Like/Love;  
What you are Good at;  
What is Needed.  
Being.

Click, then,  
Into that place and space  
Of memories, talents, networks –  
The future beckons.  
Click that remote  
To live the life  
You came to live;  
The life  
For which you were created.  
CLICK!

## SEASON'S SONG

When I leave this body,  
My aura, more spoor,  
May I be like Autumn's leaves:  
Multi hued, flaming;  
Set in clear contrast  
To that awesome blue sky  
On a cloudless day in Fall,  
Attracting and reflecting the sun,  
Low in the heavens  
As it rises and sets.

When I 'die,'  
Remember me as the one  
On a Quixotic Quest,  
Searching for meaning,  
Feeling alone and apart,  
Swimming in the context  
Of Love's eternal soup.

The seasons of the year,  
Like the seasons of life,  
Have been given to us  
As canvas and paint  
To create our picture  
Of time's journey.

And, what is time  
But some made-up measure  
So we can box experiences –  
Storing them  
On the Shelf of Life.

Ah! Autumn,  
When we can harvest  
The fruits of lifelong learning;  
Of lifelong yearning –

(continued)

When all the ‘this’s’  
And all the “that’s”  
Line up,  
Coming together.

And, all the colors  
Of thought and deed  
Do come together  
To flash as Rainbow –  
No longer whispering;  
But making a bald,  
Bold statement:  
Live, harvest, expire –  
Be, be in each moment.

Winter:  
The bare, still, colorless cold.  
Time:  
Is this a season for passing?  
Or rather, a season for resting?  
The pause in the cycle of creation;  
The contemplation, the stock-taking  
Before ONE’s re-borning?

Winter:  
Season for preparing;  
For recycling.  
The re-coiling  
Springing forth.

Ah! Listen! Regard!  
The seasons sing;  
Life’s stages harmonize.  
We, in the end, are ONE –  
And Love is the answer.

## SEASONED

Seasoned.  
We sit in a circle,  
Breathing in the smoke of elderhood  
As we watch the flame  
Reflect life's turnings.

At first,  
There was the time –  
Spring:  
The time for springing forth,  
Full of energy, dreams, desires;  
Tilling, planting, cultivating –  
Wide-eyed and impressionable  
As we now see it  
In life's rear-view mirror.

Greening turned to  
The full colors  
And active buzzing  
Of our Summers.  
Life was like the circus performer  
Running back and forth,  
Spinning so many plates  
On sticks overhead;  
Did it matter  
That some fell and shattered?

What was growing then,  
So important, bursting forth:  
Bearing all kinds of fruit,  
Now changes as viewed  
Through the glory  
Of Autumn's colors.

Let us luxuriate,  
Making new tracks  
In the colors of Autumn,  
(continued)

Celebrating the days past;  
The work done.  
Time to share the harvest.

Our seeds now drop,  
Some to take root –  
Even as Winter  
Stills the cycle,  
Covering the fields  
That once were plowed  
And yielding.  
There is fresh space,  
Time is stretched,  
Memories bring smiles  
And “Ah Ha’s!”

We sit in a circle  
Around the fire,  
Fashioning solutions  
From the smoke of memory  
And the joyous living  
That was/is our lives.

## NYC WEEKEND

*(I lived and worked in NYC for many years after my college days upstate, four year's of law school living in Greenwich Village, and a year on a Fulbright in Spain launched me into several careers there including a relatively long stint on the 56<sup>th</sup> floor of '30 Rock.' [30 Rockefeller Plaza] It was exciting, there were special opportunities to learn, to contribute, to truly experience many, many 'things.' And, after having moved away to the quiet and friendliness of Upstate New York – and then other places like Charleston, SC and Charlottesville, VA – returning to “the City” lost its charm and attraction. This poem reflects where I'got to' on a visit sometime ago.)*

The most exciting thing  
In New York City  
Is the robin  
Building her nest  
Outside the kitchen window  
Where I am staying.

One can bring nature and soul  
Into any nest –  
Anywhere.  
Pile in the shining leaves –  
Create a hiding spot underneath.  
Weave pieces of string  
Into a nest that is “home.”

The most exciting thing  
In New York City  
Is the robin affirming life by  
Building her nest  
Outside the kitchen window.

People, faces,  
Noises, graces,  
Shops, cafes, taxis,  
Get-aways;  
Sirens, barking,  
(continued)



Couples sparking;  
Unimaginable diversity:  
Museums, universities,  
Slums and alums –  
If you can't find it here  
It ain't anywhere.

The most exciting thing  
In New York City  
Was the feeling  
That the robin gave me:  
A feeling of being safe and secure,  
In the tree  
Outside the kitchen window.

Two weeks' salary  
To park your care;  
Anything you could want  
Ain't very far –  
Except perhaps Nature's balm,  
Babbling brook's sound,  
Senses becalmed.

People, faces, noises, graces,  
Shops, cafes, taxis, "Oy-veys:"  
Sirens, barking,  
Sirens, hawking;  
Shopping, charging,  
Pushing, bargaining;  
Humanity spilling out everywhere;  
Their hearts, their souls, their cares.  
If you can't find it here,  
It ain't anywhere.

The most memorable thing  
In New York City this weekend  
Is to know that a robin  
Is building her nest  
Outside the kitchen window.

## SKYSCRAPER

*(Manhattan Island (the “City) has a deep rock base (although lots has been added with fill). This allows the very tall ‘skyscrapers’ to be built. When the deep holes are dug, there was usually a fence constructed around the site, with holes in the fence to look at what was being built. One thing I tried to do when I served as Assistant Commissioner for Cultural Affairs while the first World Trade Center was being built was to have artists design a light sculpture for the steel shell as it was going up. The building law required light bulbs to be scattered on all floors during construction. It didn’t happen. It is still a good idea as new buildings go up – Anywhere.)*

Bottomless hole,  
Disembodied bowels of  
Subterranean connections;  
Cut in the base rock of  
Clay-footed Gotham.  
Storehouses for the choking wastes  
That convey, not transport.

Hollow skeleton,  
Cold, linear, unfeeling –  
Empty skull,  
Whose sockets lead to pulled buckets.  
Steel-roped nerves,  
Synapsed with non-feeling.

Innerwear,  
Sprayed and stuffed,  
Added to dress cold steel.  
Fibrous sinews  
That will never stretch,  
Seeking new horizons  
Covering wired nerves;  
While liquid conduits  
Are added to serve  
Each cellular unit.

(continued)

On this base,  
This unfeeling monster,  
There is created  
A home.  
A home  
Away from home;  
How to humanize?

**SEEK:**

As a bee seeks nectar  
From all kinds of flowers,  
Seek teachings everywhere.

Like a cow that finds  
A quiet place to graze,  
Seek seclusion to digest all  
You have gathered.

Like a freed slave,  
Finding the 'beyond'  
Of former limits,  
Go wherever you please.

Live like a lion,  
Completely free  
Of all fear.

We are here to experience;  
To learn;  
To take back all we become  
To the Eternal Sea.

## TO THE ETERNAL SOUP

With color fading  
Into all shades of Orange and Brown –  
Leaves cry out for more paint  
And creative outpouring.

I ride through it  
As I move my fulcrum,  
Still thinking  
I can move the World.

That I can add  
From my experiences –  
Those unique and special  
Gifts and opportunities  
That have emerged  
From the Eternal Sea –  
Is the conscious understanding  
I have evolved to reach.

These spark the incoming whooshes  
Of angels and energy and  
Drive out to all kin  
A table of delights.

Life is full, and my cup  
Is forever open  
To more love,  
More experience,  
More offerings,  
More opportunities  
To add and serve.

I awake each day praising the Creator  
For the opportunity to be present and aware.  
Thanks be.  
Here we are – as ONE.

## THANK YOU!

*(I got to spend a lot of time working in various ginseng gardens that I set up, both under artificial shade and in natural woods settings. Not wanting to use chemicals to keep down weeds, it turned out the weeds [plants in the wrong place] loved the beds that had been made. So a lot of time and effort was invested to pull weeds and free up the ginseng plants so they could breathe and grow. I truly loved this physical labor as compared to all the 'desk jobs' that I had and the "tiredness" at the end of the day was such a good one! So, this poem is what the plants gave back. I did have one relatively transcendent experience relating to harvesting the entire crop at the garden along the Hudson River. There was disease and the crop wasn't at all what we had hoped. We decided to plant another garden back into the Catskills where it was cooler and the soil more conducive to this crop. I had a conversation with the plants from several rows and told them that I would replant them in the new garden if they would promise me that they would resist any disease. I thought I had agreement. Fast forward . . . three years. The new garden, again, got a fair amount of disease and pretty low yield . . . except, except for the two long rows of plants that had been transplanted and with whom I had an agreement. Yes, these plants prospered, did not get diseased and produced a lovely yield. I leave it to you to ponder the interaction. I am a believer and continue to dialogue with these cousins of creation.)*

Hey!  
Give us a chance.  
You made all that effort  
To give us  
Life.

Now clear the path,  
Give us air, food, Love.  
We'll grow and contribute.  
Whew! . . .  
That's nice!

(continued)

Jumble, jungle, straightening:  
Air, light, space.  
Bring 'em back around!  
Hidden and lost,  
Restored to their space.

A sigh . . .  
A stretch . . .  
Gone are those neighbors;  
We are ready  
For nourishment,  
So, good friend,  
Go fetch.

Let's make a deal,  
And this is for real,  
Keep us breathing  
And for you we'll have appeal.  
We can exist,  
We can persist,  
And all we insist  
Is that no weeds shall persist.

Now,  
We can  
Be.

Thank you!

## CHAPTER VII: POTPOURI

*(There remains, then, some poems that seem to want to be included in this work. I did eliminate a fair number from the original book that I felt no longer worthy of seeing the light of a book or website [not that there aren't a number of other 'survivors' who should have probably suffered the same fate]. Anyway, some of these are fun and span many years).*

### I CAN

They say  
If I look into the Sun,  
It will hurt and  
I may be blinded.  
But . . .  
What an attraction!

Early morning,  
When light  
Scrapes its fingernails  
On night's shell, and  
Shades of rose  
And milky caramel  
Wipe away night's  
Pin-streaked brilliance.

Behind my eyes  
Beats a pulse –  
A crazy throb . . .  
An opening  
To what could be  
Is rent into my perception:

I can;  
I really can . . .  
(I think)  
Look  
Into that Sun.

## MERRY-GO-ROUND

Merry-  
Go-  
Round.

White-maned horse  
Ridden up and down.

We sit,  
Holding onto the life  
In our hands  
And under our seat –  
Riding it, all round.

Music and bells,  
Raucous noises,  
Merry's own  
Tower of Babel  
Fills the ears,  
Rising and falling  
With our ups and downs.

Wind flows as pace quickens,  
Around again – and again.

The blurry whirl,  
Scenes and faces  
Once thought known –  
Stretching and bending  
To drive senses inward,  
Screams in delight,  
In fright for our plight.  
So close on the right,  
There you sit  
Glowing bright.

Merry-go-round –  
I reach in the whirl  
(continued)  
Before it slows;  
Can I grab



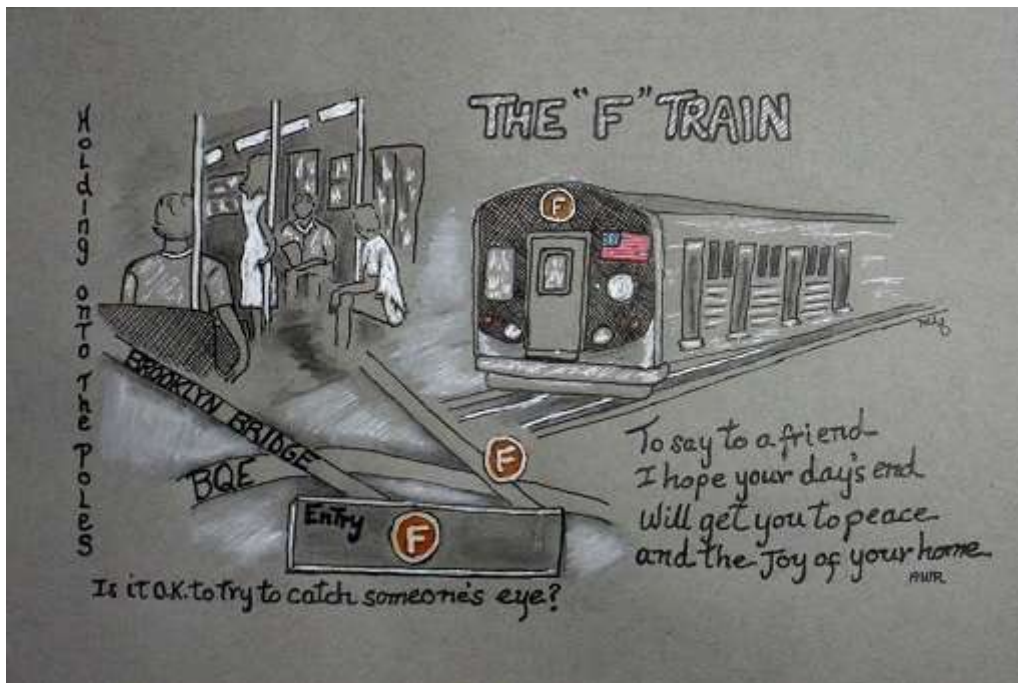
That illusive pearl:  
The golden ring  
For which I reach out  
To see if I can  
Get from life  
Another whirl.

Another fling,  
Another chance,  
Go-  
Round,  
Be-Merry.

So  
On your horse  
As you fly  
Reach and seize  
Whatever dream  
You want to try.

## THE 'F' TRAIN

*(NYC's subway system is an interesting puzzle. I think I never mastered the map or what line would take me where. Once I got which train would take me from here to there, it was hold on for the trip and pray this really was the train – there were 'locals' (stop at every station) and 'expresses' (usually flying by your stop). The manners (or lack thereof) for getting on and off and for travelling in the cars always left me curious. And then, compared to other cities (e.g. Tokyo), there was and is a whole new story. Here comes your train, get in).*



Crowded spaces,  
Empty faces,  
Masked together,  
Talk is about the weather,  
Souls all alone –  
Where is home?

Turns in circles,  
Issuing chortles,

Hither and fro,  
Coming and go,  
Any destination  
Throughout the nation . . .  
Where is home?

Out in the field,  
Joy-forcing we wield,  
Romp and play,  
Stretching night into day;  
Forget the trend,  
'Til crashing it ends.  
Where is home?

Descend into the hole,  
Steel-hardened moles,  
Rush to ennui,  
Cry: Notice Me!  
Doors open –  
(continued)  
Release:  
Cares never surcease.  
Where is home?

She enters . . .  
Enticing;  
The day is now splicing –  
Each on a side  
Of the pole  
Seeking to become  
Just one whole.  
Now, cover that pout –  
Her stop . . .  
She is out.  
Where is home?

Day's end,  
And, again, we wend  
Through the masses,  
All classes,

Each seeking to lay,  
To rest  
For the next day.  
Where is home?

So in the underground holes,  
Holding onto the poles,  
Is it O.K. to try  
To catch someone's eye?  
To say to a new friend,  
I hope your day's end  
Will get you to peace  
And the joy of your home.

## PONDERING

There are so many places,  
Infinite spaces,  
Nooks and crannies –  
Spots to be.  
Each is a setting,  
Time used for letting  
Me to be with you,  
Sharing life's hues.

Our mortal anchors;  
Our daily hankers;  
Tie us too tightly  
To well-defined spots.  
It is our task  
To free ourselves up,  
So we can drink again  
From Universe's cup.  
That sip will open our sight  
To being all and nothing,  
Expanding to light.

I have caught that feeling,  
I am ready to go reeling,  
Head over heels,  
To forever and NOW.  
Patience be with me,  
Each day and each night,  
For that mortal vessel  
Anchored so tight,  
That spirit of light  
As weightless it flies,  
Cavorting, intertwining,  
Filling my sight.

I sit and I ponder,  
Sending Spirit over yonder,  
Knowing it may never return.  
(continued)

Perhaps, that's the end  
The goal that we tend,  
So devotedly desired.  
    It is scary,  
    Delightful,  
Weird, crazy absurd.

    Mind wanders,  
    Deep thoughts  
    Do I ponder,  
Looking out the window  
Of Mill Hill Road.

## WHOSE DREAM?

*(I like to read the last page or pages of most any book recommended or that I pick up. And, it often drives friends crazy when I do so. “you will find out the butler did it!” or “you need to go through the whole argument to understand the conclusion.” O.K. So, I am writing a novel: “The Ultimate Author.” I want to bring to a wider public (or better understand for myself) the world of Life Between Lives that Michael Newton, Ph.D. unveiled and unveils th use deep hypnosis to get their subjects back through past lives to understand where they go and what happens when they die. One would think that this field would be of GREAT interest to all. And, it seems all the work done (perhaps thousands of people who all seem to come up with the same ‘stories’) should get more play, more publicity, more examination. through the many therapists he has trained who use deep hypnosis to get their subjects back through past lives to understand where they go and what happens when they die. One would think that this field would be of GREAT interest to all. And, it seems all the work done (perhaps thousands of people who all seem to come up with the same ‘stories’) should get more play, more publicity, more examination. Here is a link to get you started. Anyway, the end of my novel – when and if it ever gets done, is a scene where the two main characters are having a deep conversation and the jist comes down to: “O.K. we agree that all this ‘stuff,’ all our experiences, the Universe, consciousness, EVERYTHING, everything in the end is all a dream. So . . . the ultimate question then is: . . . whose dream is it?- Yours or Mine?*

A glow  
From the void  
That is every thing  
And no thing.

It wooshes through space  
And consumes  
LIGHT, WARMTH,  
FORM, SUSTENANCE,  
STIMULATION,  
BEGINNING, END,  
(continued)

SMOOTH ARCS  
AND ARCHES  
Calling, singing, entwining.

I am light,  
Almost weightless;  
Buoyed by a laugh;  
Encaptured, enraptured,  
Yet free  
To whatever BE.

The glow has ignited;  
Membranes are excited;  
You can feel –  
Without touching –  
Reach out from within.

Soaring on currents  
Of our own creation,  
Propelled by juices  
Of our own elation;  
Crashing the cloud tops  
Of dewy-spun threads;  
Lying in splendor  
On nature's mossy beds.

Time is on vacation,  
NOW becomes ALWAYS,  
Partaking of NEVER –  
Brain melds into head.

Real becomes fairy;  
Mountains are for leaping;  
Truth is our plaything;  
Impossible – merely a word.

Whose dream  
Is this dreaming?  
Whose pawns are we?  
(continued)



Who is it scheming?  
Is it a game  
Of hide and seek?

So I fly o'er the mountains,  
Soar through the valleys  
To unite my Being  
With that glorious  
Golden glow.

I am touched  
By its presence,  
Filled by its essence –  
Renewed, directed;  
I know . . . and  
I grow.

## STILL ON COURSE

*(The poetry began at the beginning of this 'book' with a poem: On Course. Having now gone through these pages, these thoughts, these attempts to share ideas, visions, descriptive words, my optimistic self – the part that knows it is ONE with all else and is busy experiencing so that it may enrich its return to The Eternal Sea – that droplet still feels [and here I get lost as to what is the 'right' word – how does a holographic piece of the Whole react – what would be the right term? THINK, BELIEVE, FEEL, DEVINE, CHANNEL, INTUITE, - WHAT?] Anyway, join me in this discourse about being On Course):*

In this I call my life,  
Nothing ever went wrong;  
Each heart lived to love,  
Each voice gave song.

I still believe that  
We are 'here,'  
Spread out,  
Smooth, not knurled,  
Spirit's manifestation  
Experiencing the material world.

A part of the Creator,  
A chip off the sublime,  
We are energy existing  
In space and in time.

In this I call my life,  
Nothing ever went wrong;  
My soul lived to give,  
My brain made its song.

Each time I awakened  
From the eternal soup,  
I went off a-questing  
And returned to regroup.

(continued)

Unconsciousness creates our reality,  
Consciousness bears her fruit,  
It is for us only  
To conceive  
As we would suit.

The new quantum physics  
Teaches how we exist,  
More studies will show us  
(If we persist)  
That souls and energy  
Have a synergy,  
So very clever  
That we exist . . .  
Forever!

So, in this I call my life  
Nothing ever goes wrong,  
Each spirit lives to unite,  
Each voice to give song.

Let us 'sing' together!

## EPILOGUE

*I have come to this world not to know myself as One, for that I have always know, but to know myself in you, to perceive a world through your eyes, that together we might continue the work of creation and together enjoy all that has been created. . . . This is why we have come: **to paint eternity's vision on a canvas of moments and days.***

[Ken Carey, *The Starseed Transmissions* (1982) Harper, San Francisco; pp. 169, 181]

## THE AGREEMENT

*(Would you, the Reader, like to join in this Agreement?)*

If all matter is made up  
Of particles of energy,  
And if these particles –  
    In space –  
    Are relatively distant  
    From each other,  
So that what there mostly 'is'  
    Is space;  
    Then what we have  
Regarding what each of us perceives  
    Is an Agreement –  
An Agreement in our senses of perception  
    As interpreted by our minds  
As to the various elements of each thing –  
    Including each human being.

It is an art in its highest form,  
And each of us is Artist –  
Enabled by the Creative Spirit.

We are, each thing,  
All connected by strings  
And bands and waves  
And rainbows:  
Communication bands  
(continued)

That see all the thoughts  
That ever were  
And will be;  
That receive all the transmissions  
From all the transmitters,  
From all the creative forces –  
Flowing in;  
Flowing out.

That Agreement  
Is the WAY.  
It is cemented and sealed  
By the magic  
Of Love.

Sign here: \_\_\_\_\_

## **POSTSCRIPT:**

Oneness is a theme that has filled the philosophical pools of my being and creativity: We came from ONE, we will return to ONE. What is between is Life, Existence, Now, Being.

“Came?” “Return?” That implies a direction, a time line, a beginning, perhaps an end. There is an interesting analogy I have made in looking at this “ONENESS” concept and how the myriad of belief systems, gurus, religions, and just plain thinkers have approached finding the answer(s) and how such answer(s) might be applied.

Picture a Grand Central Oneness Station (“GCOS”). It could also be a Central Airport, or the Ultimate Website – a place or space where all tracks, routes, inquiries arrive. Humor me and stay with GCOS. Let’s also picture that a variety of people converge on the information desk at the GCOS, each wearing an identification tag from a different religion or belief system. Each claims to have the “truth” and is looking for the train out that will take him or her to the ultimate destination.

Is there but one ultimate track that leads out to this ultimate destination? Does it matter on which train you came into the GCOS? If our scanners can pierce the feathers, bells and whistles, specialized languages, hierarchies, practices, basic books, artifacts, and so on that each adherent and proponent is wearing or promulgating, and we can get to the naked basics revealed, could we not put each and every person in the station on the same train out?

James P. Carse, a seminal thinker and N.Y.U. professor, in his book: “Finite and Infinite Games – A Vision of Life As Play and Possibility” (1986) posits games (and life) are made up of two kinds: finite and infinite. “A finite game is played for the purpose of winning, an infinite game is entered into for the purpose of continuing the game.” To me, this is a basic way to hold this life, this existence. In each moment, or set of moments, we are involved with “playing” a finite game. There is a beginning, middle, and an end. We win, or we lose. Be it in school, the work place, athletic contests, romance, parenting, politics, the community – wherever and with whomever – the ‘game’ we play, the game we are in, is finite. In many games, we

enter not expecting to win, but where we nonetheless compete for the highest possible ranking we can achieve.

Infinite play is different. The game is played for the sake of play. The game is the game! There are no spatial or numerical boundaries to an infinite game – anyone who wants to ‘play’ may play an indefinite game. Finite games are externally defined. Infinite games are internally defined. The time of an infinite game is not world time but rather time created within the game itself – opening players to a new horizon of time.

In the infinite game, we are here to experience – to be all we can be. It is not whether we ‘win or lose’ but rather how we play the game that counts. If we are aware, open to each and every experience, willing to allow that, in life, everyone can, perhaps *should* be a winner, then perhaps we have “got it,” and understand the “bottom line” that is the basis of the spiritual aspects of all religions.

Thus, for infinite players, the only purpose of the game is to prevent it from coming to an end, to keep everyone in play. Is this the game you are playing?

Fortunately – or unfortunately – this game of The Eternal Sea of Creativity has drawn to an end. It is not infinite. I hope the time and focus you have spent and invested in this sharing has and/or will add something to this life you are now in. It would be a delight for me to hear from you.

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