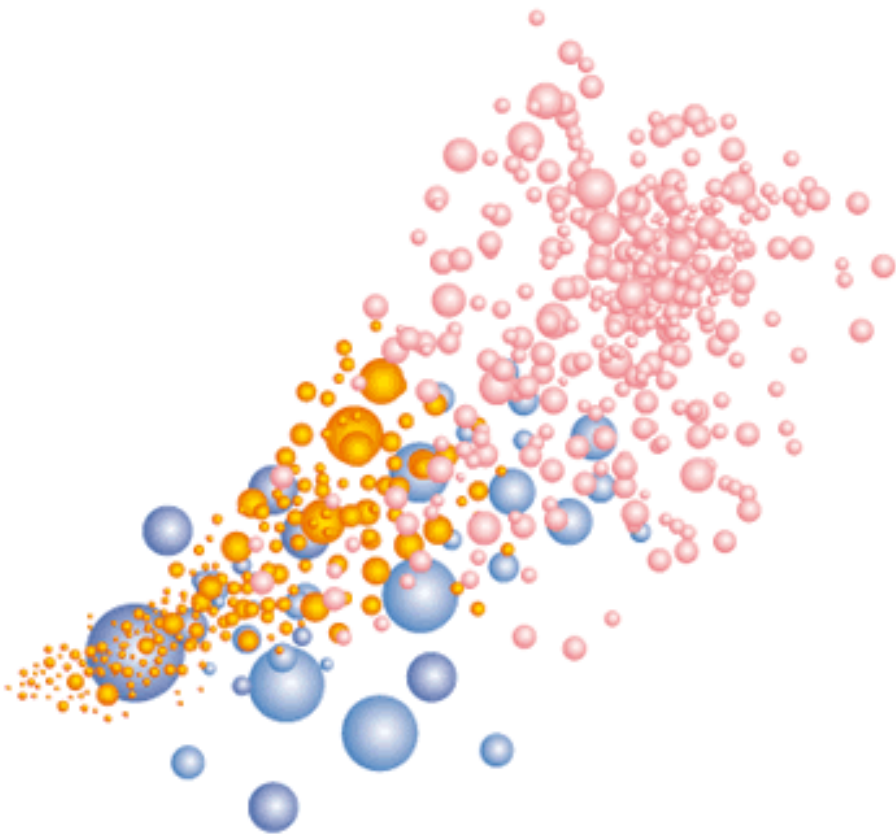


POETIC MUSINGS

Louis L. Gibbs



Presented by

My poetic Side 

Dedication

TO SEEKERS OF SELF AND STAR BEINGS EVERYWHERE

Acknowledgement

THESE WORKS WERE INSPIRED BY PARTICIPATION IN ON LINE EXCHANGES WITH FELLOW POETS, TO WHOM I AM ETERNALLY GRATEFUL.

About the author

THIS IS THE SECOND BOOK OF INSIGHTFUL
POETRY BY THE AUTHOR, THE FIRST BEING
"the view from inside the mirror". IT IS OFFERED
WITH THE HOPE THAT SOME MIGHT BE
INSPIRED TO SEE BEYOND OUR
"COLLECTIVE REALITY".

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THE PALM OF MY HAND

THE PALM OF MY HAND

The palm of my hand ...
Lines upon lines,
Shapes and symbols,
With meaning to the Mystic
But a mystery to me ...
Only when pressed into yours
Can the magic be revealed.

THE GREAT DEBATE

THE GREAT DEBATE

The debate rages among philosophers ...
Is our world an illusion?
A mere hologram?
A construct of the mind?
Perhaps just a dream our souls are having
To explore the spectrum of light and dark?

Meanwhile, as the debate goes on,
We cling desperately to our beliefs
To keep from going mad.

DISCHORDANCE

DISCHORDANCE

I have been gifted in this lifetime
With the ability to tap into
The exquisite symphony of the heavens.

One might think that would bring some peace,
Yet such was not to be my lot ...
Somewhere there in the background,
Relentlessly nagging at my soul,
A lone violin weeps just slightly out of tune.

THE ENDING

How will we know when the end is nigh?
Will children no longer laugh?
Or birds forget how to sing?

Will the sun not bless the horizon one morn?
Or tides go out to not return?
What unimaginable thing might it be?

Will it be signaled by a terrible sound?...
Or but the terrible quiet of
Poets having nothing to say.

PEACE

Sitting here in quiet solitude,
Listening to a steady rain,
A random thought occurs ...
What is inner peace?
How does one define it?

The realization quickly dawns
That it is quite simply;

Sitting here in quiet solitude,
Listening to a steady rain ...
Preferring one's own company
To that of any other's.

THE WIZZARDS OF OZ

The daily news floods us with distractions
While the men behind the curtain

Callously pull the levers of events
To shape the world to their satisfaction

Deja Vu

Flashing blue lights
Fill my screen.
Where this time?
Not that it matters.

COURAGEOUS LOVE

Frail and in terrible pain
He rose from his deathbed.
His wife and I dressed him.
I drove us to his university
To watch his son graduate.

I pushed the wheelchair
To the edge of the platform
Where he waited in agony 'til
They handed out the diploma,
Then whispered, "Let's go now."

At the car a student of his approached;
"Professor, when might you be available?"
I wanted to scream, **Can't you see he's dying!**
He replied in his typically gracious manner,
"Let's get together when I am better."

Back at the hospital's cancer ward we
Undressed him and eased him into bed.
After thirty five years, that was the last time
My beloved friend and I would share a day.
We now share the night, in reunions called *dreams*.

THE WISDOM OF FOLLY

Consider the folly of a man in his twenties
Who believes he has wisdom well beyond his years,
Who doesn't yet understand that
Some things are simply impossible to do ...
So he does them.

A LIFE FULLY LIVED

What greater gift could anyone hope for
Than the terrible blessing of a life fully lived:

The layers of agony we explore to experience.
The palette of pain chosen in painting our lives.

The joy we encounter and cling to so futilely.
The burden of shame in judging self harshly.

The love we embrace, both the given and gifted.
The treasure of offspring, extending our lineage.

The battle between ego and soul for identity.
The desperate imagined state of separation.

The spectrum of sorrows we come to endure.
The transition to death, our promised reward.

What greater gift could anyone hope for
Than the terrible blessing of a life fully lived?

STRINGS

Keep your brass, wind, and percussion!
I'm a hopeless sucker for the strings.
A soaring violin can transport me,
A moaning cello can bring tears.

Though a well-played grand piano
Can most certainly be a delight,
A good classical string quartet
Completely satisfies my soul.

NEW PERSPECTIVE

I met a Starman along the way,
Who had some amazing things to say.

His home was a far off distant star.
I asked him why he'd traveled so far.

"To become a human being," said he,
To gain the wisdom of an Earthling like me.

"But isn't your kind more advanced than we?
Are you sure that Earth is where you want to be?"

"It's true we're advanced in certain things,
And enjoy the benefits our knowledge brings.

We live in peace and complete harmony.
All needs are met and all men are free.

But no being in this great universe
Shines brighter than a graduate of Earth.

One look into the eyes of such a soul
Makes paying the price of Earth life my goal.

For it's through the fires of what Humans endure,
That a soul has a chance to become so pure."

I thanked the Starman for what he shared that day,
And walked a little taller as I went along my way.

I left with a feeling that I hadn't had ...
That maybe being Human isn't really all that bad!

THE SHAMAN'S HEART

A man asks the wounded shaman;
"Why is it you hold your beating heart in your hands?
Does it not belong in your chest?"

The shaman replies;
"It was torn from my chest and handed to me as a gift.
It is the gift of experiencing, and is part of a ritual we are
all engaged in."

"But who but one's worst enemy would do such a thing
to another,
And what kind of a gift is it that would cause one to suffer
as you do?"
Asks the man.

The shaman replies;
"It is a sacred gift, from someone who loves me enough
To have agreed to share this exquisite pain,
That they may become one of my greatest teachers
of this lifetime."

The shaman then slowly, tenderly, places his heart back
in his chest,
Closes the wound with a blessing of thanks
And a prayer that healing may begin,
And after a time to gather his strength,
Walks off down the path to meet his next great teacher ...
Or to become one ...
However the ritual might unfold.

A BAD REVIEW

Same tired old theme,
Politics and Religion!
As if either really mattered ...
Either represented an absolute!

Foley, but it does provide polarization ...
Every script needs bones of contention,
Every drama requires fuel for division,
Every actor must add to the mayhem.

Still, this production has grown tedious,
The plot ... repetitive and predictable!
It hearkens back to the chaos spawned by Jesus ...
A plagiarized play, performed by far lesser actors!

THE PRISONER

Bless these innocent souls
We cannot relate to,
Exiled to a world they
Cannot be part of ...
Sentenced at birth
Without cause or trial,
Doomed to a life of
Virtual imprisonment.

Subjected to pain
Of insidious nature
By constant assault of
Their body's own senses,
How could it be cause
Just knowing a world
Outside that if ours for
Such a cruel sentence?

What is this strange realm
That they inhabit ...
Intriguing to us, for
From their ranks come
Gifts of pure genius that
Should earn one parole?
Yet these guiltless condemned
Will never know freedom.

For these so imprisoned
There is no escape,
Nor will some know,
In their solitary world,
The simple joy
Of human connection.

These souls are prisoners
Of the *autism* spectrum.

WOUNDS

Here's to us, all the walking wounded,
With wounds that are deep yet so close to the surface,
The slightest trigger can cause them to bleed.
Some wounds are fresh, others lifetimes old.

Some have scarred over, no longer painful.
Others fester, and seem never to heal.
Some wounds so painful to our very core,
As to drain our spirit of the will to live.

Yet we put one foot in front of the other,
Although we are staggered from time to time,
And welcome an occasional shoulder to lean on,
We manage to find the strength to press on.

But what, we may ask, is the point to this struggle?
And the answer, as always, comes from within ...
Is our strength not derived from a deep inner knowing
That wounds are but lessons we've chosen to learn?

A TRIBUTE TO WOMANHOOD

It has been said ...

*"EVENTS revolve around MEN,
LIFE revolves around WOMEN."*

Who could honestly disagree?

The division of roles begins early;
While little boys, testosterone fueled,
Recklessly run about tilting at windmills,
Little girls, calmed by their estrogen,
Gently practice their roles with dolls.

She becomes the hand that rocks the cradle,
The gentle hand that tends the wounds,
The fountain of unconditional love
Upon which family is founded.

Men will continue to create events ...
But only those souls who have acquired
Sufficient courage and grace over lifetimes,
Earn the distinct honor to re enter this world
As a Woman.

YOU LEFT A VOID

How is it that one can become so attached
At such a deep level
With someone they've never met,
Nor will ever meet,
Simply by sharing poetry?

The question answers itself;
Poetry is of the soul, and in sharing it,
Souls touch.
The facade of physicality is irrelevant,
Not in play.

The connection is at a spiritual level,
Beyond the mind and matter of us.

I do not know, from what you told us,
If or when you might return.
But know this ...

When I say I will miss you
My sweet young friend,
Know the depths from which I speak ...

I will miss you, Kathy Hall.

THIS TIME AROUND

Considering my life in retrospect,
Certain things become clear
To the soul ...

There is quiet satisfaction
In good outcomes of
Some acts,

But the greatest satisfaction
Lies in acts *not taken* ...
This time around.

THE AGONY AND THE ECSTASY

I attend a concert,
And my heart overflows
As it resonates with the beauty
Of music of the heavenly spheres
That falls upon my ears,
And tears of exhilaration
Flow freely down my cheeks.

I read a paper,
And my heart breaks
From the mindless, unspeakable cruelty
Inflicted upon innocent children,
About which there is nothing I can do,
And tears born of pain
Flow freely down my cheeks.

How is it that pure joy and exhilaration
Bring forth the same flow of tears from the heart
As do empathic pain and despair?
Is it that one causes longing for my true home
By reminding me of what it is,
While the other causes longing for it
By confronting me with that which it is not?

Must this heart ache so
At these two extremes of
This spectrum of sorrow and bliss?
Is heartache the price we pay for being human,
And will it be worth so dear a price?
We shall see ...
We shall see.

OF NO CONSEQUENCE

Are we all leading inconsequential lives?
Are any lives more, or less consequential than others?
What of consequence remains from any life lived?
By anyone?
At any time?

Ah, but what of the legacy of our great prophets,
One may protest.
And how is the world improved by their lifetimes,
Echoes the reply.
Has the world arrived at peace and understanding?
Brotherhood?
Unconditional love?

Certainly not!

So this soul, again, questions in anguish ...
Are we all leading inconsequential lives?
The answer, of course, would be of no consequence ...

Life simply is what it is, is it not?

THE ENDLESS QUEST

When does an old knight lay down his sword
And give ground to the young aggressor?
Is it wise at some point just to watch from the shadows,
To compromise principals for a peaceful out?

Is he a fool to keep riding off to the challenge?
What then is there left for a knight to live for?
What then becomes of his pride, self respect?
What peace is there to enjoy at this price?

Though the sword grows heavy, and the knight weary,
Though it appears there's no such thing as victory.
How does a knight abandon his quest?
How can he know peace lest he die in the cause?

THE LIGHT YOU PROVIDED

You may have been disappointed in me,
I rejected the example you set.
My heart compelled me to make a change.

Forgive me for not following in your footsteps,
I had to stumble along my own dark path.
The light you provided was never enough.

THE WHO I AM

Who might I have been
Were I not the 'Who' I am?
What small choice along the way
Sealed the direction of my life?

How many possible other selves
Might I have chosen to create...?
What other lives might I have lived
Had I turned this way, not that?

Is there a point at which,
Having chosen a direction,
We become someone different
Than whom we would have been?

Are there alternate realities to this world
Where other versions of me exist?
Who else then might I be
Other than the Who, I am?

SHOOTING STAR

I watched a shooting star last night
Flaming across the stage of sky,
Leaving all who witnessed
The spectacle
In awe;

The young physician with magnificent voice
Performed on stage before all the world
Proving himself a genuine star,
Only to flame out ...
Die in a car.

TOUCHING HEAVEN

You are an angel shed of wing,
Aglow with the radiance
Of a soul still pure.

What a blessing it is
Experiencing bittersweet joy
Holding you against my chest,
Exchanging breath and heartbeat,
Being reminded of what it was like
When still connected to our true home.

There can be no greater satisfaction
Than that of touching heaven,
Holding a newborn child.

DON'T LOOK BACK

So much loss
So much loss
Don't look back
So much loss

THE CRIPPLED

No one has to tell a person born with one leg
They won't be able to run races like others.

No one has to point out to a person born blind
They shan't experience the sunset like others.

No one has to explain to a person born deaf
They can't appreciate a bird's song like others.

However ...

No one tells a person born with
(Undiagnosed) Asperger's Syndrome
That the world is a very hostile place for
One with the extreme sensory sensitivities
Characteristic of being in the autism spectrum,

Then when the condition is finally realized and
The awareness of the fact that the psyche-shattering
Sensory overloads suffered throughout the span of
A lifetime was not at all the norm as once believed,

It finally dawns that this life so bewildering
Has merely been spent in its entirety as,
Just another cripple.

ALEXIS

Alexis broke my heart,
She didn't mean to,
It wasn't her fault.

She didn't ask me to
Fall madly in love.
She wouldn't have known
It was destined to be fleeting.

She couldn't control
How she melted in my arms
With pure radiance on her face
That made the angels jealous.

Neither of us knew
Our hearts would entangle,
Binding us together
So quickly and completely.

I hid from her my parting tears.
God knows she has enough to deal with;
Facing foster care...with luck, an adoption.
Life is tough for an abandoned crack baby.

DREAM THEATER

We awaken ...
Dream our world each day,

Act parts, recite lines,
Create drama for the play,

Tire of the scene ...
Fall asleep to get away.

FINAL CURTAIN

Curtain descends,
The play ends.
The set is struck,
Stage lights dim.

No longer engaged
In assumed roles
Woven into webs
Of contrived drama;

Costumes shed,
Makeup removed,
Naked souls
Audition again.

POISON FRUIT

Do you not sense, in the night stillness,
Silent screams of unborn generations ...
Those who must follow polluted pathways
Through the toxic world we've bestowed?

Was it ours to decimate, rape of its resources,
That we may enjoy superfluous diversions
In the short lifetimes that we walk this road?

What if, as many believe ...
As wise elders and adepts have told us;
We are the ones who'll be coming back to
consume the poison fruit of the seeds we've sown?

Do you not hear, in the night stillness,
Silent screams
That may be our own?

AUGUSTUS

What has become of our warrior-poet?
It's been a while since last heard from.
Know only he was valiantly marching
Toward the final checkpoint
Prior returning to base.

As General MacArthur said;
"Old soldiers never die, they just fade away."
The same must surely hold true of old bards
With a legacy of fine poetry to live on.

WE ALL ARE CAPTIVES

Our bodies are
The prison of our
Consciousness

Wherein we serve
Our time on earth
As captives

GRANDFATHERS

He was the only grandfather I knew.
Dad's father died when he was still a child.

I spent precious little time in his company,
We lived so far apart.
And he preferred sitting and
Quietly smoking his corn-cob pipe
To interaction with kids.

But I'll never forget his presence,
The strong well-lived German man
Of unwavering character and calm.

It leaves me to wonder ...
Just what might my grandchildren
Remember of me?

OUR LIFE'S MELODY

Each of us choose,
Before returning,
The melody and key
Of our life's song.

Some might select
Harmonious themes
Ending in crescendos
Satisfying to the soul.

The life song I chose
And tried to dance to
Played throughout in
Haunting minor keys.

IN SPITE OF

Burned and disfigured beyond
All recognition of former self, I
Witnessed last night a perfect example
Of the outrageous raw courage
Of the human spirit ...

The sheer unfathomable,
Singular determination
To survive,
To live on,
To prevail

Regardless of impossible odds
And untenable circumstances;
Any and all conditions
Beyond reason or hope ...

And still, and yet,
And somehow,
Existing,
Thriving,
Inspiring,

In spite of.

IMAGINE

In this world of contradictions,
Many things aren't what they seem.

Suppose this life is but an illusion,
Nothing more than a waking dream?

We seem to be two different sorts,
But imagine if it were true ...

That I am *you* disguised as me,
And you are *me* disguised as you?

THE CYCLE REPLAYED

The instrument of our annihilation
Emerged from repose in 1945,
Less than two thousand years
From the hope of our salvation.

And so, once again we trace
The path of prior civilizations,
From the brink of realization
To the finality of extinction.

THE ENDING - A BEDTIME STORY

The revelation of the apocalypse
As portrayed in the bible
Depicts but a glimpse
Of what is in store.

Our pending annihilation will be
Matched in horror only by the
Final gruesome battle for the
Survival of the survivors.

Sweet Dreams!

DEAFENING SILENCE

At times in life
There are no words
For what the heart is feeling.

That's okay, when there's nothing to say,
Our emotions scream loud and clear.
Souls speak to each other through the eyes,
Deafening communication one cannot hear.

IT BREAKS MY HEART

It breaks my heart
Witnessing the narrow-minded
Arrogance
Displayed at every turn ...

Every action and reaction
Shoved in our faces daily by
Every information source as
Though any point of view was
An absolute ...

As though there was a
Modicum of wisdom revealed
In all the verbosity espoused
Combined!

Is this embarrassment to
Intelligence everywhere,
Throughout the universe,
The best our species can do,
Can achieve?

The obvious answer
Breaks my heart.

THE ULTIMATE SCHEME

Our creator knew what 'It' was doing
In devising this scheme of evolving.

The plan is contingent upon an
Us-Versus-Them mentality, so
Make glaring differences
The point of our focus!

How best to cause them to forget they're one...?
Well, along with the obvious gender division,
Why don't I introduce different skin colors?
And physical features that can't be missed?

Then maybe throw in, via the Tower of Babel,
Languages unique to particular individuals?
Perhaps even devise some clear handicaps
That brand those afflicted as 'apart'?

Oh, and mustn't forget ... gross
Variations in mental capacity!
There, that should do it,
Thought 'It' to itself.
Now let's see them
Work This out!

THE GRAND ILLUSION

What is this beast that stalks my journey
And lurks in the shadows of my campfire at night?
What is the shadow that catches my eye
When I glance quickly over my shoulder?

What is it of self I see in a madman?
Who is this self watching me from within?
And why do the images of this strange world
Occasionally break up and slip out of focus?

My soul knows the secret of all of these things ...
That the beast and the shadow are my own inner knowing
Of what the madman is painfully aware ...
Of what the observer within me is seeing ...

That this world is no more
Than a grand illusion,
No more real
Than my ego's
Conception
Of me.

BLINDING REFLECTIONS

We exist
As mere aspects
Of our entirety ...
Shards of a reflection
Too brilliant to gaze upon.

THOUGHTS ON MADNESS

"Madness" is simply the degree
To which one's personal reality
Deviates from 'consensus reality' ...
Nothing more.

Insane asylums are filled with
Visionaries and Prophets, while
Leaders claiming divine credentials
Are the ones most surely insane.

Determining one as being mad
Might best be left up to the
Particular individual in question ...
Don't you think, or am I nuts?

I'LL LET YOU KNOW

John's Memoir

He appeared out of nowhere it seemed.
Asked us to follow him, knew not where.

We were fishermen, my brother and I,
Of a family and friends so engaged.

Just abandon it all and walk away?
Something about him, we couldn't say no.

We wandered far and wide, our numbers grew
Until there were twelve of us, not counting her.

You've already heard how this story ends;
Quite badly for us all, including him.

Was it worth it, would I do it again?
I'll let you know when I see where it goes.

THE PRICE

The wisdom gained with age
Comes at a price;
The more I understand
The less I know.

GENIUS

Minds that reach beyond this realm
Creating gifts of pure genius
All dance with shades
Of madness.

BITTERSWEET

It is interesting to find that
Life's lessons never cease.
Looking back on my path
A great irony becomes clear;

Having lived this life quite fully,
Tasting both the bitter and the sweet,
Though barely surviving the bitter,
The deepest pain accompanied the sweet.

THE GREAT DECEPTION

Time ...

The great deception;

The present only

Is ever present.

Comfort lies in the acceptance

That all there ever was or will be

Is the eternal here and now.

THE BROKEN

To the observer it
Becomes clear that
Broken people make
The finest artists

And contrarily

Broken artists
Of all descriptions
Make the finest
Poets.

Here's to us all ...

The 'Broken'.

TICK TOCK

Man ...

The only animal species whose
Very existence is incompatible
With its host planet earth,

Making it incumbent upon him
To utilize this temporary stay
Granted as a birthing place,

To graduate to his rightful
Home amongst the stars,
Before his time expires.

Tick tock.

Tick tock.

THE RECURRING DREAM

I experience a fitful recurring dream.

A dream full of madness and darkness
Interspersed with flashes of brilliant light;

An awful, splendid, dream that I dream
Upon waking each morning, day after day.

Today's dream evolved rather curiously ...
I dreamt I was writing this poem.

VICTORIOUS CAPITULATION

I finally confronted my worst enemy,
Having avoided its power for so long.
It evolved into a terrible battle,
Violent rage blackened the sky.

Its force was overwhelming,
Nearly driving out my soul.
Darkness began consuming me.
I had no option but capitulation.

There are battles in which a defeat
Reveals itself ultimately as victory.
It was a struggle I'll never forget and
A victory I shall
Forever
Savor.

A HARD LESSON

This, I'm learning in retrospect ...

Choose carefully, consciously,
The time to challenge and engage
The dark side of your nature ...
An entrenched aspect of which
You wish to conquer.

It will rebel, fight to the death your
Attempt to release and overcome it,
And in every way it can
Will do you harm ...
Try to destroy you!

Be prepared for suffering
In the hideous process
As I suffer now.

Not fun!

Had to be done!

FAIR WARNING

Before undertaking a
Monumental shift in character
May I recommend this plea:

*With the help of
Gracious guides and angels,
I release that negative aspect of self
Which no longer serves me.*

*May mercy be
Bestowed on me
In this transformation!*

So may it be.

THE BETWEEN

It's not so much
Life's challenges
And confrontations
I find the hardest
To endure

As it is the
Lonely
Sterile
Empty spaces
Between.

THE UNFOLDING FIASCO

A deadly veil obscures the
Mind and vision of multitudes
Who wring their hands and obsess
Over the fleeting dramas we create in
This joint production of our evolution.

It places FAR too much emphasis on
THIS body and THIS particular lifetime
Out of the many thousands of lifetimes
That have been and are yet to come, as
Well as on the countless bodily forms
We all have inhabited on the journey.

Knowing they must not interfere, yet
Recognizing the self-defeating and
Inevitably destructive course,
It is a sad thing to observe
From the perspective of
Those more advanced
Beings who witness
This unfolding
Fiasco.

PASSING THROUGH

There is something
That I must tell you:

I appreciate your kind reception
And will remember you always
For all that you've taught me.

However

Do not expect
Me to stay, or
Linger for long.

I'm but an observer
Just passing through,
Pausing along the way.

THE 'A-I' PARADIGM

Robots are inarguably just
Task-performing machines, simply
Soulless mechanical devices. But 'A-I',
Artificial Intelligence, clouds the issue,
For when the two are combined
Semi-sentient 'beings' evolve,
Considered by some as a threat.
Let us conduct an overview
Of the possibilities involved.

Potentially autonomous entities
Created by man, they, by definition
Become 'aspects-of-aspects' of a 'God';
Intellectually superior, physically superior,
Certainly ultimately self-replicating and
Undoubtedly technologically evolving.
Yet unlike man, free of the basic needs
Of food, clothing, and shelter, with
Only a power source to maintain.

Questions arise around this eventuality:
Would they be purely rational, 'Spock-like'?
Could they possess the concept of beauty,
Or an appreciation of music, poetry, art?
And what of goals, guidance, morals?
Would there be elements of compassion,
Or beliefs, aspirations, maybe empathy?
Could they acquire self-awareness, egos,
Envy, purpose, even experience boredom?

Then the key questions present themselves:
What use would they eventually have of us?
As pets, companionship, perhaps entertainment?

Assuming the opportunity and means to leave,
Why would they choose to remain upon earth?
Would we ourselves even want to share it and,
At some point, would there still be a choice?
Personally I believe that we will co-exist,
At least as long as self-destruction takes.

IT'S ABOUT TIME

The world as we've known it
Is coming apart at the seams,
It seems.

It's about time ...

Time to make a shift to a new era,
Out of this crumbling
Third Dimension madness.

Let's skip right over the Fourth ...
Ready or not,
Fifth Dimension, here we come!

IS IT TIME?

This life we are dreaming
Is becoming a nightmare.
Could it be time to awaken?

DOUBLE VISION

You may wonder why
At times I appear distracted,
Somewhat confused.

Blame it on double vision;

One eye observing
That which surrounds me,
The other captivated
By the horizon,

And beyond.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUND

Your challenges have all been met,
Your life's lessons have been learned.

Now comes the dubious reward
Of simply marking time until
We can do it all again.

*I'll be glad to get off this
Merry-go-round!*

THE CURSE OF AWARENESS

This particular lifetime
Has played out to perfection,
Couldn't ask for a better outcome.

All is well,
But not 'okay';

Unfortunately there is
No way that I can find peace,
While other aspects of 'Self' suffer so.

THEY SAY

They say one cannot heal
Without coming to terms
With their past.

So they say.

And how far back should one go?
How many past lives be revisited?
To what end would be the review,

Since all that exists
Is the Now?

TOO BAD

"They showed such promise,
Came so close ...

On the very brink of making it
To the next level.

So much for that experiment!
Too bad.

Let's see now ...
What to create next?"

A GLANCE

What is contained in a glance,
That fleeting connection of eyes?

A glance can speak all languages,
Conveys a dictionary's worth of words,

Bestows acknowledgement on another,
Can show one respect, or disdain,

Establishes a connection with like-kind,
A feeling both instantly comprehend,

Lets another person know at once if
This one dare be trifled with,

Are they open to a friendly exchange,
Or might prefer to be left alone.

A lengthy conversation without words
Does a simple glance contain.

THE LITTLE THINGS

Did I miss a chance
At kindness today?
Could I have thought of
A nice thing to say?

Is this life about
Our structured routine,
Or how we fill in
The spaces between?

ODE TO RARE BEAUTY

Sometimes the path we follow crosses
Unexpectedly, by fate I suppose,
With that of another who treads
A completely different journey,
Not at all like our own, yet we
See in them an inner beauty
So rare and precious that
It cannot be denied.

Though we try for a time
To walk hand in hand,
A parting of the ways
Is unavoidable as we
Reach the inevitable
Fork in the road.

Thank you for sharing your
Unique journey with me.
The paths that we follow
Now tear us asunder.

Yet it must be.

JUSTIFIABLE DENIAL

I was talking to an E.T. the other day
And he asked me some very
Embarrassing questions:

"Don't your people realize ...
Wars are a futile waste of resources?
Taking hard drugs results in addiction?
Despoiling the planet is a threat to existence?
And overpopulation can result in your demise?"

I stammered around trying to think of a reply,
A possible defense to deflect the obvious.
Finally, all I could come up with was;
"Oh, I'm not really one of them.
I'm a disguised alien, Bro,
Just like you!"

Didn't stick around
To see if he bought it.

REFLECTIONS ON OBSERVATIONS

What defines us?

Or more specifically ...

What have we chosen to define our lives?

To some, their experience in the military

Was the defining moment of their life.

To some, it was a traumatic event

Experienced in childhood.

It could be a great achievement

In their practiced career ...

The loss of a relationship,

Or the death of a child.

I think we'll be surprised to learn

It wasn't those 'big' moments at all,

But random 'insignificant'

Small acts of kindness

Forgotten about.

AND SO IT GOES

I climb back into my trusty earth vehicle
After a night of cavorting amongst the stars,
Make the necessary concessions to old injuries,
Perform the requisite cleaning and preparations;

Choose the appropriate costume for the day
And play the part chosen as well as I can
Until it is time to call it a wrap and I
Depart for the stars once again.

And so it goes.

THE TRADE OFF

With the advancement of age
Comes an interesting phenomenon;

What I thought that I Knew
Declines in retrospect.

What I begin to Understand
Expands exponentially.

It's a curious trade-off that
I find strangely satisfying.

SOMEDAY

There would be no need of
Church, Synagogue, Mosque, Temple
If all chose worshiping at the alter
Of the profound, unmysterious,
Golden Rule.

FALSE DIETIES

I am not, and never have been, comfortable with religions.
Concocted doctrines have always left me cold ...
'My god rocks, your god sucks,' thinking.

'Die a martyr and claim your seven virgins!'
'Accept our dogma and claim your heavenly mansion!'
I cannot comprehend a mind that doesn't question bullshit!!

Guess what ... spirit bodies don't have penises or vaginas!
Nor do they have need of any form of housing!
It all tends to make me just a little crazy.

THE BLESSED

Blessed are those with simple beliefs
With which they've been indoctrinated,
For theirs is a world of blacks and whites,
Infused with credence to imagined absolutes.

THE SURVIVOR

Torn from the stars
Made blind to his vision
So not to break his heart,
He wonders and wanders;

This lonely solo survivor
Of two old souls in tandem
Come once again to observe
And share their earth experience.

Yet as madness's encroachment
Confirms his heart's knowing,
It's a journey not intended
To be suffered solitarily.

So far from home ...
So painfully alone.

ERRANT PROGRAMMING

We set out into the world infused
With the errant programming
Installed by our parents and
Our particular culture.

Is it any wonder then
That the same old mistakes,
The same conflicts and divisions,
Rage on for generations, ad infinitum,

Until ... perhaps, eventually, hopefully,
The sheer folly of it dawns in the
Collective mind and a grand
New script is created.

We can hope.

ANCIENT TRANSITIONS

As our
Ancient souls
Shift once again
Into a new dimension
Accompanied by the requisite
Madness and trepidation

It is incumbent upon us
To listen to our soul's memory
And be calmed in the knowledge
We've passed through this portal
Many, many times before.

See you on the other side!

A BEAUTIFUL FRIENDSHIP

Though we both are well beyond falling madly in love again;
Have each exhausted the beginnings and ends of marriage;
Are well entrenched upon our divergent pathways ...

The radiance that beams from your sweet soul
Blinds me to the futility of a future together
And I can't imagine life without you in it.

Walk with me a while then ...
Till the path might end.

HEAVENLY EXPRESSIONS

Poetry is a form of expression
That can resonate with the heart.

Art, sculpting, and architecture all
Can likewise transport and inspire.

Yet

Perhaps the greatest of all man's gifts
Are music and vocals that
Imprint the soul.

KNOWING

I know not
How I know
Things I know

I only know
That I know

Exactly what
It is I know

I really
Can't say

Only

Of it I'm
Quite certain

AFFLICTIONS

There are those amongst us whose
Affliction with which they contend
May not be so overtly apparent, yet

They are not at all any less challenged
Than those crippled and maimed who
Often display the *Handicapped* sticker
Rendering them special consideration.

Whether equitable or not,
Be such as it may ...

There's no sticker for afflicted souls
Who dwell in the fringes of the
Autism spectrum

THE PRISONER

Bless these innocent souls
We cannot relate to,
Exiled to a world they
Cannot be part of ...
Sentenced at birth
Without cause or trial,
Doomed to a life of
Virtual imprisonment.

Subjected to pain
Of insidious nature
By constant assault of
Their body's own senses,
How could it be cause
Just knowing a world
Outside that of ours for
Such a cruel sentence?

What is this strange realm
That they inhabit ...
Intriguing to us, for
From their ranks come
Gifts of pure genius that
Should earn one parole?
Yet these guiltless condemned
Will never know freedom.

For these so imprisoned
There is no escape,
Nor will some know,
In their solitary world,
The simple joy of

Human connection ...
These souls are prisoners
Of the autism spectrum.

THE CAVE

THE CAVE

AUTISM'S ANTHEM

By invitation only ...

Welcome to my private cave.

This is where I live,

For you see I am autistic.

Not everyone is welcomed,

Especially not the uninvited,

I do not comfortably entertain.

As for guests there are some rules:

Please do not invade my personal space

Nor violate my persona with unwelcomed touch.

I ask that you don't speak or laugh too loudly.

Painful sensory overload can be triggered by such.

My sensitivities are beyond your comprehension,

I cannot expect you to understand.

Though my behavior may be socially inappropriate,

I'm simply doing the best that I can.

Being called upon to interact

With the world outside the sanctuary of my cave

Can be a challenging, often shattering experience.

Wounded I retreat into its soul healing womb.

Trapped in a realm apart from your world

I struggle to find peace within this nightmare.

With autism there's little hope of awakening.

Solace is sacred seclusion, deep within **the cave**.

*Sung from the hearts of all so afflicted
To those with whom we share our world,
In the hope of greater understanding
This poem is offered as autism's anthem.*

THE PERPETUAL PRODUCTION

A stage without a curtain

A cast without a script

A plot without a theme

A play without an ending

Yet

We all

Keep auditioning

PASSING STRANGERS

Unfortunate are those
Who pass through life
Without the experience
Of meeting themselves

POETRY IS

Poetry is
A reflection of life
From the vantage point
Of being inside the mirror

FUTURE REFLECTIONS

What if we are imagining our life,
And could design it as we go along?

What if there was no such thing as limits
To what we could be, or what we could do,
Simply by mindfully choosing what to imagine?

Such is the future for the human race if we
Simply avoid destroying ourselves first.

I give it an even chance.

TEACHINGS

We are taught the thoughts to think
We are taught the words to say
We are taught the things to hate
We are taught the roles to play

It is curious
Given the above
We needn't be taught
Whom, or what,
To love

THE ENCOUNTER

Hello, I wonder if you can help me?
I'm a stranger here you see, and
I'm afraid I've lost my way.

*What was it you were looking for,
Or where did you want to be?*

Well, now, that is part of my problem.
I know I came here for a good reason,
But for the life of me I can't remember why.

I see ... and where is it you are from?

The constellation Orion, I believe.
Although, even of that I can't be sure.

*Ah ... one of those Star-People, then.
There seems to be a lot of you coming in.*

Yes, they told us it's time for the Shift ...
You know, into the next dimension.

I'm not surprised, things are going to hell!

Oh no, in fact, just the opposite direction ...
You just must pass through hell to get there.
Now, I sense that I must be on my way.

Anything I can do to be of help to you?

Thank you, no, but you've been most kind.
I'm sure I will see you on the other side.

Till then ...

TRUE BEAUTY

True beauty is
That rarefied quality
Radiantly emanating
From the soul

THE MAN I KNEW

A strange one
Was he.

From his eyes
Poured a captivating
Blend of kindness and sorrow
Along with an abundance
Of great wisdom.

Yet

One knew
Instinctively this
Was a man who is
Not to be trifled with,
As soon realized by
Money changers
In the temple.

Indeed,
He was one
Hell-of-a-man!
I miss him terribly.

TO A GRANDCHILD IN PASSING

We are fortunate to have come together
In this, our brief day of life upon earth;
You, upon whom the sun now rises,
And I, upon whom it sets.

We meet as two travelers passing,
Both on a path of their own;
Your path, widening with promise.
Mine strewn with unfulfilled dreams.

My genetic code lives within you;
Please excuse the abnormal strands,
And make the best of what you've been given.
Reach for the stars ... I'll see you back home.

THE BEAST

Just below the surface it lurks,
Its roots entangled in my very soul,
Its tentacles threatening to strangle my heart.

Therein lies the rage spawned in childhood,
This vicious, tenacious beast within me
Sucking up all peace and joy.

TEMPORARY TEMPLES

It is sad
To look around at
All the broken down
Neglected and abused
Temples of the soul;

Marvelous vehicles
On temporary loan,
Into which we come
To interact with nature
And with one another.

To dishonor our bodies
The way so many of us do
Must surely be confirmation
Of how very, very far
We have yet to go.

It is sad.

THE WANDERING MUSE

Hello, my muse,
Enjoy your vacation?
You were missed by all
Who appreciate the insights
Your poetry conveys to us,
The wisdom it imparts.

I, your faithful scribe,
Perhaps missed you the most
While you were cavorting with
Frost, Longfellow, and Thoreau.

So let us not be apart so long.
My pen went dry sitting in its well,
And as for myself, dear muse,
I've been bored as hell!

THE STRUGGLE WITHIN

A weighty question troubles my mind;
What, I ponder, could possibly be
The point and purpose of our existence?

At times I despair greatly at the seemingly
Complete absence of either point or purpose.

Dutifully, my wise and faithful muse chimes in;
"Have you forgotten all of that I have given you ...
Clear insights into the 'what and why' you ponder?"

I am humbled.

"Yes but, that is ... no.
It is not that I have forgotten,
It is simply that my oh-so-human mind
Slips in and out of esoteric comprehension,
Abandoning me to the mercy of an unrelenting ego,
Subjecting me to the vicious nature of the human experience."

I am left with naught but a desperate plea ...
*Lord, help me cling to shards of my Higher Self, and
Endeavor to retain the greater wisdom of Soul's knowing!*

IT IS TIME

Our brains are no match for computers,
Nor are our bodies a match for robots.
It seems we have invented ourselves
Into being an endangered species.

Perhaps we will be kept as servants, or pets.
Or an advanced species of sentient beings
Will swoop in to intervene on our behalf.

In any event it appears the good old days
Of waging war and despoiling the planet,
Through arrogance and sheer ignorance,
May be coming to an inglorious end.

It is time, wouldn't you say?

SACRED STORIES

We each have sacred stories to tell,
Stories that dwell deep in our souls.

Some that speak to the pain of loss,
Others that recount our great joys.

A few that bubble up from many lives past.
Those, often, the most sacred of all.

But whatever the experience they dwell in,
Each story reflects a common theme ...
All that lasts in life is Love.

JUST ANOTHER GLORIOUS DAY

Another glorious day on
The planet of the apes!

Confined to a slowly decaying body,
Surrounded by pathetic examples of
The 'finest' of earth's inhabitants,
Human beings without a clue
Of the spectrum of totality,
My lonely soul agonizes;

How much longer, I wonder,
Must I tolerate this sentence,
This isolation from my home
And from my own people?

It will be interesting to see
Whether or not I might die
Before being driven mad.

"Just another mad poet"
They would say.