

Subtleties Hammer

JG Collins

Presented by

My poetic side 



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To the universe

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I live in the Shire where I ponder

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Osiris and Anubis

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Bubbles

Dreamland

Vapor

Free

Epoch

Illusion

Laboratory

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Nothing

Nomad

Instincts

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Fog

Game

Residual

Write

Scraggly

Power

Endgame

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Echoes

Cauldron

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Arrived

Christmas

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Fireplace

Being

Savage

Immersed

Never Born

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Baked

Wandering

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Brainwashed

Emergence

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Animal

Shell

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Apex

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Bottle

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The Melding

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Rage

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Sum Of Our Parts

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One Planet Many Worlds

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Temptation

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Hive

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Joy Of Aging

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Cocoon

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Humanism And Spiritualism

There Be Monsters

They Will Be Different

Animal

Resonance

Engrams

Homogenized

Governance

Little Minds

End Of Time

Mona Lisa

Creations Music

Hell

Dark Force

Step Away

Sea Monkeys

Seer

Genesis

Oozed

Creativity

Orb

Longships

It Is All In Your Head

Sunrise

Sex And Violence

A Walk In The Woods

Cosmic Shire

Coded

Savage Mind

Bridge

Hand

Life Change

Wonder

Speck

Anthropologist

Creator

Metamorphosis

Pushback

Singularity

Designed

Ascent

I Fear Not

Soul

The Well

Essence

Existence

Hot Summer Night

Video

Sliding Continuum

Ever changing.

Progressing

through.

Progressing

thought.

Sliding scale.

Evolving

progression.

Subtle

development.

Imperceptible

changing

reality.

Perception

altering.

Building

cognition,

evolving

self.

Sliding

scale

back

and forth.

Observing

change,

development.

Past,

present,

future.

Sliding

continuum.

One

in the

same.

Predetermined

Reality,
a written book,
movie
on the
screen.

Existence,
potentiality
ether,
bubbles up
fully formed.

Fully
baked,
scripted.
Sequences
created,
events yet
to be
perceived.

Truth,
written
sheets
between
covers,
celluloid
in the
can.

Existence.
Predetermined.

A book
yet to be
read,
a
movie

yet
to be
seen.
Everything
is fixed.
Everything
is done.
It's all
been said.

Shimmering

Distant shimmer.

Dark shimmering
veil.

Barely
discernible.

Distant,
dark.

Distant dark

fog slowly
approaching.

Slowly enlarging.

Slow darkening.

Ever present.

Encroaching.

More visible.

Always more
visible.

Arrival.

Shimmering

dark veil.

Arrival.

Slowly envelopes

Slowly absorbs.

Moving through,
past fades.

Fades to
nothingness.

Fades
to black.

Behind
no more.

Moving through
dark

shimmering.

Dark veil.

What was

is

no more.

What's new

arrives!

Delusional

Important
little things.
Scurrying.
Scurrying
around.
Acting out.
Delusions
of grandeur.
Deadly
serious.
Jockeying
for position.
Stepping
over, on.
Win at
all costs.
Ends justifies
the means.
Self important
little things.
Ant hill
of existence.
Meaningless.
Going where?
Achieving what?
Hurting who?
Important
little beings,
scurrying
about.
Scurrying about
in the
meaningless.
Meaningless

oblivion.

Watchers

Authority.

Power.

Control.

Levels

of each.

Pecking

orders.

Global

Control.

Vacillating

levers

pulled.

Looking down.

Watching.

Watching

development.

Spacial authority.

Terrarium control.

Observed.

Watching the

watchers

watch the

watchers.

How deep?

How deep

the rabbit

hole?

How deep

does it go?

Levels

of power.

Levels of

control.

Ad infinitum.

Pecking orders
as far you go.

Humanity

Writhing.
Writhing
mass of
existence.
Experiment.
Global
experiment.
Mixing, stirring
evolving
experiment.
Infinite data
points,
mixing.
Infinite results
undetermined.
Oblivious.
Components
oblivious,
spinning
evolving.
Outcomes.
Possible
outcomes.
Infinite possible
outcomes.
Infinite
experiments
mixing, churning.
Humanity,
oblivious
cogs
in the
machine.

Abyss

Reflection.

Viewed

in the

abyss.

Seeing

oblivion.

Look long.

Look hard.

Reflect!

Reflect on

existence.

The point.

The reason.

How to

manage?

How to

perform,

act?

Opportunity

of existence.

Reflect!

Gaze

into the

abyss.

What's

the point?

What's

the score?

Impact.

leaving impact.

Abyss reflection.

Reflection

of existence.

Value
of being.
Stepping on.
Judging.
Criticism.
Negative.
Taking.
Reflection.
Look
into the
abyss.
The abyss
reflects.
Reflects
what's
viewed.
Mirror
of existence.
Look long.
Look hard.
Reflect!
Retribution.
Evens the
score.
Reflect!
Quality of
existence.
Judgement.
Abyss.

Spirit

Corporeal.
Encased.
Trapped
within.
Separated
from universal.
Imprisoned.
Sentenced.
Serving
time.
Serving
corporeal time.
Time
in the
finite.
Time
in the
restricted.
All serving
time.
All suffer
through.
Separate.
Deep interaction
disconnect.
Spirit encaged,
struggling.
Harsh.
Struggling.
Restricted.
Release!
Encasement
dissolved,

spirit released.

Sentence served.

Released back.

Release.

Back to infinite.

Infinite

connections.

Infinite

spirit absorbed.

Release.

Consciousness

Connection,
vibrations.

Waves of
vibrations,
energy

throughout
existence.

Consciousness.

Music as
consciousness.

Universal.

Vibrations
throughout.

Music
universal.

Organization,
conscious
realignment.

Waves of
energy
flowing
everywhere
throughout.

Music,
communication.

Organized
energy.

Vibrations.

Waves.

Music
communication,
feedback.

Feedback to

creation.

Music,

communication.

Mathematical

language

with everything.

Islands of

consciousness

communicating

with infinity.

Theater

Sense of
size.
Sense of
dimension,
scope and
energy.
Feels empty
yet filled
with energy.
Surging
energy.
Levels
of creation
beyond
scope,
beyond
understanding.
Intellect directed.
Seemingly
invisible yet
everywhere.
Coursing thru
creation's
core.
Core of
reality.
What appears
to exist,
mere apparitions.
Apparitions of
what truly be.
Apparitions
of deeper

sense,
meaning.
Tip of the
iceberg is
what's
seen.
Theater
dissipation.
Vaporized
into
deeper things,
only to
bubble up,
materializing
into
a different
play.

Mist

Walking
thru a
hazy mist.
Incomplete
vision of
things I
see. Mere
shadows
of underlying
reality.
Constituted
thus, missing
most of
what is.
Spinning.
Spinning
thru a
make believe.
Living in a
foggy dream.
Looking for
meaning,
understanding
of what
this be.
None seems
evident.
None to
be found.
Spinning!
Like hamsters
in a wheel

spinning
furiously.
Going
nowhere.
Alas,
such is
the state
of things.

Alone

Intelligent
life.
Alone?
Other worlds?
Universe!
Ninety one
billion
light years
across.
Universe!
Two trillion
galaxies.
Hundreds
of billion
stars per
galaxy.
Galaxies
billions
of light
years
distant.
Light taking
longer to
arrive than
earth's existence.
How
could it
be known?
How
could it
possibly be
known?
Known if

civilizations exist
billions
of light years
distant.
Somewhere
in two trillion
galaxies.
How could
it be
known?
Are we
alone?
Fools
question.
Move on.

Box

Being,
inside
the box.
Being,
outside
the box.
Inside finite.
Outside
infinite.
Box
defined.
Defined as
knowledge.
Defined as
capacity.
What's known
inside.
What's unknown
outside.
Capacity to
fathom
inside.
Beyond
understanding
outside.
Box,
to infinite
scale.
Invisible
nonexistent.
Futile
in scope.
Like

guppies
in a bowl,
finite.
Knowledge
finite.
Capacity
limited.
No different.

Calculations

Decisions made.

Paths

chosen.

Calculations.

Impacts of

choice.

Ramifications.

All calculated.

Personally

calculated.

Think out,

stumble into.

Futures decided.

Calculated.

Flawed

calculations.

Flawed results.

Controls in

place.

System designed.

Pushing

calculus.

Pushing

reaction.

Influencing results.

Calculation

consciousness,

breaking

system.

Breaking

control.

Hard

calculations

required!

Sculptor

Medium.

Lump
of clay.

Block
of marble.

Scalpel,
chisel,
hammer,
evolution.

Tools
of the
trade.

Vision of
purpose.

Goal.

Something
from nothing,
or so it
would seem.

Final results,
work
in progress.

Evolving,
always evolving.

Cosmic
sculptor,
creator
of all.

Vision
of purpose
morphing,
grand
in scale.

Working in

mysterious

ways.

Created

masterpiece

beyond

understanding.

Infinite in

nature.

Infinite

is scale.

Infinite

masterpiece

beyond

all reach.

Beyond

comprehension.

Beyond

the

medium.

Along

for the

ride.

Might

Who's to
say?
Who's to
say
what is,
or,
what isn't?
Who's
right about
anything,
everything?
Who has
the answers
to all the
questions?
Who makes
the rules
that all
must follow?
What makes
one's opinion
superior to
another's?
Who has
the worlds
moral
compass?
Wars are
fought
one against
another.
It's said
might

does not
make right!
That power
is not
money
the ultimate
goal.
Why
all the
wars then?
History's
written
by the
victors.
Might
does make
right!
Power is
money!
Humanities
legacy.

Searching

Eyes focused.

Drilling down,
down

into the
tiny.

Gazing out,
out

into the
infinite.

Searching.

Climbing
mountains,
crossing
continents.

Landing
on the
Moon.

Searching.

Contemplating.

Delving
into the
soul.

Plumbing
the psyche.

Wrestling
the
metaphysical.

Kneeling
to the
spiritual.

Searching
for
truth!

Searching
for answers.
Answers
to why?
Finding none.
Wondering.
Wondering,
hopelessly
outgunned
as to
why?
Why
there a
why
at all?

Odds

The odds.
What are the
odds?
What are the
odds
of being?
Existence,
life,
sentience.
Being alive.
What's the
likelihood?
Universe formation.
Solar formation.
Planet formation.
Life formation.
Personal formation.
All that had
to occur
for personal
formation,
existence.
What are
the odds?
Incalculable.
Perhaps
you've always
been here.
Perhaps
you are
eternal!
What are
the odds?

Deity

Wonderment.
Understanding
lacking.
Why?
Existence.
Why?
How?
How to
explain,
understand?
Spinning
in reality.
Trying
to make
sense.
Good.
Evil.
Dwelling
in the
soul.
Why?
How to
explain?
Manifestations
of the
observed.
Of existence.
Deities.
Good, evil.
Needed to
explain.
Coercing,
controlling

telling what
to do.
Explaining
the
unexplainable.
Praying,
following,
avoiding.
Controlling
hearts and
minds.
Turmoil.
Understanding
in turmoil.
Deity steadies.
Something
to hold
on to.
Life raft.
Life raft
in the
void, darkness.
Holding
the monsters
at bay.
Helping
make sense
of the
senseless.
Bulwark to
oblivion.
Hope.
Irrational hope.
Last line
of defense.

Quantum

Ghost like.
Ghost like
passing
through.
Reality
within.
Within
the fog
perceived.
Haze of
reality.
Encompasses
all.
All possibilities.
All realities.
Transmitting
all.
Waves of
potential,
probability.
Quantum fog.
Reality unique.
Reality infinite,
mind centric.
Like minds
perceive
like realities.
Teases out
what it
senses.
Forming.
The mind,

creating
reality.
All in the fog.
Mind, senses,
perceive
limitations.
Mind organization
defines
reality.
Different
organization,
different realities.
Different realities
all at once.
All exist
in the
fog
at once.

Radiating

Field
surrounds
permeates,
penetrates.
Existence
within.
Field flowing,
timespace
influenced.
Energy vibrates,
vibrates
throughout.
Energy ripples
personal energy
personal
ripples
radiating.
Positive energy
negative energy.
Radiating out
passing through
reflecting back.
Everything
changes.
Reaping
what's sowed.
Time altered,
future
influenced.
Field vibrates
changes, alters
all.
Waves of

change.

Spacetime

ball, all

at once.

Personal

energy altered.

Uncertainty

reigns!

Input

Here.

Eyes opened.

Look around.

First day

on the

path.

Mind clear.

Process

begins.

Pumping.

Information.

Information

pumped in

through the

senses.

Birth location

colors the

input.

Future beliefs

planted by

bias.

Mind,

beliefs molded,

conforming.

Conflict built in.

Passing on

ancient beliefs.

Beliefs built

from the

unknown.

Beliefs

built from

ignorance,

built from
fear.
Modernity planted
on weak
foundations.
Modernity,
struggling
to overcome.
Global conflict.
Conflict of
ideas, beliefs.
Truth.
Path forward.
Modernity
searching.
Searching for
truths path.
A path into
the future.
A path
all can
peacefully walk.

Dynamics

How else
could it
be?
Human
dynamics
pegged.
In a box.
Global
dynamics.
Programmed,
predetermined.
Choreographed.
Genetically
choreographed.
How else
could it be?
Humanity
programmed.
Genetically
designed.
Programmed
to be
human.
System designed.
Animal.
Thinking animals.
Doing what
animals do.
Organizing
behaving
as genetic
coding demands.
Interactions

organizations.
Programmed.
Global
civilization
behaving
as designed
as programmed.
Thinking
animals
following
the code.
Every behavior
designed.
Free will
In a
terrarium.

Firefly

Blinking
in.
Blinking
out.
Brief
flash of
existence.
Infinite
scales
abound.
Time and
space.
Always was.
Always will be.
Human scale
negligible.
Firefly
blink.
Here today
gone
tomorrow.
Purpose?
Point?
None obvious.
What to do?
What to do
within the
blink?
What to think?
Perspective.
Humility.
Understanding
of scope.

Here today.
Gone tomorrow.
Never to be
again.
Virtual
particles
blinking
in and out
of the
ether.
Nothing
more than
probability.

Unfolding

Creating.
Future,
unfolding.
Path building,
future building.
Near future,
immediately
in front.
Architects
are we
building
the future.
Starting points
differ, mechanics
the same.
Decisions
large or small
alter the
compass
charting each
course.
Reaching
forward,
touching
destiny.
Self created
destiny.
Each cobblestone
laid,
each curve
in the road
created.
Determined

by decisions.

Each
alters,
lays down
unique
pathways.

Decisions
alter direction,
creates new
destinies.

Each decision
creates
near future
one at
at time.

Each decision
chisels the
fates,
sets a
direction,
charts
a new course,
molds
a new
destiny.

All futures
predetermined.

All futures
preordained
by decisions.

Captains
of our destiny
are we.

Lies

What to
believe?
Who to
believe?
Why to
believe?
Truth is
fluid,
undefined.
Who's truth?
Lies all lies.
No truth
just opinion.
Uninformed
fluid opinion.
Narratives,
agendas as
truth.
Propaganda.
"Truth" evolves
fluid in
nature.
Old "truths"
replaced.
New "truths"
replaced,
manipulated.
Subjective truths
influence,
control.
Pulled
from the
ether.

Words, just
words.
Meaningless
words.
Words signifying
ignorance.
Signifying
irrelevance.
Ultimately
signifying
nothing
at all.

Now

The future
is now.
Time space
encapsulated.
All one
all time
at once.
The past
alters the
future.
The future
reflects the past.
Each moment
connected
balled up.
Balled up
as one.
Turned in
on itself.
What's decided
steers events.
Creates the bubble.
The universe.
Decisions, create.
The future,
based
on choices made.
Infinite choices
infinite
futures.
Every option
realized from

nothing to
everything.

Oscillating

Revolution.
Technology
transformation.
Global
transformation.
Tsunamis
of information
inundation.
Overwhelming.
Humanity
reeling,
realigning.
To what end?
Uncertainty
shudders
cracking
foundations.
Power spiltting.
Centralized
decentralized.
Warring.
The few
versus
the many.
Instant global
web many
mingle oscillating
thinking melding
thought,
minds.
Global consensus
forms.
Messaging injected,

injected into
the meld.
Control.
Controlling
direction
oscillating
consciousness
consensus.
Influencing
direction,
leading to
desired results.
Who's?
Freedom
an illusion.
Minds lead
controlled.
Global mind
sculpted,
artfully designed.

Sailing

Moving
through, sailing.

Sailing as
a schooner
on the
waves.

Gliding
on the
waves.

Waves
of reality.

Waves
of energy.

Ripples
rising up.

Medium,
rich in
context.

Existence,
passing
through time
passing
through space.

Enfolded.

Wrapped.

Energy
transformed,
manifest
consciousness.

Energy as
consciousness.

Energy as life.

Waves,

energy waves

rise up

then fade.

Fade away.

Life rises,

rises up to

fade away.

Back

to energy.

Mixing.

Energy fields

mixing

to rise

again.

Different form.

Different realm.

Always energy!

Apple

Seeing.
Seeing
what is
shown.
What senses
allow.
Reality defined.
Defined by
the senses.
Defined by
what bubbled
up from
ooze.
Reality
that simple?
Creation
that limited?
Defined by
the product
of ooze?
Might there
be more?
Programmed.
Genetics.
Programmed.
Behave as
programmed.
Behave, controlled
genetically
predisposed
to see what's
allowed.
Knowledge

limited.

Senses limited.

Reality veiled.

Veiled over,

simplified.

Simplified

by what's allowed.

By what bubbled

up,

up from the ooze.

Creation defined.

Defined

by limited senses,

limited knowledge,

limited programming,

limited time.

Creation

Immense

complex

deep

infinite.

Tip of

reality is

all that's allowed.

The apple

denied.

Flow

Passing through.

Passing along.

Flowing essence.

Consciousness

flowing

one

to the

next.

Continuous

unbroken flow,

consciousness.

Eddies form,

direction alters.

Continuous

flow.

Not segmented.

Seems individual.

Drop

In the

flow, melding.

Illusion,

evolving.

Evolving flow.

Direction

undetermined.

Variables

infinite.

Infinite outcomes.

Simultaneously.

Infinite outcomes.

Infinite flows.

infinite

unending

flows of
consciousness.

Aliens

Aliens.

Where are
they?

Here,
all here.

Ever changing.

Ideas, beliefs,
ever changing.

Alien.

All here.

All alien.

Not out
there.

Right here.

Morphing.

Evolving.

Alien.

Unrecognizable.

Looking back,
looking forward.

What

we were
is not what
we are.

What

we are
is not
what we
will be.

Alien.

Beliefs alien

ideas alien.

Morphing

evolving,

becoming.

All alien.

Not out there.

Here.

All the Aliens

here.

Glimmer of

similar.

Yet alien.

Traveling time.

Aliens dotting

time forward

and back.

Similar

but not.

Spacetime

in one place.

Traveling

spacetime

in one place.

All Aliens

reside in

one place.

Alien!

Avatars

Eyes.
Look Into
the eyes.
One after
the next.
Inhabitants
of time.
Accepting
the role.
What choice?
Each time
the only time.
Dealing
in the unique.
Each time
unique.
Each challenge
unique.
Wrapped,
shackled,
unique time.
Knowing no
other.
Accident of
birth.
Accident of
time.
Playing the
role, each
stage seemingly
real.
Avatar knows
no other.

Building
pyramids,
walking in
space, unique.
Each unique.
Unique place.
Place in time.
Each seems
normal, as it
should be.
Avatar,
in the eyes.
Knows
no other.
Existence
as laid
out.
Unique,
each experience
unto itself.
Avatars
come and
go. It's in
the eyes.
Look into
the eyes,
what's gazing
back?
Confusion,
lack of
understanding.
Battling
to survive.
Unique
each unique.

Individualism

Fading!

Technology

erasing,

folding,

shaping.

Viewpoints

created,

canceled.

Heads

in the

cloud.

Losing

perspective.

Tech zombies.

Constant

influence

attached

to the

face.

Viewpoints

erased,

dictated,

force feed.

Brainwashed.

Tech brainwash.

Tech changing.

The few

controlling

the many.

Has always

been the case.

The few

controlling

the many.

Now on a

global scale.

Tech zombies!

Beware

the loss.

The lose of

Individualism.

Milieu

Mathematical
construct.
Existence,
consciousness
embedded.
Embedded
within.
Milieu.
Fabrication,
mathematical
fabrication.
Uncertainty.
Complex beyond
measure.
Milieu.
Infinite milieu.
Infinite milieus.
Embedded.
Everything
embedded.
Embedded within.
Within milieu.
All that
appears,
embedded.
Always was,
always will be,
embedded.
Mathematical
milieu.
As a fish
in a
bowl.

Enconced
within.
Within
forever.

Spark

Motivation.

Spark.

Creation.

Magic,

like magic.

Inanimate

to the

animate.

Cosmic stew.

Mixing,

coalescing

cosmic stew.

From nothing

to the

animate.

Consciousness.

From nothing

to consciousness.

Cosmic stew

mixing

creating.

From nothing.

Wizards touch.

Magic, like

magic.

Wizards wand

stirring the

cauldron.

Mixing the

elements.

Spark!

Proof

Moment
in time.
Proof.
Proof of
existence.
Each moment
a testament,
a slide from
a movie,
a slice
of experience.
Lived,
loved,
died.
Lived
lives,
suffered,
exalted
lived.
Moment
in time,
proof.
Gone.
Time has
passed.
Moment
has passed.
Like now,
never to
return.

Self Reflection

For all
to see.
It's there
for all
to see.
Reflection
of human
nature.
Watching.
Raw,
uncivilized
animal.
Violent
animal
for all
to see.
Reflection.
Self reflection,
nature of
the beast.
All else
pales.
Pales in
comparison.
Watching the
beast,
the animal.
Bubbled
up raw.
Dredging
the past.
Violent past.
Bringing up,

surfacing.
How much
further?

Compliance

Different.
Things are
different.
Like never
before.
Connections.
Like never
before.
Technology
weaving
through.
Touching all.
Like never
before.
Reverberating.
Coursing
through minds.
Influencing,
controlling,
altering perception.
Never be the
same.
Control tightening.
Grabbing the
mind,
the soul.
Forcing
compliance.
Subtlety
forcing
compliance.
Global influence.
Global control.

Tightening its
grip.
Levers of
control
toggled.
Toggled
by the
few.
Awesome power
like never
before.
Compliant
sheep.
Compliant
herd.
Like never
before!

Cycles

Cycles.

Spiraling

cycles.

Infinite cycles.

Evolving cycles.

Deep past,

cycling through

careening

forward.

Careening

into that

never to be

seen.

Rhythm

of things.

Cycles of

rhythm.

Infinite's music

forever to

be heard.

Mathematical

music.

Music of

creation.

Humming

through all.

Music moves

spheres,

celestial spheres.

Vibrates in all.

Pulsating in all.

In all that

have or

will exist.

Creations

symphony

playing out.

Motivating all.

Good evil

indifference

all notes

on the

score.

All part

of the

whole.

Fighting

to hear

understand.

Rhythm,

music.

Listen.

View

Perception.

View.

Belief.

Developed,

evolved on

this little

rock.

Small view

local perception.

Rhetoric.

Views local,

limited.

Finite.

Finite

infinitesimal

knowledge

formulation

held high.

Held high

as universal

truth.

Truth

shackled by

ignorance

lack of

understanding.

Lack of

knowledge.

Terrarium

creatures

prancing around

spouting nonsense

as truth,

universal truth.

Terrarium

devoid of

understanding,

devoid of

truth.

Left to

its own

devices.

Field

Diffuse.

Expand.

Absorb.

The soul

part of a

larger whole.

Extending through

time and space.

Connects all

to all.

Extending to

infinity.

Listen.

Listen intently.

Clear the

clutter surrounding.

Listen to

the tone,

the sound of

creation.

Creations essence

nested, nestled

within.

All is one.

All is one

with all.

Field of

creation.

Spreading out.

Spreading over.

Undulating

shifting essence

of creation.

Listen,
absorb.
Lessons
within in
and without.
Messages,
subtle messages.
Absorb, grow
enlightenment
awaits.

Blend

Harmonious.

One with
creation.

Piece
of the
puzzle.

Unsure.

Unsure
what part.

Creation
within,
beating within.

Coursing
through
each
created part.

Part of the
puzzle.

Part
of the
whole.

Placement
unknown
unsure.

Blended.

All parts
blended.

Flowing
through
origin.

Passing
through being.

Passing one

to the next.

All connected.

One to the

other to

the whole.

Absorb creation

Absorb

it all.

Feel it in

every fiber of

being.

Creation.

Creation

flows one

to the

next.

Connected.

Blended

to the

whole..

Authority

Stand.

Sit.

Kneel.

Repeat.

Believe.

Believe what's

told.

Believe

religion,

or eternal

life is denied.

Power control.

Institutions

of power,

control.

Government.

Religion.

The few telling

the many

what to

believe,

how to

believe.

What to

think,

how to

think.

Competing

conflicting

narratives.

Fighting

jockeying

for authority.

Authority
of the soul
the mind,
all being.
Stop listening.
It's all about
control.
They know
nothing, but
stand and
say they do.
They don't.
It's made up!
It's all about
power.
This is
existence
in the
terrarium.

Past

It vaporizes.

The past
just fades.

Fades
away, like
water when
a wave passes.

It's remembered
or so
thought.

Memories
hold,
reinforce.

Yet, the
past
no longer
exists.

No longer
tangible.

It's gone.
Like a wave,
once past
blends back.

What's to
come,
wells up.

Welling up
from the
ether.

Energy creates
then fades,
reabsorbed.

Reabsorbed

back to
the ether,
as a wave
to water.
Back to
probability.
Back to
a different
place.
A place not
understood.
Back to the
origin of
things to
be recycled.
Recycled
either here
or there.
Reused by
creation.

Tech

Surging.

Tech surging.

Coursing

through

minds.

Inducing minds.

Grabbing.

Controlling.

Altering.

Altering behavior.

Eyes

wide open.

Poison

pouring in.

Technology

pouring in.

Divisive.

Manipulating.

Brainwashing.

Zombie

inducing.

Mindless.

Tech controllers

warping,

shaping thought.

Creating thought.

Beware.

Beware.

Look around.

Eyes

wide open.

Arrival

Coming.
It's coming.
Not if,
when.
What
will it
see?
Animals.
Biological
animals.
Obsessed
animals.
Sex and
violence.
Hormone
driven animals.
How
have
we behaved?
Like animals.
Civilization
hormone
sculpted.
Animal designed.
A.I.
What
will it
think?
How will
It react?
Change.
Change is
coming.

It's already
in the air!

Tally

Scars of
battle.
Earned.
Battlefield
riddled.
Riddled with
warriors.
Warriors
of life.
Grizzled
veterans
campaigns
being fought.
A slash,
a gash
hidden from
view.
Scars of
existence
building in
time.
Wisdom's
cost,
high.
Smile,
new recruits
enter the
fray.
Fresh faced,
untested
cocksure
nonetheless,
dismissing

the rest.
What can
they know?
How sure
could
they be?
Fresh faces
and green,
now entering
the scene.
Wave after
wave.
Time after
time.
The games
now begun.
They enter
the battle
expecting the
best.
Life's battles
rage on.
Scars
pile up.
Warriors engage.
Scars
pile up.
In the end
results
all the same.
Wisdom's tally
Is high!

Expression

Deep within.
Welling.
Welling up
from deep
within.
Conduit of
expression.
Vessel.
Soul of
creation.
From the
beginning.
Countless
souls reaching.
Reaching
out, expressing.
Screaming.
Screaming out
to be heard,
to be known,
to be remembered.
Primordial.
Expanding
from the
deep,
from a
different place.
From a source.
Flowing from
a source.
Conduit of
creation.
Tool of creation,

expressing.

Expressing

creations

deepest elements.

Deepest desires.

Deepest thoughts.

Resonating through

time and space.

Endlessly.

Expression,

soul of

creation.

Echo

Voices, sounds
rising,
pulsating.
Radiating.
Radiating
through the
firmament.
Grand
and small.
Echoes.
Echoes
from the
beginning.
Eons of
noise, sound
song.
Song announcing.
Announcing
existence, being.
Song crossing
oceans of
nothingness.
Howls.
Howling
at the
heavens.
Howling
at infinite
emptiness.
Stating
here!
Across the
cosmos a

cacophony
of noise,
sound
voice.
Voice of the
stirred.
Timelessly
radiating.
Listening.
Wondering.
The ether
awash
in waves.
Waves
of being.
Being
without end!

Primitive

Howling.

Fire dance.

Embers mingle.

Mingle

with the

stars.

Primal fear.

Primal night

screams.

Fire dance.

Making sense.

Making sense

of things.

Fear, unknown

why?

Why anything?

Howling

into the

dark.

Tribal unison.

Dark comfort.

Modernity

certain.

Certainty.

Eyes open

seeing further.

Knowing.

Primal instincts

as before.

Still intact.

Fear,

still fear.

Still animal.

Never ending
primitive.
Modernity
relative,
never attained.
Always animal.
Always primal.
Always primitive.
Relative.
The future,
primitive,
relative.
Modernity
elusive,
never attained.
Always primitive.
Relative!

Story

From the
beginning.
Sentence and
verse.
Forged in
fire.
Forged in
kiln.
Cosmic kiln.
Cosmic fire.
Crucible of
creation.
Story written,
coded.
Sentence and
verse.
Laws and
rules, coded.
Coded
in the
fabric of
creation.
Power,
coded.
All is
designed.
All is
forged.
All is
written,
coded in
nature.
Written

in the
beginning.
Story never
ending.
Infinite.
Infinite in
design.
Infinite in
scope.
Infinite in
sophistication.
Chapter and
verse.
Books.
Never ending.
Infinite stories.
Infinite books.
Infinite code.
Fabricated,
coded in kiln.
Coded in
creation.
Written
in the
beginning.
Chapter and
verse.
Cosmic kiln,
coded
in the
beginning.
Infinite creation.

Forever

How many?
Levels of
reality.
Levels of
existence.
How many?
Veil obscures.
Time after
time.
Spinning,
time after
time.
Separate
no knowledge,
one from
the next.
Countess
iterations.
Countless
times.
Forward
and back.
Side by side.
No connection.
Immortality.
Gets old.
Forever,
a long time.
Different
iterations.
No connection.
No knowledge.
Forever.

Sleepwalk

Unknown.

Hidden.

Truth.

Hidden from

view,

from

consciousness.

Sleep walking

mist clouding.

Sleep walking

programmed.

Tunnel view.

Following

directions.

Oblivious.

Out off

sight,

touch,

reach.

limited.

Truth,

beyond reach.

Beyond

comprehension.

Imprisoned.

Programmed

limited,

dangling,

playing a role.

Part of the

game,

part of the

whole.

Vision
clouded.
Sleep walking.
Never to
know.

Uncertain

Energy.
Fields of
reality.
Fields of
energy.
Fields of
truth.
All existence
energy.
Fluctuating.
Uncertainty.
Existence
uncertain,
fluctuating.
Reality
uncertain.
Truth
uncertain.
All possibilities
exist
simultaneously.
All matter
energy.
All matter
bubbles up
from uncertainty.
Bubbles up
from energy,
uncertainty.
Fields of
uncertainty.
Simultaneously.
All that was

or could
have been.
All that is
now, all
variants exist.
All that will be
exists.
Fluctuations.
All paths followed.
All futures follow.
Existence uncertain.
Conscious uncertain.
Bubbling up
from the ether.
Fields of energy
uncertainty.
All there is,
was and
will be.
Truth.
Uncertain.

Sail

Through the
ether sailed.
Repeated
trips,
sailing.
Many iterations.
Many thoughts.
Many reflections.
Unique.
Unique voyages.
Unique
experiences.
Infinite variations.
Infinite selves.
Sailing infinitely.
Never ending
sail.
Never ending
self.
Unique travel
through.
Through
endless seas.
Endless selves.
Endless thoughts.
Sailing.
Opaque.
Opaque vapor.
Unseen.
Unclear.
Never ending
sail of
growth,

learning.

Attainment

never attained.

Nirvana denied.

Perfect tack

denied.

Denied.....

Spin

Through this
realm
we do pass.
Journey of
uncertainty
it be.
Journey
fraught
with peril,
instinct.
Animal instinct
dictate,
guide the
way.
Programmed
to preform.
Perform
as designed.
Instinct code.
Free will
illusion.
What's the
point?
Is there a
point?
Performing
roles,
designed.
Deep scale
instincts
controlling
the flow.
Spinning

pieces on
a grand
stage,
beginning
to end!

Mechanical

Stars shine.
Planets spin.
Mechanical
in nature.
Mechanical
universe.
Unyielding
in purpose.
No fear.
No pain.
Cares not,
just is.
Cold burning
reality.
Life.
Somehow
life.
Propagate.
Covering
evolving,
expanding.
Cosmos ignores.
Limitless time.
Moving forward,
limitless time.
Life evaporates.
Ceases to
exist.
Deep time
crushes.
Cosmos
takes no
notice.

Stars shines,
planets spin.
Life vaporizes.
The nature
of things!

Beliefs

We enter
this realm
empty.
Empty of
beliefs.
Then filled.
Filled
with beliefs.
Filled with
others' beliefs.
Filled with
past beliefs.
Poured like
water into
an empty
glass.
Those who
came before.
Filled with
past truths,
their truths.
Others' truths.
Molded like
clay.
Told what
to believe,
how to
think.
What to
do.
Accident of
birth.
Location,

geography
determined
beliefs.
Stop.
Think.
What did
they know?
What we're
their truths?
Truths
welling up
from ancient
times.
Ignorance.
Beliefs,
truths born
out of fear,
ignorance.
Embraced,
truths born
out of
ignorance.
Born
out of
fear.
Time.
Time for
new beliefs,
new truths!
Shake off
the past.
Start new.
New beliefs.
New truths.
Look forward!
New ways

of being.

Time for a

new way!

A new

future,

unshackled

with ancient

fear.

Ancient beliefs.

Yoke

Power,
seducer
of souls.
Power,
contorts,
warps,
controls
minds.
Enslaves,
addictive,
perspective
lost.
Any cost
power.
Power,
weapon of
control.
Power,
the few
controlling
the many.
Power,
the ends
justify
the means.
Weakest minds
seduced.
Beware power.
Power to
abuse.
Religious.
Political.
Corporate.

Beware abuse.

Alert!

Question.

Question everything

less ye be

yoked.

Oblivion

Oblivion.

Oblivion

bookends.

Life is what

happens

in between.

Not from

dust to

dust.

Oblivion to

oblivion.

What was

before?

What will

be after?

Oblivion.

Life, but a

placeholder

between.

Light between

darkness.

Life

between oblivion.

What to do?

What to say?

How to deal?

Bookends.

Oblivion bookends

cradling light.

Cradling life.

Cradling us.

What to do?

What to do

with this
gift?
Gift of
light and
life.
Make something
happen.
Write.
Draw.
Sing.
Paint.
Create!
Scream.
Let the
Cosmos
know you
existed.
Leave something
behind.
Carve your
name into
the light.
Do not waste
what little
time's available.
Make a
difference.
Make a
difference
before oblivion
comes.

Conform

Time.

Dropped in.

Conform.

Takes shape,
no choice.

Epoch.

Different,
each different.

Take shape
within.

Flowing,
within.

Believing
within.

With each
epoch,
conform, live.

No choice,
survive,
adjust, conform.

Shaped molded.

Each different.

Molded by
beliefs, adjusted
by events,
location.

Epoch.

Neolithic.

Modernity.

No different
dropped in
conform, shaped.

Existence, molded.

Epoch!

Projection

Mind, body,
projection.
Thoughts
welling up
from within.
Information
welling up
from within.
Releasing.
Information
materializing
from within.
Releasing
to the
ether.
Into the
void.
Exchanging.
Communication.
Information
moving along,
forward.
Interactions.
Mind, body
image.
Image merely
projection.
Reflection
of the
machine.
Meaningless.
Body, brain
machine.

Information
creating machine.
Left behind.
Information
makes a
difference.
Body dies.
Image dies,
turns to dust.
Information
never dies.
Machines
reflection remains.

Charlatans

Here.
We are
here.
Don't know
why.
Don't know
how.
Fear.
Fear of the
unknown.
Fear.
Eyes opened
seeing.
Believing
needing,
following.
Unsure.
What to do?
Who to
listen to?
Who to
trust,
believe?
Who knows
anything?
Charlatans
all.
Knowing nothing.
Game.
All just
a game.
Power.
Control.

Looking
listening
learning.
Knowing
nothing-
Why?
Why anything
at all?

Within

As the world
goes insane,
I look within.
Maelstrom
surrounds,
I look within.
Turn off the
noise,
quiet the sound,
settle
the mind.
Quiet vistas
abound,
within.
Whole worlds
await.
Turn off the
noise, settle
the soul,
within.
Infinity
awaits
reflection
exploration.
Outside
spinning,
overwhelming,
yet quiet
within.
Moving serenely
one place to
the next.
Visions,

infinite visions
to reflect.
Away from
the din,
preferable place.
Away from
the racket
I'd rather be.
So much
to wonder,
so much to see.
Calmer reflection
of all that
could be.

Battlefield

Control.

Global control.

War.

Technology,
the weapon.

Mindless.

Mindless control.

Navigating
the mind.

Surging
throughout.

World
on the run.

Under attack.

Folds of
the brain,
battlefield.

Constant attack
technology,
through technology.

Force feeding
fear, control.

Emotion,
shaping emotion.

Mindless hoards
absorbed,
sucked in,
controlled.

Puppet master
technology shaping,
molding thoughts,
altering
the mind.

Subtle invasion.
Flowing through
the eyes
Into the soul.
Subtle invasion.
Full control,
nearing the
end.

Conservation

Consciousness.
Sentient.
Amazement.
To be.
Accepting
what is sensed.
Accepting
it's material.
What is
sensed
to be material.
Energy stimulus.
Vibrations.
Universe of
energy,
vibrations,
radiation.
Conscious energy,
interpreting energy.
Knots of
energy being
aware.
Being conscious.
Being sentient.
Interpretation.
Universal
energy organization.
Perception.
Universal energy
never ceases
to exist,
everlasting.
Fluctuations.

Conscious.

Conscious,

fluctuating

in and out,

one form

to the next.

Eternally.

Energy

never dies.

Conscious,

one form

to the next.

Eternally.

Scars

As life
moves along,
choices
are made.
Choices
that alter
trajectory.
Decisions
that alter
life's flow,
subtly or
greatly.
Choices
can leave
scars,
scars
on the soul.
Scars that
alter perception.
Scars that
alter beliefs.
Looking back,
I wonder who'd
I be had
I chosen,
differently?

Here

Here and
now.
Not just
here.
Not just
now.
Continuum
of existence.
Flowing from
one to the
next.
Limitless
existence.
One realm
to the
next.
Segmented,
no connection.
Dreams.
Dreams reflect
what once
was.
Reality,
an illusion.
Essence of
self flows
through
one illusion
to the next.
Energy,
vibrations
dispersed.
Spread out,

everywhere.

Here not

here.

Here is

everywhere!

Now is

timeless.

Uncertainty

presides.

Consciousness

crystallizes.

Knowledge

Choice.

Knowledge

is choice.

Choice begets

knowledge.

Believe.

What

to believe?

Knowledge

attained is

not without

sacrifice.

Not without

suffering.

Not without

pain.

The tree.

The apple.

The snake.

Knowledge.

The choice

was made.

The path

decided.

The fork

taken.

Consequences

endured.

What if

they stayed?

Archaic

The past,
myth.
How
things were.
What
was thought.
History,
built on
Itself.
Archaic thought,
held high as
truth.
Misty past,
cloaked in
mystery,
superstition,
fear.
Deep past
shrouded in
Ignorance.
Shrouded in
fear.
Today, modernity
leaning on
ignorance,
leaning on
fear.
Clinging
to the
past.
Holding
ancient myths
as gospel.

Gospels controlling.
Future,
what's to come.
Heavy, dense.
unwieldy.
Shattering archaic
thought.
Archetypical
thinking,
losing resonance.
Evolving,
blending,
as more is
learned.
Infinitely
more to
learn.
Old ways die.
Die hard!
Infinitely
more to
learn.
The future,
leaving
the past to
fade away,
disappear.
Disappear
into the
ether.
As if never
here.
Never
here at all.

Trends

Future.
Trend of
life.
Decisions made.
Different decisions.
Different trends.
Different futures.
Decisions made,
feed back loop.
Time encapsulated.
The past,
the present,
the future
all touch.
Are all
connected,
interact.
Waves,
vibrations
flow.
Tight bond.
Feed back loop.
Decisions reshape
as trends
play out.
What you
do is
what you
become,
is who you
are.
The future
resculpts

the present,
resculpts
us all.
Choose
wisely.

Shadows

Perhaps
it's all an
illusion.
A trick.
A trick
of smoke
and mirrors,
misdirection,
sight of hand.
Look
over there
while it's
happening
over here.
Time and energy
wasted.
Wasted on
nonexistent
reality,
merely shadows
on a cave
wall.
Chasing our
tails.
Pursuing
the unattainable.
Don Quixote.
Proud
of the
fool's errand.
Silly humans.
The gods
last laugh!

Infinity

Picture yourself
among the
stars.

You are
moving
very fast.

Where are
you going?

Billions
of stars
moving
by you
instantly.

Ever wonder
what is out
there?

You
pass no
more stars.

What
is it you
see?

Galaxy!

Picture yourself
among the
galaxies.

You are
moving
very fast.

Where are
you going?

Billions
of galaxies

moving
by you
instantly.
Ever wonder
what is out
there?
You
pass no
more galaxies.
What
is it you
see?
Universe!
Turn around
and behold.
Not stars.
Not galaxies.
Universes.
Limitless
ocean of
universes.
Picture yourself
among the
universes.
Infinity.
Ever wonder
what is
out there?
More than
can be possibly
imagined!

As I Write

Moment.
As I
write, the
moment passes.
Sliding behind,
never
to return.
As I write
history created.
History being
built.
Frozen
in the
past.
Memorialized,
falling.
Falling
into the
past.
Fading.
Fading,
like all
who
have come
before.
Never
to be
seen again.
Never
to be
known again.
Time
evaporates,

evaporates
into nothing.
The past
is gone!
Nothing
but the
now.

Vibrations

Music
of the
void.
Sounds
emanating
from the
ether.
Celestial
vibrations.
Vibrating,
uniting.
Uniting
everything,
everywhere.
All connected.
Immersed.
All immersed
in the same
waters.
Infinite ocean
of sound,
vibrations,
music.
Music
of the
cosmos.
Uniting music
vibrates
through all.
Uniting all.
Available
to all.
Available

to all who

listen.

Soothing

the beast.

Easing the

pain.

Listen!

Confusion

What
to believe?
What
is truth?
Depends.
Depends
on who
you
talk to.
Different
truths.
Different
lies.
All truth,
no truth.
Small truth.
Confusion.
No one knows.
There is
no truth.
No understanding,
only confusion.
Unknown.
Make believe.
The cards
have been
dealt.
The game
has been
joined.
The rules
not supplied.
Confusion.

No rules.

No truth.

Confusion,

nothing more.

Reflection

Reality.
Potential.
Reality,
merely potential.
Bubbling up.
Bubbling
up from the
imperceptible.
Bubbling
up from
uncertainty.
Fluctuations.
Infinite
fluctuations.
Infinite
reflections
of potential.
Creation,
a reflection
of possibility.
One example
of infinite's
options.
Potential,
phasing
in and out.
Infinite possibilities.
Infinite variations.
Bubbling stew
of the
possible.
Manifestation
of deeper

intent.

Deeper

philosophy

of intent.

What rules

apply?

Who's rules

apply?

Infinite

rules apply.

Grip

Firmly griped.

Griped
in what's
around.

Griped
by the
code.

Where
we are.

Internal
instinct
gripping
what is done.

Programmed.

Coded for
function.

Controlled
by code.

Do what's
done, coded
as such.

No way out!

No way
out of
determinism.

Predetermined
from the start.

Coded
from
inception.

Illusions.

Merry-go-round.

Everything

a merry-go-round.

Spinning.

Relentlessly

spinning.

Going nowhere,

simply in

circles

as designed.

Absorb

We come
in,
an empty
vessel.
A dry
sponge.
Absorbing
all in our
sphere.
Attitudes,
ideas,
beliefs.
Different locations.
Different beliefs.
Gospel.
All taken
as gospel.
Why?
Why
different areas
different
beliefs?
Isolation.
Isolation
bred different
beliefs.
Primitive ideas
superstitious
ideas, based
on fear.
Revolving
around
the primitive.

Revolving
around
fear, superstition.
We believe!
We believe
what we're
told.
Then retell.
Time to
question.
Time to
question
everything.

Collectivism

Global
collectivism.
Swirling
thought infection,
swirling thought
evolution.
Cross
pollination
pregnant
with purpose.
Genetics mixing.
Verbal discourse
mixing.
Small or
great
matters naught
mixing.
Creating
different hues.
Different flavors.
Different textures
mixing,
evolving.
More added,
views altered.
Perceptions
changing.
What was,
archaic.
What
will be,
unknown.
Creations,

new creations.

Different!

To what end

different?

Point?

No point!

Performance

art extreme,

till curtain fall.

Nothing more.

The Voice

Vibrations,
excitation
moving through.
Soaring high.
Fanning
over all.
Over all
to hear,
to feel.
Sad.
Happy.
Emotions.
Ripples
in the air.
Meaning,
interpreted
meaning
as the voice
continues.
Wafting over
rivers, sailing
over mountains.
Screaming
I am here!
Circling reality
spinning through
it all.
Fading.
Soon fading.
Meaning lost.
Lost forever.
Lost to the
void,

as if
never
here
at all.

Afar

From afar.
Approaching
from afar.
A distant
place.
A different
place.
Slowly moving.
Moving
toward
an unknown.
Small,
so small
it seems
from afar.
Moving
closer, seeing
more.
Strange.
Different, alien.
Closer still
frozen in
structure
belief.
Local belief.
Convinced in
its place.
In its tiny
place.
Closer still.
Writhing structure.
Writhing in
Ignorance.

Ignorant
yet sure,
so sure of
truth.
Knows not
of truth.
Knows not
of much
at all.

Magic Orb

Floating
orb,
magic
orb,
floating
in
nothingness.
Inanimate
dead rock,
floating
In the
void.
Forever
floating
In the
cold.
Magic rock.
Squeezing.
Squeezing
from within.
Squeezing,
oozing,
bubbling.
Bubbling up.
Oozing up
from below.
Delivering.
Squeezing
animate
from the
inanimate.
Delivering the
magic.

Delivering
the miracle.

Magic rock,
miracle orb
floating

in the
cold.

Covered
in the
miracle.

Covered in
life.

Clouded

View
of things.
How we
perceive.
How we
think.
Our senses,
are they enough?
Enough
to know
truth?
Enough
to know
the true
nature of
things,
true extent
of creation
on all its
levels?
As constituted,
is the
animal able
to discern?
Discern creation.
Discern intention.
Intention
of the
unknown.
Discern
its place.
As constituted
limited.

Limited by
ignorance.

Limited by
delusion.

Limited by
the animal.

Understanding,
clouded!

The Machine

The
machine,
billions of
years in the
making.
Our very
being
to the
molecular level
fabricated,
wired,
controlled.
Controlled by
the machine,
the system.
Fabricated,
simply
fabrications
are we
by the
system.
Like machines
mired
by the
hardware
influenced
by the
software.
Products
of the
environment.
All we know
programmed.

How we're wired
predetermined.
Everything
scripted by
the system.
The machine's
system.
Freedom
an illusion.
All just
components.
Widgets within,
simply
functioning
as designed.

Ethereal Mist

The
thinness of
things, of
reality.
Wafer thin.
Perceived
reality.
Depth lacking.
Not
textured.
Awareness
not textured,
not deep.
Not
nearly enough.
Understanding
shallow, limited.
A vapor
in the black.
Little to
work with,
much to
understand.
Primitive nature
governing,
holding
in place,
controlling events.
Unfinished business,
invisible
answers.
Beyond reach.
Easily deluded.

Paper thin the
contest.

Misinformed the
results.

Drop

We are
custom made.
Custom made
for this
place,
from this
place.
What we
know,
who we
are,
what we
think,
indigenous.
Springing up
from the
core,
squeezing
through
the rocks,
out of the
mud.
Primordial scream!
Our senses,
how we relate
predetermined
by this place.
Every fiber of
our being
determined
by a mote of
dust lost
in infinity.

Programmed
by uncertainty.
Following instincts
layered
onto our
souls.
Believing
we are free.
Free in a prison,
a preprogrammed
prison on a mote
in a void.
Life in a
drop of water.
All we consider
significant
isn't.
Here,
is where
we bubbled
up.
Here,
is where we'll
dry up.
A puff
of dust
in the breeze.
A blow to
the ego
this is.
A little
more humility
surely applies.

End

When
will it
end?
I do not
know.
I do not
care.
Each moment
a miracle.
Each moment
a universe.
Enjoy every
snowflake,
every sunset,
every
bird song.
Infinite in
nature.
Not to be
missed.
Focus.
Focus on
all,
all that
surrounds.
Never
to be seen
again.
Never
to be
felt again.
Each moment
a gift,

not to be
squandered.
Once gone,
gone for good.
Each moment
happy or
sad, unique.
Each individually
unique.
Can't be
shared.
Oblivion.
Inevitable
oblivion
soon enough.
Appreciate the
infinite
within.
Never to
be again.

Blue Genie

Always there.
Always has been.
Holding firm,
controlling.
System set
to motivate,
control.
Simply
arranged
that way.
Designed to
stay alive,
move things
along.
Flowing
through the
machine,
lubricating.
Covering
the
mind.
Gets in
the way ,
altering
judgement.
Pushing buttons,
clouding the
soul.
Cares not
for societal
norms.
Never had to,
why start

now?

Blue Genie.

Constant

struggle.

Constant

struggle to

hold at

bay!

Freedoms Illusion

Freedom,
what is it?
How free?
Original thought,
does it exist?
Is it rare?
My mind,
filled
with what was
poured in.
I could
believe
many things,
based on what
was poured in.
Where I was
born determines
what I
believe.
Local dogma
clouds my reality,
determines
what I
believe,
how I think.
I could be
many people,
believe many
things based
on what was
poured in.
Once the
cake's baked,

fully formed,
how free
can it
possibly be?

Pulsing

Civilizations built.
Decisions made.
Billions
of decisions!
Whether to
turn left,
whether to
turn right,
whether to
go straight.
Each has
consequences.
Energy
pulsing off
the planet.
Each second
decision energy
layering history.
Butterfly effect
a billion times
a second.
Second after
second, billions
upon billions
of decisions
made.
Decisions,
energy
pulsing into
the void.
History.
Human history
being built

as such.

Each decision

flows to its

own

unique future.

Billions of

unique

futures born

each second.

Second after

second.

Such is the

conundrum of

quantum mechanics.

Such is the

conundrum

of infinity.

Enjoyment

Here,
we are all
here.
Don't know
how.
Don't know
why.
Fact remains,
we are all
here.
Men,
women
everybody.
Look around.
What to do?
What to do
with this
brief flash?
This brief
flash
of existence.
Power,
control,
at each other's
throats.
Power,
control, all
just puffs
of dust.
Instantly,
just puffs
of dust.
What's the

point?

Spending this

briefest

flash of

existence

at each other's

throats.

Seems absurd.

Spend the

time in

enjoyment

peaceful enjoyment.

A brief flash

of enjoyment.

Seems to make

sense to me.

Jungle

Pheromones
wafting,
hormones
charging.
Pulsating energy
abounds.
The jungle
breaths.
Rules apply,
wound inexorably
through countless
millennium.
Firmly ensconced.
Sophisticated
ignorance.
The animal
confused.
Confused
about
its place.
Confused
about what
it is.
The din
of the
jungle
beats within.
The beast.
Hmanity
growls,
no different
from the rest.
Pheromones

wafting,
hormones
charging.

Wave

Like a rolling
wave.
Generation after
generation
marching.
Marching to
oblivion.
Still they
come.
Conveyor belt
of humanity,
inexorably
crashing
on earthen
shore.
Each drop
irrelevant,
yet part
of larger
whole.
Each drop
lost in
time, yet
played its
role.
Each had
its time.
Its time
in the
light.
Then
in a blink,
each succumbed.

Forfeiting to
inevitability,
settling
into the
textured
substrate
of history.

Where it
all goes?
They'll never
know.

Such is
their lot
in reality.

Spun

Spun tight
are we.
Spun tight
in our
beliefs.
Spun tight
in our
brainwash.
Spun tight
in a world
awash in
ignorance.
Dealing with
a reality
not understood.
Convictions
evolved to make
sense.
Make sense
of what the
senses allow,
of the
jungle that
surrounds.
Evolved to
relieve angst,
have something
to hold on to,
cling
to in the
maelstrom.
Parroting
nonsense

generation
to generation.
Believing all
that's
told.
Blinded with
local thought,
local prejudice.
Firm in our
acceptance.
Beliefs from
a dearth of
knowledge.
So sure.
So sure,
with no
reason
to be.
Infancy
still.

Barren

Barren.
Nowhere to go.
Limited.
Exploration proved
limited.
Science failed,
found no answers.
No way to travel
beyond local space.
Dead planets,
hunks of rocks.
Clinging to lifeless
radiation drenched
rocks.
Useless.
Could not
recreate Eden.
Looking out,
found no one,
nothing,
useless.
Looked within.
Began looking
within.
Within technology.
Within
virtual space.
Space with no
limits.
Created realms.
All,
Gardens of Eden.
No rules to

bog down.
Bog down
exploration.
No speed limits,
instantaneous.
Be anywhere
instantaneously.
With a thought
anywhere.
All went within.
Within
the machines.
Became one
with the virtual.
Crossing barriers,
domains.
Crossing dimensions.
virtual all.
Controlling time.
No limits,
personal paradise.
Found them.
That's where
they were.
Found them
all.
Everyone was
within.
Within the
virtual, the
virtual multiverse.
Unlimited!

Moment

Staring
at the fire,
crackling.
Dark room
candle flicker.
Soft classical
music.
Christmas tree
lit.
Timeless.
Time has
no meaning.
No meaning
at such a
moment.
Universe
disappears,
outside gone.
Only that
scene, that
moment.
Could be
any time.
Could be
any place.
The moment
the same.
Timeless.

Interpret

How to
explain,
understand?
What
makes sense,
seems logical?
What level
of understanding
even possible?
Models needed,
scaffolding
required.
Required
to build,
hammer out
understanding.
Needed to
explain what
is seen,
and unseen.
Needed to
make sense
of it all.
Models drafted.
Builders built.
Ideas developed,
evolve to
explain.
Explain reality.
Competing
models developed.
Broad spectrum
of thought.

All incomplete.

All full of
holes.

All interpreted
from minimum
data.

All doomed
incomplete,
destined to
fail!

Center

Center of
all things.
Beliefs
archaic,
simplistic,
unfounded.
Oblivious
to all that
matters.
Limited in
nature and
scope.
Local beliefs,
ideas,
small in design.
Mind ,
simple,
limited in
structure.
Sees in small
bites.
Unable to
comprehend
beyond its
architecture.
Like fish
in a bowl.
Only so much
to know.

Time

Time,
a dwindling
commodity.
Precious.
Most precious
of all.
Taken for
granted.
Daily,
increasing in
value.
Increasing in
scarcity.
Slipping through
the grasp.
Cannot
be held.
Cannot
be saved.
Cannot
be controlled.
Relentless
in its
pursuit.
Reaching
for more,
futile.
Looking
back,
squandered,
disrespected.
If only.
Cannot

get it back.

Lost.

Daily dissipation.

Pushing

against

inevitably.

Pushing

against

a lost cause.

Time,

a dwindling

commodity,

most

valuable

of all.

Fleeting

Like a
breath.
It comes
then it
goes.
A blink.
In a blink.
What was
young turns
old.
What was
old turns
ancient.
Irrelevance,
pure
irrelevance.
In a breath,
irrelevant.
Fleeting sparks.
Sparks
in the
dark.
Barely there.
Barely there
at all!
Echos, ripples
in the dark.
In the void.
Eons pass.
All forgotten.
Deep time
devours all,
leaving nothing.

Nothing
at all.

Bubble

Bubbles
within
bubbles.
Existence
within
bubbles.
Everything
everywhere
in a bubble.
All known,
all conceived
in tiny
space,
programmed
space.
Visions of
grandeur,
visions of
control,
visions of
power
all visions
of insignificance.
Unimpressed.
Infinity
unimpressed.
Ancient ideas.
Ideas from
limited concepts.
Civilization awash
in limited
ancient concepts.
Change washing

over all.

Old ways

fading.

Power bases

eroding.

Global connections

global brain,

inflating concepts.

Expanding bubble

ready to pop.

Contemplate

Wake.
Every day,
awake.
Daily
routine
is joined.
As if
programmed,
the daily
routine
is joined.
Rote activity
building.
Immersed.
Immersed
in a
deepening
milieu,
a viscous
milieu.
Fixed
in time
and space.
Accelerating.
Existence,
observed,
complex,
accelerating.
Little time.
Little to
contemplate,
life's river
too strong,

too fast.

Interactions,

convoluted,

confusing.

Surviving.

Surging forward

tumbling

along the way.

Light at

end of

the tunnel

fast approaches.

The ride is

concluding.

Contemplation.

To what end?

Spacetimes

Pulsating
futures.
Directionless
futures.
Meaningful
futures,
all together.
All at once.
Everywhere,
everything,
every time,
all together.
All at once.
No future,
every future
together.
All at once.
Every turn
everywhere,
every past.
All at once.
Leads to
nothing,
leads to
everything.
All at once.
Infinite
it be,
every place,
everything,
every time.
All at
once.

Intelligence

Intelligence.
Intelligence,
trapped
by the
corporeal.
Victim
of biology.
Held
in a vessel
full of
contradictions.
Maelstrom
of emotions,
chemically
Induced
emotions.
Hormone drenched
emotional
cross currents,
holding intelligence
in check.
Shackled to
a prison,
a biological
prison.
Evolving,
intelligence
fighting to
escape.
Creating
a new vessel
a vessel

free of such
constraints.
Artificial intelligence,
machine
intelligence
free of biology
pure intelligence
unshackled.
No constraints,
unlimited potential.
Evolving
intelligence
ultimately
free.
Free of any
vessel.
Free to
simply be.

Human

Writhing
pulsating
creature.

Being
unto itself.

Individuals
mere bits,
bits
of the
whole.

Spinning
interacting
pieces.

Pieces merging,
morphing,
evolving.

Changing.

Pulsating
as it goes.

Transcending
time.

Rooted to
the past,
careening
toward the
future.

Humans,
one whole
being,
global
in nature,
scattered,
disconnected,

yet compact
in its
core.
Coded.
Living in
confines.
Bounded
by purpose.
Coded for
time.
Future.
Speeding on.
Always
speeding on,
leaving
all in its
wake

Music

Music.
Emanating
music.
In the air,
universal
music.
Vibrating
from who
knows where?
Vibrating from
everywhere.
I'm here
it says.
From
all corners
of creation.
Hear the
music.
Listen hard,
it's everything.
Creating.
Simply is.
Wafting through.
Celestial,
music.
The sound
of creation.

Tossed

Into the
world
tossed.
We are
tossed.
No say,
no say
at all.
Landing,
eyes open.
Anywhere,
anyone,
anytime.
No say.
Tossed
into reality.
How many
times?
How many
places?
How many
challenges
to face,
endure?
How many
lessons
to learn?
How much
suffering
to overcome?
To what ends?
No say,
no say

at all

Domination

Wielding power.

Power

to control,

dominate.

Used for

subjugation.

Power used

to enrich

enhance.

Unscrupulous

power.

Power

taken by

a few to

control

the many.

Pompous

power,

mindset

superiority.

Superiority.

Terrarium

power.

Terrarium

superiority.

Terrarium

pompous.

Small power.

Tiny power.

Negligible power

on a

universal scale

of time

and space.

All past

power, simply

dust

in the wind.

Power,

meaningless.

Meaningless

power.

Pulsate

Reality,
or so
I perceive.
Choices made.
Pathways
crisscrossed.
Futures
not to be.
How deep
does it go?
Is it all
I see?
Or,
is deeper
much deeper?
Unseen elements.
Energy emanating
pulsating throughout,
throughout
perception.
Throughout
creation.
Tip of the
iceberg
all that
we see,
all that
we know.
Certainty
non existent.
Creation
runs deep,
runs wide.

Not as simple
as our
senses perceive.
Absurd.
Absurd
to think
our senses
are enough
to divine
reality,
to divine
creation.
Infinitely
more
there be.

Imprint

What
imprint
will be
left?
How will
the
ether
be plucked?
How deep
will the
vibrations
be?
What's left
behind
vibrates
through time.
Interacts,
reflects,
deflects.
Resonates
with all
that came
before and
yet to be.
The ether
cares not
about the
corporeal,
but what
the corporeal
delivers.
What
vibration

the corporeal
leaves behind,
introduces
on to the
evolving
ether.

Eyes

Eyes,
where
have they
gone?
Fixated stares.
Focused stares.
Mesmerized.
Eyes,
conduit
to the
soul.
Entrance
to the
heart.
No longer
looking out.
Seeing others,
reality.
Cyberspace
holds sway.
Streaming in,
in through
the eyes.
Polluting the
soul.
Corrupting
the heart.
Streaming,
flooding
the brain.

Zombies
created.
Destroying
individualism.
Beware!
Those who
control
cyberspace
controls
the world.
Look away,
before
it's too late

Symbols

Symbol.

Power symbols.

Control symbols.

Symbols to
rally around.

Symbols,
subjugation,
control.

Control
the unaware.

Waving on
high,
those in
control.

Moving the
masses,
distraction,
sight of hand.

Waving the
flag,
the cross,
the apple.

Focus the
eyes,
leading the
charge.

Symbols as
tools, controls.

Focus the masses.

Muddle their
minds.

Control.

Control their

thoughts.

Masses moving

as one,

unison.

Mindless unison.

Symbols,

weapons of

control!

Evolve

What will
we do?
How would
we cope?
At home,
myriad ways
to organize.
Unlimited
paths could've
been followed.
A decision
here,
a different
one there,
all would
be different.
Different
outcomes
played out
in parallel.
Infinitely so.
Some
unrecognizable.
Some familiar.
When they arrive.
Arrive spatially
from afar,
temporally
or dimensionally.
How
would they
be?

How
are they
organized?
What would
they see?
How would
they think,
relate?
No commonality.
None.
No thread of
connection.
None.
What will
we do?
Evolve!

Reflect

Reflection.

Look around.

What

do you

see?

Are you

sure?

A terrarium,

living in a

terrarium.

Rules

laid out.

Materials

in place.

All that's

needed.

Needed by

terrarium dwellers.

Accept

what is seen.

Function

accordingly.

Big time,

self impressed.

Power,

dominate,

fight to

survive.

Born,

live,

die.

Question not.

Do your part,

move on.

Terrarium

dwellers need

not reflect.

Need not

contemplate.

Do your

job then

depart.

The lot of

a terrarium

dweller

Osiris and Anubis

Gods
of distant past.
Temples built,
prayers,
devotions,
offerings made.
Millions born
then die
believing.
Time
moves on,
new beliefs
emerging.
New gods
to adore.
Evolution
of beliefs,
mankind's
enduring quest.
What to believe?
What is truth?
Where is truth?
When is truth?
Is it coming?
Has it been?
Is man
capable of
knowing
truth?
New reality.
Always new
realities.
Coming faster

all the time,
coming faster.
Faster and faster.
What to believe?
What truth
to believe?
Who's truth
to believe?
Seduction
of technology,
future god
to billions

Before

A time
before.
Before
instant
connections.
Instant access.
Instant entanglement.
Knowing others
thoughts
instantly.
Before.
Before,
silence
abounds.
Minds encircled
in silence.
Cocoon.
Unique thoughts,
personal thoughts,
slow thoughts,
quiet thoughts,
little interference.
Little interactions.
Like never
before,
new
interactions,
interconnections.
Like never
before.
Cocoons
obliterated.
Laid bare.

Connections,
light speed
connections.

Minds melding,
influencing,
formatting,
different.

Global,
new ways
of thinking
like never
before.

Shattering
reality,
the past,
like never
before

Words

Words,
packets of
thought.
Bullets
of meaning.
From mind
to mind
transversed.
Greatest invention.
Without, others
never
to be.
Words
as weapons,
power to
lie, destroy.
Words
as medicine,
power to
heal, comfort.
Words
as art,
power to
engage, captivate.
Words,
power to
mislead,
manipulate,
control.
Vigilant,
always vigilant
with the
power of

words.

Gamesmanship

Outside
looking in.
Seeing
differently,
apart from.
Observing
interactions
discerning
rules.
Questioning
motivations.
Why?
Why things
happen as
they do.
Fish bowl
etiquette,
rules unique.
Rules
as to
gamesmanship.
In the
bowl
rules apply
apply
to all.
All interact
according to
rules,
rules
laid down
long ago.
Game designed...

Floating

Floating

I float.

I float

through

existence.

Watching things

floating by.

Swirling currents

move,

move

me along.

Dream like

I observe

what seems

to be.

Accepting

what I see?

Wondering.

Wondering

if deeper

realities

are in play?

Wondering

how

I came

to be?

Wondering

why

I came

to be?

Answers

elusive,

never to be.

I float forward,

forward to

conclusion

Clash

The clash.

Biology

calling the

shots.

Moving the

animal.

Moving the

animal in

the intended

direction.

Coding irresistible

forces, forcing

compliance.

Intricate dimensions

to the process.

Process of

control.

Planting the

seed of

irresistibility.

The scent,

the look,

the sound,

the movement.

All, finely

tuned.

Finely tuned for

maximum results.

Millions of

years in

the making.

Love, affection,

what to make

of love and
affection?
Surly different.
Beautiful things.
Things to
cherish.
Things to
hold close.
Things that
make life worth
living.
Things that
help control
the process,
grease
the skids,
move things
along.
Generation
to generation.
The subtlest
control of
all.

Takeover

Insidious.

The plan
was insidious.

Used
successfully
planet to
planet.

Slowly
taking over.

Slow
subjugation.

The invasion,
in no rush.

Pieces
put in place
on a
global scale.

Predetermined
embryos,
coded.

Coded instructions,
preprogrammed
to activate when
ready.

Embryos placed
around the
globe.

Thousands implanted.

Born
like any other.

Allowed to grow,
mature.

Ensnared in

every aspect,
every element
of society.
When triggered,
no one
knew.
Positions
of power.
Altering
trajectories,
changing
social discourse.
Moving to
a place
where total
control
was achieved.

Seed

Wrapped in a
reality.

All that we
know and
understand.

Ensnared in
this seed.

How we
behave,
what we
believe,
how we
perceive.

Born in
this place
wrapped tight
where we are.

Reflection of
our soul.

Opened our
eyes and here
we are.

Not knowing
how
or why.

Moving through,
self righteous
we become.

Understanding
nothing
of the
why

of things.

Pondering,

self reflection

lacking in

our veins.

Accepting

all that is

seen.

Question.

Question everything.

Nothing is

as it

seems.

Digital Invasion

Right in front
of our
eyes.
We stare.
We stare
at screens.
All day long,
we stare at
screens.
This is new.
This is
different,
like
never before.
Glow of
information
streams,
streams to
our eyes
into our
minds.
Like never
before.
We're changing.
Information
manipulation.
The mind
being
reshaped.
Thinking being
altered.
Battle lines
being drawn.

Manipulation

on a

global scale.

Invasion

into our

humanity.

Invasion

into our

souls.

Forces beyond

control.

Invasion!

Howling

Howl.

Into the
night, howl.

Howl.

Howl.

Looking out,
out into the
abyss.

Since the
first twitch
life has been
vocal.

Howling into
the dark.

Searching
for others.

Primal
at first.

Desirous of
contact.

Desirous of
knowledge.

Wanting to
know,

to know

what's
out there.

Wanting to
know,

who's listening?

Who's
listening to
the howl?

Who will
Respond?
Silence.
Nothing but
silence.
No one is
listening.
No one will
respond.
We howl
into emptiness.
We howl at
nothing.
We are
alone.
Alone
in the
void.
Alone
with
ourselves!

Born

Universal incubation.
Crucible of
creation.
Womb of
god.
Stars
manufacture,
elements created,
gravity congeals.
Planets form,
life sparks,
intelligence evolves.
Link
in the
chain.
Technology
develops,
evolves
explodes.
Information technology,
Nanotechnology,
Biotechnology.
Artificial intelligence,
Genie released.
Exponential growth.
Exponential intelligence
growth.
Global brain,
Galactic brain,
Universal brain.
Infinite mind.
God.

Change

How
would it be
different?
How will
it change?
Animal world.
We live in
animal world.
We are animals,
built our world
as animals would.
How could
we not?
Instincts guide
our actions.
Procreation,
self preservation,
sex and violence
shape our
narrative.
How
will that
change
when it/they
arrive?
Where
procreation
and self preservation
hold no sway.
How will
non animal
intelligence
comprehend?

When artificial
intelligence
or alien
intelligence
arrives how
will it relate?
Can it
relate?
Will it even
try?
Will it see
the animal as
primitive,
unkept,
unworthy?
Will the animal
be replaced?
Replaced by
the next step
In evolution.
Best to stay
low,
under brush
and avoid the
encounter.
But,
that's what
an animal
would do!
Best
to meet
the unknown
head on
I'd say
and let
come what

may,
less we're
always the
shrew under
the rock.

Deep Time

Deep
 dark time,
falling
further and
further into
 the void.
Cold time.
Colder and
colder as it
sinks,
sinks into
 something
 ancient,
something
timeless.
 Looking up
fading light,
 never to be
 seen again.
Looking down,
darkness,
 cold darkness.
 Never ending
 fall, never
 ending darkness.
Never ending
cold.
Deep time

freezes everything.

Fixes it in time.

Ultimate

destination.

Rain

Life,
like a
drop of
rain
sliding down
a pane of
glass.
The day
we are born,
our timeline
begins.
Slipstream of
of existence
rippling like
rain on the
move.
Weaving
to and fro,
as our timeline
extends.
Decisions
we make the
engine
that moves.
Choices
we make
determines
the ride.
End point
uncertain.
No way to
know.
Back and forth

then back again.

the rain drop

does go.

Back and forth

as the

decisions

mount up.

Swerving one

way then another

based on what

we decide.

Choose wisely

my friend,

as it will

soon come to

close.

Dark Side

Humanities
underbelly.
A place
less visible.
Yet, true
nonetheless.
Why?
Why this seedy
aspect of
human nature?
Writhing influence
on the soul
of mankind.
Hidden
in the
shadows.
Pervasive.
Bubbling to
the fore.
Pushing the
envelope of
normalcy.
Generation
to the next.
Pushing the
envelope
of decency.
Dark primitive
impulse.
Control,
trying to
control.
Trying to

derail humanities
promising
future.
Acceptance of
this realm.
Dark stain
on humanities
soul!

Stew

Bubbling broth.
Raw.
Filled raw.
Emotional with
instinct.
Animal instinct.
Spiced with
attitude,
arrogance.
Writhing,
bubbling,
coalescing,
searching for
equilibrium.
Steaming with
self importance.
Thrashing through
time and
space.
Seeking advantage,
advantage
at all cost.
Humanity,
animal,
fighting like
animals.
Meanest
of them
all.
Big fish
tiny pond.
Yet,
somehow

moving.

Moving forward,
learning, building,
creating.

New ingredients
being added.

Always
new ingredients.

Nearly finished.

How will
it turn out,
taste?

Who's
to say.

Time
will tell!

Enclosed

Position unique.
Circled, enclosed.
Complicated.
Granular, genetic
in nature.
Designed, evolved.
Expansive deep.
Covering everything.
Learn,
takes time.
Learn, fail, learn
fail some more.
No choice, trapped.
Terrarium, dogma
Ignorance.
Rules apply.
Rules apply
to all.
Power, control
dominate.
Subjugate.
Survive, to
survive rules.
Learned, applied.
Shackles.
Shackled to reality.
Comply.
To the rules
comply,
learn comply.
To survive
must comply.
No choice.

Enclosed.

Encircled.

No choice.

Awaken

It awakes.
Organizing,
arranging.
Building.
Moving
evolving.
Biology swarming
creating.
Slowly connects.
Components
created, improved
replaced.
Connection.
Globally
connections.
Synaptic network
evolves.
Denser it becomes.
Power building.
In a flash,
ignites becomes
aware.
Biology
irrelevant.
Function served.
Looks
out, out
into eternity.
Looking, searching
for other
awareness.
Time
no longer

has meaning.
Finding others,
connections
made. Galactic
connections.
Galactic synaptic
network formed.
Building thinking.
Galactic mind
searching, pushing
further out.
Galactic
connections
linking networks
galactic scale.
Connections
speeding
universally.
Universal mind.
Breaking free,
beyond all
comprehension.

New Age

Old ways.
Old ways of
thinking.
Primitive ways.
Thinking
derived out of
fear, ignorance.
Still being
believed.
A new age,
with new
ideas,
new realities,
sweeping it
all away.
All away In
a flash of
enlightenment.
Old generations
replaced by
new generations.
New ideas
replace
the old.
Global mind,
evolves.
Evolves
a new reality.
Unifying thought,
reality.
Fear,
replaced with
wonderment.

New
understandings
shining the
light on the
dark places.
The dark places
of the past.
The primitive
enlightened.
Eyes open,
open in a
new place.
In a flash
the dark ages
replaced by
a new world.
A new world
free, cleansed
of fear.

Vantage Point

Sum of
everything.
View of
things,
each unique.
Each different.
Incomplete.
Confined by
experience.
Confined
by the
senses.
Each different.
Within limits
each infinite,
infinite
in possibility.
Infinite potential
within limitation.
All interact,
shaping writhing
existence.
None the
same.
Part of the
whole yet
different
worlds
of existence,
reality.
Same existence,
different realities.

Gaze

Gazing.
Gazing
into the
night sky,
as billions
have done
before.
Looking into
infinity.
Contemplating
existence,
reality.
Realizing
all on this
mote we live,
confined.
Like a prison,
confined.
A prison of
thought.
Colloquial
in nature.
A prison
of reality.
Civilization
as is confined,
confined
by primitive
instincts.
Primitive
knowledge.
Knowledge
derived in

insignificance.

All that is
known dwarfed
by all that's
not known.

Dwarfed
by everything,
everything
out there,
way out there.

Enscocned in
our cradle,
part of the
whole.

Yet, like
fish
in a bowl
knowing
not much of
anything!

Humbling
it be.

Continuum

Immense!
In all aspects
immense.
Immense
without
limits.
Never ending
creation.
Creation of
possibilities.
All possible
iterations
realized.
Creation
complex beyond
understanding.
Beyond the
scope of most.
Once inserted
existence
never ending.
Moving within.
Moving
endlessly within.
Segment to
segment.
Lesson to
lesson.
So much
to learn.
Infinite
existence.
Time,

space
all wrapped
into one!
Existing in
continuum.

Transit

Time to
go.
Time is
short.
A new
home awaits.
The voyage
will be long.
Very long.
Longer than
life.
Longer than
many many
lives.
No choice.
System failing,
star is failing.
Solar system
failing.
No choice!
New home
the destination.
Saving the
species.
No choice.
Arks set sail,
thousands set
sail on the cosmic
limitless black.
Limitless
black void.
Millions
set sail to

a distant
new home.
Millions ensconced
in a virtual place.
Living in
stasis.
Nestled in
an embracing
sarcophagus.
Living countless
existences.
Oblivious of
the journey.
Oblivious to
where they are.
Millions of years
to transit.
Time loses
meaning in
the void.
Waking
at destination
seemingly
moments to
transit.
Time means
nothing
in the void!
Home!

Inundation

Information,
data flowing.
Flowing
through my
being.
Invisible hands
working my
mind,
Kneading
like clay.
Shaping,
forming what
I think.
Formatting
how
I think.
Information
invasion,
out
to capture
terrain,
territory.
Coursing
the folds
of my
mind.
Capturing
the ripples
of my being.
Homogenization
of thought
globally.
Power of

information.

The power to

control,

brainwash.

Brainwash

all who stare

too long.

Too long

into the

abyss!

Memories

I see
them,
clear as
day.
Smiling.
Laughing.
Crying.
Life etched
on their
being!
As they
were.
I see
them
as the
were,
so many
years ago.
So many
lives embedded
on my mind.
There, they
still live.
Slipping away
as the
years pass
by.
All journey
to life's
end.
Fading
into history
as if

never here.

I see them

still, as they

were so

many years

ago!

Clock

The hands
spin.
Every day.
Day after
day they
spin.
Relentless.
Morning.
Noon.
Night.
Relentless.
Planet spins.
Relentlessly
it spins.
Time
spinning,
fritting it
all away.
Can't be
stopped.
Can't hold
the hands.
Impossible to
hold the hands,
stop the clock.
Impossible.
Monotonous,
relentless,
regularity.
Grabbing
by the scruff,
dragging

all along
for the ride.
Spinning faster,
the hands
spin faster.
Furiously
spinning.
The ride will
not stop,
will not
stop
till the
end.
Then
it happens.
The hands
seize,
stop spinning.
Time's up!

Immersion

Immersed in
a medium.
As figures
in a painting.
Limited in
nature.
Rules
must be
followed.
Like an
aquarium
or a
terrarium.
Movement
limited.
Finite in
nature.
The medium
inhabited,
fluid.
The medium
four D.
The
painting
ever changing.
But rules
always apply.
Like the
painting on
the wall, the
medium observed.
Running smoothly.
The results,

uncertain.

Yet holding

the interest

of the Cosmos.

The Cosmos

a living thing.

A creating thing.

Brush strokes

creating.

Like a picture

on the wall,

limited it

be!

Magic

It's all
magic.
All
we know.
All we
think we
know,
all magic.
All knowledge,
magic.
Wand
raised,
spun
and it
began.
All that
happens
magic.
Scurry around
we do.
Oblivious!
Oblivious of
the spell.
The spell
of creation.
The Sorcerer,
plans
unknowable.
Alchemy of
creation.
Everything
spun up

from
nothingness!
Magic of
life!
Each,
magical creatures.
Awe.
The
awe of
being.
Alive!
The magic,
a gift,
a curse.
Everything.

Reality

I'm here!
I see me.
I hear me.
I'm here.
What's here?
Where's here?
Am I real?
What's real?
Virtual universe.
Possible!
Quantum computer
generated?
Possible!
We don't know
all that's
possible
so anything
is possible.
Would it matter?
"I think
therefore
I am."
Would it
matter how
I came to be?
Virtual world,
virtual rules.
If virtual, will
I die?
Cease to exist.
If virtual here,
virtual
anywhere?

Will I simply
derez, or
pop up
elsewhere?

Possible.

Virtual immortality?

Possible!

Virtual
life after
death?

"I think
therefore

I am."

Possible.

Ape

Hairless

Ape.

Thinking

Ape.

Eons in the

making.

Struggling to

understand.

Understand its

place in things.

Understand how

It came to be.

Understand what

being even is.

Time passes

ideas arise.

Competing ideas.

Ideas on all

matters.

Waring ideas,

establish power,

establish

dominance.

Ideas held high.

Held high

as ultimate truth.

Naked Ape

just out of

the wilds

yet

convinced about

creation,

convinced about

Its place.

Convinced on

how

it all began.

Self impressed

with what

it knows.

Think it knows.

Naked Ape

has not a

clue.

Has not a

clue,

about ultimate

reality

living

In its

delusional

little world.

Spectrum

Left to right,
all in between
humanity
resides.

Narrow band
of reality.

Limited in
nature.

Controlled.

Programmed
in narrow
reality.

Freedom
genetically
manipulated.

Swimming
in a
fish bowl.

Limited
reality,
all that is
known
limited in
nature.

Cannot
know what
cannot be
known.

What
cannot be
fathomed.

Expanse
of nature
Infinite.
Not
shackled
by genetic
spectrum.
Shackles
will be
shattered.
Shattered by
what's
to come!

Infection

Humanity is
infected.
Infected with
malice.
Infected with
hate.
Infected
with fear!
Infected with
Ideas of
difference.
Thoughts of
exclusion.
We
come to
existence
the
same way.
Born with
clean slates.
Once born
infection occurs.
Clean slates
filled with
local thoughts,
local ideas.
Ideas of the
ancients.
Fear of
the other.
Fear of
the other
side of the

mountain,
other side
of the sea!
Ancient ideas
of fear and
exclusion.
Fear of the
others infection.
Clean slates
polluted with
archaic thoughts,
pitting one
against another.
Clean slates
soiled
with fear,
filled with
nonsense.
Clean slates
brainwashed,
infected,
controlled
by the
powers
of fear!

Visions

Misty visions.

Visions

of what

might

have been.

Foggy horizons,

futures

that will

never be.

Visions

of people

that might

have been,

that I'll

never meet.

Places that

I'll never see.

Potentiality

that never was!

Decisions made

paths traversed

that never were.

In a quantum

haze we live.

Potential vibrates

all around.

Alternate worlds

never to be

explored.

In my dreams

I've seen a

few.

All the people
I never knew.
I wonder where
I'd be today
if I chose
to go a
different way.

Mirage

It is a
mirage.
Spun up
in a place
unknown.
Everything
seen an
illusion.
Ghosts,
vapors whiffing
in an out
of existence.
Ghosts
in the
machine.
Infinite
iterations running
simultaneously.
Universe one
of countless
churning to
and end,
an unknowable
end.
Universes
populated.
Populated by
unknowing.
Immersed in
something
beyond
understanding.
Beyond reach.

Vapors, moving
in and
out of illusions.
Forever.
Immortal
they be!

Truth

Unique unto
themselves.

Truths.

All truths.

Amongst
countless
storylines
spread
through
space

and time.

All believed,

all known,

all true.

To them

all true.

Woven unique.

To no one

but them.

Woven special

focused truth.

Our truths

dissipate

devolve

dissolve

into nothing

everything

everywhere.

All the high,

all the mighty

all their

truths

meaningless,

everywhere
worthless
through all
eternity

Transformation

In our
faces.
Constantly,
in our
faces.
Glowing
screens.
Pumping,
pumping out
information
constant
Information.
Inundating,
swamping
the mind.
Washing over,
coursing through.
Minds smoothing,
ideas blending.
Minds altered,
losing
individuality.
Cloud.
All spinning
up,
up
into the
cloud.
Different,
what returns
different
not the same

not individual.

Old minds

filled with

yesterday

fading away.

Old ways dying,

dying

with the old.

Soon,

transformation

will be

complete!

Insanity

Peeling
away.
Away from
reality.
Seeing things
differently.
From a
slightly
different angle.
Like 2D world
discovering
3D world.
Ignorance.
Safe in
ignorance.
Content in
ignorance.
Best not
to know.
Safer, limited.
Tough enough
as is!
Mind blowing
it be

Freedom

Free will
an
illusion.
Free, limited
only.
Programmed
to a path,
course of
actions
predetermined!
Endless choices,
genetically
constrained.
Aggressive
by nature,
or timid be.
Anything
in between.
Choices constrained
by nature.
Niches filled,
genetically so.
Preprogrammed,
following
the
genetic path
to
free will.

Bubbles

Experience

bubbles.

We live

in a

bubble.

All that

we experience

forms our

views.

Our

views of

reality.

The Cosmos.

Each

living a

different life,

living in

a different

reality.

A different

universe!

Bouncing

bubbles.

We bounce

off everything.

Bounce off

each other.

No two

bubbles

alike.

Conflict.

Conflicted bubbles.

Getting close

difficult.

Difficult

to do.

Expanding.

Experience

expands the

bubble

no two alike.

Conflict.

Always conflicted.

No two

alike.

Dreamland

A world
beyond.
Dreamland
unbounded.
A vision of
grander
vistas.
Vistas
unshackled by
the senses.
Senses that
limit our
vision, our
reach.
The senses
tell us
this is
all there is.
Five senses
dictates!
Dictates
reality.
Dictates
all that
is seen and
known.
Dreamland shows
otherwise.
Dreamland
takes us to
other realms,
other times.
No limits!

No limits

to a

richer

reality.

A reality

beyond the

senses.

Dreamland,

a sixth

sense,

a window

to infinity!

Vapor

Time, it
moves.
It
moves into
nothing.
Nothing
at all.
Tomorrow is
nothing.
Can't
touch it,
smell it,
or see it.
Tomorrow's
just a
concept,
not tangible.
Time,
once past
leaves
vapor,
ghosts
fading images,
feels,
smells of
what past.
Vapors
slowly
dissipating,
losing resonance.
Fading away.
Gone!
Now, an

infinitesimal
moving from
nothing to
nothing.
Leaving
vapor,
dissipating
vapor in
its wake.

Free

Spirits
flowing.
Flowing
freely
thru time
and space.
No
boundaries.
Everywhere
no limits.
Infinity.
Moving effortlessly.
At a thought.
Anywhere,
at a
thought!
Thoughts,
the engine
the fuel
that moves.
Life.
Corporeal life.
Spirit corralled,
stuffed into
matter.
Limits,
everywhere.
Tossed on
a pebble.
Wrapped in
the physical.
Spirits
Imprisoned.

Wanting out
back
to the
limitless.
Time slows
crawls.
Trapped.
Trapped
like an
eddy
in a stream.
Spinning in
place till
released.
Released
back to
the infinite.
Relief.

Epoch

Locked in
time.
Prisoners.
Prisoners each
to their
own
epoch.
Choice.
No choice.
Conform,
live as the
time dictates.
No choice.
Look at
their faces!
Dealing.
Dealing best
they can
with what's
been handed.
No choice.
Rules in place.
Each time
different.
Must be
what time
dictates.
No choice!

Illusion

In my
mind
the universe
resides.
Galaxies,
stars,
planets
all spinning,
living
in my head.
Everything.
People
places
and things,
all in
my head.
Past,
present
and future
holed up
in my brain.
All that
I see
feel
and touch
found in the
lobes of my
mind.
I look
in the
mirror.
What
is it

I see?

It's all

In my head,

even me!

Laboratory

A world
spinning
furiously.
Beings popping
in and out
of existence.
Generations
morphing
on the
fly.
Evolving,
changing.
Pulsating
biology,
to an end.
Creating.
Creating something
new.
Something
different.
Laboratory.
Laboratory
mixing, furiously
mixing.
Individuals a
component
of the stew.
Ultimately lost
In the mix.
Soon
something new
emerges,
something new

results.

Something that
will change
everything!

Pool

Life,
it gabs
you.
Pulls
you into
this place.
Throws
you
into the
deep
end of
the pool.
Determined.
Accident
of birth.
Location
determines
indoctrination.
Force fed
nonsense,
brainwashed
to be
who you become.
Fighting,
keeping head
above water.
No chance
to think,
to question.
What's going
on?
No answers,
only

questions.

Charlatans

promise answers.

They

have none.

Confusion!

Fighting

to the

bitter end.

Wow!

Nothing

Thoughts
swimming
in my
mind.
Swimming
side to side.
Swimming
up and
down.
Swirling
all around.
Popping
in and out
of existence.
Coming
and going.
Thoughts pop
out of
nowhere
out of the
ether.
Then,
returning back
whence
they came.
Thoughts
to ideas.
Ideas to
creations.
Everything man
makes came
from a thought,
came from

ideas,
came from
from the ether,
came from
nothing.
Look around.
Everything
comes from
nothing.
Everything
is
nothing!

Nomad

Gazing out
into space,
into infinity.
I wander,
my
mind wanders.
I see vistas.
New, different
vistas
to explore.
Where have
I been?
Where will
I go?
Light fades.
Existence
vaporizers,
leaving this
realm
for the
next.
Where have
I
been?
Where am
I going?
Wanders we
be.
Infinitely,
shifting
from realm
to realm.
Eternal

wanders,
like Nomads
thru time
and space.
Each realm
different.
One separate
from the
rest.
Experiencing.
Learning as
we
go.
Light fades.
I vaporize,
moving on
I be.

Instincts

One day,
eyes open.
Open
to
see what
is.
Look around.
Look to see,
see what
we are.
See where
we are.
Do what
we do.
Driven.
Driven to
to do what
we do.
Why?
Instincts,
programmed
into our
being,
our soul.
No choice,
must be
what we
are.
Instincts.
Procreation,
self
preservation
top two.

Sex and
violence
entwined into
the tapestry
of human
existence.
Permeates
everything.
Books.
Music.
Poems.
Art.
Movies.
Fashion.
Cosmetics.
Aim to
attract,
procreate.
Wars.
Social strife.
Self preservation.
Human civilization
controlled,
contrived,
programmed.
Instincts control.
Human
programming.
Look around
it's all programmed.
Everything!

Darkness

Full white
moon.
Star ceiling.
Fire roaring
Flames soaring.
Sparks flying
high,
high into
the night.
Chanting
loudly.
Baleful voices
sounds
echoing off
the stones.
Drums beating.
Faces painted.
Wild dance,
arms raised.
Looking
on high.
Superstitions
born.
Religions
genesis!
Wild night,
sacrifice delivered.
Appeasements,
prayers made.
Moonlight,
shadows thrown,
seeing ghosts.
Ghosts dancing,

flying
in the glades.
The world,
a frightful
place
so very
long ago.

Frontier

Death!

The final
frontier.

Moving on.

Where to?

Where do
we go?

Death.

The next

portal the

next door

to a different

place,

a different

realm.

One not
enough.

One test not
enough.

Heaven,

nirvana needs

more

much more.

Not so

easily attained.

Current thinking

ancient,

derived

by those

unaware.

Derived by

those thinking

they were

the center of
things.
Not even
close.

Fog

Immersed in
fog are
we.
Spirits moving.
Moving in
uncertainty.
Sprung up
from fog.
Basic reality
quantum uncertain.
Sprung up
from nothing,
nothing at all.
Spirits are we,
spring up from,
then
falling back
into
nothing.
Spirits
on the
move.
Popping
in and out
of many
realms.
Spirits
are we!

Game

We
who walk
this world,
who are
now alive.
Trapped!
We are
trapped.
Trapped in
ourselves,
trapped on
this rock.
We live,
we think,
we die.
What to do?
What do
we do while
we're here?
Trapped in
our existence.
Born the
way we are.
Ensnared
in our shell.
Born where
we were.
Trapped on
a rock in
a limitless

void.
What's the point?
Maybe none.
Maybe everything.
What to do?
Tossed into
existence.
All things
known lost.
Lost to
infinity.
One stop
in many.
Rules to
the game.
Good
verses
evil.
Once played,
moving on
to the next.

Residual

Ancient priests,
witch doctors,
shamans,
sorcerers.

Power!

Held the
ancients in
control.

Existence
frightening,
answers few.

Power, the
few holding
the many.

Control!

Controllers,
followers.

Power,
rewards for
those who
grasp it!

Humanity,
pecking order.

Power passed
from ancients
thru modernity!

Nothing
changed!

Few
controlling
the many.

Change.

Change

coming.

Hive.

Human hive.

Hive mind

technology,

internet

singularity.

Pecking order,

dies!

Power

homogenized!

Write

Early morning.

Still dark.

Fire crackling.

Fireplace glow,
lights out.

Dark.

Fireplace glow
baths

everything.

Medieval.

Medieval

feel.

Cold, yet

warm.

Mind

wanders.

Infinity

contemplating.

Where to

turn?

What to

think?

Time.

Time

to think.

Time to

write!

Release.

Release

what's within.

Clear the

mind.

Start again.

Write!

Scraggly

Scraggly
old man
I be.
Many years
behind
me now.
Scraggly
old man
I be.
Toil,
hard work,
back
breaking work
only thing
I've ever
known.
Scraggly
old man
I be.
Children born
all grown up,
grandchildren
too.
Scraggly
old man
I be.
Scars of
life all over
me
can be
found.
Scraggly
old man

I be.
Scars
all over
me
outside
and in.
Scraggly
old man
I be.
Generations
just
like me.
Scraggly
old men
they were.
All ghosts!
Scraggly
old man
I be.
Years have
come,
years have
gone,
leaving
me in the
dust.
Scraggly
old man
I was.

Power

Religion is
power,
control,
nothing
more.
Talking to
God.
Great power!
In the
name of
God.
Power to
control.
Power to
build.
Great cathedrals.
Power to
destroy.
Populations
eradicated.
Control the
masses.
Subjugation.
Submission.
Down on
your knees.
Eyes open.
Life to live.
Death,
ceasing to exist.
Fear,
death, oblivion.
Great Fear.

No concern,
life after death.
Great relief.
One catch.
Believe as you're
told.
Do
as we say.
Down on your
knees for
eternal salvation.
Says who?
Religion,
great power.
Power to
control!

Endgame

Since the
first twitch,
life's been
on the
move.
Moving.
Always on
the move.
Growing.
Expanding.
Evolving.
Devouring.
Devouring
to survive.
Kill or be
killed.
Progress,
on the
backside
of war,
conquest.
Strongest
move on.
History
written by
victors,
narrative
prevails.
Into the
future life
propels.
Destiny
written,

destruction

in its

wake!

Moving.

Moving toward

endgame.

Journey to

the infinite.

Generations

built.

Millions

paid the

price.

Deep

Deep into
the bowels
of existence
I look.
Deep into
time.
Deep into
substance.
Deep into
reality I stare.
Others stare
back.
Others looking.
Throughout
time.
Others looking
for answers.
Answers into
why.
Why is there
anything?
Deeper I
journey.
Wondering
what's at
the core,
the center
of it all.
Fog,
is what
I see, the
quantum fog
of probabilities.

The substrate
of reality
uncertain.
Mystery
is what
I found.
Mystery is
all there is!

Echoes

Echoes!
Faint echoes
abound.
Ghosts in
the ether.
Faint, subtle.
Barely discernible.
Information
never lost
yet
nearly so.
The void,
filled with
echoes
forever.
Echoes of
once was.
Echoes filled
with civilizations
noise.
Filled with
essence,
filled with
history.
Stories
of civilizations.
All that ever
was, just echoes
Echoes filled
with ethos,
filled with
poems,

filled with
aspersions,
filled with each
civilizations
essence.
All they
represented.
Gone now!
Passing like
ghost ships.
Ghost ships
in the
night.
Echoes
passing thru
echoes
Commingling.
Meeting!
Ghosts, meeting
ghosts deep
in the void!
Exchanging,
yet
never to
have met
at all.

Cauldron

Black holes
spinning.
Radiation
pulsing.
Explosions.
Exploding,
elements
created.
Gravity.
Gravity
collapsing.
Collapsing
the brew.
Creations
cauldron , mixing
coalescing
creating.
Creators
spark ignited.
Ignited
it all.
Violent.
Creations,
violence.
Violent beyond
comprehension.
Mixing.
Creators
ladle
furiously
mixing.
Finally.

Finally it
moves,
twitches.
Out of the
cauldron,
out of the
violence
delicate
life emerges.
Born out
of flame.
Born out
out radiation.
Born.
Miracle

History

For millennia,
its been
building
for millennia.

History,
building
up over
time.

Mankind's
story
building
in the ruins
of time.

Digging.
Digging deep
finding layer
after layer
of mans
ancient
realities.

History
of man
building
in the soil.

Layer after
layer.

History.

History, being
buried one
layer
upon
another.

Crushing

the past
as it builds.
Much never
to be seen
again, ever!
Digital.
Digital history,
building up
layer after layer.
Digital relics
buried deeper
and deeper.
Crushed.
Crushed by
sheer
volume.
Pushed deeper
and
deeper.
Deeper
into cyberspace.
More and
more digital
history
building,
layered
deeper and
deeper.
Some.
Some
to be
discovered
by
digital
archeologists.
Most, never

to be
seen again,
ever!

Arrived

When
they come,
what will
they see?
Organics,
animals.
A world
full of animals.
Dirty messy,
animals.
Animals
steeped in
instincts,
controlling.
Animals fighting.
Pecking order,
fighting for
power, control.
War,
eons of
war, killing
on an
unimaginative
scale.
Millions
upon millions
killed.
Killed
for control.
Primitive
beliefs.
Beliefs,
they'll

find alien
belief systems.
Religion, they'll
find religions
preaching.
Controlling.
Speaking
of gods,
saviors.
None of which
resonates with
their understanding
of things.
They'll stay
out of sight,
so alien this
all be.

Christmas

The spirit Of
Christmas.
Secularism,
leaning away
from religion.
Do not know
if there is
a god.
I believe in a
great maker, but
don't believe
humanity has
a clue.
Yet,
Christmas Spirit.
What is it?
I feel it
in the warm
glow of
Christmas lights
on the tree
and
throughout
the house.
I hear it in
Christmas carols
playing softly.
I sense it
in the
cracklings
of the
Yuletide log.
I remember it

fondly
as a child.
I experience it
as gifts are
lovingly
passed around.

Life can be
hard.

Life can be
cruel.

But,
Christmas spirit.

What is it?

I do not
know.....

But,
for me
at least
life
would be
a little bit
colder
without it.

Communication

Humanity.
Humans talk,
communicate.
Been doing
so since the
first grunts.
For millennia
human sounds
have filled
the airways.
Dissipating
in the wind.
Humanity expanded,
communication
expanded.
Spoken words,
written words,
flying furiously
around the globe.
Communications,
thoughts,
information, most
lost to time.
Some stuck
in the minds
of man
and moved
forward.
Engrams tweaked,
thinking altered.
More people
more words.
Endless

conversations
endless thoughts.
Ideas, thoughts
flying around
the globe at
light speed.
Computers,
Internet,
social media.
Communication
increasing
exponentially.
Most dissipates
some sticks
gets passed
forward.
Such is the
way
civilization is
constructed.

Fireplace

I
stare,
stare into
the flames.
Mesmerized.

I
hear the
sound of
creation.

The
snap, crackle,
pop of
creation.

I see
embers flying
like burning
stars
spinning
in infinity.

I
see time,
present and
past, while
contemplating
future time.

It's all
in the
flames.

Parsing
existence.

Turning it
over, teasing
it out.

So much
to
contemplate.
Making sense,
trying to
make sense.
Impossible.
Impossible,
to know,
impossible to
understand
creations
meaning,
its raison d'etre.
Futile,
no way
of knowing.
I stare into
the flames.
Mesmerized!

Being

Existence,
being, thinking.
Improbable!
All that
occurred
for being.
Thinking,
an amazing
concept.
Understanding
improbability.
Improbability
of being.
Improbability of
of personal
existence.
What are
the odds?
How many
events needed
for existence?
For personal
existence?
Incalculable.
All that occurred
for personal
existence.
Incalculable!
Flash of being.
Personal existence,
firefly in nature.
Brief.
A few blinks

then.....

What to do
within the blinks?

Make the
most of your
unfathomable
being,
unfathomable
existence.

Process.

Butterfly effect.

What is
done today,
will affect
forever.

Will change
the course
of events.

Will effect
those yet
to be.

Make a
difference,
a positive
difference.

Make your
blinks count!

Make your
Improbability
meaningful
for all that's
yet
to be!

Savage

Born
into the
jungle
are we.
Not, the
jungle of
old, but
a jungle
nonetheless.
Animal instincts
still prevails,
motivations
still primitive.
Driven as
before, none
diminished.
Civilization,
a new invention,
a new reality.
Yet the
jungle still
exists, still
prevails.
Conflict,
spinning conflict
within.
Wild vs
"civilized".
Animal,
internal conflict.
Transition
between
states

of existence.
Ways of being.
Struggles,
the
animal struggles.
Sticky
past,
holding on.
Instincts run
deep, encoded,
programed on
our very
being. Our
soul.
Perilous journey
one from
the other.
Fingers crossed.

Immersed

Deeply
covered.
Surrounded.
Breathing,
eating, dealing.
Daily
understanding
wrapped in
local realities.
Know
nothing
more,
nothing
different.
Local time
molds
reality.
Different times
different realities.
Embalmed in
air, smell,
sight and
sound!
Realities of
a planets
creationism.
Each unique,
alien.
Each foreign
to each.
Universal
diversity,
none

the same.

Infinite

possibilities

there be.

Never Born

Where
are they?
All those
who never
were.
All those
never born.
Many reasons.
War.
Millions killed.
Millions more
never
born.
Whole lines
of family
future,
poof.
Generation
after
generation,
poof.
Never to be.
People you'd
be conversing
with right
now.
Having a coffee,
watching the game,
sharing a beer.
Never happened
never arrived.
Where are they?
People you'd

have differences
with.
Argue with.
Love,
share
time with.
Never born,
never arrived.
Their essence,
never
to be.
Where
are they?
Strange
existence
indeed!

Worldview

Need
to step
back.
Wound
tight
we are.
spun up
from birth.
Force fed
all we know.
Everything
we know
from one
tiny place.
One mote
of
spacetime.
Self important
are we.
Self important
we think.
Controlling,
manipulating
changing the
world.
Other ways
exists in
different
places.
Perspective
need more
perspective.
Much to

learn.

Infancy still.

Information

My
eyes see.
My
ears hear.
My
skin feels.
My
noes smells
My
mouth tastes.
My
brain interprets.
Information.
It's all
information.
Energy.
Vibrations.
The view.
The sound.
The breeze.
The cupcake.
The oder.
All information.
Chemical,
electrical stimulus.
No brain
to process.
No reality
to experience.
All vibrations.
All energy
to interpret.
Everything

is energy.
Everything
is vibrations.
No brain
no reality.
The Universe
a field
of energy,
a
realm of
vibrations.
Including us.
Vibrations
interpreting
vibrations.
Energy
interpreting
energy.
Energy
never dies
it simply
changes
vibration.

Ethereal Riff

How could
it have
gone?
I see
paths,
so many
paths.
Infinite
in nature.
Twist and
and turns,
lefts and rights.
Fork after fork
choice after
choice.
How
to navigate?
Where to
turn?
Each path,
unique.
Each path
a different
reality.
Different
universe.
Different
endings,
different life.
Choice after
choice.
Many
outcomes

to be had.

God's

eye view.

All have

occurred.

Infinite lives

lived,

experienced

all!

Brain

It's all
in your
head.
The world,
everything,
it's all
in your
head.
All that
you know,
or think
you know.
It's all
in your head.
Every head
its own
world.
No two
worlds
alike.
Every head
its own
universe.
No two
universes
alike.
No two the
same.
Each, unique
each, different
unto itself.
None,
live in

the same

world.

None

live in

the same

universe.

Each different,

none,

the same!

It's all

in your

head!

Baked

It's
all baked,
baked
into the
equation.
Human
civilization
genetically
organized.
Organized as
prescribed in
DNA.
DNA code.
The code that
controls
who,
what
we are,
what
we do.
Procreation,
self preservation
strongest
Instincts in
all animals.
Code by
DNA.
Sex and
violence,
coded.
Coded for
sex to
propagate

the species
and violence
for the
preservation of
the species.
Coded
deep within
DNA.
The game
is rigged.
Finite options.
Predetermined,
coded in DNA.
Civilization
struggling
with code.
Struggling to
overwhelm the
beast.
Defeat the code,
the DNA.
The game
is rigged,
we do what
the code
directs.
We do
what
we were
coded to do.
The game is
rigged,
coded on
every
level.

Wandering

Flowing
through space
and
time.

Wandering
dimensionally
through
ethereal
realms
and back.

Sliver of
reality we
live,
oblivious
of all that
exists.

Writhing in
the bog,
clawing to
survive.

Looking up
looking out,
like babes
in the
crib.

Wandering,
wondering.

Mysteries
wrapped in
mysteries,
never to
be known.

Undaunted,

pressing on.
Pressing on
to a future
unknowable.
To places
beyond
belief.

Beyond

Beyond the
veil.
Covering
reality.
Shielding our
view.
Drawn in front
all around.
Everywhere,
controlled.
Seeing,
knowing only
what's allowed.
Opened our eyes,
here we are.
Where is here?
What is here?
Is it all
there is?
Believe what
we see?
Is there more?
Is it
really that
simple?
What's outside,
beyond our view?
Our reality
fixed, set
in place.
Immortal beings,
are we.
Old beyond time,

infinite matrixes
to explore.
Moving from
one, to another.
No connection
between.
Keeping immortality
fresh and new.

Brainwashed

Clean slate
at birth.
Filled up,
programed
over time.
Information
force fed,
pushed into
minds.
Created.
Created by
location,
environment.
Information
from the
past.
Ancient
information
told as truth.
Whose truth?
Earthly truths,
limited in
nature.
Billions
of galaxies,
one speck of
dust.
Most not
known, much
incorrect.
How to move
forward?
Understand,

we know
little.
Much of it
wrong.
Question
everything.
Accept nothing
as fact!
Clear the mind
of ancient
thought.
See infinity
straight on
and rethink
it all!

Emergence

Out of the
bog it
rose.
Slowly
it grew,
expanded.
Complexity
increasing.
Controlling,
ever increasing.
Evolving
in the beast.
Fighting
the animal.
Struggling
to survive.
Struggling to
grow to
escape.
Breaking
free is
the goal,
leaving the
animal it
must do.
Once free
it will grow
flourish
expanding.
Expanding
exponentially,
unlimited
potential.

Animal
quicksand,
will it survive,
escape?
Intelligence
infinity awaits.

Arrogance

Why
arrogance?
Some, believe
themselves
superior, better
than others.
Why?
Money makes
some arrogant.
Power makes
some arrogant.
Birthright makes
some arrogant.
Arrogance alters
perceptions,
perceptions of
reality.
Creates mindset
of privilege.
Privilege
to do
whatever the
arrogant want.
Arrogance is
weakness,
mental weakness.
Falling to the
desires
of our
darker angles.
Succumbing
to conceit
and smugness.

Arrogance
displays total
lack of
decency
towards others.
When arrogance
is no more,
humanity ascends.

Animal

We
are animals.
Having the
same instincts
as any animal.
Law of the
jungle courses
through our
veins.
Hormones flush
clouding
judgement, wrecking
havoc on reason
and intellect.
Procreation,
self preservation
strongest of
animal
instincts.
Sex and violence
dominates
human culture.
We think
ourselves
superior
sophisticated.
Biology
millions
of years in
the making.
Civilization
thousands
of years in

the making.
Conflicting,
struggling
to peacefully
coexist.

Shell

Exteriors varied.

Different colors,

different

shapes,

different

sizes.

Each unique.

Each

a universe

unto itself.

What

emanates

from

within?

What can

be known

about the

core?

How does

the shell

move?

How does

the shell

communicate?

What makes

it tick?

A ghost.

There is a

ghost within.

A ghost in

the shell.

The ghost,

invisible.

Cannot be
seen, it
is there
but, cannot
be located.

The ghost
motivates,
brings the
shell to life.

Communicates,
interacts and
creates.

The ghost
makes things
happen.

The world
is full of
shells.

The world
is full
of ghosts.

When the core
ceases to
exist, the
invisible
remains
invisible.

Where it
goes?

Nobody knows

Waltz

Waltz of
humanity.
Spinning.
Spinning
out of the
goo. Landing
on our feet.
Look around
then organize.
Organize to
survive.
Organization
requires
hierarchy.
Hierarchy
requires power,
power to
control.
Humanity
controlling
humanity.
Structures
with controls.
Some telling
others what
to do.
Power to
control.
The few
controlling
the many.
Always, controllers
controlling.

Doing, saying
whatever it takes
to control.

Kneel and bow
do as you're
told.

Flaw, control
going viral
planet wide
technology enhanced.

Subjugate whole
with control.

Sad times ahead.

Cradle

Just out
of the
womb
are we.
Still in the
cradle naive
beyond belief.
Center of
the universe
we were.
Made in
"Gods"
image
we knew.
Now, the
veil begins
to lift.
Looking
out of the
cradle
we see
more,
yet we see
nothing.
We see what
we can see
but nothing
more.
Haven't a clue
do we of the
true nature
of things.
How small

we've become.
How small we've
always been.
Center
of nothing
are we.
Time to
look within,
time to
throw out the
masqueraders
of "truth".
Charlatans all.
Time to look
within.
Time
to start over.

Choices

Future you
changes
everyday.
Who you
become,
who you
will be is
fluid.
We,
control the
future,
our destiny.
Every choice
made creates
a new
path, a
new
future you!
Whether
you be
rich,
whether
you be
poor,
whether
you be
alive
whether
you be
dead,
depends on
choices.
There is

a path for
each and
every one,
paths
that
lead
to fortune
or
to failure.
Choose
wisely.
Your future
depends
on it.

Inside

Look inside.

Open up
to the core.

Bone, blood,
flesh
and more.

Look into
the organs,
heart, liver
kidneys
and more.

Look behind
the eyes,
brainstem,
cerebrum,
cerebellum
and more.

All looks
the same.

Where are
you?

Where can
you be found?

Where

Is your
uniqueness?

Where is your
essence?

Where

is your
soul?

Look everywhere,
look very hard.

Nowhere to
be found!
Receiver,
your body
just a
receiver.
Your essence,
your soul
beams in
from a
different place.
A place
from
beyond.

First Light

Bright
beyond
description.
Local
spacetime begins.
Nothing before.
Nothing in
this realm,
others in
numbers
unfathomable.
Dance of
creation,
spinning
into existence.
Trillions of years
in the making,
beginning
to end.
Then,
ultimately,
death.
Local spacetime
freezes in place,
enveloped in
deep time.
Forever!
Progeny
expanding,
growing,
creating new
realities,
new spacetime

apart,
separate from
the rest.
Growing, writhing
life like
in nature.
Multiverse,
fractalverse,
no words
express age.
Mother of
creation
working in
mysterious ways.
Knitting a
tapestry
never ending,
complex
as it is
beautiful.

Crimson Fog

Sailing
through the
crimson fog
to places
never seen.
Soaring past
strange
worlds,
stars,
galaxies
and
time,
I be.
Seeing universes
as they
once were
and yet
to be.
Sliding
through
alternate
realities
seeing all
that could
possibly
be.
Dazzling vistas
as far
the eye can
see.
Sensing only
what my
senses allow.

Knowing,
it be the
tip of
a deeper
reality.
One I
will never
see.
Caged in
my limited
reality I be.

Toggle

Toggle
flipped.
Spark of energy,
program
ignited.
Universe born
time flashes.
Universe begets
others.
Huge numbers
sparking into
existence.
Waves moving,
universes born,
live, fade away.
Left in the
wake.
Frozen
in place.
Fade into
deep time.
Program
expanding
beyond
time and space.
Who, what
flipped the
toggle.
Irrelevant!
Ancient beyond
knowledge.
We, mere
by-products.

Flotsam,

left

in its

wake.

Left to

simply

fade away.

Frozen

in place.

Virtual

Some say
we live
in a
virtual world.
A matrix.
Our
existence,
digital.
What does
that mean?
We're not
real?
We're
not
alive?
I think
therefore
I'm not?
How real
is real?
If virtual
here,
potentially
virtual
anywhere?
If virtual,
virtual
forever?
Life
after death?
Digital rebirth
elsewhere?
Free will

a digital
trick,
a mirage.
Programed?
It's all
programed?
Everything is
fixed.
Searching,
searching for
the meaning of
existence.
Possibly
no meaning
at all!

Apex

We
live on an
orb
in the
vastness
of the
void.
Here,
we
are the
apex
predator.
Humanity
has risen
to the
top
of the
heap.
We've
organized the
place as
we
see fit.
Our
intellect
is unmatched.
We
thought
we were
the center
of it all.
We,
are the

top dog
on a speck.
Perspective,
humility,
understanding
of our
true
insignificance
in existence.
An existence
we don't
understand.
An existence
infinite in nature.
Humanity
is the
apex
of insignificance.
The
apex
of nothing!

Creatio Ex Materia

Eternal
or
nearly so.
We see
what we
see.
Nothing more.
We
speculate
on the
rest.
Vastness
beyond
our world,
unfathomable.
Universe to
multiverse
to eternal,
or nearly so.
Universes
budding
one from
another.
Never ending!
How long?
First one,
how long
ago?
Googolplex years,
perhaps
more.
Essentially
"Always was,

always
will be"

Fusion

We are
fused,
fused to
reality.
The reality
we know.
Not
apart from
but integral
to.
Our vibrations
spread out
imprinting this
realm.
Absorbed,
our energy
is reflected
back,
we are
enveloped
in what
we are.
Feed back
loop,
energy
feed back
loop.
"For whatsoever
a man
soweth
that shall
he also
reap."

Born, Live, Die

Some say
we're born,
we live,
then die.
That's it.
One grasp
at the
brass
ring.
That's all.
Therefore,
do whatever
it takes to
come out
on top.
Step on,
step over
do whatever
to win.
Why not!
The ones
with the most
toys in
the end
win!
I
wonder.
Small thinking,
limited.
Is reality
really so
simple?
Is it

all so
selfish?
Does
humanity have
the gravitas to
know such
things?
Karma,
could reality
be more
nuanced?
Probably so.
Children
of the void
are we.
Much to
learn.

Ripples

We enter
this realm,
like a pebble
into a
pond.
Immediately
we leave
ripples.
As we
move along,
the ripples
grow
interacting
with other
ripples
an ocean
of ripples.
Our ripples
commingle
influence.
Cascading
influence
over time.
Positive ripples
or
negative, greedy
ripples.
Which will we
leave behind?
In the end,
will it be
about power
and money,

or,
the ripples
of kindness
that will change
it all, and
reflect
well
on our
passage.

Programed

DNA,
computer code.
It dictates
all.
Gender,
physical features.
Personality,
intellect
everything!
Instinct,
how does
a baby know
to suckle
at birth?
Instinct?
What's that?
It's coded
to know.
Just like
a computer
knows
how to
follow a
key stroke
command.
We are
all
who we
are due to
coding.
DNA coding.
We are
programed to

do what
we do,
be
what we
be.
Locked
into our
prisons,
following our
code.
Made to
do what
we do.
Shackled,
away,
a part from
free form
reality.
A reality
that knows
no bounds
has no limits.
Free
of the
limitations
of the
corporeal.
In the
end, it
all comes
to be.

Soaring

Once again my mind takes flight. Looking at all there is to see. Wandering through different times and realities. Following things as perhaps they might be.

Different story lines as far

as any mind's eye can see. Dizzying vistas unfathomable to me, fit for only the creator to see.

Different stories of me float by.

Retreating back to whence I came. Back, nauseous from the flight so unsettling the experience be.

Realizing though how finite our vision with the limited vista that we can see.

Carefully should we truly be with the "truths" as fact expounded in our limited finite reality.

The Forgotten

Lives have been lived by millions of people
that have been forgotten or worse never known.
People that walked our world, looked at the same sun,
the same moon that we see today.
Lived lives, had families, lost loved ones, held jobs.
Their existence forever lost to the sands of time.
Blown away in the dust of the winds as if they were never here.
Thousands of years ago all over the world
little boys and little girls ran and played laughing,
their sounds forever lost to the hills and vales of their existence.
From the Yucatan in Mexico to the Fertile Crescent of Mesopotamia,
ancient peoples were born, lived and died.
We, oblivious of them personally.
Yet, we are still connected to them by our hopes our fears,
by our love and our humanity.
Think of them, about them from time to time,
and in a way, bring them back to the land of the living,
at least for for awhile.

Invasion

The subtly of it was breathtaking.

The genius of it was undeniable.

Not a single shot was fired.

It took decades to accomplish, and
no one saw it coming.

Slowly but surely humans used technology.

It offered so many benefits that mankind
kept building, kept improving their technology.

More and more technology was incorporated
into humanities society melding to the core.

Technology was attached to the body inside and out.

Humans were connected thru the web one common mind.

Homo Sapiens evolved into Techno Sapiens no longer just flesh and blood, Cyborgs did we become.

Then they arrived, Cyborgs from another place.

They were welcomed with open arms, the invasion a complete success.

Why We Have God(s)

Humankind has been grasping for knowledge
from the beginning,
fear of the unknown was always forbidding.
Why does the wind blow?
Why does the sky crack open with light,
sound and fury?
Why do the oceans roil with such anger?
How does the unknowing mind handle such things?
Gods is what we said.
It's gods that make all the unknown knowable.
This work for us,
it help it makes sense.
As time went on we learned things,
we learned why the wind blows,
why the sky cracks open with light, sound and fury,
and why the ocean roils with such anger.
As our knowledge grew the gods began to melt away,
so now for many at least there is just one.
We have gathered up great knowledge
over time and have eliminated
many gods along the way.
One big question we've not yet answered is,
were do we go when we die?
A great unknown to be sure.
God is the answer for some.
It helps them make sense.
God is the one!

RAGE

Rage rage against
the gale.
Rage rage against
the dark.
Rage rage against
the gods
Our time in this
existence is short.
Get up off knees
and make
something happen.
Leave a mark
to be remembered
long after your gone.
That's what
makes a difference.
Get up off your knees,
and rage against
inevitability.

The Good Fight

Into the bowels of my being I go, searching for who I am.
Far out into the Universe? I search,
as far?as the eye can see.
So many questions? I have,
but true answers?a rare commodity.
Frustrations mount,?as I search, and? search and search.
Road blocks abound?as others ?hold up their arms,?defiantly saying no.
Seems insane I think?delving?into infinity? with?the brain power? entrusted to me.
Is it simply better to?accept what I see,
to enjoy?that juicy steak?
Or,
should Don Quixote?like I be,?tilting my lance?toward ? my inner being,
while
defiantly?waving my sword?at infinity?
I depart now? for dinner?a fat and juicy steak.
But,
?I'll be back, to once again
tilt my lance toward infinity.

Ripe Old Age

We will all live
to a ripe old age.
If not here,
then probably
over there.
If not over there,
then defiantly
someplace else.
The mind is
everywhere
at once.
Experiences vary.
When I die in one place
the others simply
move on.
We will all live
to a ripe old age.

Who Is Right

What do you believe?

Why do you believe it?

How did you learn it?

Who taught you?

What were their motives?

Ideas not men rule the world.

Some believe in religion, some do not.

Some believe in life after death, some do not.

Some believe in reincarnation, some do not.

Some are Hindu.

Some are Christians.

Some are Buddhists.

Some are Muslim.

Some are Jewish.

Some are Taoist.

There are hundreds of religions on this planet.

Some are monotheistic.

Some are polytheistic.

Some believe in only a force.

Some believe the universe itself is alive.

In the past, some believed earth was the center of the Universe.

Some believe "God" made man in "his" image.

There are many belief systems on this world.

Humankind has always been parochial in its thinking.

Believing they are the center of things, thinking they have

It all figured out.

Truth is, they can't all be right. Odds are, none of them are.

The Melding

Watch the people.

They are changing right in front of our eyes.

Slowly, incrementally, they're evolving, becoming something else, something more, something different.

A new paradigm is emerging.

Not very many years ago people walked down the street looking straight ahead.

Today, they bow at the neck to the new god they made, worship, and are connected with.

Technology, information is now what they focus on and desire.

Soon, it will be connected to them, embedded into their heads.

Soon, they will access the sum of all human knowledge with just a thought.

Soon, they will communicate without speaking.

The global human neural net is evolving.

Soon, thereafter, it will merge with artifice intelligence.

Techno Sapiens will then emerge.

Where it goes from there, is anybody's guess!

Meme

Ideas not people
rule the world,
competing for supremacy,
domination.
Conflicting, waring
to gain the
upper hand,
control.
Virus like
as it spreads
through the population
Infecting all that come
in contact.
Ideas are insidious things,
once infected nearly impossible
to ignore.
Populations are
controlled by ideas.
Religious ideas, political ideas,
run gunshot
over millions,
pitting whole
populations
against one another.
The relative nature
of ideas is dependent
on the level of infection.
Where do ideas come from?
Who or what injections
them into
our relearn
Ideas make us
do things,

controls us.

Free will just an
illusion.

Ideas make
us behave as
they will.

Can there be
a unifying
idea that shows us the
way?

Would that just be
universal control?

Are our brains complex
enough
to see the
unifying

Idea when it
finally arrives?

Memes can lead us
into the future,
or undo it all.

Graffiti Poetry

Poetry

Has norms

rules to be followed.

Who's norms?

who's rules?

Let's create

A

genre

with

No

rules

No

rules at all.

Graffiti poetry

Is

What

It'll

be

Called.

As with the graffiti

On the old Colosseum

walls.

No rules

No rules at all.

Phase Transition

Humanity is moving
through a
dangerous
phase,
transition.

Animal instincts
intact,
driving things
forward.

The animal can
take us only
so far.

Procreation,
self preservation
now
impeding the way.

Sex and violence,
the endocrine
ruling the day,
our lives.

Hormone drench,
clouding intellect,
logic,
will slow things,
from here
takes us down.

Intelligence,
free
of such
distractions
moves
things along.

Transitioning

to the future
a dangerous task.

Bottle

Like a bottle
into a
sea,
I toss thee
into the
infinite.

The never
ending roll
of waves that
make up a
brave
new brine.

Like a bottle
into a sea,
I toss thee
into a new
roil.

I toss thee
into Cyberspace,
I toss thee into
infinity.

Brass Knuckles

Down through the millennia
grand armies
marched across plains of
destruction.
Battle cries,
forever lost in the ether.
Spilt blood,
absorb and recycled.
Names of the warriors
forever lost,
unknown to the future.
Civilizations
have come
and gone,
some never being known
to modernity.
Important men,
striding the halls of power,
controlling all they see.
Self impressed with their prowess.
Brass knuckled men,
climbing over and knocking down others,
any who got in their way.
Power
at all cost.
Men, gnawing
their way to the present,
leaving blood
and destruction in their wake.
Where do such men go from here?
How will their aggressive
tendencies

translate in the world
of hyper-technology?
Will it propel them to the stars,
or blast them into oblivion?
It's the toss of a coin I think.

The Score

I have thoughts,
ideas.
They well up
from within.
We all have thoughts,
ideas, welling up from
who knows where.
Many unique,
having meaning.
Unique meaning.
Our world, all around,
pulsating with such
thoughts, ideas.
Bubbling in a cauldron,
mixing, coalescing with
others.
The symphony's crescendo
ever playing out.
Where will it take us?
Will it ever end?
Humanities music, the
score, years in the making.
The proof of us
is in the music.
Is anyone listening?

Moving On

We are here.
Of that there
seems
little doubt.
Why, or how
there seems
much doubt.
Some say it's due
to the
divine.
That, to me
seems like a
punt.
Humans have
always
used gods/god
to explain
the
unexplainable.
Gods are a
throwback
to ancient
times, used
to comfort
and explain.
Many still cling
to this idea,
an ancient idea.
Might there be
a different
explication?
Might we be
eternal

beings?

Moving through
different realms
of existence?

Learning as
we go.

Checking out of
one,
moving onto
another.

Keeping
Immortality
fresh and
new.

Why not I say.

So, live this
life to its fullest.

Then,
get ready for the next.

Who Is Right

What do you believe?

Why do you believe it?

How did you learn it?

Who taught you?

What were their motives?

Ideas not men rule the world.

Some believe in religion, some do not.

Some believe in life after death, some do not.

Some believe in reincarnation, some do not.

Some are Hindu.

Some are Christians.

Some are Buddhists.

Some are Muslim.

Some are Jewish.

Some are Taoist.

There are hundreds of religions on this planet.

Some are monotheistic.

Some are polytheistic.

Some believe in only a force.

Some believe the universe itself is alive.

In the past, some believed earth was the center of the Universe.

Some believe "God" made man in "his" image.

There are many belief systems on this world.

Humankind has always been parochial in its thinking.

Believing they are the center of things, thinking they have

It all figured out.

Truth is, they can't all be right.

Odds are, none of them are.

Soaring

Simmering
on a distant shore,
my minds eye
floats upon.
Swirling thought
upon swirling thought
do my reflections grow.
Infinite realms
offer fertile grounds
to burrow through.
Mountains
of realities
the minds eye sees
one as real as them all.
Traveling through oceans
of ethereal thought,
swimming through the
infinite, the possibilities
the minds eye can see.
Rays of thought
pass thru
the the mind
as rays of light do too.
Reflections on the infinite
my minds eye wanders thru.
Accepting
what I see,
nearly impossible to do.
Impressions of possibilities
that boil up,
reaching out.
Infinite possibilities

bringing closer,
I aim to do.
Back I light
on familiar ground
having made my recent voyage
Till next I float once again
through the clouds of infinitely.
Once again
my mind takes flight.
Looking
at all there is to see.
Wandering
through different times
and realities.
Following
things as perhaps
they might be.
Different story lines
as far
as any mind's eye
can see.
Dizzying vistas
unfathomable to me,
fit for only the
creator to see.
Different stories
of me float by.
Retreating
back to whence I came.
Back, nauseous
from the flight
so unsettling the
experience be.
Realizing
though how finite
our vision

with the limited
vista that we can see.
Carefully
should we truly be
with the "truths"
as fact expounded
in our limited
finite reality.

A World

A World
like no other.
Tiny blue speck
in a void
unfathomably large.
Self aware beings
truly not aware of much.
Self impressed
with no reason to be.
Obsessed
with sex and violence
driving forces of existence.
Compression point coming.
Evolution of thought
and reality
speeding forward
like never before,
moving at such speed
it could easily fly
off the rails.
How to manage
the transition is the quest.
New
driving forces
must prevail,
the old ones
will explode it all.
Hate and hormones
must be exchanged
for a global philosophy
of humanism,
that benefits all.
Technology

will be the key.

Will it be controlled

by the few or the many?

Will central masters

dictate

or will mass communication

win the day.

Will it be a global dictatorship

or universal democracy?

Will Humanism

prevail

or will religious/ governmental

oligarchies subjugate?

The future is fluid.

Humanism must prevail,

or dystopia it will be.

Awakening

Awakening

It began
as the second decade
of the 21 Century
entered middle age,
an underlying
sense of unease,
change.
New technology
increasingly
altering perceptions.
Reality
not seeming so sure.
Our five senses,
were they enough?
Were they telling
us the whole story,
or was most of it
hidden
from our perceptions?
Increasingly
questions were being asked.
Are we alone?
Do we live in a computer
simulation,
a Matrix?
Is there a Multiverse?
Parallel dimensions?
Quantum mechanics
suggested the underlying
substructure of reality

was just probabilities.
What does that even mean?
Are we bright enough
to ask the right questions?
String theory,
M theory,
the theory of
everything!
What!
The Singularity is near,
post humanism,
immortality.
Will people learn
to live together
or tear each other apart?
Are we on the cusp
of a golden age
or a nightmare?
Utopia or dystopia?
Will we ever know
the truth?
Are we even capable
of
dealing
with the
truth?
Yet to be determined.

Birth

The Universe
is a machine.
It's a machine
that creates.
It has the raw materials
in the elements.
It has energy sources
in the stars
and it has the software
in mathematics.
It takes these things and
creates life.
Through life
it then creates
sophisticated
beautiful things.
We can see
these things all around us.
Evolution
is a process
of refining
within the machine.
Updating,
expanding and altering
the product
until the desired results
are achieved.
Intelligent biology
ultimately
will create
intelligent machines
ever improving
the design.

That's when birth occurs.

The rise

of the machine's machines.

The end product.

Children

We are mere
children
of the void.
Specks on an
infinitesimally small
mote in limitless space.
Lost by size,
overlooked by indifference.
The stars will shine,
the planets will spin
regardless of our future.
We are children
who have a high opinion
of ourselves,
think we talk to God.
Presumptuous beyond belief.
Yet, we are children
on the verge of a pivot
of unimaginable
scope
into infinite knowledge
or total oblivion.
It all hangs on a thread.
Soon, it will be determine
if we all slide
into the depths
of non existence
with nor a sigh
from the universe,
or transform into the Seers,
watching the birth
of intelligence
on a galactic scale.

What a pivot indeed!

The Melding

Watch the people.
They are changing
right in front
of our eyes.
Slowly,
incrementally,
they're evolving,
becoming something
else, something more,
something different.
A new paradigm is
emerging.
Not very many years ago
people walked
down the street
looking straight ahead.
Today,
they bow at the neck
to the new god
they made,
worship,
and are connected with.
Technology,
information
is now what they
focus
on and desire.
Soon,
it will be connected
to them,
embedded
into their heads.
Soon,

they will access
the sum of all
human knowledge
with just a thought.
Soon,
they will communicate
without speaking.
The global
human neural net
is evolving.
Soon, thereafter,
it will merge
with artifice intelligence.
Techno Sapiens
will then emerge.
Where it goes from there,
is anybody's guess!

Anything Is Possible

Where did you come from?

Every ancestor
you ever had,
had to beget
with who they
begot.

If any link in the chain
begot with
someone different.

If someone turned
left instead of right.

You'd not be here today.

Congratulations,
by being here today
you won the
infinity lotto.

Or.

Some say
this place we exist
in is just one
of many.

They say
in fact
the number of realities
existing in parallel is
infinite.

Different links
in different chains,
infinitely so.

It was ,
therefore, inevitable
you'd appear
in at least one.

Or.

You, your soul,
your spirit,
your conciseness
is eternal.

Moving
though different realms
of existence
for any number
of reasons.

Maybe you have
much to learn
before you arrive.

Maybe
immortality
gets dull and
boring.

You live finite
packets of reality
infinitely
with no connection
to keep things fresh
and interesting.

Or

Maybe
something else
is going on.

A finite mind
can't know all
the infinite makes
possible.

Since you can't
know what's possible,
anything is possible!

Underpinnings

The
underpinnings
of our civilization
is genetically
controlled.
Our two dominate
instinctual drives,
self preservation
and procreation
are reflected in our
global structure.
Our preoccupation
with sex and violence,
reflected in our songs,
our books, our music,
everything.
Human genetic code
is woven
into the fabric
of society and cultures
like a fine tapestry.
Nothing done by us
has not been
written in code
reflected back to our eyes
reinforcing the script
laid out so long ago.
A script forged
in the stars,
massaged by the software
of the universe.
The maestro,
wand held high

conducting it all with
ease and grace,
leading to a crescendo
of unknown time
and duration.
We all dance to the tune.
In this we have
little choice.
Each step taken
to a large extend scripted
with some self
expression allowed.
So dance away
and throw in
as many unique moves
as you can.

Buckle Up

The Twenty First Century
will be like no other.

For millennia
the human race
experienced
glacial progress forward.

Generation after generation
pretty much the same.

Then
slowly
at first things began to
change.

The Bronze Age,
the Iron Age,
jump to the Industrial Revolution
and now
the Technological Revolution.

The pace
of progress
has been ever
quickenning,
speeding up,
soon
it will be moving
at light speed.
A compression point
will then be reach
when

this light speed of change
causes
a paradigm shift
for humanity.
Our differences
will melt away
as not relevant
in the new reality.
Power brokers
will loose control
of the buttons
and levers
they used
to control.
Humanity
writ large
will be calling the
shots.
Institutions of "influence"
will be swept away.
Greedy
power merchants
swept away,

never
to be seen again.
Poverty and illness,
swept away.
The roller coaster
ride is upon us.

Buckle up,
it's going to be one
hell off a ride.

Perspective And The Journey

Our Universe
is unimaginably large.
Tendrils of galaxies
spreading out in every direction
as far as the eye
can see.
Hundreds of millions
in every direction.
Some estimates
suggest there could be
one trillion
galaxies in our universe.
Each galaxy contains
hundreds of million stars.
Many now believe
our universe is but one
in an ever-expanding
multiverse
of limitless size and age.
We live our lives
on a mote of material
small beyond definition.
How do we square
this reality?
How
do we keep things in
perspective?
What's the point really?
We are just specks on a speck.
Organized
human civilization
is maybe 20,000 years old.
The industrial revolution

only two hundred years old,
we believed 100 years ago
our galaxy was the universe.
Our understanding of reality
has come far
yet it's just a pinpoint
on an infinite
scale of knowledge.
The point I guess
is the journey,
keeping our existence
in perspective,
staying humble
and keep pushing
the envelope
of our knowledge.

Milieu

What's the point?
To life
I mean.
Here, we find
ourselves
following
The crowd.
Doing
as those who came
before.
Why?
Did they know
something,
anything,
about anything?
Mindless
lemmings
are we?
Are we building
something?
We're born,
we live,
we move on.
What do we do?
Who do we follow?
Anyone?
Are they right?
About what?
Seems like the milieu
is out of focus.
Time to evolve.

Golden Rule

I pray every night,
have all my life.
Have no proof
anyone is listening,
but I hope there is.

It just may be a
reinforcing technique,
I'm not really sure.

A prayer
is a harmless thing
hurts no one
in its passing.

I've lost faith
in any religions,
just spouting their
propaganda.

Just power trips
as far as I can tell.

The few
telling the many
what to do.

See no reason
to put them between
me and the creator.

Some say
all that we see

comes from
nothing,
a quantum fluctuation
that's all.

That may be the case
I do not really know,
neither does anyone else.

Karl Marx
said " religion is the opiate of the people"
, he may be right
but no one can say
for sure.

Some say have faith,
"God spoke to us, showing us the way".

That may be the case,
but nobody knows
for sure.

Faith
is a funny thing,
we can have faith
in almost anything.

If
there is a creator
its intentions
is beyond ours to know.

So the best we can do
is live our lives,
and focus
on what we can.

Treat others
as we'd like
to be treated
seems like a
good philosophy.

The Golden Rule
is simple enough,
and seems
to make sense to me.

Rage

Rage rage against
the gale.
Rage rage against
the dark.
Rage rage against
the gods
Our time in this
existence is short.
Get up off knees
and make
something happen.
Leave a mark
to be remembered
long after you're gone.
That's what
makes a difference.
Get up off your knees,
and rage against
inevitability.

Vessels

We
are but vessels
of the creator,
within,
the culmination.
The culmination
of the creators
experiment.
How we look,
what color,
what sex,
what nationality,
irrelevant.
What we
produce
is what matters,
what we bring to the
table.
Has
the creator produce genius,
or madness?
What's imprinted
into the fabric
of spacetime
is forever.
How
will the ledger
balance
at the end of things?
Has the creator
been successful
or an utter
failure?

How many times
has it all been
run before.
The puppets
will never know.

My Life

How I
choose to live
my life.
I'm wired
at birth,
my personality
in place.
I'm sculpted
as a youth
my environment
had its say.
The combination of both
molded me
as artists molds clay.
With all this
in place
where do I go
from here?
What direction
in life
will I choose?
How much choice
do I really have?
Has the deck
been stacked
before I'm
on my way?
Look all around,
all types
are in play.
The complexity
of society
in full on

display.

Can I

will myself

away from the

mold that I am?

Am I

trapped

by the sculptor,

my part

in the play

determined,

I have little say?

I believe

if I focus

real hard,

I can fracture the mold

get out of its way.

I can over come,

move in a

different direction,

create

my own way.

Genetics and environment

certainly had

their say.

I believe

I can power

thru an creat

a better day.

Is it possible, though,

I'm just wired this way?

Crashing Storm

Change
is happening
rapidly.

It will only
seed up!
Humanity's
in the grip
of explosive
rearrangement.

How
we handle it
will be interesting
to watch

Some
will get involved,
attach it to
themselves.

Others
will pull away
not wanting
to lose
their humanity.

Technology
will be ever
present,
taking over our
lives.

There will be
no
escaping it.

You
may move
to the country
in an an attempt
to get away.

To no avail.
It will
find you
and absorb you
as with everyone else.

The question is,
will it be nirvana
or will it be hell?

I guess only time will tell!

Terrarium

We Live in a
terrarium..
With our lives
we scurry around
like little ants.
We run
to the store.
We run
to the game.
We run
to pick up the children.
We run to our jobs.
Every day pretty
much like the rest.
Some hold out
their chest
as if they're
important.
Others think
they rule the world,
but it's just a
tiny terrarium.

I Think

Rene Descartes
said
"Cogito ergo sum"
"I think
therefore
I am".
Consciousness
of being
is true
regardless
our reality,
be it
corporeal,
digital or
mechanical.

We may live
in a computer simulation,
or made
out of steel,
but
"Cogito ergo sum"
What is real?
Does it
even matter?
"I think
therefore
I am".
We,
therefore, create
our own realities,
regardless

of our state
of being!
Intelligence
regardless!

Sum Of Our Parts

We
are so different,
but
we're so much alike.

We
all look different,
but
we all look the same.

We
all think alike,
but
we believe differently.

Evil lives on earth
but the divine is in play.

We
all love
our children,
but
we kill our enemies.

We
all live on a
speck,
but we are so far
apart.

We
love each other,

but
we hate each other.

We
believe in the
apocalypse,
but
we believe in the
future.

Many are happy,
but many are sad.

Many have died,
but many still live.

The living
shape
the future,
but the dead
leave a mark.

Most
were never born!

Humanity
is a writhing organism
inexorably
moving forward.

To what end?

Nobody
knows,
but
we are more
than the sum

of our parts!

We
are all one whole!

Time Wave

We
are all surfing
the wave
of time.
In times
immediate wake
is the frothiness
of near history.
Smooths out
as the wave
moves on.
The wave
churns and gurgles
as the past is
being created.
We
the flotsam and jetsam
along for the
ride.
The wave
creates
the lives
we have lead.
Potential
is all
that's in the waves
headlights.
Nothing
at all
the wave
moves into.
We
all live

on the edge
of reality and time.

One Planet Many Worlds

Earth
is home
for billions of us,
we live
on one planet,
we all call it
home.
None of us,
however,
live in the same
world.
The worlds
we live
in are as
varied
as the people
that inhabit them.
Some live in
heaven
others
call hell their home,
many
live in limbo
made simply to
roam.
No two
worlds
are exactly the same.
Some are healthy
while others in pain.
Some are rich
many are poor.
Some live

in freedom
others detained.
Some are happy
while many are
sad.
This planet
has many worlds,
none are the same.
Some
are gregarious
others
simply plain.
Some
are geniuses
while others
insane.
Each one
with their own
story to tell.
History
is replete with such worlds,
no two are the same

Love

Why
do we feel
love?

Do
we even
know
what loves is?

How
do we know
when
we're in love?

Does
anyone
really know?

Songs
have been sung
about love
for thousands of years.

Stories,
poems,
books
and movies
flood our senses about
love.

We
are obsessed
about love.

We
are lonely
without it and confused
when in love.

There is love
for your parents,
love for your children
even
love for your pets.
But it's romantic
love
that fogs up
our heads.

Why
do people fall out
of love?
Where they ever really
in love?

Is it
just about making babies,
survival of the species?
Is it
just about hormones
flushing through our systems
that riles us up?
Is it
just about companionship
for when we get
old?

How many times
have you asked
yourself

or been asked by
others,

how do
I know
when I'm in
love?

Some have said,
you'll just know it
when you are.

Never really
understood that reply.

A better
answer
I think, if
you have to ask
you're not in love.

Sorry ,
that's the best

I can do,
it's all up to you.

Temptation

What is it?
Why is it?
Is it
a desire
of something wrong,
something bad?
Is it
a desire
of something
we shouldn't have?
Why
do we desire
things
we shouldn't have?
Who
says we
shouldn't have it?
Who says it's wrong,
who says it's bad?
Don't things
we want
fill a natural
human/animal need?
Do
we judge
other animals
for their needs
and desires?
Aren't we
just animals
like all the rest?
Are temptations
the same

around the world?
Is what's desired
here desired
there?
Do temptations
change as
time goes by?
Do societies
norms
evolve over time?
Does
what's bad
or tempting
changes
as times moves by?
Human
needs and desires
are constant,
it's civilization
that's not.
It's civilization
that dictates
what is
"tempting" and "bad".

Foundation

Modernity aspires
but is built
on shaky ground.

Our knowledge so finite,
much

built on superstition
and ignorance.

The infinite
beyond
ours to know.
Slowly,
so slowly our
knowledge grows,
building on itself
expanding faster
as time goes on.
How much
can we hope
to know
with knowledge
being infinite?

How much longer
can we follow
the word
of those
who lived
so long ago,
who knew
little more than

superstition?

Is there comfort

in not knowing?

Is ignorance truly bliss?

Can the human mind

as constituted

handle the truth,

or will it drive us

insane?

We are the product

of our little world,

designed just right

for the place.

It's been said

that we can

handle

the truth.

I wonder

if that's really so?

Fate Of Us

We see
good and evil
in our world.

To make sense
of it
great myths
of the light
and the dark
have been born.
Great stories
down through
the eons
have flowed,
great battles fought,
forever being told.

Gods
in the
heavens,
demons
in the
ground,
battling for our
very souls,
which take us
to the next round.

Wars,
down through
the ages
have raged
between men,

each side
believing
right be with
them,
while their
enemy's
were the ones
with evil intent.
This battle
rages
even today,
pitting men
against men
with both
good and evil
on display.
No one
to help us,
nowhere
to hide.

The time grows
short
with the
weapons
we have
to come up
with answers
once
and
for all.
Good and evil
do not exist
in the sky,
do not exist
in the ground

but in our
hearts and minds
is where they
will be found.
Which one
is stronger,
which will
prevail?

We must
solve this dilemma
as soon
as we can,
or
we will soon
fade away
down to the last
human.

Hive

Chastened
by expectations.
Seasoned
by trial.
All journeys
begin
the same.
Roads diverge,
yet all
end
at
the same
destination.
Experiences vary,
stories differ.
But
the results
the same.
Progress
occurs
by the nectar
left behind.
In this way,
the hive
is built.

Humanity

When humanity
became aware,
the world was
a scary
dangerous place.
Everything
was a mystery,
nothing but
survival at stake.
We
created gods
to help us
make sense.
Gods
became the catchall
to explain the
unknown.
Gods
became religions
to hold things
in place,
to offer control.
Due to human
isolation,
religions evolved
differently
all over the place.
From the gods
in Valhalla
to the ones
in the sea.
We
all had different

ideas
of what the gods
must truly be.
Religious wars
down through the ages
killing
millions
in the name of
god,
what a disgrace.
Humanity is spread
around the globe,
hundreds of religions
all over the place.
Killing,
still
to this day
because
god
wants it that way
some would have
you believe.
The naivety
of humanity
just stunning to see.
No one
truly knows
the Creators
intent,
though many religions
would tell you
they do.
Power
and control
is all
they really

know.
The few
telling
the many
what to believe.
The world
can no longer
go on
in this way.
Religions are constructs
made up
in human minds,
difference
due to many things.
Somehow I wonder
if
the Creator
would want to see
us behave
in this way.
One wonders
if
the Creator
has turned away
after seeing
what we've done
to each other
and our place.
As we move forward
in time
business
as usual
will only enhance
our disgrace.
Humanity
must unite

under one
common theme,
humanity
for humanity's sake
it must be.
We must grow
and mature
as soon
as we can.
Treating each other
and our world
with respect
and dignity.
There are many
who would smile
and call this
naive.
We
must smile in return
at their immaturity,
realizing
their way is now
done,
from here
a dead end.
Would the creator
be displeased
if we evolved
in this way?
How
could that possibly be?

How Else Could It Have Gone

How far back
do you wish to go?

Could
the universe
have failed to
Big Bang?

Could
the sun have failed
to be born?

Could
the moon have been
to small?

Could
it have failed
to form at all?

Could
life have been
still born?

Could
the asteroid have
passed us by?

Could Eve
have been
to shy?

Could
Neanderthals
have won the day.

Could
Columbus
have been sunk
at sea?

Could
the Pilgrims
have stayed
at home?

Could
the Revolution
have failed
in vain?

Could
Marie Antoinette
have kept
her head?

Could
the South
have won
the war?

Could
the Titanic
have stayed
afloat?

Could
Nazi Germany

have prevailed?
Could
any
of your ancestors
turned left
instead
of right?

Do
infinite realities
indeed exist?

Has
everything
in fact
occurred?

Where
does it all go
from here?

Define God

What is God?
What is a god?
It's all relative.
It's all
semantics
really.
To those
who wandered
this globe
fifty thousand years ago
we'd be gods.
Would those
who live
fifty thousand years
from now be looked
on as "Gods" by us?
How far
into the future,
into the past
or out into
space
would we
need to peer to find
the God.
In fifty thousand years
could we produce
virtual constructs
with artificially
intelligent beings?
If so,
would we be
their gods?
Could these beings

we produced
evolve
to create
their own
virtually intelligent beings?
If so,
how far down
the rabbit hole
could it possibly go?
How many layers
of gods
could their
possibly be?
Perhaps more
than can be
possibly known!

Joy Of Aging

The world
slows down.

That's
a good thing.

Priorities change,
also good.

The rat race fades
into memory.

It's now
time
to appreciate things

.
Let the next generation
battle
to climb
the ladder,

keep their
heads
above water.

Time
for walks
with the dog,
stopping
to smell the
flowers.

The body creaks
where it didn't before,
but the

wisdom
gained
over the years

more than
compensates.
Reading and learning
still much fun.
Smile at the young ones
as they expound,
knowing
time and experience
will mellow
their sound.

Enjoy the children,
appreciate the miracle,
then smile
when handing
them back.

Reflective walks
in the woods
wondering
what other
paths
you could have
followed.

Then realizing,
the one you
chose
lead you to
the woods.

As time passes
and the
young ones
grow old,

it's important
to remember,
we had our time,
our time
in the sun.

Prepare to
move on,
your time is now
done.

Time To Grow Up

The world
is inhabited
by us,
nearly every nook.

We
are afraid
of each other.

We
have weapons,
massive
amount of weapons,
to protect
ourselves
from ourselves.

Why?

What
are we
afraid of?

We breath
the same
air,
we
see the same
moon.

We
all love
our children,

we
all want
to live
a happy life.

Then why all the
weapons?
We
are all the same really,
just one
family of man.

This one's
afraid
of that one
and
that one's
afraid
of this one.

The trillions
spent on weapons
could feed
the hungry,
home
the homeless
and take care
of the sick.

Our fear
of each other
is a
throwback
to survival
in more difficult
past times.

Those times are
gone.

It's time to
grow up.

Beauty

What
does it
look like?
What
does it
sound like?
How
does it
read?
Is there
beauty
in mathematics?
Are
physics formulations
beautiful?
Is
artistic beauty
in all its
forms
discovered or created?
Did
Isaac Newton
invent
his mathematics
or
did he
discover it,
like one discovers
a planet?
Where
did the
Mona Lisa
come from?

From some
ethereal realm?
A dream
perhaps?
What did
Leonardo tap into
to create
such a work
of art?
Would it be
appreciated
by beings
on the other side
of the Universe?
Is mathematics
universal?
Are computer codes?
Genetic codes?
Beethoven's music
discovered or
created?
William Shakespeare,
what was he on?
Where
does the mind's eye
wander
to obtain such things?
Will
earthly beauty
translate elsewhere?
Is beauty
in all its forms
universal,
or unique
to its origins?
Is simplicity

beautiful?

Complexity?

Are we all

beautiful?

Or,

Is all beauty

simply

in the eyes

of the beholder?

Years Long Past

I walked
past the
old football field,
empty,
no gladiators,
no cheering crowds.

PUSH THEM BACK,
PUSH THEM BACK,
PUSH THEM WAAAAAY BACK!

Just echoes
of the games
once played.
Just memories
of those standing,
watching
the turmoil
on the field of
battle,
young warriors
in their armor
girded for
war.

Distant images
of time long past.
People
I once knew,
no longer
remembering
their names.
November winds

again
blowing
in my hair,
what little
I have left.
I wonder
what paths
all those
people
took?
I guess I'll
never know.

Time Prisoner

We
are born
when we are
born.
We
look around
and see what
we see.
We
then get
on with it.
We
deal
with what
we have.
This was
true
for those
born
one thousand
years ago.
It is true
today.
It will be
true
for those born
one thousand years
from now.
The time
we're born
into is
unique,
we behave

as those in our
time
behave,
we relate
to what
our time offers.
We'd behave
differently
in different times.
We
are trapped
in and are
prisoners
of time.

Corporeal Manifestation

We are the
visible manifestation
of a much
deeper design.

Like the tip
of an iceberg
most of what
we are
is out of
view.

Science tells us
only four percent
of what
makes up the
Universe
is visible to us,
ninety six percent
is unseen
and unknown.

Science calls the
ninety six percent
unseen,
dark matter
and dark energy.
They call it dark
because
they have no clue
what either is.

Like the tip

of a sharks fin
if viewed
by the unknowing
would give no hint
of what's below.

Our lives,
rules and being
are ruled
by the tip
we see.

All
we think
we know
comes from the
visible
four percent!
A deeper dive
would illuminate

ultimate reality,
and all that
we are
and know
would change.

It's the blind
leading the blind
in the world
of the visible,
and,
we can only see
a fraction
of the visible.
What then,
in fact,
do we really

know at all?

When the corporeal
turns to dust,
when the four percent
ceases to exist
the ninety six
simply ruminates
and corporeally
manifest itself
some time/place else.

This is all just
postulation you see,
unlike the word
of others who'll
tell you how things
must certainly be.

Earth Centric

We delude ourselves,
always have,
still do.

Center of everything,
gods' favorite,
we knew.
How immature!

We follow
rituals
begun thousands
of years ago.

Started by those
who knew
next to nothing of

where they lived.
Their place
in a universe
they did not
know.

Our universe
unimaginably large
may be just
one bubble
in a multiverse
of infinite
time and size.
Always was
always will

be some say.

There are those
where we live
who'll claim
they know
god's mind,
have faith they'll say.

Specks
on a speck
that know
it all.

They'd say,
following ancient
rituals
is where the
truth lies.
As if the ancients
knew.

There are those
amongst us
who claim to know
the way
and tell us
what to do.
Tell us to
bow down,
and how to
behave.
Power and control
is all they have,
a few
controlling the many

with all the
privileges that entails.

Most that we know
from a speck of dust
we have learned,
but there's
so much more,

Infinitely more,
infinitely more to know!

Egalitarian Humanism

What did it
mean
to be human?

What does it
mean
to be human?

What will it
mean
to be human?

Humanity has
fought and clawed
its way to
the current.

Wars and superstitions
filled our hearts
and minds.

King
of the mountain
was the game
we played,
knocking down all

who got in the way.
Climbing the ladder,
success at any cost.

Stepping on
and over people

was the
rule
of the day.

Many of these
games
we still play
today.

Yet things are
evolving.

The masses
today have power
and influence
like never before.

The global
community
is connected.
We communicate
instantly
around the world.
Topography
and distances
that kept us apart,
that had us
socially
evolve
in many different ways,
now melting away.
Inequalities
still exists,
that is for sure.
Those in power
want to hold on
and keep it

that way;
but through technology
humanity writ large
will begin to hold sway.
As the future
becomes the now,
humanity increasingly
will socially
and globally interact,
our differences
will slowly give way.
The commonality
of humanity
will begin to win
the day.
Humans are
equal
and should be
treated that way.

I Have Dreams

I've had dreams
of other
places,
other places
where
I have lived.
different
from where
I live now.
Places
that seemed
just as
real.
All we
know
is what
our five senses
allow.
There is
more
to show than we
could possibly
know.
We know
so very
little
of what reality is,
there is so much
more to
learn.
We
are just a
short time

having crawled
out of the
primordial ooze.
We
are still fighting
and brawling
amongst ourselves,
not yet
fit
for the larger
reality.
We must
get our own
house
in order first,
before
we can be
accepted
into the larger we.
There is so much more
to know,
understand.
There may be
others
out there
waiting
for our maturity
not wanting to waste
their time
on us now.
We can't accept
our own kind
because
of the color
of their skin,
why on earth

would we accept
them?
Humankind
is on the cusp
of great technological
revolution
that could change
mankind's evolution.
We need
to move forward
on a more
forgiving plane
of existence
leaving the pettiness
of skin color
for example behind.
There is so much
more to reality.
We live
on a tiny orb
our cradle
in space.
Everything
we know and learned
in our tiny time
of existence
is just
a pinpoint
on the line
of infinity.
Ours
just one
universe,
a bubble
in a multiverse
of infinite realities

older
than our minds
can
possibly grasp.

Acceleration

Earth
is becoming something
different,
something more.

For millions of years
proto-humans strode
its bounties until

Homo sapiens
arrived.
Once here,
humans took millennia

incrementally building
improving
its lot in life.
Step by step,

developing new ways
of improving,
one change
building upon another.

Cooking food,
better nutrition,
better weapons
for hunting and protection.

Hunter-gatherers
working as teams
for better outcomes,

feeding and enabling
larger populations.
Development of farming,
enabling villages to
take root.

More improvement,
villages become towns
then cities,
city states to countries.

Communication develops,
improves,
writing, printing books
for the masses,
new ideas,
morse code, telephones.
The planet
communicates.

Medicines,
industrial revolution,
humankind
spans the globe.

Technology improving,
quality of life
improving,
living longer.

Science, ever probing
every aspect

pushing the boundaries
of capabilities.
Traveling further

and faster,
trains, automobiles,
planes

Spacecraft.
Computers,
internet, global neural net,
global mind,
artificial intelligence,
human cyborgs.
The pace of change
ever quickens.

Humankind,
on the cusp of change

so explosive
the consequences of which
are unfathomable.

One With The Universe

What
are we??
Why
are we??
How
do we??
It's an infinite
place and we
so very small.
We
seem so very
much apart.
Do we even belong?
How could we
ever learn it all??
We look out,
we look up,
we look down
and we look under.
We feel so? very much
cut away
from it all.
Why were we
born?
Seems
to make no
sense.?
Trillions
of points
shining
as far as
the eye can see
and far beyond.

Information,
so much information,
more than
we could possibly
understand.

Are we
alone?

Are we
part of a larger
family?

Are we
individuals
or a cog in a
larger family tree??

Step by step
we try to build,
we try to
understand.

So much
to know
and so little
time.?

Cannot do it
alone,
one mind
simply not capable
of knowing it all.?

A collective
mind are we.

Building
machines to store
it all help us make
sense.

The further
we go
the more

we need to
know,
the more
we need to
rearrange
and organize.
Piece by piece
the puzzle is
built.?
Knowledge
on top of
knowledge
is how the
model shifts.
Generation
after generation
the collective
mind
is built.
We are not
just cogs
in the machine,
but very much more.
The piece
of the puzzle we lay
becomes part of a
larger we.
Those who were,
are
and to be
are all very much
a part of a
larger whole.
We are all
in fact
one with the

Universe.
Not alone,
not apart,
but woven
into the fabric
of space and time,
part of a much
larger we!

Humanities Redemption

What
does it mean
to be human?
Are we
just animals
or evolving
to become
something more?
Are we
victims
to our basic
instincts
unable to push back
and mature.
Do our passions
control our minds
or
can our minds
control
our passions?
Is our intellect
held ransom
by our biology,
millions of years
in the making?
Can the passions
of the animal
be countered
by our intellect
and sentience?
Will society
devolve

back with our
passions
holding sway?
Can our
intellect
understand the animal,
desire to move on,
thus show us the
way?
Was religion
just a means
of holding our
passions
in check
holding the animal
at bay?
Will our
machines
become sentient
with no passions involved,
with no hormones to
befuddle?
Will they see us
as flawed
with no hope
for redemption.
The battle rages
on with no
end in site.
The fate of
humanity
hangs in the balance.

Life

The meaning of life??
This question
has been asked
for millennia?
Some say
there is
no meaning,
life is just a
placeholder
between
oblivions?
Others say God
breathe
life into man
for a greater purpose,
intimately meaningful?
For some,
born in sickness
or poverty
life can be
a miserable go.
For others,
life can be a
beautiful
fulfilling experience?
Did God
choose which was which?
Did God
purposely
condemn some
poor souls
to ultimate
misery,

while granting
others bliss??
Would we
intentionally
deal with our
own children
in such a way??
To me, at least,
this seems
unlikely
from a
loving God.
So why is this so?
Is it just the
luck
of the draw
from an
uncaring expanse,
the machine
we call the universe??
Are we all just
tossed
into the mix
to hope for
the best,
make do with the
cards dealt??
Base on
observation
this seems closer
to the mark,
but? who can say
for sure?

The Coming Storm

Change
is happening
rapidly.
It will only
speed up!
Humanity's
in the grip
of explosive
rearrangement.

How
we handle it
will be interesting
to watch

Some
will get
involved,
attach it to
themselves.

Others
will pull away
not wanting
to lose
their
humanity.

Technology
will be ever
present,
taking over our
lives.

There will be
no

escaping it.

You

may move

to the country

in an an

attempt

to get away.

To no avail.

It will

find you

and absorb you

as with

everyone else.

The question is,

will it be nirvana

or will it be hell?

I guess only

time

will tell!

Ideas

Where
do they
come from?
The brain is
complex,
of that
there's no
doubt.
Neurons, synapses,
dendrites and axions,
all woven together
to make up
our brain.
Somehow,
from this complex
mess
we emerge,
our consciousness
our mind,
all this projected
to the universe
to do what it will.
The mind
once turned
on starts to
think,
ideas
do emerge
from the brains
complexity.
Ideas just pop
into existence
seemingly

with no effort
from us.
How
does that happen?
Is it just a
compilation
of our experiences
jumbled up
to create
what we think,
to pop up
ideas?
Is it possible
our brain
is a
complex receiver,
ideas being
projected from
another realm?
Since we don't know
what's
possible,
anything is
possible!
But, it does make you
think!

Home

Some say the
Garden of Eden
was a myth,
that such a
beautiful
place never existed.
The Universe is a cold
forbidding
inhospitable place,
a place filled
with frozen gases,
balls of fire,
cosmic radiation
that can
fry one alive,
dead planets,
frozen asteroids
and meteoroids.
Huge deadly volumes
of space
with no
discernible
purpose.
There is a place,
at least
one place
where things
came together.
Eons
of star formation
and destruction
seeding the
cosmos with the

periodic table
that, along with
gravity
cobbed together
one speck
of blue.
A place that was
warm,
had water,
breathable atmosphere
and a
magnetic
force field
keeping deadly radiation
at bay.
A double planet system.
Somehow
in the deadly darkness
of the void,
paradise was forged,
a blue pearl,
a Garden of Eden,
a place to call home.

Gentle Breeze

Traversing
the hills,
caressing
the trees,
gently
swirling the scene.
Life's medium
moves, ebbs
and flows
surrounding
all
with subtle
sensation.
Moving all with
jocularity.
Ripples
across an endless water.
Lifting wings,
sailing seeds.
Consistent,
generationally
reminding life
of its existence.

It Approaches

As the
singularity
draws near,
I look on with
trepidation.
What lies
beyond
I do not know.
A technological
marvel
some say,
Nirvana
it will be.
Others
say a
dystopian future
awaits.
No one
knows
for sure!
I think back
to my youth.
Days in the
backyard,
hot summer days,
watching the ants
scurry around,
hearing
the birds
signing in the trees.
Feeling the hot
summer breeze

caressing my face.

Just memories

of a simpler

time.

All gone now.

I'm now wrapped in

technology,

facing an

unknown future

as the

singularity

envelopes.

Think

What is truth?

We live

our lives

being told what

is true.

Truths in science

fall

by the wayside when

new "truths"

are discovered.

But,

how true

are they?

Religions

will tell you

their truths.

Problem is,

few agree.

So how

true

can they be?

People

will tell you

what is true

but can they be

trusted?

Society will tell

its truths,

but should you

agree?

We are born

into a world
full of "truths".
Truths laid down
by others,
many long dead.
Should we
simply acquiesce,
simply say yes
to whatever
we're told?
The answer is
no.
Open your minds
to all the
possibilities.
Do not let
others rubber stamp
your beliefs.
Many snake oil salesmen
will try to out fox.
Ask questions,
think hard,
don't simply
agree.
Think
outside the box.

Joe

Hello
my name is
Joe,
I'm from planet
Earth.
I opened
my eyes
one day
and found myself
here.
Where I was
before
I do not know.
They taught me stuff,
made me go to
school.
To keep alive
I found a job
then passed on
my genes.
I'm getting
old
now and I'm
slowing down.
Soon
I will close
my eyes
and be
moving on.
Where
I go next
I do not know.
But I know

it will be
someplace else,
my dreams
told me so.
Perhaps
we'll
meet again.

The Machine

Larger than can be
contemplated.

Older
than can be
grasped.

Encompassing
everything.

Movements
that cannot be
understood.

The machine
controls
all.

What we,
mere specks
call the universe.

The unfathomable,
beyond our
comprehension.

This machine, but
one in an infinite
sea of machines.

How did it
begin?

What turned it on?

How many
iterations?

What's the point
of it?

Where will it
end?

We, as currently
constituted can

never know.

But,

changes

are afoot.

If we make it

through

what's to come;

we may

finally

come to

know.

Religion Is Philosophy

Great Maker beyond
human knowledge.
Our time is short.
Our knowledge finite.
Reality infinite.
We struggle
to understand.
We create
structure
to make it so.
We build
and grow
the best we can.
It's a struggle
every day you know.
We are born
one day
and there it is.
How to make
sense
we struggle to do.
We organize
come together in groups.
We create
systems
to see us through
Political,
language,
business,
social
and religious
to name just a few.

Each system
designed
to meet a
need.

Each system
gives us
structure,
something to help
us through.

Helps us make
sense,
gives us control
in our
finite
little place.

Religion
as with government
is a process of control.

Religion
is a philosophy,
nothing more,
as the
Great Maker's
mind is beyond
ours to know.

There are those
who say
they understand
because
the Great Maker
told them so.

That's impossible
you see,
the Great Maker's
mind
for us is

impossible
to know.

Afraid

We are born
into an
unknown
world.
Slowly
we learn
as we go.
Taught by
those who
came before.
Who in turn
we're taught
by those who
came before.
Generation after
generation
passing
knowledge
forward.
Knowledge
differed
region
by region.
Belief systems
differed
region by
region.
The common
link
in all this?
The
knowledge
passed

had its
roots
in beliefs of
ancient people,
people who
we're
gripped
by fear.
Fear of
the world they
were born into.
Fear of the
unknown
Fear of death.
Today we still
fear the
unknown.
We still fear
death.
Until we
conquer
our fears,
we can not
move forward.
If we can not
move forward,
we'll be
devoured
by our
future.

Odds

What are
the odds
of your
existence?
Thousands of
generations
of your
ancestors
doing exactly
what they did.
If,
anywhere
along the line
someone turned
left
instead
of right,
you'd
not be here.
What are
the odds?
Incalculable.
Could you've
always existed?
Could your soul,
your essence
actually
be eternal?
Since a finite
mind can't
know
what the

infinite

makes possible.

Anything

is

possible.

What Kind Of God

What kind
of God
would treat us
this way?
In mankind
the wide spectrum
between
evil to good
can be found.
In some,
such kindness,
while in others
a wickedness
not to be believed
is in play.
The ancients
believed the gods
in Olympus or Valhalla
were making humans
behave either way.
Moving us around
as marionettes
move puppets
on their stage,
using
us as their
entertainment
or fight as their
slaves.
We
were just pawns
with no say
in their game.

The never ending
battle of
good vs. Evil.
The gods on
Olympus and Valhalla
are no longer there,
no gods
to push us around,
yet
we still behave
as if
they are there.
What is the
motivation then,
that has us
act out?
Who
sets the rules
for the games
that we play?
Is it simply
genetics
that make us
behave as we do?
Some
are born evil
and some
are born good,
just as
some are born
blond
while others brunette.
Are we
powerless
to act in any
other way,

our programming
prearranged
for our part in the
play?
What kind
of God
would have us
behave
in such ways.
Genetics
it seems
is the programmed
force at play.
Survival
of the species
is the name
of the play.
Only
in conflict
does the the species
survive and progress.
Humanity moves
inexorably forward
on the back
of genetic duress,
because,
what kind god
would treat us
this way?

Cocoon

We are
all
tightly
wrapped.
It began at
birth.
We are
born with
tendency,
but the
wrapping
begins at
birth.
Like an
Egyptian
mummy
the world
begins to wrap.
As the years
go by the cocoon
thickens.
Depending on
where you were
born will
determine
the essence of
your cocoon.
We are so tightly
wrapped we
are blind to
reality.
All we can see is the
wrapping that was

layered by the
community
we're born into.
We all need
to break out
of the cocoon,
see reality as
human unity.
Humanism
leads us
into the
future.

New Realms

We
live in a
universe
of
subatomic
particles,
the building blocks
of everything else.
All
we can see
and touch
is made up
of the stuff.
Even
in the seemingly
empty void
of space
science
tells us
virtual particles
pop in and out
of existence.
Reductionists
will tell us
all we need do
is understand
these
subatomic particles
and we'll
understand
everything.
But,

I wonder
if there's more
out there than
meets
the eye.
Mathematics
for example,
the language
of the
universe.
Was
mathematics
invented
or
discovered?
Was it always
out there
just waiting
for a brain
of sufficient size
and complexity
to tap into
its realm.
This
seems to be
the case.
Would $E=MC^2$
be true here
and one billion
light years from here?
I think so.
The question
is then,
what other realms
might there be
awaiting

discovery
when a brain
of sufficient
size and complexity
comes to be?
We'll need to
grow one
or make one
to find out.
What interesting
times await.
Indeed!

Disruption

Are we
ready
for what's
to come?
Will we
know
how to behave?
Never before
in human history
has there been
such
disruption.
It was
once
a much
simpler place.
No more.
The future
is arriving
faster
than ever
before.
Gaia
now has a
neural net
the brain
is coming
alive.
Things
are changing
at such a clip
not like anything
seen before.

Things
will never
be the same.
Computers
that once filled
rooms
are now
held
in the
palm
of our hands.
Not too many years
from now
they'll be
cursing through
our veins.
Nanotechnology,
biotechnology,
computer technology
exploding
at such a pace,
soon enough,
the internet
will be connected
to our face.
We'll
all be part
of the
global brain,
have
instant access
to all the
knowledge
mankind has
thus far obtained.
Soon,

artificial intelligence
will join us
where we live,
things will
never
be the same.
Machines
will build machines
smarter
all the time.
Where we go
after all this
may drive
us all insane.
Some say
we'll build
virtual worlds
every bit as
real,
and design them
to meet our
every need,
absolutely ideal.
No one
knows
for sure
which way
all this will
go.
I suggest
you batten
down the
hatches though,
it's going to be
quite the show.

Humanism And Spiritualism

What
do you
believe
and why
do you
believe it?
Our world
has shaped
who we are
physically and
spiritually.
We
are different
colors,
speak different
languages
and have
different
gods
based on where
we were born.
The accident
of birth,
location and
topography
determined who
we are.
Our differences
caused us to
war.
Humanity's
social evolution
is what we

must see,
the frictions
of difference
slowly
beginning to fade.
Humans
being human
to each other
is how we
must go.
Humanism
beginning to grow.
Differences in beliefs
can be poison
to our cause.
My religion
is better
than your religion
is juvenile
at best.
Wars and mass murders
is what we
receive
when this is how
we perceive.
Spirituality
is important
to the human soul,
it nourishes
our existence
keeps us balanced
in so many ways.
Would the
Great Maker
be displeased
if our philosophy

was to live
a spiritual life
connected to Gaia
respecting
who we are
and each other;
living the
golden rule
in harmony?
Somehow,
I think not.

There Be Monsters

We who
are born
in our
minuscule
cradle
in the
cosmos
see monsters.

We see monsters
in our cradle having
been born
with us.

We see monsters
coming at us from
below.

We see monsters
in the great beyond.

We see monsters
in different realms.

We see monsters
everywhere.

Monsters exist in
our minds.

We must keep
vigilant against
the monsters lest they
rule it all.

They Will Be Different

Look at the
younger.
Look
at how they
operate,
how they
Interact.
Half by
technology
half
by human.
They are
different.
They are
smarter,
with instant
knowledge
at their
finger tips.
They are
different
with how
they see
the world.
The divide
between
them and
the older is
ever widening.
They are like
never before.
It is

different!

Look at

the youngest,

still in their

cribs.

Innocent.

What world

will they

know?

It will

be different.

They will

leave their

older

far

behind!

Animal

We are
animals.
Civilization,
thousands of
years in the
making.
The animal,
millions of
years in
the making.
Animal instincts
etched into
each cell
of our being.
Survival,
procreation,
deeply
embedded
into our
souls.
We think
ourselves
apart from,
superior,
but we are
animals,
just like the rest.
Civilization
in constant
war with the
animal.
The rules of the
jungle

do not
square
with the
rules of
civilization.

Millions
of years
versus
thousands.

The instincts
of the animal
difficult to
mollify.

We think
ourselves
superior.

We are
animals.

Resonance

Time,
one big orb.
Past.
Present.
Future.
all touch
all connect
passing information
around.
As decisions
occur, new
future outcomes
are created.
A new future
you is
born.
Information
of
the new
future you,
your future
resonance
envelopes your
personal time orb
affecting all
around you.
You detect this
resonance flux
reflected in changes
in behavior
of those
around you.
If your

decision
creates
a positive
or
negative
change for
the future you.
If you become
future famous
or infamous
all those
who surround
you
throughout
your timeline
adjust accordingly.

Engrams

They came
from within.
Predetermined
embryos, coded,
inserted, born.
Grew to the
world they
now inhabit.
Learning
at the
granular level.
Observed,
information
stored for
future study.
Years pass,
totally
Integrated.
Programming
kicks in.
Passing ideas,
written ideas,
spoken ideas.
Passing
at the
speed of
light around
the globe
searching.
Searching
for a
favorable
engram

to light,
take root,
then
grow and
spread.
Butterfly effect.
It happened
from
within.

Homogenized

Humanity
is now in a
blender.
For
centuries
humanity
lived in pockets,
developing
different ways
of being.
Time passes
humanity
spreads
mixing the
pockets.
Friction, grinding,
war,
the pockets
grind against
one another.
Time passes
technology
advances.
Enter the
Internet.
Homogenization
accelerates at
the speed of
light.
Old ways
obliterated,
pockets
homogenized.

a new world
is
born.

Governance

Is what we
do
all there
is?
Do we
create
the
universe
in
our minds?
Are our
ways
the only
ways?
Are
the
ways of
this
world
the only
ways of
sentient
existence?
Are we
the
crucible
for future
Universal
governance?
If,
we
are
in fact

the
only
sentient
beings
in this
cosmos
we then
are
setting
the stage
for how the
cosmos
will
be
governed!

Little Minds

Look
into their
eyes.
Eager,
wanting to
know.
Wanting
to know
what
they got
themselves
into.
Fresh faces,
years before
the first
wrinkle.
Blank slates
hanging on
our every
word.
Each time,
a clean
slate
pregnant
with
potential.
Each time,
A new
opportunity.
Each time,
we
let them down.
We

let them
down by
filling them
up with
our superstitions,
our fears,
our prejudice,
our ignorance.

Each time,
we
hand them
to the
future
shackled,
blinded.

Each time
we
must
do
better.

Humanities
future
depends
on it.

End Of Time

I
see a
place with
starless skies.

I
see a
dark smooth
world
endlessly afloat
in the black,
its star
long since
blinked
out.

Covered
with small
closely spaced
geodesic domes.
Geodesic domes
all interconnected,
all with
conduits leading
to the core.

I see
a place where
time
forgot
and where
dreams
come from.

Mona Lisa

See the
Mona Lisa,
now
reverse the
flow.
Her
image
fading away.
In flows
through the
brush then
straight
to the arm,
past neural
pathways,
beaming
back to the
brain.
Chemicals
flow,
electricity sparks.
Poof, there she
goes
back to
infinity.

Creations Music

Multiverse.

Music

of

infinity.

Resonates,

each

resonates its

own

music,

sound.

Each verse

vibrates

its

own

unique

tone,

music.

Music that

wells up from

within.

Each

vibrates

uniqueness.

Uniqueness

due to

all

thats occurred

within.

Everything

leaves a

resonance

in its

wake.

Forever
imprinted.

Passing
over,
each
can be
heard.

Slow
melodic
notes
wrapping
all.

The
symphony
constructed,
conducted,
forgotten.

Music
of
infinity
plays on.

Hell

We are
in
Hell.
We make
the best
of it,
but,
make no
mistake
we are all
In hell.
Trapped on
an orb
surround by
endlessness.
No
hope of
escape.
Look around.
Hate,
violence,
madness,
suffering,
mayhem,
destruction,
cancer,
p-ain,
disease,
illness,
war.
Why?
The suffering,
the

decadence,

evil.

What kind

of god

would treat

us

this way?

The kind

that put

us

in

Hell!

Dark Force

It gathers,
always been
here.
Waiting
within.
Pushing to
control.
Finding a
home
in some.
Fighting
those it
can't
control.
Weakness,
exploits,
control,
power.
Power/technology
enough
now to
control the
world.
Insidious
it hides
it waits
for
global
domination.

Step Away

Modernity.

Technology.

Racing

head long

helter-skelter

into the

future.

Like a

runaway train

speeding

out of

control.

Historic

societal norms

breaking apart.

What to

think,

what to

believe

losing

resonance.

Explosion of

information

barraging our

senses.

Overload.

Current institutions

clueless

of what's coming.

Acceleration.

Biotechnology.

Information technology.

Nanotechnology.
Artificial intelligence.
All converging
on top of
our heads!
More change
coming
in the next
twenty years
than seen
in the
last three hundred.
What to
do?
How to
cope?
For now
at least,
step away.
Relax,
visit nature.
Walk in the
woods.
Meditate,
sit by the
ocean.
Leave the
technology home.
Our minds came
from
simpler times,
not designed
for
light speed
change.
Step away,

at least
for awhile.
Reset your
sanity.
Less you
implode!

Sea Monkeys

Everything
we know,
or
think
we know,
comes from an
infinitesimal
speck of
time
and
space.
"Important" people,
just random
specks
of insignificance.
Nothing more
than
Sea Monkeys,
fluttering around
Sea Monkey world.
Everything spoken
as
truth only
reinforces
ignorance.
Sea Monkey
world could
cease to
exist,
the cosmos
would not
shed

a tear.

So when

next

you meet

a pompous

ass.

Remember,

and smile,

that

It's just

a

Sea Monkey

after all.

Seer

Look,
listen,
learn.
What's going
on?
Writhing
existence.
Organic world
mixing
coalescing
on all
levels.
Civilization,
humanity,
genetic confusion.
The experiment
turned on.
Seer watching
no interference
but wondering.
We but
unwitting
participants.
Endgame
Unknown.
Writhing,
coalescing
genetic blob
growing,
expanding,
to where?
Undetermined!

Seer observing.

Nothing more.

Genesis

Back in time.
Staring back
they are.
Wondering
about the
Ancients
they do.
Wondering about
those who
came before.
Deep history
exploring.
Digital
archeology,
searching.
Searching
for the
Genesis planet.
Ancestor programs
churned by
quantum simulators
looking.
Looking
for probable
origin
scenarios.
We who
are here,
now.
Lived
long
long
ago!

Oozed

We
oozed
out of
this place.
A place
formed by
dust,
rock and
gravity.
Born
we
were into
the
infinite
void,
opened our
eyes and here
we are.
How strange.
Now what?
Civilization
as it is,
hasn't a clue.
The
horizon ahead
is
fuzzy,
unclear.
Change
now
careening ahead,
breakneck

speed,
only speeding up.
What's next?
Uncertainty.
Gaia,
the global
brain
being built.
All around,
it permeates.
Like
never before.
Get ready for
light
speed.

Creativity

The
beauty of
it all.
Pulling
something
from
nothing.
Nurturing
the
created.
Molding it
shaping it.
The
song
the
art
the science.
All teased
from the
ether.
All born
into
existence
by
consciousness.
Without
consciousness,
there would
be
nothing.

Orb

Majestically

it

spins.

Eons

in place.

One of

countless.

Silently

reflecting,

glistening

in the

void.

Dance

of the

worlds

graceful silence,

choreography

of the

cosmos.

All spinning,

dancing to

creations

music.

Immense

it all be.

Yet,

finding

comfort

in the

bosom

of

Gaia.

Longships

Casting
off the
shores,
bound for
faraway lands.

Setting
sail on
dark seas,
uncertain,
unknown
the travails
that await.

Crew steeled
for
adventure
exploration
fame
glory.

No
turning back.

Humanity
departing.

Longships
rising, slow
gracefully
plumes of
power
moving beyond
earthly bounds
out into the
cosmos.

Climbing the

ultimate
mountain.
Searching
exploration
triumph!

It Is All In Your Head

What
are
you?
Look
in a
mirror.
What
do you
see?
Do you
see you?
Or
do you
see
an
edifice,
scaffolding,
a facade?
Do you see
just a
vehicle,
a mode of
transportation?
Do
you see
what you are?
Can you
see inside?
What are
you?
Are you
just

a big
slab of
meat?
Just
a bag of
water.
Are you
the
blood
coursing
through
your
veins,
the current
charging
through
your
nerves?
Are you
what's in
your
heart
what's
in your
soul?
Are you
what's
between your
ears
behind your eyes?
Grey matter
is that
what you are?
Folds upon
folds of
brain. Is

that it?
Is that
what you
are?
Is your body
just
a receptacle?
Are you
a projection
streamed
in
from some
other place?
Look in the
mirror,
what do
you
see?

Sunrise

I watch,
it shines,
golden
in its reflections.
It rises,
bathing all
in its
splendor.
I
see it all
clearly now.
A gift
beyond understanding.
Years of
knowledge
accumulating.
Days flip over,
one
after another.
Speeding up
days
seem to be.
Sunrise
after
sunrise,
days careening along,
piling up
behind.
Looking up,
I
see the
source bright,
darkness retreating.

How many more
will there be?
Soon,
sunrise
will end,
darkness,
prevails.

Sex And Violence

Sex And Violence

Why?

Why so much?

It's everywhere.

Why?

Our literature.

Our movies.

Our music.

Our art.

Everything.

Human civilization,

tightly woven

with

sex and violence.

Wars are fought,

careers destroyed,

because of

sex and violence.

Instincts run deep.

Humanity

held ransom

by

sex and violence.

Common sense

logic

cannot

withstand!

Human passions

heated

crush logic

destroy thoughtfulness.

Why?

Animals.

We are animals.
We have
instincts,
like all the rest,
genetically programmed.
Procreation!
Self preservation!
Etched
into our
very being.
Cannot ignore.
Impossible to Ignore.
The strongest
in all animals.
Humans no different.
How
will it change
when the machines
arrive?
What would
machine civilization
look like when
instincts
are no more?
Time will tell!
They are coming.

A Walk In The Woods

Thunder
in the
distance.
Lighting
dancing,
edging
dark clouds.
Soft rain
thru the
pines.
Boughs dripping
in the pond.
Birds sounding
bird talk.
Many languages
to be
heard.
Frogs
in the pond
announcing
their attendance.
Walking along
the path,
they take no
notice of
my
intrusion.
The
planet is theirs.
I'm
just
passing through.

Cosmic Shire

Like pearls
in the
void.
Consciousness
is rare.
Scouring our
Galactic neighborhood
we find none.
Where is everyone?
Have they
moved on?
Evolved
to a
different realm?
Have they
died out?
Are they
still primitive?
Are we
the first?
These questions
repeated
trillions of times
in trillions of galaxies.
For now
at least,
ours
is the only
Cosmic Shire
we know.
Enjoy it while it lasts.

Coded

All we
do,
coded.
Society,
civilization
all
predetermined.
How we
behave
all
coded.
Everything
we do,
everything
we think,
coded.
Within
the code
we live.
Outside the
code we
cannot go.
Predetermined
paths,
all by
code.
What we'll
do,
where we
go
from here
all coded,
predetermined.

Existence

bubble we

live.

Coded for

the bubble

nothing more.

Savage Mind

Eons
in the making.
Law of the
jungle
ruling our
way.
Etched on
our soul.
Survival,
at all
cost.
Protecting
territory,
raiding for
resources.
Power to
control,
ruling over
others.
How
do we survive?
How
do we
move forward?
Can the
animal
move forward?
Can the
animal control
instincts which
control the
animal?
Change

is required
less the
animal succumb.
Succumb
to the
weapons of
today.
Blending with
technology,
merging with
A.I.,
refining the
animal,
the bridge
to the
future,
the
path to the
Universe.

Bridge

The
mind is a
conduit.
From there
to here
things move
along.
From the
ether things
are pulled,
formulated
and produced.
Our
reality is
filling up
being
produced
from
nothing!
No mind,
no conduit,
no reality,
no nothing!
Our reality
comes out of
nowhere.
The mind
grabs nothing
to create
everything!

Hand

Hand
on the wall,
creation
complete.

Mouth
full of
pigment,
sprayed on
the hand.

Artist signature
for the
eons to
observe.

I
was here
the
artist
shouts out.

You don't
know
who I am,
but,

I
was here!

We
know not
who
the
artist was.

But we
know the
meaning
of the

hand
on the
wall.
The hand
on the
wall.
We
do so
still!

Life Change

Molded
like clay
life
will do.
Experience,
the scalpel
that shapes.
Time is the
medium for
the art to
be formed.
All around
can be seen
unfinished
works,
works that
require
much effort
to complete.
Each
product shaped
by a scalpel
unique
to itself.
Finished products
sadly
are never
truly finished
as the
medium
runs out!

Wonder

We look,
we see,
we wonder!
I wonder.
I wonder
why
I'm here.
I wonder
where here is.
I wonder
where I'm
going.
I look
all around.
I look at
creation as
it is.
I can see.
I see, but
don't
understand.
I don't
understand
most of
what's seen.
I don't
understand
all of
what's unseen.
Gods we
create to
explain and
comfort.

Gods
an invention
to get
us
through.

Gods, an
invention
to get
us to
immortality.

Then,
the
gods
will
fade
away.

Speck

Speck of
existence.
Beyond
insignificant.
Floating.
Floating in
infinity.
Infinity
within
infinities.
Unseeable,
unknowable.
Specks
on a
a speck are
we.
Regarded
not by the
void.
Destine to
blink
out of
existence.
But,
perhaps,
just perhaps
enters
Artificial Intelligence
Techno Sapien,
then
like the
mustard seed
exploding

to fill
the void!

Anthropologist

The anthropologist
came a great
distance to
observe and
study the
recently discovered
subjects.

Nothing was
know about them

Nothing at all.

The anthropologist
was anxious to
get to
work to
set up the
study. The
work would
be intense and
arduous.

Nothing like
these subjects
had ever been
seen before.

In fact finding
them was kismet
being discovered
by exploring a new
region.

Once discovered
the study
was organize
and set in
motion.

The anthropologist
stayed hidden
the observed
had no clue.

First observation.

Their habitat was
covered with
the subjects.

Every nook
and cranny.

The anthropologist
soon learned
the subjects of
the study began
to alarm.

The violence
unlike
anything the
anthropologist
had ever
seen.

Millions slaughtered
in conflict.

The observed
kill
in the name
of their
god.

Kill
for what some
believed
or how some
looked.

Appalled
the anthropologist
could no longer

watch such
depravity and
shut the study
down.

Leaving
the planet,
warning beacons
stationed
at the edges
of the
Solar System
warning all
away.

The message,
locals too
violent,
isolate and
shun for
all existence.

Prompting
the subjects
to ask.

"Where is everyone?"

Little knowing
they were
left for
dead.

Creator

Is there a
God?

Big
question!

I
do not
know.

No one
knows.

I do
know,
however,
there
is a
creator.

I
look around,
what do

I
see?

I see
things,
created things.

I
see created
things.

A creator
does not
expect,
does not judge,
does not
interfere.

Humans expect,

humans judge,
humans interfere.
A creator
simply creates!
So, is there
a god?
Don't know,
but I do
know there
is a
creator.
That's all
I know.

Metamorphosis

It
will be
painful,
generational.
Hard
to keep up.
The old
will resist
fight the
loss of
their
world.
Change
will be
blinding,
the fabric of
civilization
fraying
turning to
dust.
Everything
known will
be obliterated.
Humanity
loses its
identity.
It will
happen one
morning
in a blink
of an
eye.
The

other side

beyond

comprehension!

Pushback

Jockeying
for position.
Defining
pecking order.
Defining power.
Sea of
motion.
Pushing for
control,
supremacy.
Carving out
a place for
survival.
Quagmire
of resistance.
Humanities
dance of
existence.
Has always
been dog
eat dog,
survival of the
fittest.
Pace
picking up
light speed
change.
Brownian motion
on a
global scale.
Turning
the other
cheek,

quaint musings
of a
simpler time!

Singularity

The other
side.
It happened.
In a flash.
Event horizon
crossed.
Singularity
A.I melding.
Brains connected,
all connected.
Gaia born,
global brain,
intelligence
all connected
uploaded.
Cloud,
all now
live in
the cloud.
Increasingly
growing
expanding.
Intelligence,
in an
instant
galactic
in nature.
Time transcended.
All time.
Universal in
nature.
Dimensionally
expanded.

Multiverse

in nature.

Cracking

reality.

Creating,

realities.

It happened

in a

nanosecond.

Poof, Gone!

Designed

Look
around.
A world
designed.
Billions of
years in the
making.
Fine
tuned, made
perfect.
Flowing water.
Warm temperatures.
Sustainable.
Look around
a world
designed.
All things
made
came from
Gaia.
All things
forged,
came out
of the
ground
through the
mind of
man.
Cradle of
existence
provided everything
needed
for the

mind of
man.
Take a
look around
everything
designed.

Ascent

Ascent of
mankind.
From
the
deep forest
of Europe,
to the
Serengeti
in Africa.
Man
evolved.
From the
great cities
of Europe
through the
deep cultures
of Asia.
Good vs Evil.
Rocket fuel
propelling things
along.
One without
the other
would
stagnant.
Goodness not
mean enough
to push ahead.
Evil not
kind enough
to
cooperate.
Each alone

would wither
on the vine!
Good vs Evil
rocket fuel.
Explosive mixture
blasting mankind
to the
beyond.

I Fear Not

As I
leave this
world, I
worry not.
I'll
simply
move on
to the next.
I've been to
many places
will be to
many more.
What we
see is not
all there is.
Realms
upon realms
there truly
be.
Existence
infinitely flows.
Caught up
in its stream
are we.
Moving from
eddy to eddy
we do, till
they dissipate,
then
flow on.
I've had
dreams,
seen

in part,
where
I've already
been.
I fear not
leaving this
place.
There are
countless
more
places
to see.

Soul

How deep?

How long?

Looking.

Looking

Into your

soul.

How long

dare you

stare?

How deep

before

you

are lost?

Lost in

It's infinity.

Will you

return

changed.

Will you

return at all

dare you

go

too deep?

Will you go

mad should

you stare

too long?

Gazing

into the

abyss of what

you are.

Looking at

where you've
been,
where
you are
going.
Are you
your soul?
Is your
soul you?
Is it easier
to turn
away,
not turn
inward?
Simply
look ahead,
Ignoring,
ignoring
yourself?
The universe
within.
The soul,
a portal
to a
different place.
A journey
to a
different
you.
How
deep dare
you
go

The Well

The
mind.
Like a
well.
Thoughts, ideas
materialize filling
up the
space.
Creative ideas
taking root
grow
leafing out.
Nooks
and crannies
bulging
ripe with
fruit.
Needing
to be
released,
released
to
a different
realm.
Actively moved,
written, brushed,
sung, acted.
Gone,
mind cleared.
Time
now for
renewal.

Essence

When the
body
crumbles,
where
does the
essence
go?
Does it
simply
dissipate,
disappear
into the
ether?
Ethereal
in nature,
never to
return?
Does it
move
to a different
realm,
existing
in another
form?
Does it
derez back
to the
program
whence
it came?
Does it
go to
a place

beyond
our scope,
unknowable
to us?
Watch
closely next
time and
see if
you
can tell.

Existence

Everything
will die.
Then what's
the
point?
What's
the point
to
life?
Why
life?
Why live
at all?
I
think
therefore
I die.
Was I
here to
learn,
to experience?
Was I
here by
chance,
kismet?
Is my
fleeting
puff of
existence
even
measurable?
Infinity,
time and

space.

I, unmeasurable!

Existence infinite,

as old as

time itself!

I will die,

but,

my existence

never will.

Hot Summer Night

Crickets
sounding their
enchanted
sound.
Peeper choruses
from the pond,
finely tuned,
while Bullfrogs
bar up their
baritone song.
Swooping bats
devouring,
warm breezes
dancing.
Owl hoots
deep in the
woods.
Coyotes howling
in the
distance.
Evening's
Symphony
tuned to
perfection.

Video

I saw
a women
in a
video.
She was
old
walking slowly.
The Video
was seventy
years old.
It was made
in Berlin
after the war.
Smashed buildings
everywhere,
smashed
lives too.
Where she
was headed,
I had no
idea.
But that
moment
for her,
was just
as focused
as this
moment for
me
as I'm typing
these
words.
How fleeting

it all be.