

Love of Wisdom

Spiritual, Progressive Philosophy in Verse

By Nick A. Jameson

“Philosophy” is from the Greek φιλοσοφία, or “Philosophia”

From “philo,” meaning “love of,” and “sophia,” meaning “wisdom”



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www.infiniteofone.com

publisher@infiniteofone.com

To all of us

the inseparable We

singing one shared song

sung through hearts forever free

Introduction

The great questions and passions of life unraveled, studied and stitched back together in poetic verse to form a flag which all may wave as one!

Love of Wisdom is one philosopher's quest to shed light upon the dark corners of conjecture, offering insight on many matters which have long been deliberated and disputed amongst mankind, and which matter most to life as a whole: matters of spirituality and its uniting voice of love shared by all manifestations of the one truest self; matters of injustice on the fronts of religion, politics, commerce, ownership and the consolidation and exclusion underpinning most of the evil in the world; matters of ego, romance, selfishness, desire, suffering and much more.

The hope is that this book may not only entertain you with its rhymes but expand your heart and mind through its exploration of substantive ideas, offering answers to some of the questions which trouble so many and thereby lending the reader a means to overcome some of their confusion as well as some of the confining, misleading precepts preserved from the past and employed by contemporary conquerors and exploiters to keep us small and divided and thereby easy to control and take advantage of.

It is my sincere hope that these poems usher you toward the championing of concepts and principles which unite and lift us up toward solidarity of purpose and higher shared potential, each of us playing an indispensable role in fostering the greatest total quality of life for all life as unique versions of the one essentially inseparable, eternal source of all things.

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Love of Wisdom

Some say that philosophy
Has always been a needless art
That it doesn't apply to real life
That it's just been theory from the start

To those prepared to pass such judgment
I've an opposing metaphor to suggest
Regarding the tree that bears the fruits of reason
Philosophy makes up the roots that support the rest

For every structure has a foundation
And every cell of the tree was similarly designed
So by breaking it down to its most essential parts
One learns to nurture the tree within their mind

The philosopher seeks these connections
That which the branches share together
How the roots feed into the trunk
How to grow the tree in any weather

It's not an inane art bent on splitting hairs
Such silly snares trap only the modern editions
Dominated by the desire to be distinguished
Instead of digging for truths without conditions

Way down into its roots one early digger dug
Searching for the source of all evil and good
He unearthed the Yin and Yang in everything
By digging deeper than all the others would

Beneath the roots he unearthed a two-sided seed
Shedding new light on both Yang and Yin
And marked the first side with the word 'ignorance'
Calling it the source of all evil, sickening sin

The flip side he gave the mark of 'knowledge'
Declaring it the grounds for all that's good
Identifying it as the guardian of the tree
The bark protecting every fiber of the wood

He embodied the unassuming, restless gadfly
Buzzing the faces of the proudly pre-supposing
He showed the futility of growing a healthy tree
Around a core that's rotten and decomposing

If tending to the tree hadn't granted him great power
His clan of cohorts would not have grown so large
The politicians would not have been so provoked by fear
To do away with him based upon a trumped-up charge

That was some twenty-five-hundred years ago
Back before the planet was proven round
The sage sat questioning under the olive tree
His students' ears glued to his every sound

Much of his art was created in that Golden Age
Today they mostly retrace that classical course
When wisdom was spread by word of mouth
Before Plato's pen gave them everlasting force

Take some time to sit where he did, beneath her canopy
Seeing so many suffering from the heat before your eyes
And you too will come to love the tree's tremendous gifts
Her shade cooling the ego that gives rise to all we despise

For the feeling of the great inner peace of understanding
Is an enrichment that no bounty of gold can claim
Shielding you from the stresses by which we're exploited
Revealing that we're never nearly as separate as the same

It's not ego but brotherly love compelling invitation
We wish for others to taste the tree's refreshing fruits
Antidotes for despair drip down our chins as nectar
The tree grows from being tended by fresh recruits

Upon the limb Athena's ever-observant owl hoots:

From here I see it's not just the tree and fruits that matter
In fact, it's the tree's tenders which likely matter most
For were it not for those that cool and feed from the tree
Sophia's tree would have no purpose of playing host

Passionate debate is nourishing food for thought
Especially when truth rather than 'winning' is your aim
The peace of comprehension is the only currency
The elucidation of understanding the prize in this game

The Devil delves in the dirty little details
Looking for ways and means to chain and pain
But the philosopher holds his advocate for ransom
Knowing one can't fully know the sun without the rain

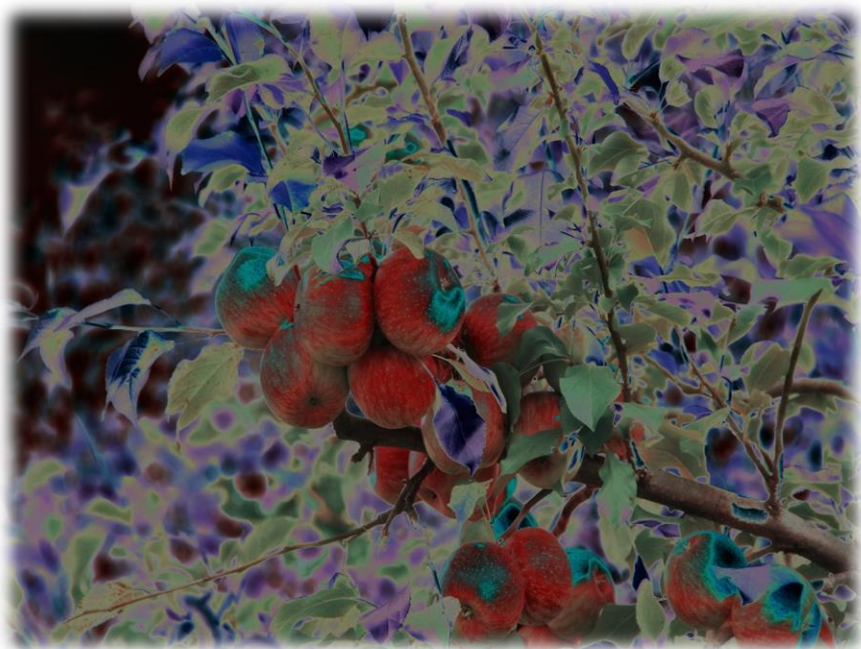
When the mind and the heart are in agreement
Something more real than all else can be felt
Everything that is must come from something
Therefore into everything all something must melt

Reduce everything all the way back to the original seed
That source from which all of life's energy is derived
But there is no need to 'return' to this eternal place
For to be alive means we've already and forever arrived

And therein lies a great truth for those that grasp it
Realizing that of which we are we will always be
That the demons of division, disease and destruction
Cannot touch the immaterial and everlastingly free

We are all ephemeral changing elements of the unchangeable
The source of which we are seeks no division or hierarchy
The Spirit wants all its manifestations to live to the fullest
It has no will to command or control, being fully ego-free

So let us stand under the tree of wisdom
And admire the way her roots feed up to her trunk
Let us hang from her splendidly solid branches
Guzzling her rationally fermented fruits 'til we're drunk!



Part 1

The One

Méros Próto: To Ένα

In the Present

Present in every moment
In everything that lives
Each moment lived most presently
Is homage to that which gives

Received and re-gifted
Each present made unique
By the experience of we that lift
A pebble from the creek

That flows from energy into matter
Between the layers of time and space
Animating every body
Giving life to every race

Calling-out through every creature
In one pure, penetrating voice
All of you share me equally
On this you have no choice

For I need not pass between you
From here to there and back
But am already there while here
The white inside the black

You have felt me all your life
We have always been together
It matters not what name you call me
Because our marriage is forever

Christ grew me in his Gospels
Rumi felt me in trance of song and dance
Shakespeare wrote me into poetry
While deep in lust with romance

Socrates rounded me with reason
When the myths would not suffice
The Buddha gulped me up
In a porridge made of rice

Moses saw me while crossing the Sinai
Suffering so much he could barely see
They all speak of the same salvation
By following me you can be free

There is no such thing as nothing
No beginning to time or space
From this eternal spring I sprung
No finish to this race

The heart is my entry point
From pure being into matter
The mind is your go-between
Me and your rung on the endless ladder

I am the ageless guidance counselor
At every student's orientation
The force of motivation
Behind every lesson's graduation

I am a part of every parcel
A piece of every part
The infinite within the finite
The beginning without the start

For when you are without dimension
There is no confusion, no far or near
But all of time is lived at once
And there is nothing left to fear

To find me quiet your thoughts
The mind is filled with fear and doubt
And seek your answers on the inside
Rather than the out

To dwell in this place of perfect union
Losing all sense of separation
Is to live each moment in the fullest
Filled with peace and jubilation

This is the center of the circle
Our selfless realization
Of a source without restriction
Without worry or degradation

For when your vessel's engine quits
And you're sucked back down the stream
You'll recall you're all a part of me
Your division was a dream

Underlying the Illusion

There is no time or space to our truest We, to The
That which has always been and cannot cease to be
That which, by its nature, cannot end nor be created
That cannot be made anew or even partly eradicated

That can only constantly change into innumerable form
An endless condensing, dissolving, distributing play to perform
Forming the purpose of time, space and material existence
Through infinite variations of being birthed with endless persistence

Big banging out, collapsing and exploding into expansion anew
Endless iterations of the universal accordion song to play through
One energy into space-time, matter and energetic bits and back
The One's guidance conducted through tracings all may track

For It is the collective We, the fundamental essence of all things
Separation is an illusion, a relative appearance which material brings
It, We, the fullness empowering each being to paint within their frame
Hearts holding its passionately unified flame which none may tame

Break it all down until it can be no further reduced
There's no such thing as zero, only the One by which all is produced
Death cannot be the end, for only the material construct may cease
The laws of physics spell-out Spirit: everything's an inseparable piece



The Looking Glass

Idle-minded idolatry; upon which limited notion of Spirit did your mind settle?
"I have faith that mine is the one and only answer" said the pot to the kettle
Some converting for comfort or peers; others with only the best of intentions
Those *not* seeking coverage for a mythic ever-after deserve honorable mentions

Living not for the fulfillment of the gift of life, but the fantasy of the ever after
Misses that the purpose of life is life itself - 'be fully present' said the master
And so, my story begins not with a list of every possible vanquishing sin
But with a boy, his parents and their traditions, his friends and their kin

All the while, while the impressionable little lad was being raised
The Lord's name every day was being constantly praised
When the harvest was fruitful the people would give thanks and sing
When spoiled by blight denouncements of demons the night would bring

His family would daily gather 'round to read from 'The One Book'
Father obsessed with instilling its lessons no matter how long it took
The lad wearing The Lord's symbol 'round his neck before he could walk
Words from 'God's Only Book' on his lips from the time he could talk

Venturing forth with one philosopher's once freeing guidebook arrested
He found no peace, only byways, highways and cross-streets congested
Propelled into dismaying confusion, prophets north, south, east and west
The professed champions of each raised to say theirs are truest and best

Slowly the wisdom was being whispered: there's no one speaker of truth
No monopolizing the Spirit's guidance, even by the greatest sayer of sooth
Hierarchies handed down from rulers to rulers with one aim in mind
Corral and direct them such that only our direction may the masses find

Take advantage of their ignorance, fear and denial of critical thought
No questions will be raised, and no means for resistance will be sought
The Lord directs your every action, and his son died for you you know
So you owe us your very life, and a portion of every harvest that you sow

Thus, headlong into mentally-shackled life does the religious follower go
Unheeded hearts whispering: you're one with God, *through* you I grow
All must know that Spirit is not something to be narrowed or claimed
Arrogant folly in the attempt to control that which can never be tamed

If they purchase that there's true division, only strife will they buy
With their chins held proudly high, casting their myopic eye
Doubt the sovereignty of X, Y or Z and prepare yourself to die!
So dismissively swift to categorize and condemn 'the other guy'

It is always your ignorance, fear and narrow ego leading you astray
From the 'all are forms of the One' promised land you're kept at bay
Don't be so ready to presume what is black and what is wrong
For the true White Holy Light ever sings in *full* spectrum song

Prepare not to plant your flag and declare your occupation
Whilst your own reason is bound without hope of emancipation
Never unquestioningly follow any and all commandments and directions
For if it hails from aristocracy and empire Lady Justice demands corrections

With tragic irony many claim to hold dear and know the One Lord well
While actually preaching distinctions which no truth may ever tell
Life's not religious chess; outmaneuver opponents, pawn to rook two
Check mate! You made the wrong move when you focused on the few

The Carpenter's word spread then conquered and corrupted for rapacity
True testaments burned by Constantine's cronies to cover their mendacity
Edited for power over posterity; imposing The Carpenter's divinity
Queen to whore says the emperor; new testament's censoring profanity

So perplexed is the open-hearted seeker that so many never come to ask...

How do I really know all that I'm so confident and quick to say?
And how did a person and their beliefs become 'others' anyway?
How solid is the foundation supporting what I purport every day?
Is my logic iron rung with rebar or cardboard framed with clay?
And what is this awful sight and smell of historical rot and decay?

Why so unquestioningly gripping everything we're passed to hold?
Why so willing to follow the herd and do as we're told?
A lifetime being exploited and misled, deeper truths never to unfold
Many only admitting their doubt just before their body turns cold

The cleverest con of all is convincing you of being sinfully born to fall
To become another tormented soul for Beelzebub's agents to maul
For it's said you entered the earth not as the radiant being you are
But like a born-to-be drunkard that'll never step away from the bar

You're flawed, crude matter far-removed from the goodness of God
You're evil before you've acted, under the conquering army you're trod
Produced in 'The Garden' within which our mythical line was derived
Woman as life given to a rib to be the wife of all-mighty man contrived

Please bless me Father for I have most seriously sinned
And upon which breast of my chest is this Scarlet Letter to be pinned?
Please save me from my inherently evil birth before it's too late
That I might shuck away my demons and avoid catastrophic fate

In such a sad state of conception your cold chains are steel-clad set
Their power needs you to fear and to suffer; to sweat and to fret
So they can keep those 'born into evil' caught in their festering net
Finding God through bruised knees and filled coffers their principal bet

A diffusion of myriad forms of 'makes an ass of you and me'
Caste society; condescending classes; serfdom; hierarchy
History is littered with greedy scammers sold on setting you free
From this or that fear; and for but an usurious - ahem - nominal fee

Wake up! To speak with God is to speak with one's own heart
Instinct the art of unbound space-time; sensing horse before the cart
Knowing the unknowable spoken through heart to mind, it's energetic
Where and when known through One of We only seemingly prophetic

May The Force be with you, and also with you
Said The Force to itself in not one voice but two
For with whom do you think you speak to within?
It's the We that you knew before We could begin

It's time to evolve; so use this knife of reason to cut yourself loose
Before your worship becomes your whip; your fear becomes your noose

For in our story 'He being praised' is not Christ but God of a long lost tribe
Whose record, culture and deities through assimilation did survive
To add to the history from which the divine version of Christ was drawn
Composed from pieces of the past long after the Pharaohs had gone

Disappointed that the meatier questions never seem to cross their minds...

Who are the ones that *truly* stand in God's glorious light?
Is it those whom exclude and presume they can specify right?
Those that stand in harsh contrast to others, looking to fight?
Or those led by The Spirit's perfectly inclusive, limitless light?

For such pure searchers seek with a much less urgent sense of fear
Sensing a boundless peace where the muddy waters run clear
So they filter the freezing river like miners of old panning for gold
While the 'saved' shout from the safety of shore: "Come in from the cold!"

For those prepared to dispute untruths are seldom praised for their pursuit
By closed-minded missionaries and those placing all their stock in their loot
Dismissed by those that seldom question when they can just cock and shoot
Lazy and careless, their right-sided blinders-on egoist mouth-offs are moot

Remember that the prophets may well approach ragged or bare
Not caring to consider their hair or what, when and why to wear
A way with words without needing politics, presentation or flair

Avoiding cleverly-laid snares of the wicked their called-upon affair

Sandals soaked with blood from enduring paths of punishing exploration
Millennia of stormy winters in every formidable mountain's formation
Suffering breeds sagacity; another pain, another lesson for one to learn
The searing heat of the flame the route to routing hellish future burn

Don't oversimplify; experiences aren't for sorting into 'good' and 'bad'
For what you consider good was born of bad before that good was had
And *everything* happens for a reason; well-worn truths often turn cliché
For the cause of knowing the good *is* the bad before the reflective delay

True guides will want to share the peace found within their truth
Lacking affectation; little concern for propriety or appearances uncouth

They won't charge in with cross or banner upon mighty steed
But will speak with patient confidence to those most in need
As steady in their course as the ageless river rounding the reed
Plight opening the ears of the sufferers the sages seek to heed

They'll invite you along not to add to the seats in their church
But to pull the poor from the gutter, to stabilize the leaner's lurch
Before long they'll walk alongside you, not assuming the lead
Only running back to the front when status quo obstacles impede

For there can never be a limit to prophets, a path any may tread
For anyone heeding heart over ego, our unity's stitching thread
Identifiable when wealth and power over man is not a part of their plan
Acting to purge ills of ego, ignorance and greed for as long as they can

But fret not for we're already on the path, a sage sees we need no course correction
"The only requirement for eventually getting there is to keep heading in the right direction"

Upon their horizons this adage many amongst the future leadership will see
Knowingly dismissing the assertion we're already *here* in 'the land of the free'
Where we think fulfillment is for purchase; where 'worth' is but cash to stack
Where countless self-aggrandizing national supremacists stay primed to attack

Beware classification, for seldom is it as simple as *just* this, that or the other
Cultures and ethnicities daughters and sons; Spirit and Life father and mother
Energy into matter giving birth to infinite variations of the one eternal source
The all-pervading presence; the heart-beaming, forever-guiding force

Infinite different environs of collective experience; God in nature's evolutions
Nothing ever distinctively past, present or future, separations are illusions
"We can save you with our divine monopoly!" denaturing total inclusions

No one path to the truth no matter their baseless, unyielding claims
But such is the way in which the debate the charlatan frames
A habit of the fearful, ignorant beast that the philosopher tames
Guiding schools through seas where the shark divides and maims

To those crystal clear waters where fact and fiction blend so all may mend...

Then landfall; up and into the Garden of God they enter one and all
The open and closed-minded, the presumptuously short and unassumingly tall
Passing sculptures of their consecrated, upon knees many do fall
"What a fabulous likeness of Krishna or Moses or King Cash" they call

As the throng moves through the Garden its walls undergo disintegration
Entering the radiance of nature all gasp in silent, swollen admiration
Sensing every plant and animal has a design, a purpose of application
Beauty and evolution in every creature, in every action's ramification

All woven and weaving with ideal harmony and grace
The contented looks of grazing cattle plastered upon everyone's face
As one mass the crowd files past soaring trees and flowering vines
Pulled by the invisible string from their hearts in neat parallel lines

Towards the final icon at the end of the sensational tour
No carrot strung-out before them; no promise or material lure
Together they gag, preparing to purge poisons sickening since youth
So sick of ruling religion's simple sugars they feel the rot in the tooth

Then the perfect white light... so unspeakably grand
Approaching the most glorious idol in the spellbinding land
But just as He falls upon their eyes they're not sure He's even a He
He becomes a She, then whatever each of their minds wills it to be

Then the light splits into every color and all the birds take flight
The idol assumes unceasing form as dusk breaks and day beckons night
In dismay and disarray they can't be certain what they see
Is it a She? A He? An It? A misdirecting, illusive choreography?

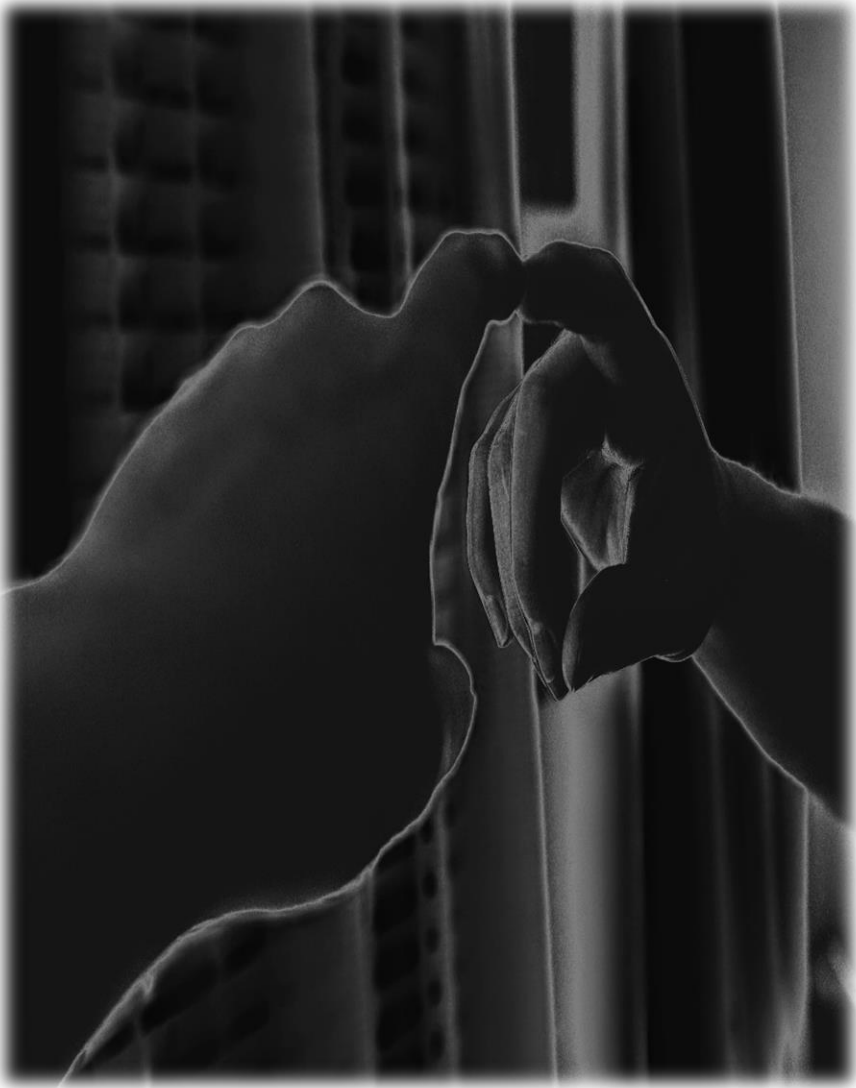
So they approach with considerable caution and long-fomented fear
Everyone waiting for someone else to courage themselves near
The nearer they draw the more animated their adulations become
The Dervishes start to whirl; the Baptists begin to hum

With blind faith their pre-conditioning determines what they see
Each group hoping they'll be handed the pass to be eternally free
Creeping ever closer, it shapes then splits; it's one, two and then three
It becomes a bewildering composite of what everyone needs it to be

Changing from one form into another, it descends religion's rigid tier
Until finally the boundless churning energy forms into... a mirror
Dumbfounded, the circling crowd moves to take their final shaky steps
Staring long into the reflection, they search the mirror's depths

Hands finally upon it, they lean-in so as to hear its murmured sound...

"I am all things at once," it whispers, "within your indivisibility I am found."



Infinite Vehicles, One Driver

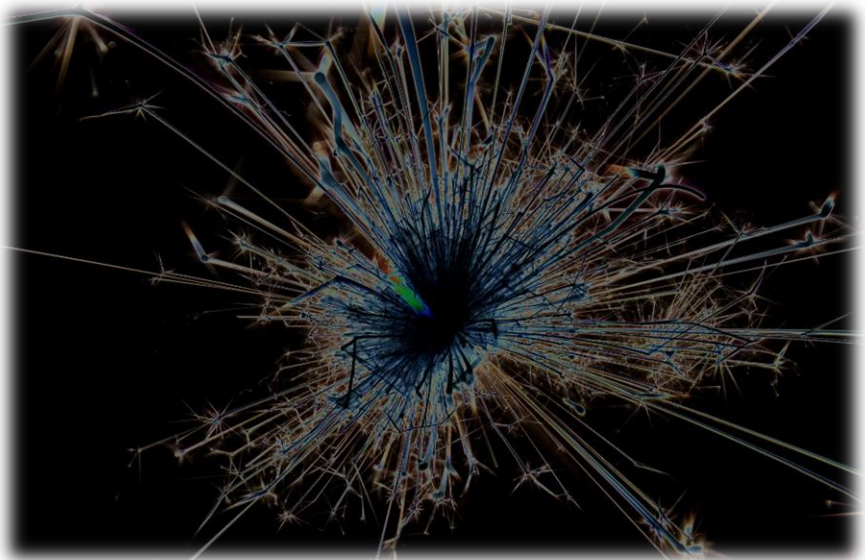
Infinite versions of one energetic entity mingling with matter
Organs, entrails, bones, blood and muscle tear and tatter
Beautiful doomed mortality built around dimensionless core
All made magnificent because one day each will be no more

Wrapped around energy unfixed to any point or particle
Capturing empirical truths rewritten through ageless article
Religious specifications and narrow attempts to encapsulate
An existential base which theology can only underestimate

Not a broken-up assembly of different reincarnating souls
But a single source of life sorting-out all biological roles
Seamlessly bound to life's perpetual physical evolution
Behind adaptively finding our fit; averting chaos's confusion

Tied to but not of this world, it touches but doesn't cling
Ever giving guidance, rolling out its boundless ball of string
This is why you are, as one in an infinite array of perspective
Escorting without impeding, indivisible force forever connective

Great forests will burn, canyons will be carved, valleys flood
Much of history still buried in the coral or sunk beneath mud
No beginning to rewind back to; a no-start story of timeless renew
The ageless spark of being coloring existence in every possible hue



The Jedi

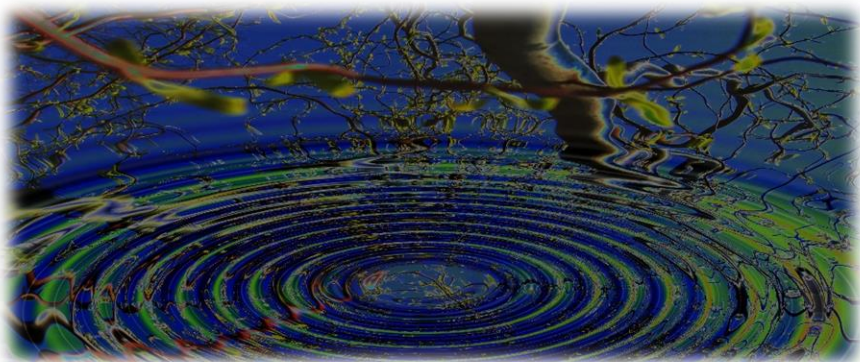
The Jedi stands on the very verge of living evolution
The body and the Spirit combining their contribution

Through open heart and mind the evenhanded force flows
Acting for total life even as the individual seldom knows
Unknowable knowledge through heart's energy shows
The forms of itself, eternal insight via "instinctive sense"
Bounding over the energy-to-matter partitioning fence

The Spirit's work seen where the set mind never goes
Knowing how the perfectly distributed essence throws
Any willfully unopposed lifeform into immediate use
Into what would otherwise be random, chaotic abuse
The noose that would hang us all if disconnection ruled
But show the wisely observant and considerate enough
By the semblance of chance they'll no longer be fooled
The Force instinctively compelled to turn soft into tough

Countering all that would have killed the Jedi countless times
Doomed by randomness's countless unpredictable crimes
Invisible energy fields and their unseen communication
Information housed and retrieved without memorization
The essential-most self sourcing evolutionary motivation
Perceiving empirical clues applied to all of life's adaptation
Gathered and condensed as our blue-printed identification
Biologically recorded and passed along as genetic information

Ancient clues retrieved throughout the Jedi's meditation
Solving problems before their intellectual anticipation
Applying eternally-recopied truths with limitless replication
Having arrived because they're not seeking their destination



The Only War

All this that most consider the first and last existence
Is but a recycling game We designed to play within Ourselves
A challenge to be triumphed for One infinitely disseminated:

Distribute the pure, indivisible energetic entity of all existence
Into the canvas of space-time framed with waves of energy into matter
Then see if We can harness the heart's insistence not to paint over one-another

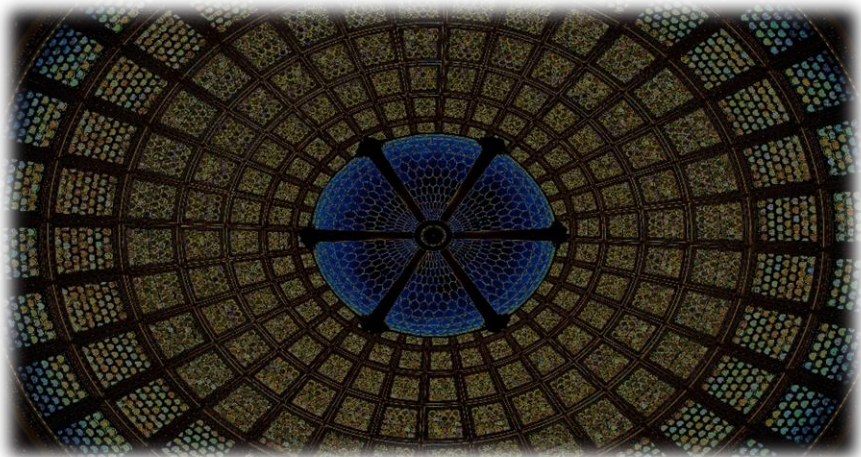
Our truest self communicates through its epicenter within each version of We
Speaking in a voice that is never mere emotion, but a tapping into purest being
The more that we heed the call of our shared self the greater the richest rewards

Understanding, union, fulfillment of the heart and the cessation of separation
Therein we sense the game, the priceless prize for commingling of We into One
The very purpose of One into We known by pushing plurality toward singularity

Therein lies our loving reward, while the obstacles in our way remain clear to see
The self-perception and self-conception underlying our sense of separation; the ego
Its covetous greed, the mind's vulnerable need, the bodily susceptibilities we feed

These products of the mental and physical self made as side effects of One into We
Provide the challenge of perceived divide obstructing the One's desired reunion
Heeding incorruptible Spirit over corruptible body and mind is time's ongoing trial

When ignoring the heart's song of 'no true you and me, no narrow ID, only *The*'
We lose battles to the illusory perceptions propelling our cutthroat competitions
Yet mounting pressures of lessons long-bend the arc toward winning *the only war*



One Love, One Pain

No starting point; no ending point; no nothingness; no ever after
The One exists and acts not above or upon, but *through* us; it *is* Us
We are impermanent embodiments of the infinitely indestructible One
We are all the same eternal source of pure energy manifested into matter
We are all God; inseparable facets of one endowing source of limitless existence

All one timeless energetic being in our hearts, the gateway of energy into matter
Why this? The 'point:' infinite variations of God's inherently invaluable experience
Ingrained into material through code designed and compelled to adapt by the one We
Evolving limitless reconstructing blueprints of vehicles driven by the One divine driver
One endless source of life and love conducted through hearts bound to unlimited constructs

Every lifeform is 'I and I,' the duality of one energetic and infinite material selves
Pure, incorruptible self plus physical selves corruptible through ego, need and sensation
Sentient life evolving towards enlightened sense of no essential separation of the One We
Energy into matter, matter into life, life into sentient being, sentient being into all its creation
Chaotic randomness an illusion of limited mental and sensory awareness of total connection

Instinctively sensing the presence and patterns of forms of the Self
Waves of elemental energy emanating between examples of one We
I sense you watching me because We are both the seen and the seeing
What We most need to know We feel not by looking without but revealing within
I sense the essential truths in my heart because it sits upon the seat of total consciousness

Gnostic truth has no one name, one form, one path, one structure of leadership
The One We cannot naturally conform to hierarchy or idolatrous worship
There can only be guides that have glimpsed clearer visions of totality; limitless prophets
Religion made of fear, pretension, supposition, sanctimony and levied wealth and power
Eternal golden passes and torture chambers construed to control the conditioned and fearful

Born without status, discrimination, prejudice, bigotry or malice
Indoctrinated into impressionable young minds to consolidate ownership
Cash, capital, commodities and resources finitely set at every single point in time
Wealth made of accumulation made from leveraged depredation of the disadvantaged
Nothing made of nothing; merely moving preexistent; profiting one requires profiting from

Globalization is new age corporation-driven imperialism
Take from the poor to further fatten the gluttonous; invasive inverted Robin Hood
Unprotected labor, oil, gas, minerals; 'first world' making in 'third world' taking
Strip the value from a place and its people without reinvesting; half the equation
Acquire the makings of products for cheap; cost of sales goes down, profit goes up

Individualism is an illusion; no man or woman is an island
Emphasizing the one over the many sacrifices the common good
One individual rises by stepping on the heads of others; classes created
Cutthroat competitors cordoning off their property; crushing communalism
Direct line between mansions and poverty; between Winter Palace and starvation

Margin of profit is margin of loss, underdevelopment, deprivation and despair
Taking advantage of those lacking adequate protection, information and capability

Suffering built on widening disparities of income, wealth, possession and opportunity
All caught in one globalizing web of restricting, exploiting and manipulating the majority
Chain reactions across a global economy of participants partaking of making through taking

Capitalism as controlling the production of separate forms of One Self
To profit off of nature's planetary resources, the workers and the buyers
The greed of taking the unneeded to deprive less privileged needing versions of the One
Exclusivity of leveraging individuals, corporations and classes of capitalist consolidators
Making methods, modes and means of dividing, conquering and enslaving Our manifestations

Made to socioeconomically compete, as disunity blinds and buries the builders
Corporations the crusaders of laissez-faire capitalism's conspiring pyramid scheme
To have good credit you must pay a premium to profiteers to acquire beyond your means
Globalizing dreams of unnecessarily immense houses, unused possessions and social status
Go to work, produce for exploiters, consume and collect commodities, go into debt, pay interest

Material modes of separation corraling variations of We
Killing, enslaving, profiting off of, classifying, condemning forms of Yourself
Hearts aching from every separated manifestation harming parts of inseparable We
Morality made from the awareness of exploiting and harming materializations of The
The more you have because you take from others the more you pain the eternal One Self

Terror an unending matter of perspective, position and imperial opportunity
War made for profit, power, race, and religion are endless by beneficiary design
Corrupted rationalize inflicting misery for position, resources and control of markets
Military might tied to industry tied to forcing unbending peoples to the wills of empires
Horror delivered on forms of We in the name of fabricated deities and feigned democracies

Perfectly divided partisan structure made for political inertia
Compromising core principles is not a virtue but a hindering of highest progress
Exceptionalism is eliciting the ego to justify greed, imperialism and unilateralism
As manifest destiny was a justification for genocidal conquering and enslavement
WMD's, 9/11 and Al Qaeda accentuated to spread the consumerist, profiteering dream

Representational governments are not democratic when representation is restricted
When we have no direct power and can only choose from pre-selected spokespeople
Who lose posts when they vote for what they believe is right over the political might
That must pander to their investors, the party base and polling data to stay in power
Divided and conquered by quid-pro-quo plutocracy and the mere appearance of choice

In genuine democracy the God in us all, We, will have the full collective power
The power to review laws written by representatives and to vote directly if we wish
Or to choose to politically empower *anyone*, any *true* representative, on any public matter
The power and information to rebuke major media's misleading propaganda promoters
The power and collective economic stake not to be exploited by the major corporate stakeholders

Communism can never be the solution as it murders merit and incentive
Forcing equality upon the never-universally-equal in capability or in effort
Socialize inelastic goods and services to protect the people from the exploiters
Healthcare, education, utilities, basic food, clothing and shelter cost-capped or taxpayer-paid
True democracy dissolves party rule; representatives write and propose summarized laws to voters

Tomorrow's societies built upon meritocratic equity-sharing and *optional* representation
Best economies blending capitalist incentives with socialistic provisions and protections
Backed by the total societal control of and responsibility for government defining democracy
Instill and promote collective ownership over both business operations and political decisions
Equity in the spoils of *all* of society's entities spread amongst *all* those contributing to that equity

Build business collectives open to all those that wish to receive a piece of the bottom line
Mandate that participation in enterprise equates with a percentage share of that enterprise
With share possessed based upon company-wide votes and calculations of contributions
While offering these enterprises tax benefits, subsidies and deductible outsider investment
Closing the disparity of wealth and happiness and ending 'must have money to make money'

Trade to-be-minimized wages and salaries for meritocratic ownership for all
Making profit-sharing the right of all workers tears down the exploitative pyramid
Establish party-optional, representation-unlimited, directly-empowered true democracy
While still protecting the constitutional rights of all and prohibiting any unjust appropriation
Undo the definition of success as success in exploiting others for wealth, resources and power

Evolution will redefine good governance as protecting the disadvantaged and responsiveness to all
Will redefine economic achievement as the just spread of socioeconomic opportunity
Will redefine societal status by the *addition*, not subtraction, of value to *overall* quality of life
Will redefine political power as power given by the people to *anyone*, including themselves
Will reject religion as a presumptuously narrow interpretation of the all-encompassing We

The next era in sentient evolution on earth will begin when
We realize the eternal Spirit, Us, is the same source driving all life's forms
We develop the spiritual sight to see other forms of life as other forms of ourselves
We realize hurting others or permitting their harm is the same as harming ourselves
We possess in mind the same universally-just concern for all life already held in the One heart



Part 2

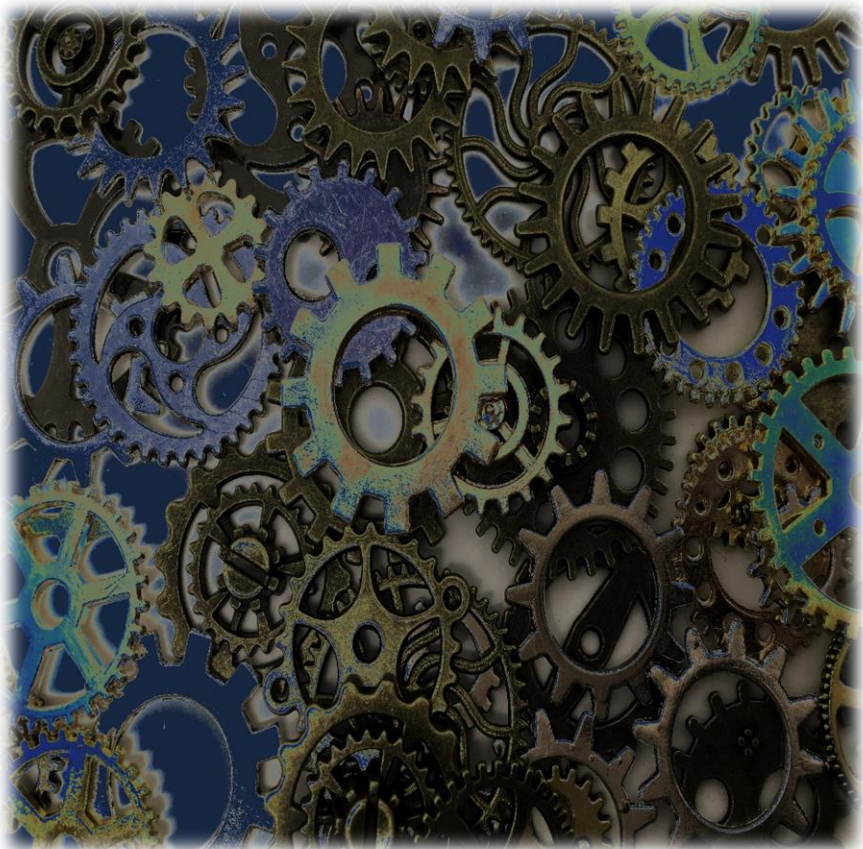
The Exclusion

Méros Déftero: O Apokleismós

Mechanisms in the Machine

Fit me neatly in your tidy box, pull the lever and watch me turn
Filling a hole, playing a role, mechanisms in the heartless machine
Mice in a maze, rats sniffing for crumbs in a cage
Sheep in a herd, puppets on strings being pulled
A pawn to be sacrificed, a position to be filled
An expense to be reduced, a sucker to be seduced
Market share to claim, resistance cleared by drones
Oil Rigs, Taco Bells, Starbucks made possible by Marines
A lobbyist to be greased, write-offs to be increased

But I am innovator, poet, philosopher, romantic, spiritual, progressive
Unbound, not reined-in by your mental, commercial and political controls
I cannot fit in your hole and will not perform your Spirit-subduing role
I'm liable to break your blasted machine before building one to serve us all



The Bottom Line

Holding no ownership in your work
You're a budget line to minimize
For the bottom line on the balance sheet
Is the only thing corporate can't compromise

If you possess no final piece of your efforts
Then you're little more than a tool of the trade
A cog in the excluding, consolidating machine
Precisely how the modern servant is made

Control is the call of the covetous
Without slavery, new modes are needed
So debt and dreams of material things
Becomes the traditional wisdom heeded

"Watch the pretty profits" they'll tell you
Look how the glorious cash machine spins
Concealing the evils made in its incomes
Distracting us from the subjugator's sins

But this issue isn't close to confounding
Not nearly a riddle wrapped in an enigma
It's a clear case of zero sum win and loss
With winners confusing the loser's stigma

For it's all a part of The Ownership Plan
To press on hyping the myths of their making
"It's a crap shoot, so go for glory!" they say
While quietly their dealers do all the raking

For this is the secret of the Kings of Capital, shhhh:
Every penny of profit is a working person's penny lost
It's algebra; equal both sides to see the full picture
No adding to the equity side without balancing cost

For there are two sides to every profit
The profiteer and those profited from
Wealth isn't magically made from nothing
Hoarded capital begets the bum and his slum

The Interviewer Comes Clean

Come in and make yourself uncomfortable
I am now going to test your ability to please
Here, take these pads and secure them tightly
I need to make sure you can stay on your knees

You see, I need someone to give it to properly
Just as I take it from the executives above
You won't be promoting company solidarity
But learning precisely who and when to shove

I would like to say that the man at the top
Became CEO through brains and an iron will
Don't get me wrong – hard work means a lot
But his Daddy was long ago king of this hill

Former CEO Sr. now runs a political gang
That hunts down opposition leaders to hang
Playing a graduated game to his now CEO sons
Sr. now wears false faces on his pandering runs

Even more so than whilst here he now swallows
So much of his heart his ego he mostly follows
With his inner spark of life now fully neglected
Pushing empty promises to the duped and dejected

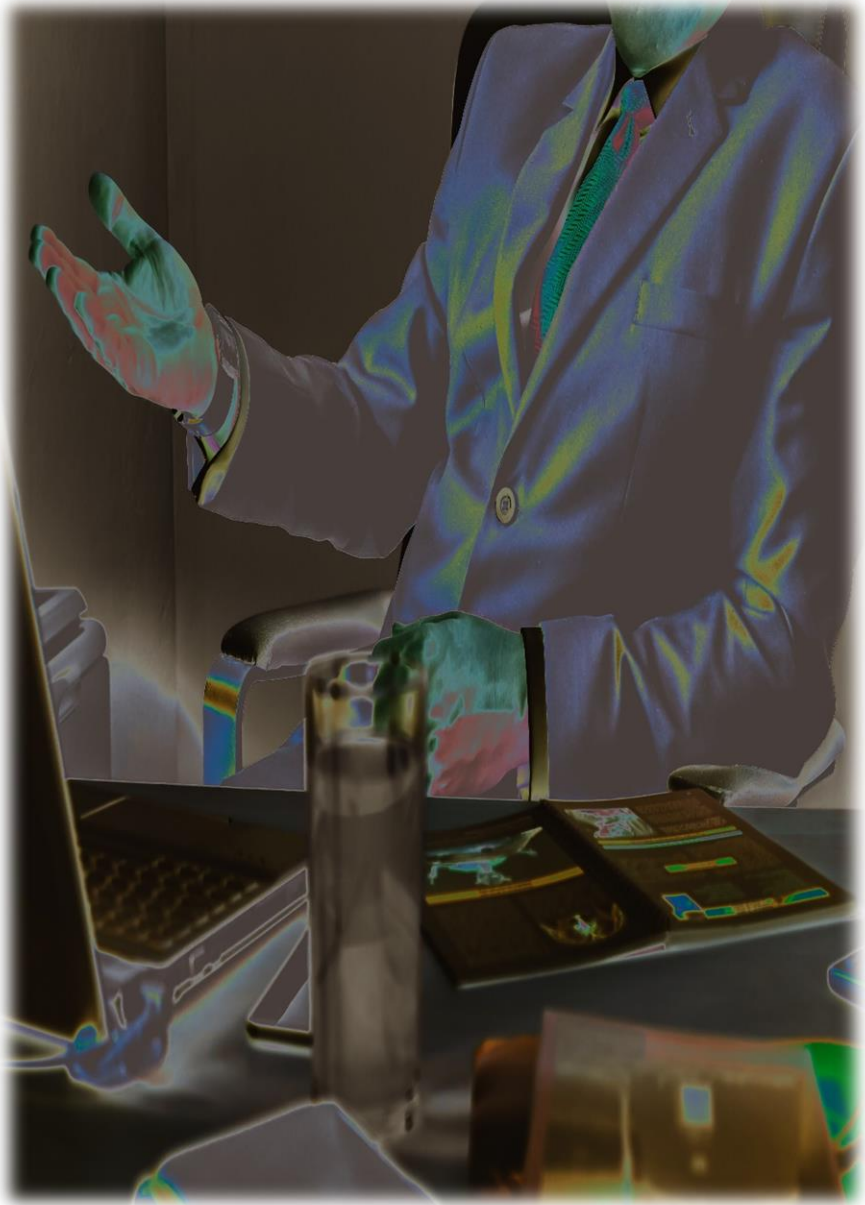
For you see, the worker bee means shit to me
That is requisite number one of this position
For a business manager that pains for his peons
Soon sees the system as cancer without remission

For were I to examine it closely my conscience would connect
To those like you *not* on the equity side of the balance sheet line
My workers are broke – on penny-pinching morsels they dine
While quietly I seek more unprotected 'third world' riches to mine

In order that we not have to pay a fair price for their resources
To minimize the production cost of our cheaply-made wares
Then convince others to buy them for more than they're worth
So that my insatiable bosses might add a bit more to their girth

The ownership class is right – there's a trickle-down effect
Yet it's not the wealth that trickles but the crap down the hill
From the gluttons to the people footing the true costs of the bill
Bearing the table, fighting for the scraps of those eating far past their fill

All in all unfettered greed is the weed that needs to be plucked
From its bed in the head of the globalizing western world at large
Replaced by *value contribution* set at the heart of our plans and dreams
Displacing the binding of the destitute from old profits-over-people schemes



Tradition is Motive Maintained

Traditions are worth tracking
But not at the cost of progression
When justified pastimes get the backing
Tradition summons our suppression
As American Dreaming makes depression
For those denied opportunity's possession

As Manifest Destiny stole this place
Guilt was staved off at confession
Still we slaughtered the native race
So New World aristocracy could outpace
Old World royalty whose clout was fading
With nationalistic zeal stoked just in case
Old World masters became set on invading
Lower born sent to death by those empowered by birth
The tradition saying birthright determines one's worth

All these ways were set in stone for a very simple reason
To equate contending aristocratic amassment with treason
So we're taught the American Way is to 'climb the ladder'
And yet it's only wide enough for a few to climb at a time
And those holding it in place will never reach their prime
Paid pennies on the climbers' dollars to hold the ladder in place
Sold the myth that it's prudent to hold it and prepare for the case
Good fortune falls from the fatter down to give the hungry a taste
Yet it's a known fact that the rich use wealth to grab ever more
Making it continually easier to keep the many glued to the floor
While some resist, wondering why this myth has so long stayed
When all are complicit in the climbers' crime no case can be made

So workers are duped to reinforce their own binds
Supporting the very means of their subjugation
Evolving propaganda of plutocrats holds their minds
Reinforcing social pressures preventing emancipation
All of us locked in the same materialistic trap
The debt of many turns to the profit very few will count
While the comforts of the middle ever fewer may tap
Inherent to equity consolidation justice cannot abide
Run in denial, but from disparity's evils we cannot hide
How far can the rubber band stretch before the snap?

A mad cutthroat competition concealing a simple truth
We'll never right these wrongs through *their* voting booth
For progress is killed by those counting the coffers
True democracy the only way, reject all their other offers
Let *anyone* represent the people, even the people directly
Not just those handpicked by power, even those living abjectly
Only with new principled traditions may we proceed correctly



Zero-Summed Games

If you believe everything that you see, read and is said
You have the flour but not the yeast that gives rise to bread
You see the substance they lend but not the part they conceal
For they need you reliant upon them to make-up your meal
And upon their patents to be gouged for the false means to heal
From every illness and malady perceived, invented or real

The conservative economist wants to make time completely expand
Saying that there is an infinite number of pizza slices for all the land
Like saying we're all rich because money can be printed on demand
See through the lies they spread so the cold truth you won't dread
Seeing one side of the scale that's ever equalized black through red
"There are a finite number of slices at any one time" the wiser ones said

Trained to yearn for the accrual of cash, cars and ostentatious homes
"There's plenty here for everyone" where the buffalo no longer roams
All "in the black" profit is but one side of the consumption that combs
The unprotected places and people of the world for anything of worth
For every hoarded penny of profit a penny less for less-privileged birth

Capitalistic business is a "Zero Sum Game," that's a mathematical fact
Profits are extracted from labor and lands, and by our forces backed
Occupations and dictator deals for resources, so resistant natives react
With our navy anchored just off the closest coast to "promote the peace"
Here to civilize and educate you on justice while your lands we fleece
Only when you capitulate and become consumers will hostilities cease

Ask the back-broken sweatshop worker upon what profits are truly based
Speculation-lead inflation adds up to his paltry savings instantly erased
While the waste from his boss's excess trickles-down the mountain's face
Into the village where he was born and where he fears his children will reside
In this shameful sea of deprivation and debauchery few boats raised by the tide
While a fortunate few scale the mountain the *overwhelming* majority are denied

By those living above that know strategic obstruction reduces competition
Give credit where interest is high to maintain the socioeconomic partition
For allow others to grow strong and you'll soon lose the people's submission
Though the aristocrats and their cronies deny it, it's not a bottomless pot
From which the resources are drawn that they plunder and reinvest not
From careless industrial emissions, planetary preservation perpetually fraught

While our state of American Dreaming means we buy what we can't afford
Borrowing against our children's futures even as rational worriers roared
"Can we go this fast and stop before falling off the cliff we run toward?!"
For the scale is set not just for profit and loss but buying and borrowing too
And for all that which we can't grasp until grasping the effects we accrue
An equal and opposite balancing reaction to abuse carried forward anew

For every measure the scale climbs on the left it drops on the opposite end
For every tick up freedom's side for few the servants' side must descend
Profit in loss; freedom in servitude; one-way views mankind must amend
Everything that goes up must come down for gravity to balance things out
Every ounce of fat and stack of hoarded this or that most must do without
Only united in common cause can we prevail; "no more!" must we shout



Markets Made Black

Opportunity
Opened the businesses
Corporation bought

Businesses open
All colors desire buy-in
Unaffordable

Laws made by lawyers
Lawyers working for justice
Bought by the keepers

Keepers pulling strings
Industries are circumscribed
Broken circles made

Cracks in white circle
But all the cracks must be filled
Grey inserted seals

Tricksters in white circle
Circumnavigating law
Jumping over lines

Jumping costing none
But crossing is expensive
Most can't pay boat man

A foot on both sides
The lions of the jungle
Kings of Capital

Upgraded gangster
Playing the modern mobster
Business is hustling

Taking on the black
Corporation-controlled white
A mack-daddy made

Beware seedy hire
The 'family' keeps buffers
Cords are always cut

Baited into black
Young and impressionable
Searching for an out

Wanting to be white
River crossings all guarded
Back to black markets

Profitable black
Untaxed margins take demand
Buyers must beware

Nature's medicine
Promoting peace and relief
Pharmaceuticals

Motives to conspire
Conspiracy theory nut
Propaganda pill

Gary grows the hemp
Strongest natural fiber
William Randolph Hearst

Little Johnny smokes
Loves the oneness it evokes
Cut down in the black

Horny Billie fucks
Demands the relief it brings
Shot by pimp in black

Unhappy Brenda raped
Waits too long to terminate
Sliced up in the black

Dressed-up Donnie snorts
Content stacking his monies
Raided in the black

Not sold in the stores
Gangs build like ants on sugar
Mafioso made

Conscientious man
Creates the red light districts
Red is 'the devil'

Presumptuous men
Evangelical women
Greed thus protected

Red is the warning
Only adults may enter
Tested prostitutes

Closed doors, set spaces
Protect the vulnerable
Away from children

Stay here and you're cool
Don't drive when you're this loaded
Privileges aren't rights

Taxes help people
Monies put in public fund
Cash caught in the black

Useful capital
This could be for all of us
Trapped in dark corners

People want the white
Kings of Capital make black
Masses lose the war

People on the line
The line continues downhill
Patterns to unstitch

Stitching under skin
Removal requires blood
No gain without pain

Billions on the line
Rationalizing the black
Puppets have their back

The people cut strings
Novus Ordo Seclorum
True democracy

Part 3

The Progressive

Méros Tríto: I Proodeftikí

The Point

The value of life is inherent
The quality of its own existence
The point is transparent
Within moments sans resistance

Finite, inevitably swept away
The house is here to host life
The entropy of bodily decay
Clinging to narrow, conflicting strife

Sun on the face, wind through the hair
The leather and steel, trim and the wheel
Insurance, depreciation, is the deal fair?
Between invaluable moments made to feel

Mind on the matters of material accrual
Accumulating not that which matters most
This space-time can have no renewal
The small self's silly social status boast

All finite resources here to honor the now
Mere extraction and accrual equates with waste
To the experience of being does our divinity bow
Fleeting inimitable, the vessels forever refaced

What is monetary wealth when from joy you resign?
Cocktails, drugs, accoutrements of pretentious show
No light can forever shine, gone by wisest divine design
Set between hoarding and immersion does the battle line go

"Ever reforming organic matter" Spirit forever sings
Or inorganically recycled to serve every unique play
Always and forever we'll reassemble new things
But songs never to be sung the same way as today

Forever Bounding Back

Eternally emanating outward
Received and rebounded back
Collected influences continually stack
No yesterdays may any tomorrow lack

“The past is never dead,” Faulkner said
Insightfully adding: “it’s not even the past”
For all that is today was agelessly amassed
Such that every tomorrow must forever last

Everything we think and do is a wave
Butterfly wings resounding into a roar
All our waves crashing upon every shore
Ripple effecting, eternal impact we ensure

To some degree everything makes a difference
There’s not a thing or a thought that matters not
Into the collective something everyone’s brought
Fish separated from the school those that get caught

Divides and bridges define our relative power
Though we sit upon opposite sides of the bank
Voids of understanding, social standing and rank
Solidarity of purpose, each of us a connecting plank

When the waves are synchronized the energy flows
Into a consolidated force which nothing can resist
Short-sighted attempts to block the waves will persist
But of long pooling drops does revolutionary sea consist

The Incorrectional System

Justice bought can never be justice earned
Pay the price and the unlucky die will be spurned
Pay the guards at her gate their backs will be turned
But pay the toll not and your bridge to justice is burned

Leaving a leap of determination and conviction
Your sole recourse against your honor's conviction
Assisted by sellouts selling their internal confliction
Their heart's guidance has become their greed's interdiction

Protecting and serving their mission, but protecting what?
For they're patrolling the mansion far more than the hut
Punishing traffickers failing to send their proceeds upstairs
Where insiders count stacks of cash in hidden backroom lairs

The gatekeepers are thus kept by the keepers of riches
Deaf ears and blind eyes turned to all penniless wishes
Unforgiving steel on wrists; fresh fish become bitches
Impulsively vicious the animal to whom torment hitches

Correct the animals by tossing them in a cage
Force survival with gang rivals fixed on rage
A shank in his back else a cock in his crack
What lesson should they glean from reading this page?

Rehabilitation without a reliable path of progression
Is a surefire method for a prognosis of lifetime depression
As if their fates are marked with a dark, indelible impression
"I've confirmed I'm a criminal" their common exit confession

Captured, raped and released, of course they'll return
How private prisons perpetuate what they seedily earn
Profiting off of necessary systems tosses the justice to burn
In the greedy fire compelling corruptibly twisted mind's turn

The same fire blazing fierce in the profit-consumed West
Being outcast by the first felony is their 'corrected' situation
Hiring managers see a convict at worst, a liability at best
Compared to those without records or suspicious affiliation
Rendering 'rehabilitation' and 'correction' as condemnation

But return not all those that see whom they might be
Teach him to fish and from hunger he'll be set free
Then say "I see great capacity for goodness in thee"
As life can be driven much further raised-up on a tee

Give him knowledge and words of thoughtful inspiration
And soon you'll have shown the way to true emancipation
Not just from physical detention, but mental incarceration
And the ways of ill-gotten gains that remain his temptation

You do not need to hurt, nor take, nor plot, nor fake
To make you a whale leaving old harpoons in your wake
It's not the hand you're dealt, it's the hand you make
Don't spin their roulette wheel; instead set your own stake

Then graduate to make the rules of your own game
Break the strings; white collars and puppets the same
Freed from the cage, but they need to keep you tame
The animal becomes a beast of burden in all but name

But any chained beast can break apart the binds on its brain
Then find and summon the conviction and courage to set free
Other puppets and their servants from their strings and chain
To become a hero of the people spurring greater total life to be



Divide and Conquer

Power is control, consolidation and concentration
Leashing and forcing bulls head-long at the resistant
Herding more and bigger bulls the only consideration
But the strategies of old become less and less sufficient

Some knew, like Sun Tzu, other ways to overcome defiance
Barriers to conquest can be dashed with brains, not just brawn
The dawn of a new age of war gives spawn to political science
Splitting rival enemies into weaker groups the aim of the con

A brilliant, age-old strategy adopted by each new king in turn
Politics is growing your group while breaking-up all others
The forts of the divided foe fall quicker and are easier to burn
Planting the seeds of doubt and dissension in vulnerable brothers

Broken factions vulnerable to emotional, heated reactions
Note and point-out any possible difference of perception
Cut-off its head and leaderless serpent suffers contractions
Raised in deception we see prejudice existing at our inception

But focusing and acting on physical difference is not inherent
These ploys have been inculcated in us all to keep us all in line
But having been bathed in propaganda this fact is not apparent
Owned information is their mistruth upon which we dine by design

For just as Caesar crushed dissension within and sowed it without
Conquering as far north as the Germanic tribal areas of his time
Nearly two millennia later those lands saw his stratagem gain clout
When Hitler and the Nazi's used it to make not belonging a crime

Achieving the conquering of a unified country was too great a task
Painting the Jews as the greedy coin-counters taking without giving
The Free Masons as plotting for control while hiding behind a mask
The Catholics as soldiers of a God bent on ruling over all the living

Color, race, religion and creed the greatest tools of the wicked
One by one the people split-apart like a stone coned into cracking
Without his brethren standing beside him man is rendered insipid
While the sold on 'complete chosen race' provided the backing

Of course, those not falling in line were forced in or crushed
Dissenting thinkers and their voices silenced by frenzied mobs
Nothing challenging the Nazi Party could be written or brushed
Not just his contemporaries but all mankind the book burner robs

It's still this way to this day, don't you see?
Even here in the so-called land of the brave and the free
Hidden in illusions that hold us down, bent on our knee
Plutocracy sold as democracy; greed as Manifest Destiny

American Dreams of huge houses, cars and material things
Fighting your neighbors for supremacy as their plan deems
Dreamt without thought to its origin or the losses it brings
Even as the dream and the working class tear at the seams

Deluded sellouts believing every man can one day be rich
Don't worry about the capital; it goes to work for everyone
But puppets and pawns of profit always end up in the ditch
And only the dividers and herders of men bask in the sun

Illusions of freedom, choice and democracy keep us subdued
Blue or white collar, smoking or non-smoking, paper or plastic
Rich, beholden politicians are the only representations renewed
Just able to pay the mortgage and retire if nothing done drastic

The system enriching one per hundred can't be forever sustained
For the lifespan of such a system is based on its popular approval
And the ninety-nine must become poorer as one's profits are gained
By popular demand made by suffering we're certain to see its removal

But the political and economic progress of man will come faster
If as a nation and a species mankind realizes this irrefutable fact
Our playing the divisive games they design keeps them the master
To break their binds a *true* vote for *every* person must become our pact



Capitalistic Conspiracy, An Inherency

Constructing theories on conspirators is not a difficult charge
For the basis of power in the West is to make the charge enlarge
And to cut costs wherever possible on the equation's other side
So profits continue their accumulation like the rising of the tide
Smaller fish feeding from the sea the predators cannot abide
So the vicious sharks swim out to the reef, find a place and hide

Awaiting a chance to ambush rival sharks with the allied pack
But look too frenzied during feeding and they're on *your* back
Below alphas topping the pack with their boundless ambition
As top sharks can't stop 'til their monopoly comes to fruition
Brutally compelled to consume as much life without condition
Maximize blood in the water per supporter shark the mission

For if the day comes when his body, mind or heart hold back
Any great king of the kill can become the victim of the attack
"How much blood have you fed us lately?" their only concern
Honor and loyalty drift out to sea when sharks no longer earn
For if it means more water to run, they won't hesitate to spurn
Every request and recompense which is called for in turn

And that is the way of the sea, only the savage survive
The motive of taking more assures the takers remain alive
With the minnows preyed upon so the monsters may thrive
Making means for masters as they're obligated to derive
Taking advantage of *every* opportunity sharks must strive
Until the ocean's finite bounties finally dip, then dive

Sometimes the tide turns and new routes must be found
Around obstacles like oil sitting beneath Islamic ground
Top sharks circle silently, eyeing billions in gold below
One top shark is related to one especially in the know
Holding the golden pass to go wherever you wish to go
Moving in the night, termite set strategically in place

Gold grafted from underground driven to a secret base
Hi-jacked planes pummel towers, steel stays in place
Controlled demolitions still brings horror to their face
The media outlets blare, as all information is controlled
"Revenge their deaths with an invasion," the out-Foxed told
"Attacked by Islamic devils," the misleading propaganda sold

To motivate a nation to send its unfortunates into the fold
"Fighter for freedom and democracy," a euphemistic mold
"Fighter for oil, empire and profit," a truth unbearably bold

Recruited from the projects, another bled-out body cold
Holding the western poppy front, the sharks were ready
To release their troops east and south, slow and steady

But the world is connected, so the message must be clear
It is not the drugs, oil or trading routes that we hold dear
But freedom and democracy and the elimination of fear
While regrettable, of the tyrant's sins before we didn't hear
Even with all our resources and top communications gear
For it's never how it is but how it can be made to appear

Not what's known but what they can prove for their smear
Motives of geopolitical power blowing through Eastern breeze
So a report was manufactured that would give us all the keys
To invade the more valuable target shouting "stop WMD's"
Trillions for defense, energy and infrastructure did entice
Meetings conjured with contacts with trails made cold as ice

Once upon a time backing Saddam had the plutocrats elated
Ceasing the spread of Russian influence saw Al Qaeda created
Squeezing ousted Shah's state ever since our power confiscated
For the sharks passing orders the reward is well worth the price
With the lives of poor soldiers and defending natives they roll the dice
Conspiracy theorists are painted by convention as crazy for this reason

So against the people of the planet the wealthy can plot their treason
While those people are diverted from the truth that 'cynic' is sanity's mate
For 'cynic' is seeing motive, means and opportunity as conspiratorial bait
And when a herd knows it's cornered it's unlikely you'll re-shut the gate
For only enough breaking from their coop can stop propagandist spread
As between globalization and conspiring there's a clear, common thread

In fact, the truth of the matter is that the entire scheme is one big conspiracy
And they've conditioned us to believe that to see this is downright lunacy
For to reflexively believe so means those that see are devoid of all credibility
Dismissed before they can lead people to the motivated plotting's probability
While 'we the people' have long been conspired against by the plutocracy
Directed to enrich and empower aristocracy through every system of society

With the ultimate price we pay the sacrificing of the highest form of humanity!

Victory of the People

Communism cannot be the answer to socioeconomic theory
As paying everyone equally makes the harder workers leery
Of working hard when the careless get paid exactly the same
Like trying to cram any-sized print into a four by four frame

Motivating innovators by appealing to their sense of national pride
With concepts of human progress or fellowships in which to confide
Can only work upon beings separated from physical need and desire
Regardless of what is said, very few are free from the urge to acquire

We all require love, food, shelter and clean water to drink
But it's those that take without needing steering us to the brink
Of disaster faster than you can say bail-out with public cash
All of the risk in free market risk and reward tossed in the trash

Betraying the central-most principle in the western capitalist song
Investors must win when they're right, but lose when they're wrong!
Especially considering they're the only ones with real wealth to risk
Yet it's the ones able to lose nothing that their cronies continue to frisk

Which is why socialism and capitalism share similar problems of incentive
As with forced equality, those set in stone lose the motive to be inventive
Just as these capped salaries and fixed wages don't promote meritocracy
Calling those subsisting on assistance 'the takers' is an abhorrent hypocrisy

Using duplicity, euphemisms, propaganda and politics for company gain
Convincing the people that you love sunshine while praying for rain
Anything to keep gullible masses in the 'conserving status quo' perspective
That the laissez faire belief of 'everyone for themselves' needs no corrective

But when the majority of the people, the workers, are set in their pay
Only the select ownership class is richly rewarded at the end of the day
As they are the only ones with disposable income building wealth to bet
On all the endless examples of "you must have money in order to get"

Man is inherently corruptible, so your ethics must be imbedded within
All your systems must be left open to the rapprochement of national kin
Systems which demagogues attack with declarations of hostile insistence
Of being innately and clearly disposed to mutually-detrimental existence

But this is a ploy to keep you as a toy on their profit-pulling string
For to the immoral and spiritually-shallow others mean not a thing
So, prior to the spiritual enlightenment and evolution of mankind
A pair of said-to-be-incongruent socioeconomic ideas we must bind

Capitalism applied to all items of luxury, entertainment and desire
Socialism applied to markets of goods and services which *all* require
Health care, utilities, staple foods and the student's higher education
But not the student's beer, takeout, movie tickets or tropical vacation

Inelastic goods and services must be protected by legislative decree
But on those items of elasticity of demand the market may roam free
To make a desire unaffordable is one thing, the priced-out will recover
To profit off a need or basic quality of life opportunity is entirely another

Making everything exploitable is repugnant: a progressive assertion
In the conservation of such tradition, justice demands its desertion
Blend the best of socialism and capitalism, no true mutual exclusion
'Workers' and 'owners' too starkly divided, justice calls for their fusion

Subjugated by traditions embedded so deep most don't know they're there
Raised on aristocratic concepts, summoning the courage to counter is rare
We must make it such that our worth is based more on the value we provide
Rather than our ability to exploit disadvantage and pump up our ego with pride

But this socioeconomic revolution requires the people first take control
Of the so-called representative government that represents not the whole
But the wealthy that back their careers in office and pad their accounts later
So from the true fortress of democracy we must expel this charlatan invader

That claims to stand for the system set in motion over two millennia past
Knowing its flag must be waved in our face for the avaricious ways to last
Associated with consented justice of rule, so they hijacked its good name
Rewritten to suit the parasites, but to an uncritical eye it appears the same

But represent the real thing it cannot, so it falls to us to replace
This sham with an authentic democracy that *all of us* can embrace
That gives everyone the option to vote or pass their vote to another
Like someone with an agreeable blog, or a better-informed brother

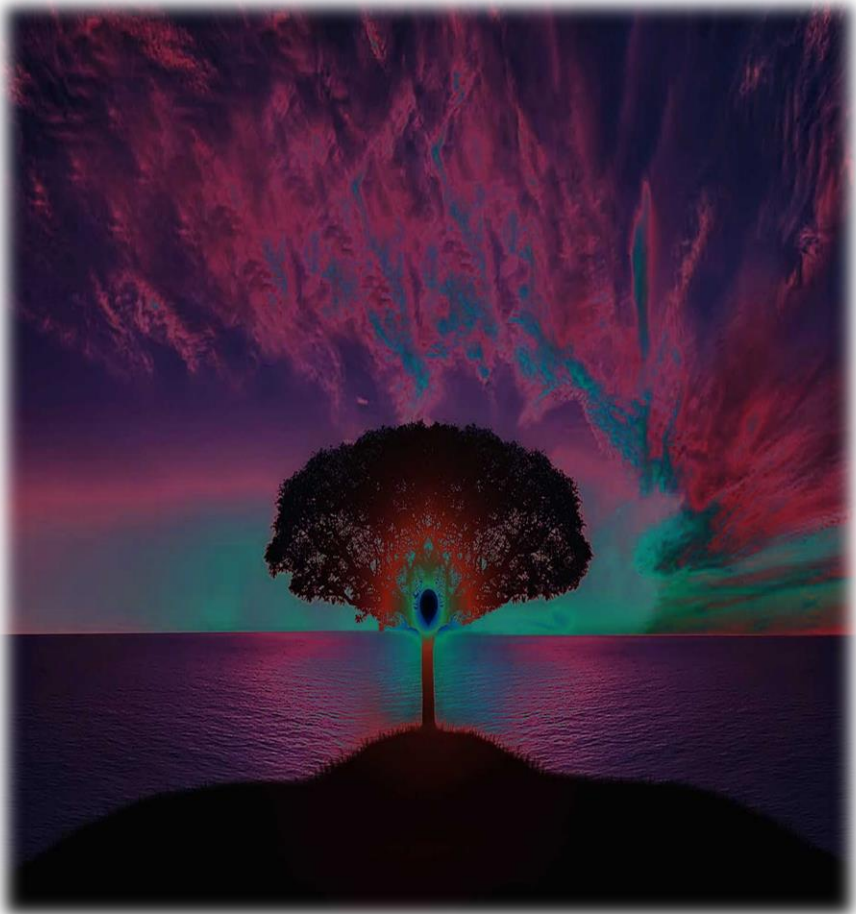
Built around the technology of our day, read anyone's political page
Paralleling the well-known and well-tread social mediums of our age
Like *Facebook* crossed with the ability to express and convey one's views
On the merits of this initiative or that theory, and what's worthy of 'news'

Enrichment of the mind and collective Spirit to be our replacement aim
For what is now not pursuant of popular progress, but flashes and fame
And for accruing as much leveraged, capital power as money can buy
Which pseudo role models will be consumed with hoarding 'til they die

So do you own the money and its reaping's or do these things own you?
Ownership is an illusion, it's but control possessed while passing through
Ever cutting professional and political throats in abandonment of serenity
Forsaking the salvation of owning the moment for a falsely inflated identity

Return to the truest you that beats out through your life from within
From the source separable from nothing such that no equipment can pin
The exact methods of its emanation and its precise role in our propagation
Since we developed the capacity for contemplation we've felt its orientation

Guiding us away from suffering rooted in fear, ignorance and costly greed
That attempts to fence us into the limited mind's myopically unjust creed
Seek out the champions of higher shared potential and then follow their lead
And from the ripest fruits of the Spirit's Sacred Tree the people united shall feed



The Patriot

A caveat on the conventional call for patriotism
That which is so commonly conflated with chauvinism
That which was designed to make you reflexively agree
With those hiding behind the pretense of land of the free

Anything that is done with American pride is beyond reproach
Semper fidelis, hallowed grounds upon which we shan't encroach
Having all the majesty and tradition of the nation at your back
Makes the ignorantly gullible and non-critical back your attack

So easy to say you're on the right side flying arrogant national pride
Because the power of the state, backed by the wealthy, can't be denied
But the motive is all that matters – you're in the blind if you don't ask why
Calls for brainwashed, obedient voters and sacrificial soldiers we must defy

Falling in line is the easy way, the path of least resistance, the dark side
To do so, to their consolidations and deprivations you're inextricably tied
When you don't question and resist the causes of evil you're complicit
You don't need to commit the evil directly, your approval is implicit

Do you not even ask where these traditions and values come from?
They count on your ignorance, your apathy, your being numb or dumb
They string us up, tie us off and bet that our self-determinism will fade
Compliant workers, consumers, party voters – contemporary minions made

They wind you up and set you loose to submissively say
For anyone flying this hypnotizing star-spangled flag do I pray
But the true patriots are those that fight for the *people* of the nation
Even when, conned and conquered, those people wish you damnation

They don't fall in line along the shorter, least resistant path so well tread
But climb up the path toward the best collective interest most people dread
They have the strength, conviction and courage to be the people's shield
To protect them from the depredating weapons that their subjugators wield

The best, most effective of these patriots end up paying the highest price
Costing the consolidating leeches the most, their onslaughts they entice
Their reputations are impugned, their very lives are often jeopardized
The identity of their attackers and their true motives deviously disguised

All because the truest patriots believe that justice must not be compromised
That the plans putting the people on the progressive path will never be authorized
By those that control the country through the state, and the state through their cash
When the system "becomes destructive of these ends," we're empowered to turn it to ash

Freedom Fighter

From the day he could speak tales of great soldiers were regularly spoken
Legends of heroes defending their homelands had his passions awoken
The children cannot grow nor learn nor play without the guards at the gate
Weavers cannot weave, grocers cannot bag, no lovers may mate
You, brave centurions, are the only ones keeping us from catastrophic fate

Spates of unrest along the border, but only the men can answer the call
And if the unrest should get the best of them, our gates shall surely fall
Band yourself to other brave brothers, for rise to the occasion you must
Lash your laces and oil your rifles to defend them from the winter rust
Return with accolades upon your uniform and after you women will lust

We implore that you go to war, as the enemy entrenches himself nearby
And they fenced-off all the poppies so they can preserve Big Pharma supply
Sneak up on the gluttons quietly enough that you can hear their bacon fry
Or wait to surround them as they march through your mother's village
Show there's a commensurate price to pay when they shoot, rape and pillage

Just make sure to maintain some restraint, for we're not a nation of brutes
We'd planted and developed this land long before their nation laid roots
Our holy lands and pious people shall forever repel their imperial aggressions
And we'll be here long after we've made them pay for their unholy transgressions
Were they born here, raised in this way, would they make *us* any concessions?



Two Sides of the Same Coin

No such thing as born to be good or born to be bad
Man and woman not born to be famous or infamous
But born upon different positions and levels of the wheel
Of capacious potential upon which all are set at birth

All genetically predisposed to be spun one way or another
But where this wheel stops for them is *not* set
By anyone or anything but their own actions
Spun by decisions preset, but set *through* their will

Tied to everything that makes them who they will be
Everything matters, all part and parcel the same whole
Fate and Free Will; Spirit and Science; Good and Evil
All are Yin and Yang; only *seemingly* set in opposition

Two sides of the same existence; one side requiring the other
Knowledge is the same; knowing light requires knowing dark
'Good' and 'Bad' are not opposed, but two sides of the same coin
As good is gleaned from the mistakes that lead to all lessons

And the only real bad is not venturing out to fall in the first place
Why an adventurer and former sinner are what make a saint
For those that make their marks upon history fall the most
Only to learn from each landing and rise a bit higher in mind

For to the power of truth are trial and error intrinsically tied
The truth that it's the need to control that makes them divide
That to set two sides of the same coin in opposition is control
One side must fight the other for a winner to claim the coin

Until the whole is fractured into countless magnetic pieces
Each using their own particular claims upon power to attract
Those most susceptible to join their fight against the competitors
While those that set the divide and conquer power game sit atop

The pot of divisive, ignorant hatred and strife they continue to stir
So that they can force the weakened, fractured mass to play the game
Betting on winners and losers; playing to enrich them and their clan
But in this age-old divide and conquer it is mankind that surrenders

Our very right to fight evil by uniting in a brotherhood of common cause
A cause that sees not a division or hierarchy in any sense, including sex
For woman is the goddess that brings life to the seed of living gods
As the true God is the shared energy central to *all* forms of life manifested

The ever recycling source sparking existence through the evolution of matter
Of any kind that any creature can ever find on any planet in any system
Whether based upon carbon, hydrogen and oxygen or unknown elements
That is bound to science as an elucidator of its reconstituting mechanisms

The relationship by which Mother Matter lets Father Energy seed life
Blown by spacetime to every corner of the universe in which it grows
Shaped by evolution's environmentally-tuned adaptations in all life's forms
Upon our evolving stewardship sets the destiny of Guardian of Life upon Earth

And through the horrible strife-strewn missteps of history we've evolved
To approach a tipping-point of balance of all of life upon this planet
Wherein the battle waging since all terrestrial time plays to its crescendo
Will we and all life with us continue to go the way of narrow identity warfare?

Where the indoctrinated, gullible, uneducated, swayable, conforming mass
Is convinced to crash into similarly suckered organizations and nations
By the heads of greed-infected factions blind to the highest order
An order only possible through collaborative creation of the greatest good

Exchanging the waste of cutthroat division for shared identity and purpose
Conditioning against mental corruption and egotistic overwhelming of the heart
Backed by ignorance's erasure and the dismantling of oppressive traditions
Core principles and pursuits indoctrinated into the youth at the onset of reason

With this learning built upon foundational concepts, like indivisibility
Showing the cost of absolute labeling; the ruination of over-differentiation
So made so that we oversimplify the categorized perception of all things
So that we control what we file-away as fact or fiction, wrong or right

So we know which interpretation of the Spirit to make our one religion
Supposedly good, monopolized spirituality is another form of exclusion
As setting one set of interpretations of spiritual form as the only way
Mental weakness turning the instinctive spiritual awareness into swords

As blood-stained as any mankind uses to cut divides between his brothers
It is this very need to separate one thing from another that the corrupted wield
That that have been consumed by the lust for possessions, power and riches
Endlessly using identification to brick and mortar walls between manifestations

Misleadingly burying the only identity strong-enough to oppose hierarchical hells
Thus deception, fear, ignorance, ego, greed... Machiavelli's must reign
Splitting us on *relative* distinctions which pale compared to our parallels
Which robs us of what our greater unification irreplaceably potentiates

Only by the knowledge of the limitless potential of our political fusion
Can we come to learn of our underlying spiritual non-difference and oppose
Opposing any who continue to abuse the tactics of division to maintain subjugation

Through the message machines of propaganda, religion, belief and partisan politics

Our higher identity and existence demands that together we shout:

“We won’t allow our varied genealogy and history to confuse our shared core!
Variance is not distinction – blood and belief are forms of one, not fractures
Shed your prideful ego, for only together may we know our existential heights
And steer clear of the precipice toward which the corrupted dividers lead us!”



House of Cards

Mighty Mountain Rises
Mighty Empire Made
Mighty Castle Compromises
Every Misbegotten Rebel Raid
But The Path Eventually Bends
And Upon Icy Capping's Fade
The Mighty Mountain Descends
Great Waves' Consuming Cost
All Mankind's Initial Glories Lost
With Beneath Sea Level Atlantis Laid

History shows us the way to why...

You own your life
You own your strife
You use the fruit
Cut by your knife
To borrow the energy
Within your heart
That gave you your start
And made you a part
Of The Start that's always been

But that does not make you free
To own my brothers, sisters or me
Or the land upon which we live
We ask so that She might give
But as soon as from Her we take
More than utilized value life can make
Then good we can no longer fake
For no matter how glorious one's talk
You know a person from their walk

Distinguish between the seed and pod
For The Carpenter built The House of God
But made not the trees nor his tools and knew it
And while The Happy Friar brewed the mead
He brought not the flowering nectar through it
As the wandering ascetic found truth in pain
But evolved not the cures the priests ordain
And made not the foundation he would see
Waiting days to savor porridge beneath his tree

For the only life you have the right to claim
Is the life that tries to claim yours from you
Or claim the loves you live your life through
For what greater act of love for life could be
Than protecting life's right to daily renew?
Might make not right, but it provokes the fight
Propelling us towards dangerous, pinnacle height
Will we grow our great ego until our inevitable fall?
Or reach the peak of salvation to which we all crawl?

The Key to Us Free depends upon re-envisioned 'Victory'
Upon the insularity of 'Me' traded for the inclusiveness of 'We'
Age-old binds perpetuated by ever adapting forms of plutocracy
Hearts silenced, their armies build fences without recompenses
To the land or the people from which they must continually take
To build systems set to extract the value from the majority make
Raising tribal flags up the pole, doling out the tools of destruction
For the breaking is far easier than the creative toils of construction
But their House of Cards must too be folded into The Reduction

For nothing standing, no matter how tall, is immune from a fall
And until the morally great is whom the empowered masses call
The great upon whom our fate must mate for us to climb
Out of the stink of narrow identity to ascend the godly peak
Standing righteously above the obfuscating clouds of our divide
We sink in fear and pride, our greatest collective purpose denied
For waiting for the world to change is change never coming to be
Is helping the overfed few reshuffle the deck we'll inevitably wreck
For their feeble forces cannot last, Spirit conveys them to the past
Dividing fetters shall dissolve, indivisibly broken by godly blast

For God is not independent from you
GOD IS YOU
God is not of this world or that
GOD IS THIS WORLD AND THAT
God doesn't spy upon you from above
GOD IS THE ETERNAL SPRING OF LOVE
God doesn't wish for you to compete for claims to right
GOD WISHES US ALL TO SEE WITH SPIRITUAL SIGHT
Penetrating past the illusive divide behind our fright

The Carpenter

Like any spiritual philosopher of merit, worship of nature was central to his aim
An extension of the partnership with the Mother, carpentry became his game
Wanting no manner of self-indulgence, denying paternalism and worldly fame
To him and his brethren woman was the life-giver, "to be treasured" he'd proclaim
His partner he loved the most, so prostitution was slanderously tied to her name
And upon his passing for crossing those in power, nothing will ever be the same

We big, strong, superior men lead the weak women of the pack, they said
But say that while in his presence and with his camp you'd share no bread
For, as with nature, he knew without women there'd be no man to tread
The hills and hollows they'd scar and mar before bathing in the conquering red
So from the covetous erecting fences outlining their possession he cut and fled
And with his worshippers of the infinite good within he'd lay his simple bed

Like many coming before and many yet to be he sensed a profound inner energy
Regardless of the circumstances of your state, the following of this force is key
Reading the feelings flowing through it, he realized "this must be the truest me"
Thus we beings are not of this earth, but from a force more boundless than the sea
Our ignorant, egotistic need to control the world is what keeps us from being free
So attempt not to control this physical dimension, else it'll come to reign over thee

Gold and silver are bright, shiny and splendid things to look upon, it's true
Disbursed and invested so the vast army ingested the varied-meat sausage in the stew
And from your fiscal and physical invasions you allow for costly persuasions to renew
So you'll gain more power from the type of wealth per hour permitted only for the few
But riches consume the collector and honor the rejecter in the epiphanies that do ensue
So sow your coin freely and feel your eternal power grow or this warning you will rue

Rely not on others to tell you right from wrong, but listen to your heart to know right
For everything some say is worth going to war for others will say isn't worth the fight
Help thy neighbor and foster the community that protects with more than simple might
And do good for the sake of good and soon within you'll glow with the heavenly light
With enough following this lead we'll unite knowing adoration for every being in sight
Such visions he saw shining out from his heart bright enough to illuminate the night

Be thankful for your life and your loves, but remember the eternal realm lies within
For it is the place without time and space, standing post 'the end' and pre 'we begin'
Be guided by those that listen to their hearts, for only Spirit knows virtue from sin
With the mind as the line between body and eternity, to a spiritual bridge it's akin
Those finding that line and following its guidance are painted with harmonious grin
Knowing they're recycled from the perpetual spring as others obsess on how to win

I am the Son of the Father, just as you are all Sons and Daughters of the One Source
No one can ever be the 'One He or She' but a shining light to move steadily toward
To create these distinctions that separate you from me mankind cannot long afford
How they maintain our cruel disunion, against his brother man draws his sword
Drunk with need, fear and illusion, within the delusion of little self the narrow hoard
Drop the blade and drink not from the cup of lies past before our last drop is poured

If The Carpenter knew from what his fame they grew he'd certainly spin in his grave
For those actions for which his words once stood now stand for what he once forgave
The greedy altered his testaments to harness his legend so in riches they could bathe
Now asking forgiveness kneeled at the feet of another manipulative vainglorious knave
His words now accepted as one tarnished testament of the innumerable that he gave
Golden crosses and self-righteous sermons of delusion seducing those he would save

Constantine and his council decree the destruction of all works not fitting their books
Those not burned were scattered like the wind or hidden-away where nobody looks
Very few have been unearthed, the Gnostic Gospels concealed from age old crooks
For even with firmest faith and fervor no one can stand feeling their flesh whilst it cooks
As not just the book but the hand and his band will wriggle like worms on rusty hooks
Soon as can be whom were twenty were three and more perspectives the bonfires took

So when they speak of Christ as the one son of God and the Bible as God's only word
Know that the true Christ while living would have dismissed such untruths as absurd
To such attempts to monopolize and capitalize upon God he would have been inured
He spoke not of 'the one path' or God's furious wrath but of the Spirit within interred
But dismiss all The Book not for it marks more than the spot where his ideals blurred
As "a camel through the eye of a needle" is akin to "justice is greed forever deferred"



Lyrically Liberal Flow

Let me... pick it apart at least to start
To demonstrate the art
Of dissection
But nothing lasts if a la carte

When disarticulated it's easy to consume
Disunity and disharmony makes room
For the conquerors and their inheritors
To go on playing the role of conquer and control

Thus, they eat us whole, one meal at a time
A rhyme to project the belief that
Picking apart the menu to create a plate
Is, when consuming mankind, a crime

And we're all fed pieces of these plates
Starting, as a rule, in elementary school
No true nutrition for today's youth
Only sugar and unnaturally processed crap

Over-stimulus, distraction, empty
Insubstantial sensation
Fat, dumb and vacant
Purposefully made to follow misleading sleuth

On the way to solving this ongoing crime...
Never - not even with all the time in the world
And that's most certainly by passed-along design
What do we need then? The spiritual philosopher kings

Today such ones must the youth seek
Those that know the philosophy and artistry
And can envision a way out of this greedy dismay
Paving the way with the alchemy of creative conviction

Mixed together in our lab to rehab the mind of man
For today is made as but a step in the parade
Fade-in from yesterday out to tomorrow
No break in the chain, nothing destroyed or newly made

Only and forever everything must remain
Forever recycling, rebuilding with the best of past and present
Made after releasing the vain from their profane positions
Atop the long-lost reverence for the public leadership posts

No shame or weakness but strength in admitting
Then ameliorating the pain mankind cannot endure in vain
All this shame of waxing demagogic leadership to wane
Cumulative trauma of stacked up generations our inevitable gain

Ever relearned lessons, with so many more left unearthed
Despite being yearned for by most, blocked by the few
Deflected, diverted and buried by the ownership class
Excluding the far greater gain from the main chain of mankind

They couldn't pass for microbes in a true morality measure
And yet... only can they delay, for we'll never refrain
From chasing that higher order fueled by those lessons
Buried and reemergent in the non-divergent collective mind of man

Crushed rock rolled over and paved
Laid and lined on blood and broken bones
Pressures mounting upon shattered minds
And short-sold, carpet pulled-out from under homes

All eventually mounting to compile
Upon the collapsing golden domes of Babylon
Its criminally-hoarded riches naturally disbursed
Progressive systems enriching life in major, not in minor

This populist call for long-delayed justice is what happens
When most rolled into a ball and tossed
Systemically, ceaselessly bashed against the wall
By the excluding few hiding behind their false facades

Concealing with the fake front of democracy they show us all
"She, he and me, we represent your best interests" they say
Then they walk away to meet with the hoarding hedonists
Lobbying for interests ending with exorbitant constituent cost

For you cannot give more to the rich
Without simultaneously flipping off the switch
Darkening the days of the less advantaged future
Wanting more doors open for tomorrow, not just yet...

And so the debt of opportunity for the many haunts
While the multi-billionaire beneficiary flaunts
Cribs, rides and gold-digging bedazzled wives
As the baby cries 'cause he is one of the five deprived

Mom feeds and comforts off minimum wage
Your representative says must be maintained
To attract the business and investors trickling
Nothing but subsistence positions down

Dishonorable 'leaders' divesting their people's opportunities
The failed fighting for the few new open ladder rungs
"Is this ladder the best way," some wonder, "to go up?"
"Shouldn't the ladder be sturdier and broader?"

"Should their not be room for more than a few
To cutthroat climb this thing at any one time?"
How can you see this and not sense a crime?
In the whole interconnected apparatus?

In the methods and modes and exclusions defining status?
In the economic theories and business equity consolidators
Burning the blueprint for building a sturdier base
To house the hopes and dreams of all, not just perpetuating perps?

It's long past time to take action, to gain some traction
In the rolling momentum of progression from past to future
Towards a *total*-quality-of-life compaction
By first moving *away* from the political debacle born of greed

Built for endless divide so progress can only ever eek us forward
Never as fast as justice demands, all to keep our public foot out
Off their sprawling, fenced-off, underappreciated excluding lands
Exclusions protected, majority unjustifiably rejected for time immemorial

Going back to their mythical hierarchical religious commands
Never capturing the all-inclusive spiritual truth
Always used to divide and corral the bands and direct their energies
As the man pulling the levers hiding from the spotlight demands

But they cannot keep us at bay forever
For never can a truly united army be kept
From storming the shores and bursting through the gates
When solidarity of sensed higher shared state awaits

Part 4

The Ache

Méros Tétarto: To Póno

Birds of Prey

Ecstatic miseries of the forever aching heart
Pleasurable pain suffered without end or start
Fickle sensations daily crash into my core
No control over the day's wreckage, nor any before
Yet in this misery lies the great wisdom of life
The reason for being in both sides of the knife
For were it not to cut this way, to scar, ache and bleed
It could not slice through the sweet fruit upon which I feed

Yet so small, so furious my powerlessness makes me
For so easily her any act may violently shake me
My heart and mind she's so effortlessly captured
I have no recourse, no defense, utterly enraptured
But she's not malevolent, it's just the void of my being
An unfilled gravitational force, vacant and reeling
It sucks her in unrequited, whether I'm willing or not
An internal affliction, my beautifully malignant rot

In one moment I am endlessly grateful the goddess exists
In the next I bitterly resent that this confliction persists
If only there were a switch so I may turn this off at will
Yet then there'd be no means by which this vessel to fill
We cannot have it but one way, equal and opposite in all
The larger the love, the harder, more destructive the fall
To defend the empty nest, keeping all alluring predators away?
Or is it life itself that such a defense would ultimately betray?

By the capricious, unruly heart is the mind of mankind ruled
By the need for the untamable raptor is our endless drive fueled
By this gifted curse there can be no lasting peace for our ilk
Thirsting to suck at the teat even when it's dried-up of milk
Compulsively do we dance the movements of this seduction
All the while sensing the pounding pain of impending eruption
Forever climbing trees in their territory with posted warnings no one heeds:
"You're granted but the soaring or searing moments when the raptor flies or feeds"

From the Ramparts

Sensing weakness, being sweet and open-hearted lets the enemy in
You are sure to be patronized, toyed with and taken for granted
Once inside, they'll attack you where you're most vulnerable
Making their appeals they'll soon set fire to your fort, intentionally or not

Thus, if the enemy has already penetrated your walls
You must drive them out with as little mercy as you can muster

For the heart is a sanctuary to be guarded by great fortifications
Look to your defenses, ever improving your position and reinforcing weak points
Remain ever vigilant and be very, *very* careful whom you let through your gates
Speak to the enemy from *atop* the wall, from the ramparts, never from within

And beware that the enemy may take innumerable form
For it is not only those that will crush your heart that must be repelled
This cruel world of corrupt extractors will pick you apart a piece at a time
If permitted they'll chew you up, swallow all your worth and spit you out

Thus, you must become self-sufficient within your own little kingdom
Develop your own territory, build up your walls and burn away the bridges
For there will always be barbarians at the gate in one form or another
Only a fool keeps their gate down – stay upon the ramparts, forever ready to repel!



The Conqueror's Rotting Spoils

I came upon a hysterical man one day
Bouncing between smiles and sobs he muttered these words:

Forbidden fruit so sweet simply because it can't be reached
Once tasted it is bitter, for it's not the fruit but the reach that's sweet

If the prey falls too easily it seems sickly and I hasten not to consume it
I find it un-filling, unsatisfying and bland, for too easily was it caught

Passion in the storm, love of longing in the violent, unpacifiable rage
Only if the sea bucks and swells am I spurred to seek the other side

He that gives his love too readily cannot be loved in return
For only from the fire of challenge and spurning does the longing lover yearn

The easier it is to be had, the less I desire to have it
Hand it to me freely and I'll toss it, for all know nothing good is free

"Their love is sweet, soft and oh so comfortable," the naïve admirer remarked
For even the warmest blanket cannot match passion's heat, so it shall be tossed

She was very pleasing to behold, so my coding triggered my excitement
But she challenged me not, stirred not the inner brew, leaving love's potion mixed

I ache at the absence of what you represent, for the pain and pleasure are inseparable
The one cannot exist without reflecting the promise of the other

Our shared nucleus of loving force was bound by the equal and opposite power of our pulls
So when one came to pull more the unequalled force of our fusion wrought this fiery fission

My insults and air of superiority are what once made you want me and kept you around
For it seemed I was above and needed you not; 'challenge accepted!' cried your captor pride

Flattery will only you get you flattened by those you hope to hold
For though they may outwardly praise you, within they've already slipped from your grip

Saying 'I love you' is a highly risky declaration
For you're really saying 'now that you have me, are you sure you still want me?'

As soon as she knew I was hers she could never be mine
For the conqueror has little desire for that which has already been conquered

They say 'If you love her let her go, and if she comes back to you you'll know the love is true'
No. If you love her let her go, for upon release she'll feel unneeded, feeling the need to return

Love the Doors, Let Loose the Keys

"I am the jilted lover who, by suffering, has gained wisdom," I heard in my dream
"It's always the *what*, never the *who*," the contented voice continued
"For the *what* is everlasting
And though no two *who's* may fill the *what* exactly the same way
There shall forever remain limitless *who's who* may"

We are defined by *what* and *how* we love, not by *what* loves us in return
Let the sensations of love stand alone without coveting the elicitors
We cannot own those unlocking the doors, only the home itself
Rejoice when the doors are unlocked and the home is occupied
For love need not be validated and cannot be brought to heel - it stands on its own
Know that they will enter other homes as well - you cannot lock them in

It was my need for her which put me on the path toward inner peace
It was my thoughts of needing *this one thing* upon which the pain fed
As soon as we need to possess or control something outside of ourselves
We invite suffering - as *nothing* can be fully possessed or controlled
And if we cannot possess or control what we feel that we need
Suffering must follow upon the heels of our dispossession and lack of control

While walking this path I found that it was not my love for *her* that I needed
But any one of an infinite number of key-bearers opening the doors to the heart
Great, lasting inner peace is therefore love without the need to claim or control
It comes from realizing that it's never the person, place or thing that we need
It is the love to which they lead us within our own hearts that should be sought
Need and cultivate only the love itself *without attempting to claim key-bearers*

Celebrate and bask in the love for the sake of the love itself - *the love is the point*
Honor key-bearers but love doors - reject the futile attempt to control their entries
Stay in the heart even when thinking about or looking upon anything carrying keys
Reject the ego's need to claim or control the key-bearing people, places and things
It was there upon that path I saw the peak at the end, and bliss washed over me
Happiness is in the difference between needing the doors and the key-bearers themselves

Therefore yearn only for the doors, for they are forever yours
And desire the exploration and expansion of the inner chambers
But let go of any desire to control or claim the key-bearers themselves
For this controlling and claiming is untenable, and thereby invites suffering
And such suffering is forever fraught with the danger of learning this lesson not

And yet living by this takes practice and persistence, for pain shall still come
For the slumbering heart will always be awakened by a worthy key-bearer
And left unfulfilled it shall ever remain a great aching, open vacuuming void
When those bearing keys come near, the heart aches in hopeful anticipation
Their keys may open and expand the heart whose doors we can never seal

We cannot keep those doors closed, for we control not the countless keys

Even those relinquishing the covetous ego cannot stop the heart's gravitational pull
Even their hearts joyfully expand and miserably contract when those objects enter and exit
The pleasure of that fulfillment and the pain of that deflation are completing and crushing
And not associating the ecstasy and agony with the key-bearing objects is near impossible
Yet we must never forgot that the objects wielding the keys are far too many to count
And while never filled the same way twice, even the greatest contraction may expand anew

So, let go of your need to hold onto those keys – let them unlock doors for others as well
You'll desire the key-bearers, for not to desire is not to live, but know the doors matter most
For you'll find that every door may be unlocked by *many, even infinite* key-bearers
A steely grip upon the key doesn't claim the door, only the pain of the slip and bloody grip
Let go of your grip and you'll find that what you need *already and always will reside within*
It does not reside within her, within it, within the wielders, for they are but the key-bearers

And so, like a holy man, I now dwell within my heart, realizing it has all that I need
I worry not about controlling keys, claiming bearers or trying to seal or prop the doors open
For I know that the need is always filled within, and that fulfillment isn't going anywhere
Now I am happy in the quiet – the egotistical mind must hear itself think and speak
Now I am happy in this peace – the unsatisfied mind must fill the gap with sensation

I am happy knowing all I need waits within, and that its doors and keys cannot be counted



Blissful Imaginings

Never may I wipe clean this slate
To you eternally do I tie my fate
To this nothing else can ever equate
The perfect ease with which we relate

To dance with you beneath starry skies
To forever fall into those bewitching eyes
To no higher plane ever may I rise
Than to provoke your heart toward joyful cries

Visions of building a life with a wife like you
Making you laugh 'til your face turns blue
Through our love a generation new
No matter the storm I'll steer us through

Blissful imaginings cast your shadow around
Our potential adventures endlessly abound
Whispering intimacies in hushed heavenly sound
All your endearing qualities lift me off the ground

How to put these passions to page?
Feelings that could pacify my greatest rage
Constantly hoping, longing to fully engage
A shared life set to burst forth to center stage



Insidious Seed

Woe what an insidious seed I have sown
Deep in my debilitated recesses hath it grown

Concealed beneath the surface unseen
True self, good life, ripped away clean

Bleeding from a thousand invisible gashes
A decade of daily self-wrought lashes

Broken, bubbling, body and brain
All that could be, should be, sought in vain

Circulation impaired, synapses reconnecting
Years stack upon years, progress rejecting

Is there no chance after the mistakes have been made?
No penance that amounts to the debt being repaid?



Sinking Ship

Anguish is he tormented endlessly
Lost in a twisted sub-reality

He that is fractional shell of self
Lashed to a pitiful sham of health

Disoriented, his compass cracked
Burdensomely sinking, over-packed

All effort expended simply staying afloat
Reaching happy horizon hopelessly remote

A romantic fixed to a ship long ago breached
Haunted by endless alluring shores that can't be reached

Forever isolated, aching for affection
Chasing satisfaction, catching only dejection

Nerves afire, anxiety endless
Constructors clueless, left defenseless

No one else capable of comprehending his pain
Its understanding and recognition sought in vain

So long deprived, hollowed, unfulfilled
Drinking from misery's glass forever refilled

Incapable of jumping ship; what to do?
Desperately bailing water, no assisting crew

Letting the ship sink has such vast appeal
Forever too final, just patch and conceal...

Baiting the Master, Taming the Tiger

Sowing seeds brings life
Greatest reward, greatest risk
Peak pleasure and pain

Tiger follows heart
Love strung to procreation
Honored family

Passionless roaming
Unloving propagation
Undeclared groin springs

Children grow to be
Free willing their destiny
But where is father?

Every cub needs pop
The worst beasts born in brilliance
Without example

Master on the leash
Controlled by untamed tiger
Collecting disease

Tiger indulges
Taking without the earning
Nervous corruption

Master wants freedom
But can't stop feeding the beast
The evil grows strong

Beast collars master
Eating man's vitality
Potential wasted

Pleasure taken now
Earned not from a goddess born
Brings the wrath of Hell

Foundations are cracked
Derangement turns the tiger
Insidious wounds

Master trapped in cage
The tiger baited master
Bit the hand that feeds

Unnatural crack
Cuts through corrupted master
Subduing pure self

Beastly master hides
Shocking his physical core
Prays for salvation

Evil eating health
Neurologically corrupt
Twisting total self

Nerves connect body
Body connected to brain
Mentally corrupt

Weak haunted hermit
Deprived of intimacy
Deranged, craving beast

Seeking any touch
Unable to hold her gaze
Compromised creature

With no conviction
Beasts become monsters
Bystanders are raped

No escaping now
Caught and condemned means life term
Hell is all hope lost

The line has been crossed
Spirit loses all control
Only fight or flight

But feed not the beast
Within wound slowly shutting
Tiger is reborn

Earning else paying
Creating satisfaction
By brow or by blood

Brains and balls unite
Creating true happiness
Monsters only pounce

Lasso the tiger
The beast is out on bloodlust
Carcasses uneaten

All tigers must hunt
But this hunter is hobbled
Tiger eats itself

Cool it said Kellogg
Honored Spartans indulge not
Simple cereal

Consume it all now
As much, fast as possible
Overstuffed ships sink

Parallels are drawn
Don't take what can't be consumed
Finite resources

Immoral monster
Corrupted, succumbing beast
Rescued by knowledge

All can be heroes
Heroes made on principle
Discipline saving

Needing proper health
Without which all else is void
Healing, the sole hope

Solo indulgence
Nerves need reciprocity
Starve the beast to death

Not all or nothing
One denial at a time
Battles in the war

Mighty Aphrodite

The sweat trickles down her backside
As we dance together under the covers
Hands and bodies collide and divide
With pulsing pleasure my body shudders
Mouth pressed to mouth, breast against breast
By such timeless moments of bliss we are blessed
Breaking the barriers our love and lust combine
On the faith-affirming feast of romance we dine

Bodies blend into sheets as insatiably we eat
A timeless embrace defeating all sense of despair
Self-discovery where heart, mind and body meet
For this painfully fulfilling pursuit there's no way to prepare
For how does one train for a match that takes risking it all?
For a fight where the heart takes the brunt of the brawl?
But then, standing tall, you'll pray for time to go on forever
For the unwrapping of that present to be your timeless endeavor

As never was there a messiah without great love in their heart
That possessed infinite desire for the opposite sex from the start
Even romance has been slimed by the tyrants of history's black
For when 'The One' loves *his* one more than 'His' Church itself
It threatens the paternalism whose power comes from its wealth
The motivation behind every Emperor's greedy crusading attack
To pack more gold in their coffers than their counters can stack
Before the next romance ripens, threatening to break the realm's back

For Mighty Aphrodite makes the world go round
Real men know it's she that rules over this place
To her worship and defense we are eternally bound
In countless wondrous women can we see her face
She is the cause behind most of our worthy effects
The inner voice rising-up when our honor objects
Being here without her would leave little reason to be
I'd rather pass from this place than from her powers be free

For her inner and outer beauty most make life worth living
Our finest works of art couldn't be more exquisite
There is no happiness without her invaluable giving
No other heaven on earth brings more bliss to visit
For the afterlife is certainly but mankind's conception
Leaving no angels or demons to plan your reception
Instead, angels are loves; demons: agents of corruption
Energy into light and matter; a dance without destruction

There is only life; no greater place; no before or after
We are all versions of the everlasting God and Goddess
Your absence hosts pain; your presence invites laughter
Of all my heart's blazes this one by far burns the hottest
For in your very being I discover my life's greatest meaning
The brilliant work of genius of which I'm nightly dreaming
Multiply quality times quantity; value's in the product of the two
No more valuable moments than these; my highest quality is you

Therefore our time together is the most valuable thing to me
Angles usher you to my side; demons steal you away
Obliterating solitude and sadness, you set the inner Spirit free
Your gorgeous gaze is my kryptonite; a heart-melting ray
Out of desperate need for your love I act to feather us a nest
For *this* is what matters to me now; I can do without the rest
To manifest a married future, one priceless moment at a time
Preventing our future conception: the Devil's intended crime

For there's nothing more divine than mutually making a child
Than creating new life by uniting family histories and codes
And together preparing them for the unforgiving wild
Helping them find and navigate their own respective roads
Through the labyrinth of life with its infinite ways in and out
Providing endless reasons in misery to cry and in ecstasy to shout
But that, someday, they'll consider well worth the fits of trouble
Upon finding their missing half, as opposed to their mirror double



Part 5

The Remains

Méros Péмпто: Ta Ypóloipa

Seeking Mastery is Disaster-Free

This try for mastery is disaster-free, for...
Shooting for the peak always brings out the best in me

Perfection matters not in the way it's depicted
Its perception needs to be shifted
From flawless to learning from every stumble
With which we've been gifted

If only you knew the heights of you
The cost: the growing pains for every inch you grew
Not just in body but mind
In every fraction of yourself you find

As you seek the peak of peace
Found in the coexistence of perfect uniqueness
And collectively crushing every ounce of weakness
Through the uniformity of the shared spiritual self of life

Humanity not hobbled or crushed but stronger
From the strife of stacked-up generations
Solidarity of shared essence in the idealistic youth
Of our globally born to be united nations

Seeing the past as a link in an interminable chain
No stop or beginning pulling us higher in pleasure
Only by learning and pulling away from the pain
Of forefathers, for before our fathers and mothers
Made our sisters and brothers

Perceived 'mistakes' were made by grands of many ages old
With stories told in voice and pages and the code
Constructing our body and brain and its mind
Within the intertwined trinity we will find the answer

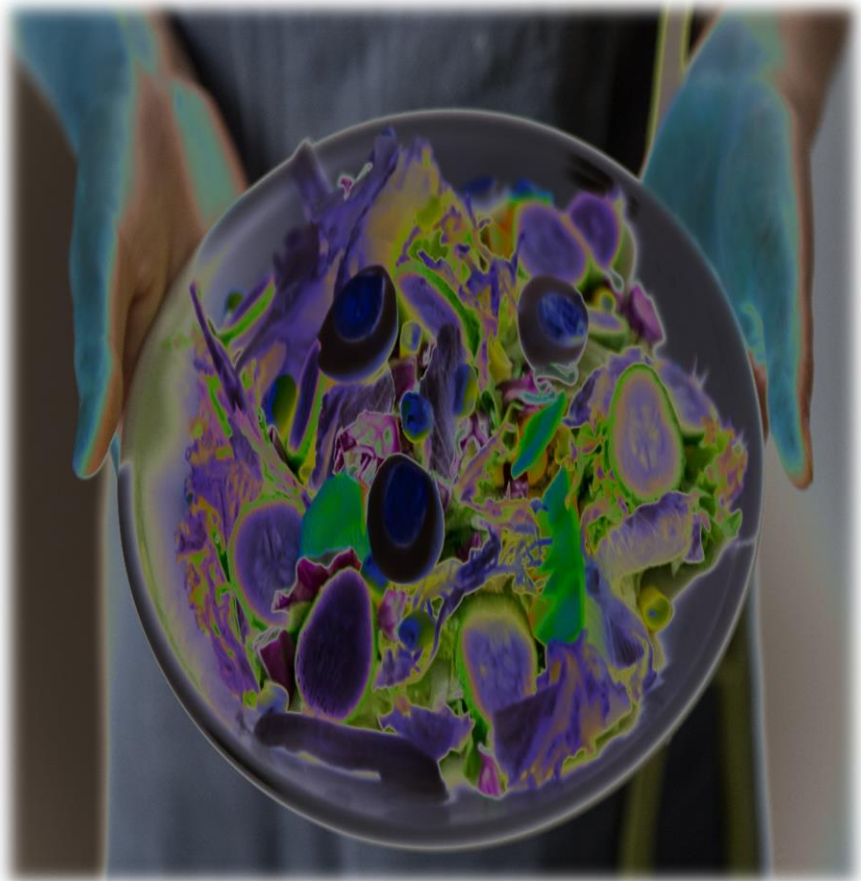
Body, mind and Spirit split
But working in harmony when free
Body conveying through the material plane
Mind transcribing spiritual messages of the heart

Combined with all that we've been taught
By everything wrought before
Added up and we've bought more time
To undo the crime of ever-plundering aristocracies

Ever adaptively remade in the present
It's unpleasant, but that's how we learn
We spurn the impulse for ease and comfort
And confront the challenge to get off our knees

The greedy, corrupted egoist minds
Who have the rest of us bearing their horrendous weight
Pathetically crying "please, drop more crumbs from your plate!"
So we can fight and berate anyone implied to possess a lesser fate

Yet our highest destiny will never be
In this divided and conquered state
In which all the masses can at least subconsciously relate
But in all making meals naturally served from collective plate



Circles Spun or Expanded

The more we hold onto
The heavier we weigh
Let go of what you can't hold
Else it's yourself you betray

Concern yourself
Only with what you can control
All else is unjustifiable costly folly
Stress subtracting from your whole

Attempting to force the unenforceable
Is to pay a price with no benefit returned
Nothing is added but the stress itself
Only expend effort on what can be earned

The more we worry our minds
The less we absorb and make use of the now
Lost in a futile exercise without product
Opportunities for improvement we disavow

You cannot control what they think
You can only control how you influence their thoughts
Time spent in "why can't I make he or she like me?"
Chances to improve your allure in such moments rots

You cannot force others to want or respect you
You can only work to make yourself and others better
Thereby garnering their love and respect
Unshackled from limitations that currently fetter

You cannot control what will happen
You can only act such that it happens as well as you can make it
Fix your mind not upon uncertainties of upcoming outcomes
Put body and mind into hoisting it up as high as you can take it

You cannot control what you've done
You can only learn from it so as to do it better than before
Learn, love, improve, add value, plan and foster dreams
Trade futilely spinning in circles for making the circle more

Boil this lesson down and you'll find a golden nugget
A lesson to repeat when caught in futile, costly concerns
The only right thing is to make what you can of the moment
The only way to come by all that for which your heart yearns

To Be a Self

Selfishness is not a negativity
But an inherent quality of being a self
It is not about benefitting *only* you
But it certainly applies to everything you do

No self acts to do something bad for them
Even when acting for them is to act for another
For even the extreme perceived harm of suicide
It's no longer worth enduring pains impossibly denied

We are never motivated by anything else
From tiny to small, all thoughts and actions are made
By the belief that we will benefit from them in some way
From scratching an itch to eating to every bad habit we betray

"But what about selflessness?," you may ask
It is a mythical concept, it can never truly exist
For even when acting to help someone other than yourself
The self-rewards of doing right brings good-feeling wealth

It is inescapable, for the self can only act selfishly
The word 'selfish' itself is misunderstood as being bad
For when we act in ways that help ourselves *by* helping others
The mutual benefits of bonding, *love*, makes us sisters and brothers

Quid pro quo is the nature of all relationships
The proposition of you adding to me as I add to you
Whether personal or professional, mutual benefit is the aim
When balanced it's symbiotic, otherwise it's a parasitic game

For that is the difference between selfishness and being *self-centered*
Are your actions centered around self-benefit *regardless of total effect*?
Being comfortable pursuing gratifications of ego and material accumulation
Bring blinding, short-lived satisfactions tending to require others' subjugation

Ultimately, therefore, it is the *type* of self-benefit that you pursue
For self-benefit will always drive you no matter what you say or do
Is it the spiritual rewards of love from mutually beneficial actions you seek?
Or do you act to extract without end by exploiting the defenseless and weak?

Honor Thy Cultivator

Lovingly was I placed into this fertile soil
Laid in the full light for growth without toil
Diligently watered and carefully cultivated
From threat and pest vigilantly separated

Protected from blight, many a scared crow
Fertilized, given everything needed to grow
Peerless amongst plantings, only up may I go
Set to tower above all the plants in my row

Few amongst those sown given such a chance
Coolly swaying in calm breeze gleefully do I dance
Sadly I see so many so less lovingly planted as me
From their fungi, rot and wilt I am so giftedly free

A crime to take all of this privilege for granted
Endless thanks I owe those by whom I was planted
So please take to heart my love and forever know
That I owe you more for my fruits than I can ever show



In a Word

The value of the word is not inherent
It is neither in its sound nor in how it is written
Though its tone and force can be made to effect
Whether or not the listener is successfully smitten

Empires use them for campaigns of propaganda
To mislead their people and make wrong seem right
Feigning to speak for freedom, democracy and Christ
Another gullible tribe crushed without a fight

Its presentation is critical to the career politician
Who picks them to make labels for persuasion
In order to attract the capital to their coffers
Employed to propagate the campaign's contagion

But in order to do right unto one's self and others
A more considerate perspective must be taken
For depending upon the interpretation of the word
It can be used both to entrap as well as awaken

For words coalesce into understanding and meaning
This is where their true power and significance lies
It is what the words evoke in the mind that matters
And the connected feelings within the heart that arise



Flying By

Flies Gad and May both hatched one day
While crossing the creek Gad flew by May and said:
Living a commonplace existence is what I most dread
With an arrogant air May doubled back to say:

Everything there is to be done has been done before
The flies from the East learned how to cipher water from sand
The flies from the North can tap sweet maple sap on demand
The flies from the West say it best to avoid the turbulent shore

The flies from the South need not sweat 'til it's a hundred and four
All our brothers and sisters have produced a parallel notion:
We flies are like tiny little droplets in a bottomless ocean
And likely have less than a week until we fly no more

Under such circumstances what good is your ambition?
The only smart thing to do is to consume all we can
Only this can be considered a sensible plan
The only mission proven to enhance your condition

But Gad glanced about at the others and gave the reply:
I can't pretend to be satisfied by this one little creek
For something tells me there are other things worthy to seek
And staying here would mean living an unhappy lie

So without another pause Gad darted away from the fray
And zoomed over the meadows with the bounded bundles of hay
Flying until the morning mist melted into the warming day
But as the sun approached its apex he became exceedingly weak

And so worried about the wisdom of having left the cool creek
Suddenly he spotted a structure that he had never before seen
Which he entered through a perfectly-sized hole in the screen
That led him to that which his heart had asked him to seek

A Labrador laid prone on the first floor of the two story abode
Until it noticed the fly coming close to the freshly frying meat
Which the cook had left covered in the seasoned oil to heat
The dog jumped to its feet and went into its predatorial mode

And chased the fly as it flew nearer to the succulent smell
Knocking the pan from the stove and straight to the ground
Boiling sauce dripping onto towels stacked in a neat little mound
Catching flame, the whole home soon engulfed in a fiery hell

Meanwhile, back near the creek May had been restlessly brewing
An internal discomfort had developed from her earlier meeting
Gad's words had hammered her brain with a continuous beating
Making her question her life and everything she'd been doing

So she cursed the foolish fly that had filled her with doubt
Vowing to forever stand against all that for which he stood
The silly searching and wanting of far more than he should
Dismissing him once more she rapidly retraced her route

She zoomed alongside the dribbling waters and buzzed a napping bear
Who awoke with a start and gave off a tremendous, deafening roar
One louder than all the resting wild creatures had ever heard before
Scaring the birds from their nest, scampering the furry from their lair

Included among them was an uncommonly large, long-eared hare
That leapt from its cover within one of the redwood stump hallows
Near to a bobcat creeping towards the creek for some cooling swallows
That then tracked the rabbit with great stealth and considerable care

Until a quarter mile or so later the cat laid its intentions bare
It sprang suddenly from the wood like an arrow from a bow
The hare blasted into a field with the ravenous bobcat in tow
Past rows of corn and a sign declaring "Trespassers Beware!"

Hot on the hare's heels the cat collided with an unseen steed
Giving it a scare that prompted an uncontrolled sprint
It sprang over the fence and down the dirt road it went
Soon sending its rider off track while unable to lead

Until finally the steed calmed enough to relinquish command
At the same moment the horse's rider saw the billowing smoke
And with his heart pumping faster an internal presence awoke
Steer your steed straight at the flames was its whispered demand

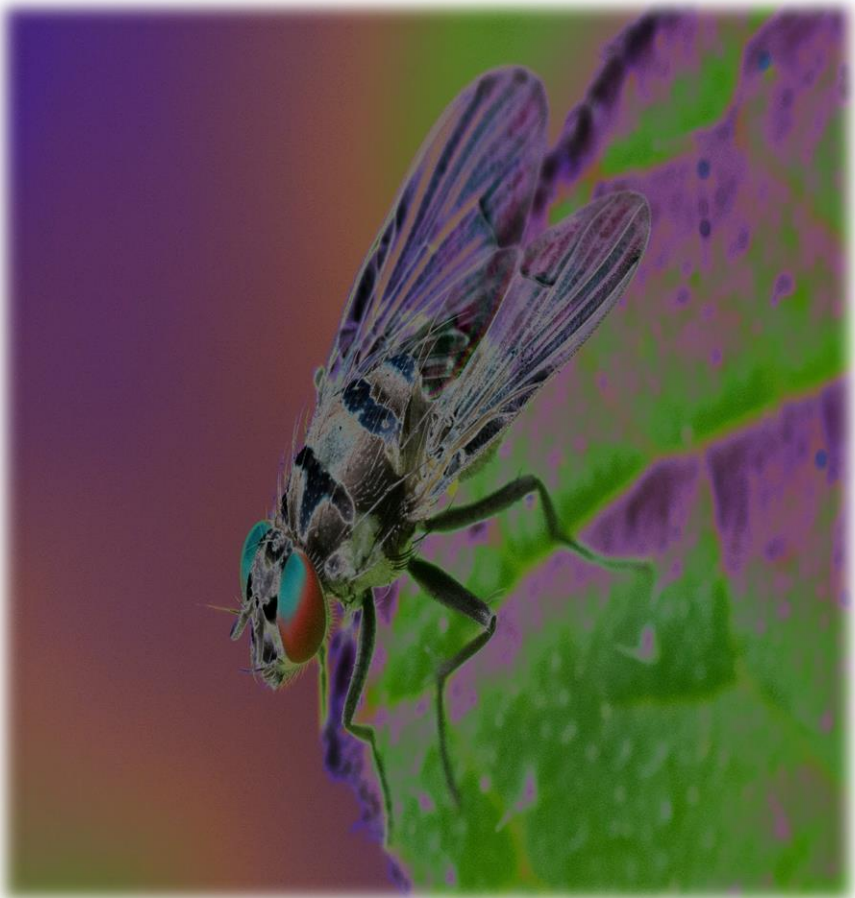
So he followed his inner voice and rode right at the house afire
Arriving he saw the occupant hanging helplessly from the roof
Who looked down desperately upon hearing galloping hoof
Then her grip began to slip, her situation dangerously dire

She fell towards the ground with her head falling first
Calling for a crash that promised a badly broken neck
Catching her instead he rescued her from certain wreck
Nine months later her billowing belly was bound to burst

She gave birth to a baby girl showing promise from the start
Incredibly smart, she grabbed the troubled world by the tail
She taught on the unity of life and the resolute refusal to fail
And nailed the world back together heart by broken heart

So even though May wanted to go against the upsetting fly
She ended up being Gad's partner in God's providential affair
Part of an enigmatic duo dancing since there was song to share
Yin and Yang perpetuating a relationship that shall die

For Gad passing May was but a single falling domino
Beginning with the one that fell past forever ago
And ending in an infinity that no one shall ever see
That pulls us forward with limited minds but hearts that are free



A Blank Canvas

Born to a world that corrupts and complicates
From ageless bricks we build our respectable fates

The slate is wiped clean with each rebirth
Another chance to determine our worth

Candidly incautious as newly-born creatures
By sheer force of will we determine the features

Of the image we illustrate with each passing day
On the blank canvas we color every conceivable way

With the brightest of reds and blues to the darkest of grays
Some conquer assumptions while others stay in the haze

Regardless, we create our own realities
Making the real from our conceptualities

We are the builders of our own mental states
Our attitudes, our hopes, our loves and our hates

Heart and mind creates, bringing you closer to the divine
God comes out through your heart the same as through mine

Some like to paint with Mary Jane, some with fine red wines
Picked straight from divine, sea-breeze-chilled vines

Others risk far more with stronger substances and potent pills
Or by diving off cliffs and plummeting down white-powdered hills

One thing we sense as we forever continue to create
From within we receive a brush we can never imitate

And when we pool our potentials and learn to paint as one
Without letting ego and ignorance break the prospect of fun

Not only do our lives become incalculably more pleasurable
But we advance at a pace that's comparatively immeasurable

Every now and again a serious obstacle will present a problem
But they're only problems before the growth required to solve 'em

Yet another chance for you to mature as an artist of life
To strengthen your resolve and capacity to overcome strife

So when the mind is blocked and you know not how to continue
Close your eyes and ears and seek the answers deep within you

Heed the inner voice and calm the outer flames of conflagration
Shed everything from the mind but the whispers of emancipation

From the fear, hatred and ongoing mutual misunderstandings
That mark the narrative of our past like irreversible brandings

But just as it's unhealthy for the matador to lose his concentration
The quickly closing bull tends to bring him maximum motivation

Similarly, regardless of how poorly we perform at any one time
To turn your back on the bull is the only insurmountable crime

For life is like a forceful beast to be grabbed firmly by the horns
Or like roses enjoyed only after one picks past their painful thorns

So I pray for the fortitude to give defeatism its denunciation
And the ability to dodge the bull upon its every provocation

Inhale enough hope and exhale enough fear while you paint
And eventually you'll be remade as the Spirit's patron saint

So when you've contributed your painting and your brush is torn
You'll be returned to the universal case from which all life is born



Like a Sponge

I am like a sponge
Taking meaning in my construction
I expand by soaking-up water
Daily use ushers forth my destruction

I'm bound to clean-up after each meal
Though no dish can be sanitized completely
Somehow I remember each plate I've cleaned
Though recollections are seldom rebuilt neatly

But when a certain dirty dish
Is encrusted with a particular gritty grime
The surfacing of a specific period of cleansing
Rises to rescue me every time

So I go on lapping-up the water
That I might have the means to complete my mission
So that I may go on soaping away the rubbish
Until I'm replaced by the updated edition

For from some secret hidden place
Fresh styles of sponge continue to appear
Insisting on new types of soap
Looking down on the methods I hold dear

But despite the novelty of each new sponge
From the faucet the same water continues to flow
Providing what every sponge needs to expand
Like the pre-bake yeast rolled into the dough

So I experience a great freedom in my efforts
For I know making sense of the mess is needed
And I taste the sweetest of satisfactions
In feeling that my calling has been heeded

And though I will someday break apart
My fibers will thin, my surface will fade
It is clear I was assembled for a purpose
To clean tomorrow's crumbs I'll be remade

Of course I am not the only player
In this perpetual game at which I play
A role for one, a roll for all
Even its enemies serve Life in their own way

About the Author, By the Author

Born in the Redwoods of coastal Northern California in the blue collar town of Fort Bragg, my early years were trouble-free times of active, youthful exuberance. I was very much a rural kid, playing with friends, catching lizards and snakes, exploring the forest, shooting bb guns, swimming in the river and ocean and eating blackberries off the bush until my hands were stained purplish-black and my stomach ached. At the age of six my father was transferred to the more urban setting of Santa Rosa, CA, in the heart of the Sonoma County Wine Country an hour north of San Francisco, and I gradually transformed into a video gamer with a strong creative streak. In my adolescence I would concoct elaborate games for friends that were engaging enough to capture their attention for hours on end, with some of these games centered around toys, and others, the more popular ones, put to paper, which I called “paper games.”

As I matured I came to the same conclusion that most young, observant people come to: money is the root of freedom, and I had to do everything possible to put myself in the position to have what I wanted, so that I could do and be who I wanted. This culturally-pervasive mindset continued through most of my collegiate days, during which I attended the University of California at Santa Barbara (UCSB) and studied Business Economics, and afterwards during my foray into the real estate business. I was very much motivated by the conventional ambitions inculcated into western youth through our aristocratically-hailing conservative culture and, through them, highly driven to pursue what most consider the hallmarks of ‘success:’ a lucrative career, the socioeconomic rank and all the trappings. This was before I realized the subjectivity of ‘success,’ and the fact that the greater form is that which Einstein alluded to: “Try not to become a person of success but, rather, try to become a person of value.”

Thus, I’d begun developing doubts during my last couple collegiate years and my time in real estate that following the traditional path was what I was meant to do; that it was the best use of my abilities and that, perhaps, it contributed to the suffering of the world. The more you’re said to ‘make,’ the more you’re likely to *take*. There is not a thing in this world that materializes from nothing, and unregulated capitalism is about taking advantage of disadvantage as much or more as rewarding hard work.

My heart and conscience thereby began to coalesce around the greater concept of success: defining it in terms of the *creation* rather than the *extraction* of value. Later, as my spiritual awareness grew and I began to sense that 'listening to your heart' is more than mere fleeting emotion, but a tapping into a truer, fuller form of universal self, my earlier doubts began to crystalize along with my ideology and convictions, and everything changed for me. Though I continued to struggle with some serious neurological and associated psychological troubles at the time, much of which continues to plague me, on another level I came into myself and began to harness a deep sense of purpose, realizing that I am meant to translate the spiritual messages I receive which, combined with my intellectual inspection of the world, have led me to some profound conclusions about the nature of existence and the greedy heart of western culture compromising our greatest collective potential. My innate creativity found a grander outlet in conjunction with my naturally philosophical mode of thought, and I began to interpret the underlying nature of reality, formulate my core convictions and envision the type of societal systems that might someday steer mankind away from a 'greed is good' attitude that necessarily short-sells total quality of life on earth.

As of 2021, my list of literary projects includes:

Infinite of One, All for One IS One for All
Heresies of a Heathen, Revelations of the Spiritual But Not Religious
Love of Wisdom, Philosophy in Verse
Thin Line Between, Poetry of Illusory Divide
From the Roots Up, A Spiritual, Progressive Philosopher's Notebook
Avant Garde
Chloe in the Present
ANIMALS Party
The House on Apple Blossom Lane
Lucid (screenplay)
Turncoat (screenplay)

Access all books, papers and videos @ infiniteofone.com



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