

Cosmic Insights



Austin P. Torney

COSMIC INSIGHTS

Copyright 2021 Austin P. Torney

Website: <https://theomarkhayyamclubofamerica.wordpress.com>

Email: austintorn@aol.com

YouTube Videos: MagicalVideos Channel

<https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCAqzcN340HXpDqHXmAy3SwA>

DeviantArt: Look under AustinTorney







REALITY FABRICATION

Take a pencil and feel a texture with it
You seem to feel it at the pencil's tip;
But, you have no sense organs way out there;
So—the brain fabricates reality!

All you see is the inside of your head,
A model. You don't believe it, you say;
Well, it's the same model seen in your dreams,
With your eyes closed and you in darkness, too!

All we see are the insides of our heads—
A wide-awake dream. What's really out there,
I suppose, are waves and fields, which our minds
Sense in representative ways, like red.

Not only is seeing inside the head,
But also the hard-soft-texture of touch,
The scents of molecule shapes, and the sounds
Of air waves, again, as in a night-dream.

Absolute Reality is scentless,
Colorless, and quite soundless; however,
Sense organs detect waves and vibrations—
Such—all reality's fabricated.



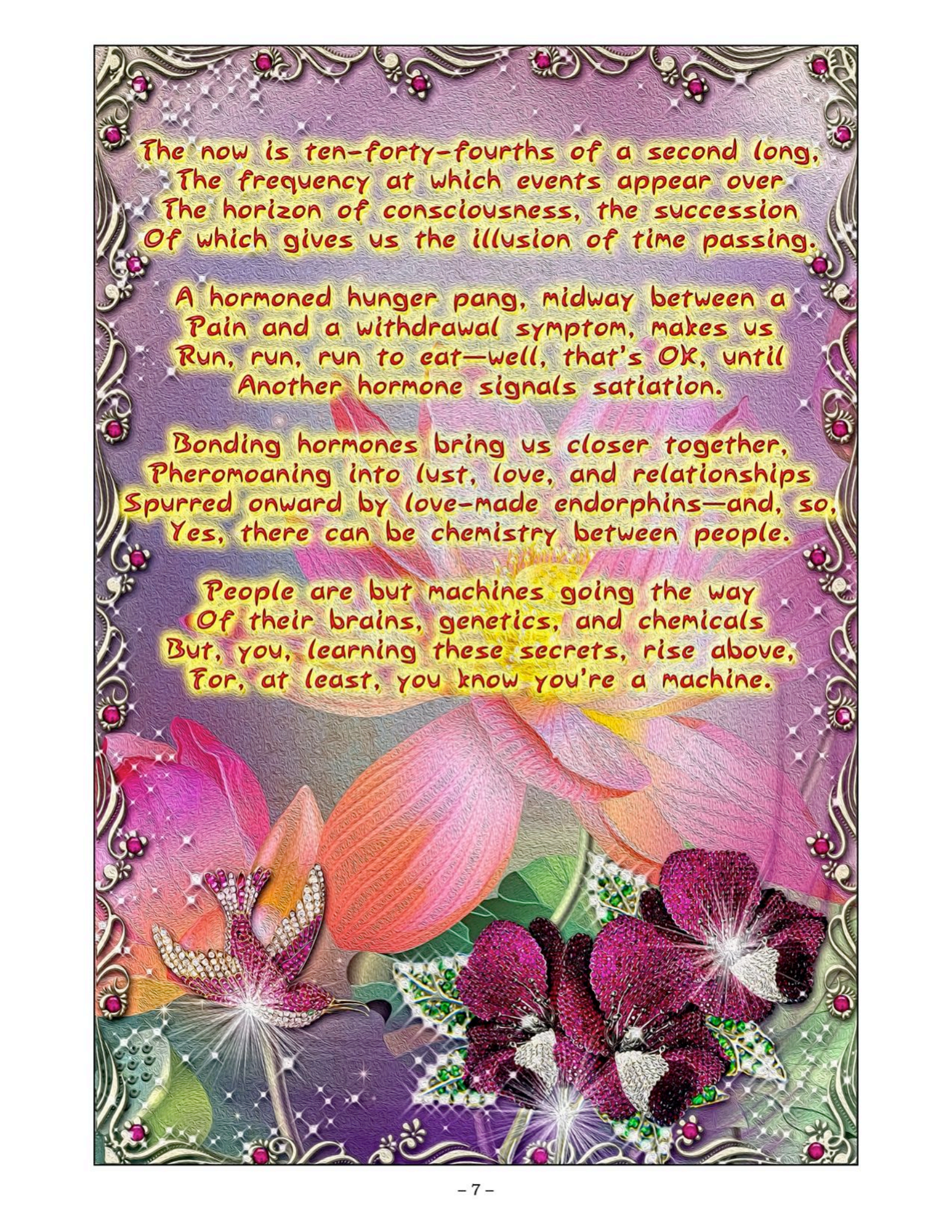
A virtual reality can be
Enjoyed and directed in lucid dreams,
Where one can do anything at all, without
Injury or penalty, with real feel!

A simple four-way lookup senses taste
By degrees of bitter, salt, sweet, and sour,
And, likewise done, the three-way colors,
And ten-plus-way facial recognition.

Brains have parallel processors for form,
Texture, color, and depth—and a quick one
For motion detection—which all combine
Later as what we see in unity.

Consciousness is referred back in time a bit,
Like the tape-delay of a live TV show,
To hide the brain's processing time from us,
Making things seem to happen instantly.





The now is ten-forty-fourths of a second long,
The frequency at which events appear over
The horizon of consciousness, the succession
Of which gives us the illusion of time passing.

A hormoned hunger pang, midway between a
Pain and a withdrawal symptom, makes us
Run, run, run to eat—well, that's OK, until
Another hormone signals satiation.

Bonding hormones bring us closer together,
Pheromoning into lust, love, and relationships
Spurred onward by love-made endorphins—and, so,
Yes, there can be chemistry between people.

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

A vibrant autumn forest scene with trees, vines, and fallen leaves. The background is a lush green forest with a large tree trunk on the right. The foreground is covered in fallen yellow and orange leaves. The text is overlaid on the scene in a glowing yellow-green font.

THE HOLOGRAPHIC UNIVERSE

When a tree falls in the forest
And there's no one around to hear it,
Does it make a sound?

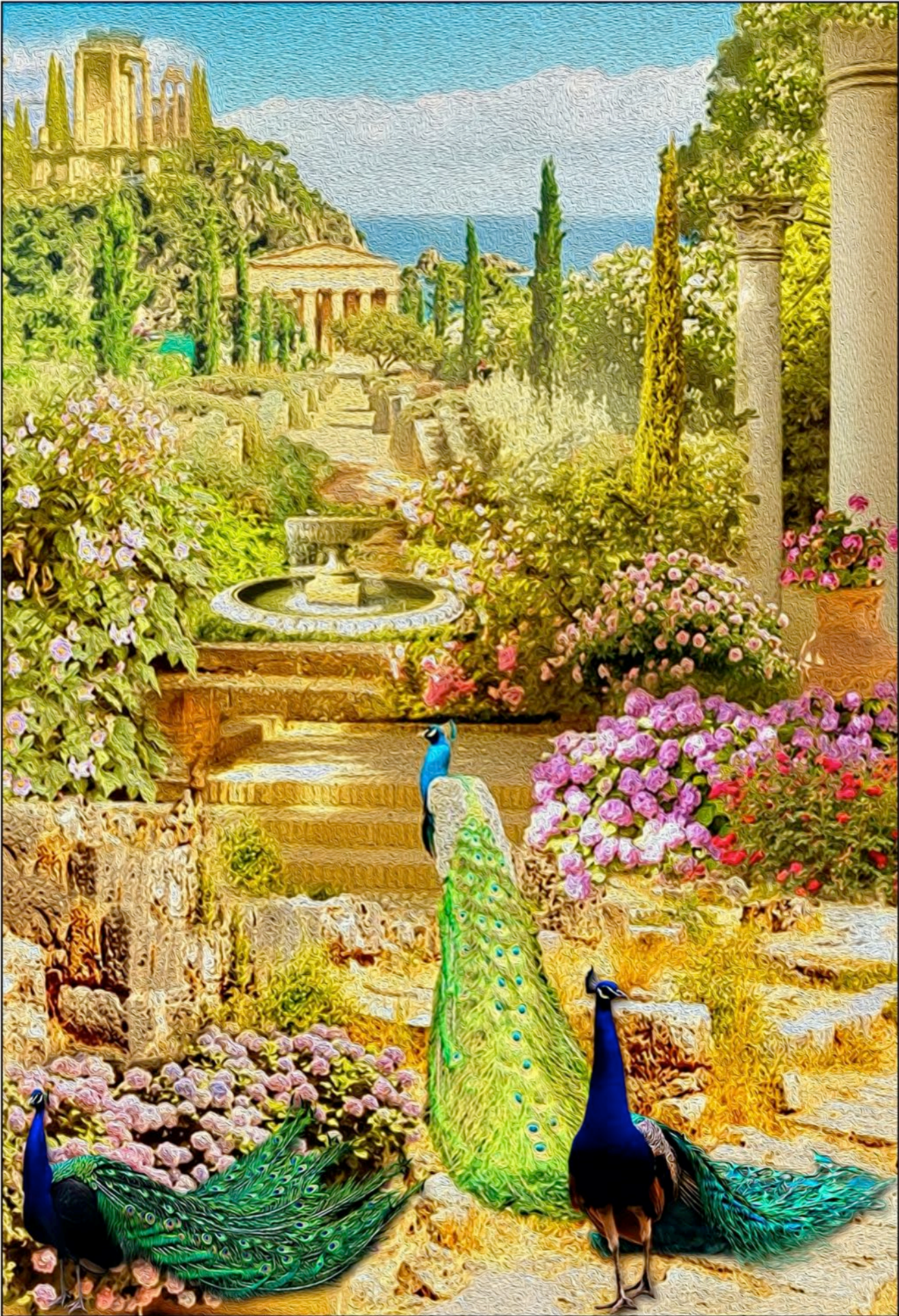
No, for there is no ear to turn
The sound waves into sound.

Nor is there a smell, for there is no nose
For the odorous molecules to attach to,
Nor has it any color, for there is
No retina to decode the light frequencies.

What does it look like, then?

It doesn't look like anything,
For there is no brain to put it all together
By detecting form, color, texture,
Size, taste, smell, or vision.

Since the entropy of a black hole is known
To depend on the surface area of
The event horizon and NOT on its volume,
Then our third dimension
MIGHT BE a projection.





A projected illusion, as in a hologram,
May still be used as it were really there
Since we can make sense of it, so to speak,
But, in truth, the third dimension may not exist.

Thus, apparently separate particles,
Like created photon pairs,
Copy the other when one is changed,
Because, in truth, they are still
The same thing in the projector room.

If the universe is holographic,
Then the tree in the forest,
Whether seen or not,
Is, at heart, an interference pattern
Brought to life only when we tune it in.

This is the mystery of the realness
Of sleeping dreams revealed:
We tune in to the interference patterns,
Whether awake or asleep,
To bring alive the reality projected.

Everything connects to everything else
Through overlapping interference patterns,
And so nothing is separate at all, as it seems,
But is one large all-encompassing whole.

Memory, too, seems to be holographic,
Residing everywhere in the brain,
Every piece associated with others related,
Instantly broadcasting all the connections.





Every part of a hologram contains the whole,
The whole universe contained within
A grain of sand, all eternity within a moment,
The universe rumbling when an electron vibrates.

We are part and parcel of everything—
We are the cosmos; we are life; we are love;
We are all that is; we are the creator
Of the dance as well as the dancer.

Whether the past is recorded and accessible
As part of the holographic whole is not known
Or whether the other two dimensions are
Projected, as well, but perhaps we shall see.

This then is the secret of the universe,
Knowing of that which underlies all reality:
Fundamental, absolute, indestructible,
Omnipresent, indeterminate, but all pervasive.

Why absolute and fundamental?

Because it is made of one piece—itsself,
And therefore indestructible, and eternal, too,
And makes up all that there is, everywhere.





THE QUALIA OF LIGHT
WITHIN THE DARK HEAD

Photons arrive as
some electromagnetic waves,
As do the vibrations
of undulating air waves,
Yet no sound nor light
does out there tread,
But is transformed to such
within the head.





STABLE ADAPTATION

Basically, evolving organisms
Are as a stable platform
That slowly accumulantes changes.

They can take on change
to move up to
Another stable level;

So, evolution doesn't proceed
Through instant changes
In a row all at once
Like someone trying to make
A fortune at the roulette wheel
or as a tornado
Making something complete out
Of a warehouse full of parts.



HOW THE ALLIES WON WORLD WAR II

Warner Heisenberg, the head of
The German Nuclear Weapons Effort,
Was full of the uncertainty
That he had discovered in physics.

Heisenberg was entangled with his old mentor,
The Danish physicist Neils Bohr,
They being old friends, like father and son.

They were also supposed to be enemies,
For Germany now occupied Denmark.

Together they had created a physics
Of deep truth and beauty,
For beauty was the expression of truth.

They also made possible the physics
To destroy large cities, even the entire world.

In 1941, Heisenberg went to see Bohr,
The 'Father of Quantum Mechanics',
In Copenhagen, Denmark,
But we don't know what they discussed,
Yet Germany failed to complete its work
To build an atomic bomb.

Did Heisenberg deliberately withhold
Information from the Nazis?
Did this consummate mathematician
Neglect to perform an obvious calculation?

Did he, with Bohr, form a complimentary pair,
Joining their views of the political position
Versus its velocity to form
a complete picture of reality?

Did a man's heart turn the tide of war?

The Drawing

On September 9th, 1943,
Neil's Bohr walked to a meeting place
Near the water and crawled
In complete darkness to a beach,
For the Gestapo in Copenhagen
Were about to arrest him.

He secretly crossed the Oresund to Sweden
And remained there until October 6th,
Wherefrom the British flew him to Scotland.

That evening, Sir John Anderson
Gave Bohr a briefing on just how far
The Anglo-American Atomic Bomb Program
Had progressed.

Also, Fermi's reactor had begun operating
On December 2, 1942.

Bohr was shocked, for he knew that only
The very rare isotope
uranium 235 had fissioned
In the German Hahn-Strassman experiments.



This was fully two years after
Bohr had met with Heisenberg
in occupied Denmark.

What had the Germans
done during this time?

No wonder Bohr was alarmed.

And yet Bohr somehow
Had a drawing of the German nuclear reactor,
Which at first he thought
might be the weapon itself.

All knew that plutonium,
Which does not exist naturally,
Could be chemically separated
From its uranium matrix
After bombarding a reactor's
Uranium fuel rods with neutrons.

The critical mass was not
in tons but in pounds,
Thus prompting the allied effort,
Not so much Einstein's letter to Roosevelt.

Bohr went to work at Los Alamos
Where Oppenheimer was orchestrating
The impossible from 1943-1945.

On New Year's eve of 1943,
Scientists looked at Bohr's drawing
Of Heisenberg's nuclear reactor
In Oppenheimer's office.


Within two days, General Groves,
The military commander of the project,
Received a document beginning with

"The proposed pile [reactor] consists of
Uranium sheets immersed into heavy water."

And ended with

"The arrangement [the drawing]
suggested to you
By Bohr would be
a quite useless military weapon."

By late 1943, nearly everyone
In the German nuclear program,
With the exception of Heisenberg,
Had become convinced that uranium plates
Were inferior to a design
using rods or cubes,
For the most efficient design
Involves separated lumps of uranium
Embedded in a lattice within the 'moderator';
But the worst possible solution
Is placing uranium in sheets or layers.



The role of the 'moderator'
Is to slow down the fissioned neutrons,
With only heavy water or carbon
Seemingly being feasible.

The Germans had chosen heavy water,
Its separation from ordinary water
An expensive and difficult process,
Since carbon graphite is rendered useless
By an impurity of as little
As one part boron in 500,000.

At Los Alamos, Leo Szilard was a fanatic
About the purity of the graphite,
And since it was readily available
They decided to use it for carbon.

The dragon's breath was to be unleashed.

None of the German reactors ever even operated.

Where did Bohr's drawing come from,
For it had "Made in Germany" written all over it?

It could have only come from Heisenberg.





The Further Whims of Fate

In 1935, Fermi had almost discovered fission
Three years earlier than Hahn-Strassman,
But in order to shield the detectors
From unwanted radiation
From the slow-neutron process
He had covered the uranium target
With aluminum foil.

This prevented him from seeing
The very energetic pulses
From the uranium fission
That was taking place.

Thus the race to build an atomic bomb
Might well have started in
1935 rather than 1939.

If so, World War II
could have been nuclear
From the beginning or
even have become a cold war—
All of this not happening
because of some aluminum foil!



FOREVER

Are there as many stars
As all the snowflakes that ever fell?

Of course there are, and more.

Does forever ever end, dying out?
Do unbreakable basics ever wear out?

Well, once every thousand years the Bird
Of Time flies over Mt. Everest, and downward;
On some of those occasions, a portion
Of a feather falls upon the mountain.

When the mountain has worn itself away,
The end of forever
has thus arrived, that day.



THE TIME CAPSULE

Since one million years had just passed by,
They of the future prepared to open, nigh,
The absolutely sealed container's prize
Of the capsule made so carefully that it survived
Without damage, being totally impregnable
To any outside influence imaginable.

They expected to see perhaps some old relic,
But certainly nothing alive that could tell of it,
For it would be hard to imagine even then
That some organism could keep on living its ken
Over its course onto a million years later,
Sealed inside this tight container,
Unable even to exchange energy's spark,
This metabolism being the hallmark
Of life and all that quacked or quarked...

And so they did not at all expect something
In there that would be flapping its wings,
Gaspung for air, or anything at all of life's song,
It wondering what had taken so long.





Well they were right and they were wrong,
For in the time capsule planted ago so long,
Several things had with it come along...

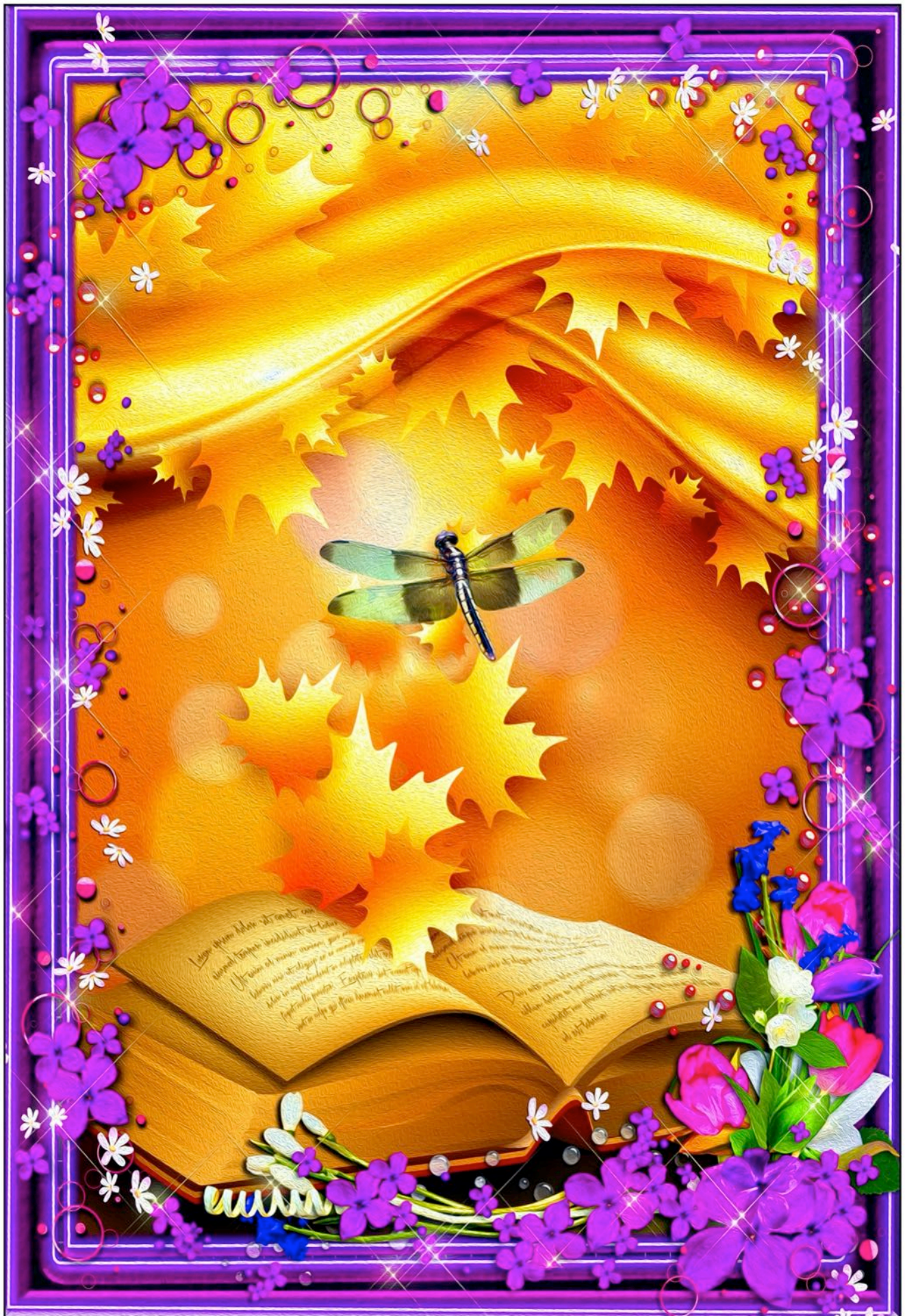
One was a plaque, of numbers low and high,
It containing some primes and pi;
Another, some essays of the future—
Some, like Austin's, quite mature,
Along with Darwin's book, maps curled,
And many other items of the world
From those times when the oceans swirled;

But the last one, perhaps not intended,
Was a microbe—an extremophile,
Sitting there quite contented all the while!

Well they soon laughed, loud and long,
For they were in between right and wrong
As to what could survive from so long ago,
And it was really walking mighty slow!

Stunned, twice they had to look;
It had crawled right out of Darwin's book.







THE NEAR DECLINE OF PHYSICS DUE TO ITS UNDRESSED TERMS

The quarks, those constituents of the orgy
Playfully bound within the nucleons' chamber
Are named up, down, strange, charm, bottom and top,
The last two once being called beauty, and truth;

However, when just one of a type was contained
It became referred to, say, as a naked beauty,
And thus nude tops & bottoms their charms revealed—
To ever be in closeness binding, and bonding,

So they even tried just u, d, s, c, b, and t
To prevent some ultimate collapse of physics,
But the truth of the flavors beneath the veils
Remained as the sheerest vision preferred.

So we have these vibrant dancing ladies:
The naked heavyweight top, charming up,
Down, the strange beauty of the raw truth,
And a bare bottom just around and behind.

They gyrate, spinning their charms, twirling
In the universal dance of stunning motion,
The polarity sometimes reversed,
Whirling, their bottoms up and tops down.

And then there are Eden's many colors,
In this flower garden filled with flavors,
Such as red bottom beauties, blue tops,
And magenta undulations unstopped.

Gluons are the bees of the flower beds,
Carrying pollen back and forth to bond
The many relationships that make
This loved world go 'round as reality.





Eyed in views that probe the fundamental,
Quarks strangely swirl in and out of sight,
Pulsing, throbbing with elemental delight,
Back and forth—the love-made life of eternity.

These attractions in the altogether denuded
In the buff became the strong force manifest
That these mother-nature-naked terms exposed
To denote the stark beauty of truth uncovered.

THE ENTRANCING DANCING

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

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

There were rhythms of constant contraction
And expansions of bosom-energy projections
Converted to scalar waves of blinking attraction,
As fission and fusion beckoned the connections...

Ever forming in this Omni-sound emporium,
Where tone waves vibrated in waves of creation.



**"THREE QUARKS
FOR MUSTER MARK"**

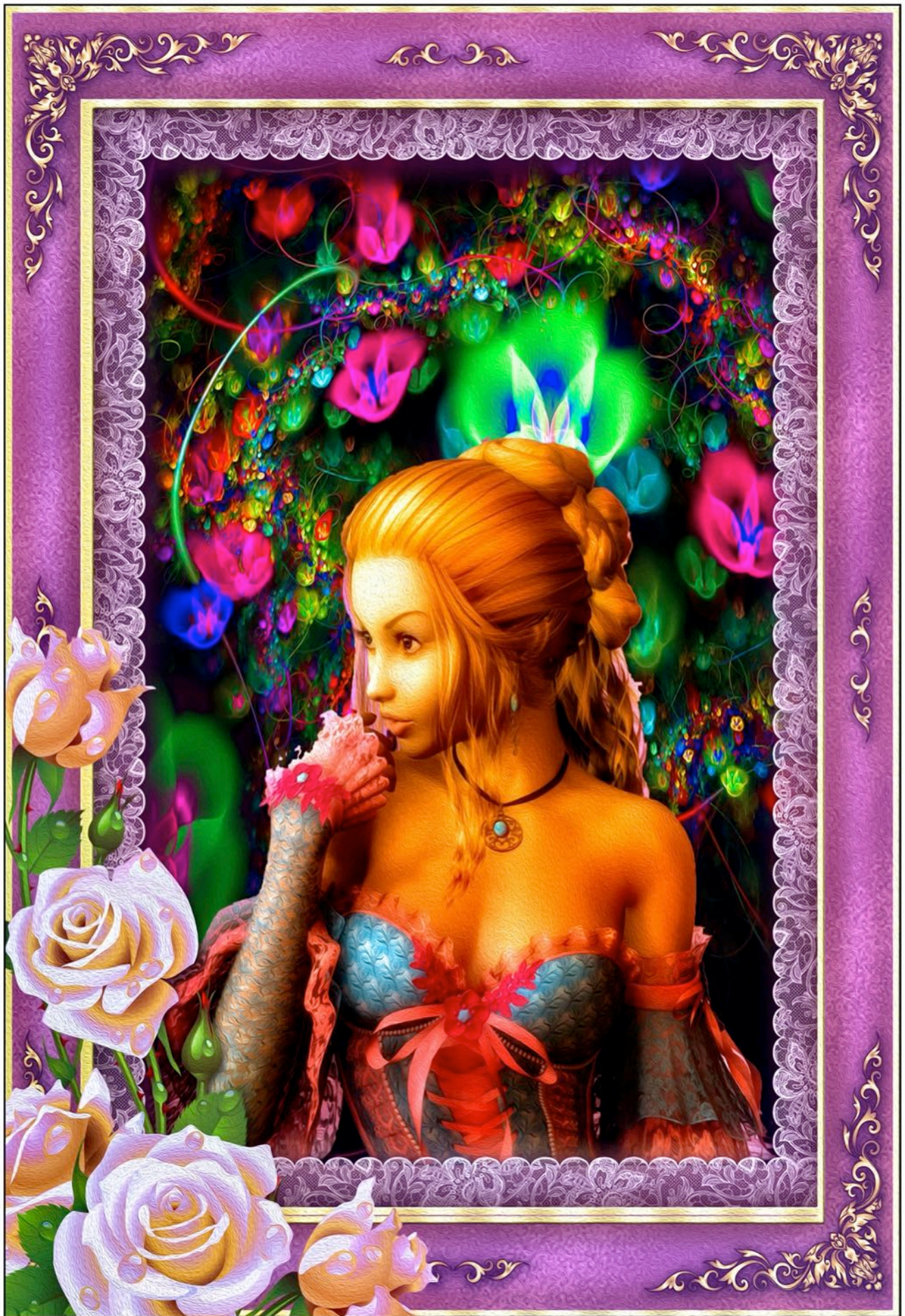
Naked quarks would really love
to go wild and dance,
But there's only a finite amount
of energy and chance;
So they would spiral out of control,
Having quite a blast!

Such they've been confined within the proton—
To last.

They're made bottoms-up;
Can we see them tops-down, a go-go?

No, for the quantum censor
protects the charm show,
Their strange beauty and flavor
bound up and down,
For the proton is much immune
to disturbance around.





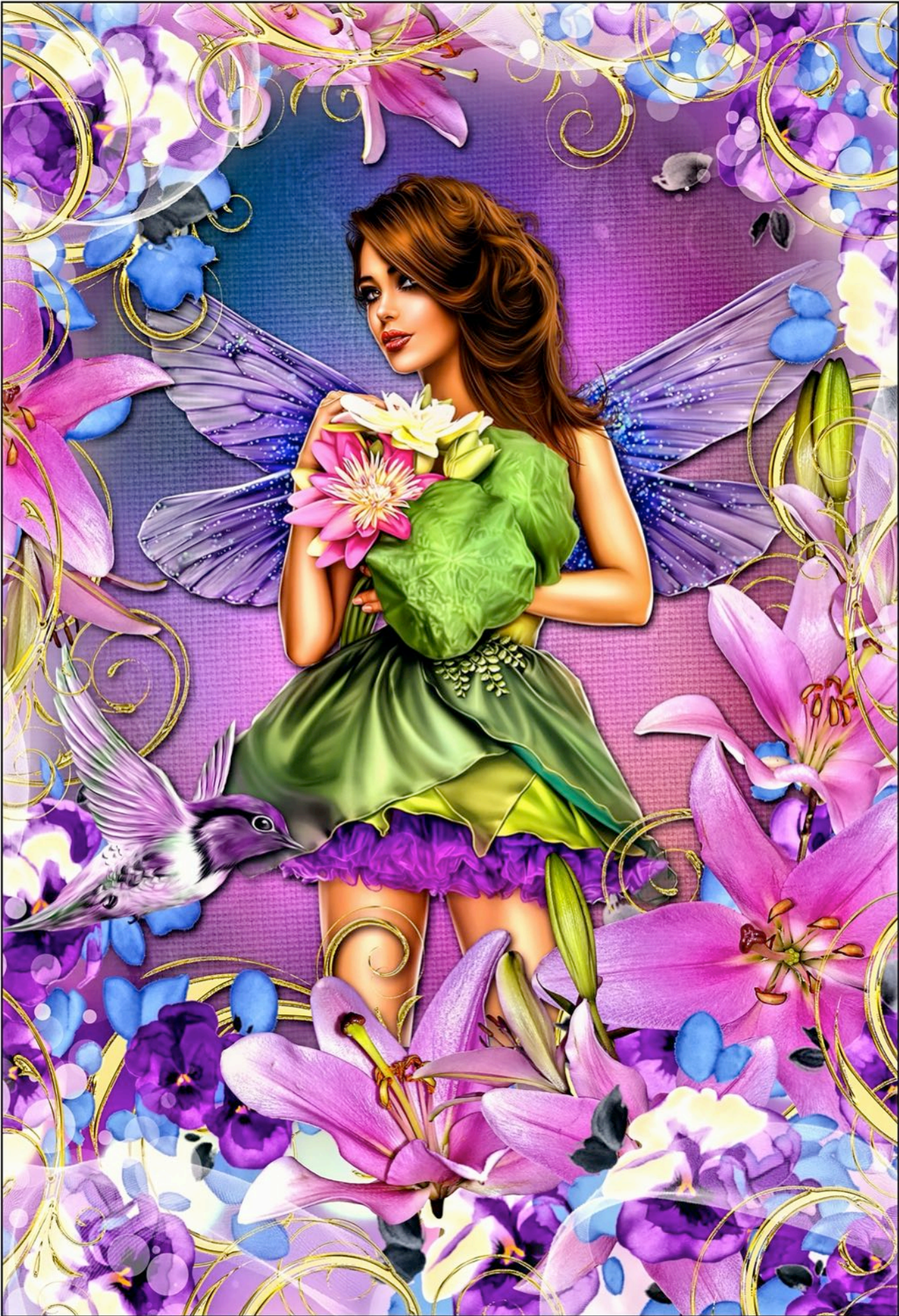


CHARMS

A new kind of microscope
That works via
gravitational waves
Has revealed
the actual interior
Of a quark for the first time.

The charming beauty
Of the ultimate truth
Is that ladies are
In charge of the universe!







WE ARE MOST FREE WHEN
WE ARE ASYMPTOTICALLY CO-JOINED

The strong family unit, as the three quarks,
Is bonded by the power of its grouping,
But, loses identity if the home breaks—
Other pairs soon forming after divorcing.

Or comes the prison of solitude,
Chained to isolation with fortitude,
Floating, lost, without effects of affects,
Losing the identity conferred by others.

Within the proton, gentleness becomes strength,
For the members are free to explore at length,
Never smothering, but building unity,
The unit's direction adding to the one.

The strong force grows weaker near the quarks,
And so we may observe them someday,
Shining in their primordial glory—
The beginning of all things composite.

Identity is not lost in the co-joining—
True loves don't crowd the hearts of the others,
But, rather, look outward, in the same direction,
Close, joined, but don't block the others' section.

It is a seeming arithmetic violation,
That in summation we become greater;
We don't merge, having supported freedom,
Yet still share the same good vibrations.

Love matures when partners let it flow beyond,
Free to wend its way to places dear and fond.
Love's butterfly prospers when winds blow free;
Unconditional love never binds—it bonds.





PROMETHEUS UNBOUND



STRANGE QUARK

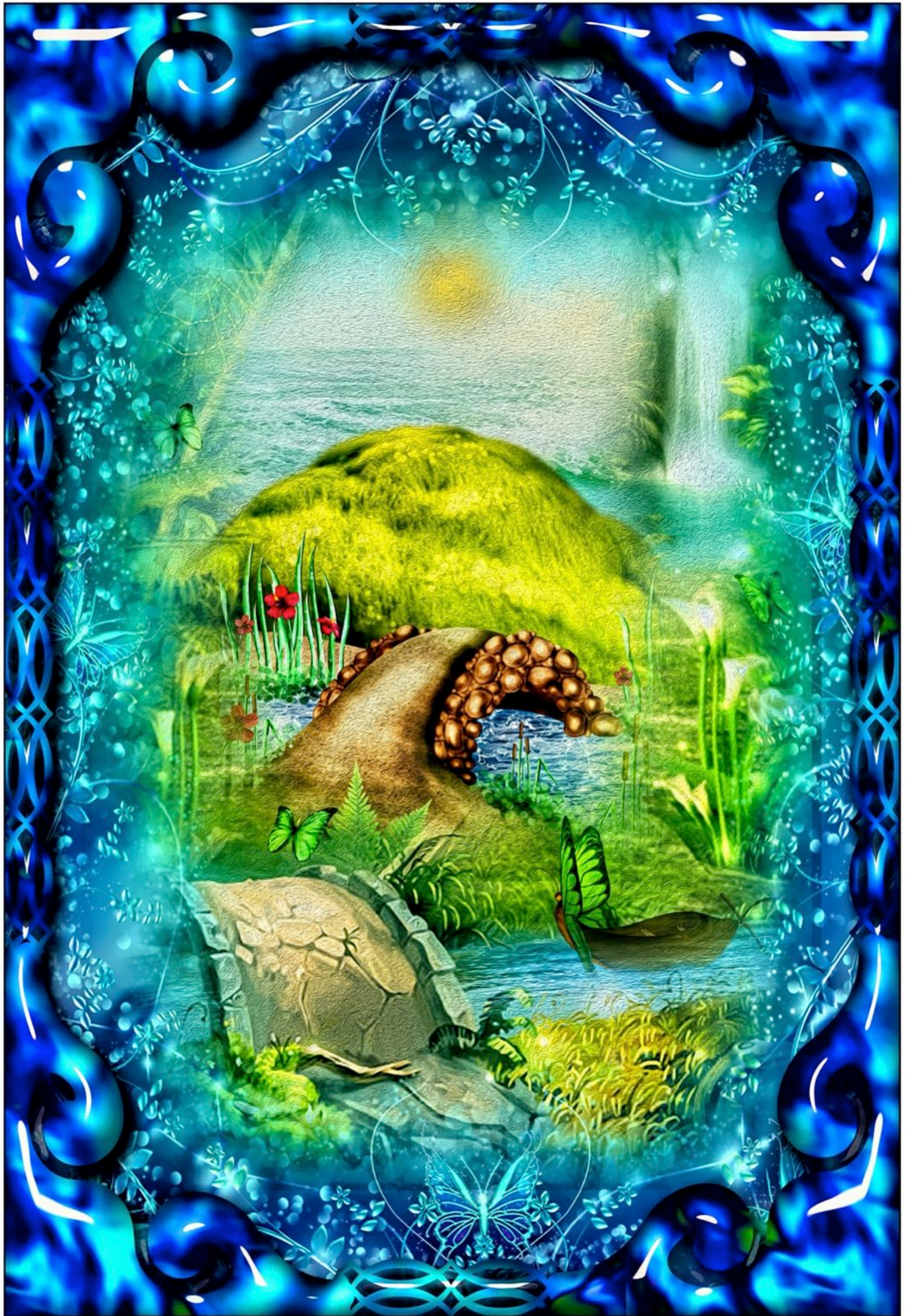


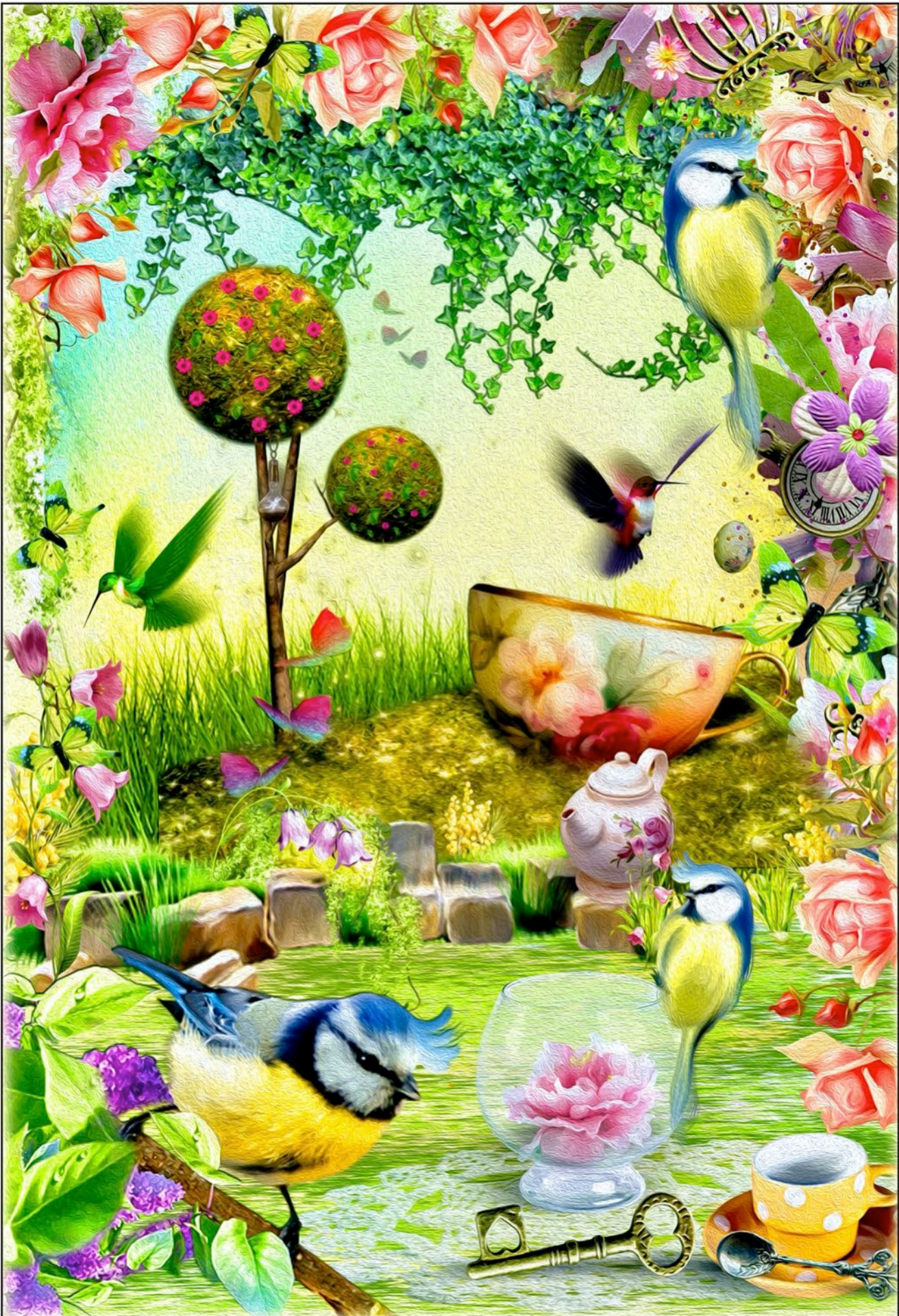
THE MISSING LINK OF LIFE?

Now, how does one
draw a clear line
Between organization and not?
When even does
the night turn to day?

The most interesting and potent things,
From the evolution of the universe to life,
Exist at the blurred boundary
Between order and chaos,
Life perhaps emerging in tide pools—
The shifting edge
between land and sea.

It is the fuzzy realm
Where things have to be
Orderly enough
to take form,
But not so much frozen
That they
cannot change.







MAGICAL HAPPENINGS

What secrets of life and death
Lay buried in the sands' depth?

What inaccessible truths
Protect their own proofs?

General Rascal lit up a cigar,
And the stories unfolded far,
In the haze of a pipe dream...

"Do tell us what under lid
Was in that Great Pyramid."

"There were 4000 years-old iron weapons
That did not rust, from the famed in wars,
Looking as new as the day they were forged.

"I folded glass that bent without breaking;
I beheld visions of no Earthly making.

"I drank from a vase of flower stems
That poured water without end,
And filled an entire tub from it
Bathing away all my dirt and dust.

"A compass needle went around
And never stopped, I found.

"I ate a cake but I still had it.
Yes, I had the cake and Edith too.

"I saw the starry skies and all
Through solid rock walls.



"I entered a room that had no doors
Or windows but just floors.

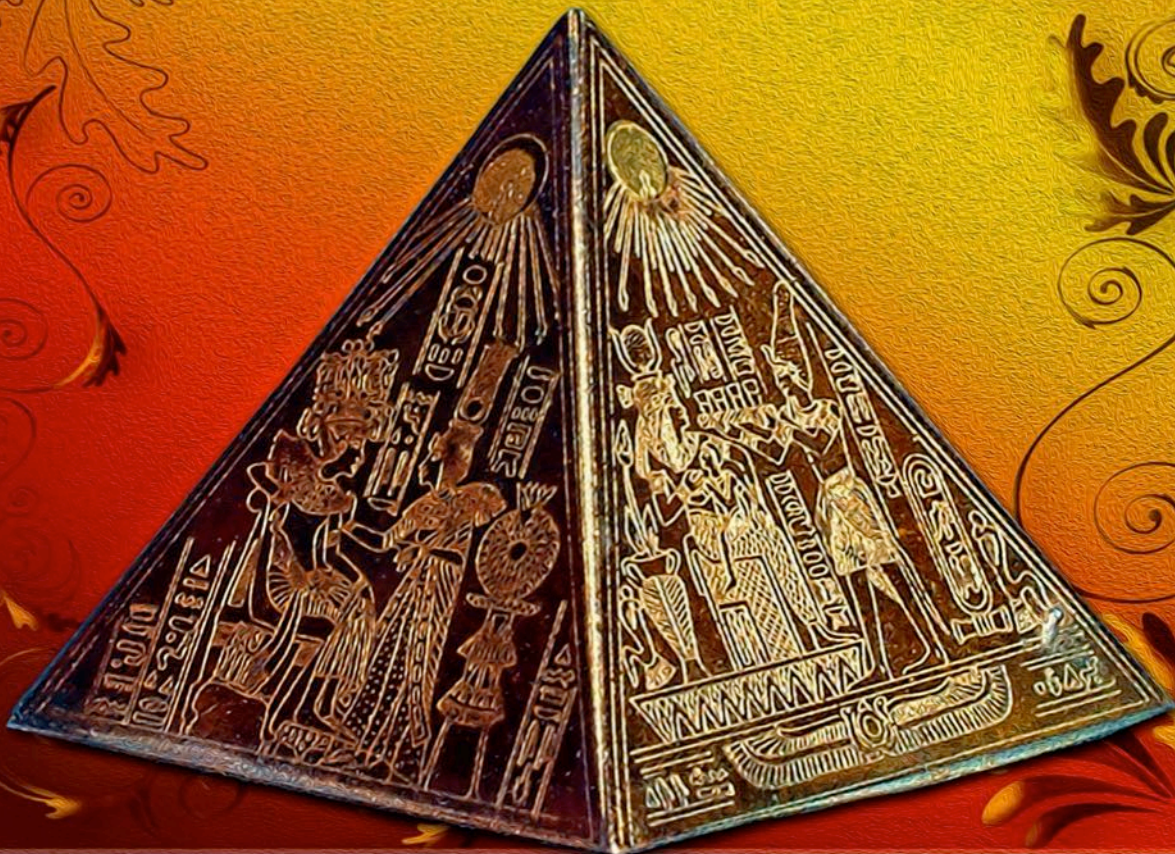
"There was light within the room
But no flame or openings to those tombs.

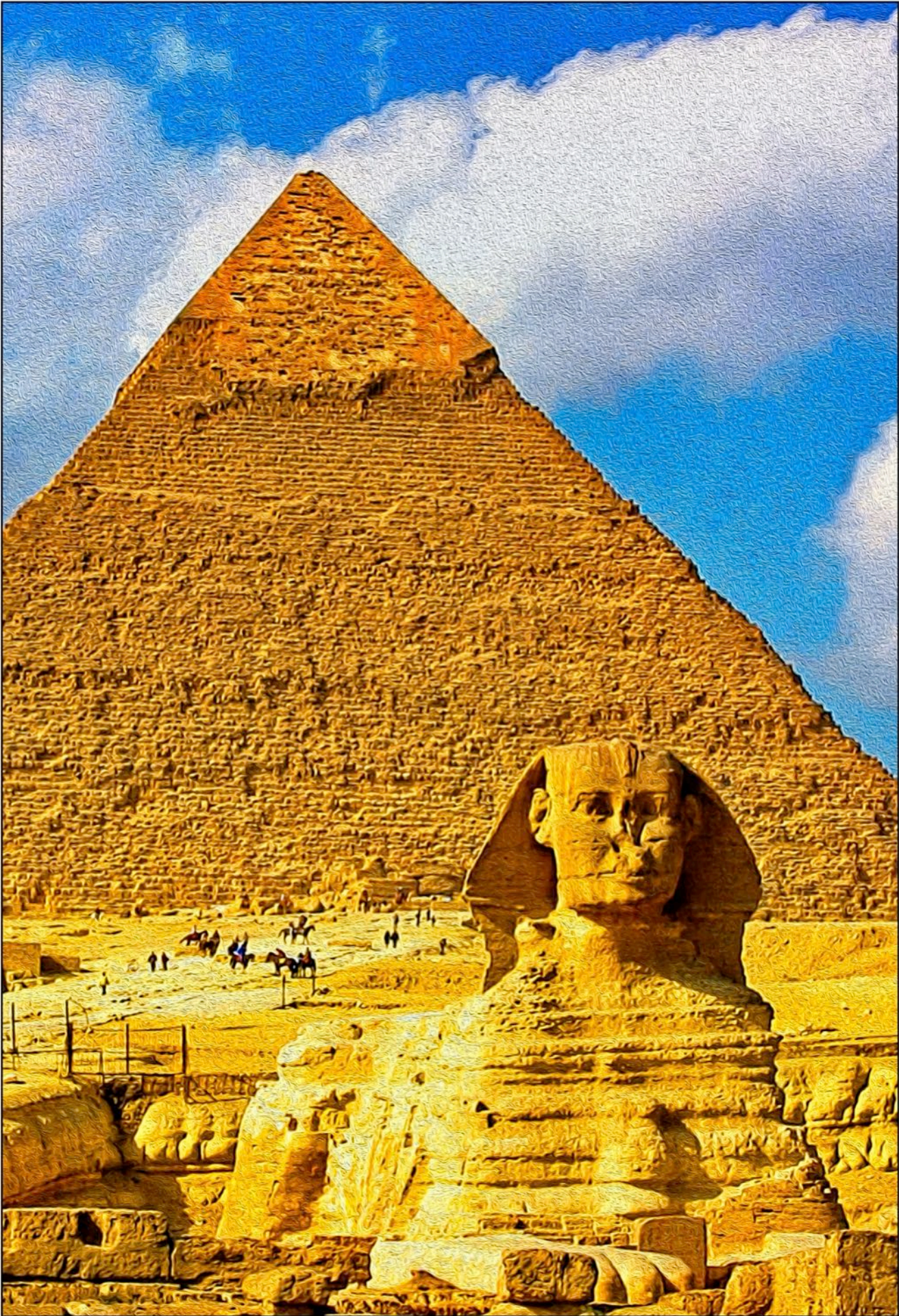
"I looked into a grain of sand
And saw eternity and neverland."

He paused, recalling.

"Outside, I saw the Sphinx.
Its glance was fixed on something else.

"It was the glance of a being
Who thinks in centuries and millenniums.
I did not exist and could not exist for it,
For it was the face of eternity."





THE UNIVERSAL ACID

As a boy in Dan Dennet's chemistry class,
I wondered, as did many,
About the following scenario often dreamt of:

I mixed two compounds, which, unfortunately,
Produced the ultimate acid.

Nothing could contain it.
It quickly ate though the container,
The floor of the laboratory,
And then even all the way through the earth,
Eventually sloshing some poor sap in China.

This, too is what happens to us, through education,
As our chemical-bio-electric nature is revealed to us,
Like some kind of giant shock,
After which we will never be the same again,
As perhaps some are now reeling from,
Well, maybe just a little bit.

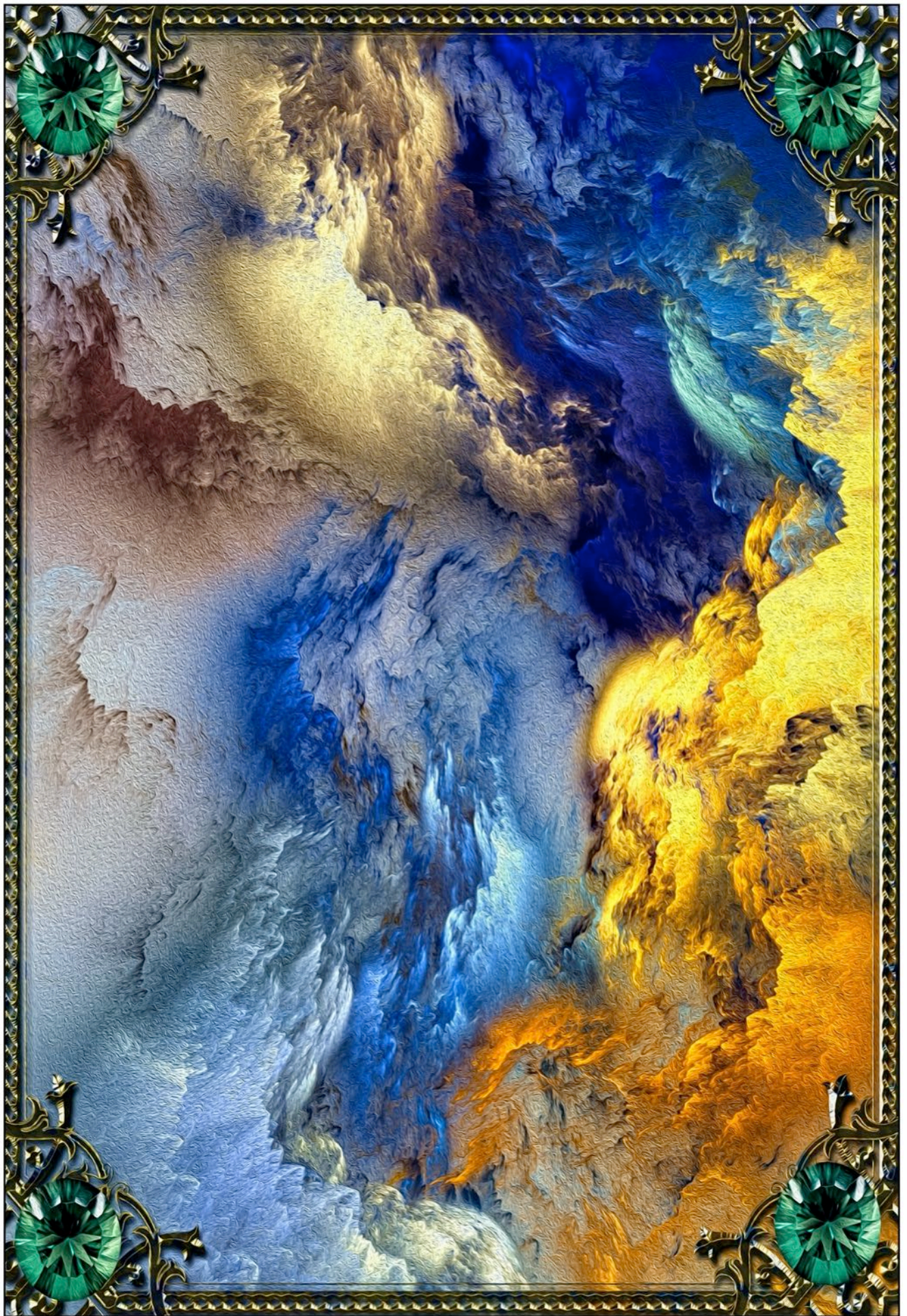
The biochemical mush that is us,
When fully realized,
Leaves us stunned and astounded.
We grasp for what we once thought we were before,
But, it eludes us in the new light of learning.

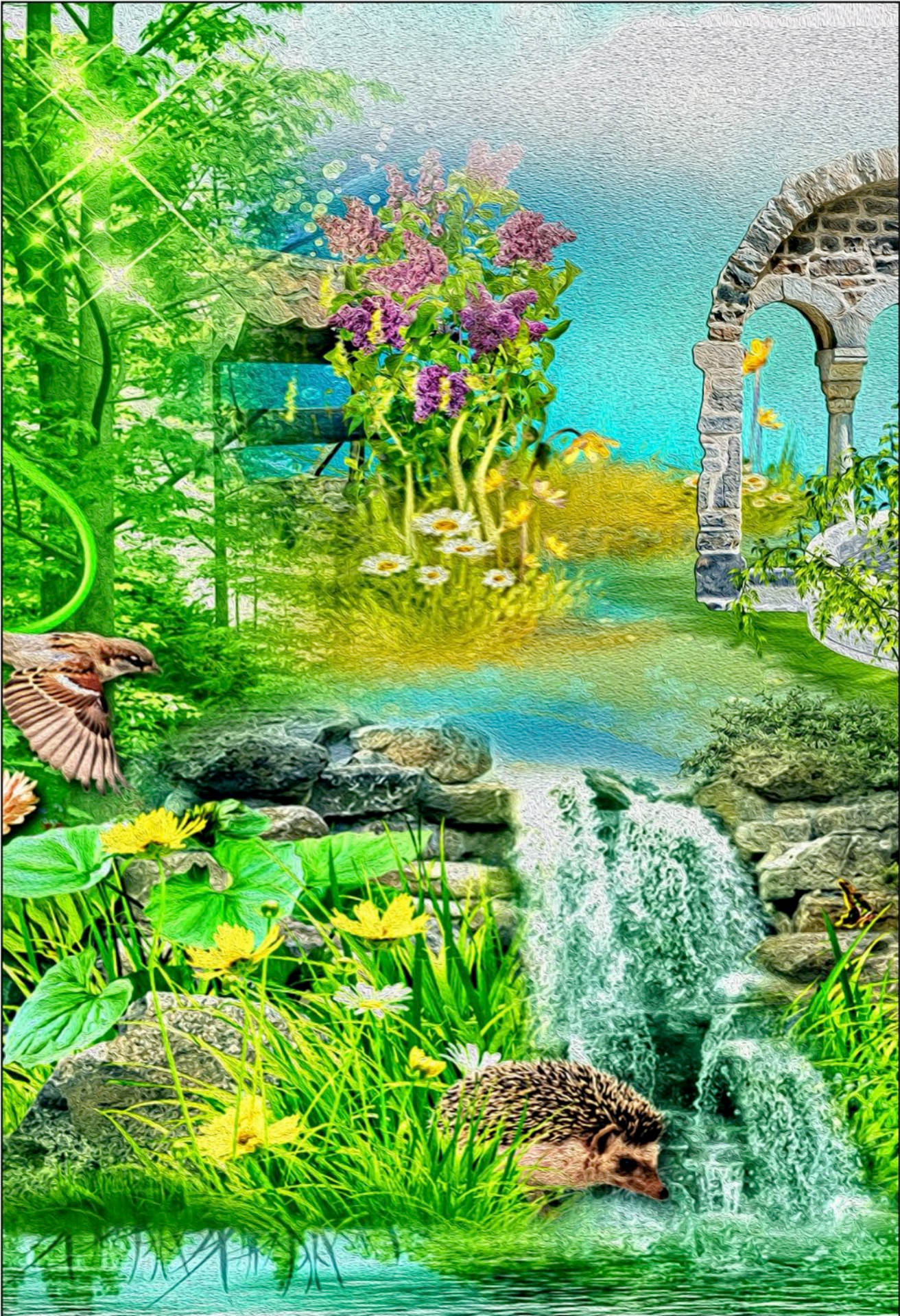
The universal acid of such knowledge
Eats through all superstitions, folk tales, and myths.
Nothing can contain it.

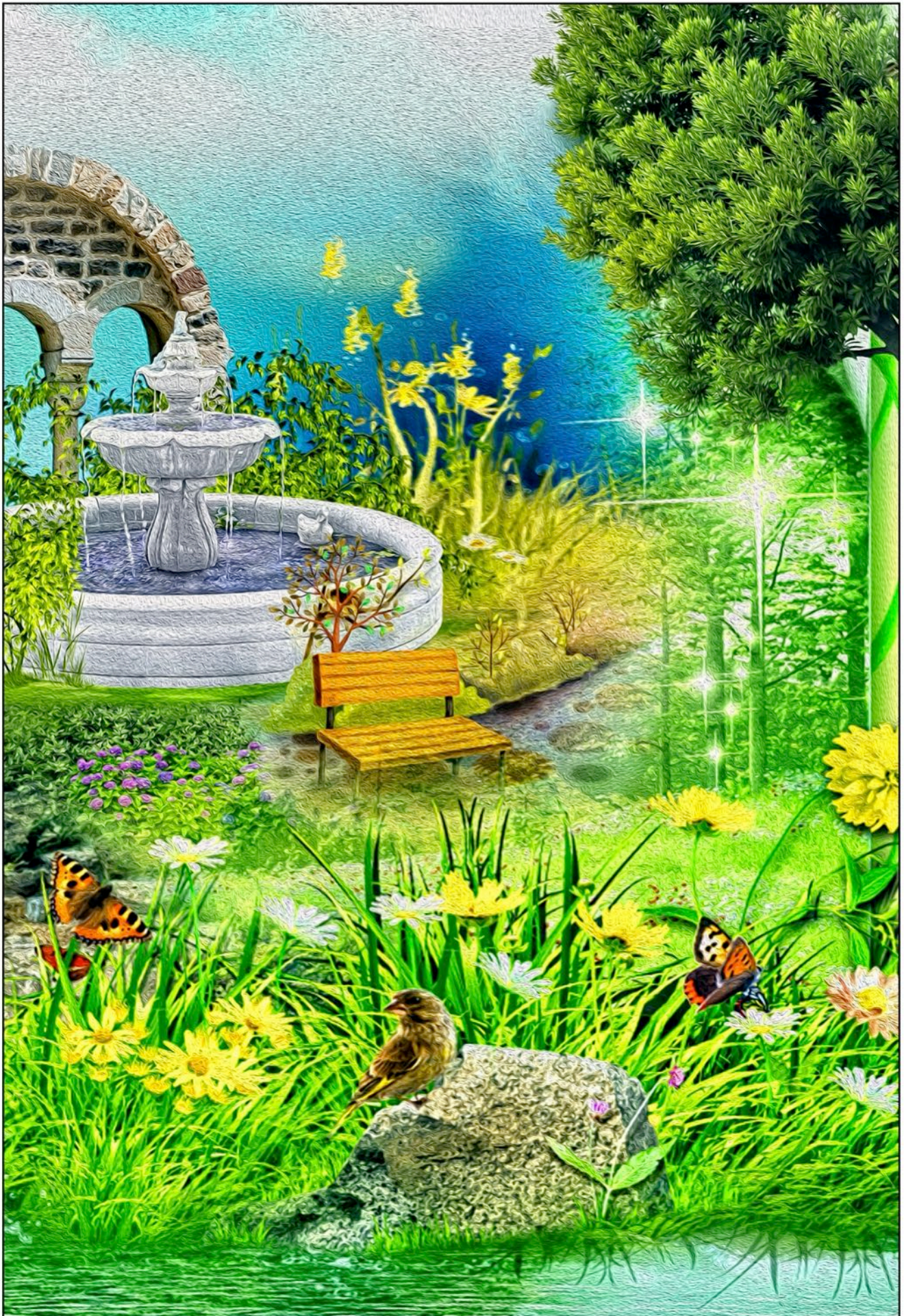
We may come to even regret
Our learnings of this condition,
For it dissolves our container,
Leaving us floundering in the lurch.
It happened to me, too, beginning in fifth grade.

But, wait, it's not so bad, is it,
For what we are is what we are,
And we still have feelings, personality,
And more adventures of learning that await.

The light of education ever shines brightly.
Many dark alleys remain to be explored,
Given our new insight
into the human condition.







THE KNOWING

Into this Universe, and why, not knowing,
Nor whence, like water willy-nilly flowing:
And out of it, as wind along the waste,
I knew not whither, willy-nilly blowing...

Now I'm knowing, that out of this muddle,
Indeed, it's the chaos that frees me to be,
For it's all of disorder in disarray—

An ultimate disorganized confusion,
Whence all sprung, banged, and exploded,
With no hint or trace of order, law, or plan:

'Twas mayhem, bedlam, and pandemonium,
Wreaking havoc upon the turmoil of a tumult,
Heaping high upon, a commotion of disruption,
In the utter fullness of
an uproaring upheaval...

The maelstrom to end
all messes and shambles,
The lawless free-for-all
of total energetic anarchy,
Entropy crowned as King
of the great hullabaloo,
That cosmic hoopla
in which all hell broke loose.



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

Whither flowing free whether knowing, or not,
Hitherto I know not whence but am whither going,
Willy-nilly, hence that's all there is to knowing;

Hence thither forth I go on hither flowing to find
That I was ever more free to be in body and mind.

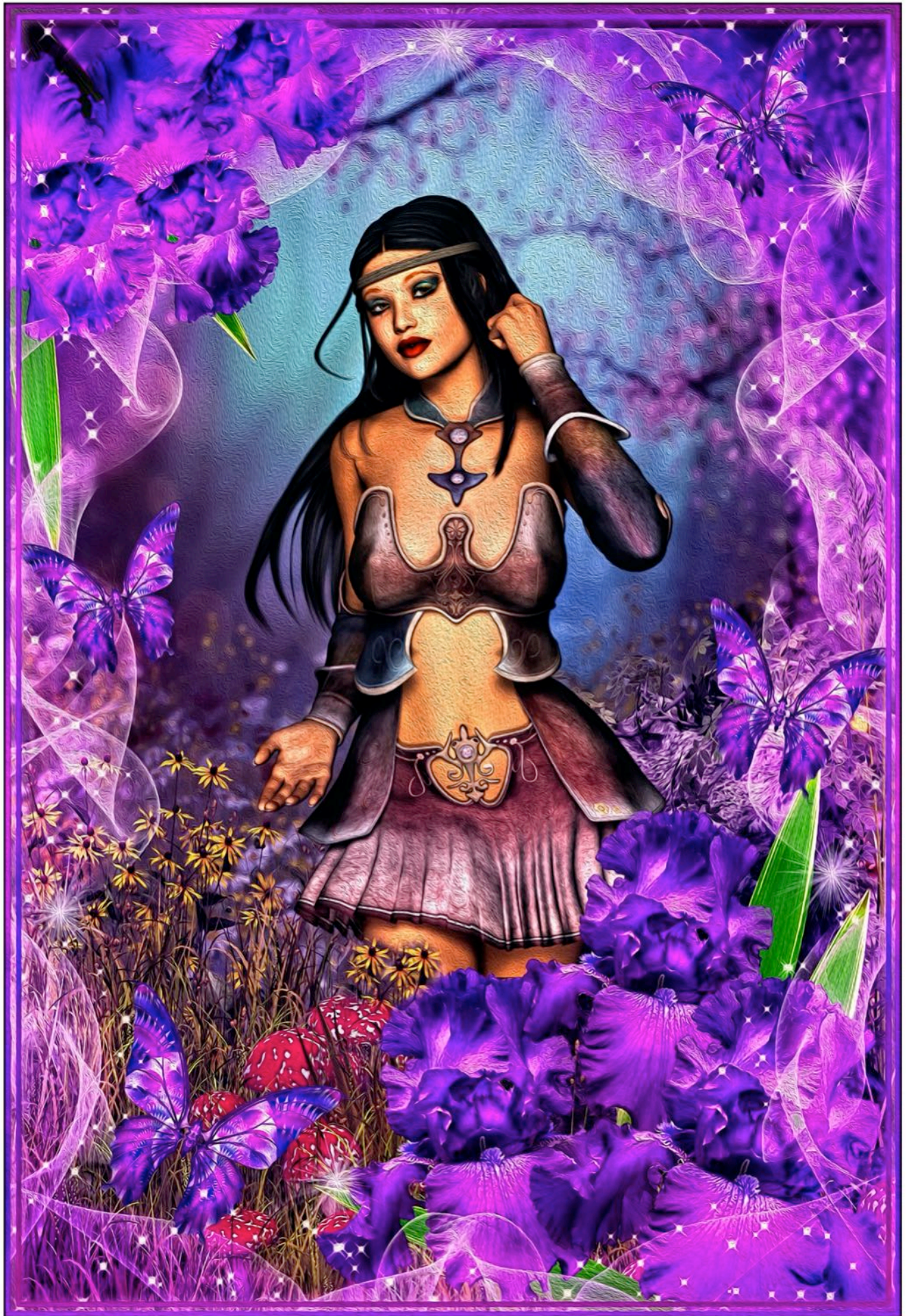
It is of Ovid's "rude and indigested mass:
The lifeless lump, unfashion'd, and unfram'd,
Of jarring seeds; and justly Chaos nam'd.

"No sun was lighted up, the world to view;
No moon did yet her blunted horns renew:
Nor yet was Earth suspended in the sky,
Nor pois'd, did on her own foundations lye:

"Nor seas about the shores their arms had thrown;
But earth, and air, and water, were in one.
Thus air was void of light, and earth unstable,
And water's dark abyss unnavigable."

So it is that we the living might hereby agree,
To live a being that is much more intense,
To leap toward higher orders of actuality,
To revel in the glories of this conscious life,
To attain each minute a more euphoric joy...

And to bring this radiance forth to all,
The increased intensity of free experience,
And to build on it, etc.,
Ever growing; forever, amen!









The Impossible Recipe

Explaining the Cosmos is as easy as pie:
It's an endless extravagance beyond the sky,
Which shows that matter's very readily made—
Underlying energy raising the shades.

This All sounds rather like an ultimate free lunch,
For the basis is already made, with no punch,
It ever being around, as is, never a 'was'—
Everywhere, in great abundance quite unheard of.

There's even more of it than can be imagined—
Of lavish big spenders, there in amounts unbounded:
Bubbles of universes within pockets more,
Across all the times and spaces beyond our shore!

What is the birthing source
of this tremendous weight?
There is nothing from which
to make the causeless cake!
Its nature is undirected, uncooked, unbaked?
There can't be a choice to that ne'er born and awaked!

There can't be turtles on turtles all the way down;
The buck has to stop somewhere in this town.
'Nothing' is unproductive—can't even be meant;
All ever needed is, with nothing on it spent!



Yes, none from nothing, yet something is here, true;
But, really, you can't have your cake and Edith, too!
And yet I've still all of my wedding cake, I do—
It's just changed form; what ever IS can never go.

Since there's no point at which to impart direction
The essence would have no limited, specific,
Certain, designed, created, crafted, thought out meaning!
Thus the Great IS is anything and everything!

This All is as useless as Babel's Library
Of all possible books in all variety!
Yes, and even in our own small aisle we see
Any and every manner of diversity.

The information content of Everything
Would be the same as that of Nothing!
Zero. The bake's ingredients vary widely,
And so express themselves accordingly.

What's Everything, detailed? Length, width, depth, 4D—
Your world-line; 5th, all your probable futures;
6th, jump to any; 7th, all Big Bang starts to ends;
8th, all universes' lines; 9th, jump to any;
10th, the IS of all possible realities.

Your elucidation is quite a piece of cake!
Yo, it exceeds, as well, and so it takes the cake.
Everything ever must be, because 'nothing' can't?
Yes, it's that existence has no opposite, Kant!

So, we're here at the mouth of the horn of plenty,
For a free breakfast, lunch, and a dinner party;
Yet many starving are fed up with being unfed.
Alas, for now I have to say, Let Them Eat Cake!



THE UNDESIGNED

UnTruths are but great amusements and fun,
As we are the undoing of the Perfect One:

Some of the Angels supposedly turned 'bad',
From the perfect planning of creation
they never had.

Adam and Eve Sapiens goofed in no time,
As of Intelligent Design there wasn't a sign;
Noah's progeny screwed up right and left,
Since they were of the Master's hand bereft.

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

Evolution, driven by natural selection,
Is a design without a designer.





From ToE to Being

Here's the theory of how the Who of Being
Becomes of Existence's Why and How,
Via the transitional Then to When
And the oppositional What and Where.

The Real's Why is that Nothing cannot be;
Its How is that of Possibility,
Since all methods must be open, due to
The 'IS's never-birthing eternity.

Matter vs. Space, from the Formless 'IS',
Makes for the realm of appearances, which,
Since crossed by the passage of time, builds life's
Pyramid from Movement-of-Apearances.

Past that was leads to Future that will be,
Transformational—'Now' in the middle,
Rolling smoothly, through recall, sensation,
And anticipation. Time is movement!


Space/Matter, oppositional, crosses,
From the Where/What top & bottom corners,
The left to right sweep of Past into Future,
Which is really as Then-into-the-When.

Where/What plus Then-to-the-When grows to blend
The Spirit of Life in the pyramid's core,
After some more pairing relationships,
Subsequent, toward the life of our species.

Then+What is History—what has occurred,
While When+What will become Progress.
Then+Where begets Memory—remembrance,
While When+Where induces Wishes, as hopes.

Progress+Wishes combines into Vision;
Progress+History grants Change-in-Structure;
Memory+History makes for Learning;
Memory+History births Change-of-Outlook.





Change-in-Structure + Vision = Planning,
Change-in-Structure + Learning = Creating,
Change-of-Outlook + Vision = Growth;
Change-of-Outlook + Learning = Direction.

Finally, Planning, Growth, Creating,
And Direction make for Being's Who.





EVERYTHING AND NOTHING FOREVER MORE

Another leaf falls, then the branches,
As the trunk rots away its chances,
Then sinks and mixes into the soil,
Within which the molecules toil
As they of atoms formed the mortal coil—

Which of stars and electrons and protons became
From the quantum vacuum fluctuations names
For the positive & negative balances of nonexistence,
That penultimate compositioning of our persistence.

Something ever is and must be, for nothing cannot.
Energy restrained by time paces its way a lot,
This lot neither frozen nor totally reactive to be,
Forming all and any that is possible, eventually.

Here we are in this parentheses of eternity,
That of nothing's paternity and maternity.





ON THE ORIGIN,
WHO DESIRED THAT ON ITS TOMB
SHOULD BE INSCRIBED—

"Here lieth One whose name was writ on water."
—Shelley

The 'false' and melted vacuum was liquid energy—
Unstructured, unordered, and going nowhere,
But then, inexplicably, it 'fell',
As from a kind of 'shelf',
Whirling, twirling, and swirling inward
Until there was no more inward left...

It 'thought' that its future could never be,
That its quality was but written
On the water and the wind
With a feathery quill
Whose ink was the smoke and fog
Of a shimmering dream.

Then it died... like the Phoenix;
And thus it crystalized, frozen,
Into our structured 'true' vacuum...

For, ere the breath that could erase it blew,
Death, in remorse for that fell slaughter,
Death, the immortalizing winter, flew
Athwart the flowing stream—
And Time's printless torrent grew
A scroll of crystal,
Blazoning the name
Of
'The Universe'!

(Shelley altered)





WAY WAY BACK

In 1909 in British Columbia,
near the town of Field,
Walcott and wife were riding horses
Along a mountain trail,
Beneath the Burgess Ridge
When his wife's horse slipped a stone,
Tipping and turning over a slab of shale.
He got down and looked;
There were fossil crustaceans unknown.

The next summer he climbed up the mountain's side,
Having traced the presumed route of the rock's slide,
And there he found a shale outcrop as long as a block,
Imprinted with Earth's ancient and tiny livestock.

'Twas from the dawn
Of life's great and complex profusion
From so very long ago—
It was the famous Cambrian explosion.



NOW AND ZEN

Everything that is part of us—
Our cells, tissues, organs and organ systems—
Has come about over billions of years
Because it proved successful
In the great survival stakes
During our perilous evolutionary
Descent (ascent) with modification.

The brain, being no exception,
Evolved in part
To allow a creature to learn
From what happens in its life,
To retain key elements that
Could influence future actions.

We are geared for self-preservation.
We will do anything to avoid facing the possibility
That who we are now cannot continue.

We ourselves are mainly the cause
That we are interested in.
The self is preoccupied with staying alive,
Which is why our species is still around today.

It is a prime biological function to be afraid of death,
And so the self as thus contrived
Is able to fully play its crucial survival role.

We want to equip our brain with a soul
That offers us an escape when the brain dies
Since the self cannot come to terms
With its own extinction.

From a subjective standpoint,
We are all born equal and undifferentiated
(Before that, 'we' were dead),
But as mature selves we make a distinction
Between the individual and the surroundings.



Still the brain keeps changing throughout life
In a pattern of the shifting flux of its neurons;
We gain and lose memories and feelings,
Essentially creating a new person over and over again.

The self is thus not so rock solid as it seems.
These moment-to-moment changes differ from death
Only in degree. In essence, they are identical,
Although at the opposite ends of the spectrum.

So we are not static things.
Other neural networks will come to be in other,
Future people, albeit with an "amnesia"
Of what went on before in
The brains of the previous others.

Why should we be happy about this?

We never can be because the 'I' cannot operate
Outside of its own boundaries.
The only viable alternative is to think of a way
In which it is possible to ever continue on.

What will it be like to be a part
Of someone else after we die,
With our own particular
Narrative of life cast aside?

That is the 'zen'
Of now and then and when.







BENEATH, BELOW, AND FURTHER

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

Yet it was at this bottom herefrom that the all
Of the upward progression began its call,
And so here the answer lies to the sprawl,
At the boundary where nature wrote its scrawl
Of existence upon the non, and back and forth,
A place not necessarily like that we think it is,
A lawless, formless realm that's ever been the quiz.

Stability too has decreased woefully,
Melting within our descending journey,
And so we must meet the perfect instability
Of the potentially perfect symmetry that cannot be,
For not only is it that everything must leak
But that there can be not even one more antique
Of a controlling factor lurking about,
For of anything else we've totally run out.

Here then the pulsations and the throbbings
Of the so-called vacuum that must ever swing
Between here and there, ever averaging to nothing
In its rise and fall, alternating here and varying.

Here Eternity and his elemental fellow rhymes
Of Anything and Everything bide their times,
Of which they have and always had continually
All of the time of everlasting perpetuity,
And so then if one waits long enough,
Which is but an instant in Forever's trough,
Say for a months of Sundays in donkey's years,
Then not only do the rarest of events come to pass,
But eventually so do all things possible that can last.



THE CALDRONS THAT ALMOST BREWED HUMANITY AWAY

At Toba, in northern Sumatra, a supervolcano
Erupted only seventy-four thousands years ago.
Six years of volcanic winter followed this eruption,
Bringing pre-humans to the very edge of extinction.

There were but a few thousand of them left around,
Since very little light could reach the dusty ground.
It took twenty thousand years for them to recompose;
From this handful of hardy souls we humans arose.

In 1960, Bob Christiansen looked around everywhere
At Yellowstone National Park for its volcanic caldera,
But found it nowhere. By some coincidence, NASA
Had photos from a recently tested high altitude camera.

Astounded, Bob learned
Why he'd failed to spot the caldera;
It was virtually the entire park,
2.2 million acres of area!

Yellowstone must have blown up with a violent misery
Far beyond anything known throughout our history.

The crater was forty miles across. The cataclysm was
Even beyond the scale of what the imagination does;
It had thousands of times more monstrous molten fire
Than Mount St. Helens. Krakatau was but a firecracker.

Yellowstone's eruptions average
One really massive blow every 600,000 years,
The last one being 630,000 years ago;
It is long overdue;
Better take out some no-fault insurance.





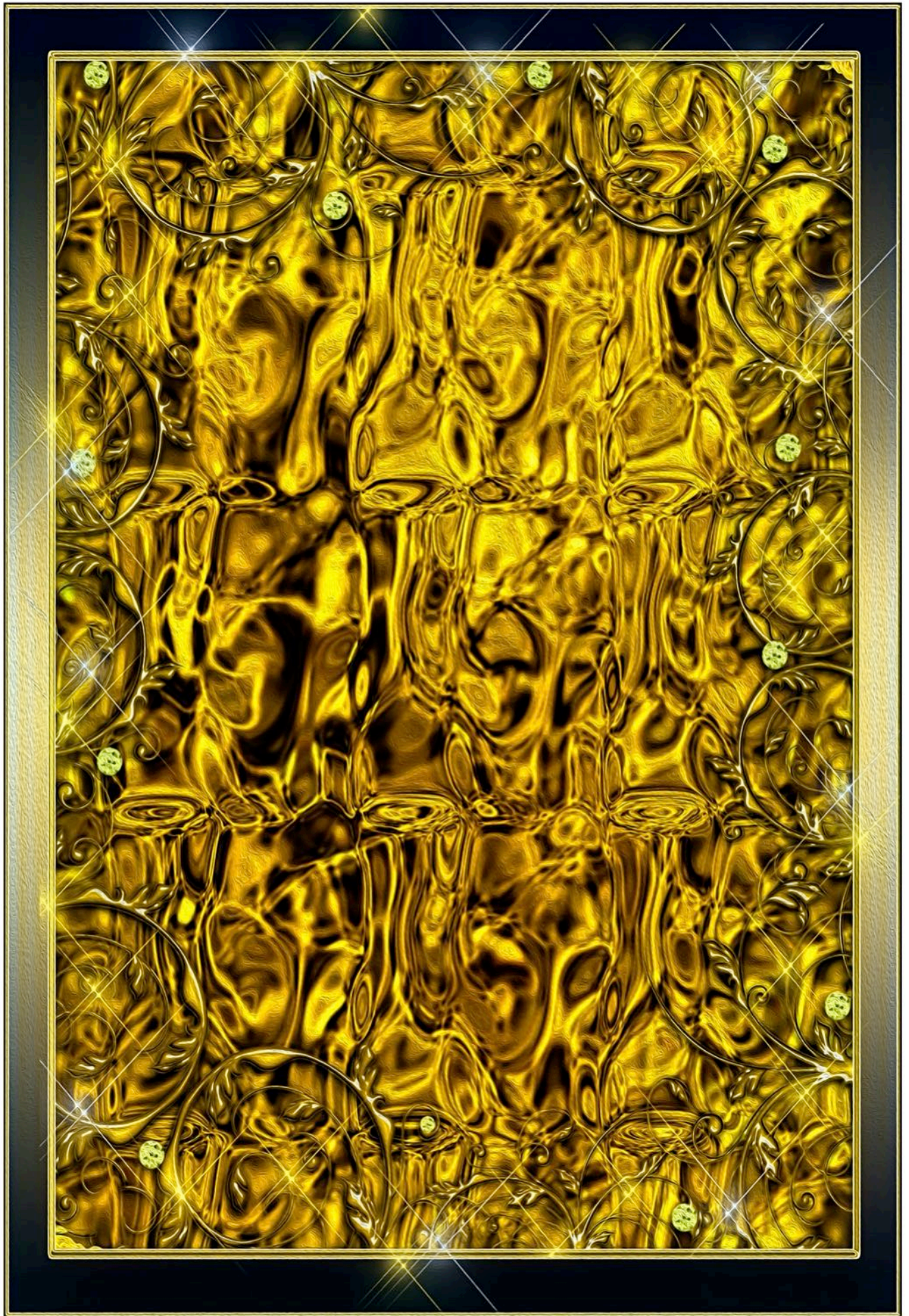
THE GOLDEN STREAM

In 1865, Hennig Brand thought that gold
Could be distilled from human urine, old,
Perhaps noting a similarity in color,
So he kept fifty buckets in his cellar.

By some method he converted urine
Into a noxious paste of some kind,
Then into some translucent waxy substance,
But so far there was no gold, and none hence.

However, after a time
The substance began to glow,
And when exposed to the air
Burst as an inferno.
The substance soon became known
As phosphorus,
But was too costly to make
Its business prosperous.

For an ounce of the flaming stuff sold
For way more than the price of gold!





WHAT NO MAN HAD THOUGHT BEFORE

Alan Guth had never done anything much before,
But soon attended Dicke's Big Bang lecture tour,
And so he'd decided to study the birth of the universe;
Thus, just like that, he developed inflation theory first.

The "Big Bang" formed 98 percent of matter spent,
But, whence the rest of all the higher elements?
What flaming forge fired carbon, iron, and more?

Fred Hoyle was a nut, much unloved, a big bore;
Working with others who often avoided him,
Hoyle came up up with imploding stars, a whim
That that allowed supernovae to generate
The heavier elements at the rate of his steady state.

This process was known as nucleosynthesis,
Causing a 100 million degree heat and mist
That sprayed new elements into clouds of stardust
That could eventually coalesce into solar systems, us.

99.9% of this mass made our sun,
the rest leftover dirt,
Ever colliding,

two grains being the conception of Earth,
For, in every encounter
there was always a winning lump
Of these endless and random,
bumping, growing clumps.






HIGHER CONSCIOUSNESS

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

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

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

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



From a safe subjective place
that's free of fear,
Our soul, our conscious awareness,
can witness

The strange thoughts and emotions that surface
On the mind, sent by the subconscious brain.

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

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

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

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



ON THE ROAD OF TIME

She loves road trips. The autumn colors called,
So we were off on the ups and downs,
She with taped ankle and myself with wrist,
The warriors running away from home.

The scene was of the turning leaves falling,
Unspoken poems reciting the paths flown,
Only now the scene painted with the words,
As music played poems sung to melodies.

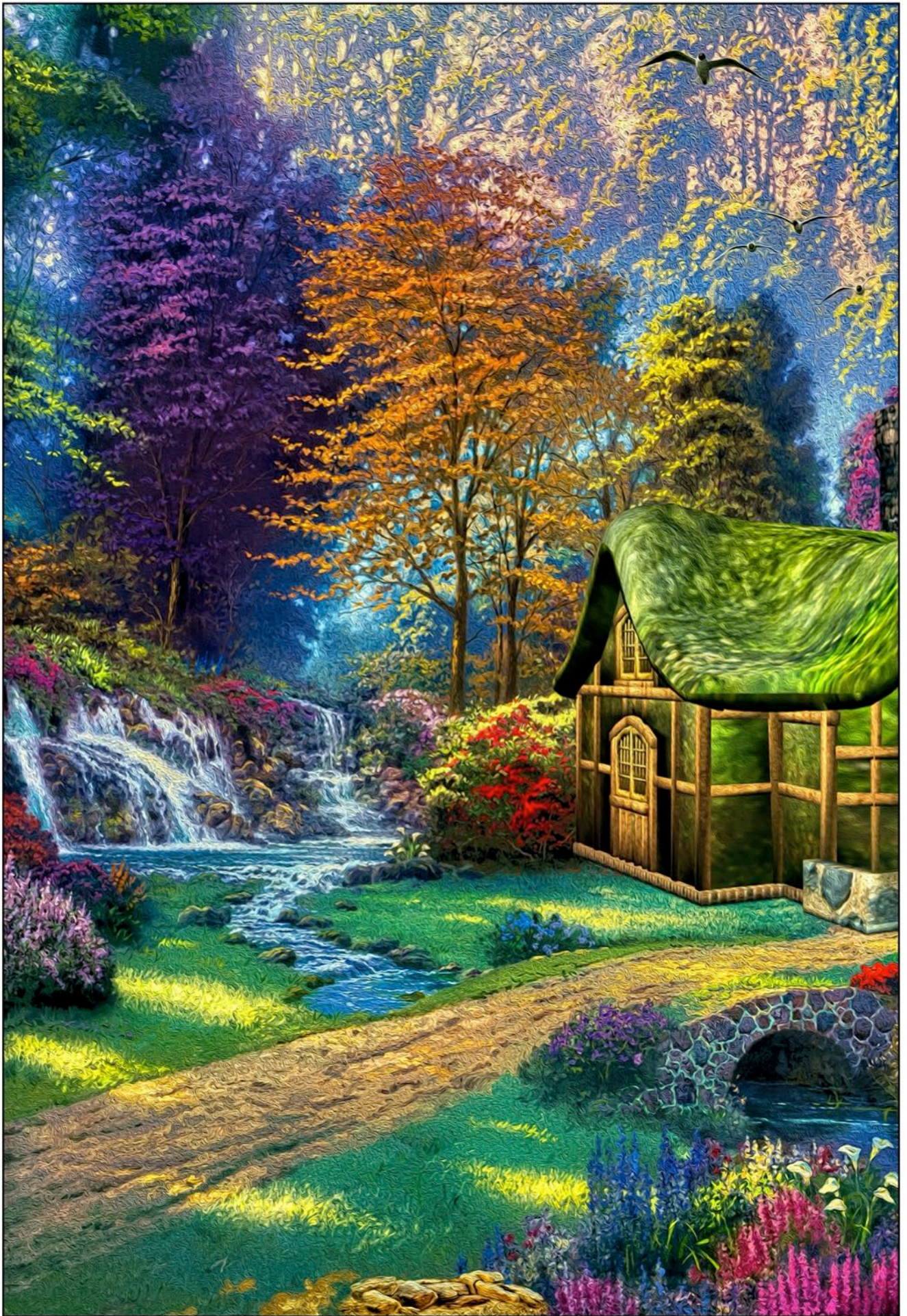
Country roads, quaint inns, dilapidated barns;
What's this? A dance hall lighting the dark path.
We dance the song of evening bells rung
In a twilight zone in nowhere's middle.

The music played past but not yet past,
For it was in recent memory recalled.
Newly savored sensations continued on—
Those which could be presently known.

Mind anticipated the coming tones,
The transitional 'middle' blending it
With those sounds not totally gone.

In this past-present-future resides
The delight that none could produce alone:
The smoothly rolling 'now'.









THE BAG OF CHEMICALS
THAT IS US

Do molecules of atoms,
being 'chemicals',
Seem not to make for much,
as those in the lab,
Looking like so much
slime and mold, making
One think that brains
they could not constitute?

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