



*The Music  
of the Spheres:  
Moonlight  
Sonata*

Austin P. Torney

# The Music of the Spheres: Moonlight Sonata

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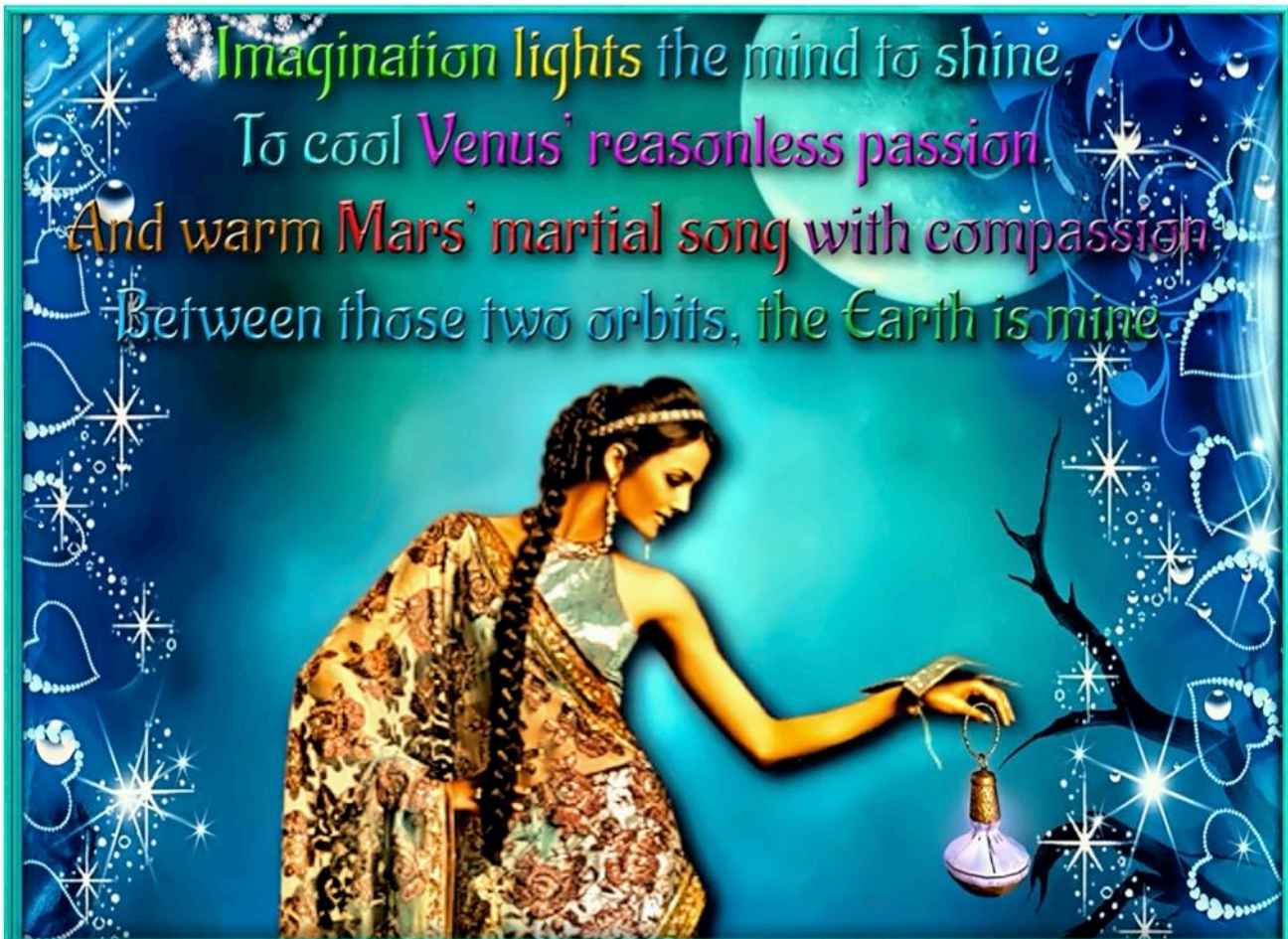
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YouTube Videos: MagicalVideos Channel

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

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THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES  
MOONLIGHT SONATA

Memory's ideas recall the last heard tone,  
Sensation savors what is presently known,  
Imagination anticipates coming sounds  
The delight is such that none could produce alone.

The music of the spring was in the breeze,  
A prelude borne by the airy musicians  
Of the trees: the evening calls of the birds  
That opened for the cosmic symphony.

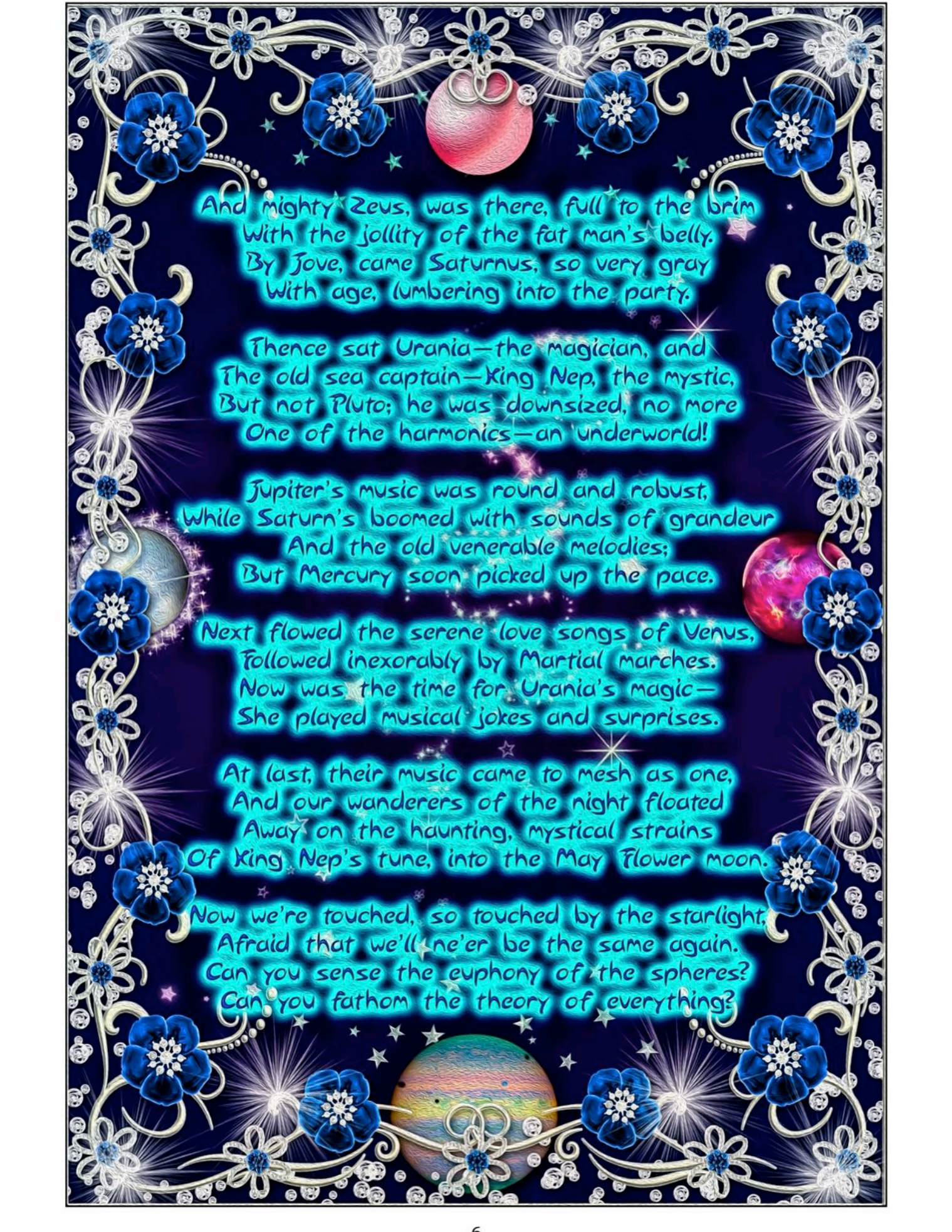
The Music of the Spheres played in the park  
That night—flung down by our Father, the Sky,  
Through the soft night, to our Mother, the Earth,  
Then to us, their audience and progeny.

The planets joined in a concert to the  
Merrie Monthe of Maie, arrayed as follows:  
There was Venusia, the Bringer of Peace,  
Singing side by side with warring Marsius.

Flitting about was the winged Mercuria,  
The speedy messenger who conducted  
The orchestra, melting all of us who  
Were touched by her wand of burning desire.







And mighty Zeus, was there, full to the brim  
With the jollity of the fat man's belly.  
By Jove, came Saturnus, so very gray  
With age, lumbering into the party.

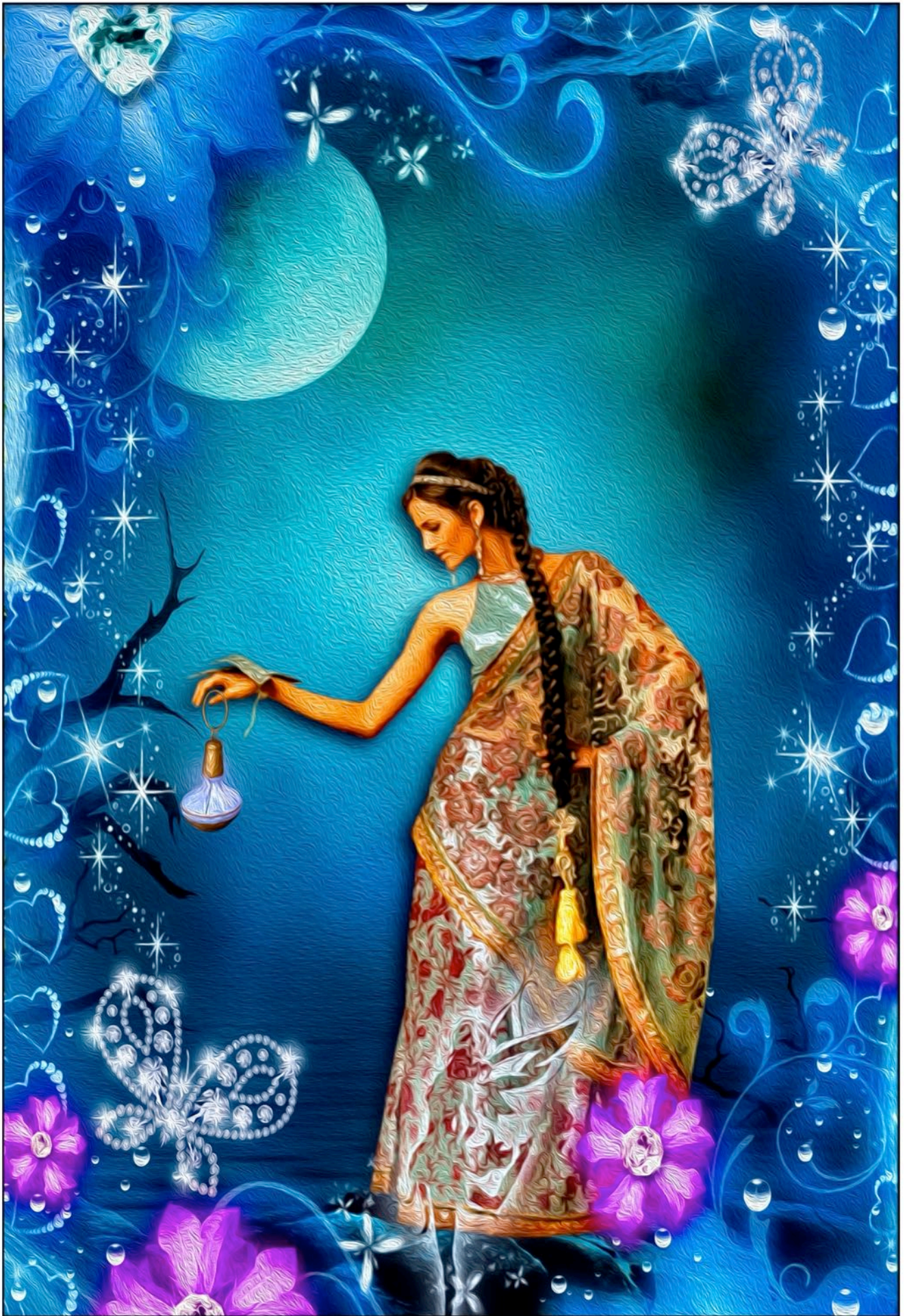
Thence sat Urania—the magician, and  
The old sea captain—King Nep, the mystic,  
But not Pluto; he was downsized, no more  
One of the harmonics—an underworld!

Jupiter's music was round and robust,  
While Saturn's boomed with sounds of grandeur  
And the old venerable melodies;  
But Mercury soon picked up the pace.

Next flowed the serene love songs of Venus,  
Followed inexorably by Martial marches.  
Now was the time for Urania's magic—  
She played musical jokes and surprises.

At last, their music came to mesh as one,  
And our wanderers of the night floated  
Away on the haunting, mystical strains  
Of King Nep's tune, into the May Flower moon.

Now we're touched, so touched by the starlight,  
Afraid that we'll ne'er be the same again.  
Can you sense the euphony of the spheres?  
Can you fathom the theory of everything?









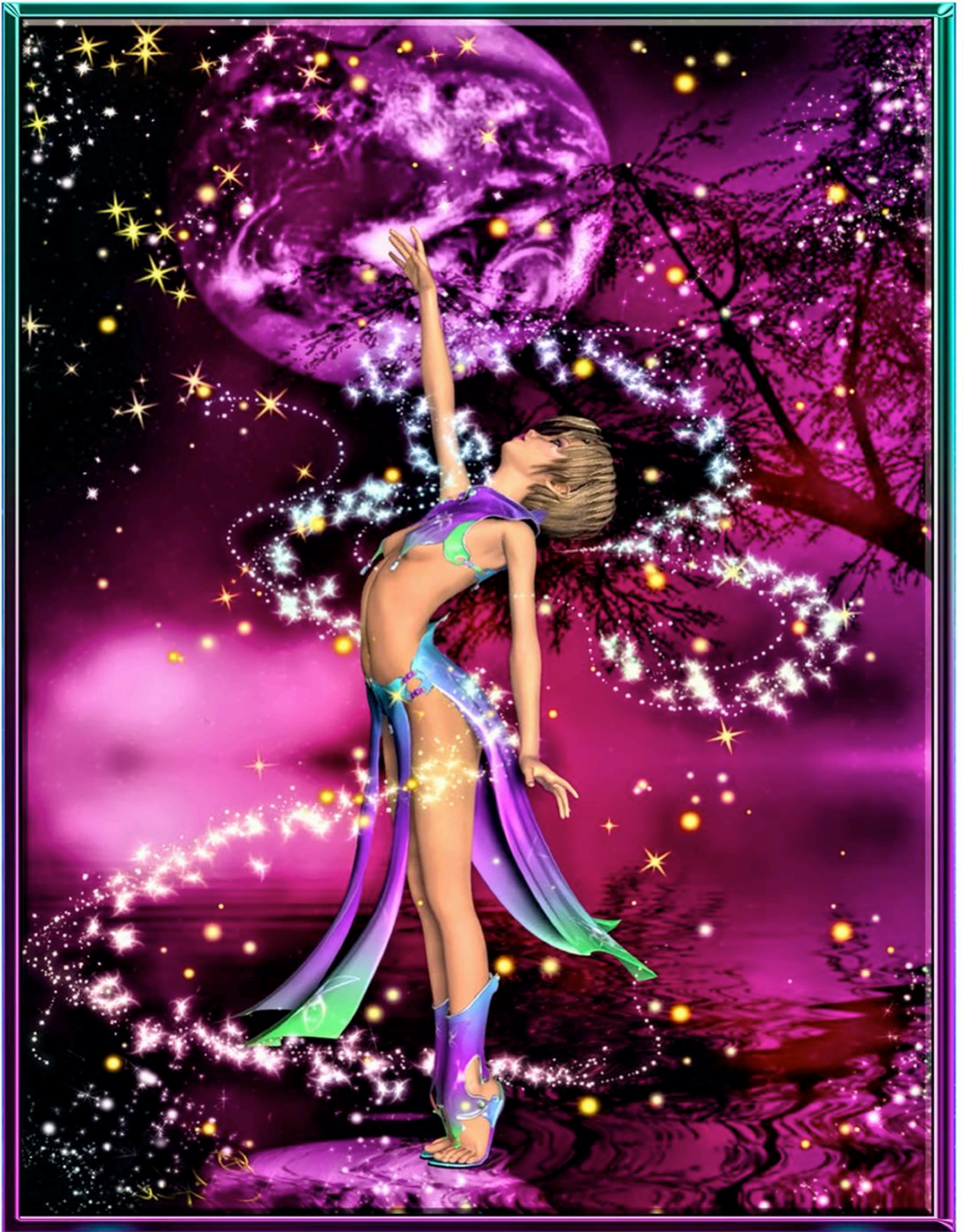
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Of the trees—the mating calls of the birds,  
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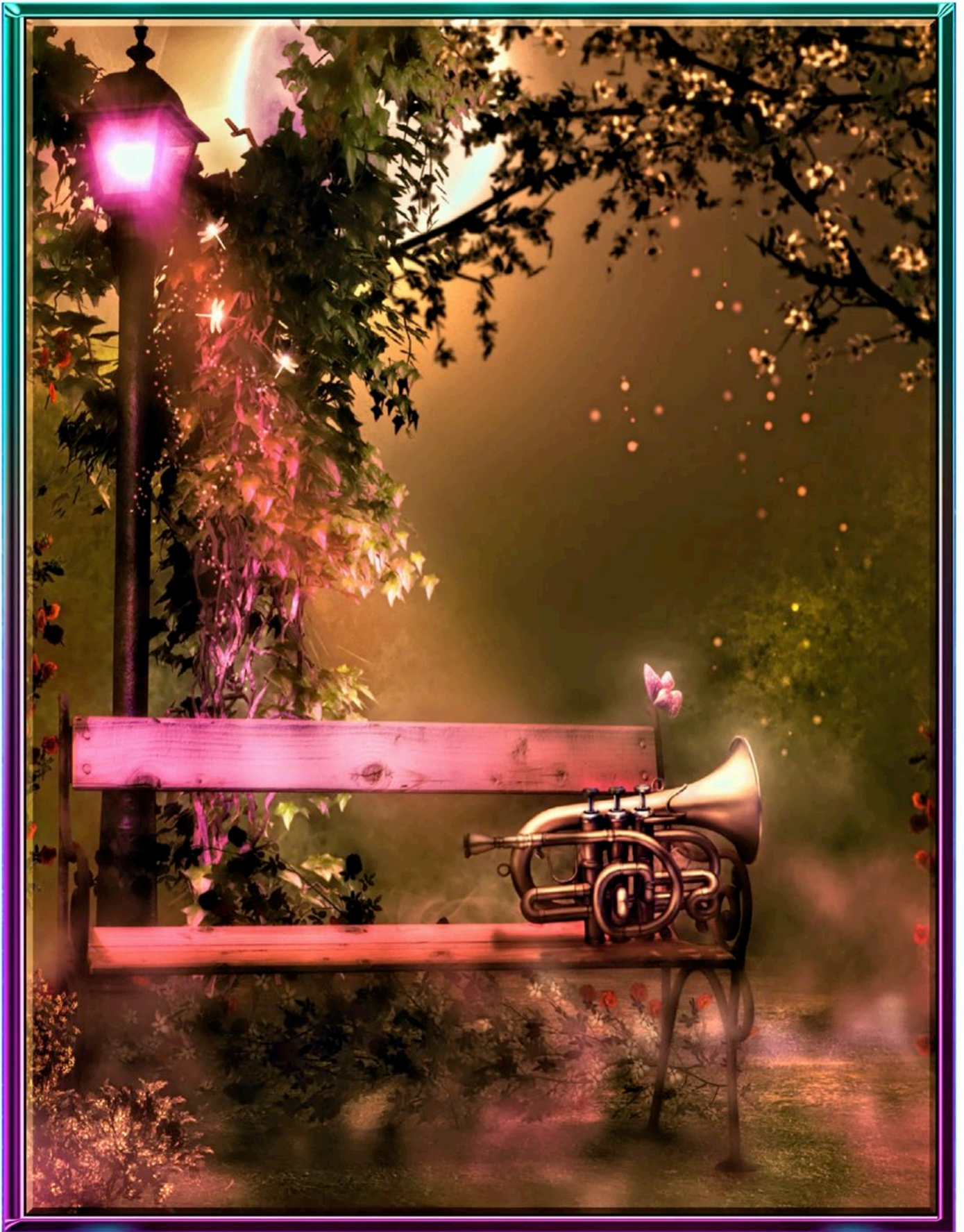


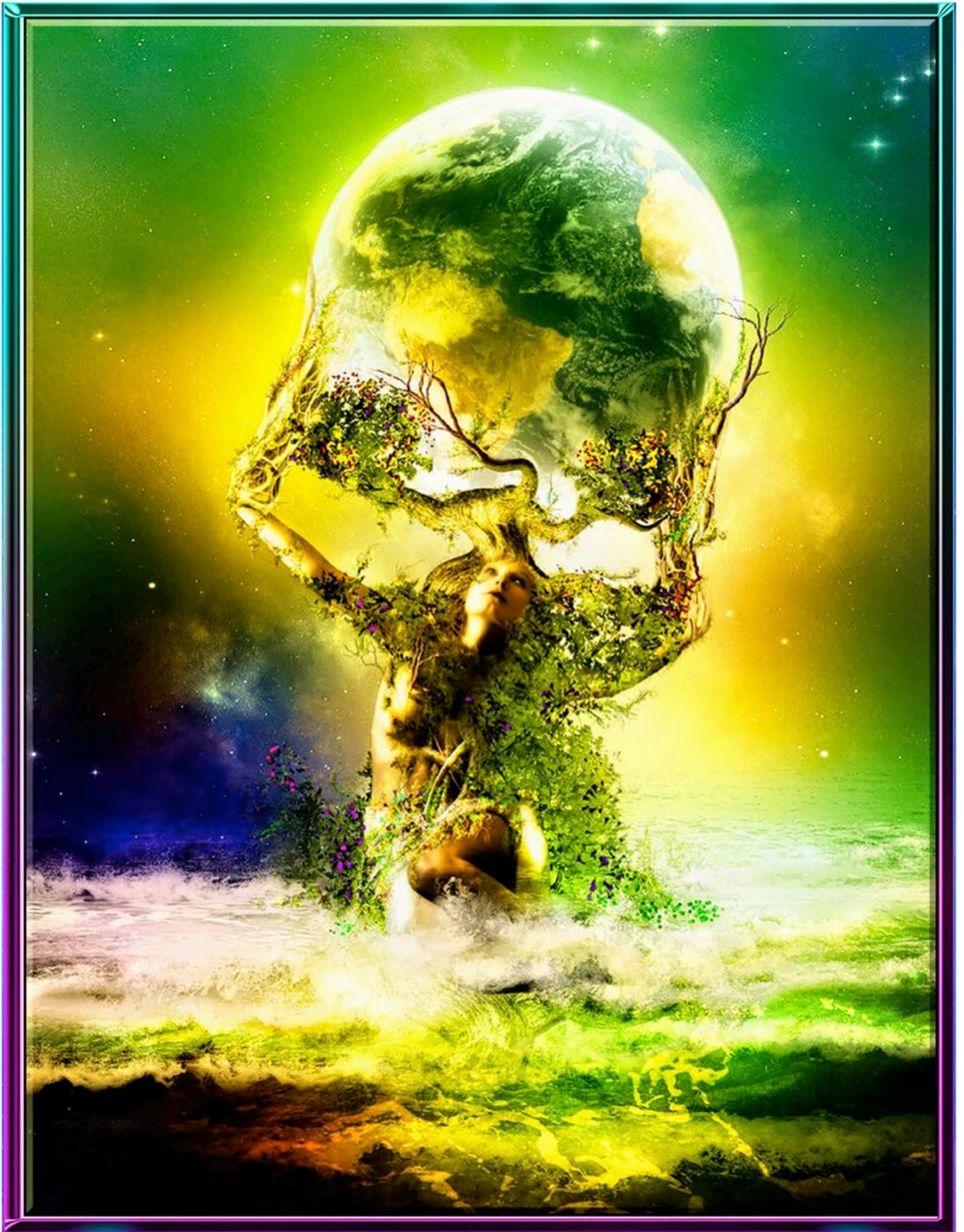


*The Music of the Spheres played in the park  
At night—flung down by our Father, the Sky,  
Through the soft night to our Mother, the Earth,  
Then to us, their audience and progeny.*









*The planets joined in a concert to the  
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There was Venusia, the Bringer of Peace,  
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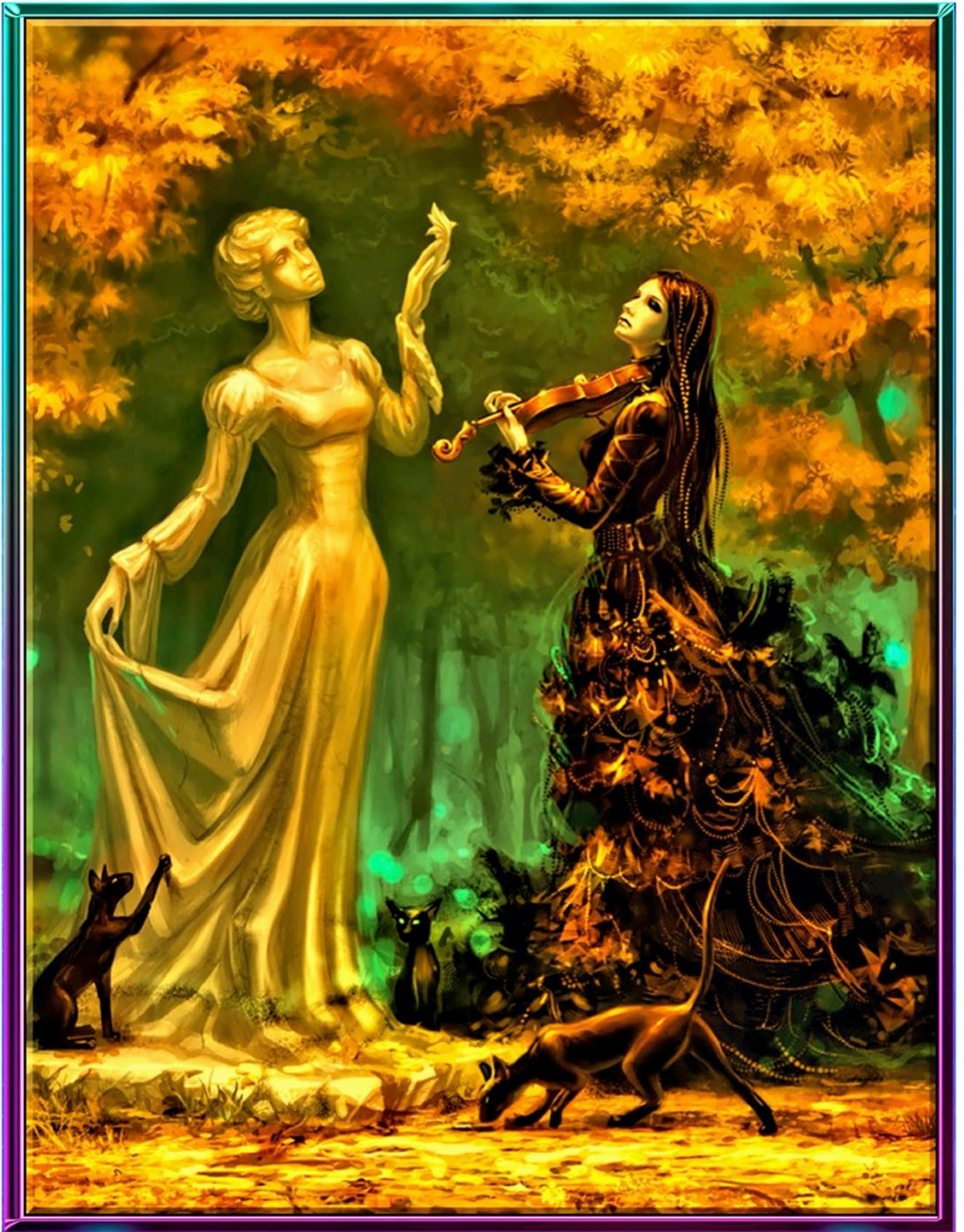


*Flitting about was the wingéd Mercuria,  
The speedy messenger who conducted*



*The orchestra, melting all of us who  
Were touched by her wand of burning desire.*



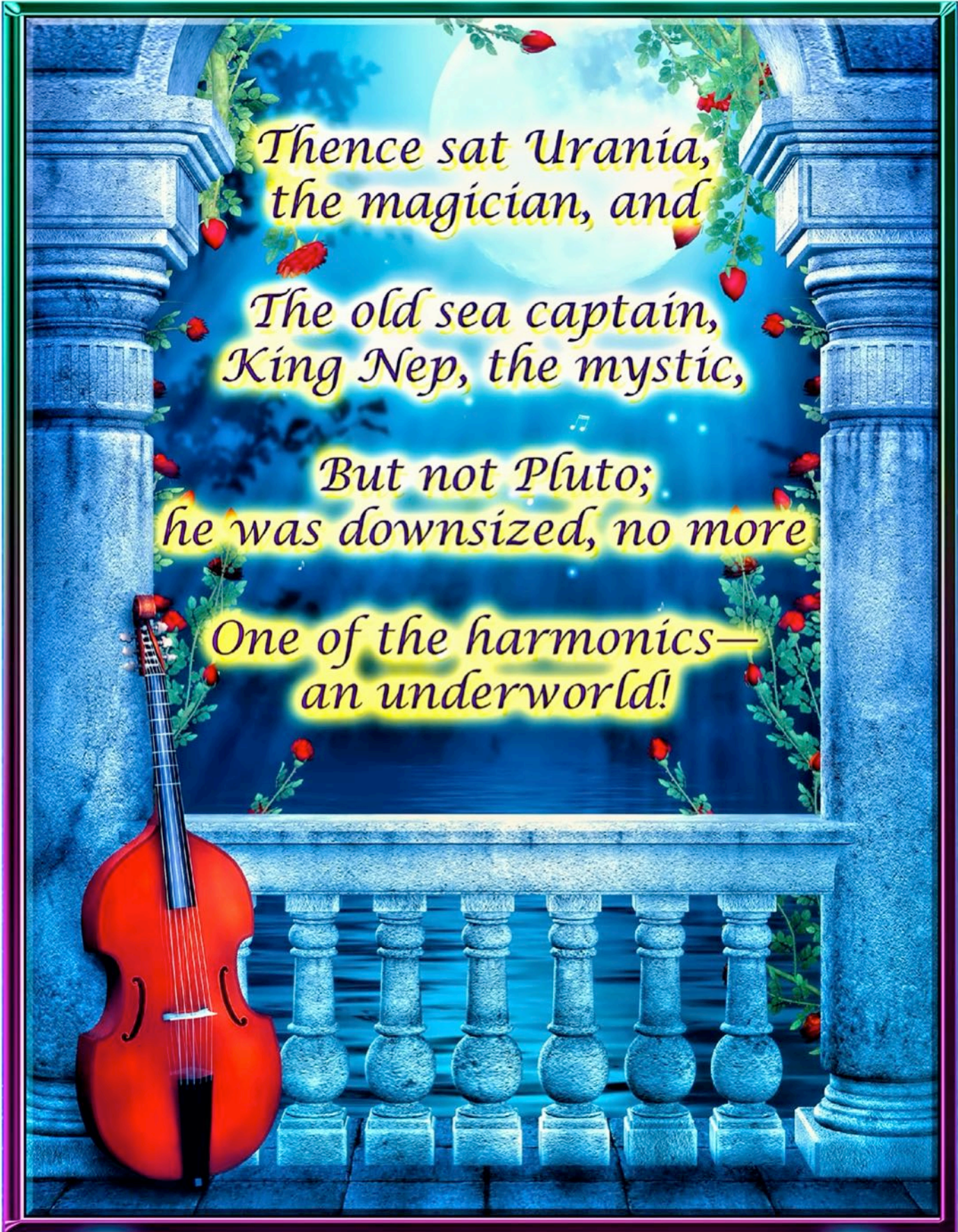






*And mighty Zeus, was there, full to the brim  
With the jollity of the fat man's belly.  
By Jove, came Saturnus, so very gray  
With age—lumbering into the party.*



A blue-toned illustration of a balcony. In the foreground, a red double bass stands on the left. The balcony has a stone railing with balusters. In the background, a full moon is visible through an archway, surrounded by green leaves and red roses. The text is written in a yellow, glowing font.


*Thence sat Urania,  
the magician, and  
The old sea captain,  
King Nep, the mystic,  
But not Pluto;  
he was downsized, no more  
One of the harmonics—  
an underworld!*









A harp with a dark frame and light-colored strings is positioned in the center of the image. The background is a deep blue night sky filled with numerous bright, glowing stars of varying sizes. A large, pale, full moon is visible in the upper right quadrant. The entire scene is framed by a thin, multi-colored border. The text is overlaid on the sky in a glowing, light blue font.

*Jupiter's music was round and robust,  
While Saturn's boomed with sounds of grandeur*

*And the old venerable melodies;  
But, Mercury soon picked up the pace.*



A magical night scene with a piano, candles, and a starry sky. The scene is set on a balcony or terrace with a white balustrade. A black grand piano is the central focus, with a pair of yellow slippers on the floor in front of it. Several lit candles are scattered around, including a tall candelabra with five candles and smaller ones on the piano and a table. The background is a deep blue night sky with stars and a soft, ethereal glow. Green foliage is visible on the left and right sides of the balcony.

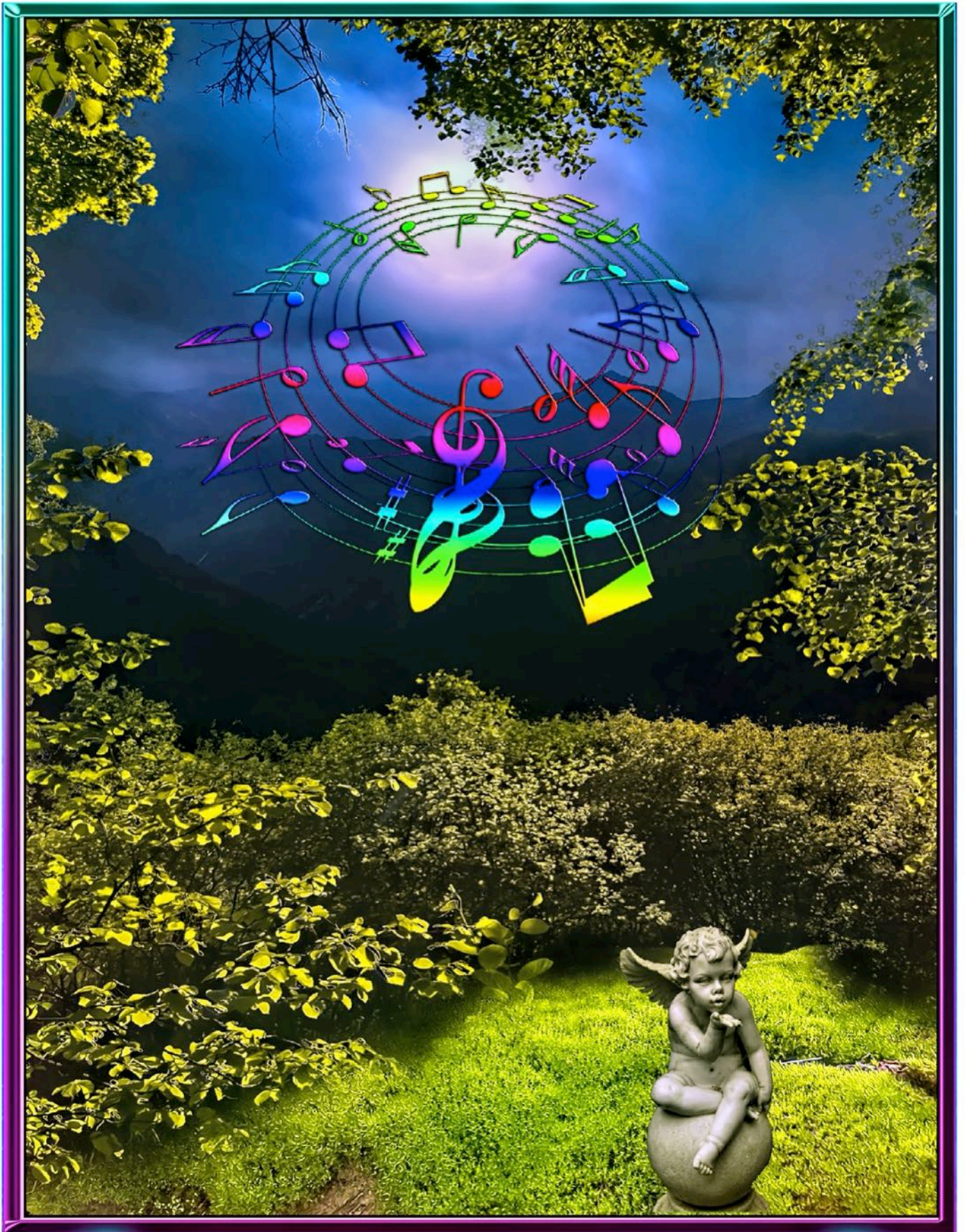
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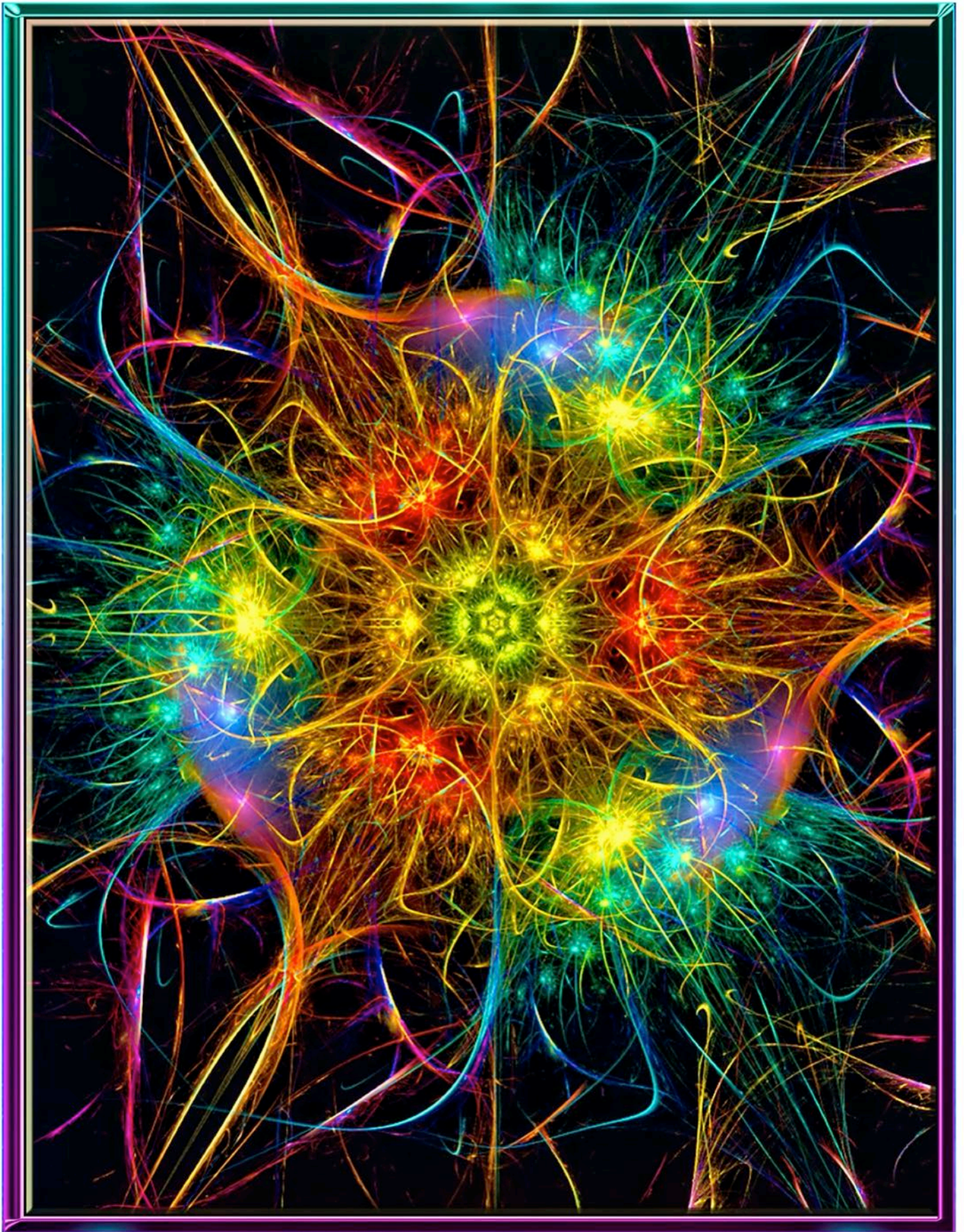
*Now was the time  
for Urania's magic—*

*She played musical jokes and surprises.*

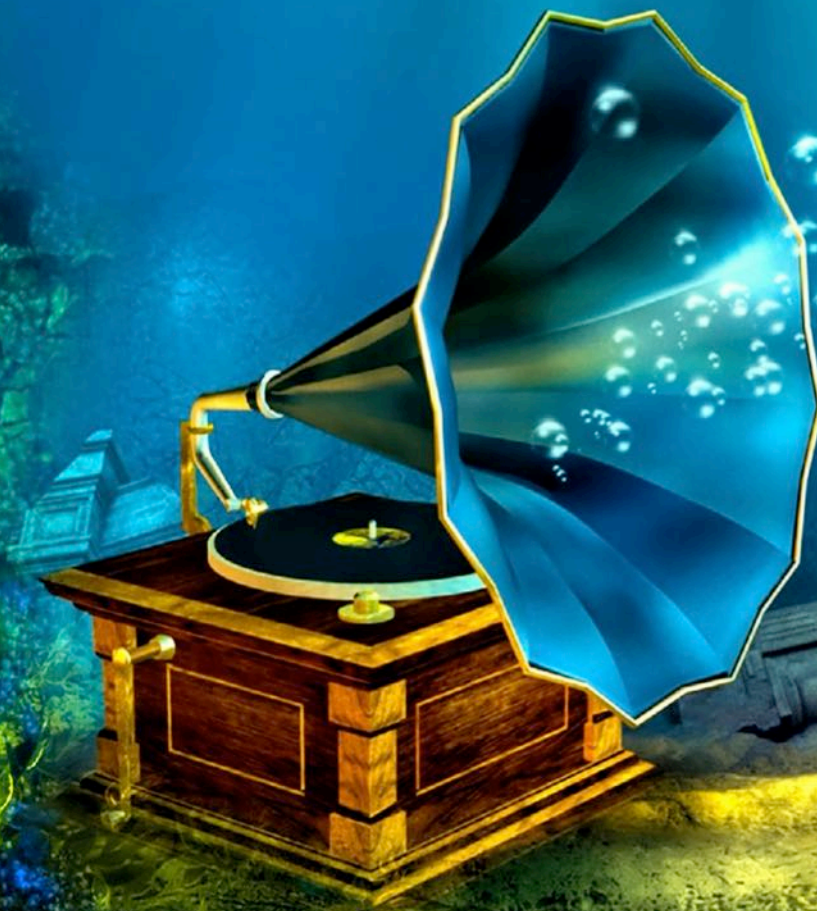








*At last, their music came to mesh as one,  
And our wanderers of the night floated  
Away on the haunting mystical strains  
Of King Nep's tune, into the May Flower moon.*



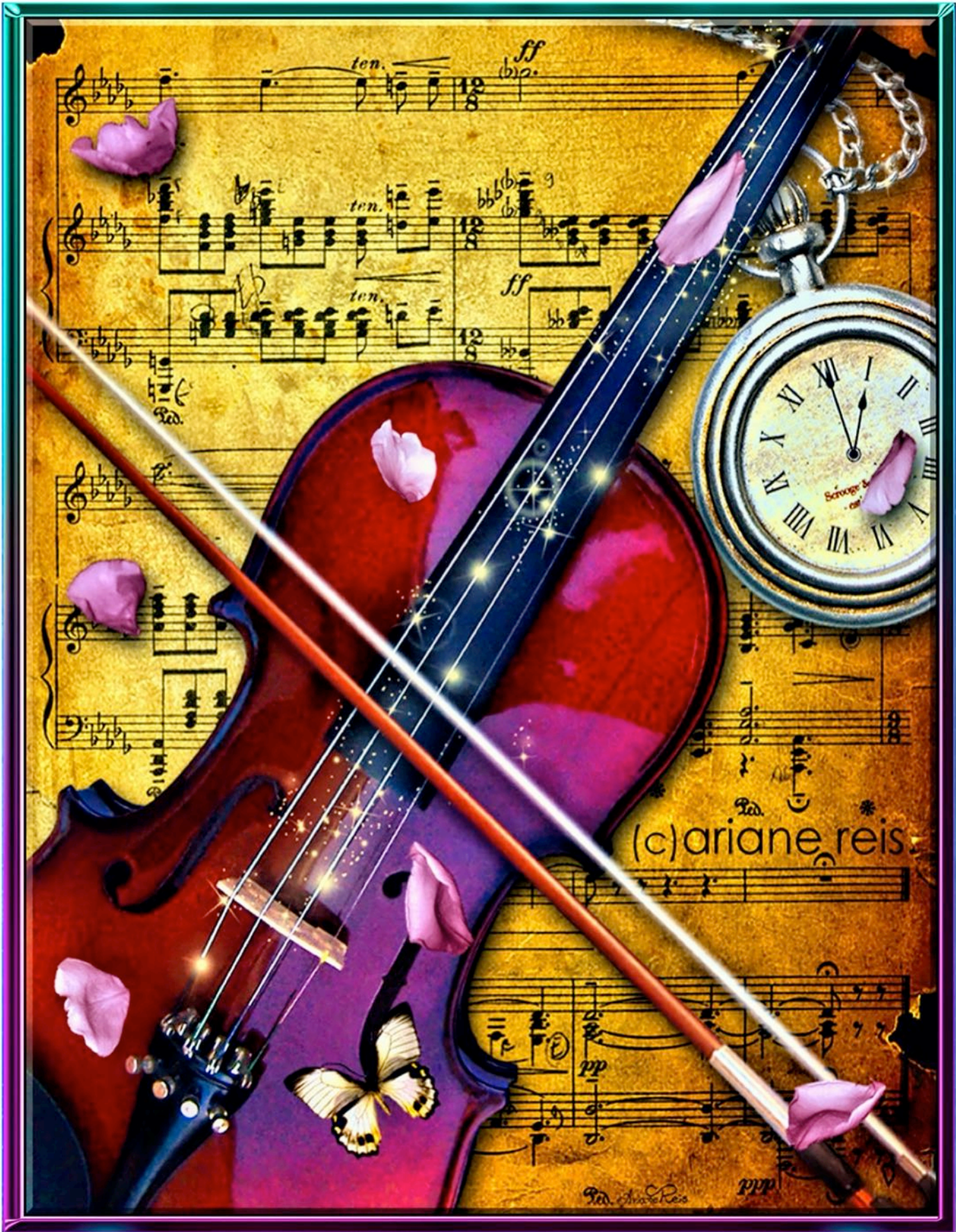




*Now we're touched,  
so touched by the starlight,  
Afraid that we'll ne'er  
be the same again.*

*Can you sense  
the euphony of the spheres?*

*Can you fathom  
the theory  
of everything?*











# Heavenly Bodies



Austin P. Torney

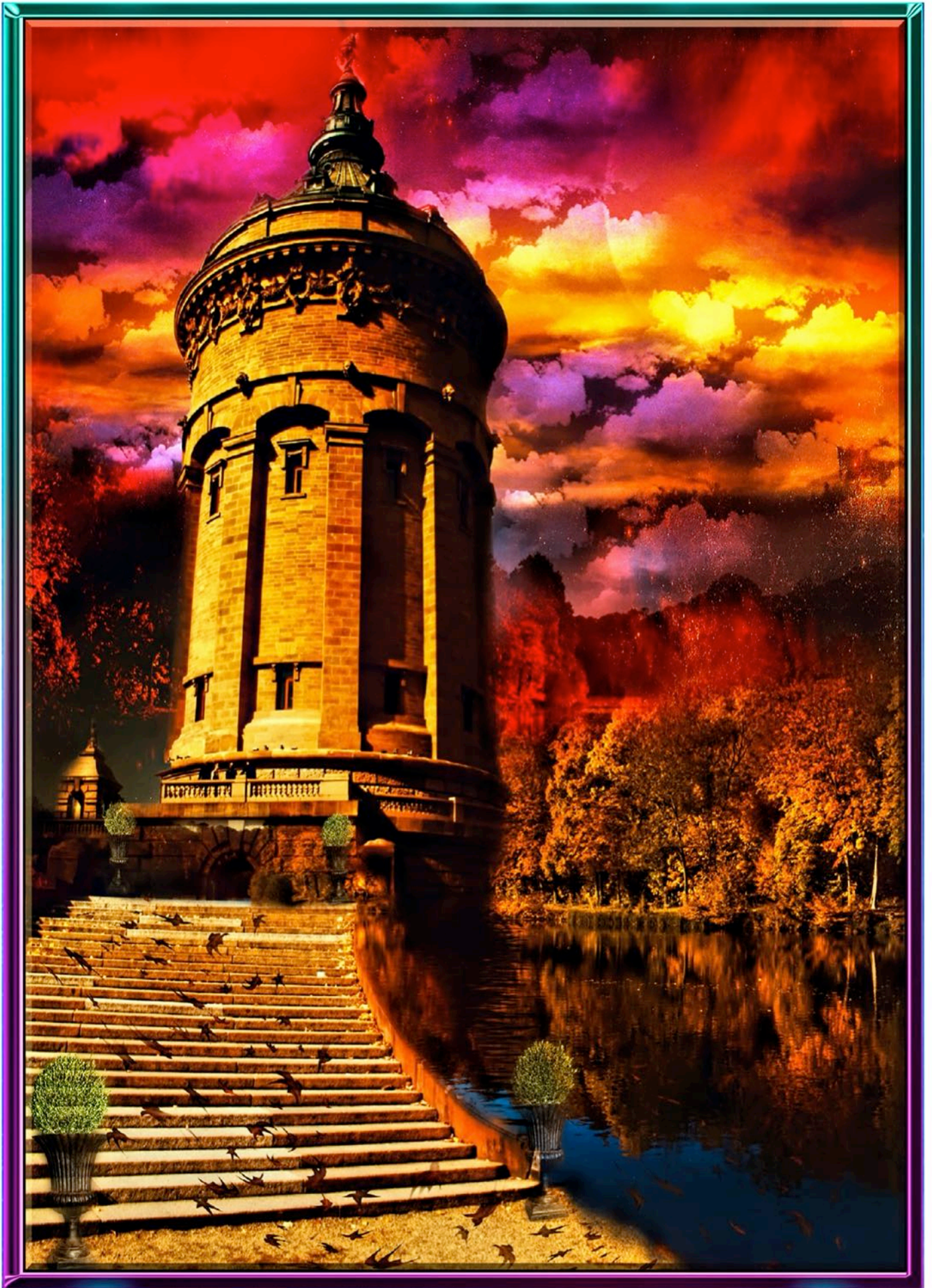
*The sun fills the waking  
and breathing world*

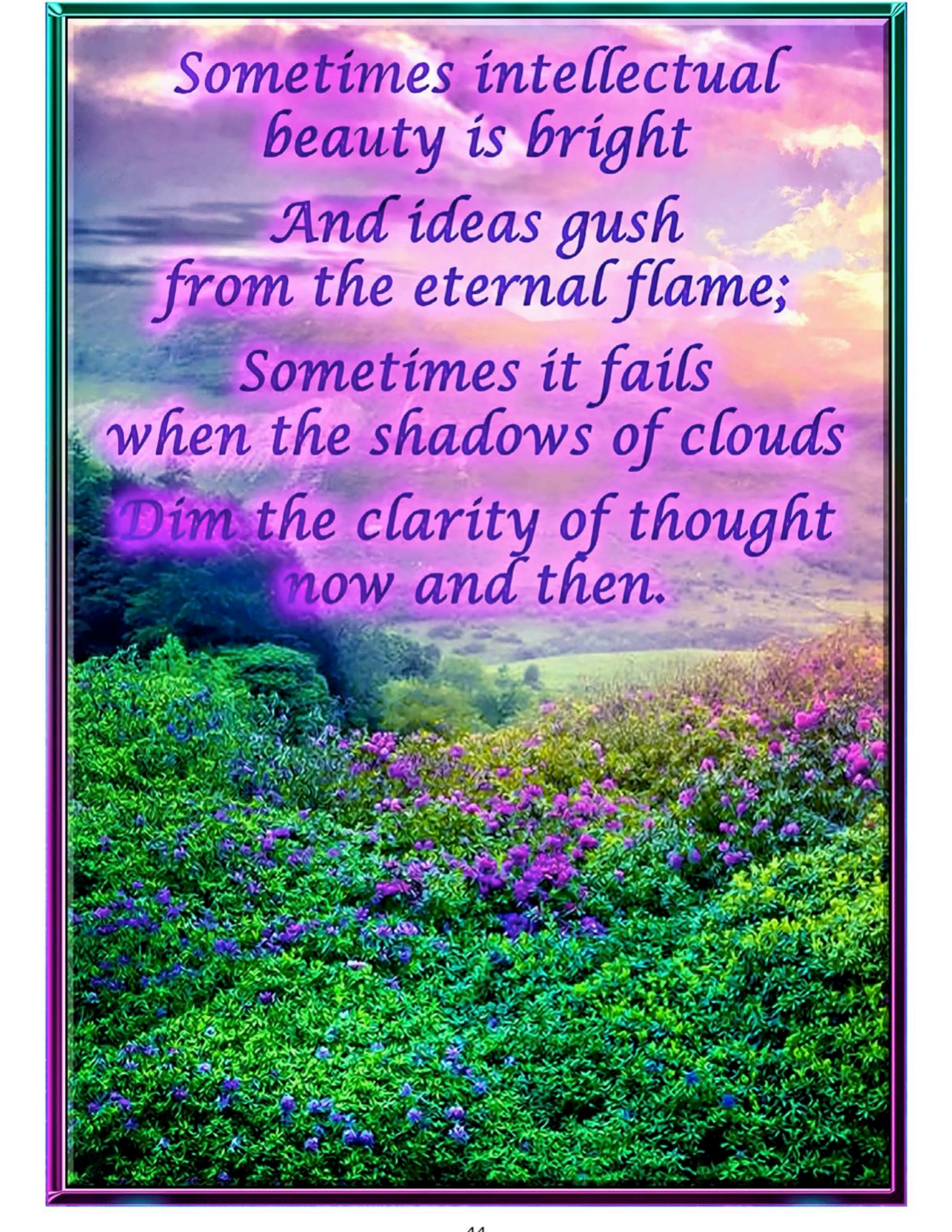
*With the fire  
of her imagination.*

*In poetry, the sun is  
the power behind the mind;*

*The moon, planets,  
and stars are symbols, too.*








*Sometimes intellectual  
beauty is bright  
And ideas gush  
from the eternal flame;  
Sometimes it fails  
when the shadows of clouds  
Dim the clarity of thought  
now and then.*






*Quenchless, boundless,  
ever bright and burning,  
The mind's light searches  
every dark cavern,*

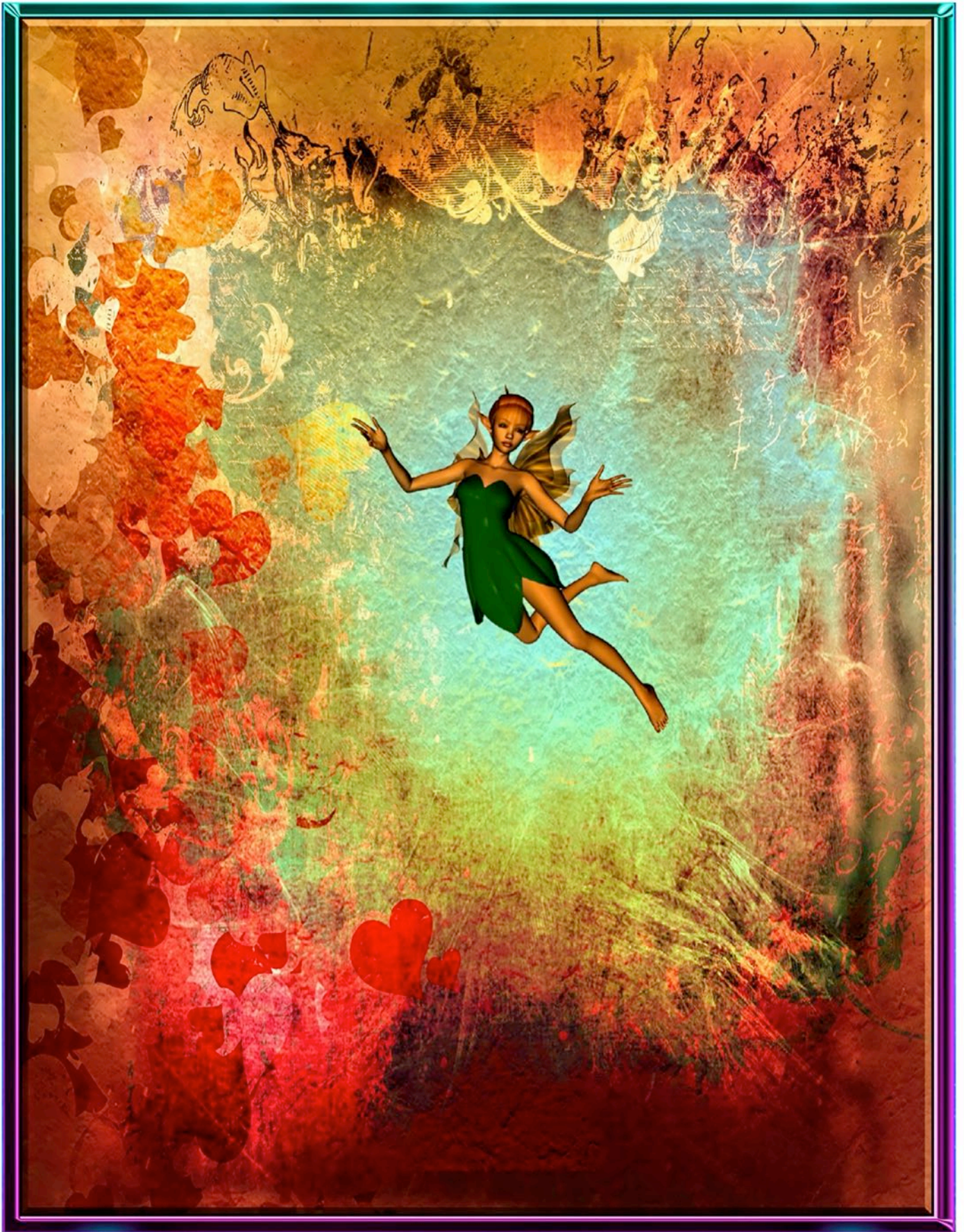
*Probing, imagining—  
its beam alighting  
Upon the earth  
or high atop cloud mist,*





*And melts, with heat,  
energy, and desire,  
The fog of lone reason  
and pure passion,  
Burning it away,  
soft dissolving it  
With the love of life, earth,  
mankind, and star—*







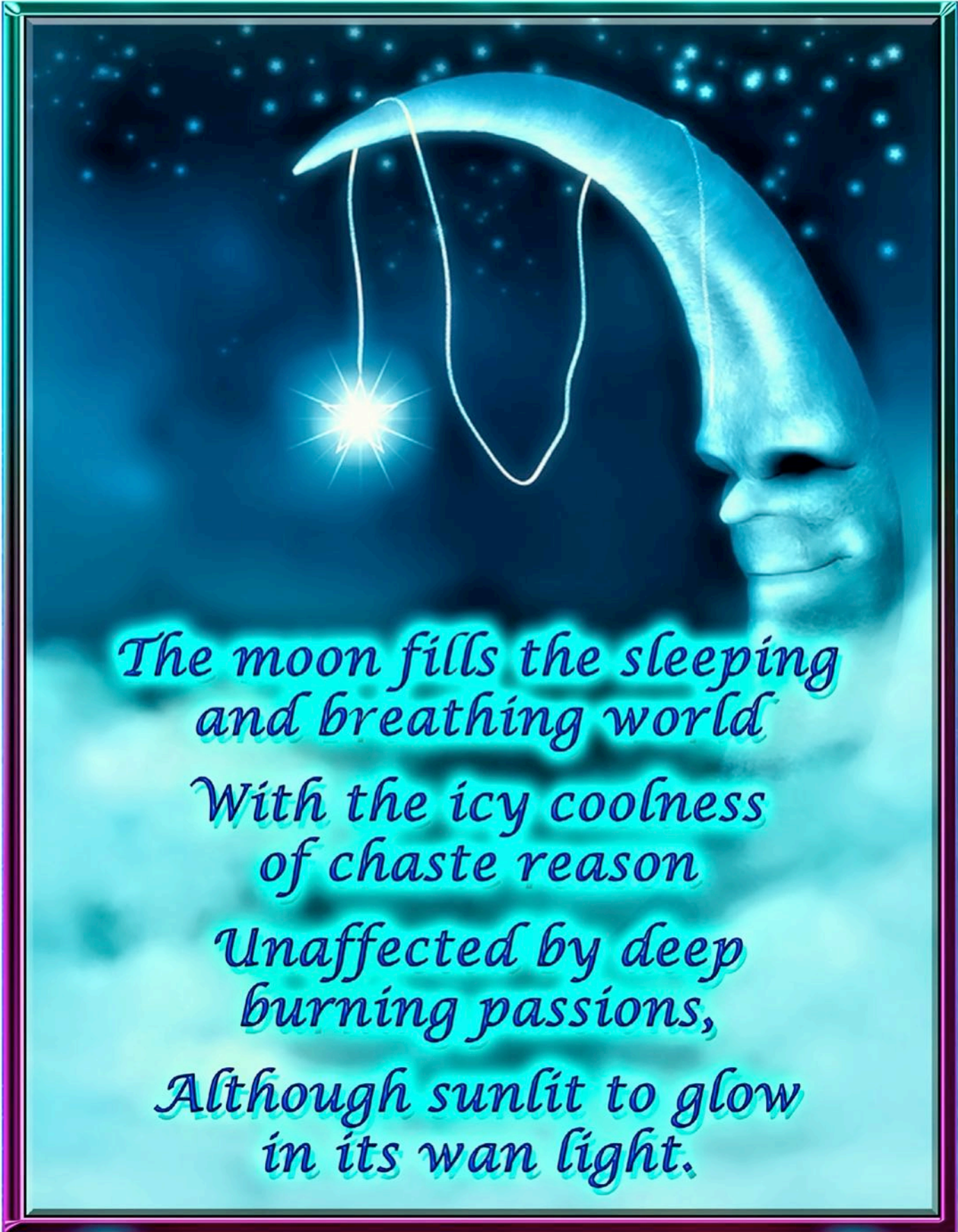
*From which comes adventure,  
friendship, delight,*

*Joy, success, triumph,  
and lasting gladness*

*Throughout the sun's journey  
into the night,*


*When stars shine on mind—  
suns they also are!*





*The moon fills the sleeping  
and breathing world  
With the icy coolness  
of chaste reason  
Unaffected by deep  
burning passions,  
Although sunlit to glow  
in its wan light.*





*Reason, unsteady as  
the variant moon,  
Oft does not rise  
in the night to guide us,  
And deserts us  
in darkest times of woe;  
We are alone on  
a black cloud-bound night!*





*Else the moon hides in  
the bright light of day,*


*Or is lost behind  
an overcast sky;*

*But, moonless nights  
take us beyond reason*

*When the stars excite us  
with their lights.*





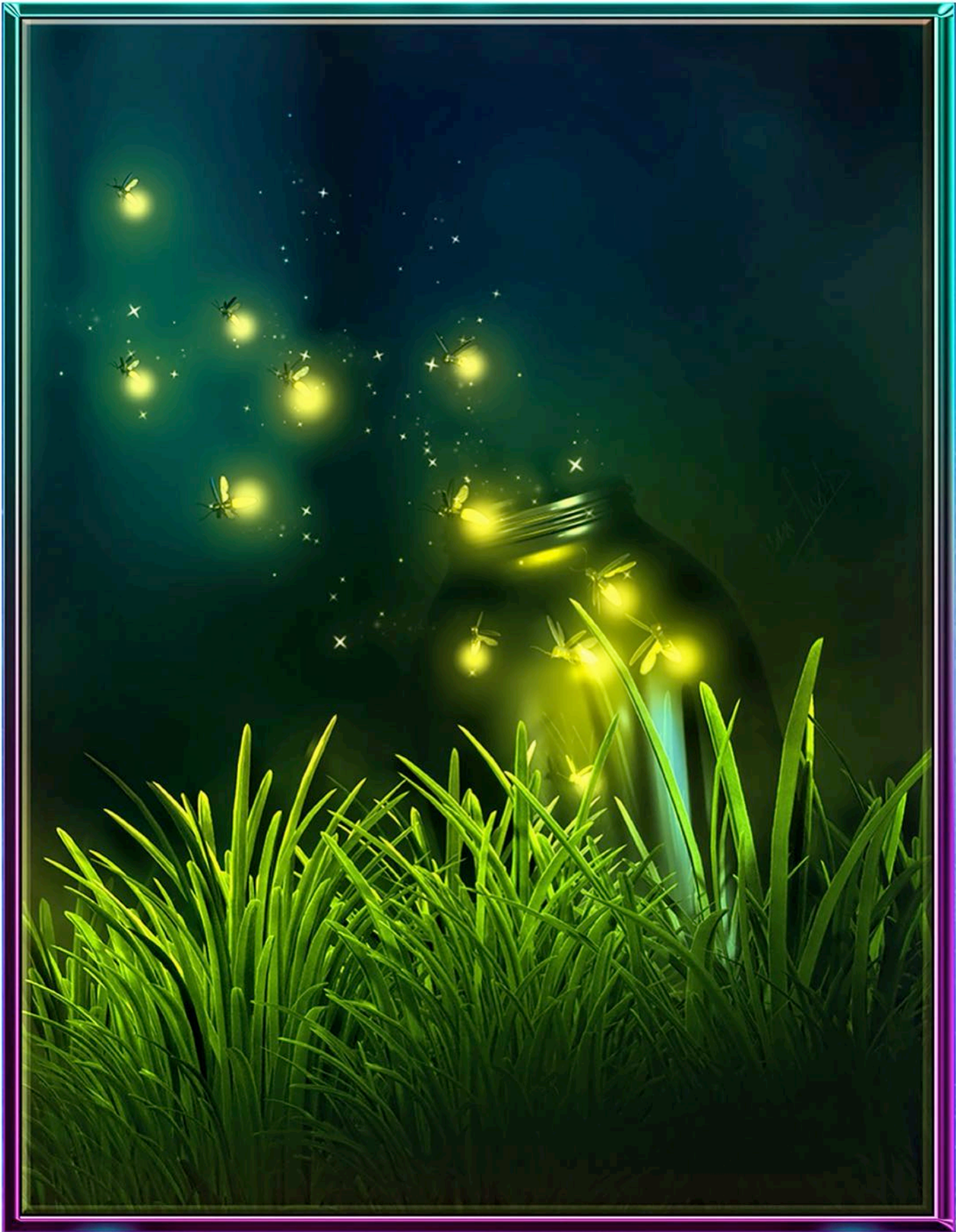


*Yes, inspiration returns  
with the stars—*

*A thousand ideas  
beckon from afar;*

*Ideas wink like fireflies  
on the mind's meadow—*

*As starlight they stab  
the darkness of nought,*

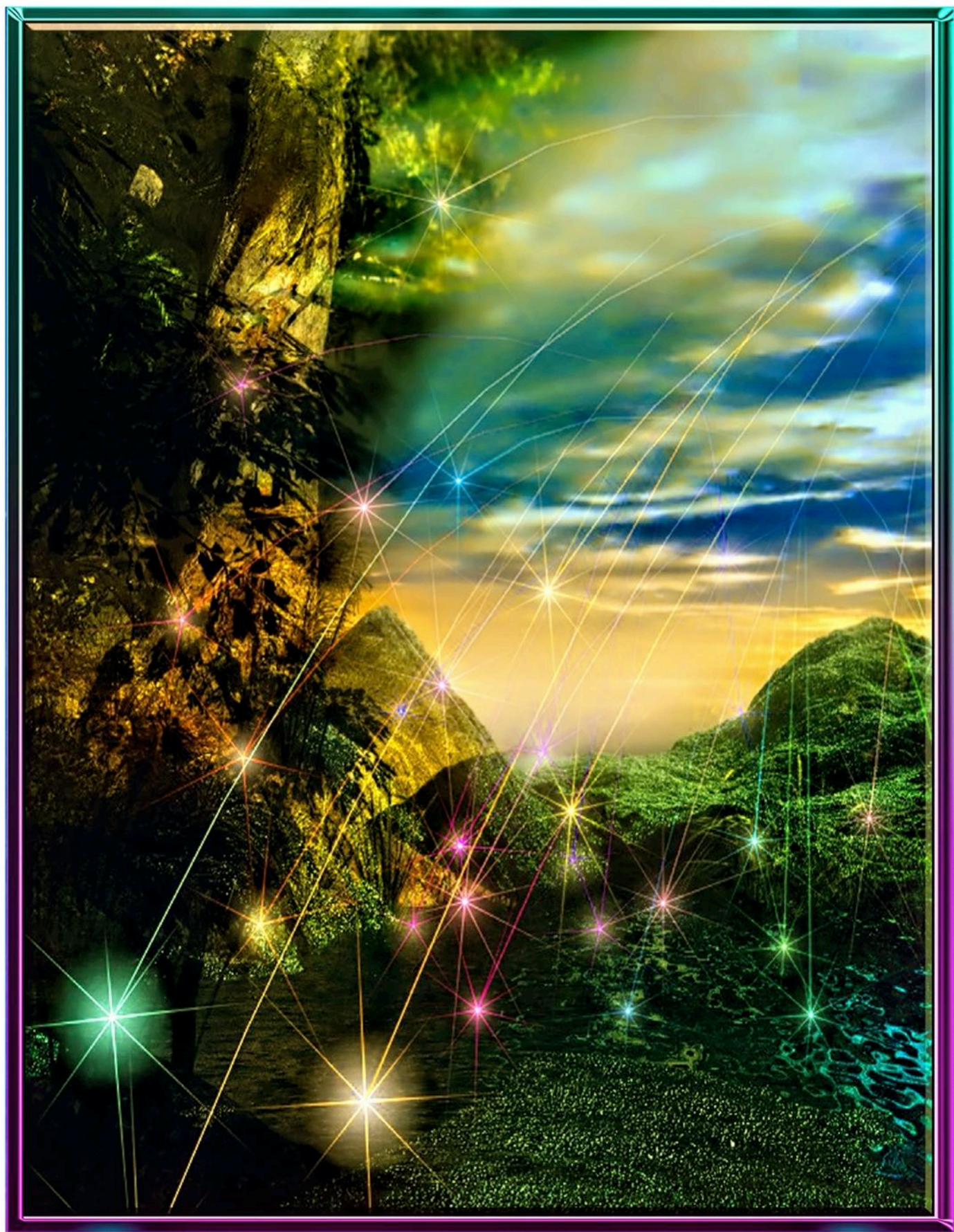



A romantic scene featuring a glowing harp, a crescent moon, and a starry sky. The harp is positioned in the foreground, its frame glowing with a bright light. The background is a dark, starry sky with a prominent crescent moon. The overall atmosphere is dreamy and ethereal.

Until star-like  
Venus rises near dawn.

Goddess of romantic  
love and passion,


She captures us  
within emotion's swell,  
While comets flash  
and confuse the wild sky.



A vibrant, sunlit forest scene. The background is filled with lush green trees and foliage, with sunlight filtering through the leaves, creating a warm, golden glow. In the foreground, a field of tall green grasses and yellow wildflowers is visible. A small blue butterfly is perched on one of the flowers. The entire scene is framed by a thin, multi-colored border.

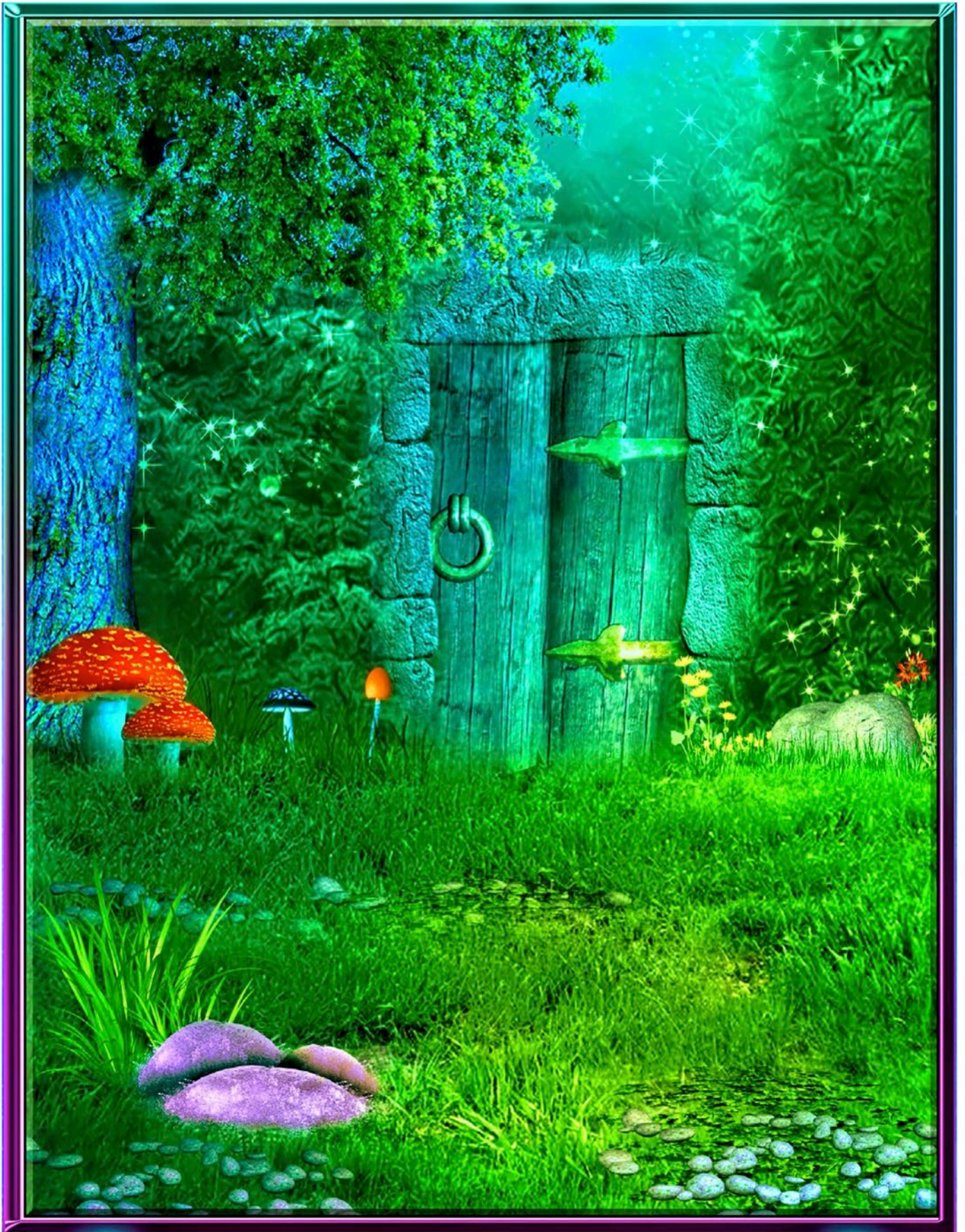
*Soon intellectual  
beauty returns,  
Borne on birds' wings  
as song into the dawn,  
For, all human music  
is but a part  
Of earth's ancient  
melody and rhythm.*



A vibrant spring scene with a path, flowers, and a pond. The path is made of dirt and is surrounded by lush green grass and numerous small blue flowers. Several red cardinalinals are perched on the path and among the flowers. In the background, there are trees with green and yellow leaves, and a body of water reflecting the sky. The text is overlaid on the scene in a glowing, yellow font with a red outline.

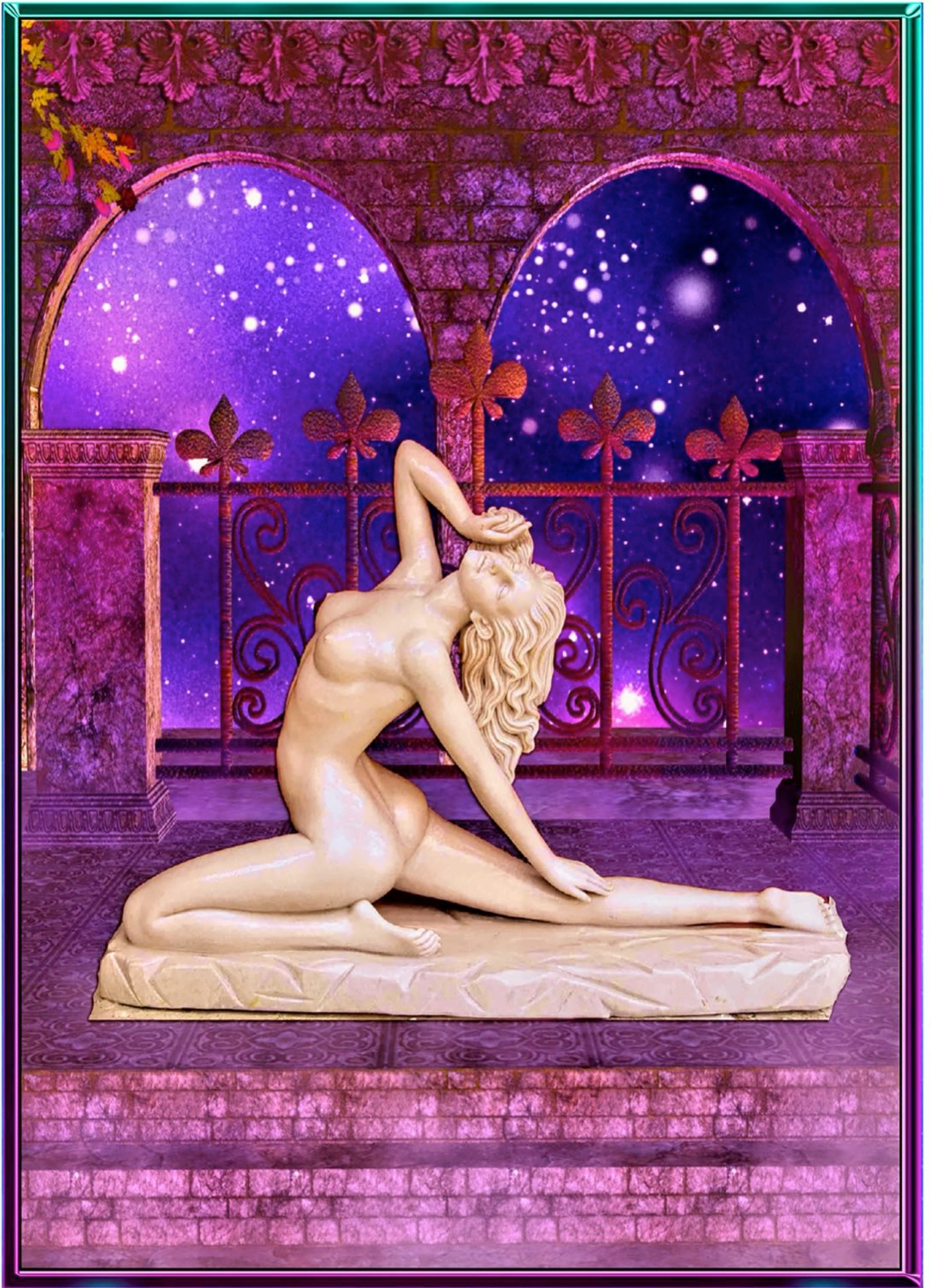
*Imagination now  
soars past a day,  
And into the season  
of spring's fast growth;  
The shade is deep and cool,  
like the ghost of  
Winter passing—  
gone but still remembered.*





Reason moons to Passion, with logic cool,  
"Quench thy inner fire, lest it burn us, fool."  
Blazes Venus, "I know What I feel, not Why;  
'Tis better you take heed of me—I Rule!"

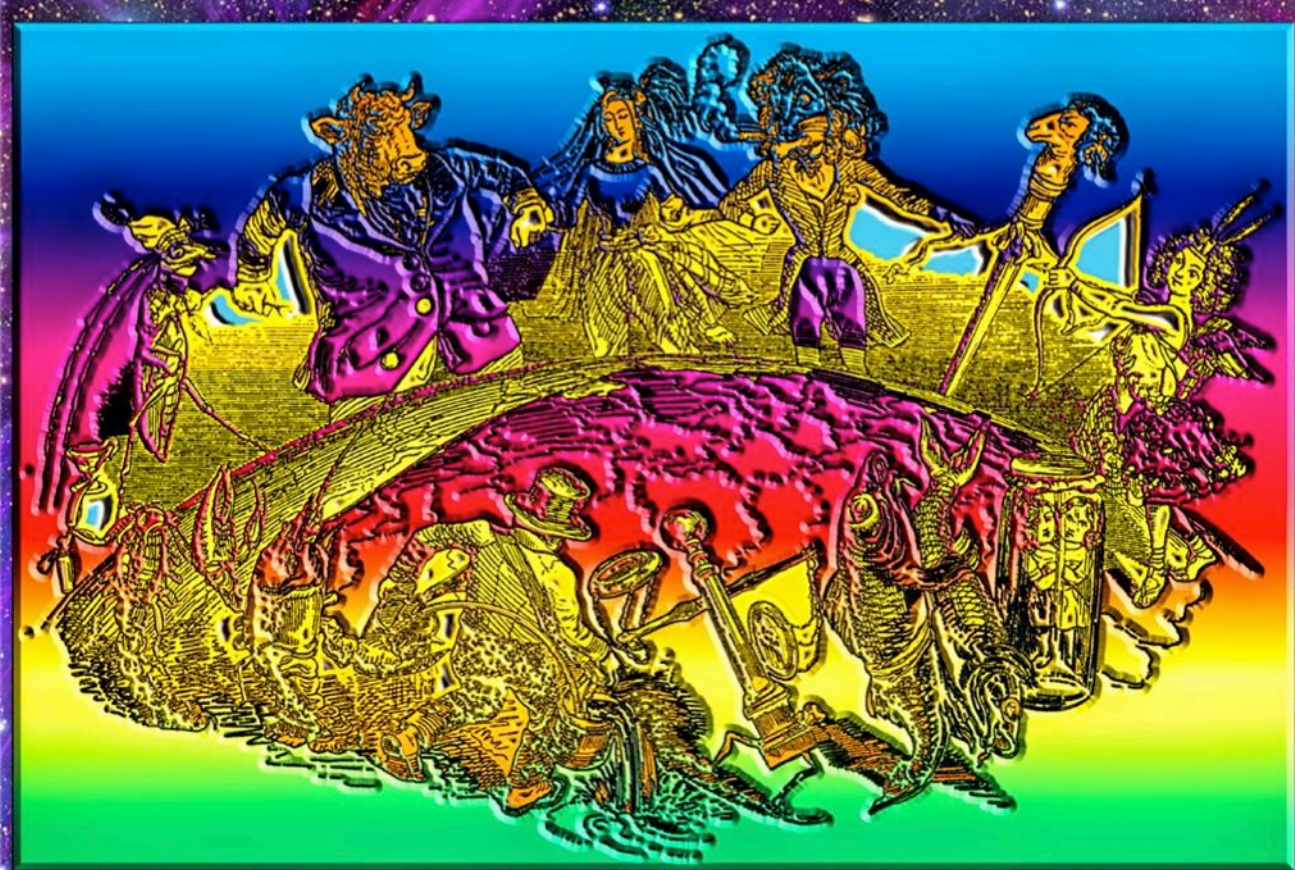


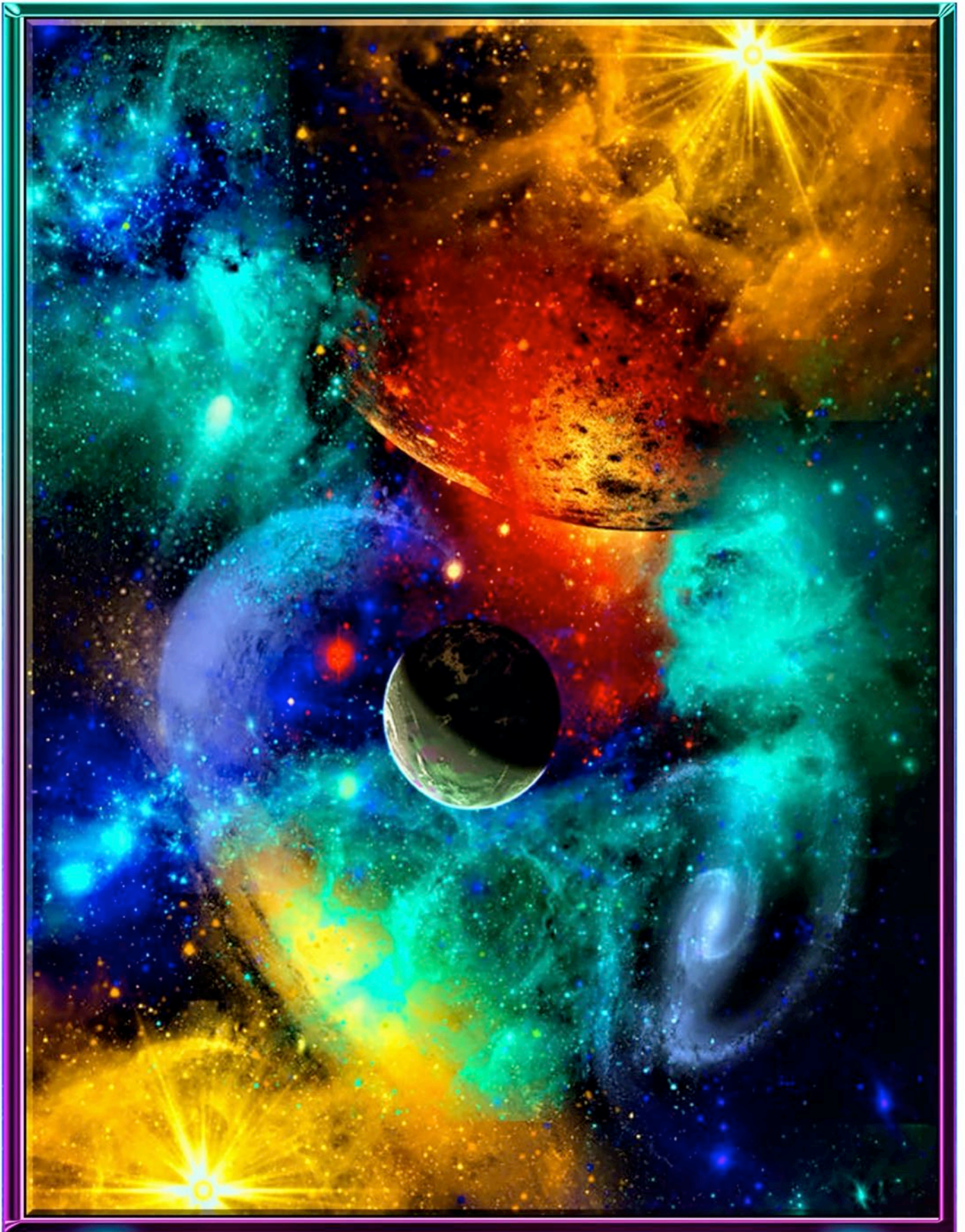


**Like the moon, challenge night and gain the light;  
Like the rose, suffer the thorn—gain the fragrance;  
Of life, surrender to live forever—  
Enlightened more than a thousand suns.**

**When the moon throws its cold shadow on us  
From an eclipse, it shatters the place  
That we've gotten so used to.  
By a rare coincidence  
The tiny moon snuffs out our star  
When the sun 'sets'—at high noon.**

**My blood runs warm with the sun's heat at noon.  
The spirit is swept by the swelling moon.  
Air surrounds me. The ocean flows through me.  
Earth's rhythm is always playing my tune.**





## SEA AND SKY

**The Caribbean evening songs tucked in  
The planetary paramours,  
As Jupiter and Venus  
Pulled the cover of night  
up and over their bed;**

**Then sunk the crescent,  
Sideways into the sea,  
But its two horns showing.**

**This rare sight of moon to see  
Sent us into ecstasy,  
While darkness brewed its tea.**





# *Moon Children*

*The Earth would  
wobble like  
a dying top very soon,*

*Without the  
steadying influence  
of our lovely moon;*

*But, it's slipping  
from our grasp  
an inch & a half a year.*

*The end's not so near,  
but we'll need  
a way out of here.*







*The Light in the Window*

*Earth couldn't be farther  
out in space, alone;*

*In all directions  
it rolls along, unknown.*

*Look at the stars piercing  
the depths of time:*

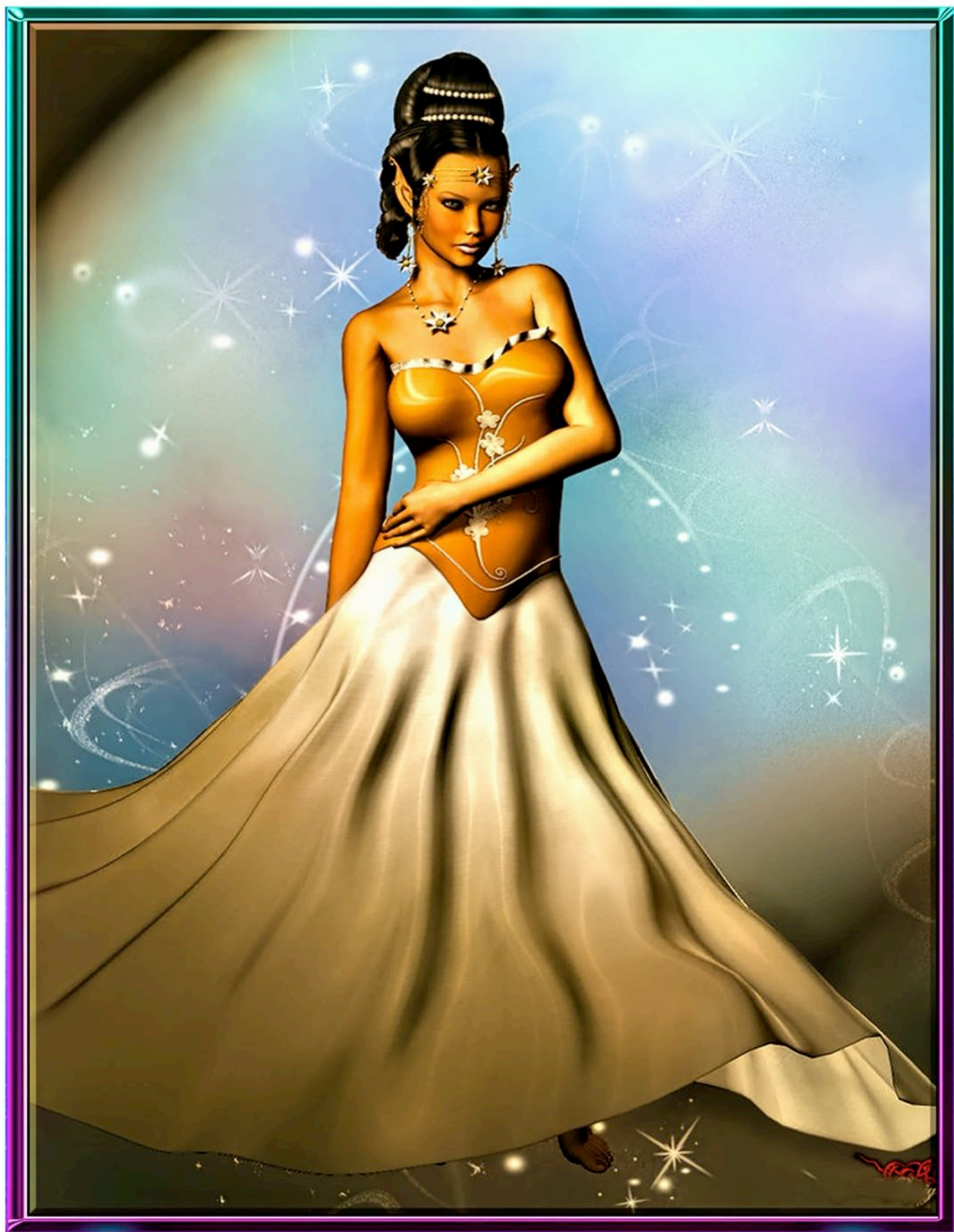
*They beckon,  
warm and welcome,  
the fires of home.*





Woman





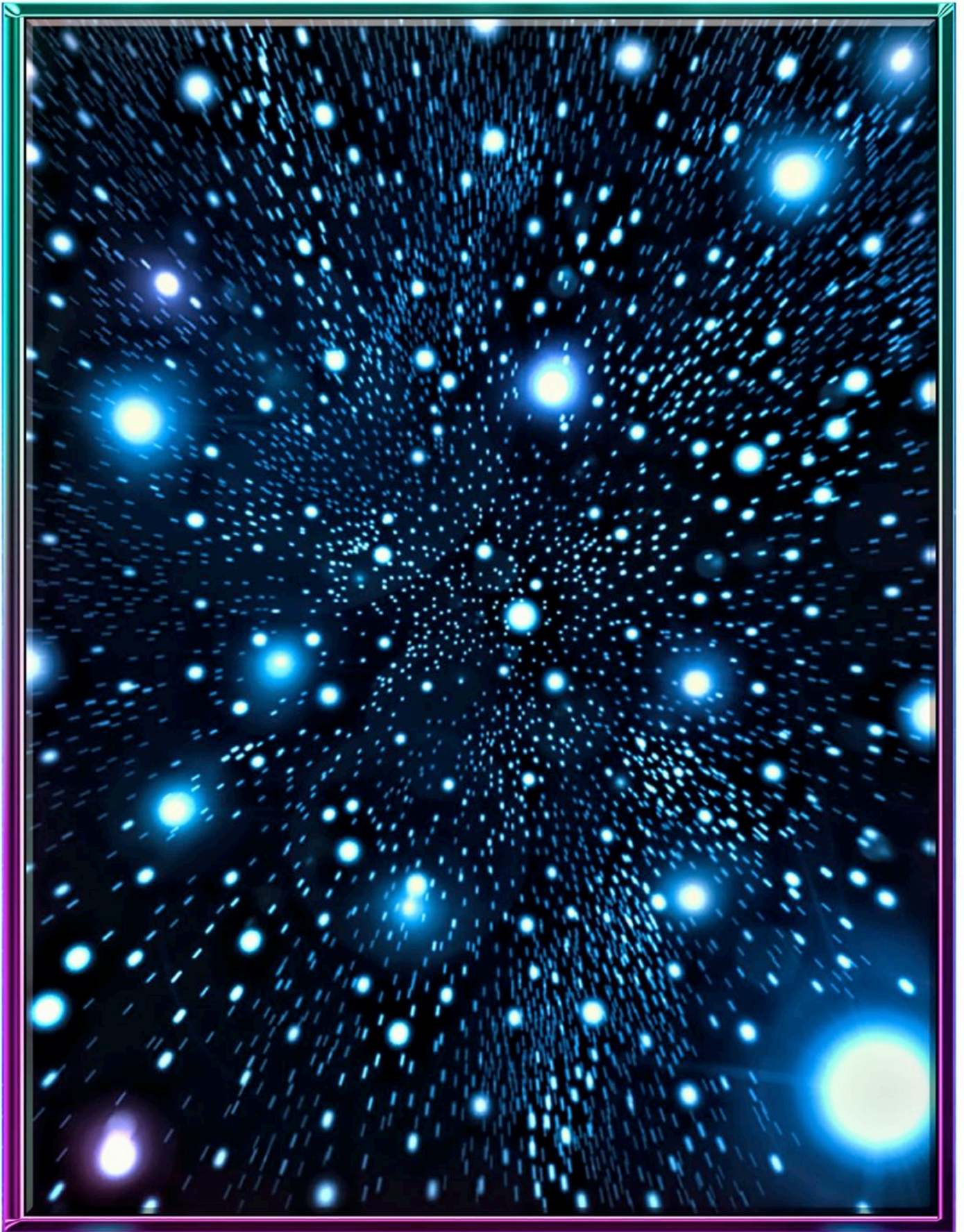


# Starry Nights

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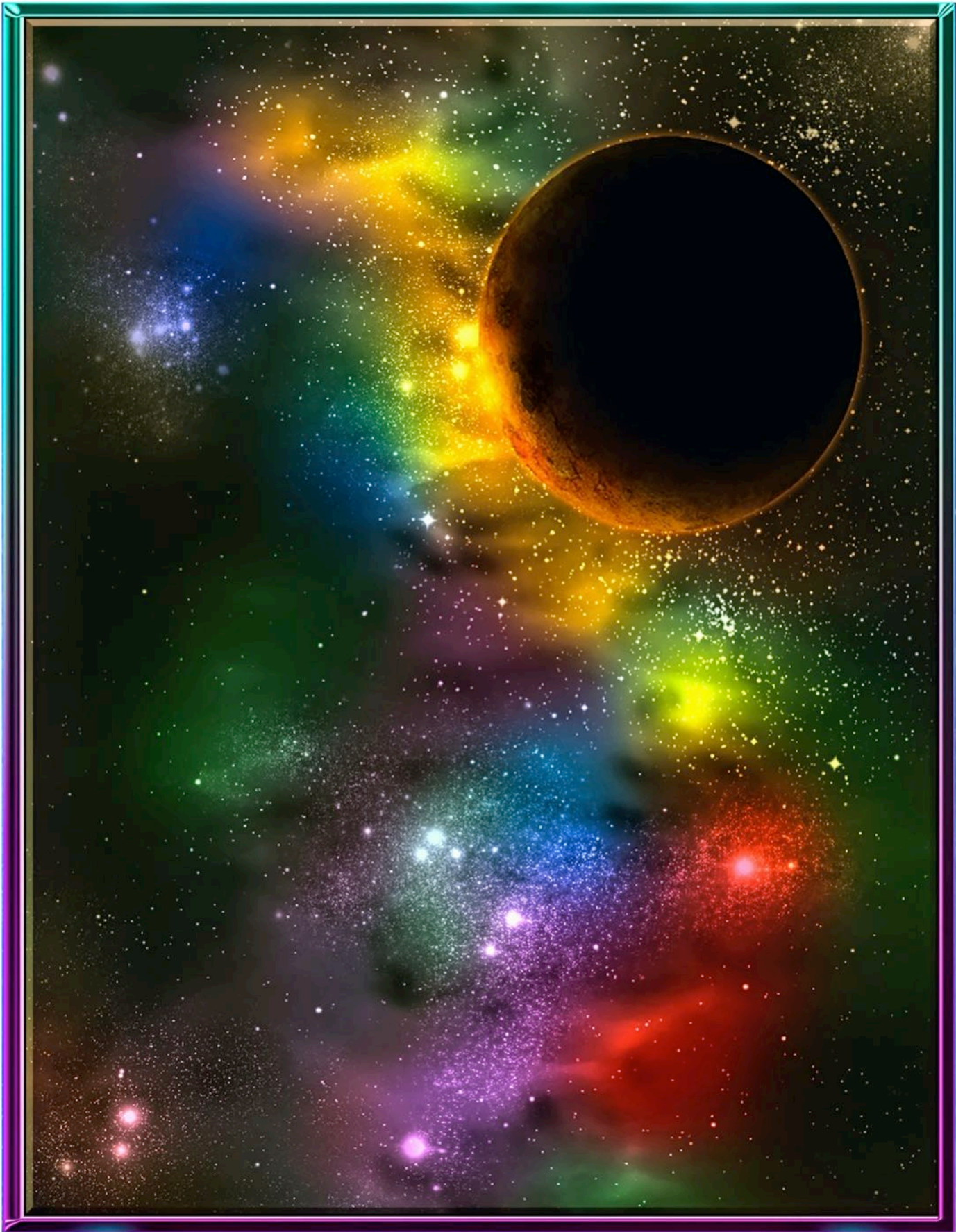
The stars are  
Not just white,  
They scintillate:

Sirius is blue,  
Its companion green;

Betelgeuse, red;  
Many, like Sol, yellow;

Arcturus, orange—  
All jewels constellate.





Above me,  
fires burn the stars away;

Below me,  
the Earth turns under my feet;

Within me,  
unworded dreams haunt my soul;

A man with short, light-colored hair stands in the center of the image. He is wearing a purple short-sleeved tunic with a decorative pattern on the chest, a yellow sash, and green pants with yellow floral patterns. He is also wearing green shoes with purple accents. The background is a vibrant, colorful night sky filled with stars, galaxies, and nebulae in shades of blue, green, and yellow. The ground he stands on is a lush green field.

Around me  
night pours blackness  
on the ground.

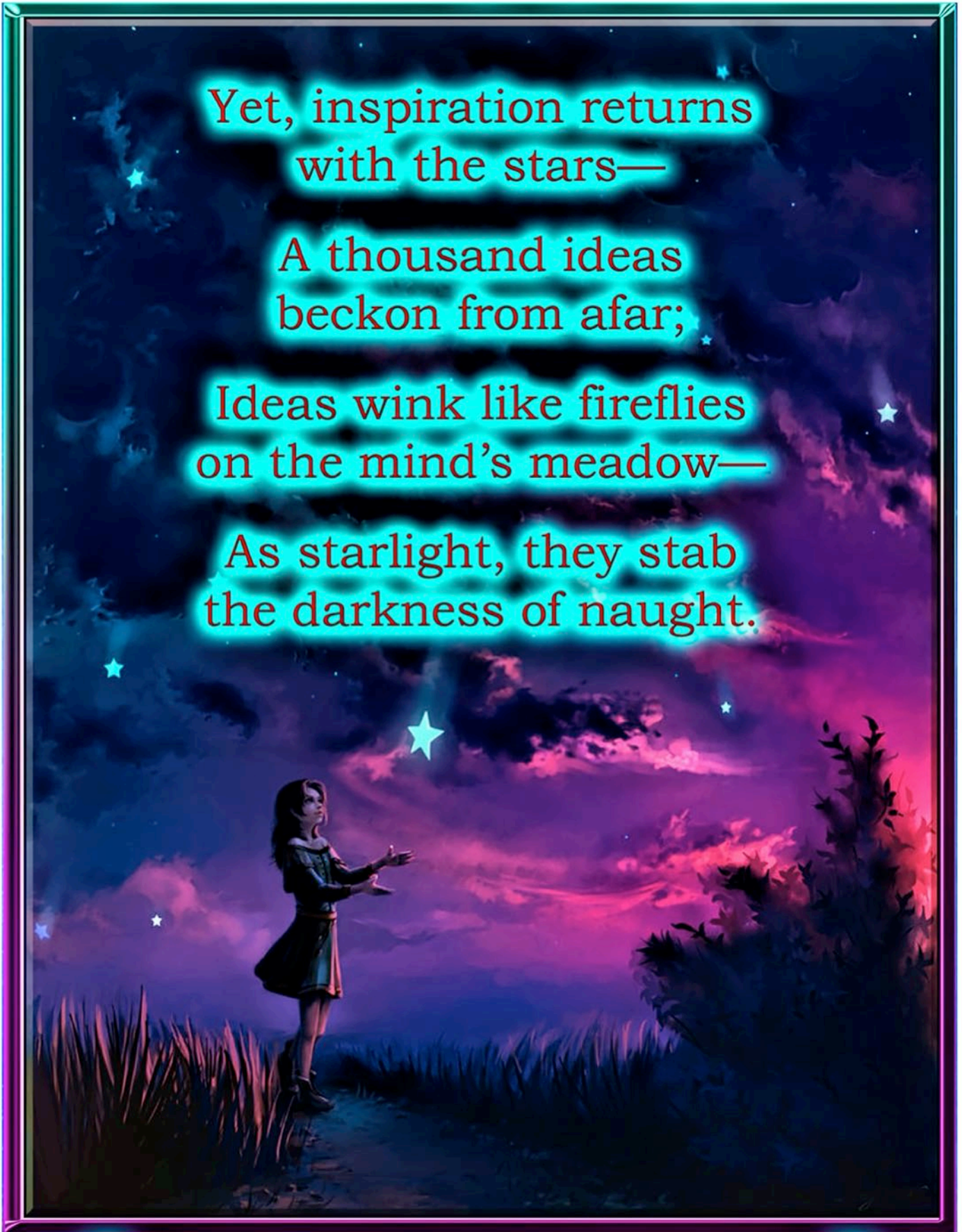


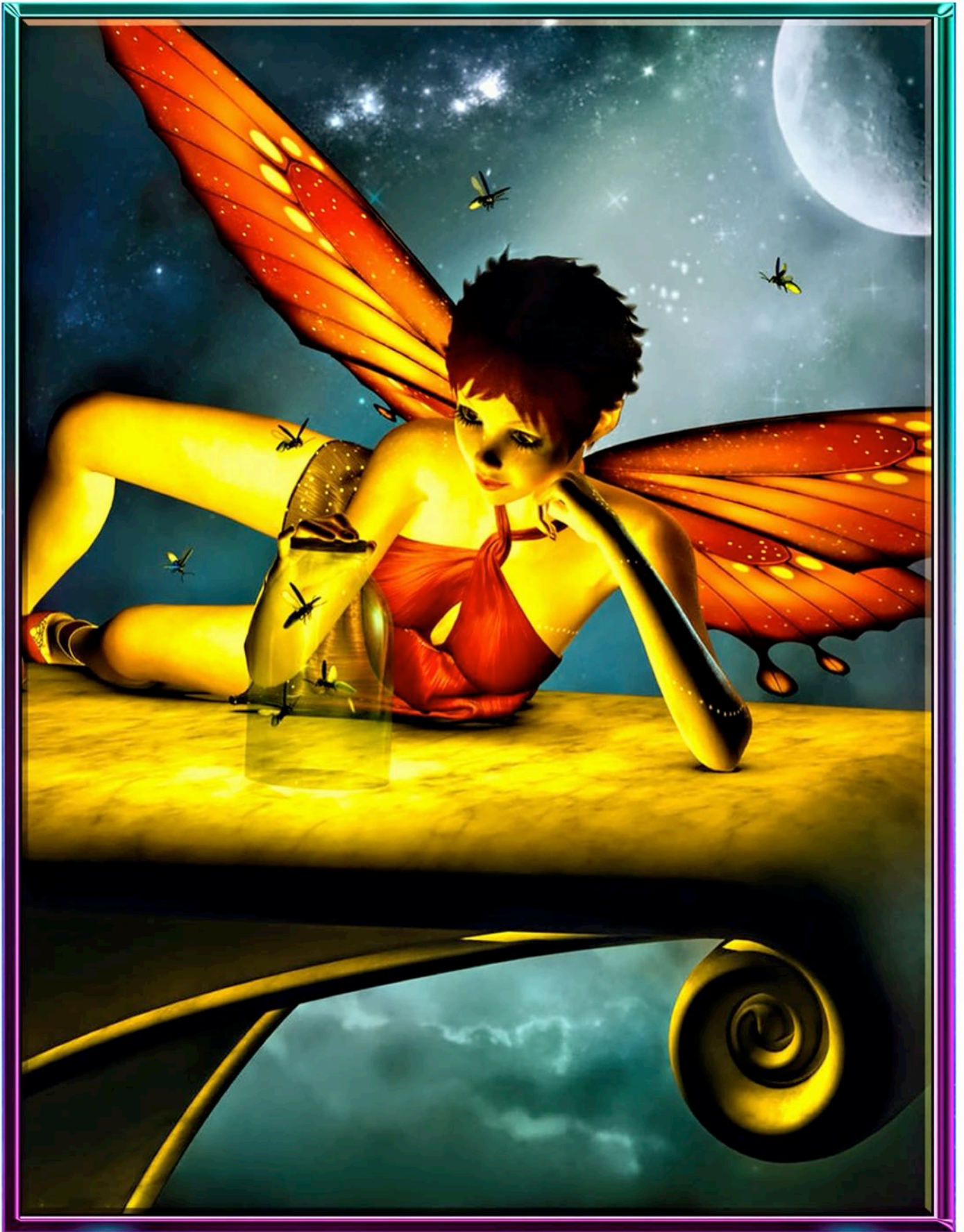
Yet, inspiration returns  
with the stars—

A thousand ideas  
beckon from afar;

Ideas wink like fireflies  
on the mind's meadow—

As starlight, they stab  
the darkness of naught.



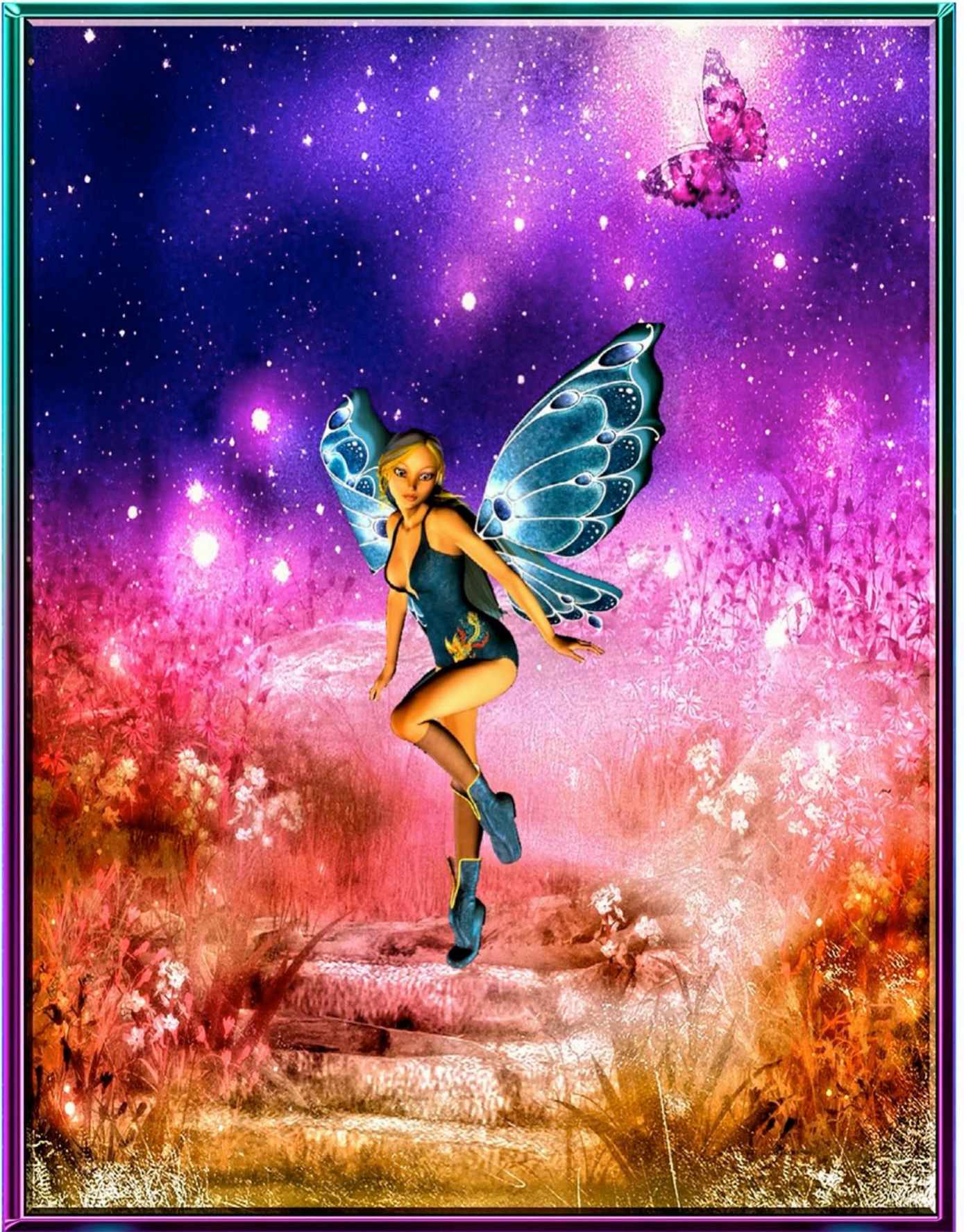




The stars' light is  
the origin of our being,  
The source of our matter,  
energy—everything;

Permanent, reassuring,  
and unquenchable,  
It's our radiant soul,  
our self-winding mainspring.

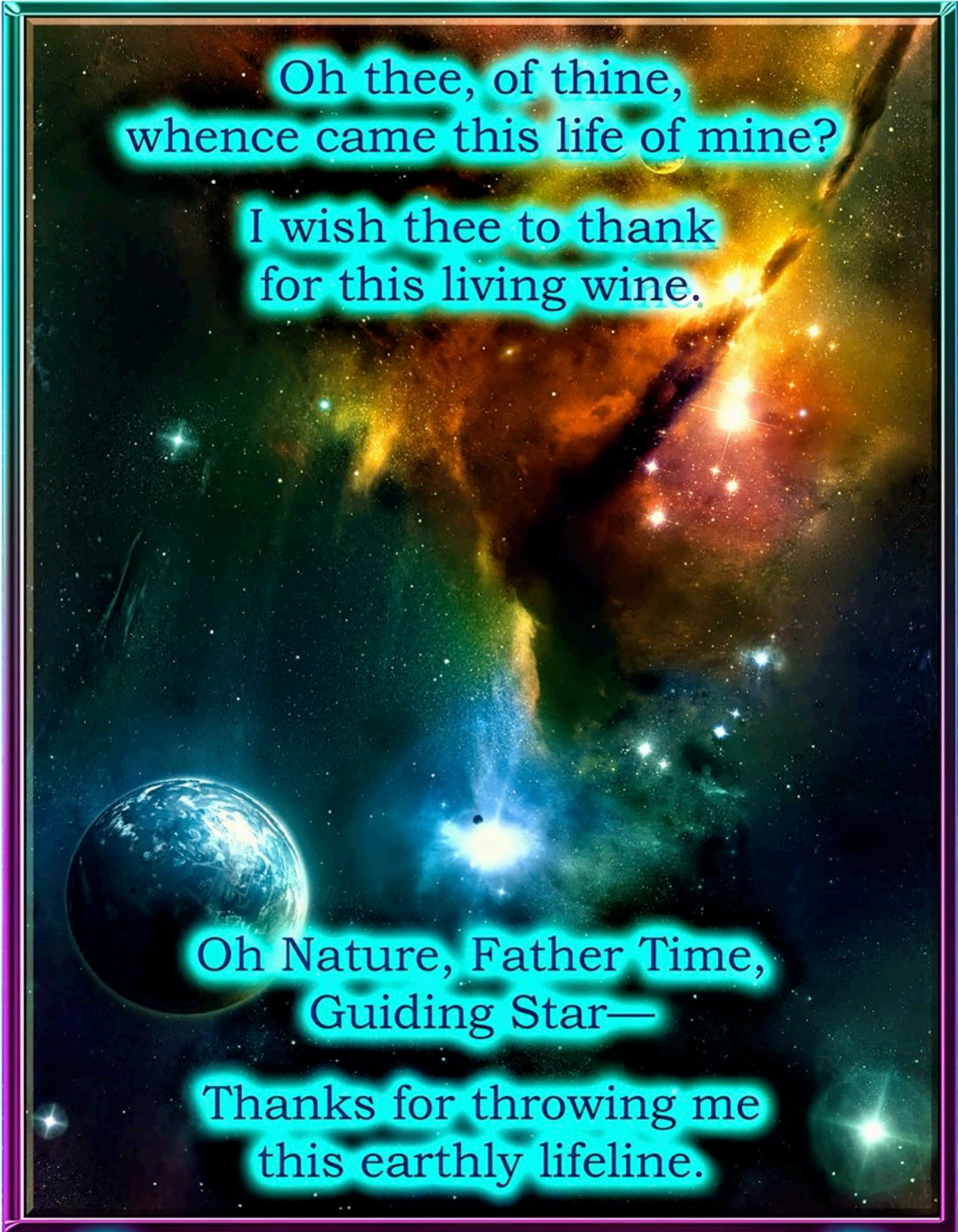




Soul to soul, it said to me,  
I'm the light,  
Thy spirit's sight,  
a beauty bold and bright,  
An inspiration come  
from darkest night;  
I'm a newborn star  
aglow with insight.





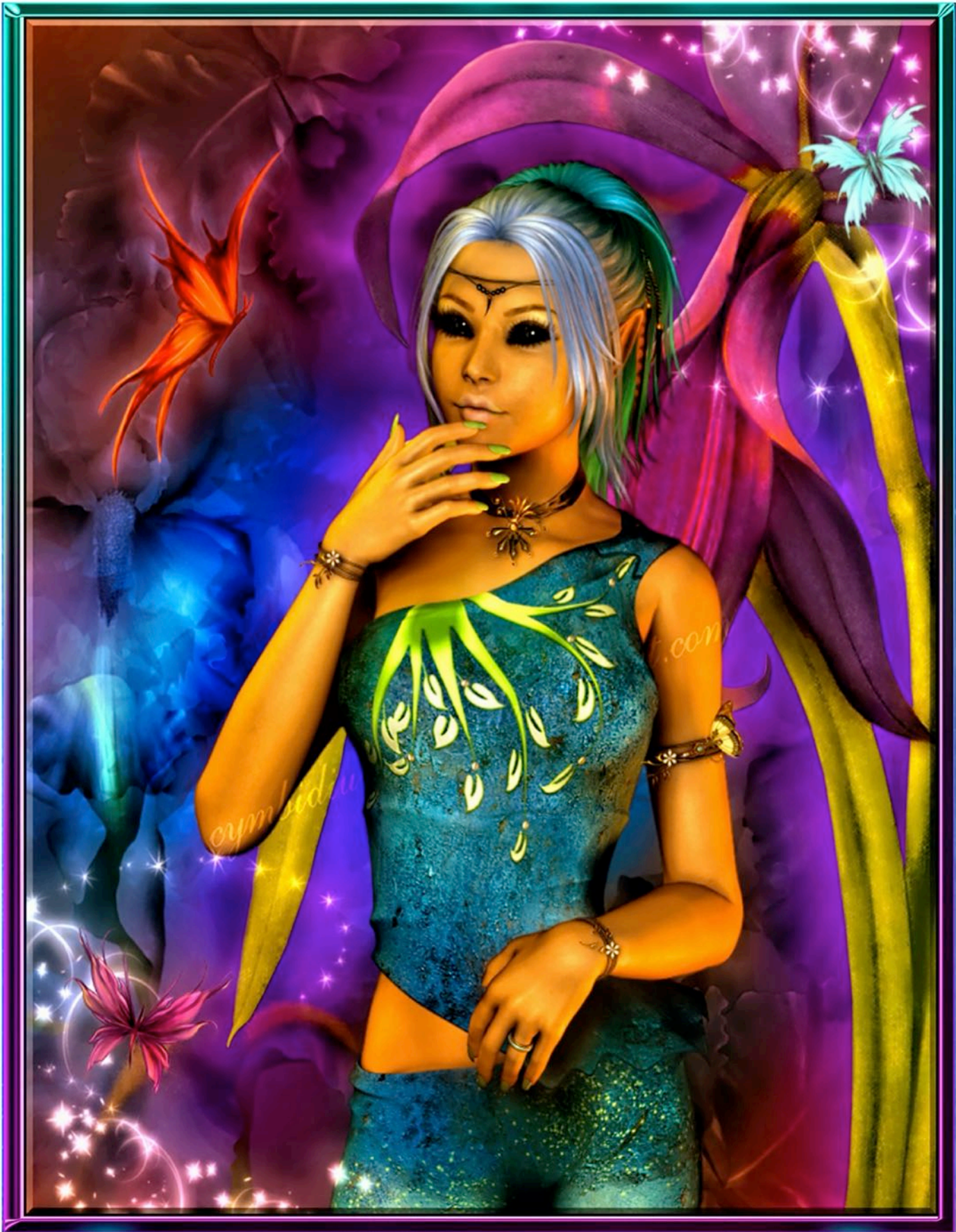


Oh thee, of thine,  
whence came this life of mine?

I wish thee to thank  
for this living wine.

Oh Nature, Father Time,  
Guiding Star—

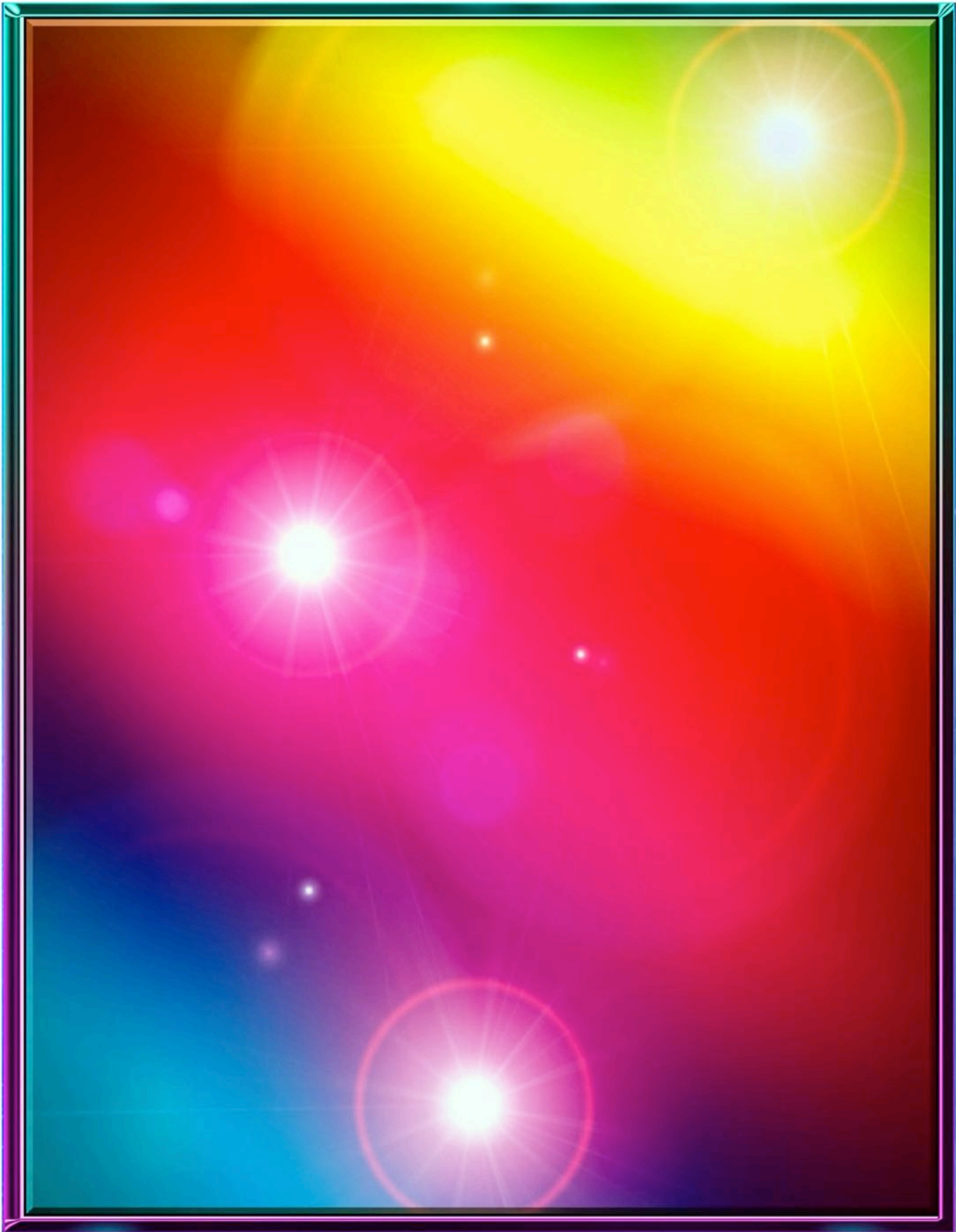
Thanks for throwing me  
this earthly lifeline.



Look at the stars  
in the depths of the night;  
Hold the flames in your mind,  
keeping them bright.

Their power flows,  
energizing you, from  
The Eternal Charger—  
you see the light!







Stars generate  
the lower elements;

Supernovae generate  
the higher ones.

Atoms form the molecules  
that lead to

Life's complexity,  
from simplicity.








The stars are  
eternity's running-lights—

They shine, even through  
the fathomless night!

From what bright star came  
the gleam in your eyes?

To what distant sun  
returns your smile's light?



A woman with long dark hair, wearing a blue strapless dress and a headpiece, is shown from the chest up. She is holding a glowing, multi-colored orb in her hands. The background is a vibrant, starry space scene with purple and pink hues. The text is overlaid on the image in a glowing blue font.

Born of stardust and  
nourished by sunlight,  
I fill my cup with wonders of delight.

Life is a treasure, a radiant gem,  
A vision that I'll never see again.

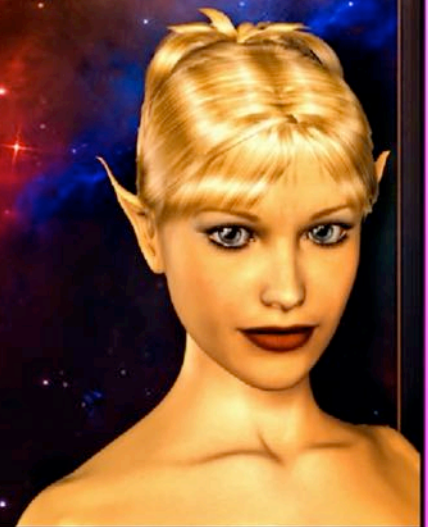


From Heaven's stars  
came our dust eterne;

Time's seas nurtured  
thee and thine in turn.

From time, death, and dust  
we thus became,

And by this, thus,  
and that we must return.







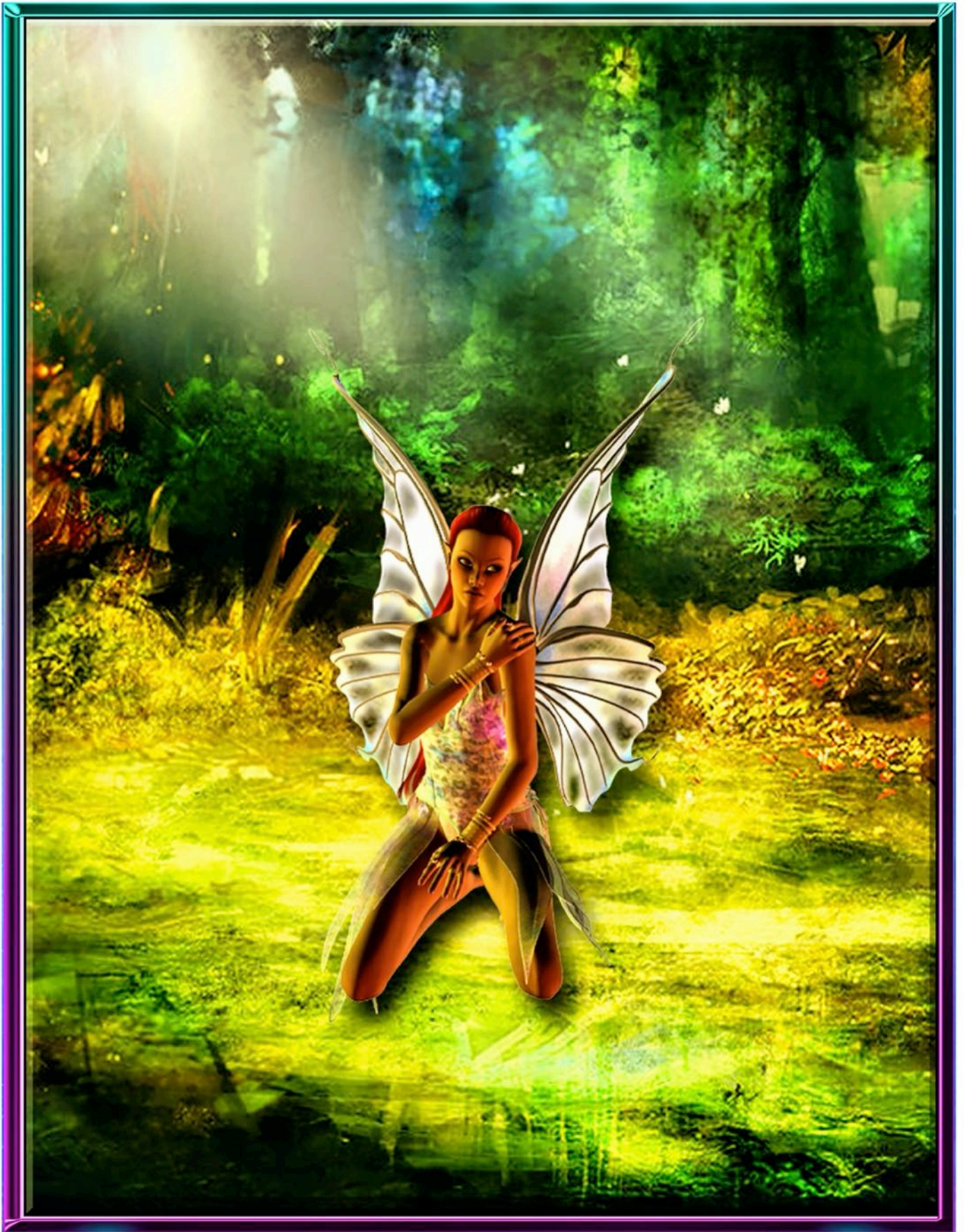
Purgatory's on Venus,  
where sulfurs rain.

Hell's found in the sun's heart,  
oh, hot burning pain!

Of Heaven's site,  
no one has any idea—

It's the world's best kept secret:  
Earth's its name!







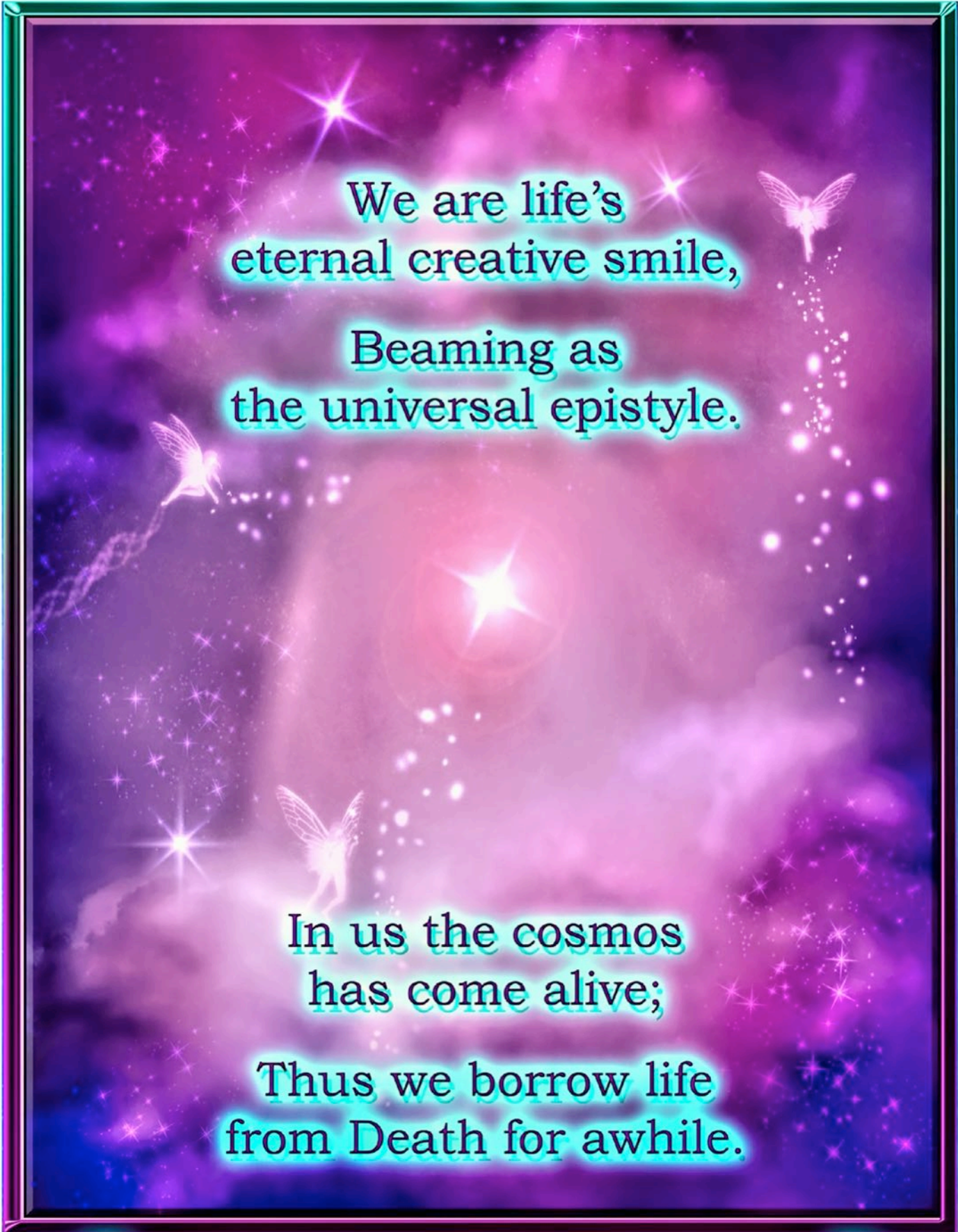
Earth's a garden, an oasis in space,

A world of boundless  
beauty and grace.

One could search  
the heavens for such in vain,

Finding no equal,  
anytime or anyplace.



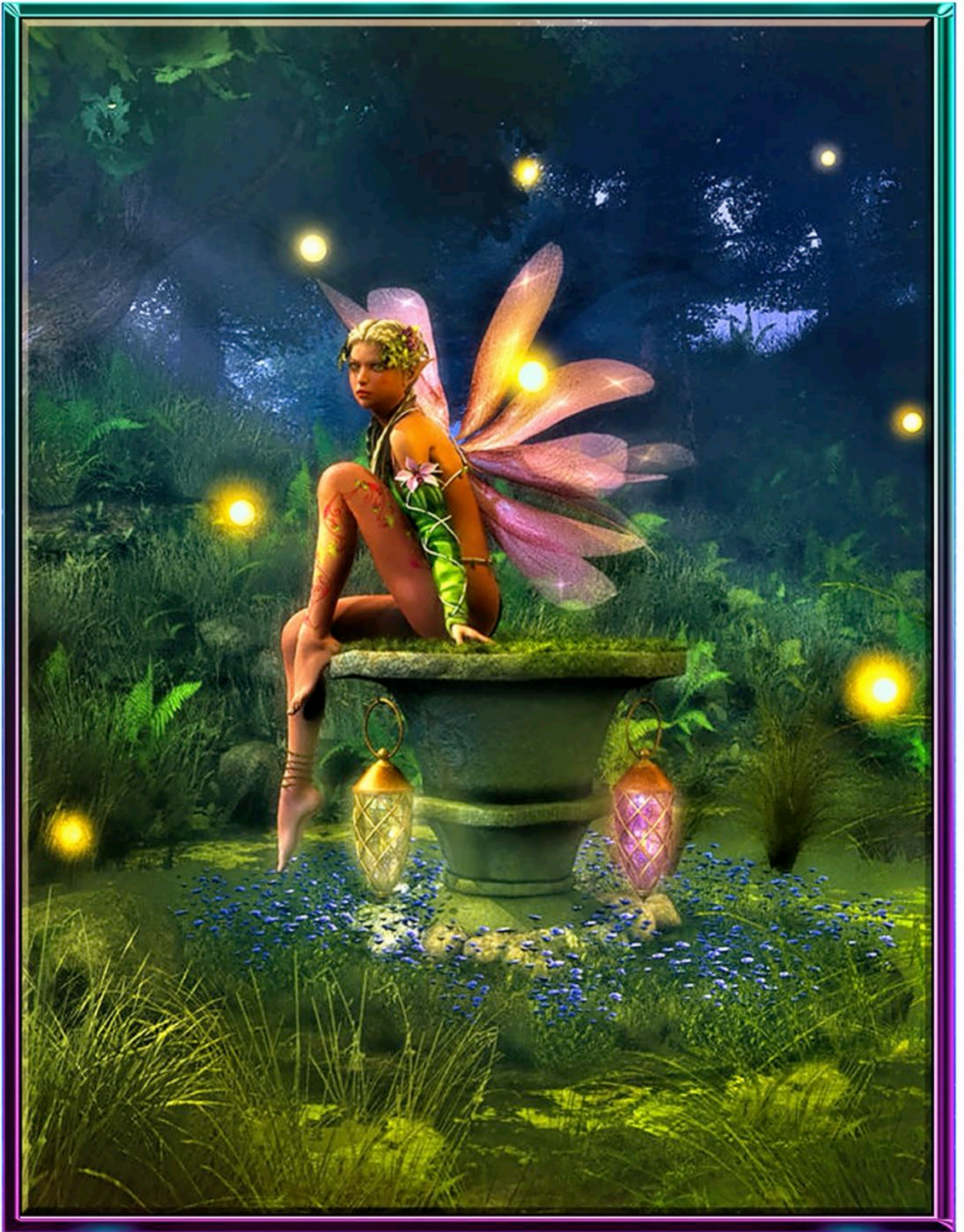


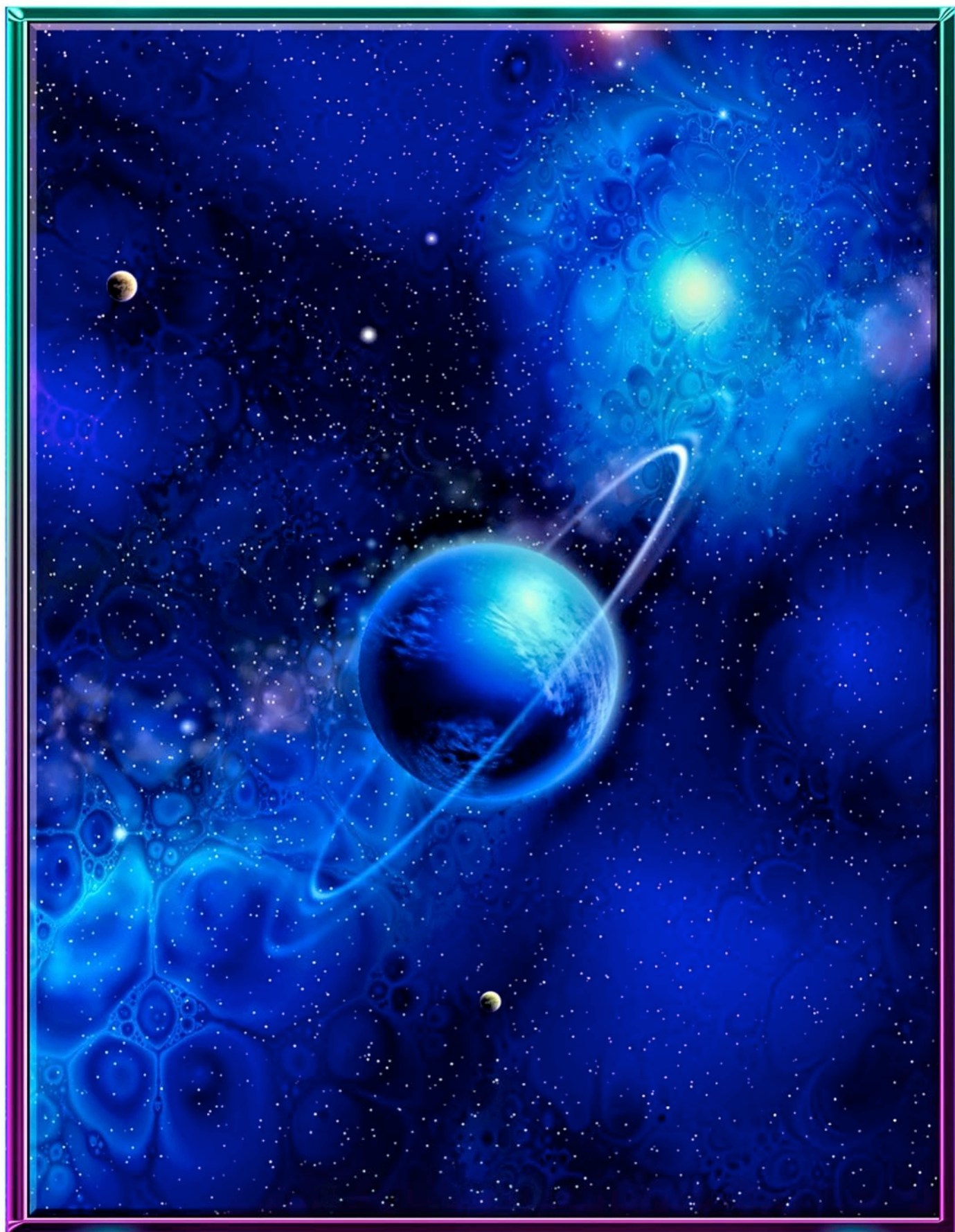
We are life's  
eternal creative smile,

Beaming as  
the universal epistyle.

In us the cosmos  
has come alive;

Thus we borrow life  
from Death for awhile.





# TRUE COLORS



Austin P. Torney

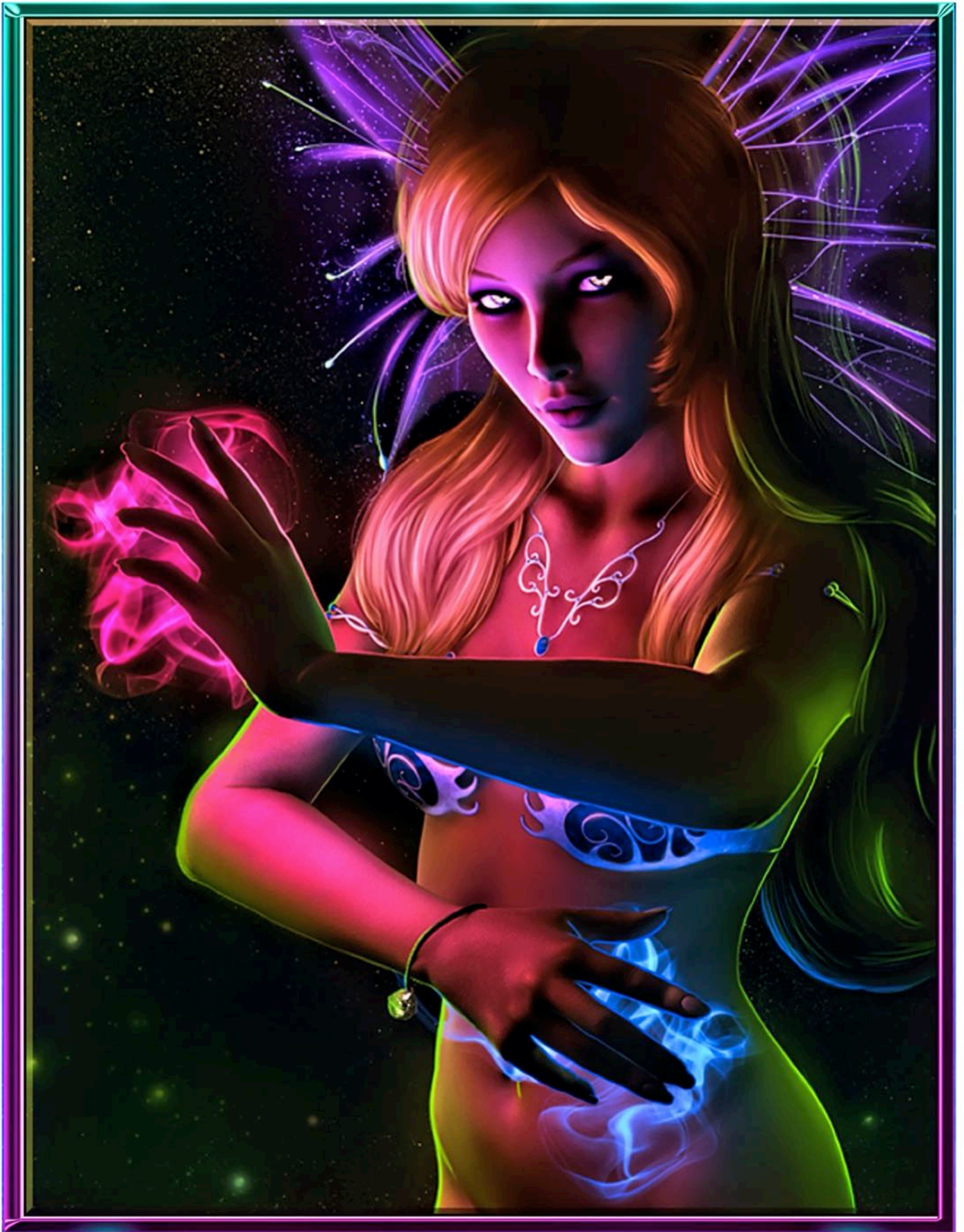
## TRUE COLORS

We are the Eternal Smile of Being,  
The Joy of the Universe's Creation!

In us the Cosmos has come alive  
And has evolved  
into higher consciousness,  
From primordial matter and energy.



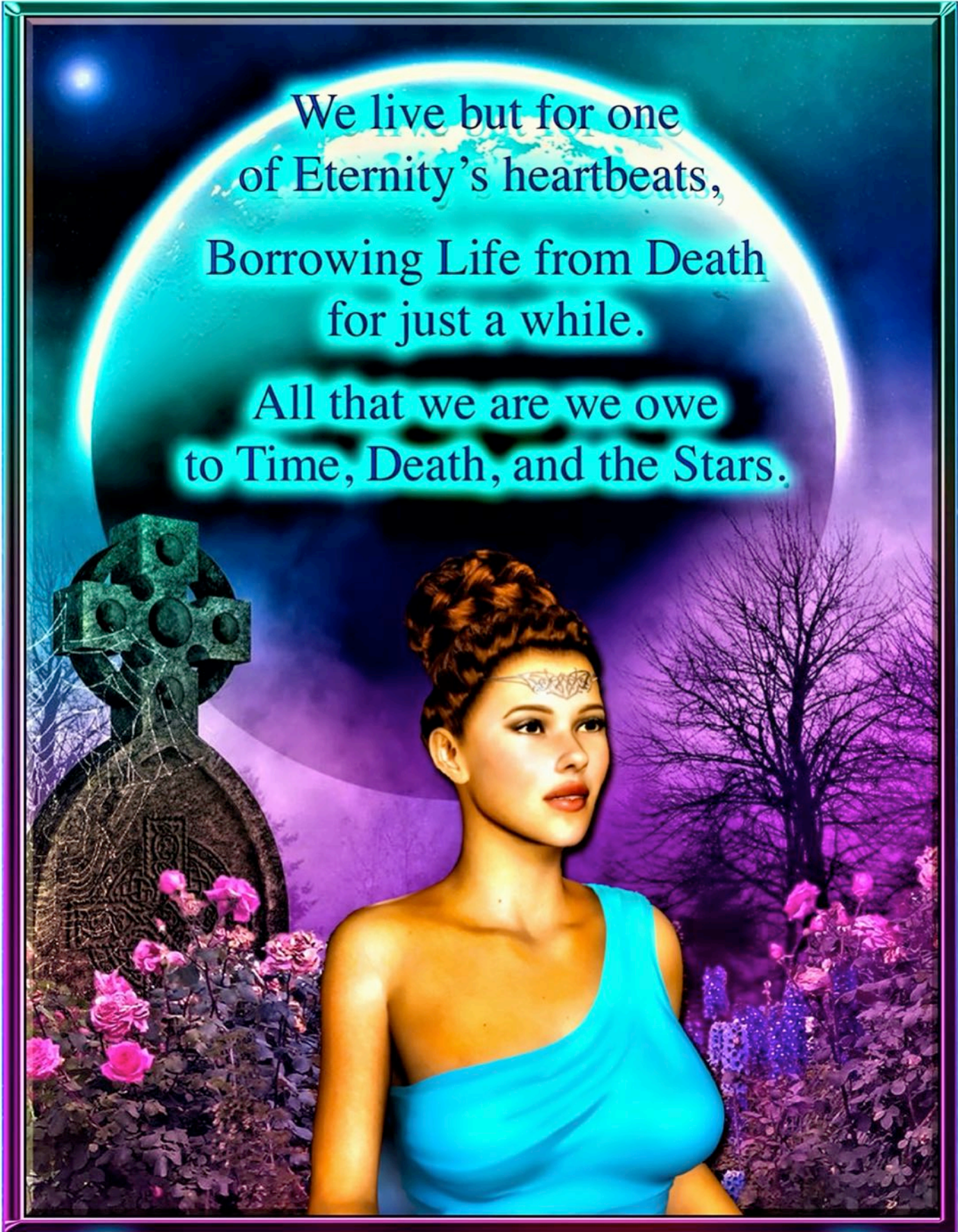




We have arrived! We are the Cosmos itself.  
We are the Universe—life from Stardust!





A woman with her hair styled in an updo, wearing a blue one-shoulder dress, stands in a cemetery at night. To her left is a large, ornate Celtic cross gravestone. The background is a dark, starry night sky with a large, bright full moon. The scene is framed by a decorative border.

We live but for one  
of Eternity's heartbeats,  
Borrowing Life from Death  
for just a while.

All that we are we owe  
to Time, Death, and the Stars.



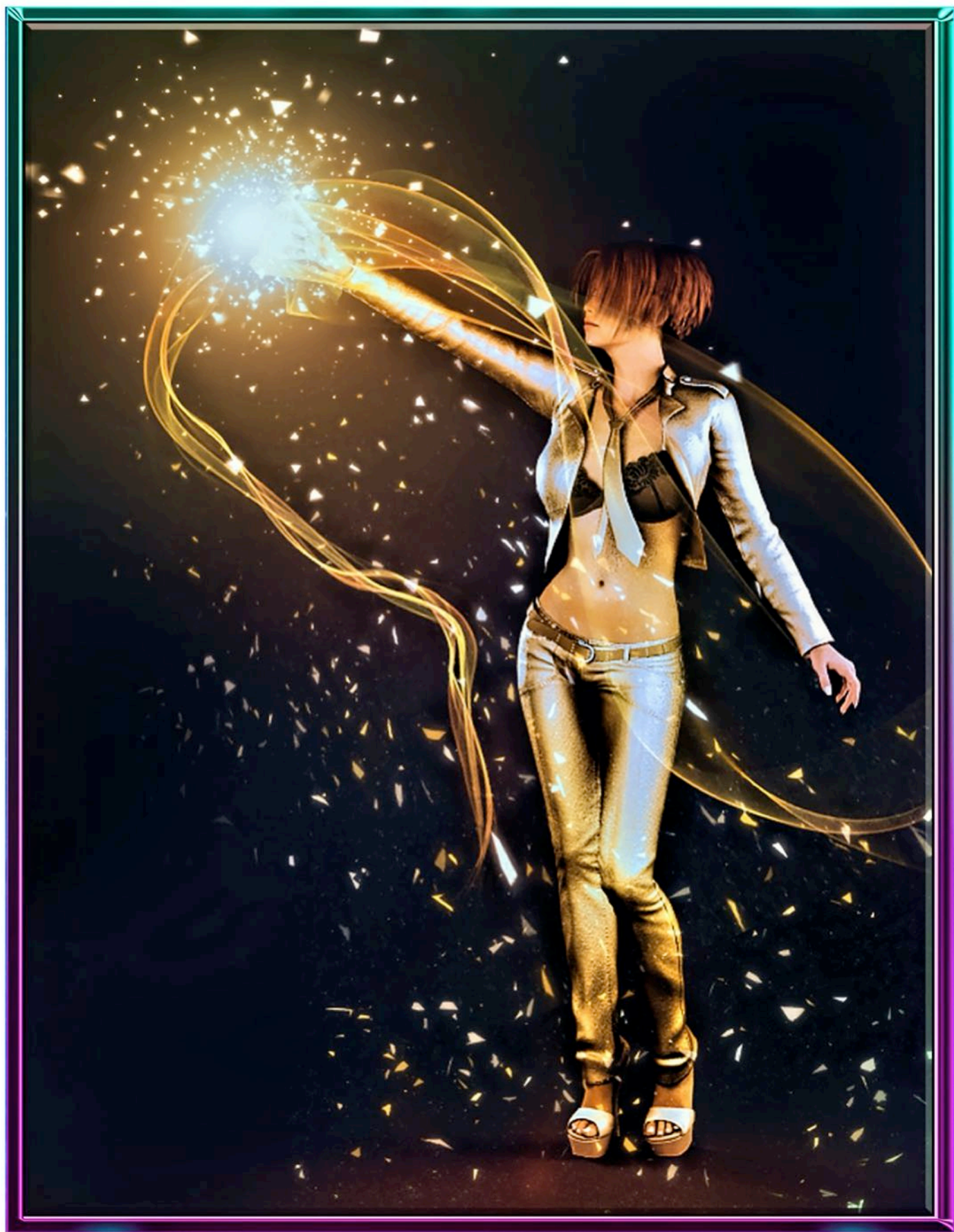


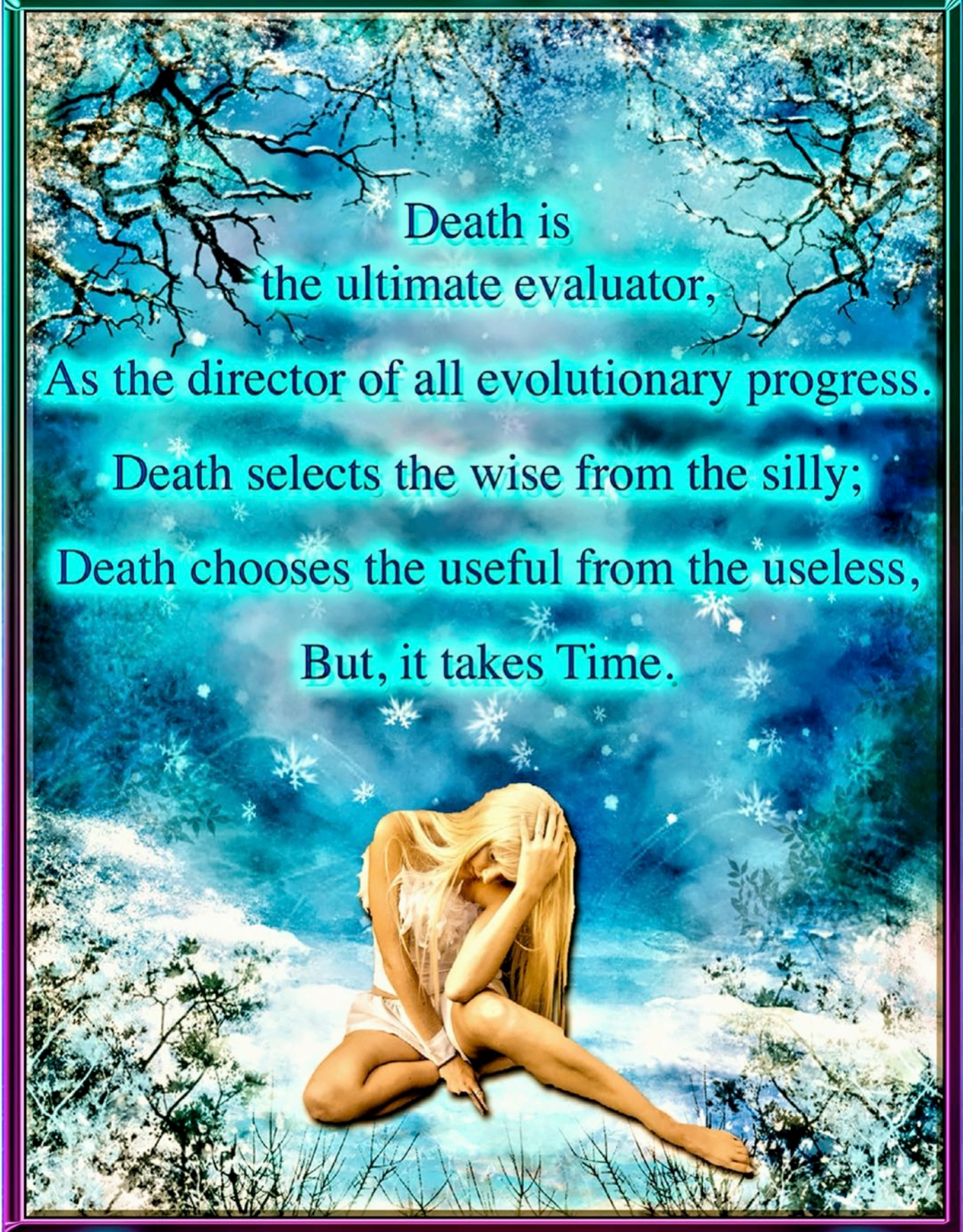
Truly, from the Stars cometh our help.

The Stars are the creators  
of atomic matter.

Within a Star's heart,  
matter transforms itself

And gives off energy —  
this is why the Stars shine!





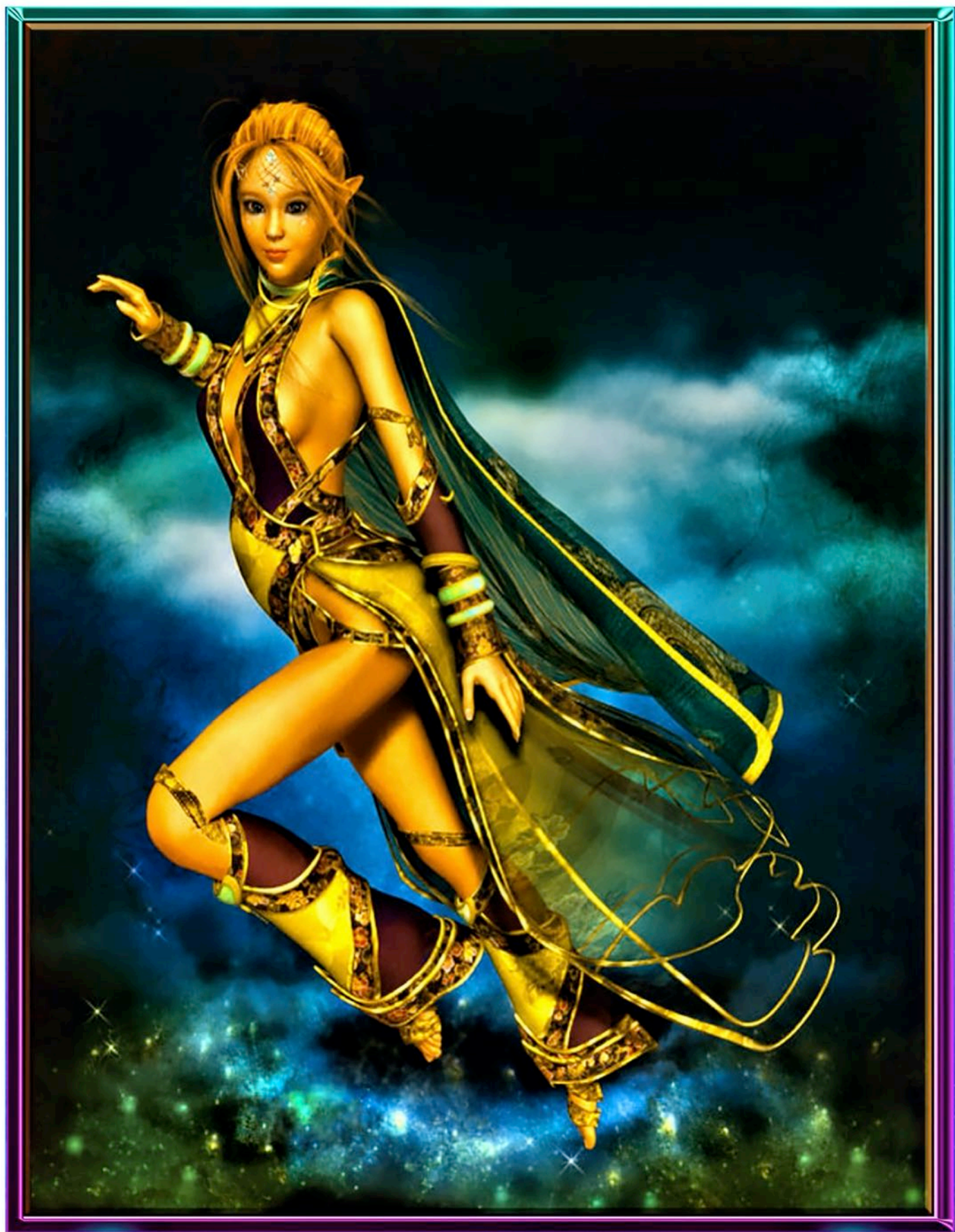
Death is  
the ultimate evaluator,  
As the director of all evolutionary progress.  
Death selects the wise from the silly;  
Death chooses the useful from the useless,  
But, it takes Time.





It is this long yardstick  
that sticks in the throat.  
For what seemed like Forever,  
Our sleepless spirits  
had to wait so very long  
To catch light, life, and delight  
From Heaven's snail-like pace.  
Finally, we are so lucky and we live.





We stand atop the pinnacle  
of Nature's tireless toil  
Which has at last brought forth our souls  
From that black and endless eternal deep.

What a joy to Be!





In what far and fiery depths of space  
Burnt the fire of your Spirit?  
In what distant stars was born  
the gleam in your eye?



Know it well, for one day Death may ask you  
“What did you do with all of your life?”





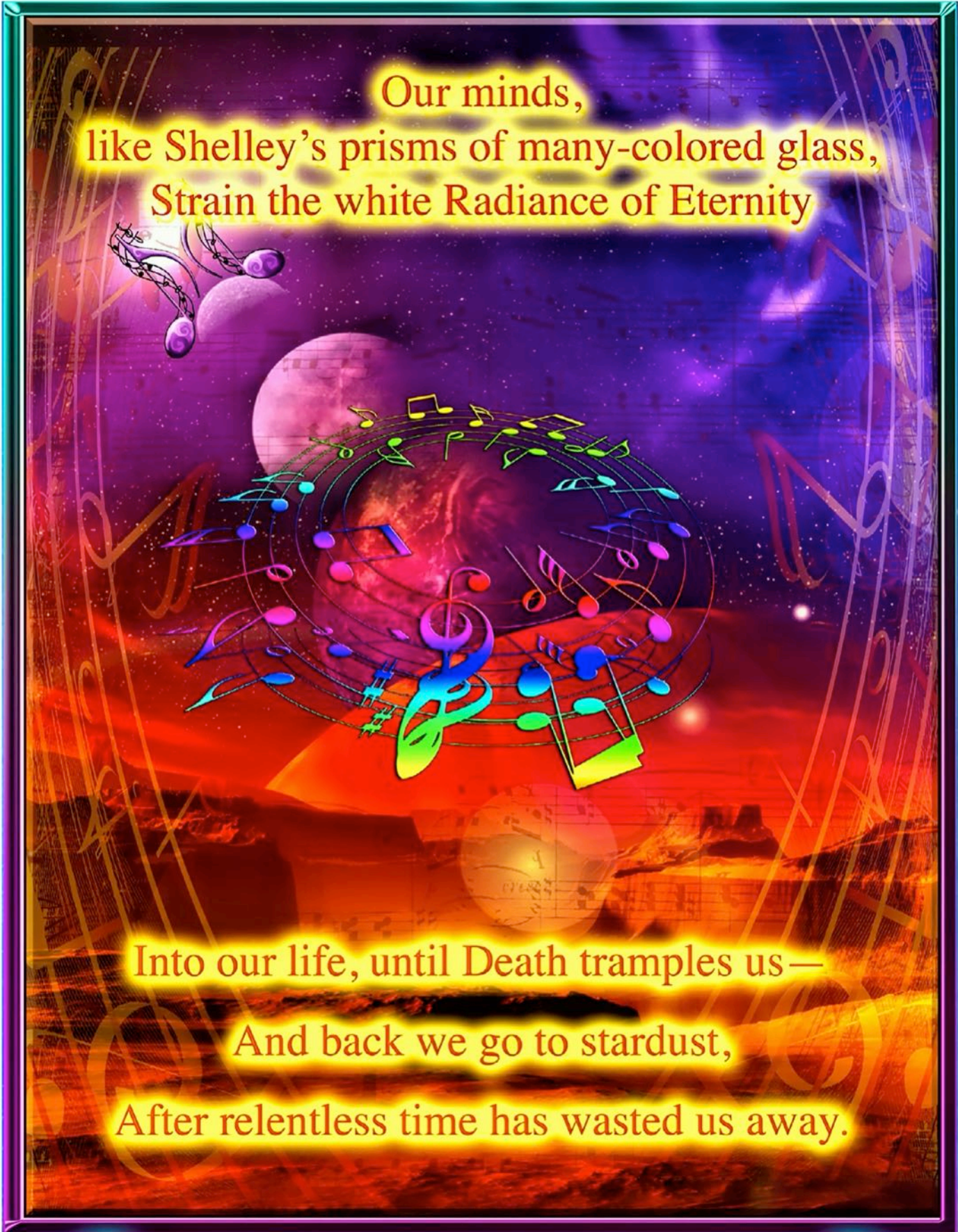
But, for now we are alive.

Our mind and senses interpret and disperse  
The base Reality into the colors and sensations  
Of the phenomenal world.

We can become either rainbows or ugly stains!

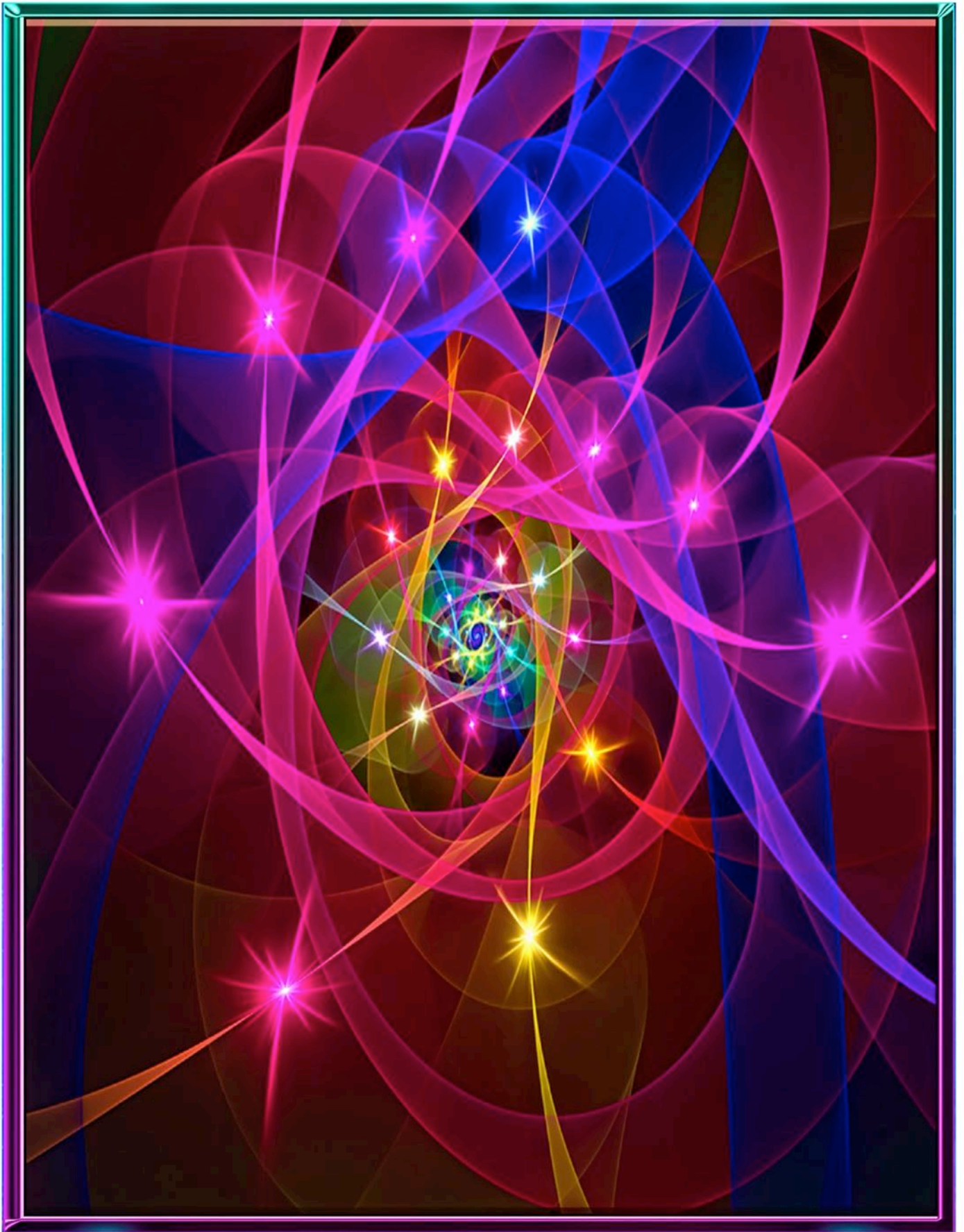






Our minds,  
like Shelley's prisms of many-colored glass,  
Strain the white Radiance of Eternity

Into our life, until Death tramples us —  
And back we go to stardust,  
After relentless time has wasted us away.





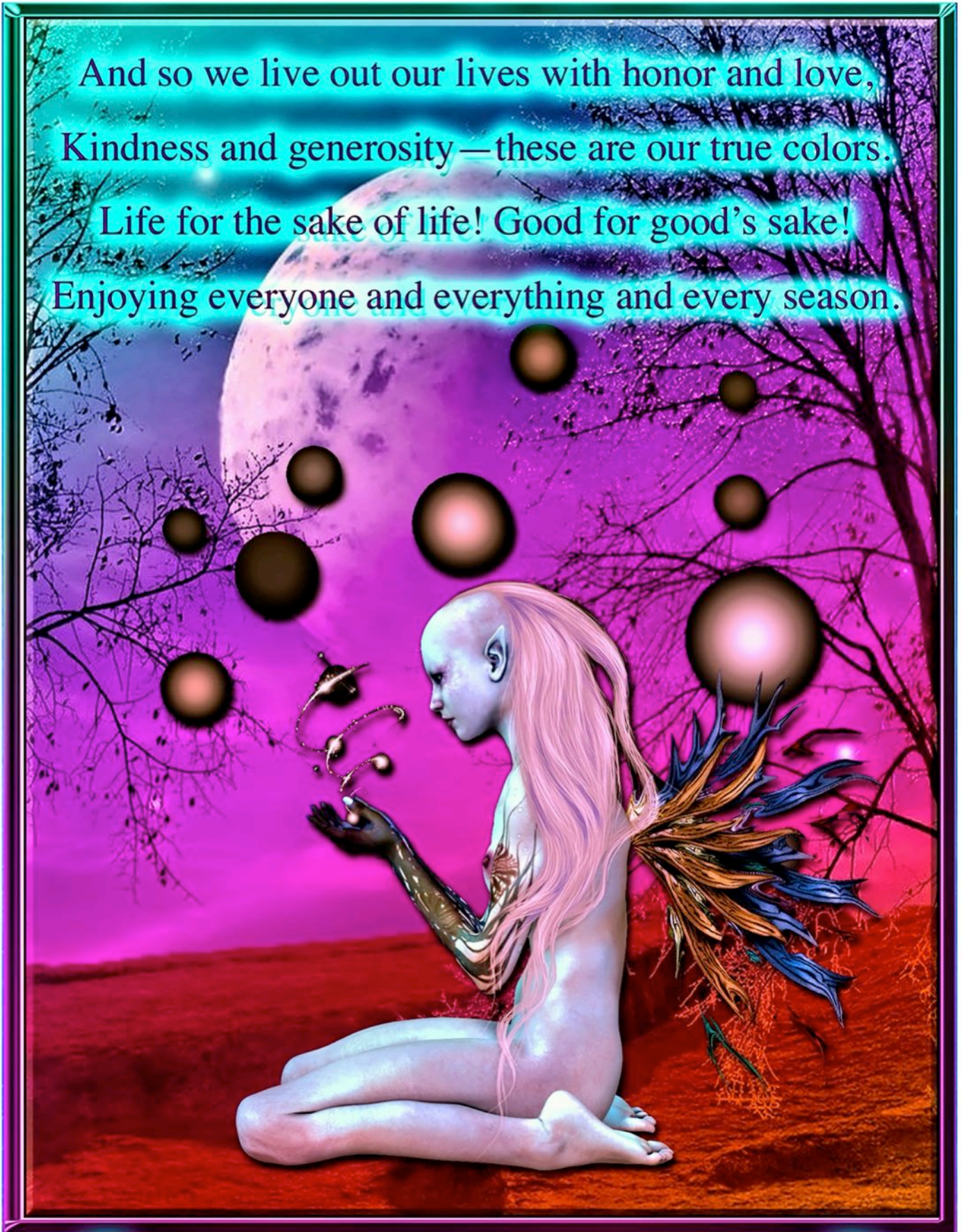
Yes, our creators  
of Time, Death, and Stardust  
Must also write our epitaph;

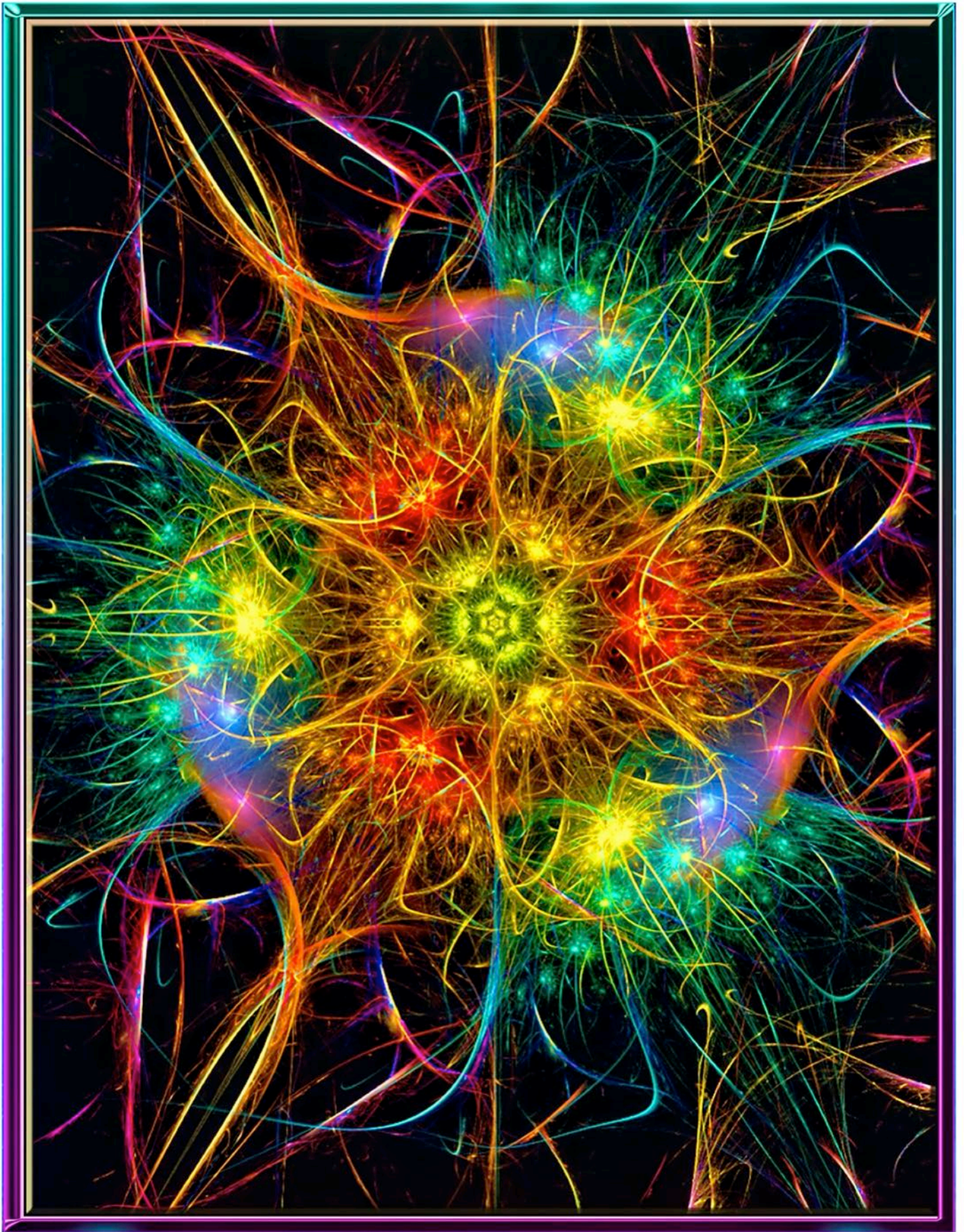
They devour us  
in order to return

The life-dream  
which was lent to us.



And so we live out our lives with honor and love,  
Kindness and generosity—these are our true colors.  
Life for the sake of life! Good for good's sake!  
Enjoying everyone and everything and every season.





Some may think that they are more important  
Than they really are, that they deserve some reward



Of a divine destiny in Heaven, where their every whim,  
Wish, and fancy can be fulfilled for all of time.





Well, to me, such endless satisfaction and pleasure  
Sounds really rather prideful, wishful, even decadent.



The ultimate humility is for us to realize  
That we are bio-electro-chemical organisms.



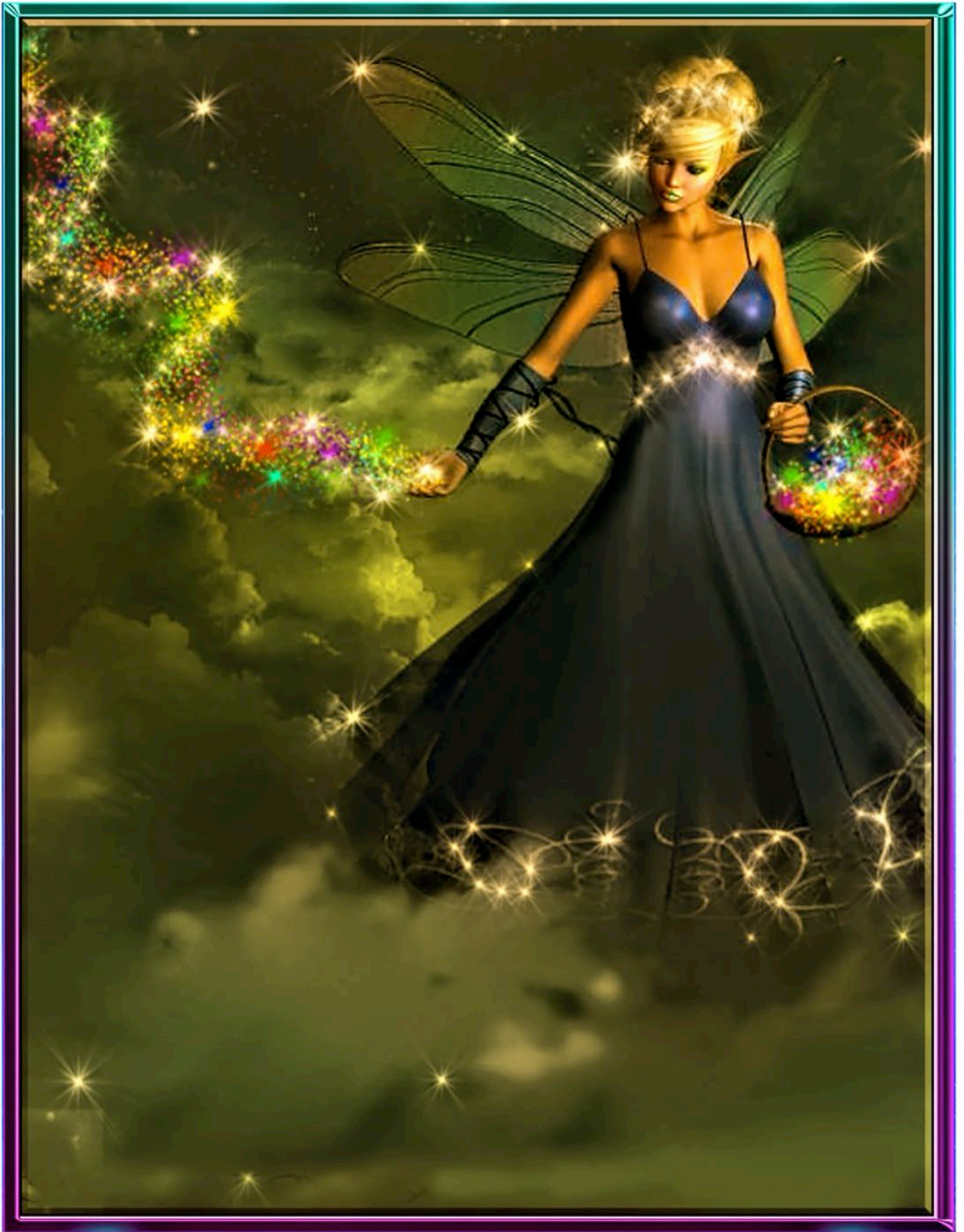
A woman with a green leafy crown and a green dress stands in a lush forest. She holds a glowing lantern with a bird perched on top. Butterflies and a dragonfly are visible in the air. The scene is framed by a blue and purple border.

Are we quite fancy as destined organisms? Oh, yes.


Are we specially created by a Master? Oh, no.

We are the embodiment of the Cosmos

And are ever the results of natural laws.

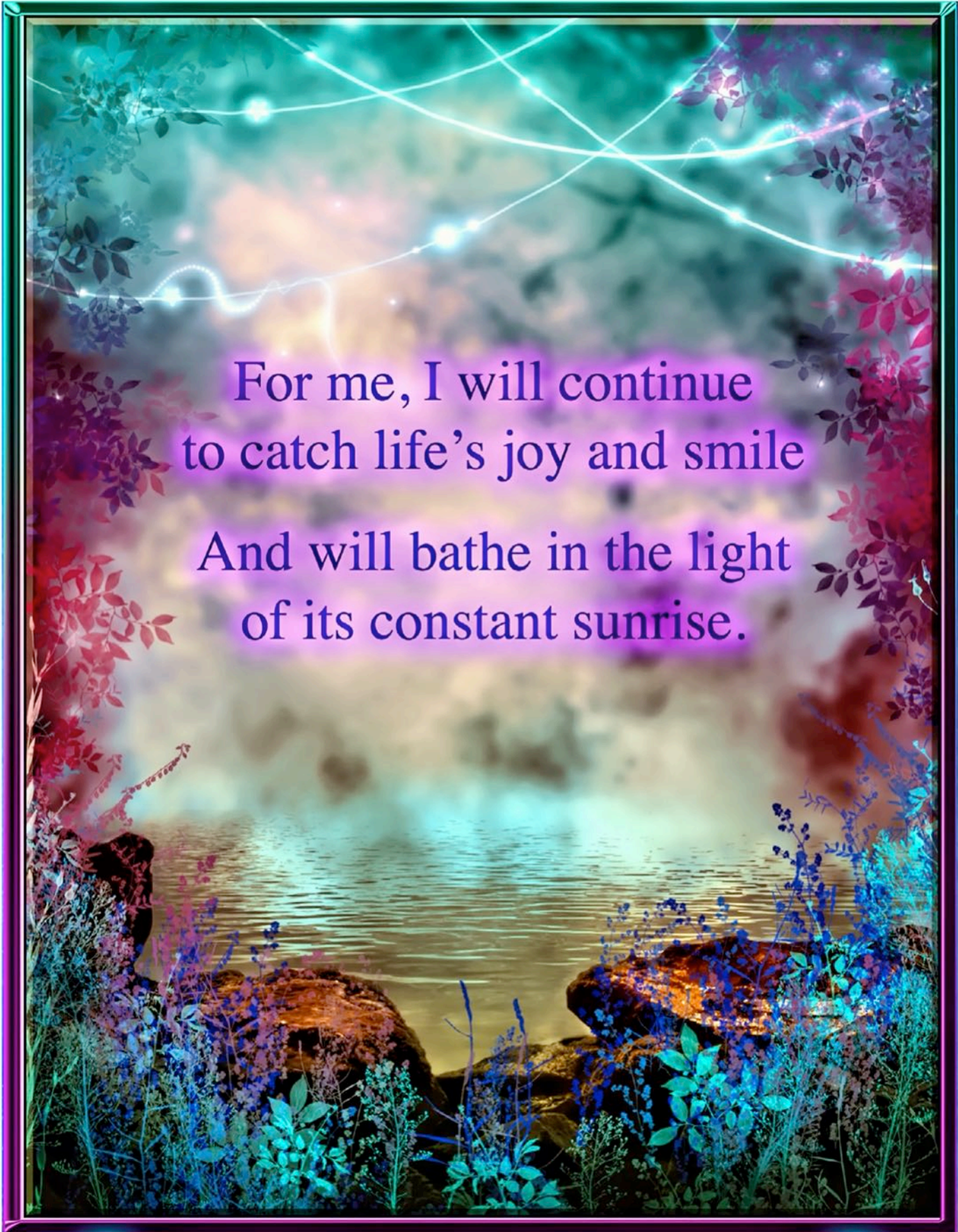


Death will be forever, but man,  
With his exaggerated view of self-importance,



And, not wishing to see a final end  
To his glorious life, and I can hardly blame him—  
Desperately grasps for immortality's promise.





For me, I will continue  
to catch life's joy and smile  
And will bathe in the light  
of its constant sunrise.





On my last night on this Earth  
I will not be haunted by regret  
When the Sleep of Death comes  
To take me to Corruption's  
dim dwelling place—  
For I will know that  
I lived for color and smile.

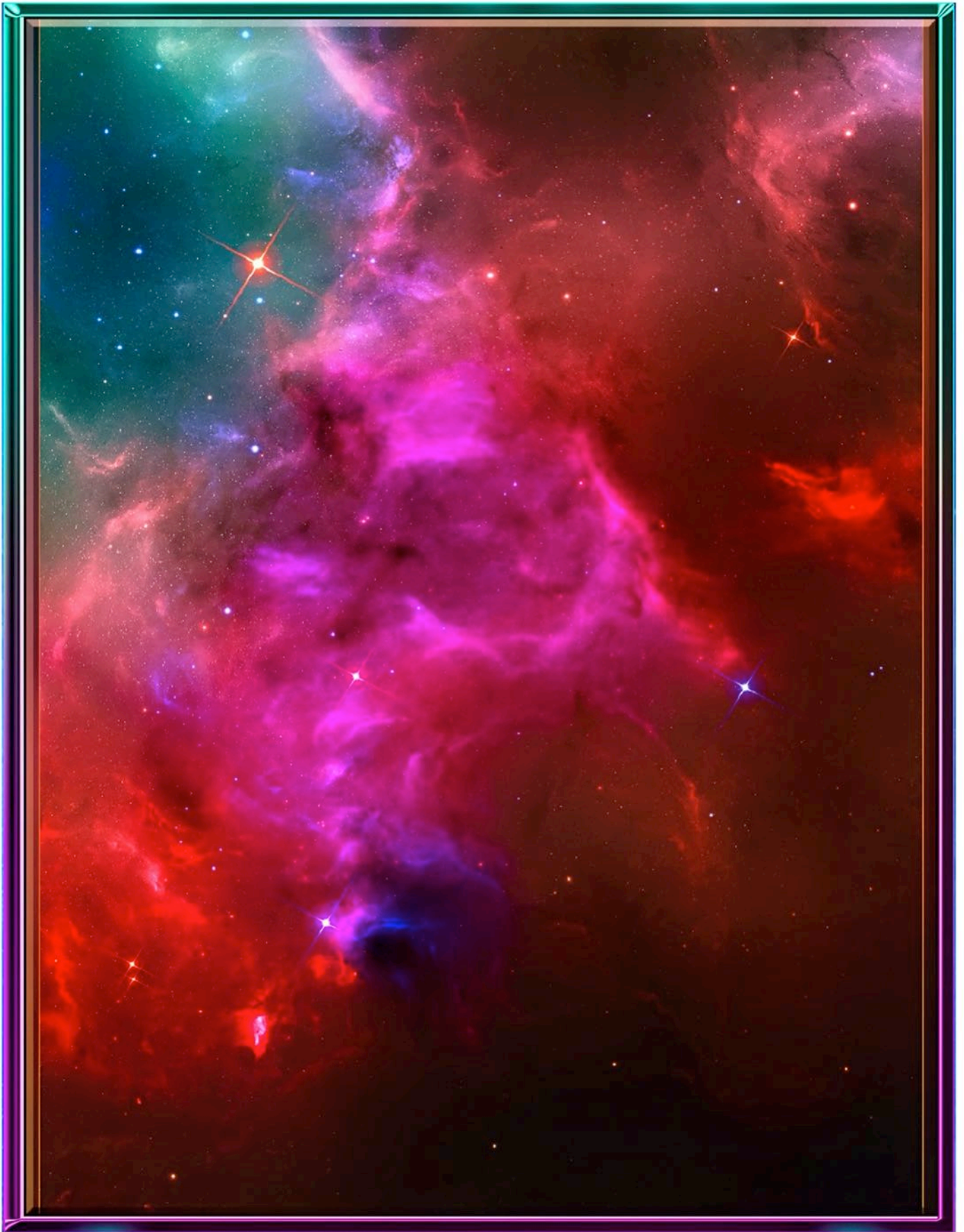


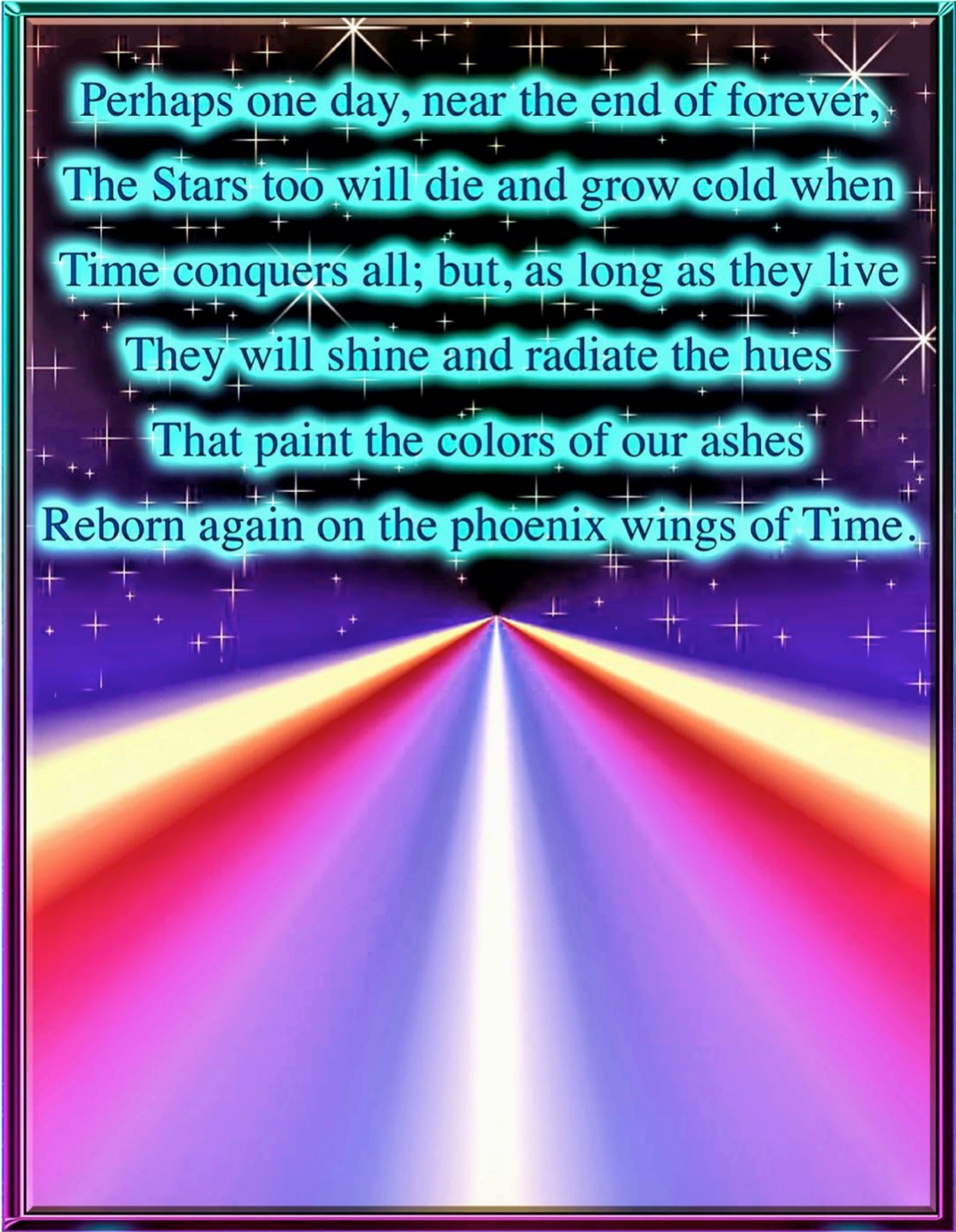


And what of the Stars?

They remain,  
as Eternity's Love-lamps,

Representing our  
good works and deeds,  
Which even the fathomless night  
cannot quench.





Perhaps one day, near the end of forever,  
The Stars too will die and grow cold when  
Time conquers all; but, as long as they live  
They will shine and radiate the hues  
That paint the colors of our ashes  
Reborn again on the phoenix wings of Time.



