

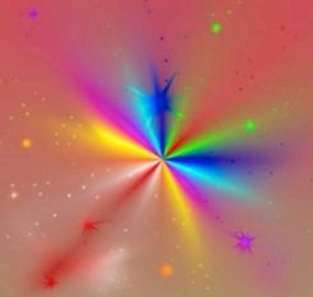
Seasonal Epic Lore:

Spring fever;

Summer Rainbows;

Autumn Hues;

Winter Embers



Austin D. Torney

SEASONAL EPIC LORE:

**Spring Fever; Summer Rainbows;
Autumn Hues; Winter Embers**

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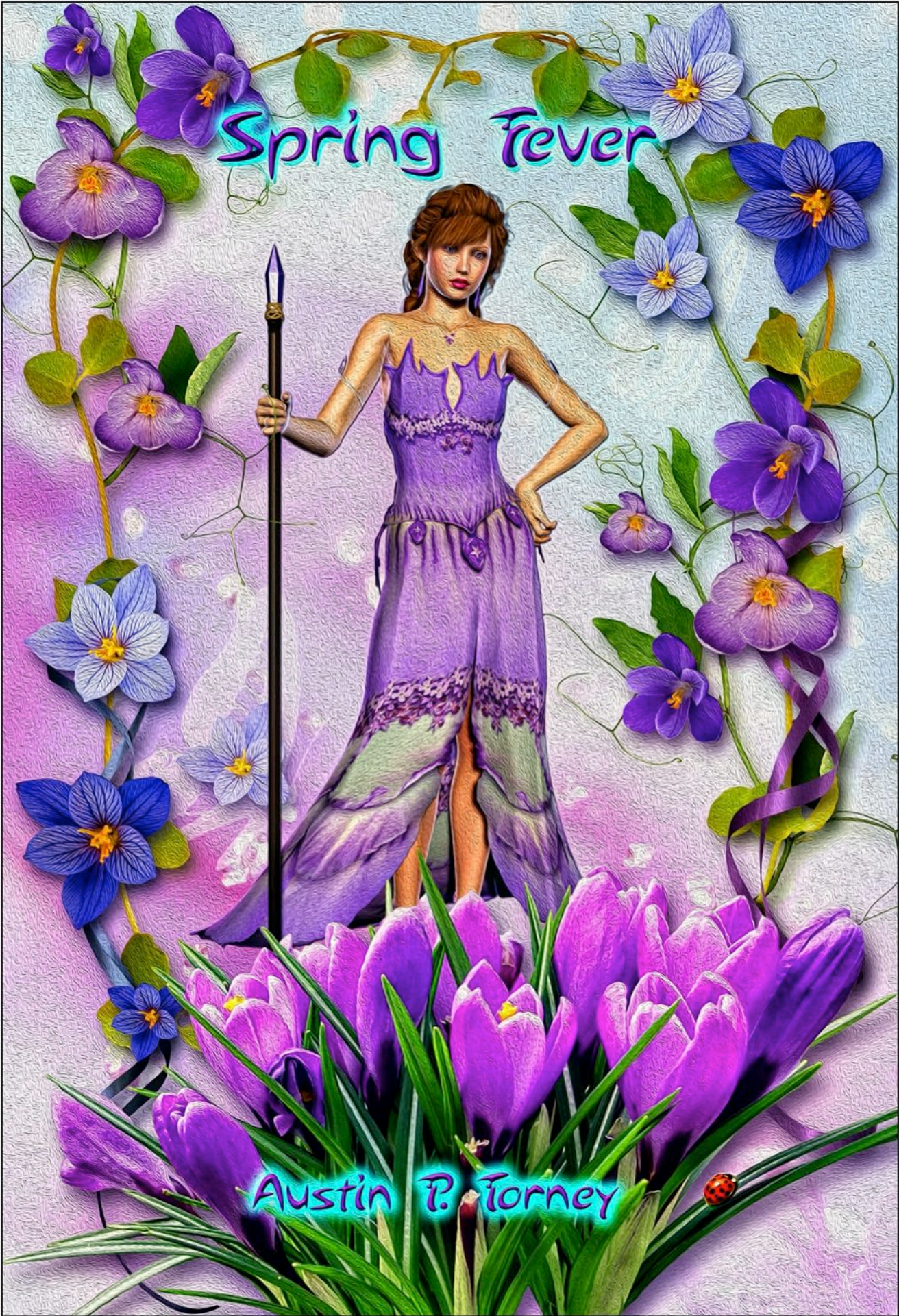
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YouTube Videos: MagicalVideos Channel

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

DeviantArt: Look under AustinTorney

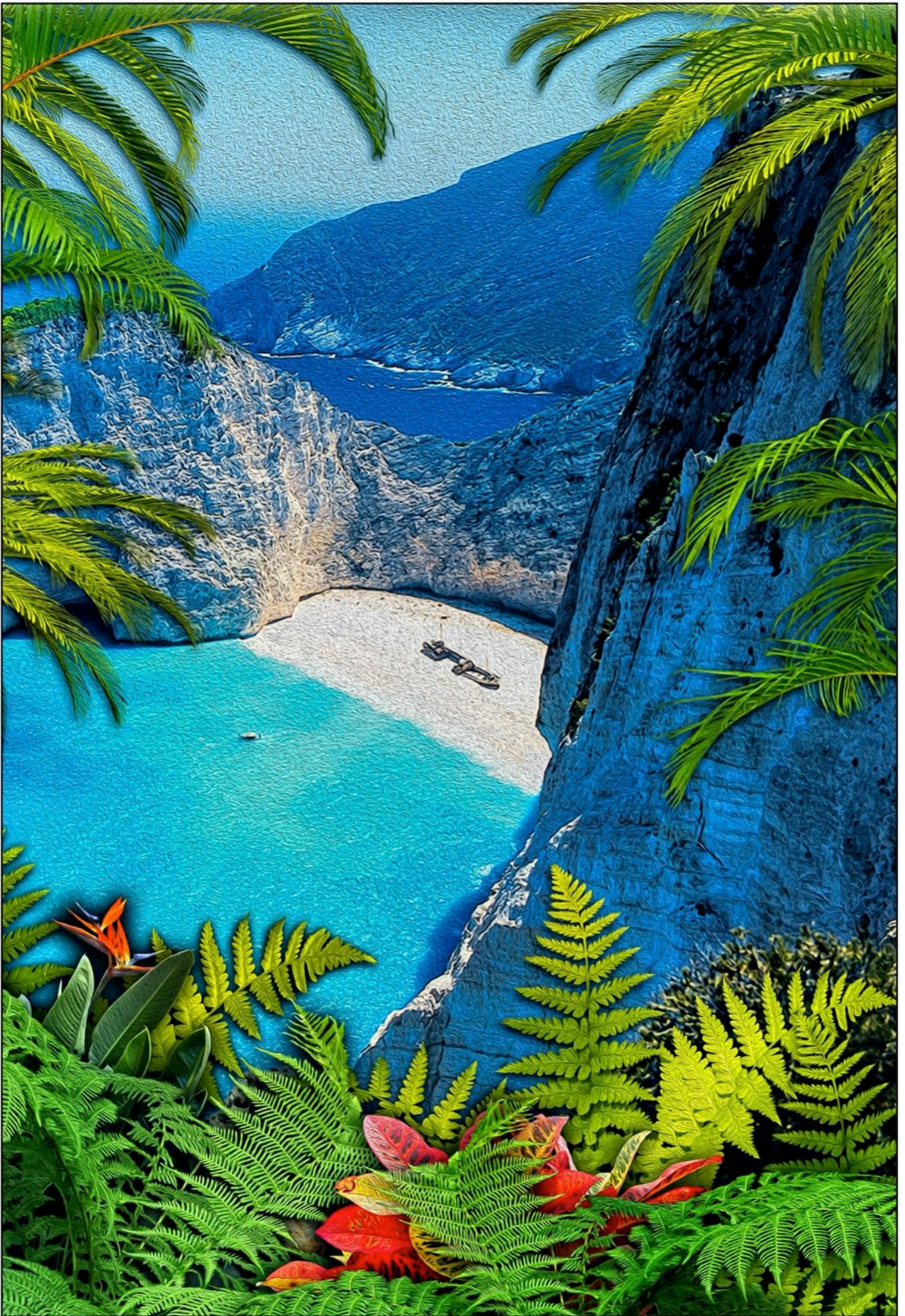






I flew the precipitous
verge of cliffs,
A giant's wall
of grassy mountain rifts,

On down to
a dreamy amethystine floor
Of waves lapping
the mysterious shore.





Halfway, staggered
betwixt Earth and Heaven,
Was to know the ecstasy of flying,

With the added touch
of danger given,
Crossing the
roiling cataracts running.






Spring's fever was as
a long burnished horn

Trailing the wild music
of adventure
Behind me,

(like banners of aerial brass,
Driving me on
and through the impossible.





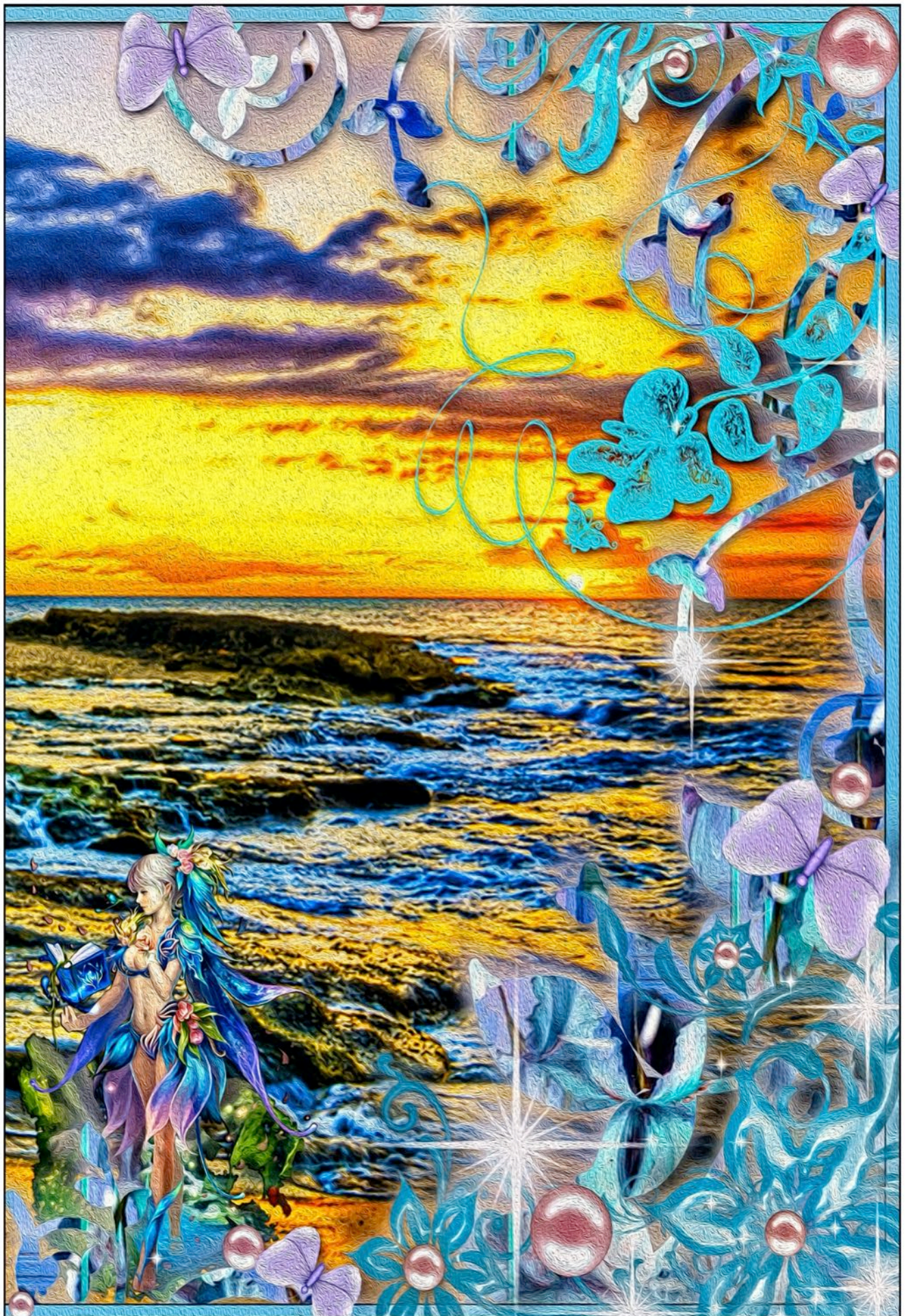
As I neared waterfalls
of splashing rains,
Floating up to me
came soft music strains,
Silken and caressing,
sirens singing,
As though the sea itself
sang a welcome.





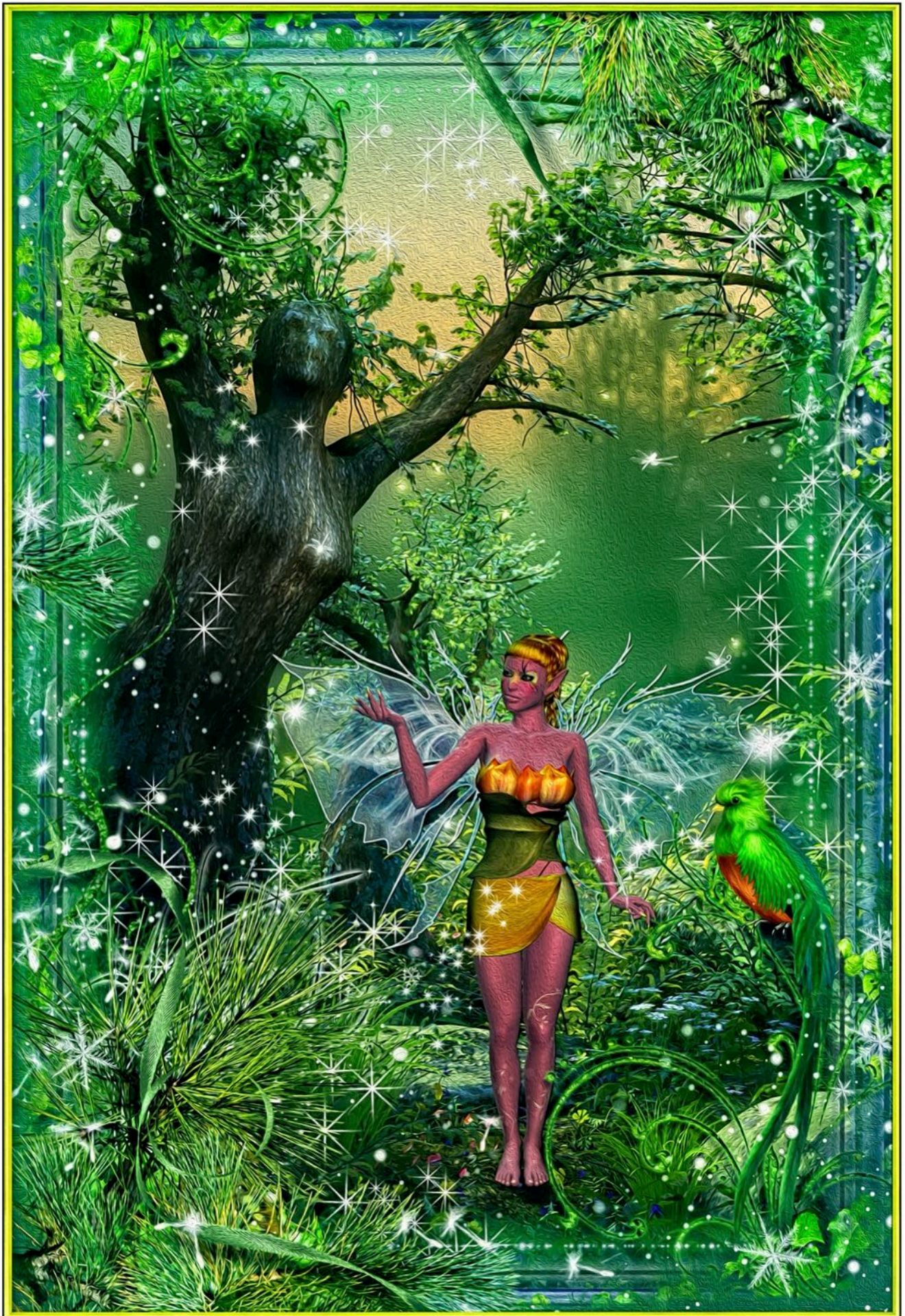
The sea swallowed the sun,
as moon replaced,
Twilight lifting up
her heavy silk skirt,

Revealing a
paradise of chiffons
That swayed and glided
in mystical dance.



It was thus the fountain Sprites
were dancing
To the moon on the Arabian sands,
That the Nixies shook
their white limbs on the
haunted, deep forested banks
of the Rhine;





It was thus the wee
fairy women flashed their
Alabaster feet on
the hills of Connemara,

That the Houris
were dancing for Omar
On Nature's palace floors
of Paradise.





I gazed into her glowing eyes that were
As and of a fathomless, moonlit sea,



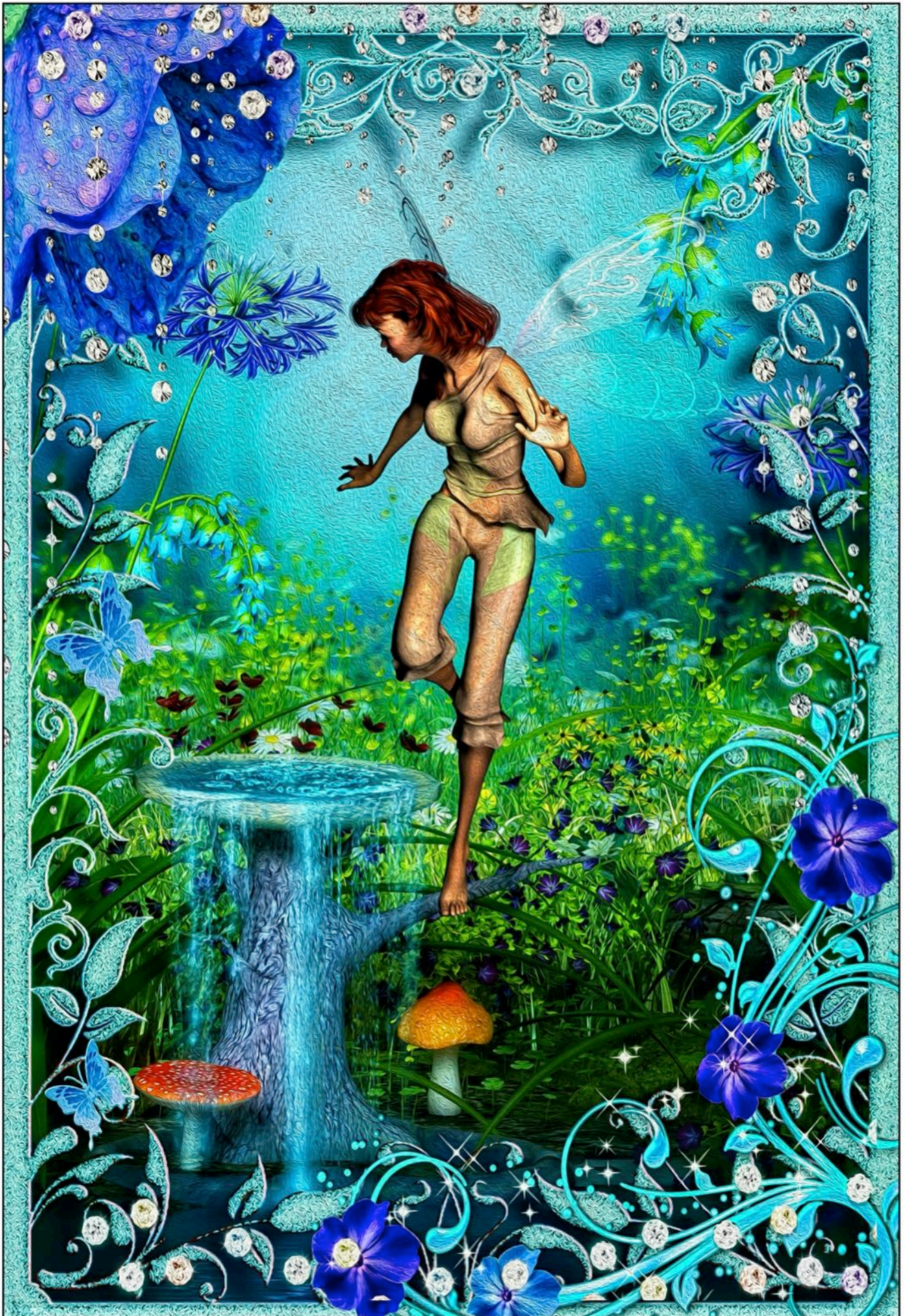
While her long hair fell all about me like
Like a net of moonbeams, enrapturing me.



She lay like the moon herself come to ground,
To the passionate lover of nature,

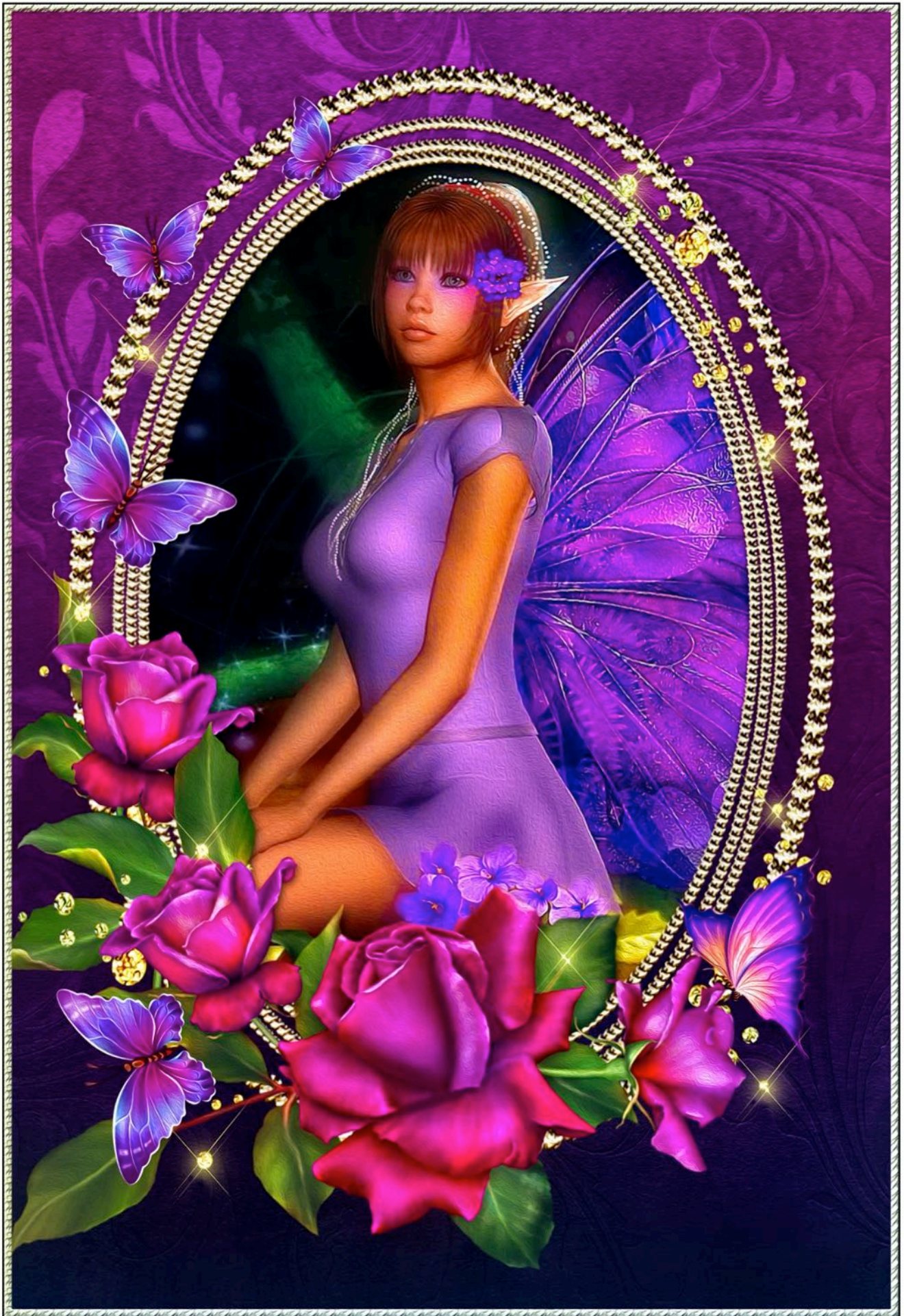


The anchorite of all her solitudes,
In this hour of closest approach to her.





There's e'er an aching sense of incomplete
Oneness with glorious Lady Nature,
As human desire for some responsive
Embodiment of her mysterious beauty.





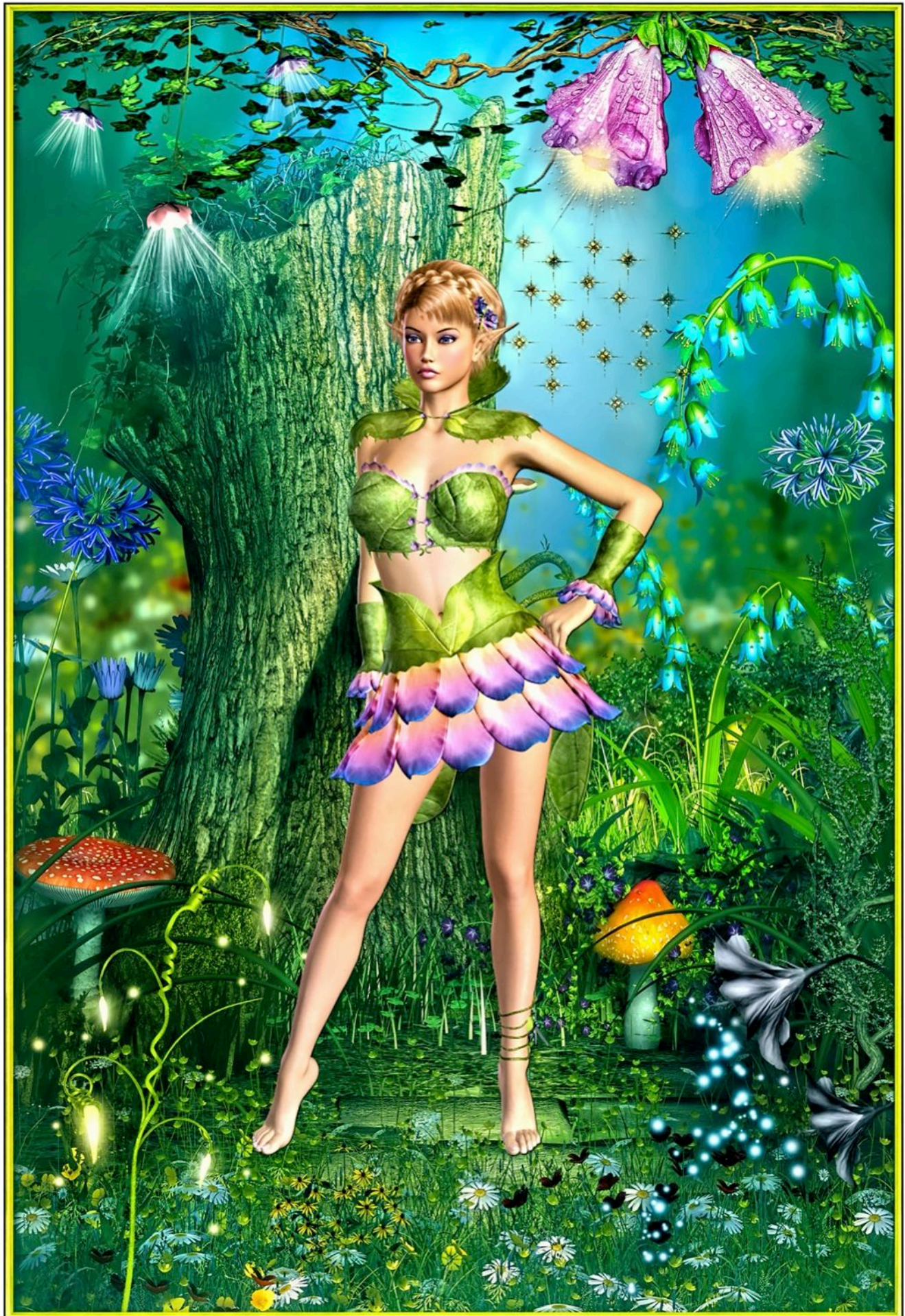
There are those
ecstatic moments in which
Nature seems just
on the tremulous verge

Of sending to us her magic answer—
During moments of intense reverie.



The woods seemed about to reveal to us
The inner heart of their outward silence,
In some sudden change to revealing shape
Of unimaginable enchantment.





Or that infinite of the starry night
As the stardust we and our help derived
Take its universal form at our side
In some companionable radiance.





Nature granted me her marvels in the forest,
Enchanted from below and sparkled above—



And from the moonlit sea arrived a shape
Shining along the beam's silver pathway.



The mystery of the moonlit sea was
In my arms, no longer a distant wonder,
But an embodied elemental spirit—
Earth's missing link tween angel and human.







We pressed our lips
to the forehead of the dawn,

And crushed the summer's flowered abundance
to our breasts, drank deep our cups, and held
The infinite ocean in our embrace.





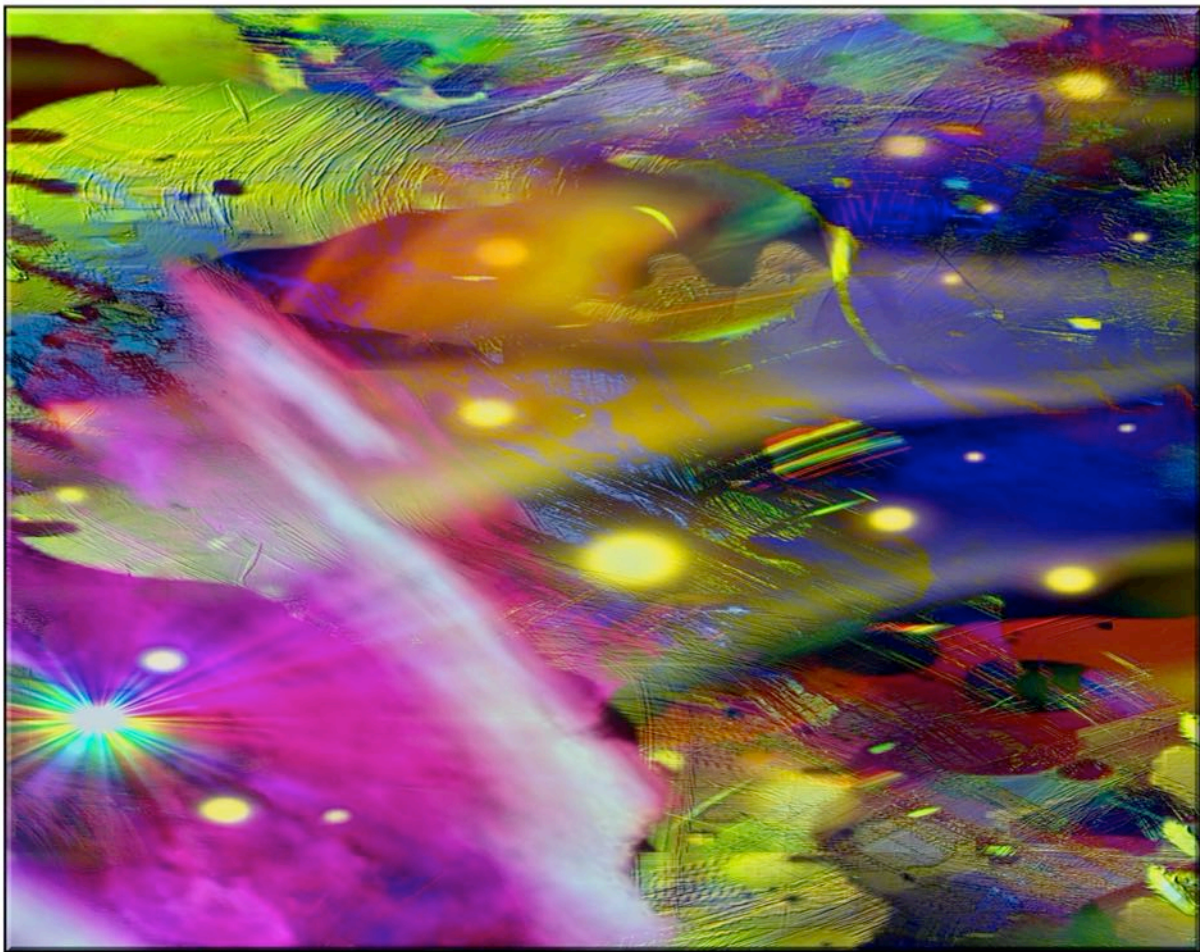
Color Symbols—
The Lore and Legends
Of the Colors

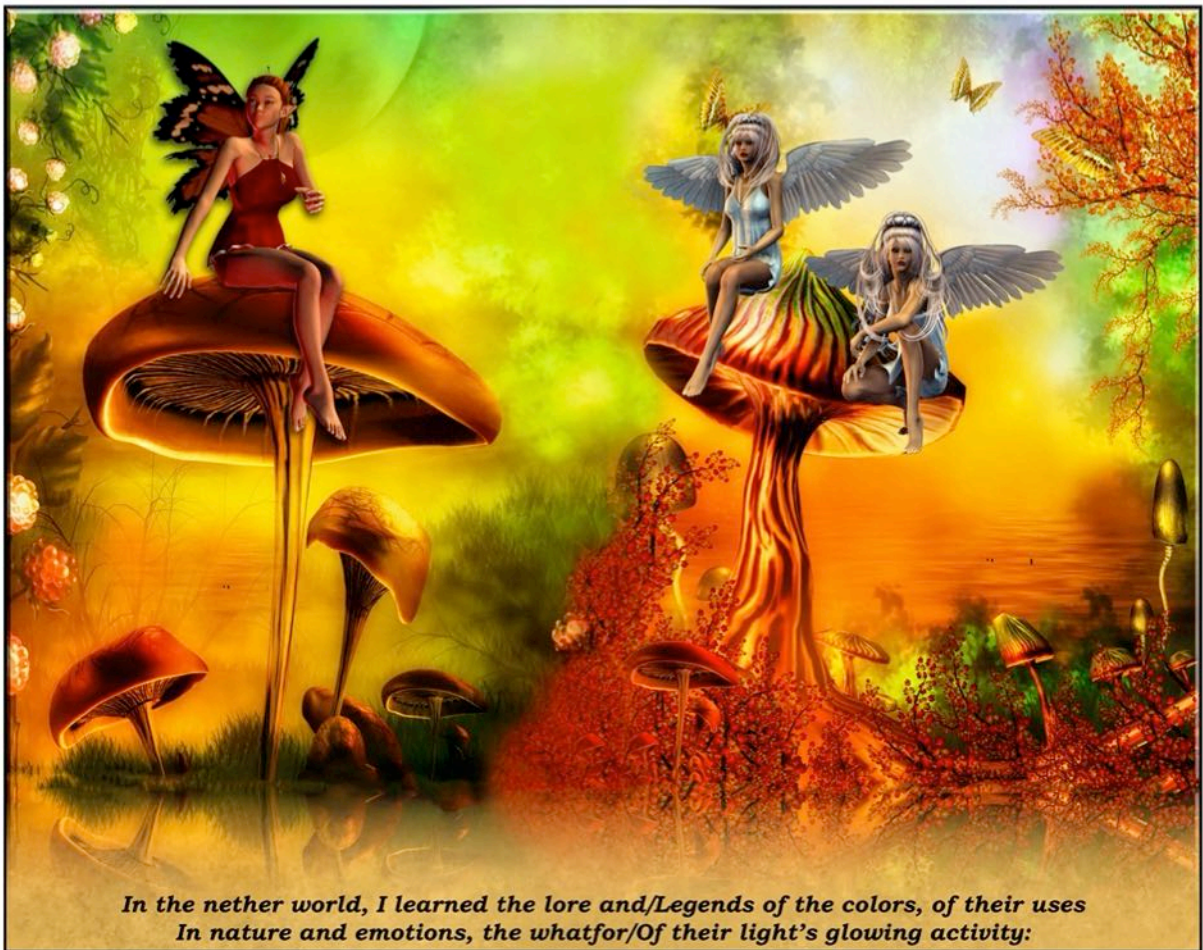
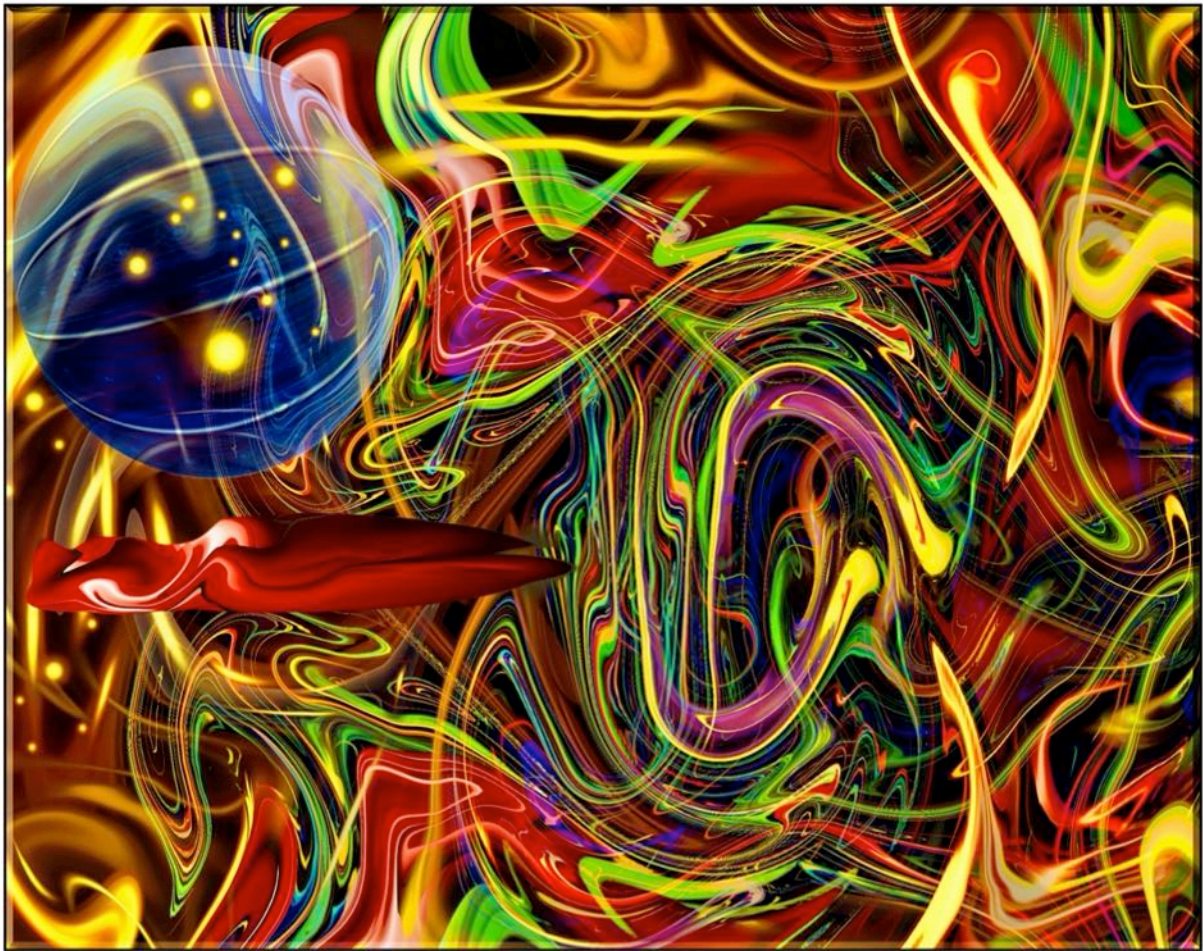


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Color Symbols





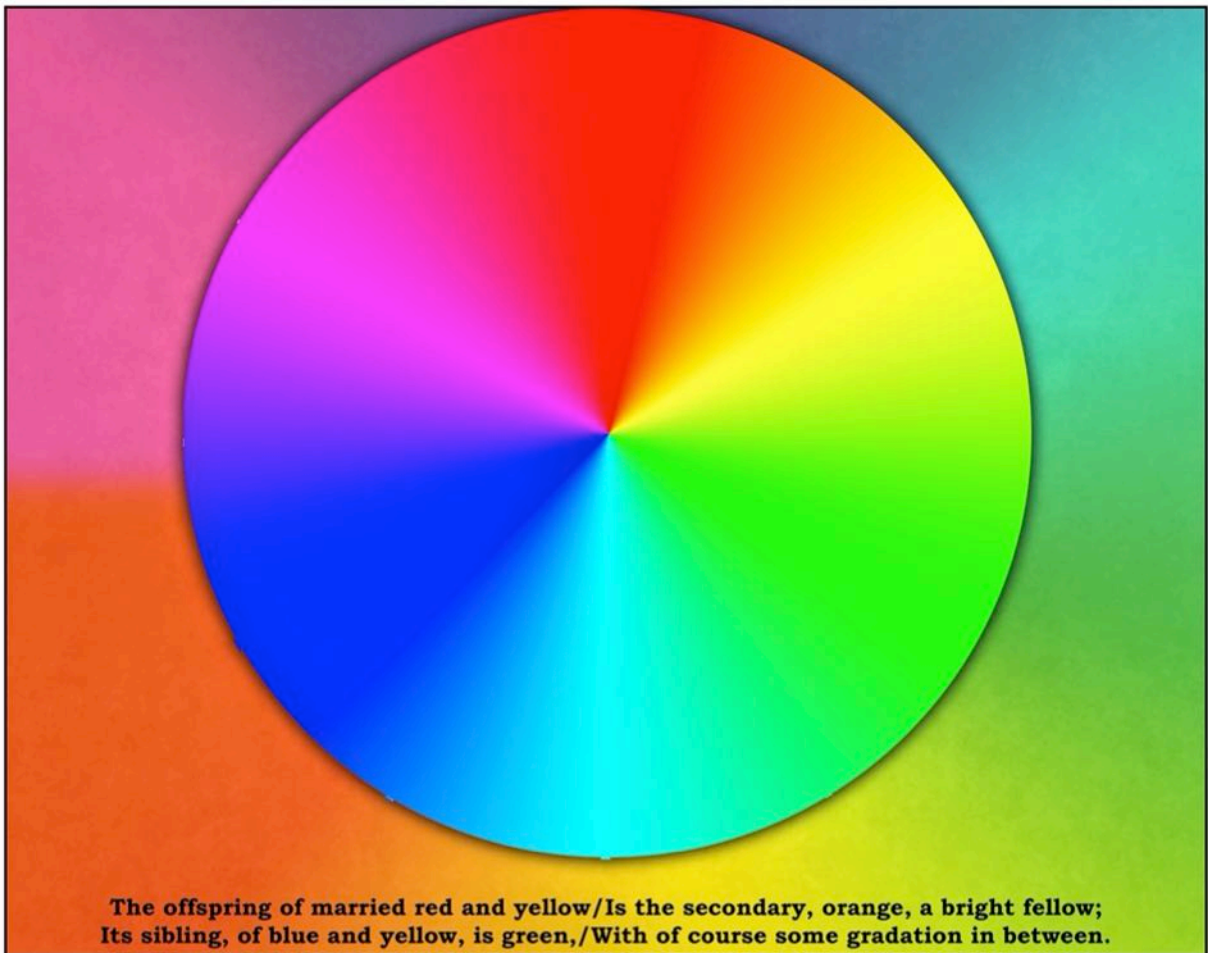
*In the nether world, I learned the lore and/Legends of the colors, of their uses
In nature and emotions, the whatfor/Of their light's glowing activity:*



All color variants, quite numberless,/Are made from the three primaries, no less;
Namely: red, yellow, and blue—often backed/By colorless white tinges or shades of black.



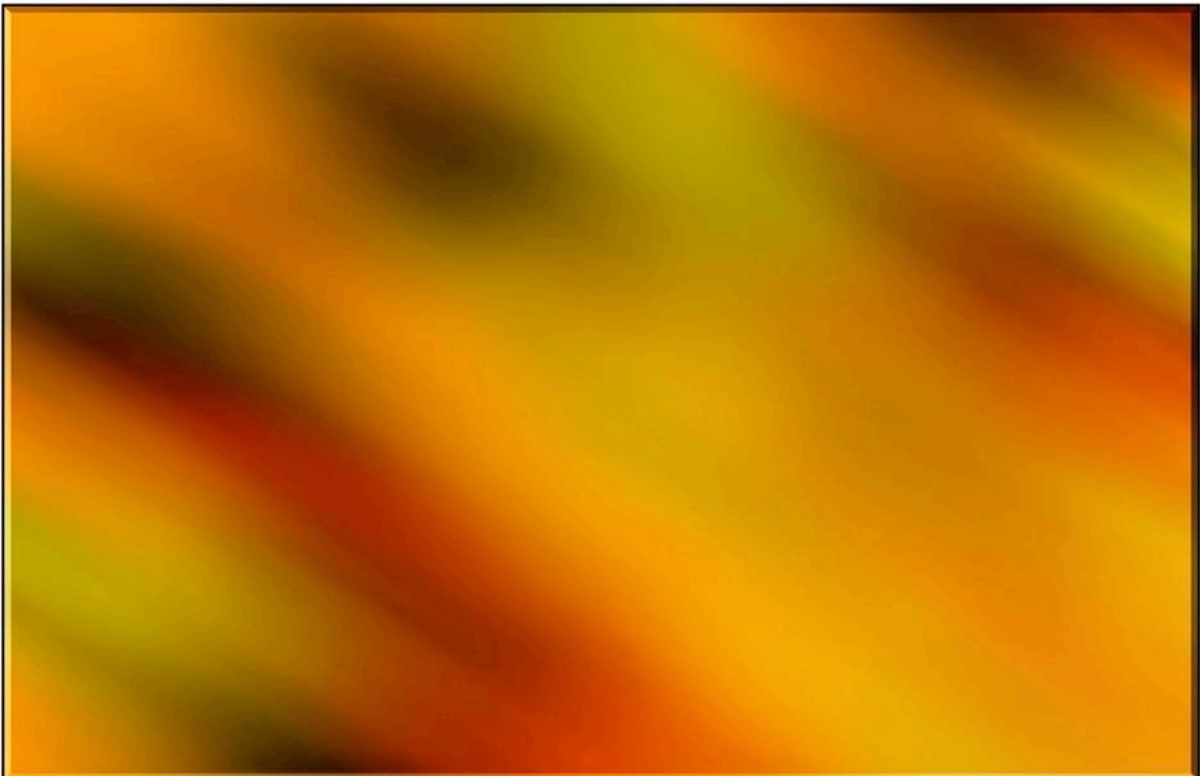
From just these three essential hues derives/All the heaven's prismatic radiance,
Myriad colors of floral brilliance,/And technicolors that seem so alive.



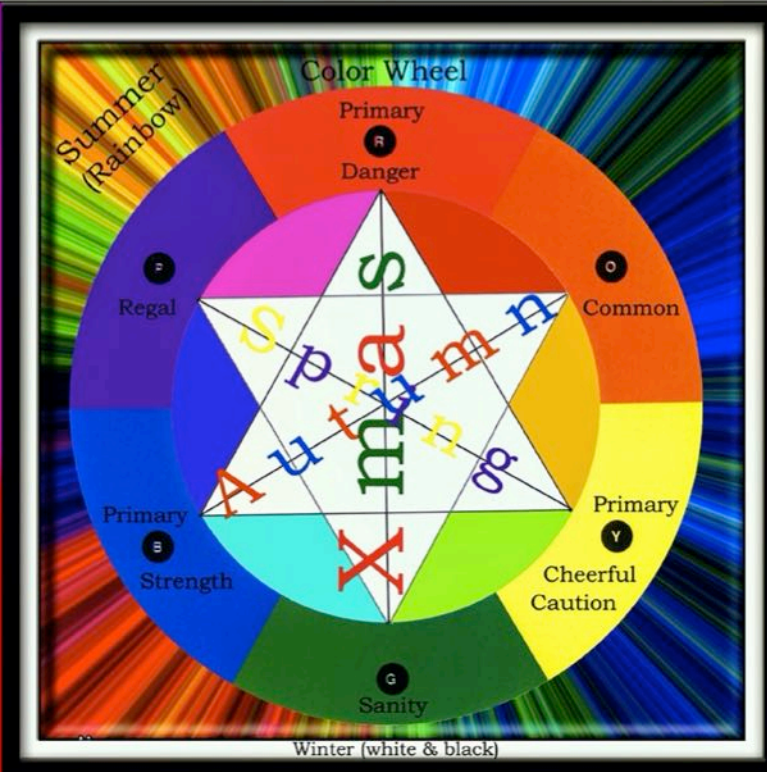
The offspring of married red and yellow/Is the secondary, orange, a bright fellow;
Its sibling, of blue and yellow, is green,/With of course some gradation in between.



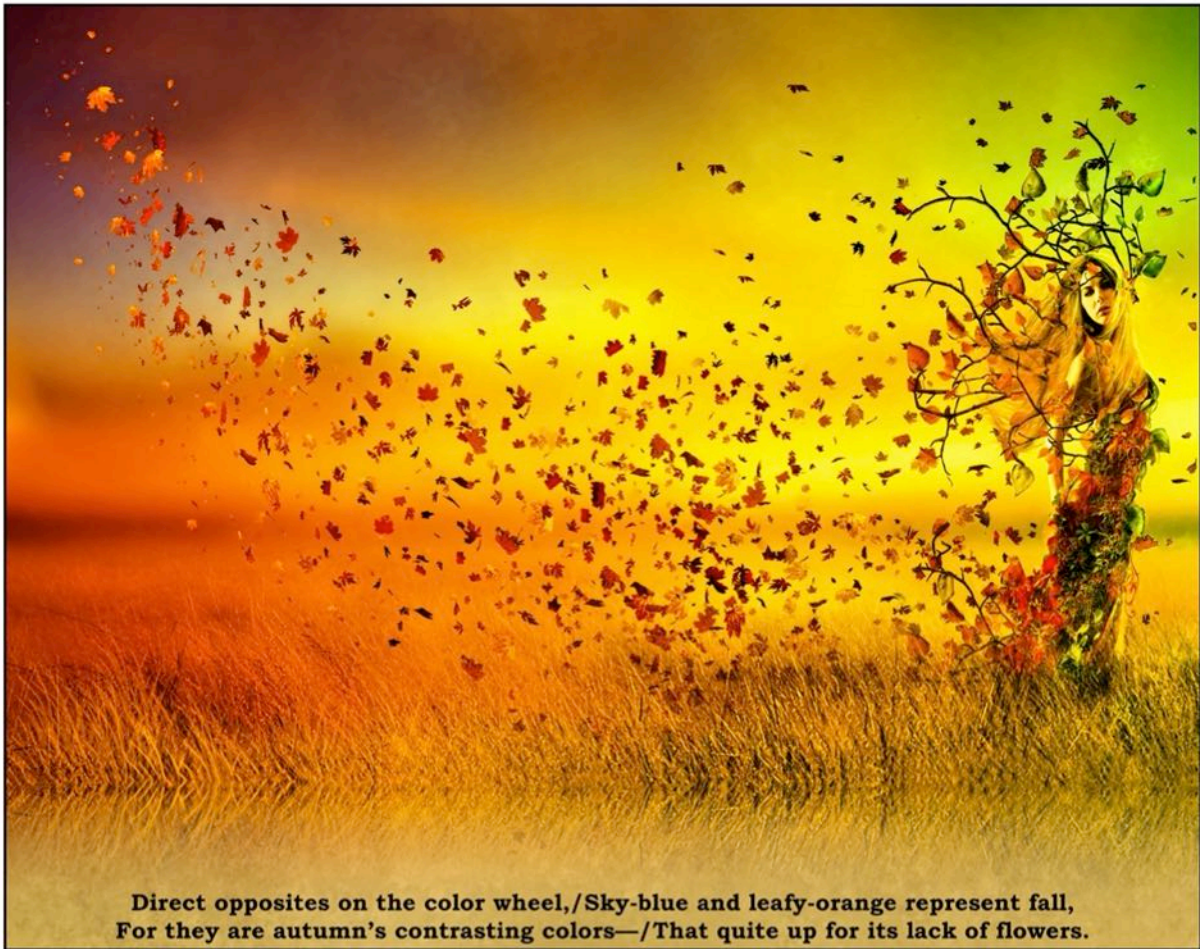
Saintly brother purple, twixt reds and blues,/Completes the second generation hues.
Next to arrive, lime-green, is a grandchild,/As are all the tertiary colors wild—



They're crimson, magenta, maroon, scarlet,/Amber, auburn, salmon, ocher, russet,
 Mauve, taupe, fuchsia, cherry, cerise, umber,/Teal, emerald, and vermilion others.



Strangely enough, all the color-pairs/That symbolize seasons and festive fairs,
 As they're found naturally in nature's ways,/Do contrast on the color wheel, crossways:



Direct opposites on the color wheel,/Sky-blue and leafy-orange represent fall,
For they are autumn's contrasting colors—/That quite up for its lack of flowers.



As with crocus, spring's floral colors yet/Remain yellow primrose, purple violet—
The sensual sun, as it were, warming/The virginal earth, with love, into spring.



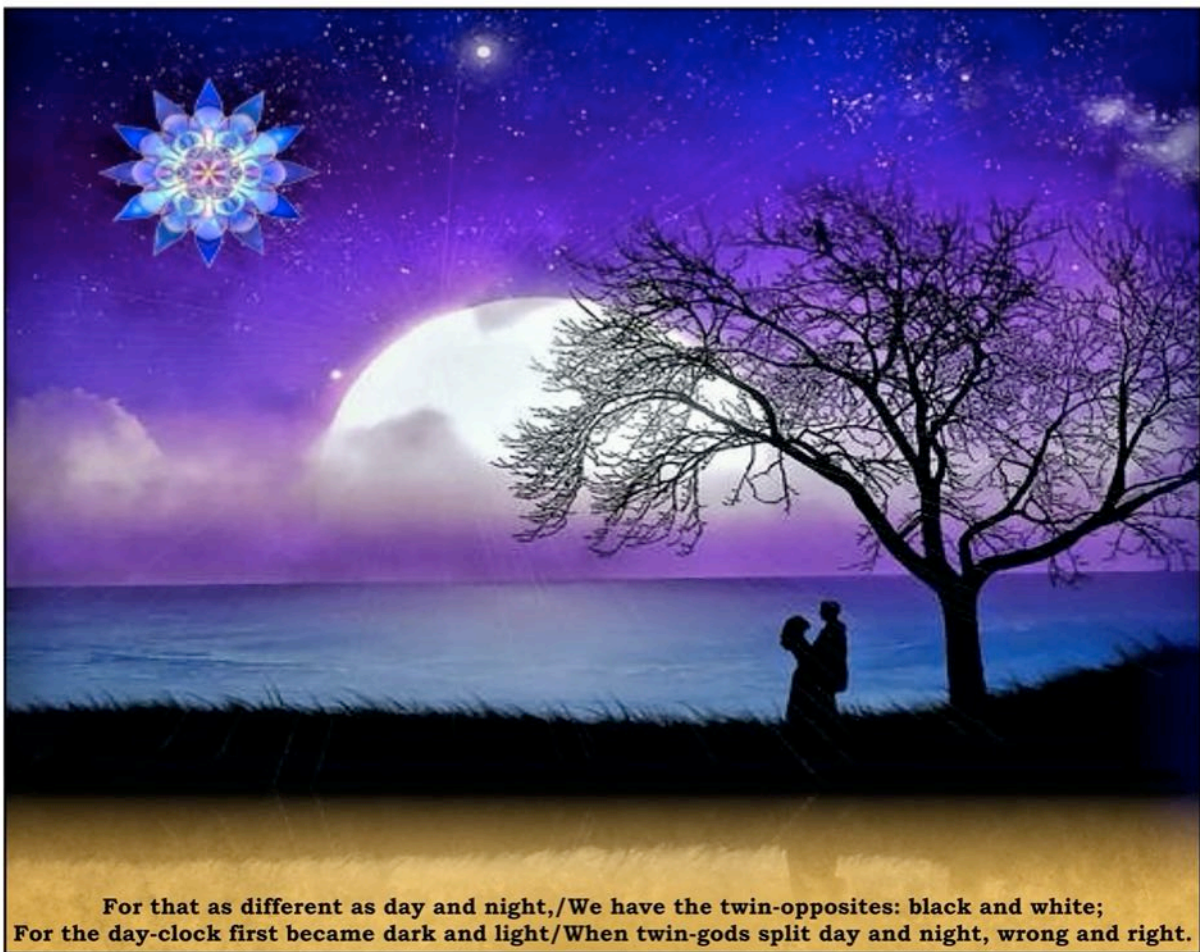
The Christmas Holiday Season's scene/Is of opposing hues of red and green—
As in Holly, berry-red, ever-green,/Or in Poinsettias' red flush, leaf of green.



*We're out of diametric color sets,/So which for summer? It must then contain
The entire spectrum, as these the sunset/And the rainbow express in shine and rain.*



Since winter's snow hides all things out of sight,/Its colors are hidden inside white and night—
The cold season's symbols, for they conceal/All of spring's and summer's bright floral feel.



For that as different as day and night,/We have the twin-opposites: black and white;
For the day-clock first became dark and light/When twin-gods split day and night, wrong and right.



Heaven's splendor, white, for purity, bless,/Holds all the colors of prismatic light,
But the symbol of the Prince of Darkness,/Black, removes all the colors from our sight.

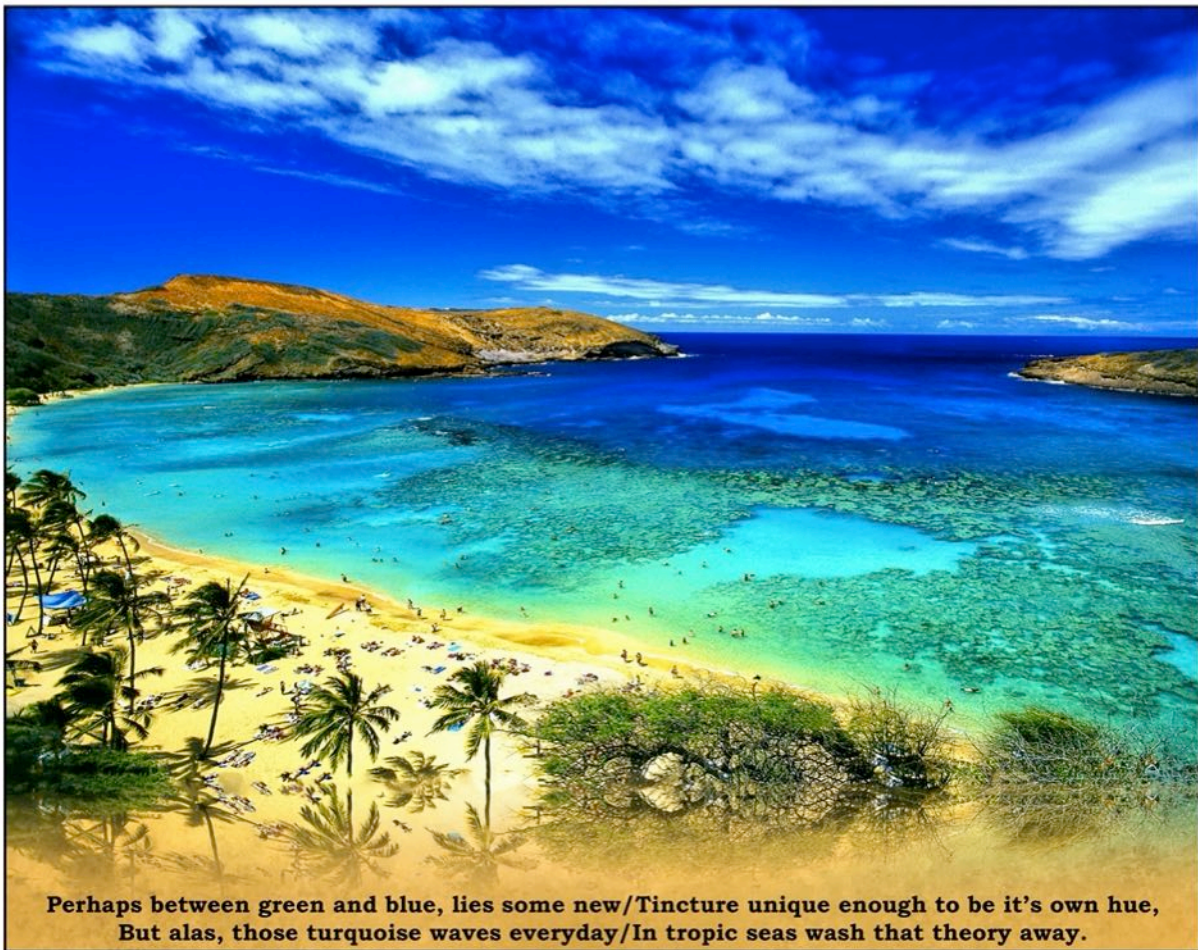


So then, it is proved that in both nature/And in the color wheel opposites attract
And complement in their contrast—to procure/Both real and symbolic color contracts.

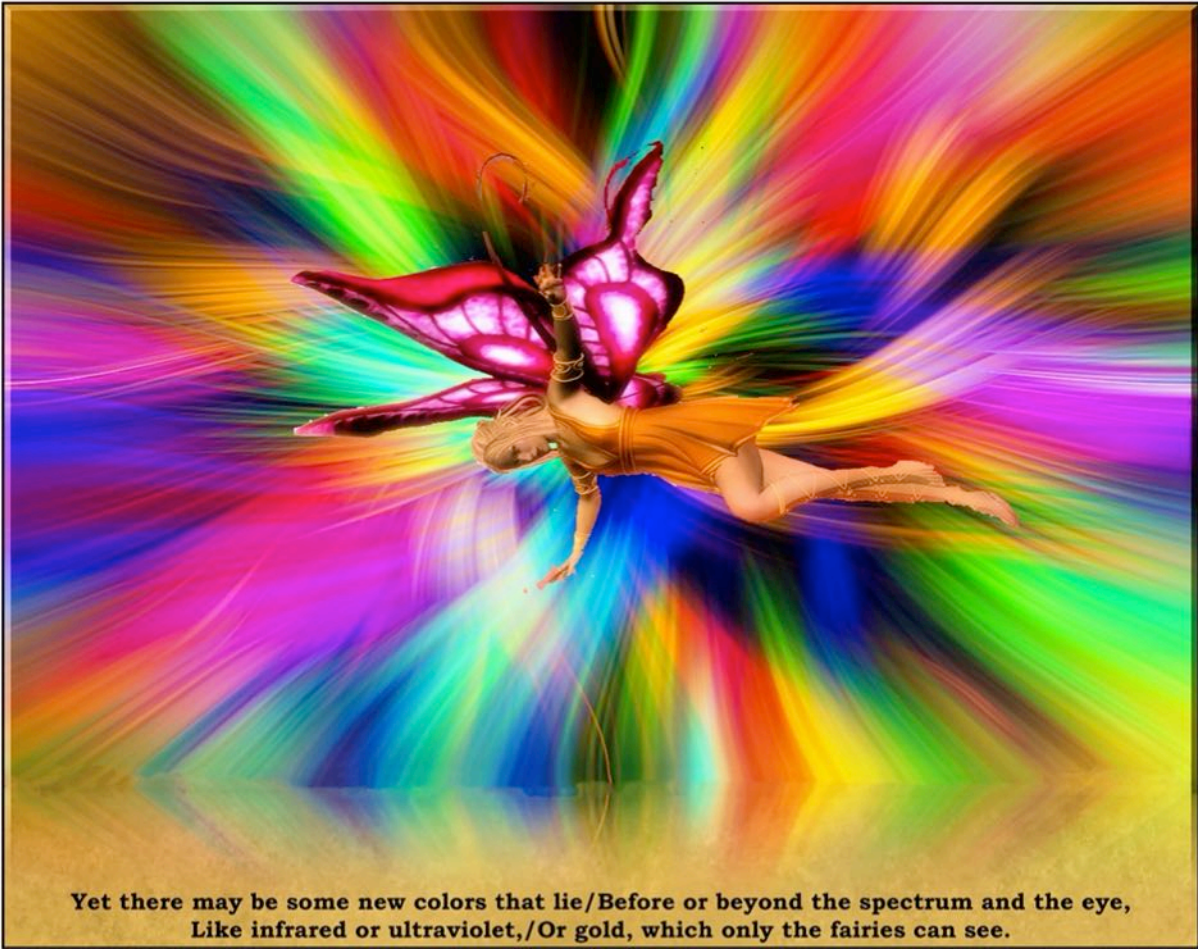




*Hidden colors? No, for I see how red goes/To orange, graduating through the rainbow
Into yellow and on through green, to let/Blue into indigo to become violet.*



*Perhaps between green and blue, lies some new/Tincture unique enough to be it's own hue,
But alas, those turquoise waves everyday/In tropic seas wash that theory away.*



**Yet there may be some new colors that lie/
Before or beyond the spectrum and the eye,
Like infrared or ultraviolet, /Or gold, which only the fairies can see.**



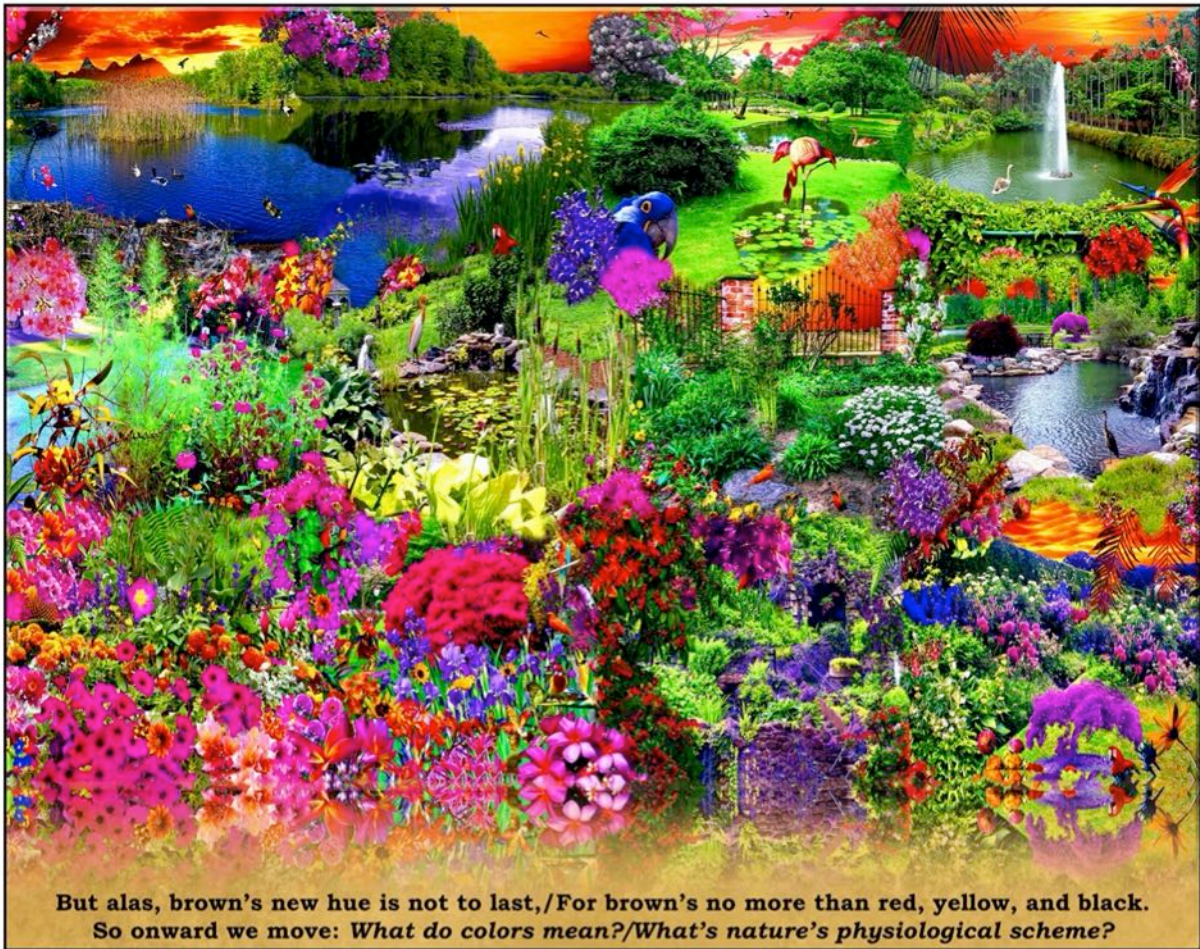
**But what of clear, white, silver, gray, or black? /Well, they're not true colors, for, either they lack
All color (black, clear) or hide all hues (white) /Or are mixtures (gray, silver): black-white.**



**But wait, there is a well-known color,/One quite common in both dress and nature,
That cannot be found in the rainbow—/Give up? It's brown—and has nowhere to go!**



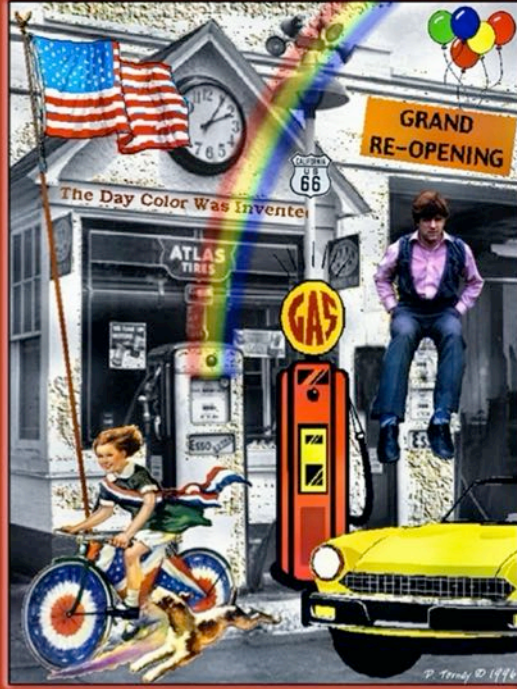
**Brown is the color of death, like the leaves/That crumble dry and lifeless when earth grieves,
Which is why the faeries won't let it show/In their magically spectral rainbow.**



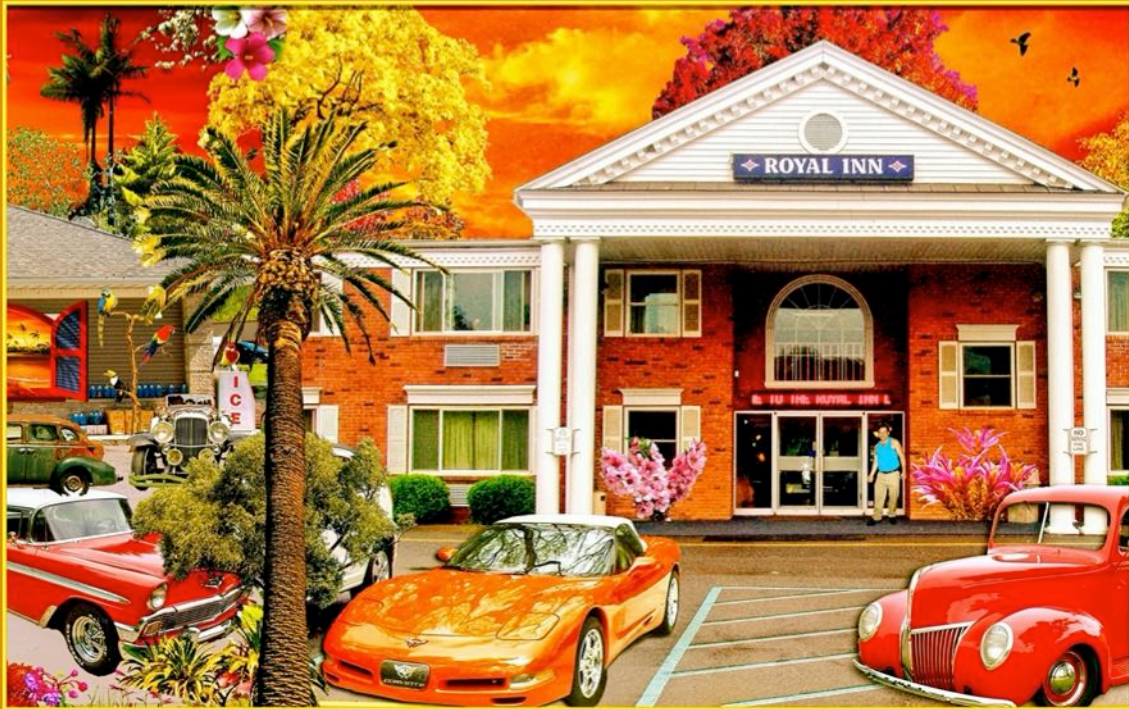
**But alas, brown's new hue is not to last,/For brown's no more than red, yellow, and black.
So onward we move: *What do colors mean?/What's nature's physiological scheme?***



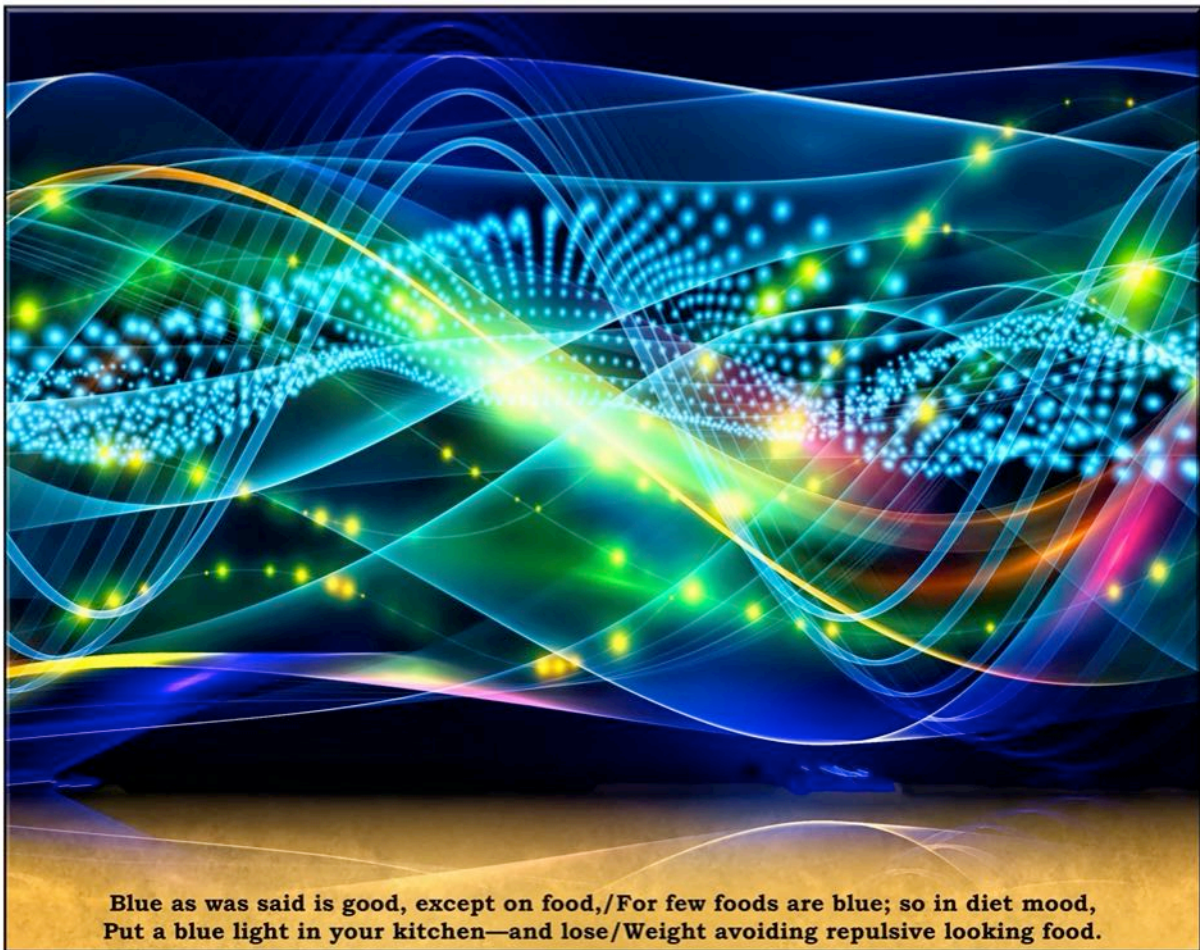
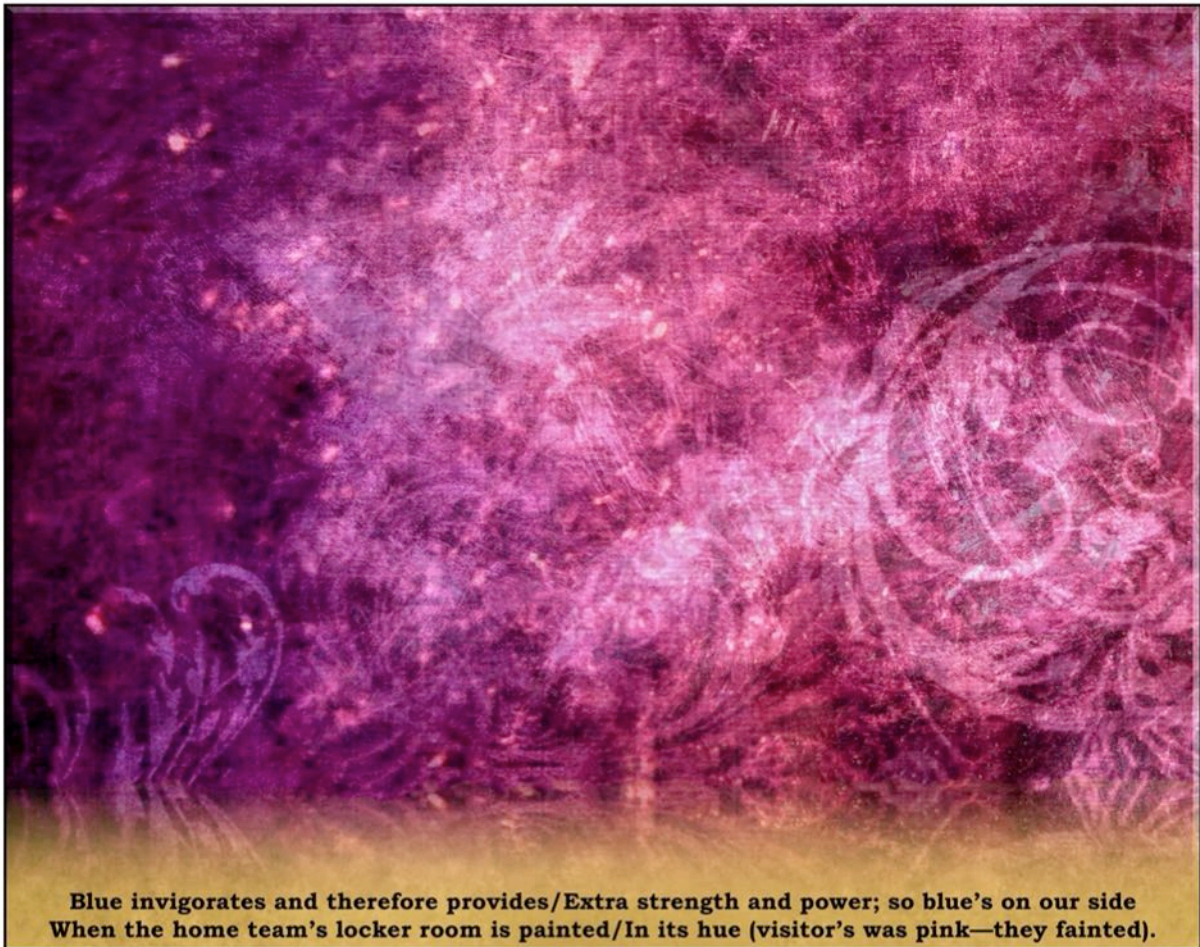
**When we see red, we see danger: *Stop! Blood!*/Metabolism rises, adrenaline floods—
And so restaurants use red tablecloths/*To increase both the appetite and the cost.***

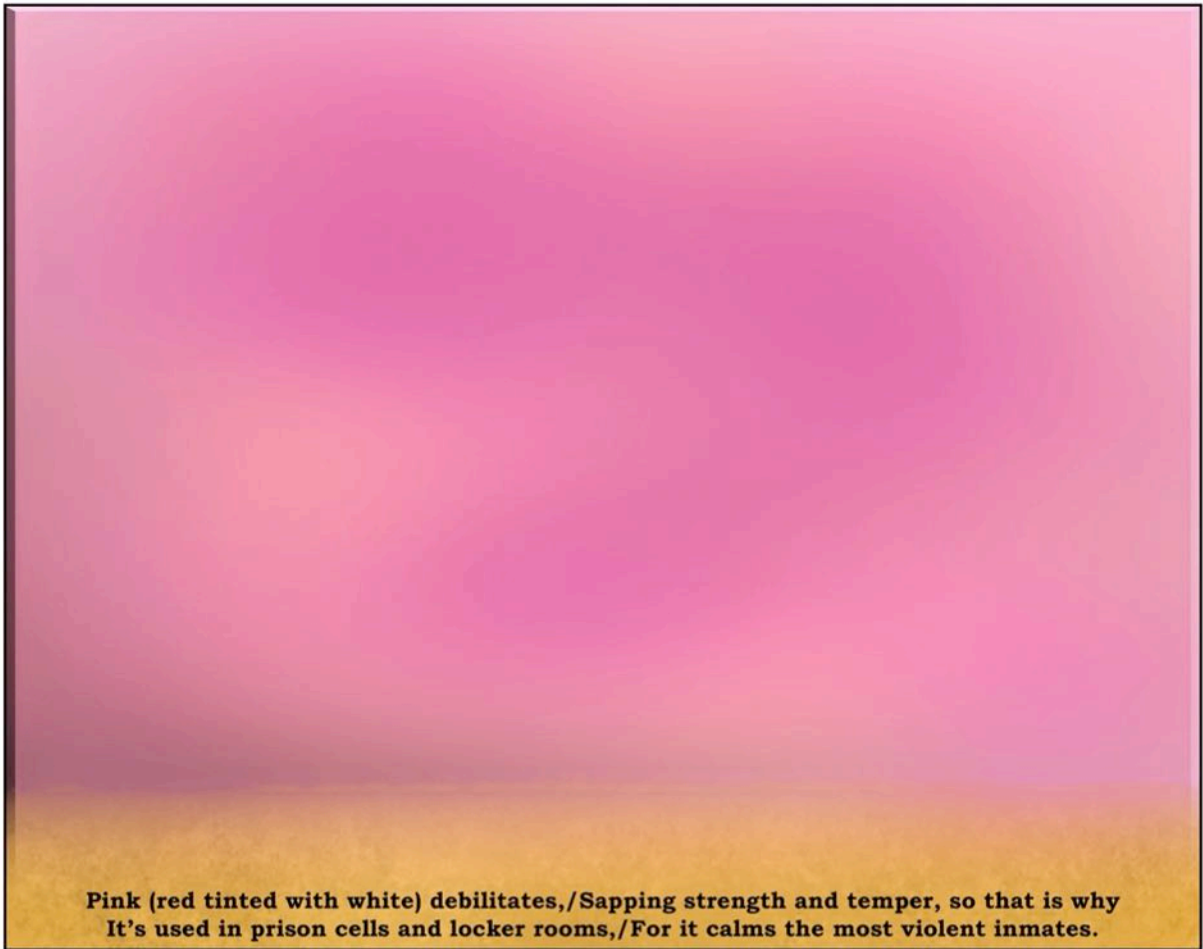


Yellow, the quickest color we can see, / Means caution, as with black on a bee,
 But yellow's bright and cheerful too, and lends / Light to small and sunless rooms like kitchens.

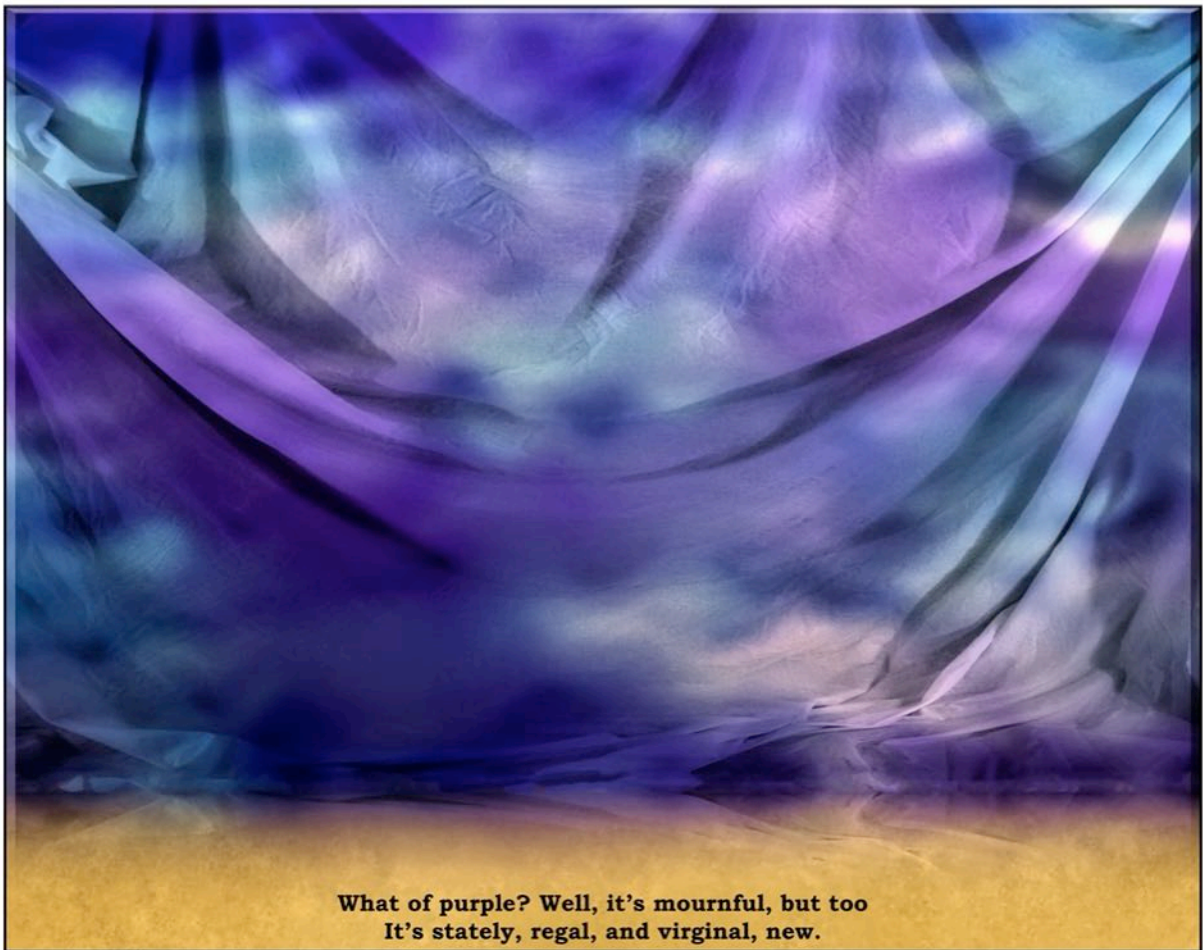


Healthful orange is the common man's color; / So to make the expensive look cheaper,
 Such as with a hotel, they paint it orange, / And put some shiny polish on the door hinge.

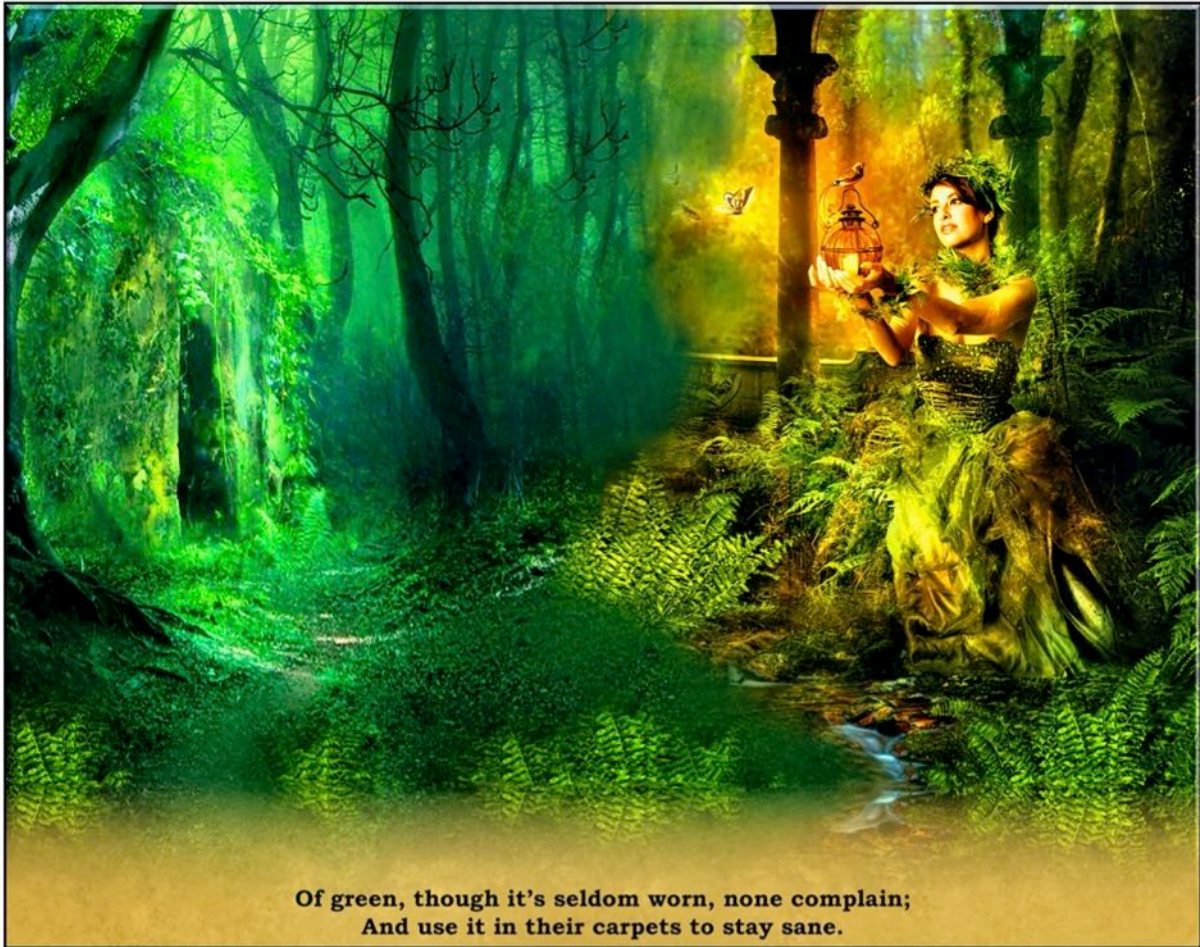




**Pink (red tinted with white) debilitates,/Sapping strength and temper, so that is why
It's used in prison cells and locker rooms,/For it calms the most violent inmates.**



**What of purple? Well, it's mournful, but too
It's stately, regal, and virginal, new.**



Of green, though it's seldom worn, none complain;
And use it in their carpets to stay sane.



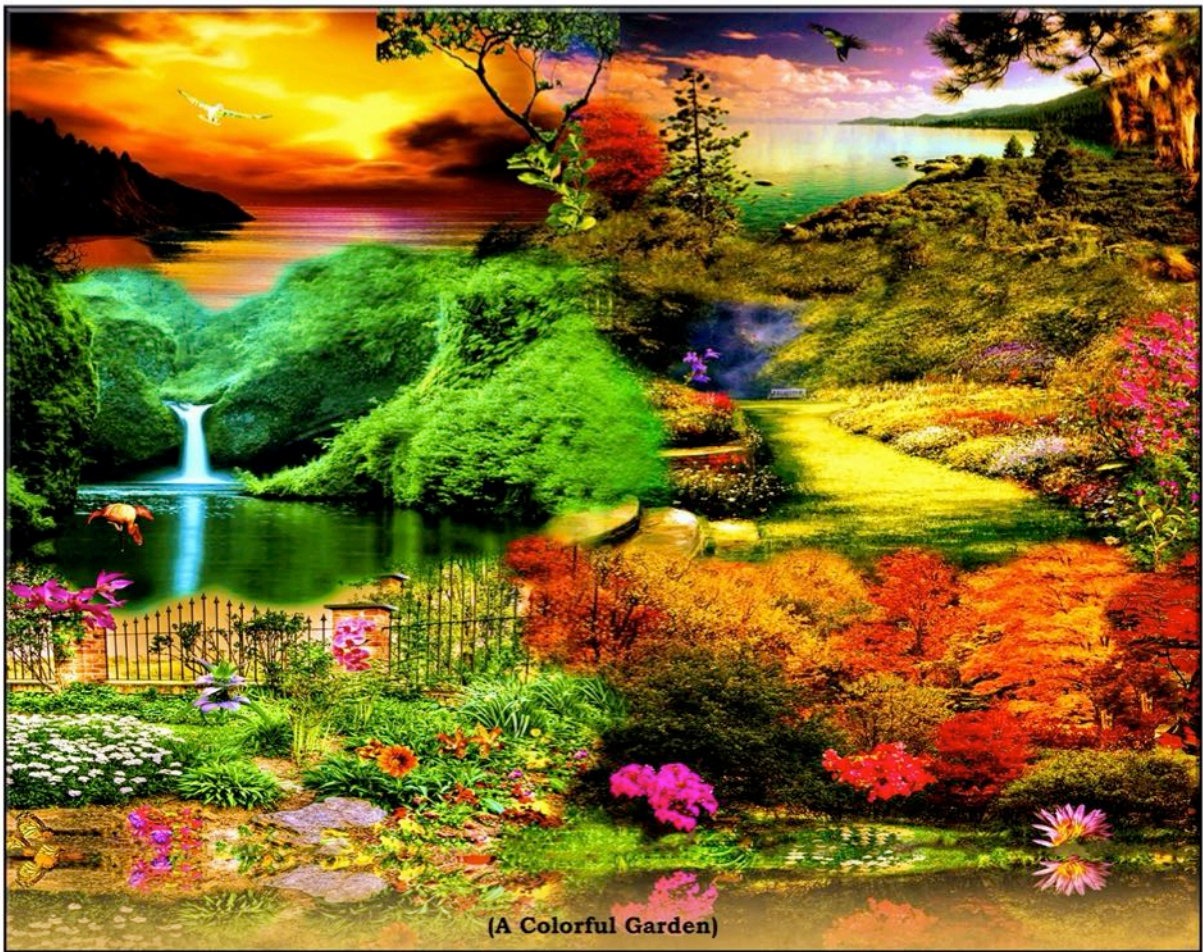
The stars are not just white, they scintillate:/Sirius is blue, its companion green;
Betelgeuse, red; many, like Sol, yellow;/Arcturus, orange—all jewels constellate.



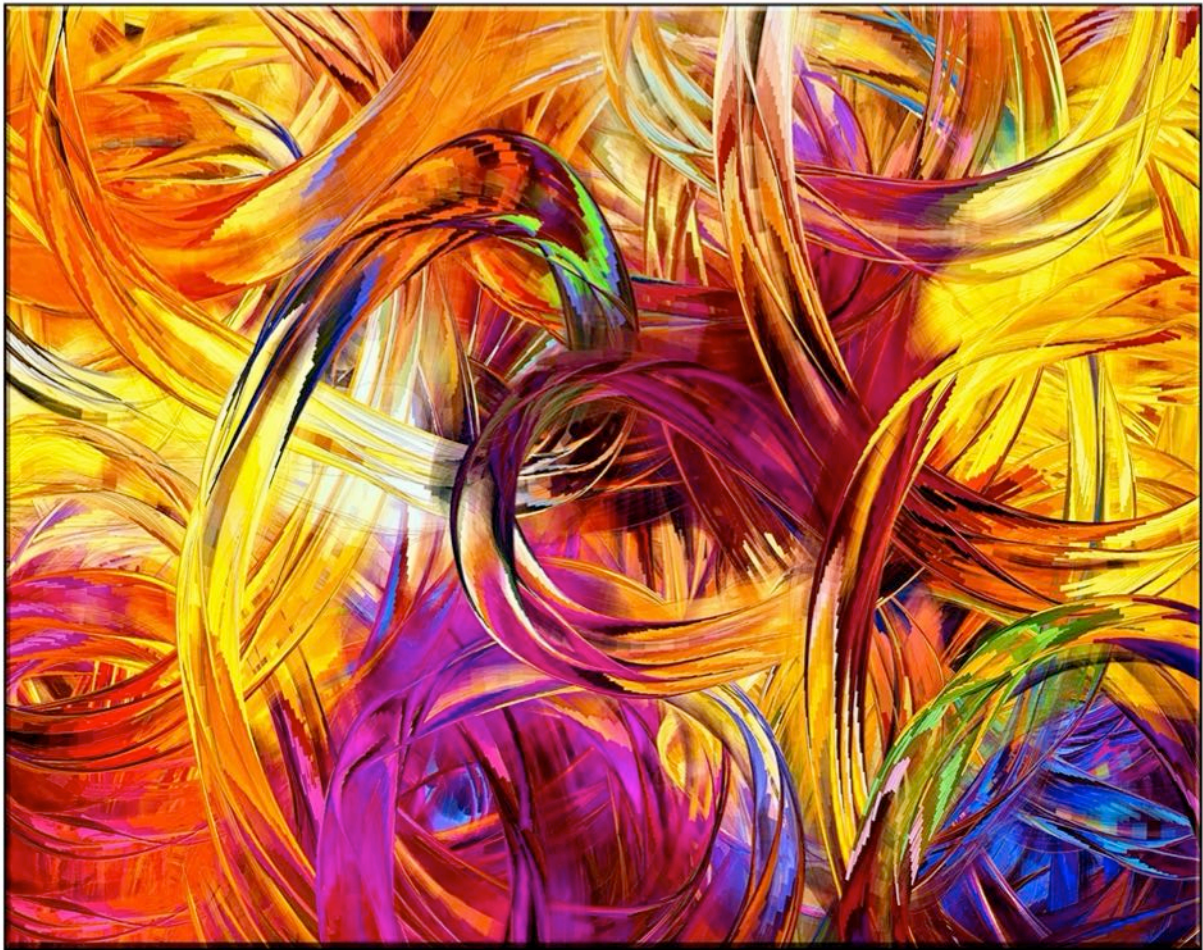
Well, as colors go, so then do we, see:/Hues are just differing wavelengths of light
That the brain interprets, in its own right,/For some natural colored necessity.



*May I chance upon a land of strange rainbows/Of elfin-hued flowers: red delphiniums,
Black tulips, orange fuchsias, white marigolds,/Bronze grass, and the legendary blue rose.*



(A Colorful Garden)





THE RESTLESS WIND

Rising slowly from the cold dark hollows
Where the night airs fell and soundly slept
The restless wind left her secret bower,
And gaining strength, lovingly surrounded

And caressed the willow trees, which wavered
And swooned in her wake, as she, the wild and
Wandering wind, flew by in a cool breeze
From the west on her undulating wings,

Spreading the incense of the morning to
Nature's world of growing and living things.
She woke the flowers from their slumber
By drinking from them their blanket of dew,

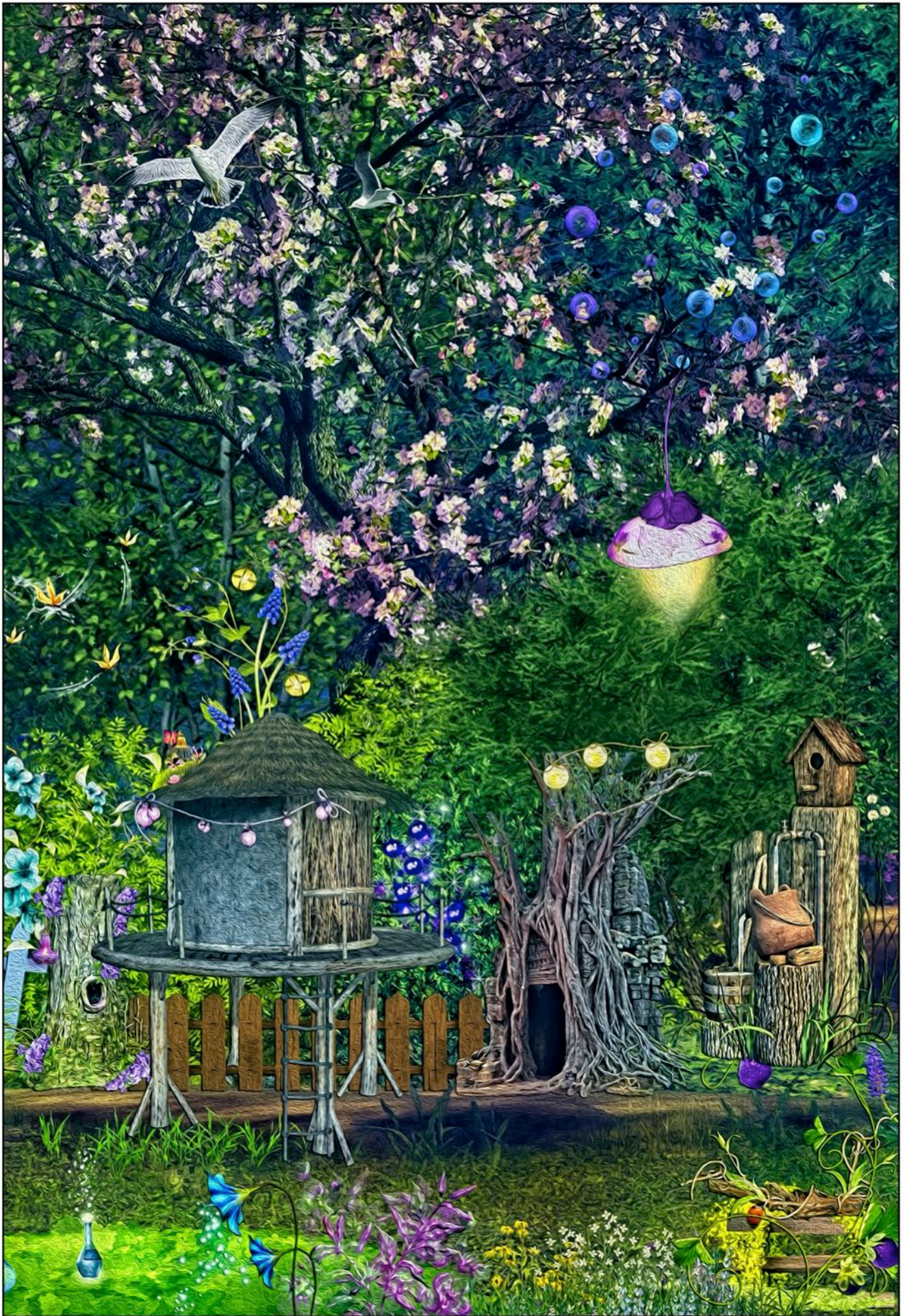
Then told the tales of the joyous forest
To the birds, who soon carried them aloft,
Thence into my ears: songs of streams flowing
Freely and stories of a glowing sky,

That promised many sunny hours to come
In the dreams of those who felt her passing,
As sleep was washed from their languid eyes
When they sensed that new dawn arriving,

As if some transparent veil had lifted,
When she gently stirred the embers of the
Last watch-fire and whispered softly to them
That the stars had gone and day had begun.







THE LOVE LIFE OF THE GLOW-WORM

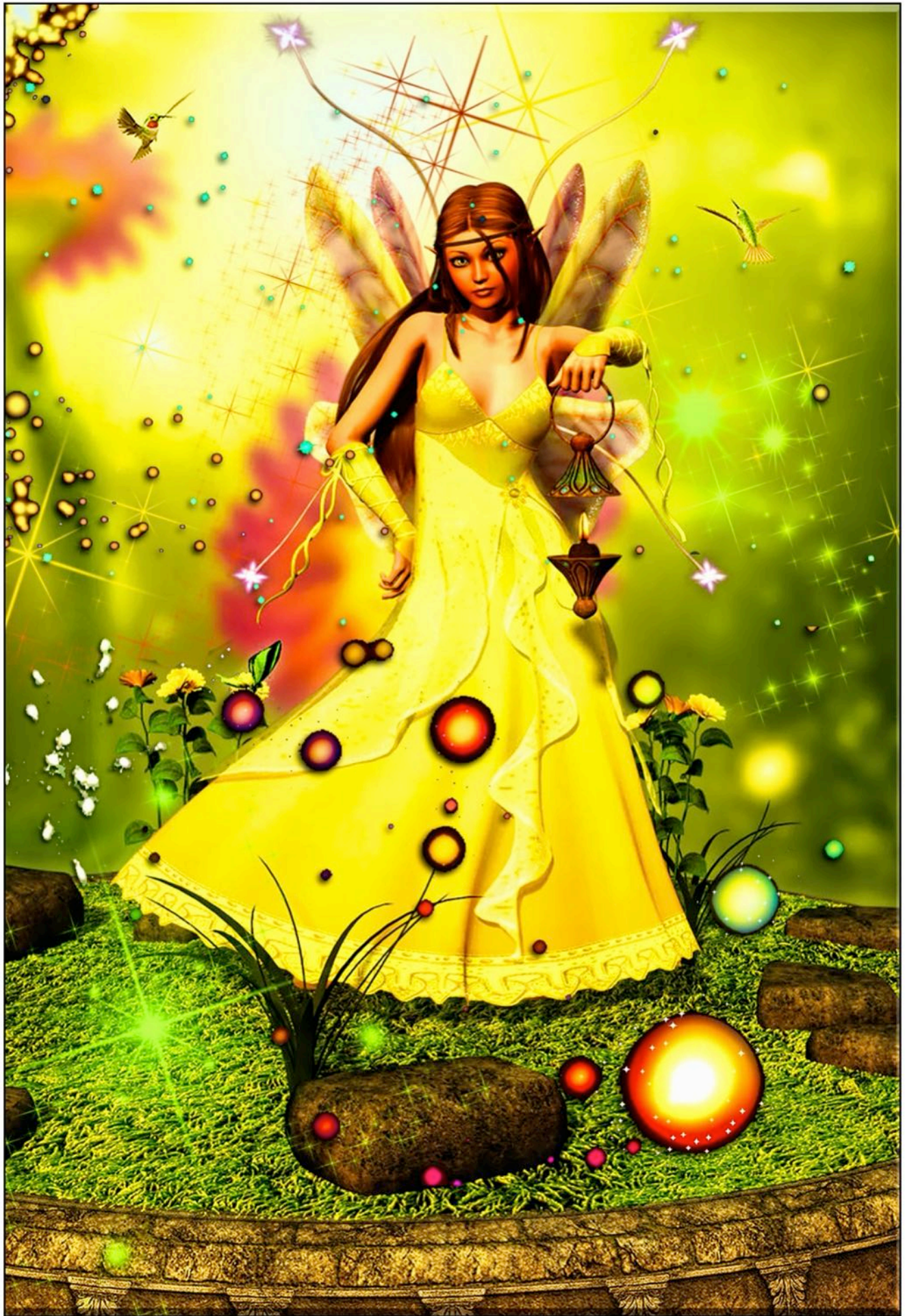
The day pours life into roots with sunlight.
Flowers bloom, showering us with delight.
In a blossom, a glow-worm blinks its light,
Kindling the flames of a romantic night.

The glow-worms, fairy stars come down to ground,
Gleam the shadowy woods through summer's round.
During the gloaming they warm up their lights,
And then metamorphose wings for their flights.

The dusk deepens, night's pot of tea steepens;
Silence descends, as when a gift opens.
Eventide rises. On high, Scorpius camps;
The eyes catch stars, like fireflies in lamps.

The sky is lit, a twinkling promenade,
Of mating calls from luminated pods,
Tracers pulsing wild, searching thoughts that smile—
From fireflies named Winkin', Blinkin', and Nod.







Flashing desire, the glow-fly twinkles across
The starry summer sky, love's energy unspent,
Searching through the darkness, with passion's might,
For the beacon of her consent—the surging sight
Of love's pulsing, green and yellow light.

The reply: "Yes, oh yes", alight, she winks, to woo.
Now he becomes a firefly, as at once she does too.

"Come light your lantern and mine with good cheer;
We're magic lamps—our spirits dance in there.
Our beginnings and ends are of nowhere,
So let's radiate, since for now we're here!"

In a closing flower, they together make their stead,
Blinking, winking, in the seclusion of its petal bed.
This dance of light and love—their honeymoon,
Brightens the night—till it looks much like noon.

Their jolts and bolts, surging, merge in currents,
Sweeping back and forth, as they signal delight—
Fires luming and oft reluming
The flames of love, in electric hugs—
For they have by now
become lightning bugs.










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'.









HISTOIRE D'AMOUR LOVE STORY

Un homme tombe en amour avec ses yeux,
A man falls in love through his eyes,

Une femme travers ses oreilles;
A woman through her ears;

Plus tard, il renverse ...
Later it reverses...

Une femme prend note de tout ce qui sera fait,
A woman notes everything to be done,

Mais l'homme ne connaît pas le voir un.
But the man does not hear the seeing one.

Mais il ya encore de l'espoir ...
But there is still hope...

Comme dans le mariage
As in the marriage

De la femme aveugle
Of the blind lady

Pour l'homme sourd.
To the deaf man.



OLD AUTUMN



The glowworms, fairy stars come down to ground,
Gleam the shadowy woods through summer's round;
Then fall's leaves flutter through the quiet air,
The autumn being the sunset of the year.



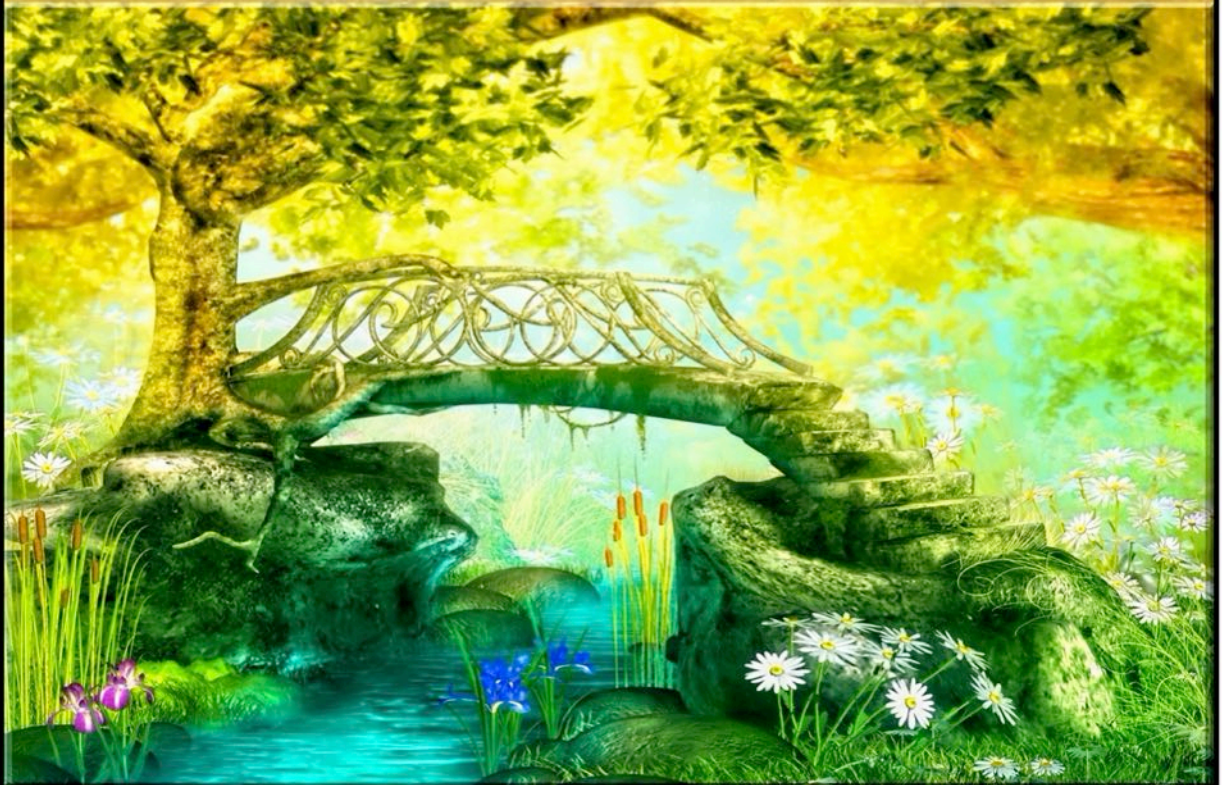
**The rustling of the trees comes to my ear,
In this, the most mellow time of year.
The harvest brings fulfillment, yearning too,
For autumn is both a smile and a tear.**



**Each year in October Jack-in-the-Green
Has a chilled rendezvous with Old Autumn,
Who colors the leaves that Jack made so verdant
A season ago. They meet out in the woods,**



Although never in the same place, for seasons
Come and go and meet each other as they may.
This year Old Autumn was a little late,
So Jack-in-the-Green sat down on a stump.



Jack pondered his disappearing green youth,
For someday he would have to take Autumn's place
And perform all of his withering tasks.
A few days later Old Autumn came by.



He gave unto Jack a cheery greeting
And a warm embrace that marked summer's end.
He gazed fondly at Jack, his younger self,
And saw the vitality that was once his,



And said, "Once I was young; once I was you!"
"I know," said Jack, "Do you remember how
I refused to believe you, saying 'no'?"
"Yes," remembered Old Autumn, "very well—



**“Like the time I met the Old Man, Winter
On a snowy December day long ago.
He told me that he was my older self—
But I didn’t believe him! Told him off!”**



**“True, I was already feeling my age
But after seeing the old white-haired geezer,
I felt young again! Yes, he knew me well.”
“Right,” said Jack, “so I made a little poem:”**



*“When younger, I knew not my elder same,
But when older I told my younger same
That youth must be young—he knew not my name!
It was my younger self that was to blame!”*



**Swallows twittered in the skies as sprightly
Jack-in-the-Green picked a ripening gourd
And gave it to Old Autumn, who encouraged,
“You won’t have to meet the Old Man until**



**“You take my place, for only I can see him
After I take down the last of the oak leaves.
For now, the Old Man sends but his errand boy,
Jack Frost, your twin brother. Hi ho, here he comes!**



**“Aye, young Jack, this is the rarest of days,
For the three of us can be together
But once a year on this bright day, cool night.”
“The Old Man is so lonely, is he not?”**



Asked Jack-in-the-Green, *“for he sees only you.”*
“Yes. Old Man Winter lives cold and alone—
He never sees the fair maidens of spring
Who reinvent the natural world each year.”



There is a chill in the air as Jack Frost arrives
And sings out a greeting: *“Hello my brother!
Hello Old Autumn! It’s going to be cold—
Our first frost, but don’t worry too much—*



"It won't harm the pumpkins any at all."
Old Autumn sighed and quick replied: "Good.
Now the rest of the leaves will crack and fall
All the more due to the ice in their veins;



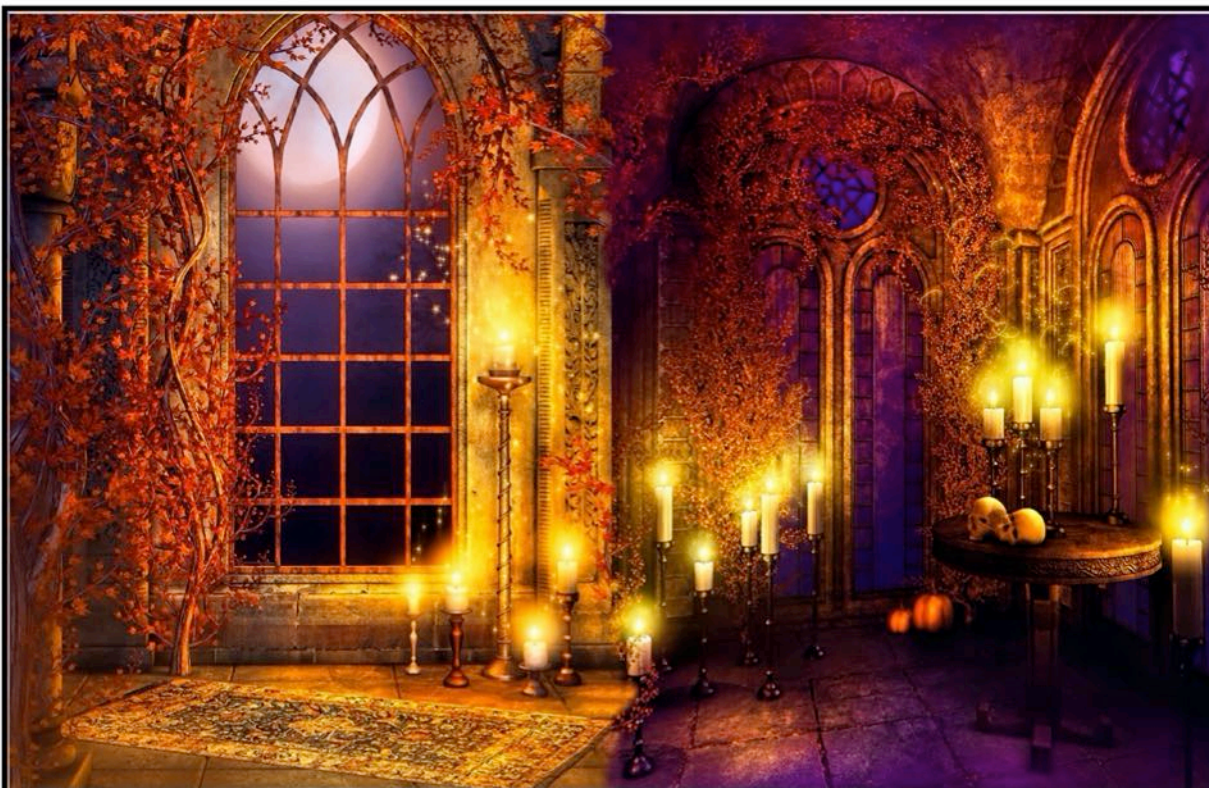
*"Yes, they'll fall like the illusions of youth,
'Lying carelessly on the granary floor' and
'On a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies', as Keats wrote."*



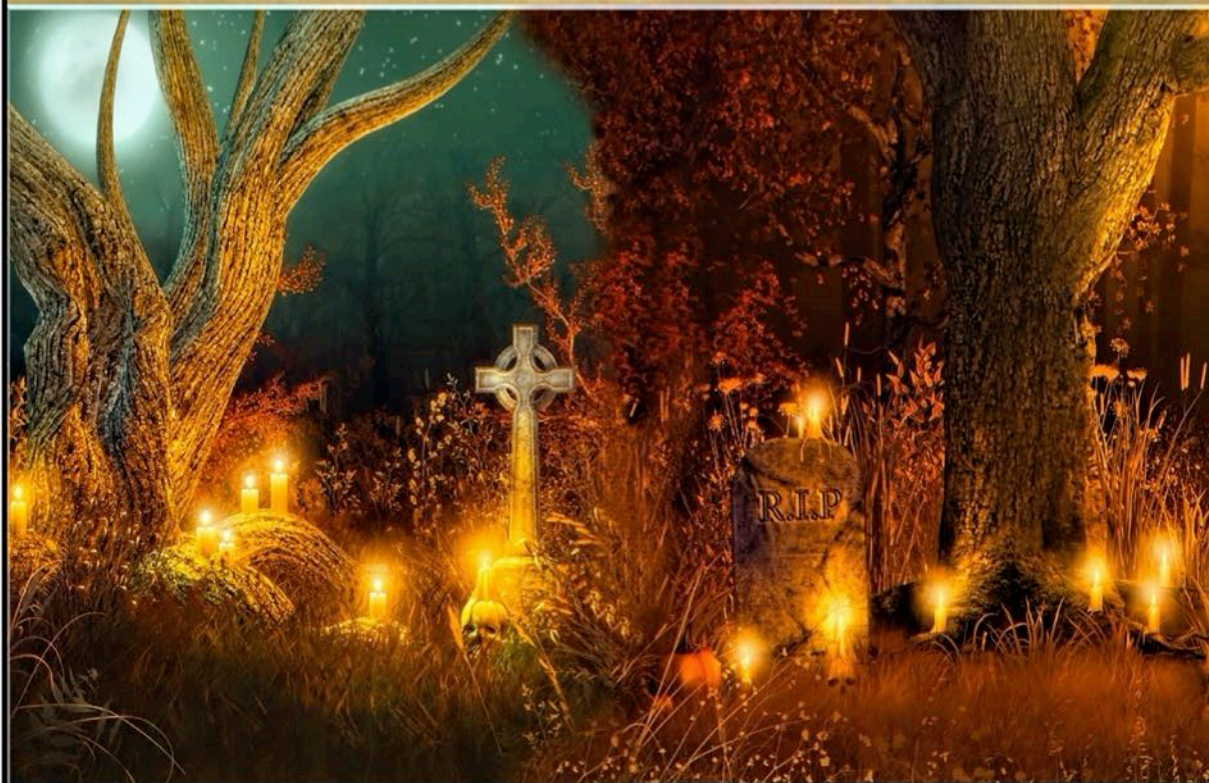
Composing himself, Old Autumn continued:
"And for those of you who think that 'warm days
Will never cease', let us ever remember
Dear Johnny Keats who died so young, at 25;



"However, he lived and saw much than some
Of us might hope to do in a lifetime."
A shiver ran through Jack-in-the-Green,
Hence he said: "It's cold; I must go now, for,



*Summer passed away in his sleep last night;
Autumn, sweet and plump, carries his offspring.
The year dies in the night; ghostly winter looms;
Lo; the flower is already in the seed."*



*"Well done, young Jack-in-the-Green; quick, go,
For soon enough comes your autumn of care
Sobering into age, thence into
The pale white winter of death,*



**“Though not yet your warm indolent summer
Of contentment lazing into middle-age,
But surely past is our crisp,
Flowering youth-spring of joy!**



**“Such then, comes the end of summer’s dreams,
The blanching of the grassy banks of streams,
But all fragrances my elves remember
Through their long sleep in the winter embers.**



**“The blossoms fall, showers of fragrant beauty,
As leaves fade, while the bulbs store up energy;
Nature’s floral dreams grant this destiny,
For these leavings enrich earth’s potpourri.**



**“Flowers lay their heads to sleep in soft beds,
Blanketed by webs of gossamer threads;
My elfin creatures cast their spectral glow,
As winter stars—floral twins—start to grow.**



**“Later, when surely all the world is dead,
An elf will stand atop Old Winter’s grave
And say, ’tis not dead’, and, by magic bred
Make Snowdrops flower in the tomb’s heat wave.”**



**Once I, the author, ventured outside at
Four on a dark frosty October morning.
It was so quiet that I could sense the
Cosmos as it played rhythm to my beating heart.**



**I saw a preview of the winter's stars:
Orion, you are so high in the sky—
There for only the astronomer's eye,
As all the meteors go flying by.**



**Then I heard a rustling sound in the leaves
Around me—a skunk perhaps—but no,
It was the sound of many falling leaves.
I knew that it must be him, Old Autumn.**



**He was out there somewhere. Then I sensed him
Going by, for some of the leaves on the
Tree right in front of me broke loose and
Floated away, hitting some other leaves**



**On the way down, making that rustling sound
That I'd heard earlier. Then it stopped, but
Soon it started up on the next tree, and
Then the next—and so I could very well**



**Follow the path of Old Autumn making
His rounds in the misty October morn.
Chrysanthemums drank the mellow day,
Falling petals carried the light away.**



**The weed-flowers grew, marking autumn's track,
The blossoms that almost brought the spring back,
But, winter's white death wrap was drawn over,
Smothering the earth's last warm sweet odour.**



**The autumn fog enswirled, the mist upcurled,
Into nothingness the wisp slow unfurled.
November flew by, a colorless dearth,
And December, amid death, a festive birth.**



**Youth and Beauty made aged Winter mourn
For Summer's grain—the waving wheat and corn,
For Old Autumn, withered, wan, had passed on,
Leaving the earth a widow, weather worn.**



**Long since have the winds scattered the leaves
Of the trees to make of them a
Burial shroud for the flowers that died
Grieving at summer's passing. All is death.**



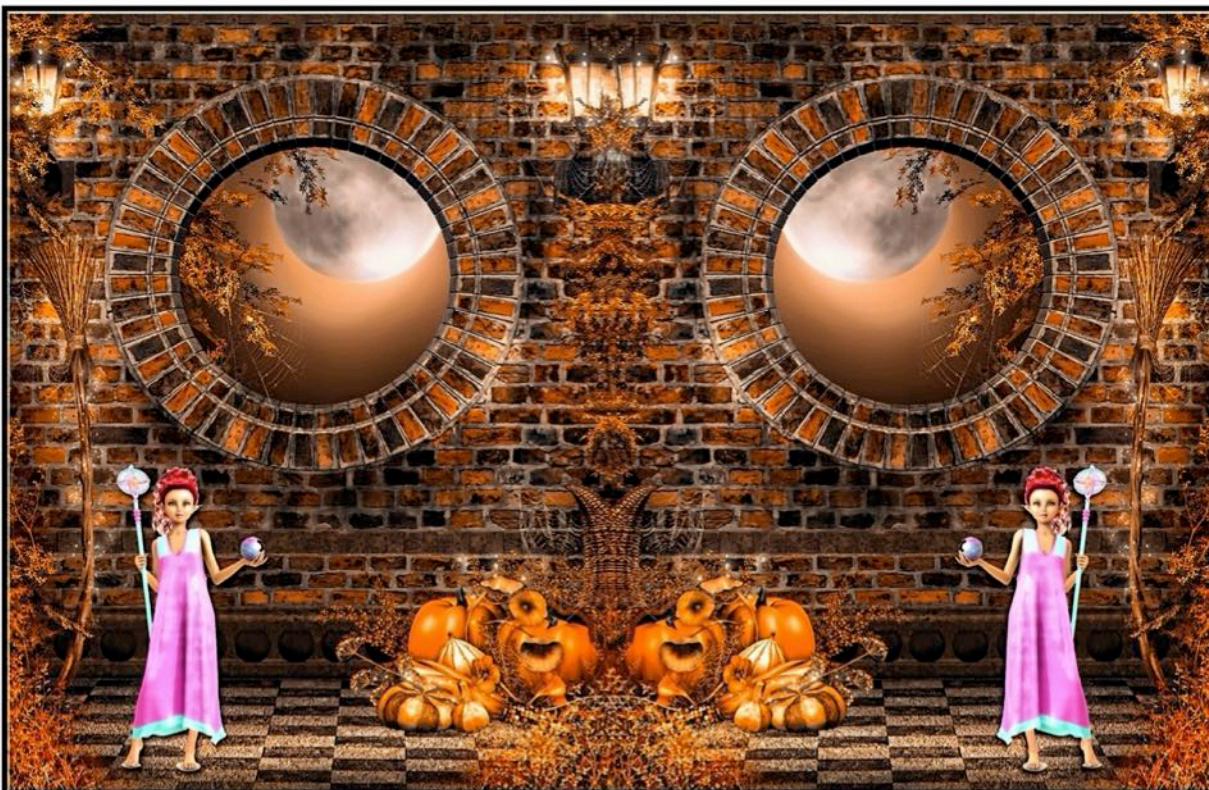
**The fall is now nearly lost to memory—
Winter is summer's ungrateful heir,
Squandering his riches and abusing his gifts'
It's not Old Man Winter's fault, but his duty.**



**Summer lies underground now, forgotten,
Silent and crusty, covered by winter's
Stern mantle. Only April's tears can make
His grave green again in the springtide.**



**As seasons pass, the world comes to our door:
Spring sings through the wingèd troubadour;
Summer calls with the rose, 'midst the woodlore;
Autumn crows, plump and sweet, through frosty hoar.**



Joy and exuberance are spring's largesse.
Sunlight, warmth, and growth are summer's bequest.
Autumn brings wealth with the mellow harvest.
Winter's fruit is peace—its bounty is rest.



March, April! spring! We'll reign as we May there
Between June and her sister September,
Then prolong the fall, till November come
December, when we can sweet Remember.



**In the whisperings of the after-years
The winds of time slowly dry the tears;
Nor would I take back a single drop, for
From those tears the flowers grew without fears.**



**In spring we rise from the garden at birth.
Summer blooms long with the roses' fresh mirth.
Autumn creeps in—we wither on the vine.
Last comes winter, when we return to earth.**

Is your past imperfect?
Is your future tense?
Give yourself a present.



The New Calender

Remember



Austin P. Torney

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After Someday comes Noneday

Yesterday	TODAY	Tomorrow	Someday	Noneday	Never
★	🌹	☀️	📖	👤	🌳
🚶	🚢	👧	🖨️	🚲	🌸
🌴	👂	🎵	🚢	🏠	📄
🏍️	🔑	📱	📰	🐟	👤
🦄	🎸	🚗	🚩	🇺🇸	🏠

- p. Torney

Holiday Schedule



Jan 1 - New Ear Day & Take-Some-Aspirin-for-a-Bad-Headache Day
Jan 15 - You're King-for-a-Day, but, just try to get it off from work!
Feb 2 - Groundhog Weatherman Sun or Shadow Forcasting Hole-day
Feb X - Fat Tuesday - Eat and drink enough to get through Lent fast!
Feb X - Ash Wednesday - Make an Ash of Yourself - "Smoke-In" Day.
Feb 12/22 - Lincoln's/Washington's previous birthdays/holidays.
Feb 14 - Happy VD (use a condom, please, my sweetheart valentine!)
Feb XX - All of the presidents were now born on Presidents' Day!
Feb 29 - Leap Day and Sadie Hawkin's Chase-The-Men-Around Day.
March 17 - Drunkard's Day - All the "Irish" turn a dark green color.
March 2x - The First Day of Spring Snow - Go catch a spring fever.
April 1 - April Fool's Day - Rest up after the long March of 31 days!
Good Friday - Not so good anymore - we don't get it off from work!
Easter - The Greatest Holiday, but, it depends on but some full moon!
April 15 - A Taxing Day (rest up from the all-nighter of IRS cheating)
April 23 - Earth Day - A new weekday, like Moon-day and Sun-day.
May 1 - Mayday! All the girls come and dance around your maypole!
May X - Mother's Day - This is truly the mother of all holidays!
May XX - Memorial Day - This is a day to die for - a pretty dead day!
June X - Father's Day (beware of strange little kids giving you cards).
June 2x - First Day of Summer—and the longest day, if still in school.
June (the last Friday) - The Fourth of July observed - Bug out of work!
July 4 - Buy a fifth on the third and drink half of it on the fourth!
July 31 - Middle-Summer's Day & Night (halfway through the year).
August - Take the Entire Month Off Day (August has no holidays).
Sept (the first Monday) - Labor Day (going in to labor at your job?).
Oct 31 - All Hallow's Eve - An Evil Satanic Ritual type of day/night.
Nov (the 4th Thursday) - Pig-out and Pig-skin Day - Stuff it, turkey!
Dec 25 - Christmas and Jesus's Birthday, however, HE gets only one
present for both HIS birthday & Christmas! Was it Myrrh?
Dec 31 - New Year's Eve (this is pretty much like April Fool's Day).
Remember 1-31 - A new month so you can do what you forgot to do!
Any day - Honor cultural diversity by taking all of their holidays off!
Whenever - Sick/Mental Health/Sleep in/Blue Flu - Day. A Torney © 1998

Remember

It's about time for a major revision to the calendar, one that's reflective of modern times, for the only improvements made during the last few hundred years have been to skip leap days in years that are evenly divisible by 400, and, more recently, to add a few insignificant leap-seconds once a year or so.

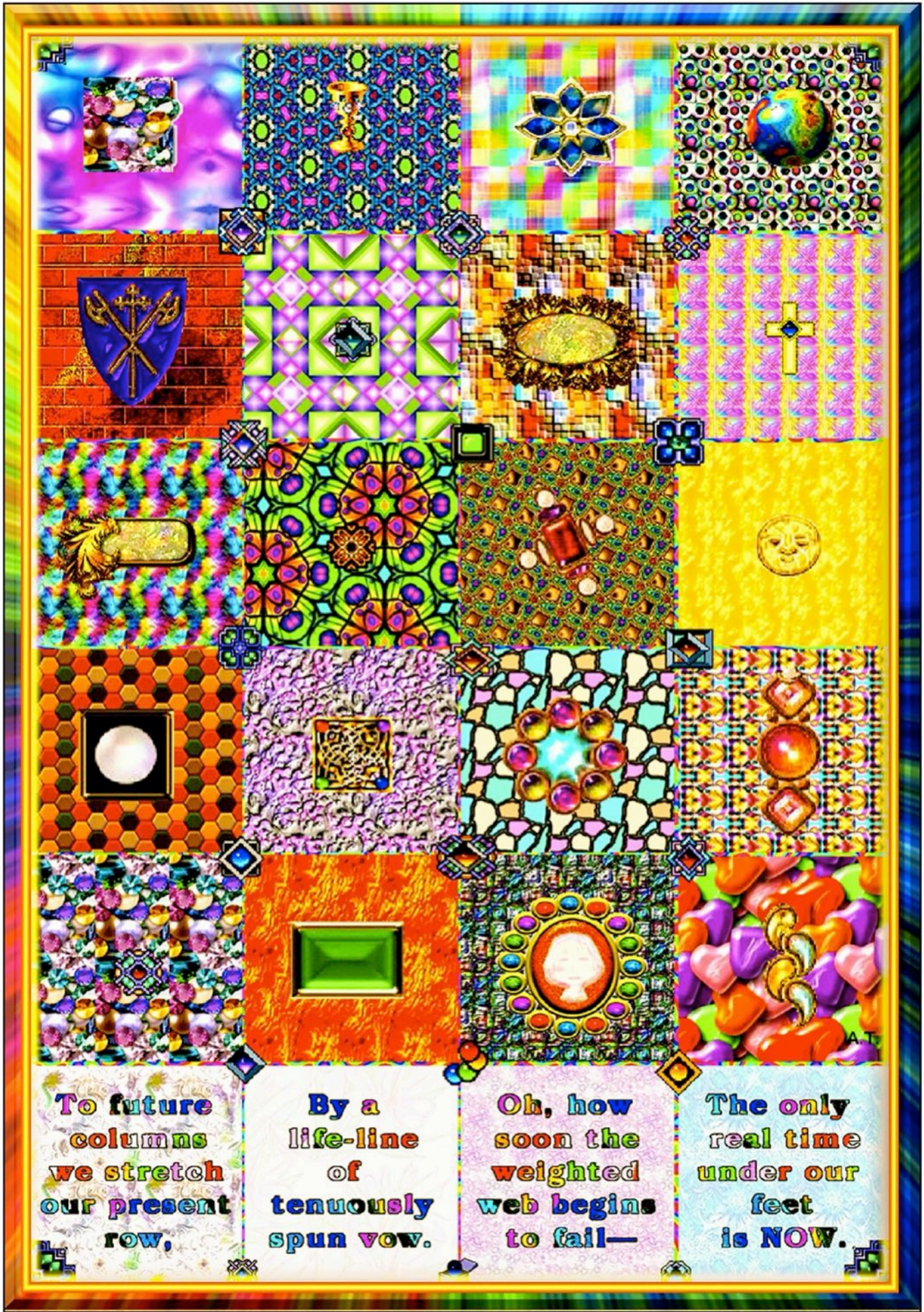


“Wow, that seemed like a really long weekend!”



The last truly major revision to the calendar occurred over eight hundred years ago, when Omar Khayyàm re-aligned the Moslem calendar so that the seasons would arrive at the same time each year. Back then the year started in March, with the spring, the logical time for a new year to start, I suppose, since nature is new in the spring.





To future
columns
we stretch
our present
row,

By a
life-line
of
tenuously
spun vow.

Oh, how
soon the
weighted
web begins
to fail—

The only
real time
under our
feet
is NOW.

It took Europe another a long time to pick up on these changes. I suppose they got tired of celebrating Christmas in July-type weather or shoveling snow in the summertime.



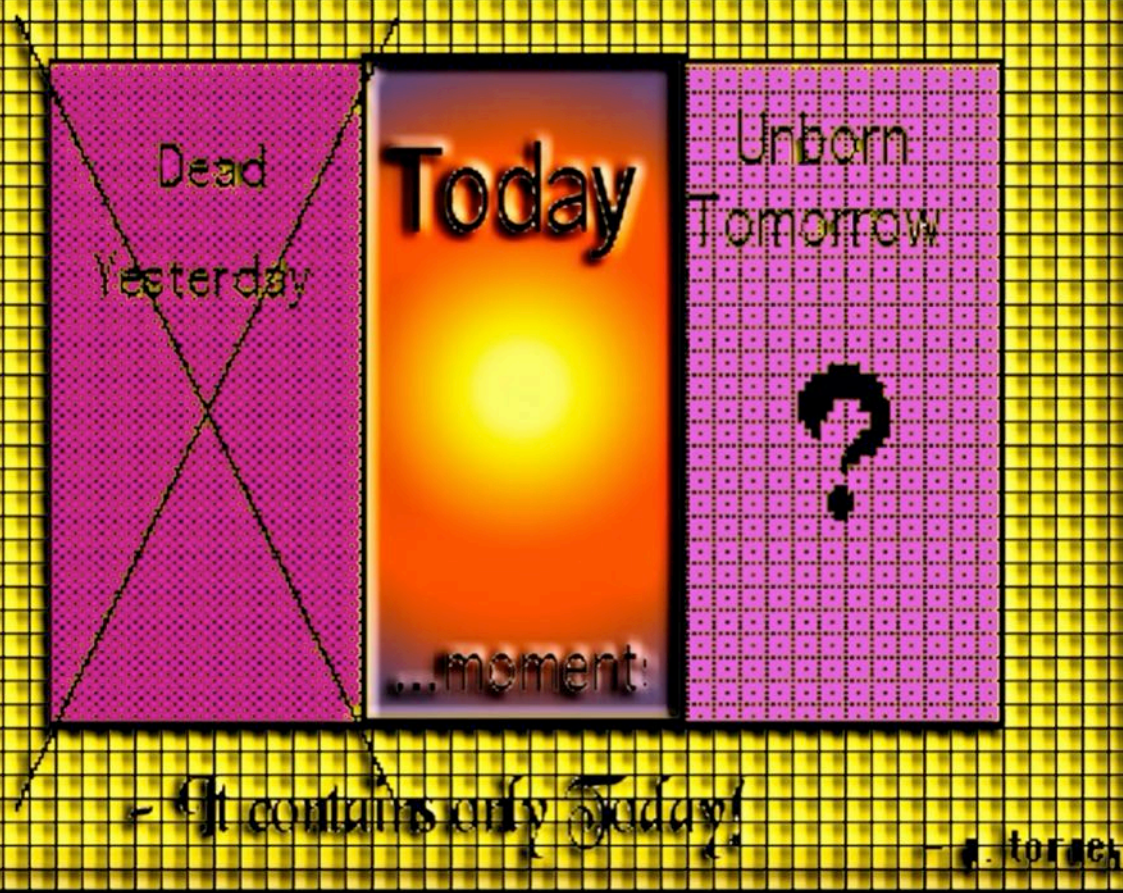


Omar also revised his philosophic calendar to suit his mental outlook, by advocating that dead yesterday and unborn tomorrow be removed from the calendar; thus, he could truly live for TODAY. Later on, he refined this theory further by also removing dead and unborn minutes, so that he could live for the moment. My calendar revisions are more along those lines.



*There are two days about which I needn't ask;
The one that hasn't come & the one that's past;*

The Calendar Revised -



*For I live in the paradisial "now",
In which each moment is eternally vast!*

First of all, I am eliminating the months of January (Bran-new-airy), February (Feb-buries), and March (March!) because, 1) They all contain cold and rotten weather, and 2) They totally lack holidays on which we could get time off with pay from work.

It's a heck of a long wait for a holiday between New Year's Day and Memorial Day (we used to get Good Friday off, but now even that day is eliminated, since it's a religious-ethnic holiday and other religious-ethnic groups could have then proposed other such holidays, and so there'd be no time left for actual work days).

Note: don't worry, Valentine's Day is being retained and moved elsewhere in my calendar, as is New Year's Day.

The Revised Year

8 days in a week: **Onesday, Twosday, Wednesday, Thirstday, Fryday, Satday, Sundaes, Sunday**
(3-day weekend)

35 days in a month: 30 numbered days (except June)
and 5 unnumbered Sundays

3 seasons: **Spring, Summer, Autumn**
(The Winter months were abolished)

10 months in the year (and special days in between):

Spring

April _____ the second month
- 1 - **New Year's Day and April Fools Day**

May _____ the third month
_____ **Valentines Day** _____

June _____ the fourth month
_____ **World Day** _____

I am adding a whole new month, called Remember, which comes right after December. That way you will have some extra time to do all of the things that you meant or forgot to do during the year. Just think, there will be not as much need to say “wait until next year!”.



SUMMER

July _____ the fifth month
- 1st Monday - 4th of July

7 days of Mid-Summer's Day Summer Festival

Sextus _____ the sixth month
_____ Leap Day (if needed) _____

September _____ the seventh month

AUTUMN

October _____ the eighth month

November _____ the ninth month

December _____ the tenth month
- 25 - Christmas

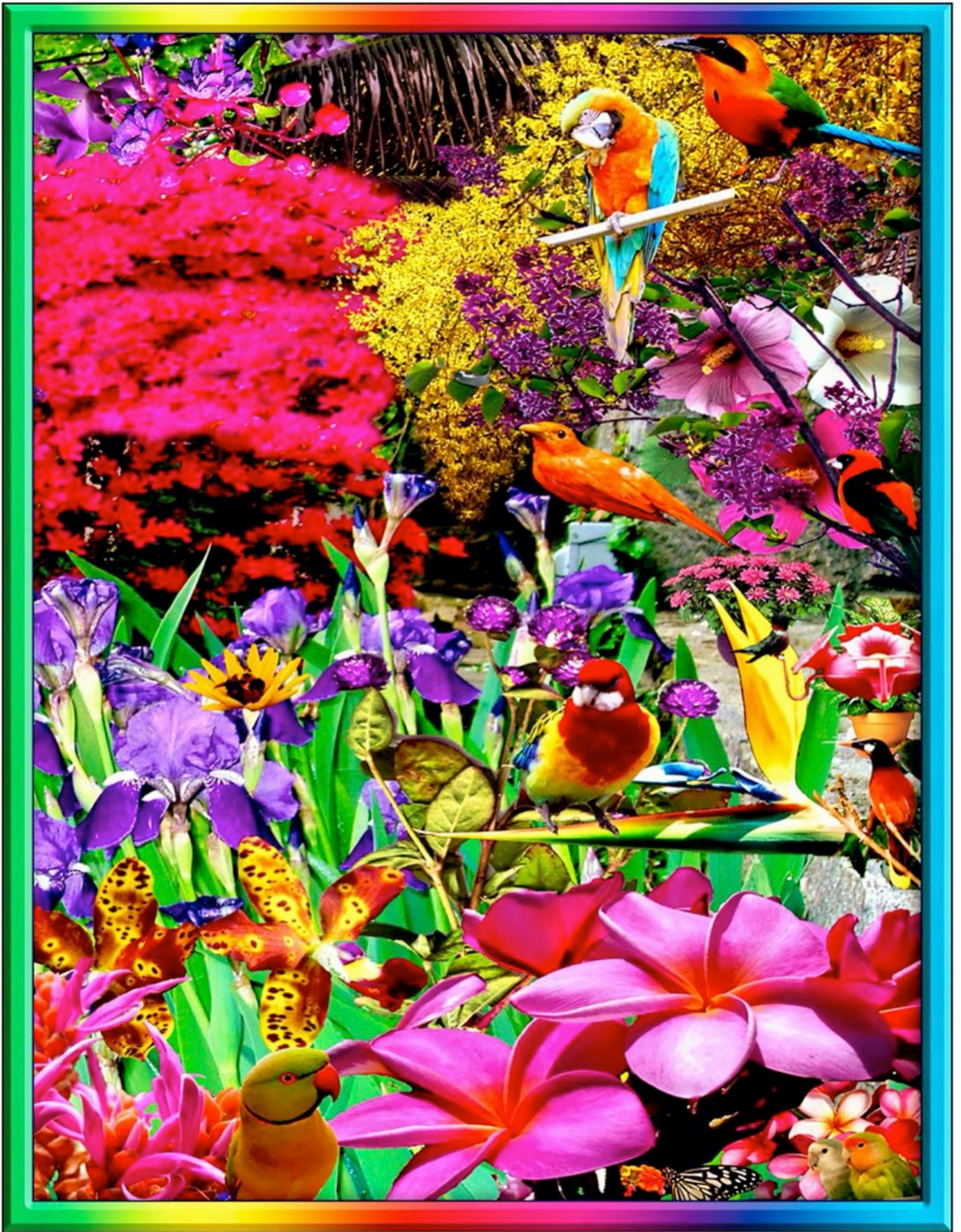
7 days of Saturnalia Winter Festival

Remember _____ the first and the last month

Therefore, my revised year starts in the spring, in April, which, as I've said, is much more appropriate, since it is a time for renewal and rebirth. By the way, it is easily proved that the year once started in spring by noting the Latin numbers from which the months got their modern names, i.e., 7-sept, 8-oct, 9-nov, 10-dec.

We, of course, have now adopted these Latin numeric prefixes into general English, as well, for example, septuagenarian (age 70-80), octagon (8-sided), octave (8 musical degrees), novena (9 days of devotion), decimal (base 10), decimate (to kill one in ten), decathlon, decade, etc.





I also discovered that the old names of July and August were Quintus (Latin 5) and Sextus (Latin 6), but Julius and Augustus Caesar changed the names to suit their own. As for May, June, and April, those were the names of the Caesars' girlfriends. So, anyway, what all this means is that since December used to be the tenth month (dec), the year obviously once started in March.

So, I am generally readopting this policy, except that, since I've eliminated March, my revised year must now start in April, on April's Fools Day, in fact, which will have to share the honor with New Year's Day, an appropriate combination considering all of the foolish things that many do on New Year's Eve.

THINGS TO DO

Remember

	Funday	Two's-day	Wed-day	Thirst-day	Fry-day	Sat-day	Sundae
G o o d O l d D a y s							

So, since my year as so far constructed is only ten months long, I must now distribute the excess days that made up the two missing months. I would like to make all the months thirty days long, since people have problems with variations.

So, I am introducing a new, unnumbered day into the week, called Funday, a day which does not have to be numbered or accounted for in any way what-so-ever. Funday occurs between Sunday and Monday.

On Funday you can do as you please. Funday doesn't even have a numerical date, and so it cannot possibly count against schedules, deadlines, or bills.

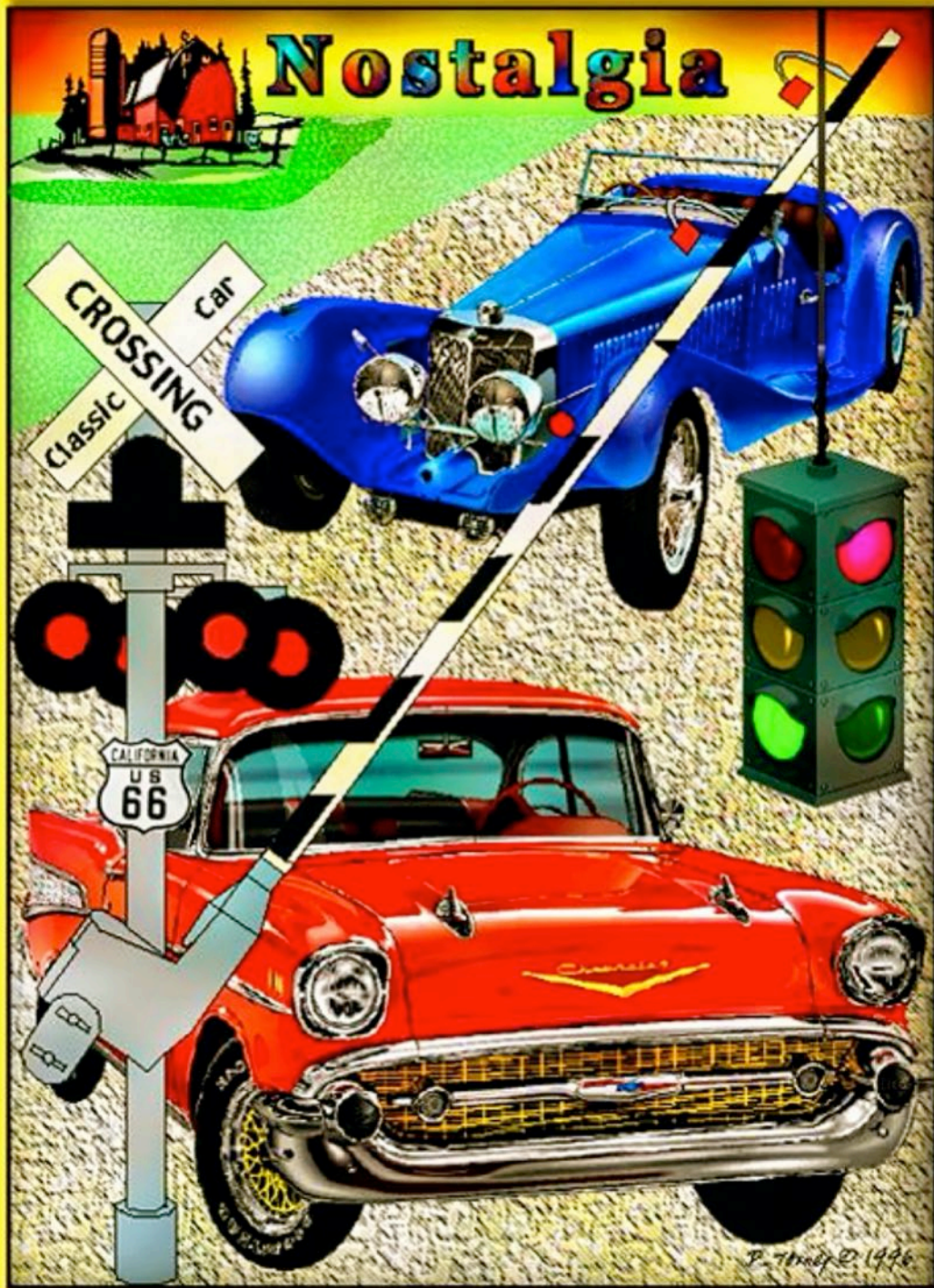




Weekends, as we all know, have always been too short, but now, with the introduction of Funday, weekends become three days long. I have, as have many others, already pioneered the concept that led to Funday: I get up late on Saturday and Sunday to recover energy spent during the work week, and then, by Sunday night, being so well rested, I go to sleep quite late or sometimes not at all and stay up all night reading or doing you know what.

Of course, I pay for all of this by being very tired on Monday, but naturally it's much better to be tired on company time than on your own time, and who ever expects much of Monday anyway.





So, this is what led me to the idea of a Funday on which you could do whatever you want; you don't even have to visit your relatives. Funday is totally dedicated to fun, and a new law will make it a crime for you to do anything else, although shopping and home chores are allowed if you whistle while you work or sing a happy song.

Yes, people are so harried these days that we have to force them to enjoy life.



Why Worry?



You can't change the past.



You can't see the future cast.



The present doesn't last.



So, thanks to Funday there will be no more rush-rush or hectic feelings when the work week starts. People need no longer waste short weekends of great weather by doing silly and ridiculous things like going grocery shopping or doing laundry.

Well, you might say, instead of lengthening the week why not just get people to do all their weekend chores during the week, but, of course, they can't, since they're so stressed out and exhausted when they get home from work that they just collapse and can't even do the simplest thing.





Yes, yes, I know that this is simply a matter of attitude and style, but, believe me, personal changes, even such common sense changes, seem to take huge amounts of effort; whereas, I can simply solve the problem much more easily with the introduction of the Funday.

But, ten months of thirty numbered days plus five undated Fundays each month equals only 350 days, so there are still fifteen more days that must be dispersed into the new calendar.





I am solving this by adding a special summer and winter festival period of seven days each, the winter festival being no more really than a re-establishment of the old Saturnalian pagan festival held in olden times, before the Christians put a damper on it.

This winter festival is added between Christmas and New Year's Day so that we can have a vacation from our vacation of visiting relatives and feasting and pigging out. The summer festival is inserted between July and August, and centers around the true midsummer's day. Naturally these festivals do not count against anyone's vacation time.





There are just a few minor alterations left. There is still one day left to be accounted for, and I am inserting it between May and June as Valentines Day. I am removing a day from June, so that the saying “Nothing is so rare as a day in June” will actually be true. In the old calendar, a day in February was 4.2% more rare than a day of June, but, of course, February is gone now.

The day removed from June will be called World Day. On this day we should try to get all of the world’s peoples to coexist in perfect harmony.

This day occurs between June and July. I am moving the Fourth of July to the first Monday in July so that we will have yet another extra long weekend.



Monday mornings and Friday afternoons are to be designated as home/work transition adjustment-recovery periods, during which one need not be present at work, thus reducing the work week to only four days! Yes, the computer age has arrived and it's time that we reaped its benefits and gained more leisure time, for this was the promise of the computer age: that computers would free us, so why do I feel like they have become our masters?

Furthermore, the nebulous day called Someday is being removed from the calendar and from everyday conversation, because what it really meant was "Noneday", as in "Someday we'll go out to lunch".



The Bird of Time



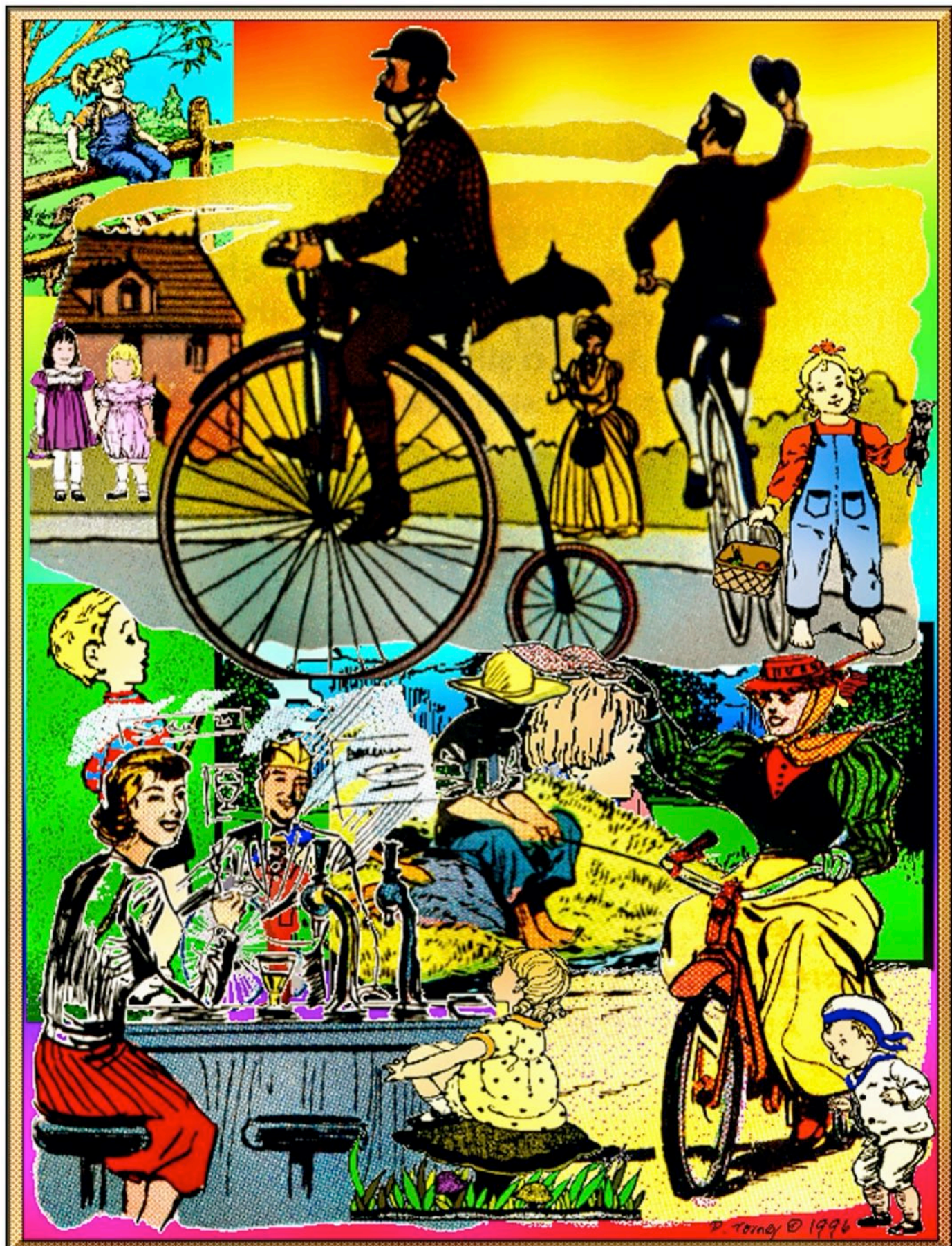
Also, just as a matter of information, note that the days of the week were named after the sun, the moon, and all of the known planets of the time, although some of the days derive their names from French or Latin: Sunday (sun), Monday (moon), Tuesday (Mardi in French, or Mars), Wednesday (Mercredi, or Mercury in French), Thursday (Jeudi in French, or Jupiter), Friday (Vendredi in French for Venus), Saturday (Saturn). This still leaves Pluto, Uranus, and Neptune unrepresented, but I'll probably leave those for my next revision.

My new names for the days of the week are: Onesday, Twosday, Wednesday, Thirstday, Fryday, Satday, Sundae, and Funday, and are for, respectively, self, relationships, marrieds, drinking, frying fish, sitting around, ice cream and fudge, and fun.



Or, we could just forget all of these revisions and go back to Omar's great idea about having a calendar with only one day on it, called TODAY.





P. Torney © 1996

THE YEAR

WINTER storms the YEAR

In the **MONTH** of Bran-new-airy,

Then **FEB-BURIES** us in **SNOW**...

March, Lady April! Spring! —

Let's reign as we *May*

With sum(mer)maids

Named *June* and *Ju-lie*,

Until, after *A-gust* of

HOI withering *wind*,

The sunny **FIRE** burns out—

'Cept embers, when

Leaves **FALL** into **OCT-TOMB-BURR**—

Till—no leaves, no **sunlight**,

No **sky**, no *warmth*—**No-venber!**

Next de **RAIN**, de **sleet**, de **COLD-**

De-cember,

When all that we can do

Is but sweet **Remember**.

— P. Torney © 2000 —

- Seasonings -



Nature Springs from Winter's tomb.
The bloom already in the seed.
The tree contained within the acorn.



Surging sprigs sprout from the soil—
Spring showers make the Summer flower.



Summer wakes from Spring's dying kiss
Blooming when the rose does.
Sunning after the Spring's running.



Summer reigns upon the land,
Eventually fading in the night.



Autumn Falls as Summer leaves,
Harvesting its sum of days.
Seconding the rose of Spring.



The smile meets the tear—
Fall's embers last through December.



Ice winds stalk the weed flowers,
The ghosts frosting the dead stalks.
Snow crystals barring all that grows.



Winter is death cooked over—
Melting snows feed Spring waters.

P. Torney © 1999

It Was So Cold

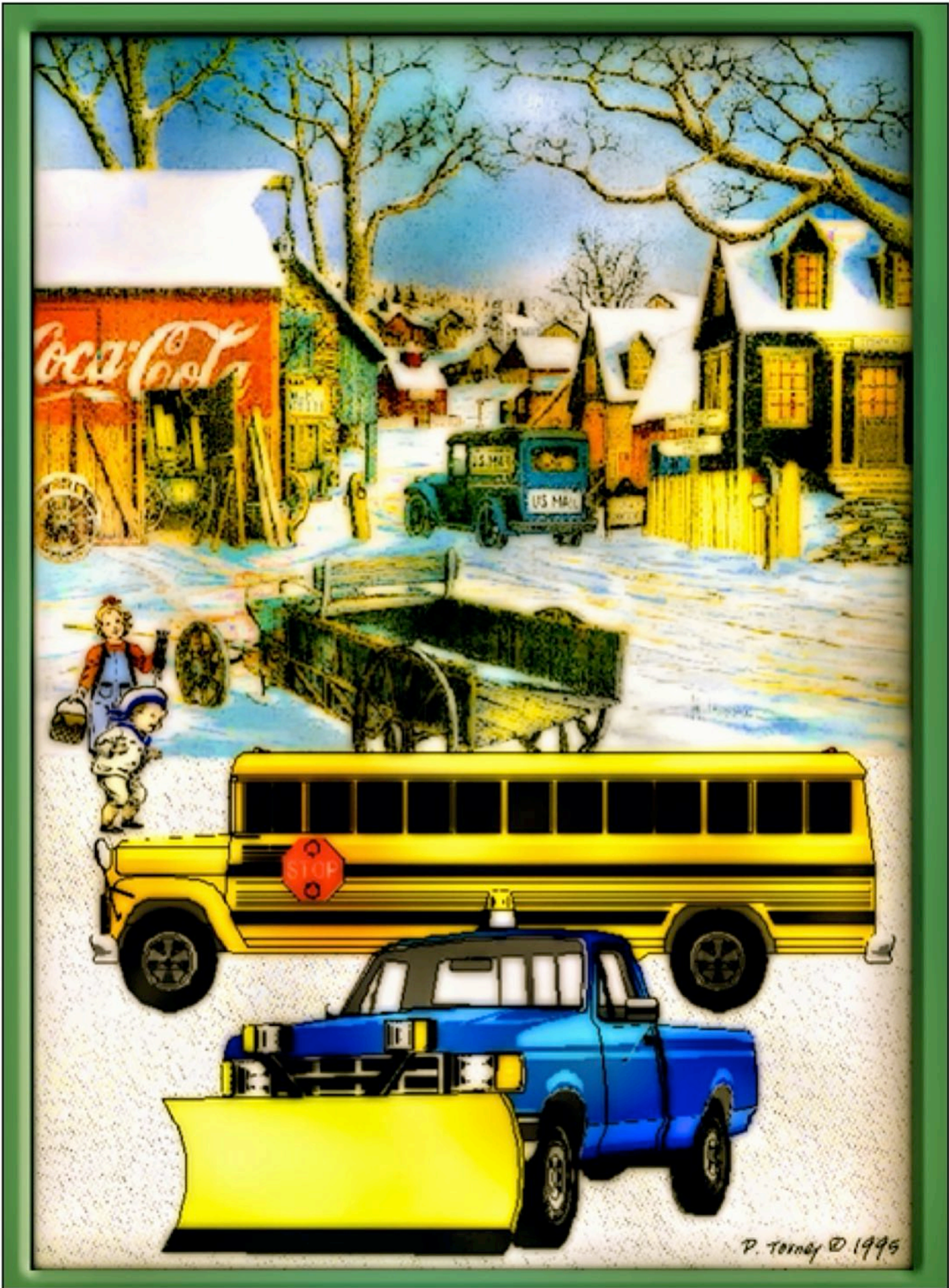
During a particularly harsh winter, it was so cold that my shadow froze to the ground, such that I couldn't even move. I almost died. I tried to call for help, but my words came out in ice-block letters. Luckily, a passerby saw this and lit up a match to read the words, but the flame froze, and so no one could hear the words I had said until they thawed out in the spring.

I left my shadow there, and retreated to my cabin and drank a hot coffee that had frozen so fast that it was still warm to the touch. That night I built a fire, but I had to sleep with my head in the fireplace to keep warm. I knew it was morning when I saw light at the top of the chimney.



Times were so tough that winter that we had to make soup out of the pictures in the seed catalog, for we dared not even go outside. I tried to catch a mouse by putting a picture of some cheese in a mousetrap, but all I caught was a picture of a mouse! On some days we had to go up on the roof to chop off the smoke clouds that had frozen around the chimney.

The day was so windy that the fence posts blew out, and all the potholes blew up onto the roof, causing it to leak when it started snowing. The wind blew so hard that the sun went down three hours late. This really warmed things up, and soon the snow caught on fire, but then it put itself out when it melted.



I ventured out that day to do some ice fishing, but the warmth had thawed the ice a lot, and I soon fell through it, and would have drowned had I not had the presence of mind to go back to shore and bring some logs out to float on, and so I escaped from the ice hole. This was the very same lake I'd tried to swim across last summer.

After getting halfway across I decided that I wasn't going to make it, so I swam back. Anyway, I caught a big fish. It was so large that even its picture weighed twelve pounds!





So, I did survive that winter, or I wouldn't be writing about it, but it wasn't easy, but that only goes to show: Never give up. Not giving up was a lesson that I'd learned from a couple of frogs: One day two frogs fell into a pail of cow's milk.

After struggling for a while one of the frogs soon gave up and drowned, but the other frog, our hero, kept on flailing away for hours, never giving up. The next morning, I found the frog very much alive, sitting happily atop a pail of butter.







HOME SWEET HOME

Some people drive
treacherous roads
Up to a mountain top
When it is snowing so they can ski,
Paying a lot of money
For the privilege
of breaking their bones.

They must have poor mental health,
For they even put
slippery wax on their skis
So they can go even faster
Down the mountainside
That is already slippery
And full of snow
and ice and trees.

These humans have
not evolved much
Since the time of
the Woolly Mammoth.



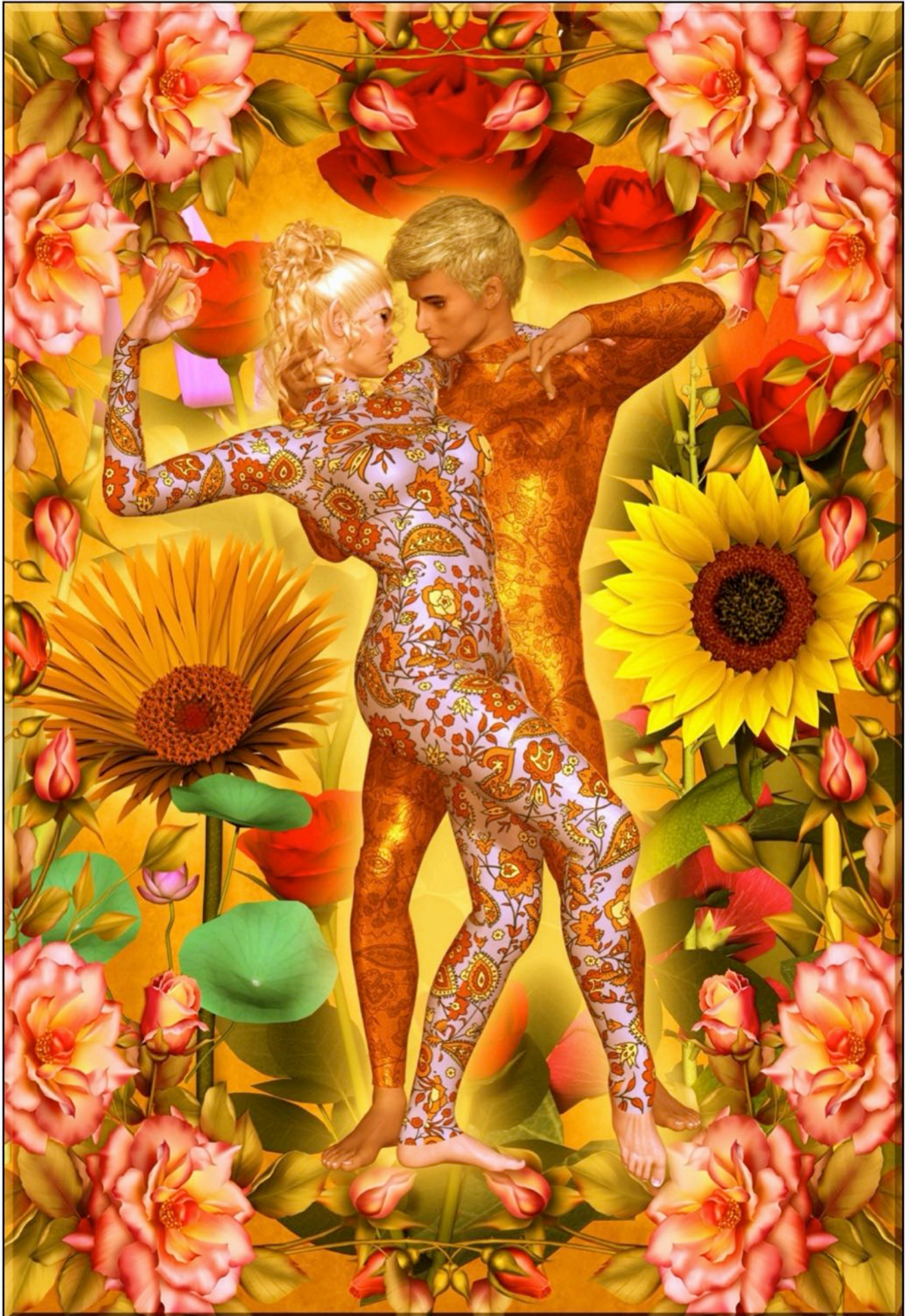
The background of the page is a colorful, abstract illustration of autumn foliage in shades of orange, yellow, and red. In the center, there is a photograph of a white mailbox with the number '3' on it, set against a backdrop of trees with bright yellow autumn leaves. A wooden fence runs across the middle of the scene. The text is overlaid on this image in a purple, cursive font with a yellow glow.

— *Spring Eternal* —

*Summer passed away in
his sleep last night,
Autumn, sweet and plump,
carries his offspring.*

*The year dies in the night,
ghostly winter comes—*

*Yet spring's flower is
already in the seed.*





THE YEAR

Hail!

Winter storms the Year
In the month of Brand-new-airy,
Then Feb-buries us in snow!

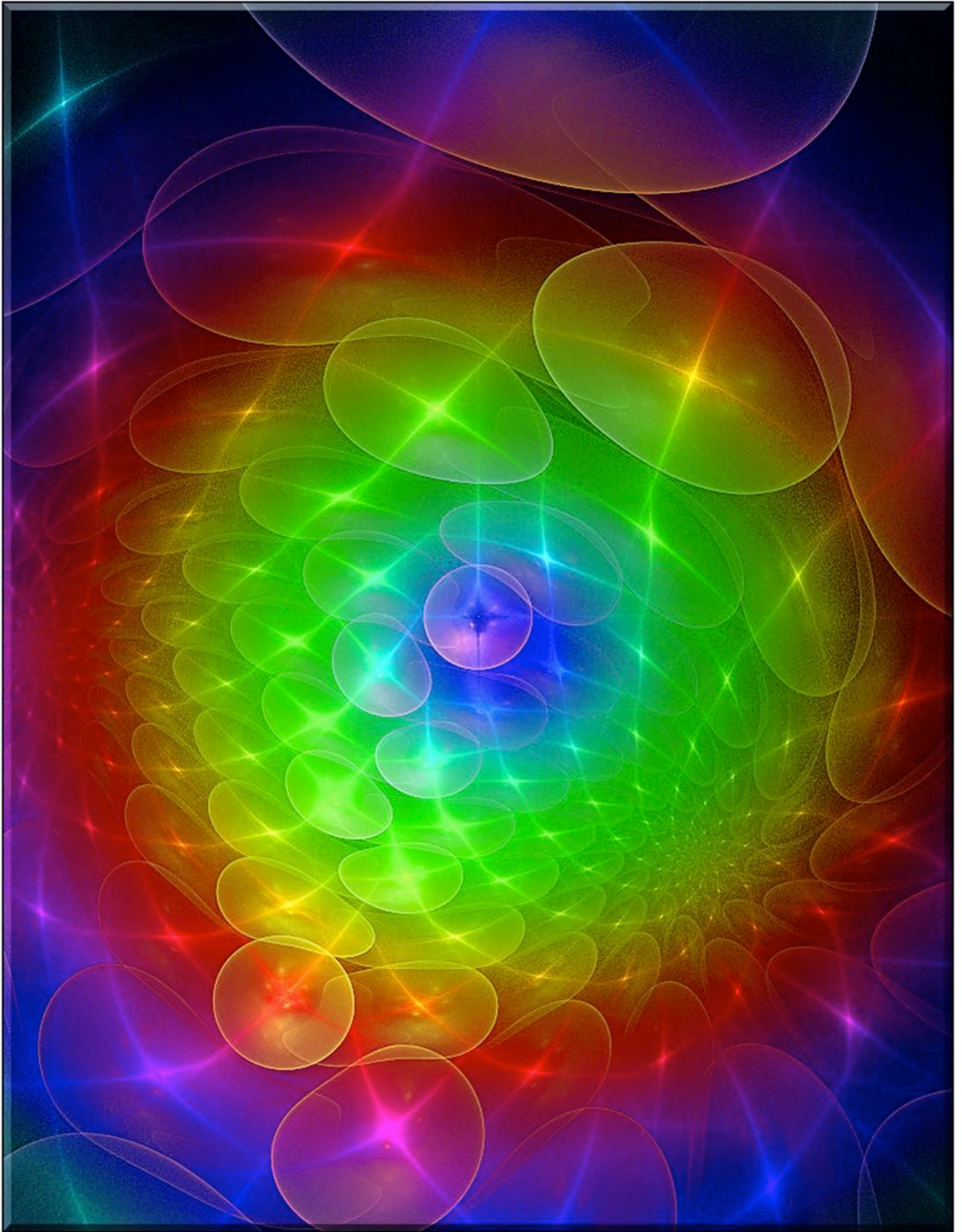
March, Lady April! Spring!—
Let's reign as we May
With sum(mer)maids
Named June and Ju-lie,

Until, after A-gust of
Hot withering wind,
The sunny fire burns out—
'Cept embers, when
Leaves Fall into Oct-tomb-burr—

Till—no leaves, No sunlight,
No sky, no warmth—
No-venber!

Next de rain, de sleet,
De cold—De-cember,
When all that we can do
Is but sweet Remember.





— THE END —