

# Austino's Holy Quest

Illustrated



Austin P. Torney

# **AUSTINO'S HOLY QUEST**

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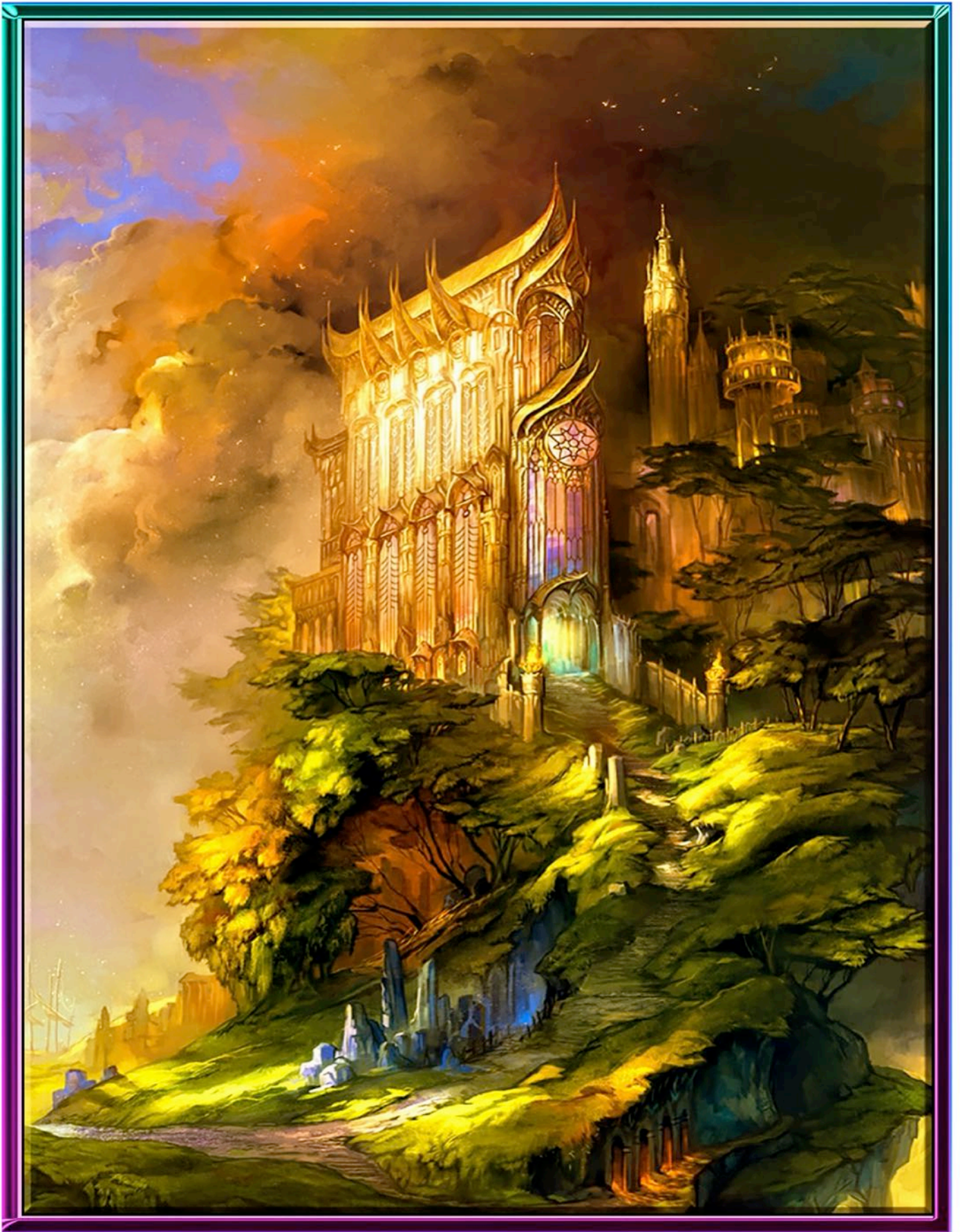




**AUSTIN'S HOLY QUEST,  
LEADING NOT TO DRINK  
BUT TO ADVENTURES  
BLESSED**



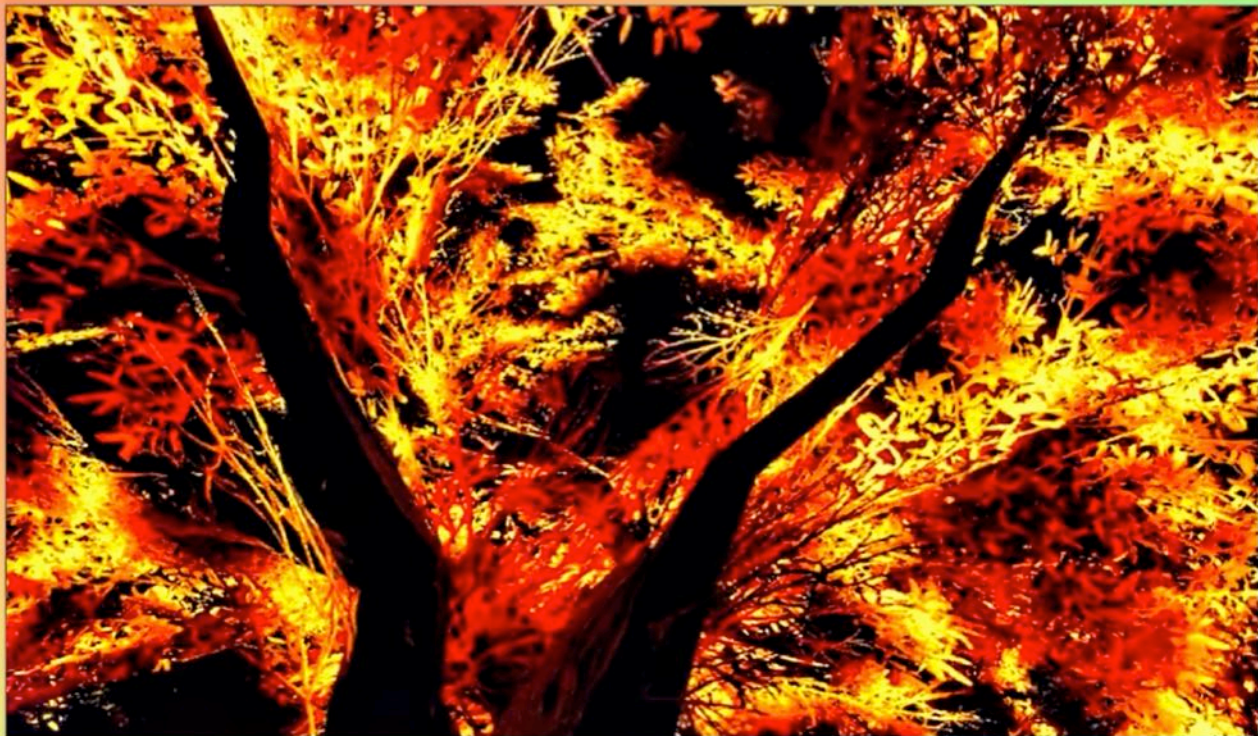
**Off On the Holy Quest**



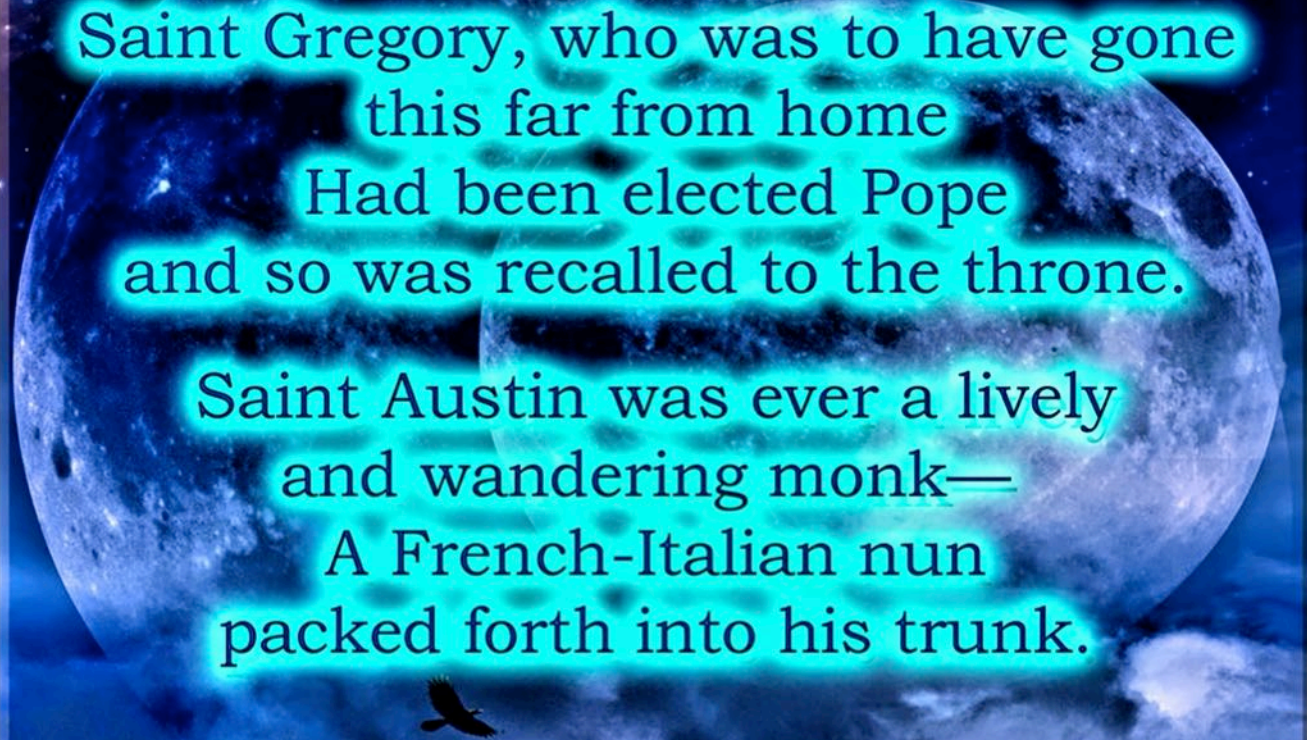
**THE QUEST LEADING NOT TO DRINK  
BUT TO ADVENTURES BLESSED**

The golden dome of Sancta Sophia shone,  
Along Saint Austin's journey from olden Rome,  
It reflecting the flaxen sun's blinding band,  
He unto Britain to spread the Word to England.





**Blinding Light**



Saint Gregory, who was to have gone  
this far from home  
Had been elected Pope  
and so was recalled to the throne.

Saint Austin was ever a lively  
and wandering monk—  
A French-Italian nun  
packed forth into his trunk.



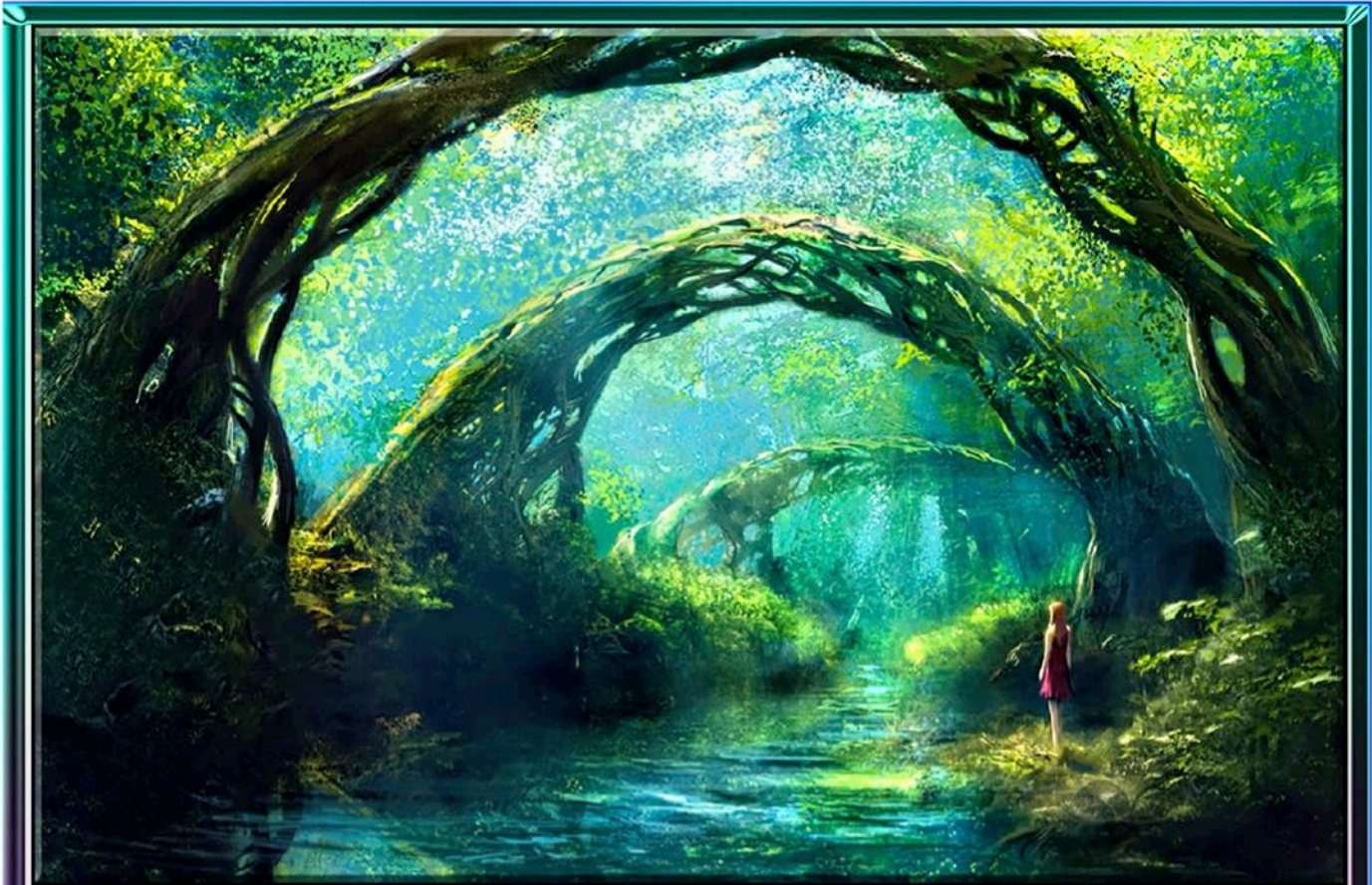


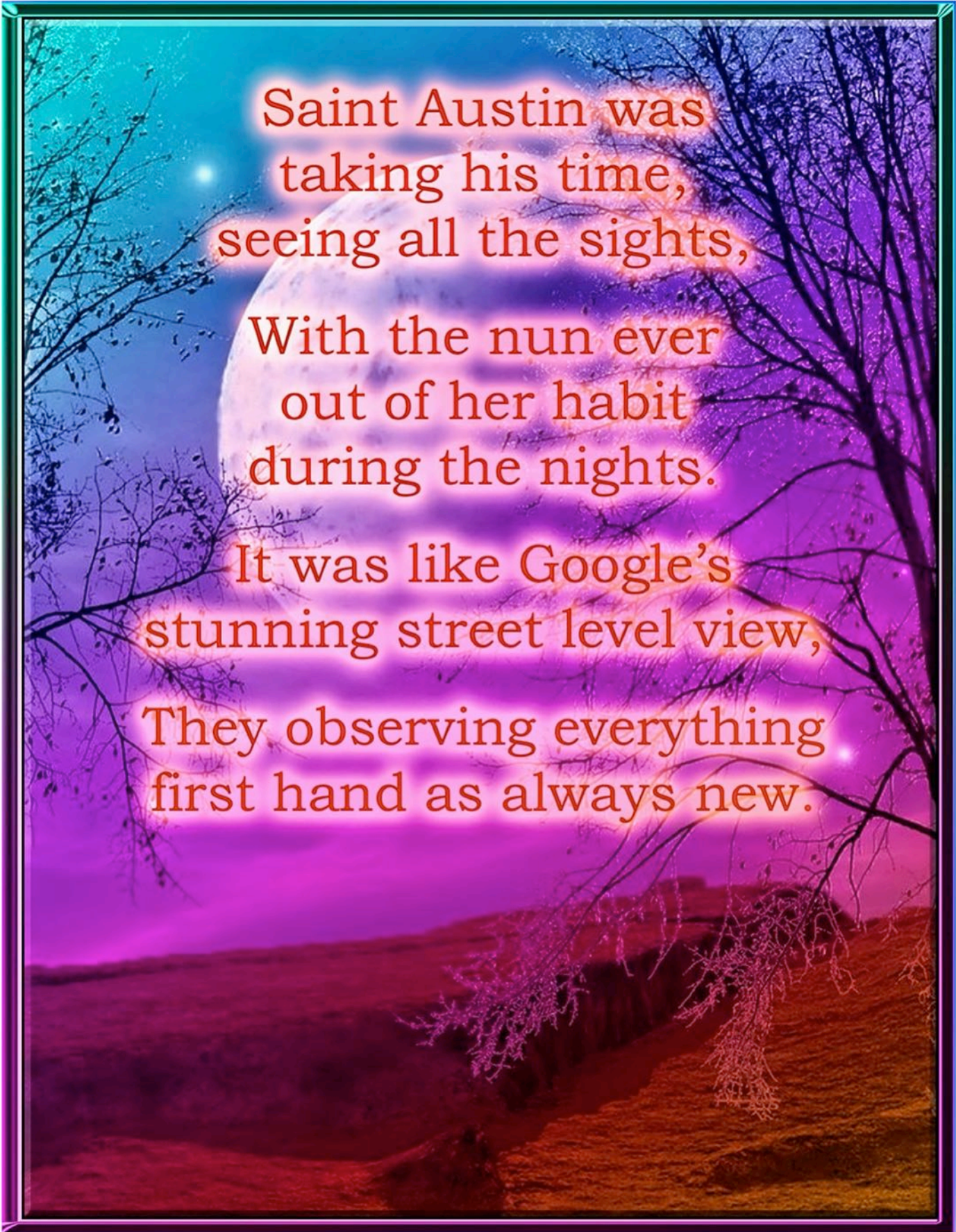


A carrier pigeon flew the latest  
to Austin's leg,  
From his friend the Pope,  
known to him as Greg:

“We shall conquer not with  
our Papal Army's spear,  
But with the requisite Christianity,  
dear within its fear.”







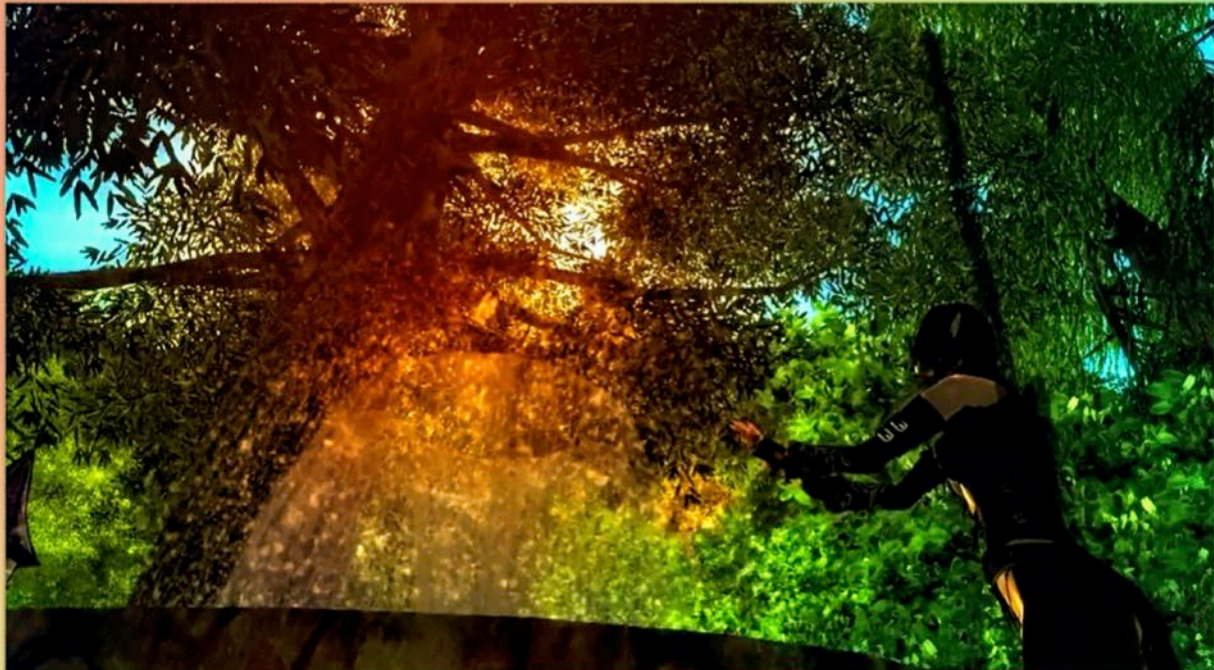
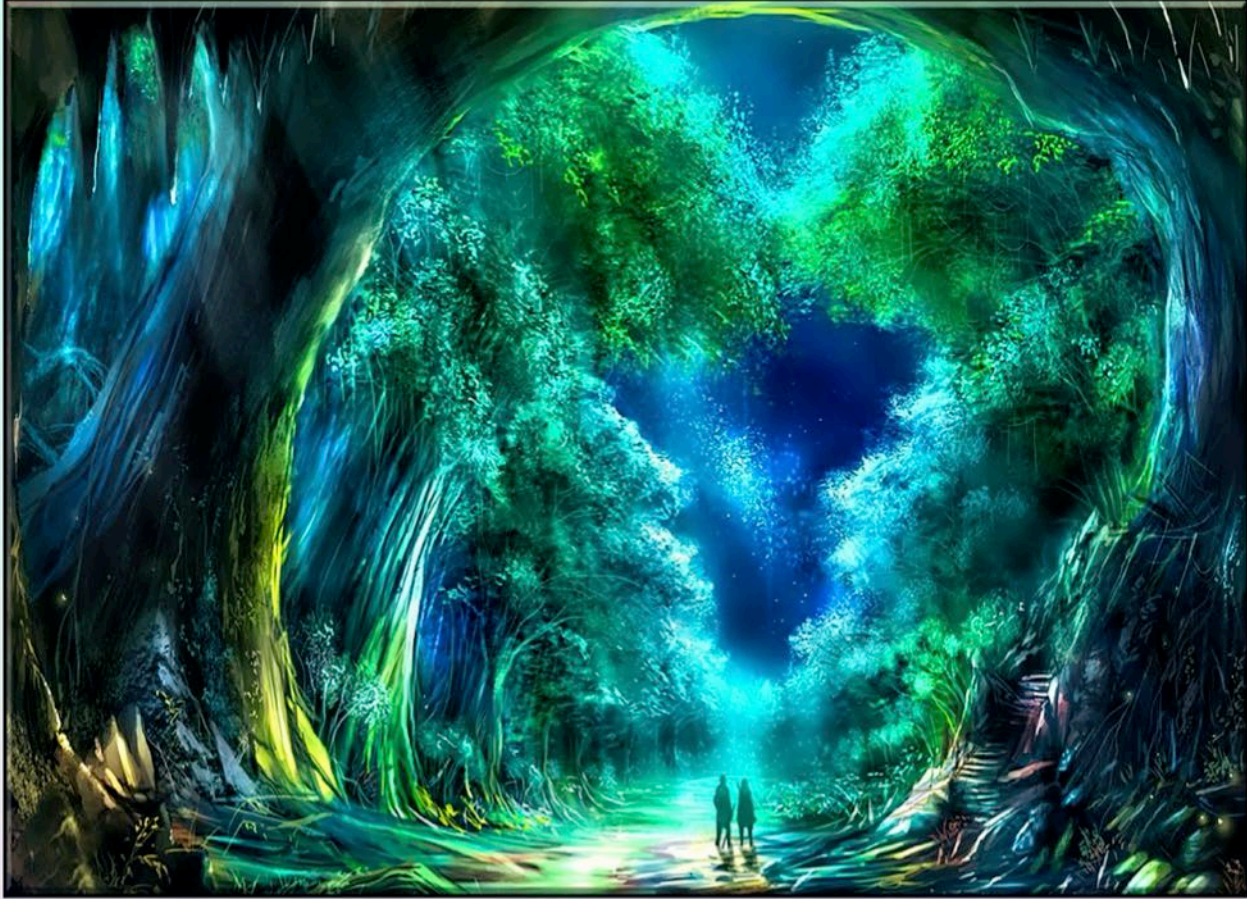
Saint Austin was  
taking his time,  
seeing all the sights,

With the nun ever  
out of her habit  
during the nights.

It was like Google's  
stunning street level view,

They observing everything  
first hand as always new.





**Lifting Her Cup to the Alpha and the Omega**





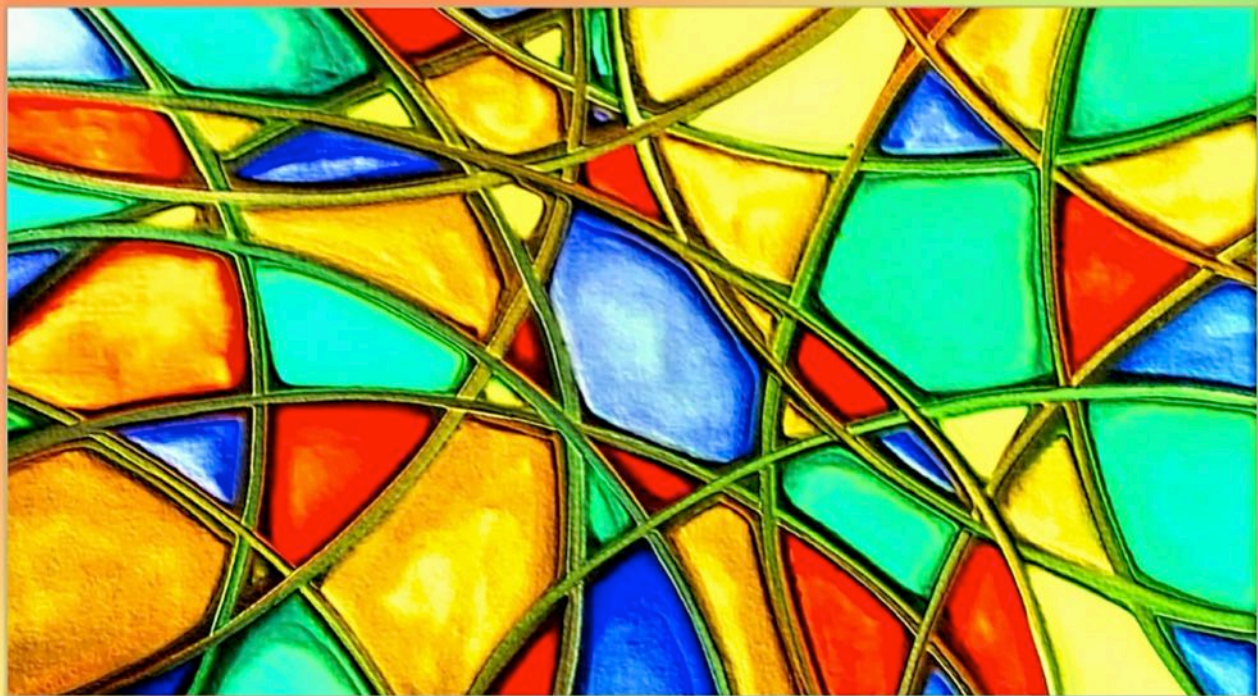
The world turns, shadows fly,  
energy spreads apace,

Consolidating here and there,  
not an impatient race.

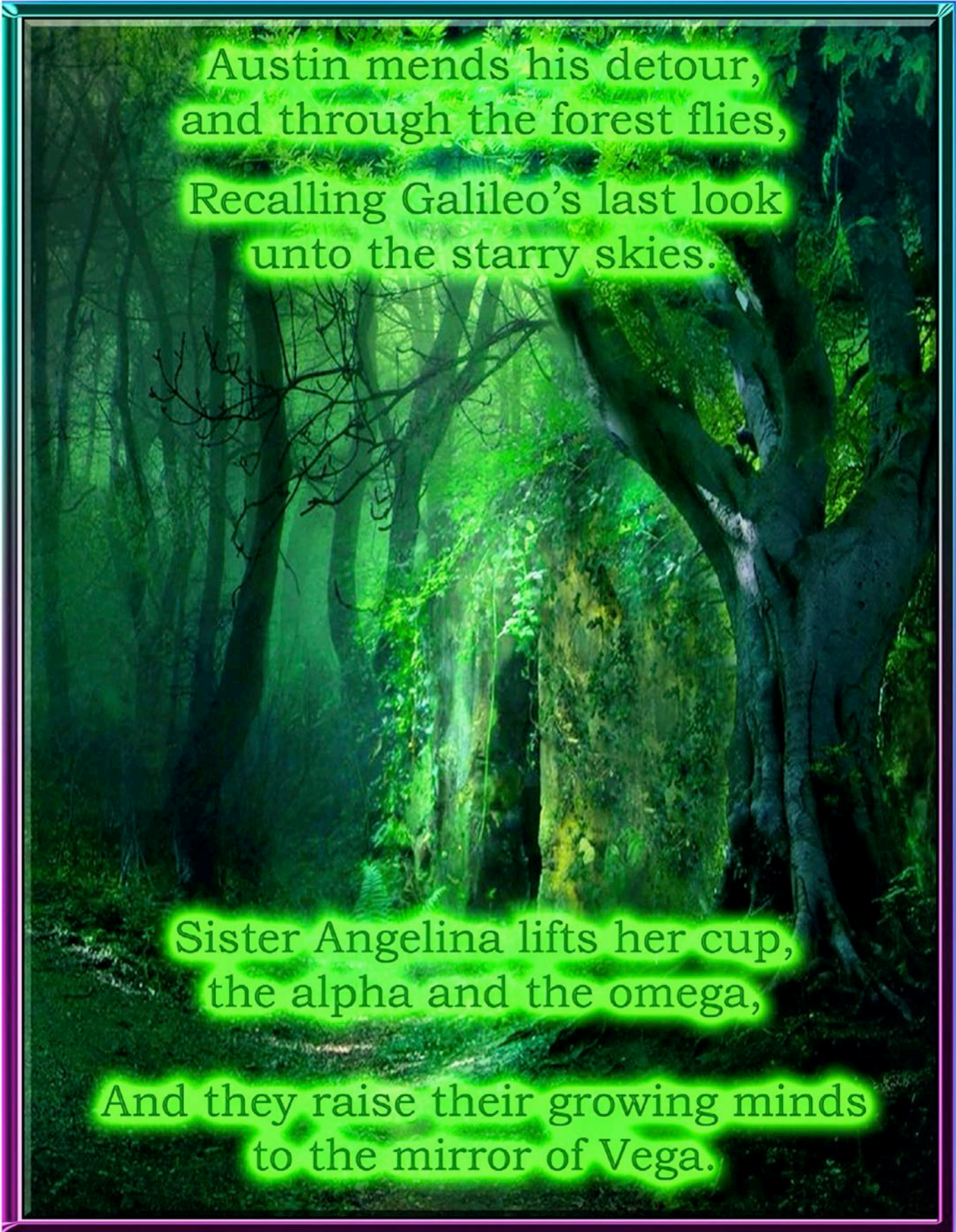
Muslims crash the gates,  
and now new Rome is cleft,

A prism of many-splendored light  
is all that's left.





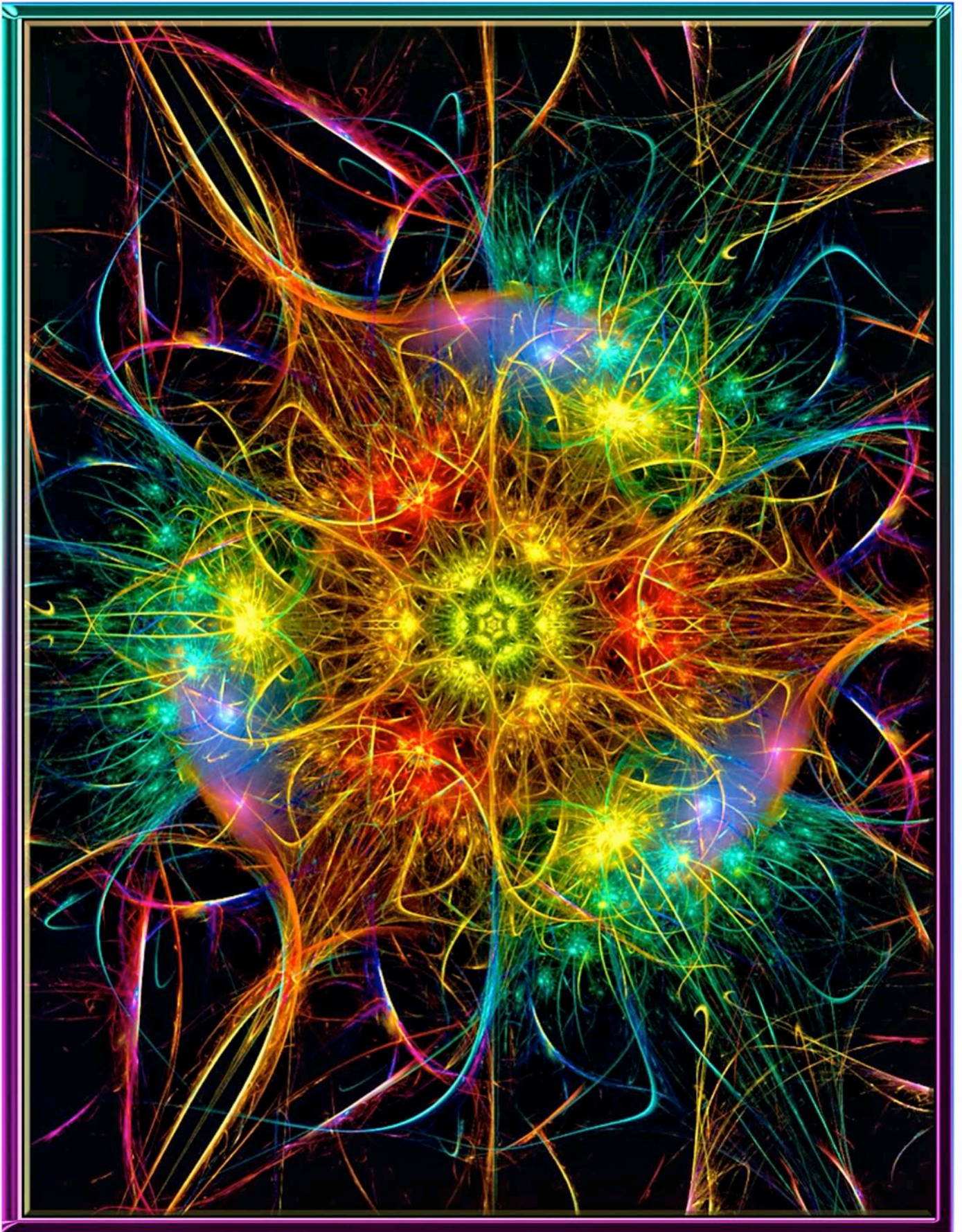
**Heaven's Gate**



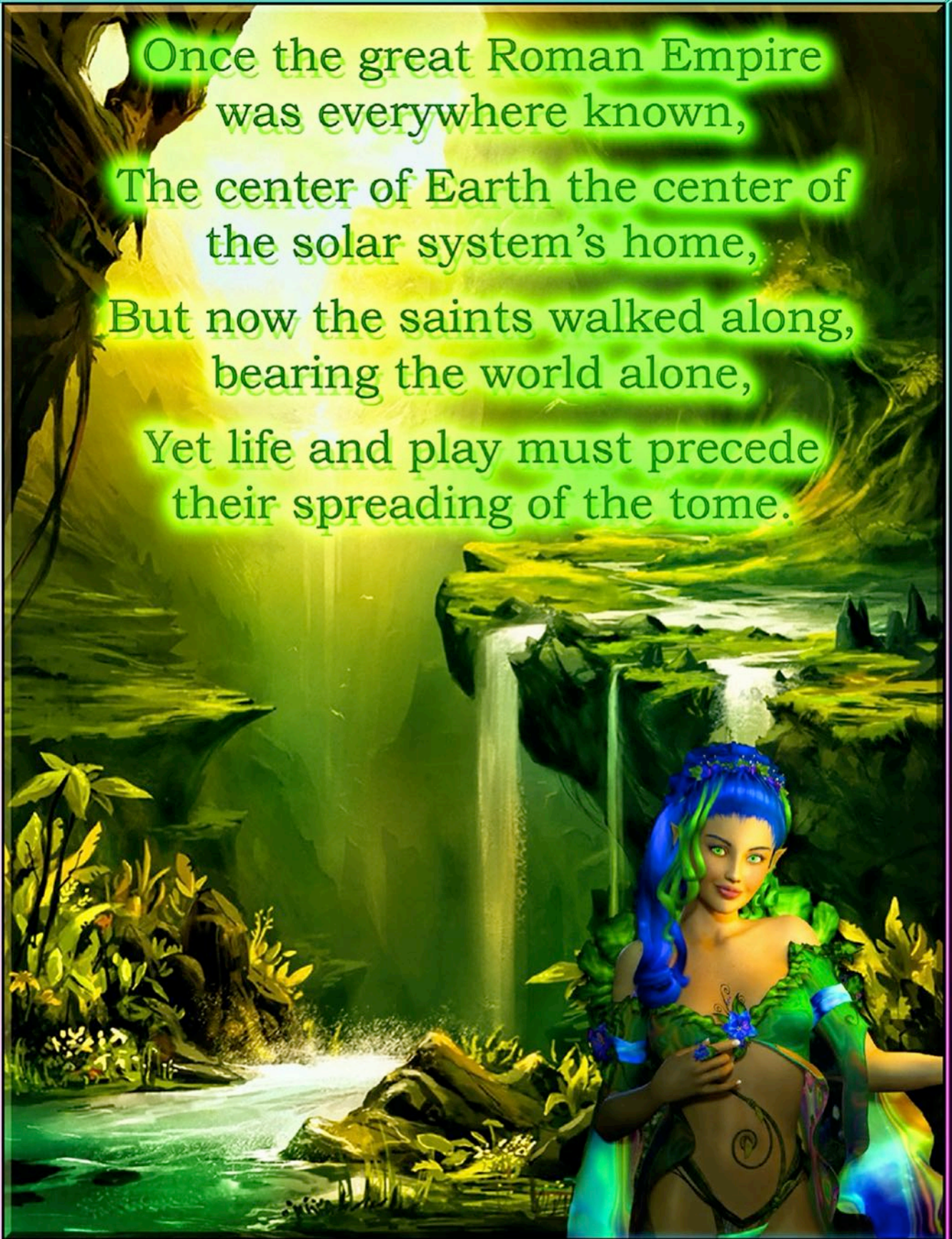
Austin mends his detour,  
and through the forest flies,  
Recalling Galileo's last look  
unto the starry skies.

Sister Angelina lifts her cup,  
the alpha and the omega,


And they raise their growing minds  
to the mirror of Vega.



Once the great Roman Empire  
was everywhere known,  
The center of Earth the center of  
the solar system's home,  
But now the saints walked along,  
bearing the world alone,  
Yet life and play must precede  
their spreading of the tome.







They would be gone for  
over twenty years, but not forty,  
For they would ask directions,  
unlike Moses and his party.

God had sent a plague to Europe,  
it killing one in three,

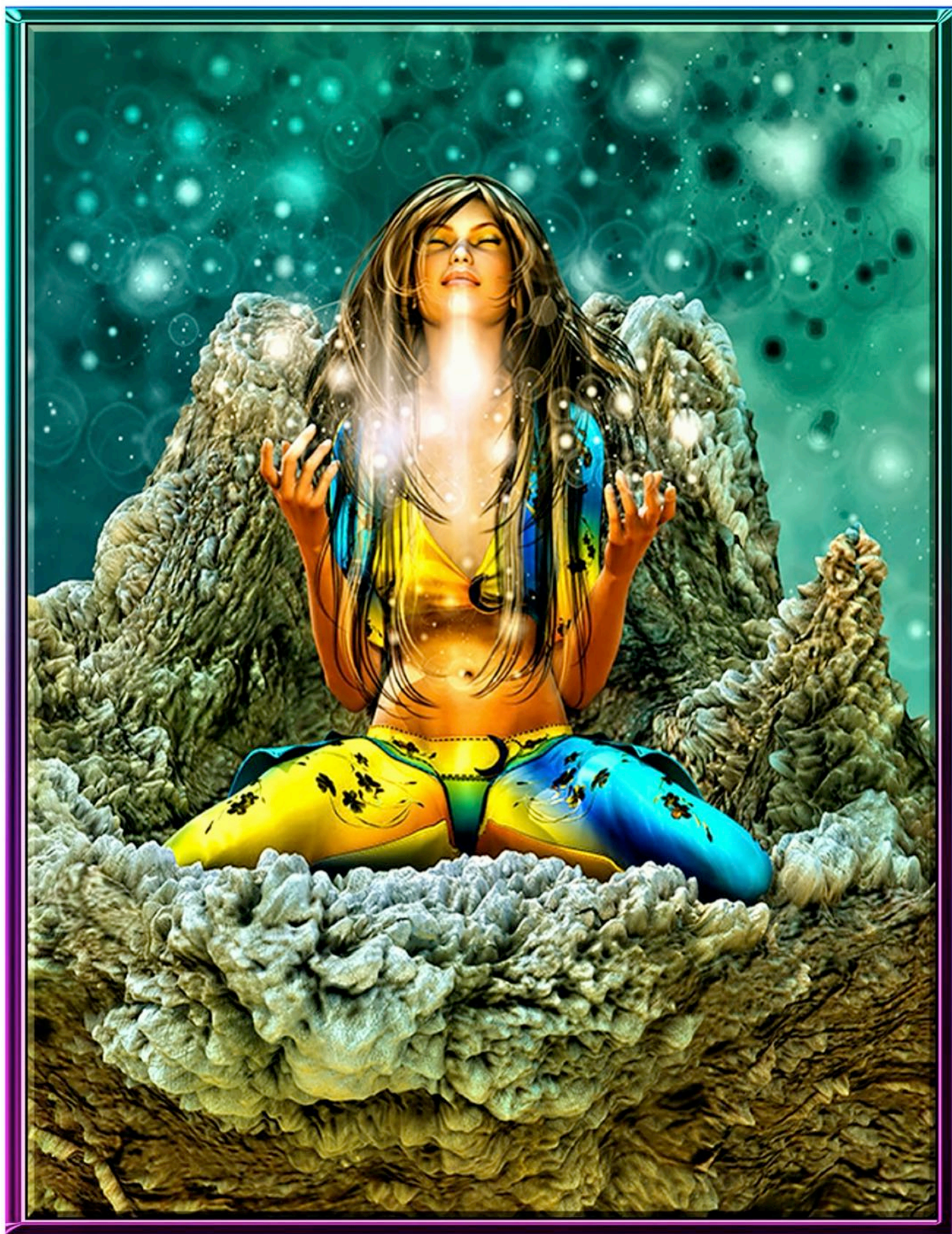
But none for a year now,  
yet they dallied one more, to see.



The alps were climbed, soaring into the realm of Heaven,  
And so they stuck their heads up into that glorious haven,  
But soon ducked them back down again, just in time,  
For there was a big soccer game going on in that clime.



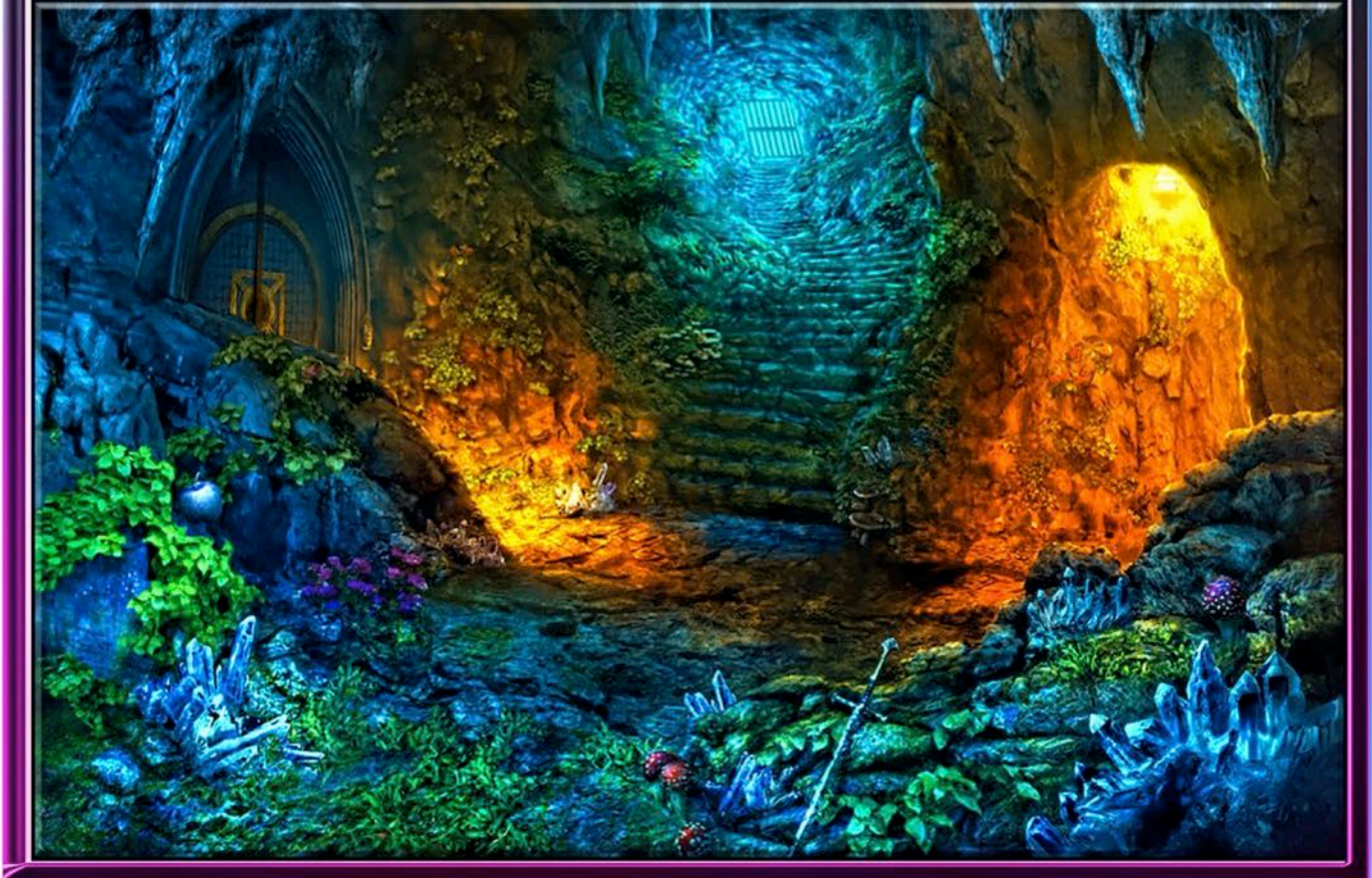
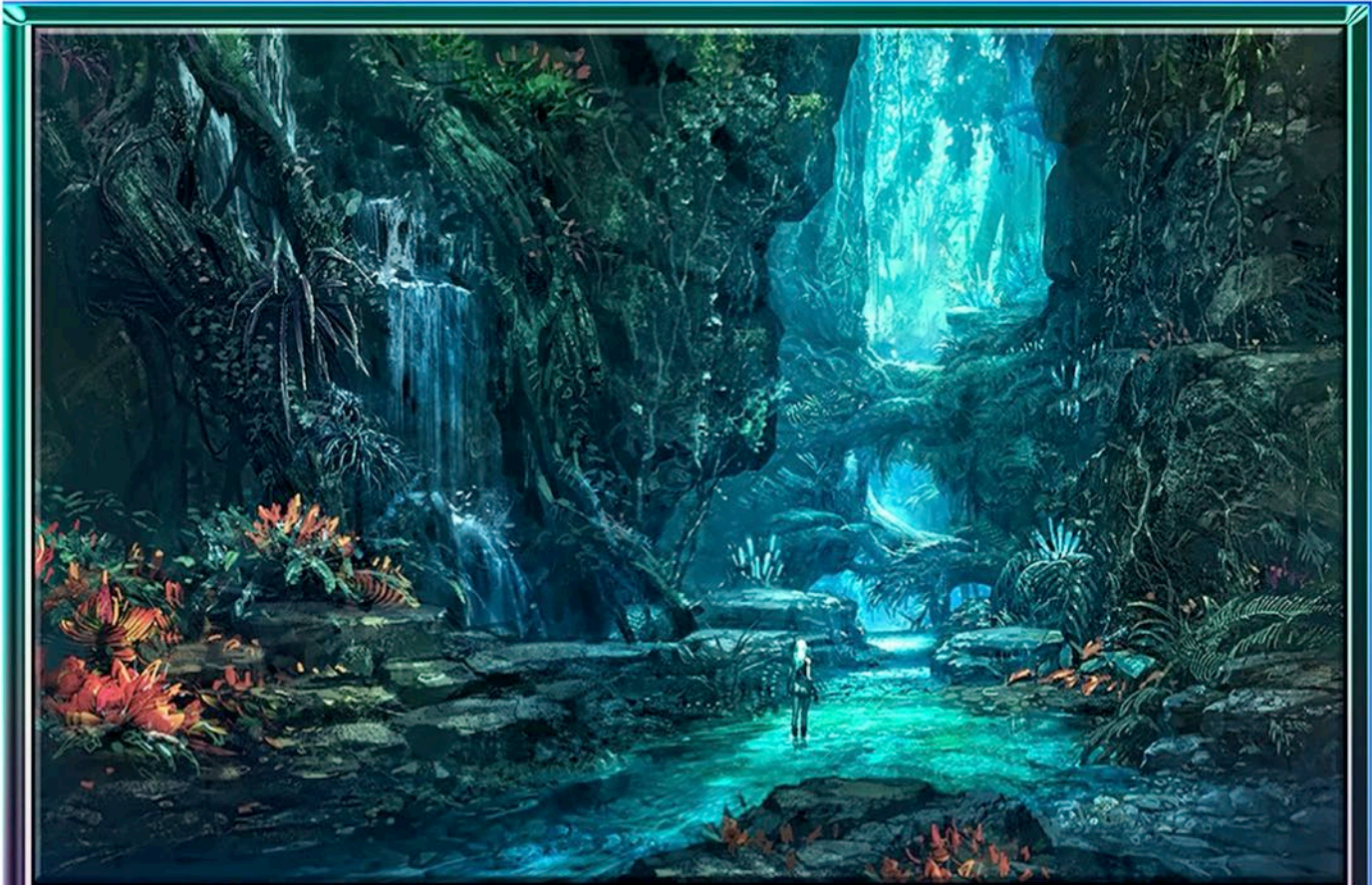





Did they have to bring the invisibility disorder unto Britain,  
Until all the rampaging residents there were by it smitten?



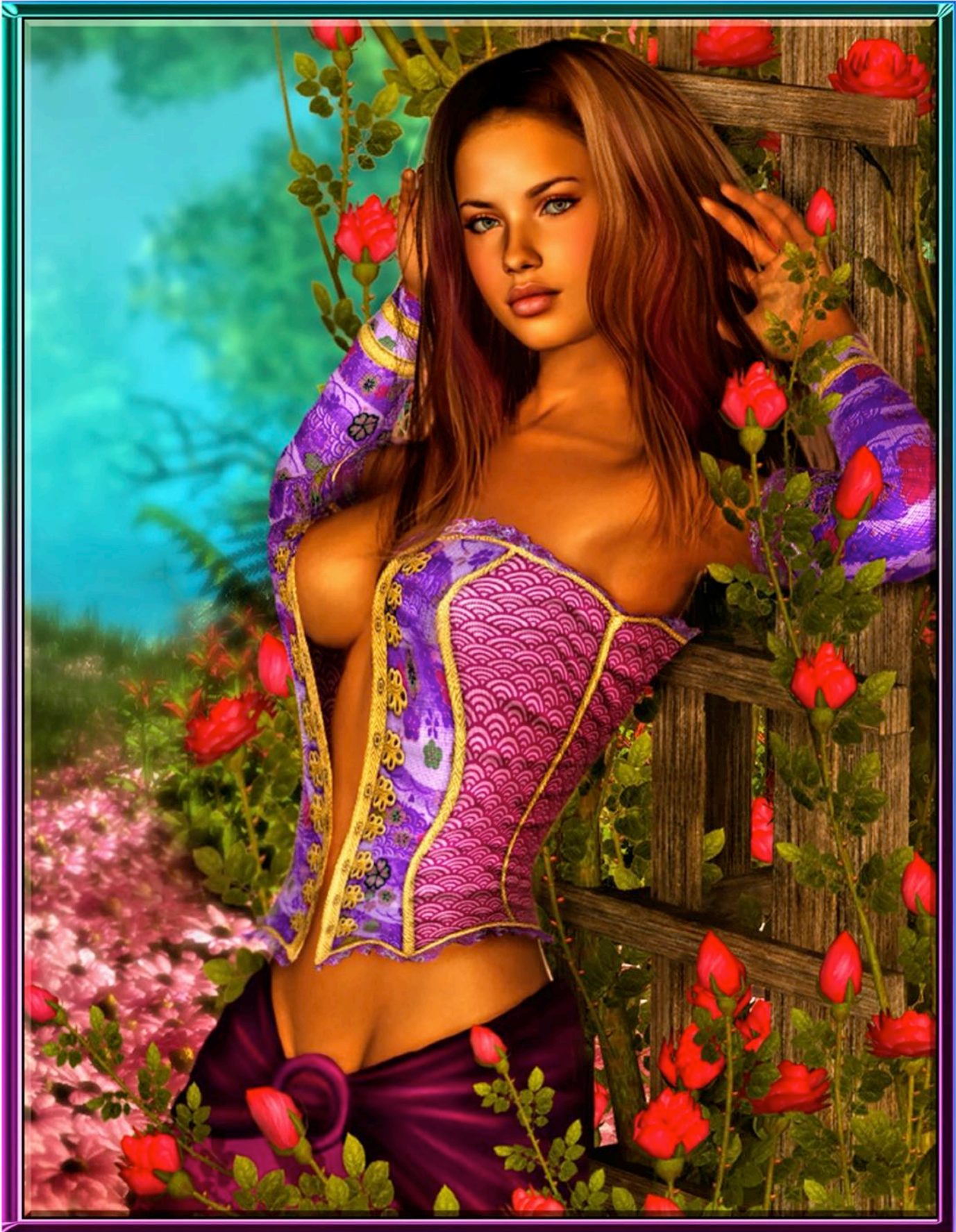
Why should claims of unknown essence precede existence,  
Of what good would this hardy toil bring to the persistence?





In France they lay among the harvested grape crops,  
Loving and squeezing out the best and last drops.

All was so lush and green, this world as seen,  
And so they lived of life and love in-between.



Pope Gregory was a scientist through and through,  
Sending them to spread the word of God all anew,

Gregory's continuing cover over gathering resources  
To manage all of his realistic experimental courses.

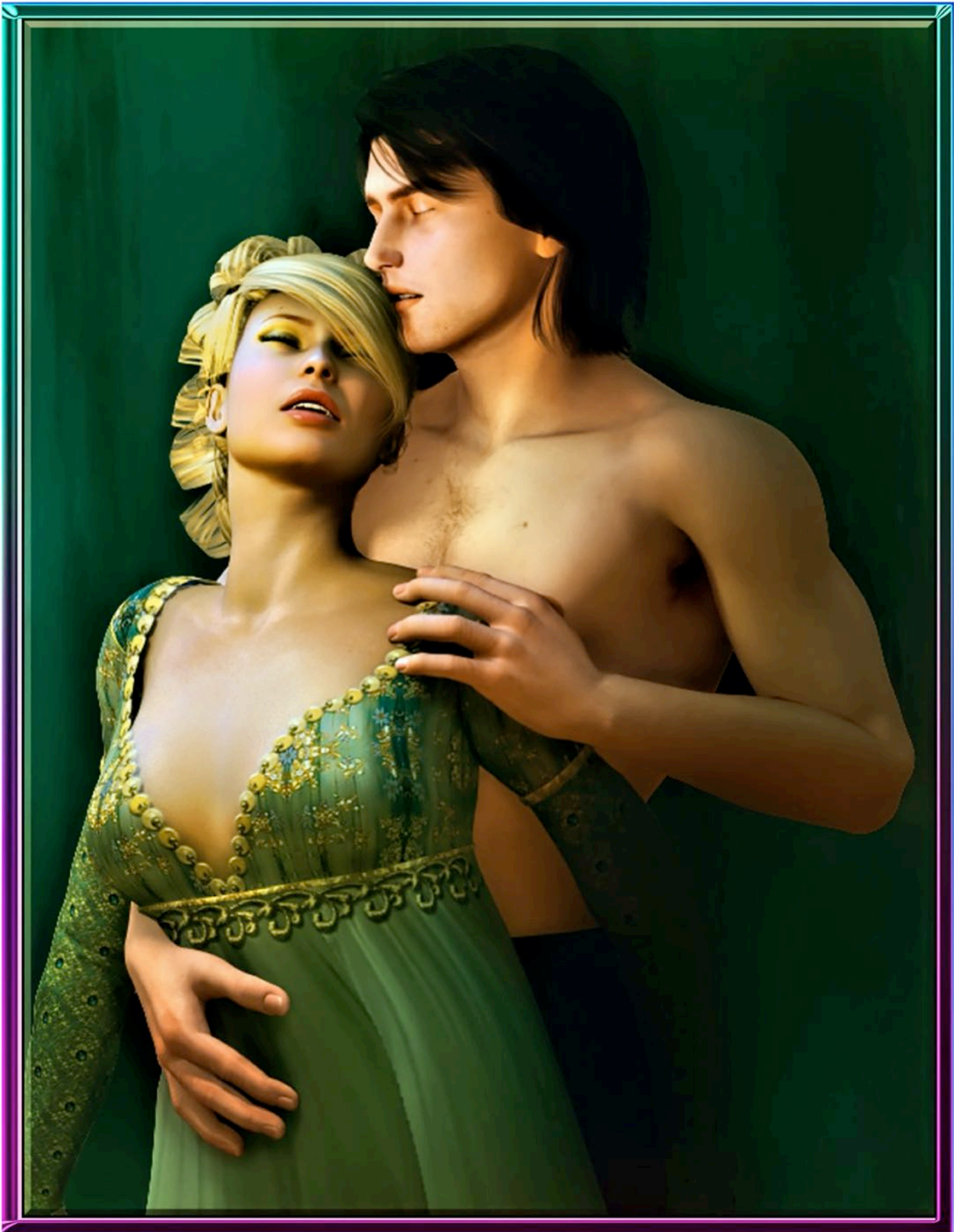


**Greg's House**

Many years later they took a boat across the channel,  
Arriving in the mixed up country of heathen rebels,  
Then thought, if weakness can be turned to strengthness,  
Then we have to tell ourselves that's another weakness.







Oh there was ever the word of the ancients to pass on,  
Although we tend to scoff at the beliefs of the ancients, yon.

But we can't scoff at them personally, you do see,  
To their faces, and this is what annoys you and me.



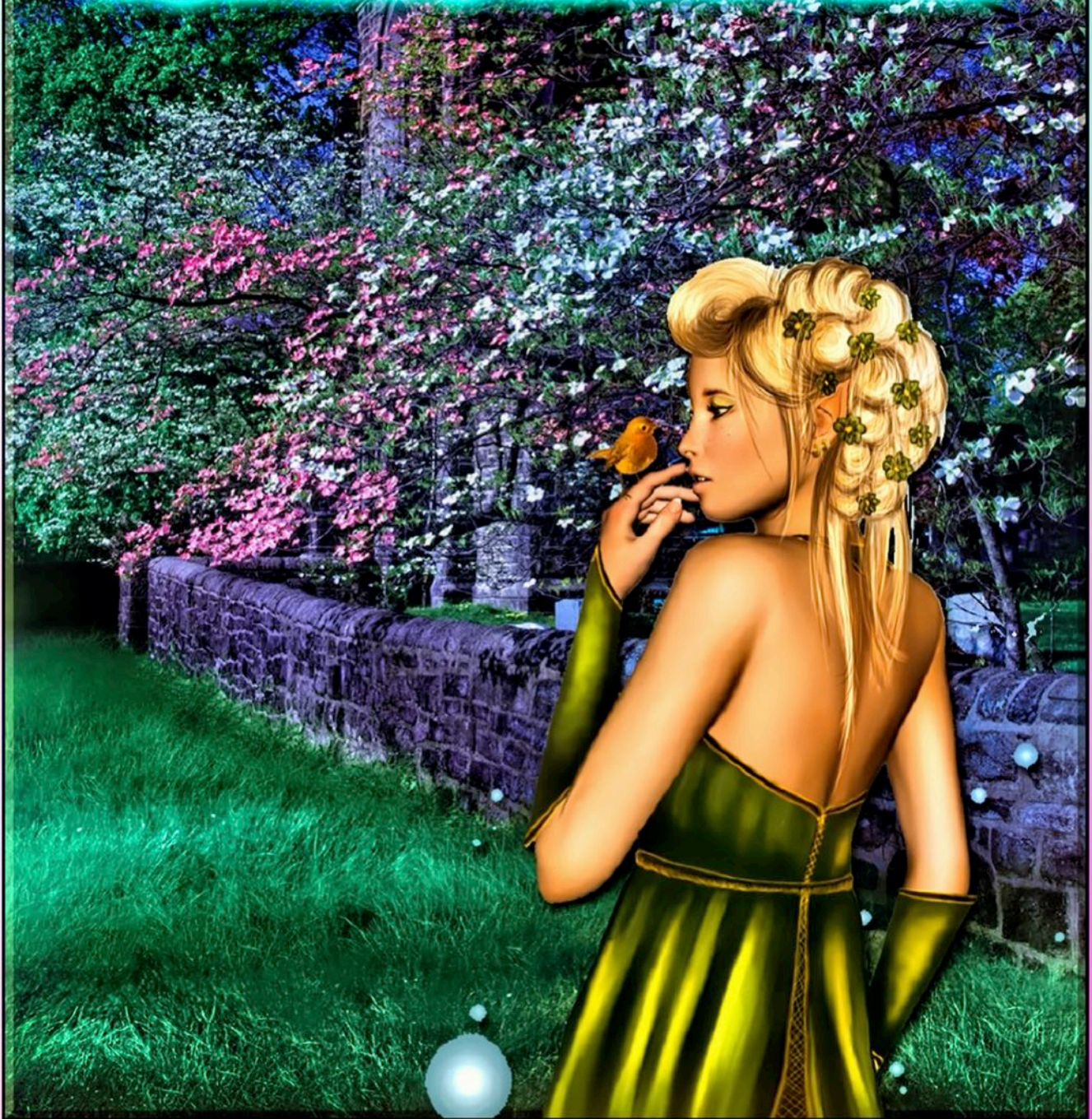


However, the first thing I learned was to forgive myself.  
Then I told myself, that self of my more learned self,  
Go ahead and do whatever you want, it's okay by me.  
For there is this lovely parentheses here within eternity.





Life is a constant battle between the heart and the brain,  
Fought amid the bright sun, the darkness, and the rain,  
Pondering that and that, what be, on and on anon,  
But guess who always wins. It's ever the skeleton.





Yet this is the story of St. Austin  
who wholly brought fore,  
Christendom to England,  
though they don't like it anymore.  
Religion will eventually fade, yes,  
but in the interim  
It will change, an initiation of  
its slide into oblivion.







**Within the Haunts of Eternity**




**The Graveyard of the Gods**

The stodgy elevation of doctrine over ethics  
Will no longer carry the day, and there will be less  
Emphasis on believing, and more on belonging.  
All will become more democratic, with much singing.

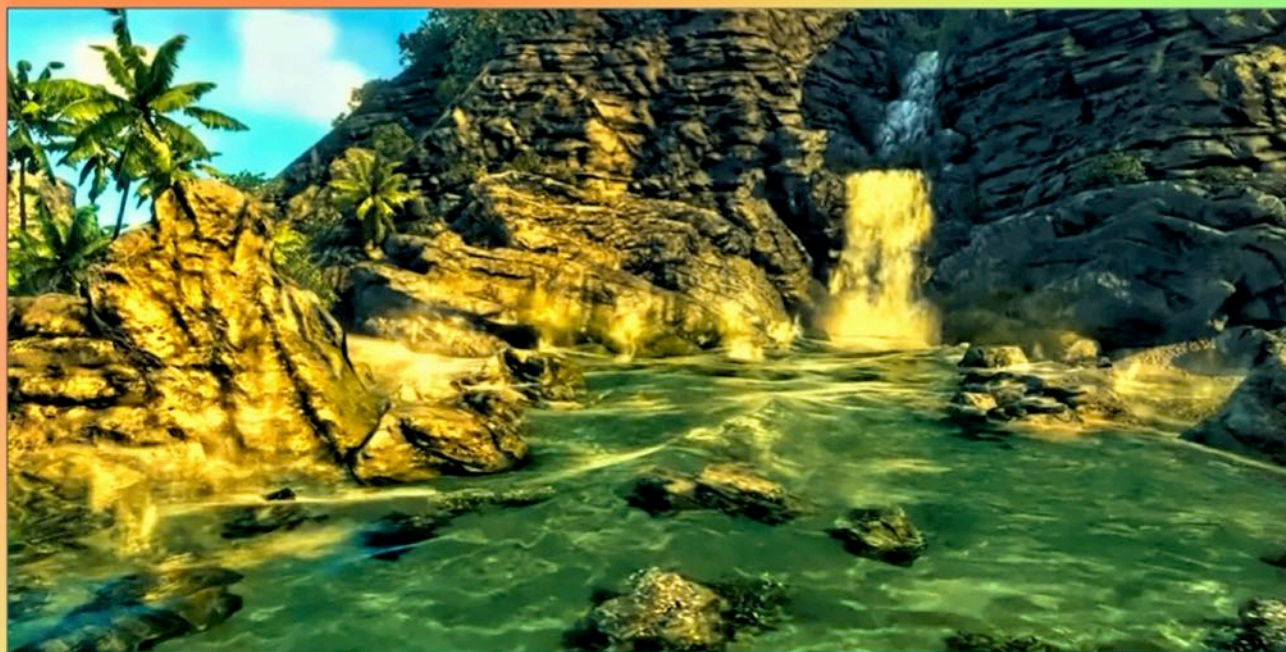
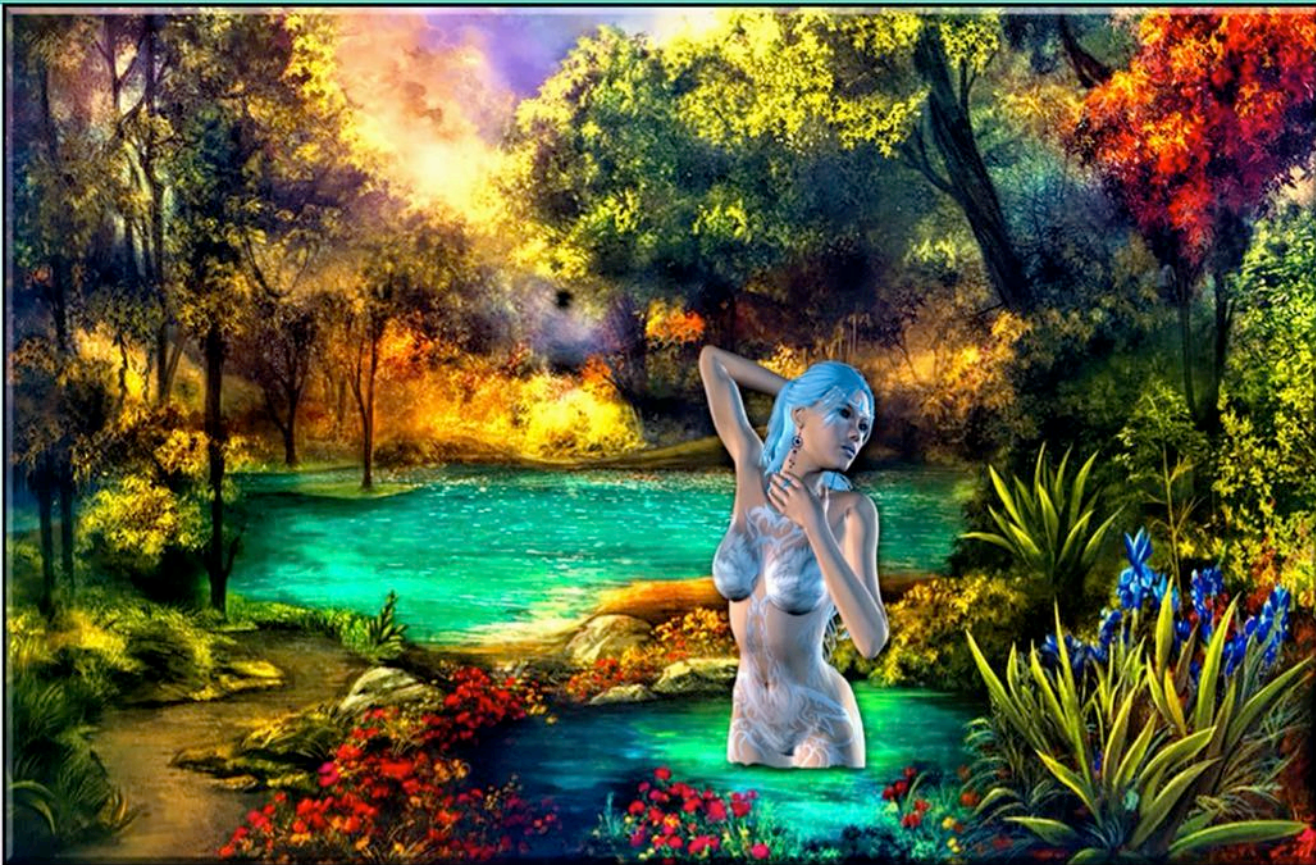




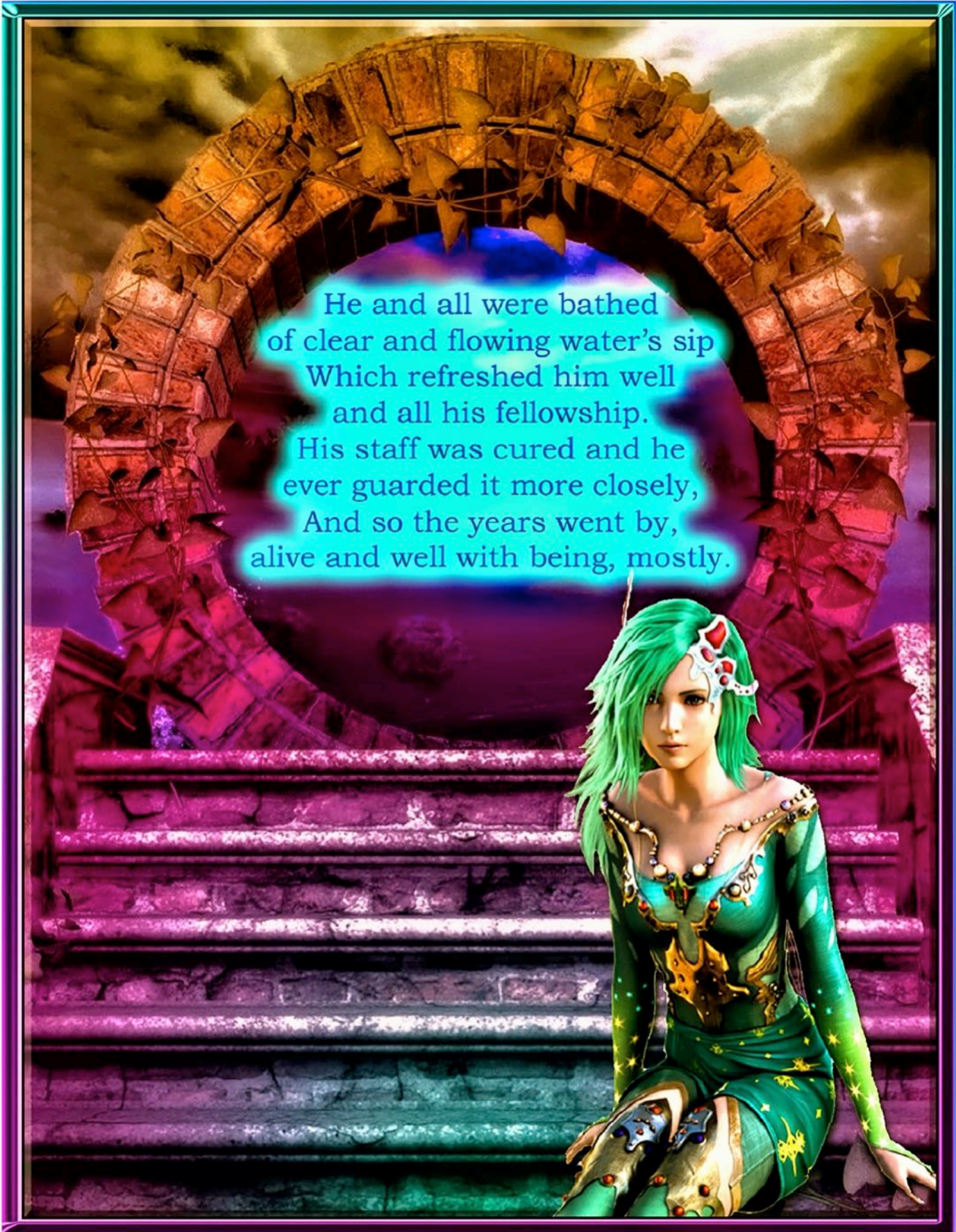
And then when Saint Austin came to his staff  
And pulled it out of the earth, onto the path,



Incontinent by the might of our Lord's mountain, [what!]  
Sourded and sprang there soon a fair well or fountain.



**Farewell, Fair Well.**



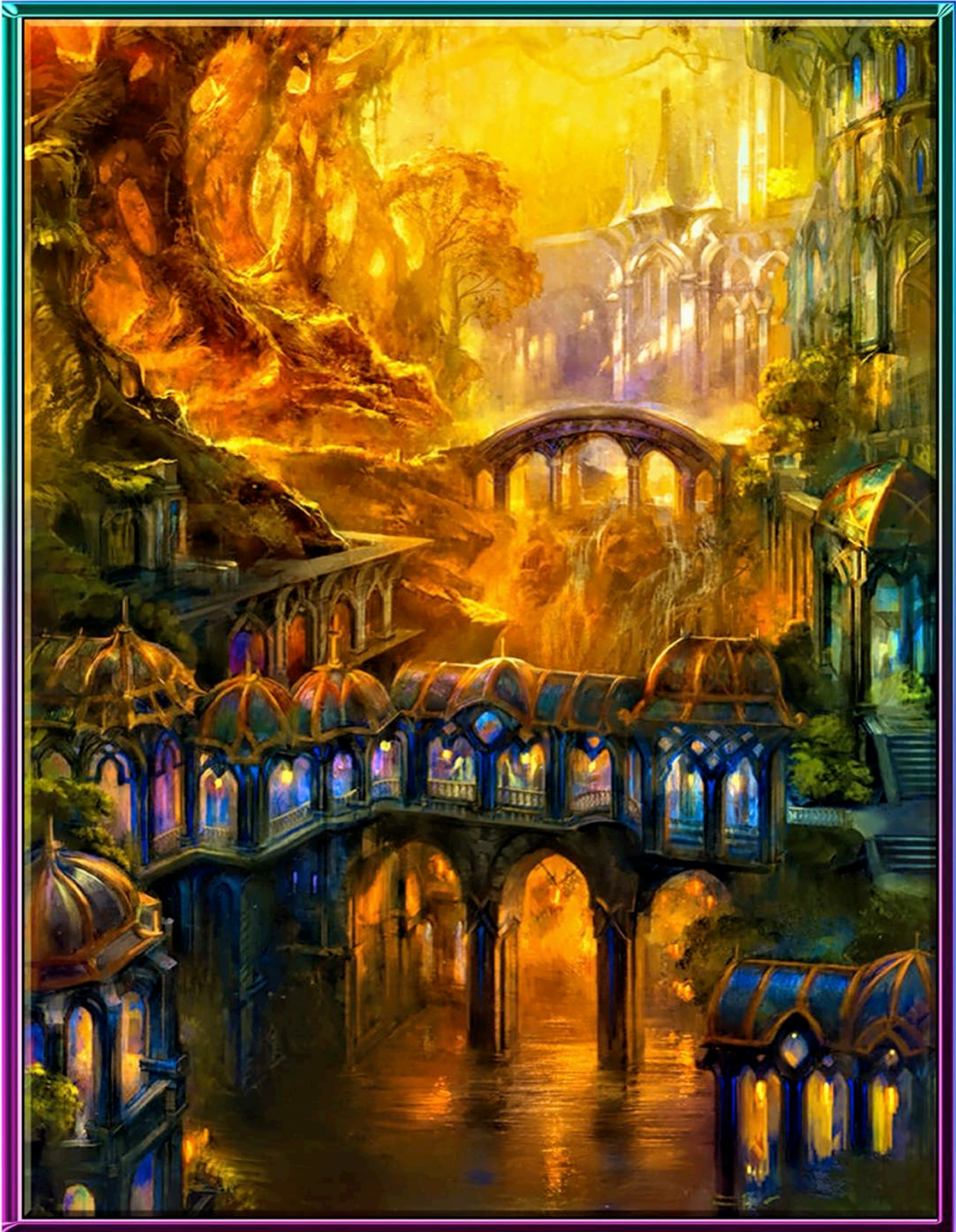
He and all were bathed  
of clear and flowing water's sip  
Which refreshed him well  
and all his fellowship.  
His staff was cured and he  
ever guarded it more closely,  
And so the years went by,  
alive and well with being, mostly.



St. Austin returned to Rome and its discussion forum  
Twenty years later, as 40 would have been too long for him.  
Pope Gregory welcomed him, "Has it been so very long?"  
"Yes, for I stopped to smell the roses the way along"



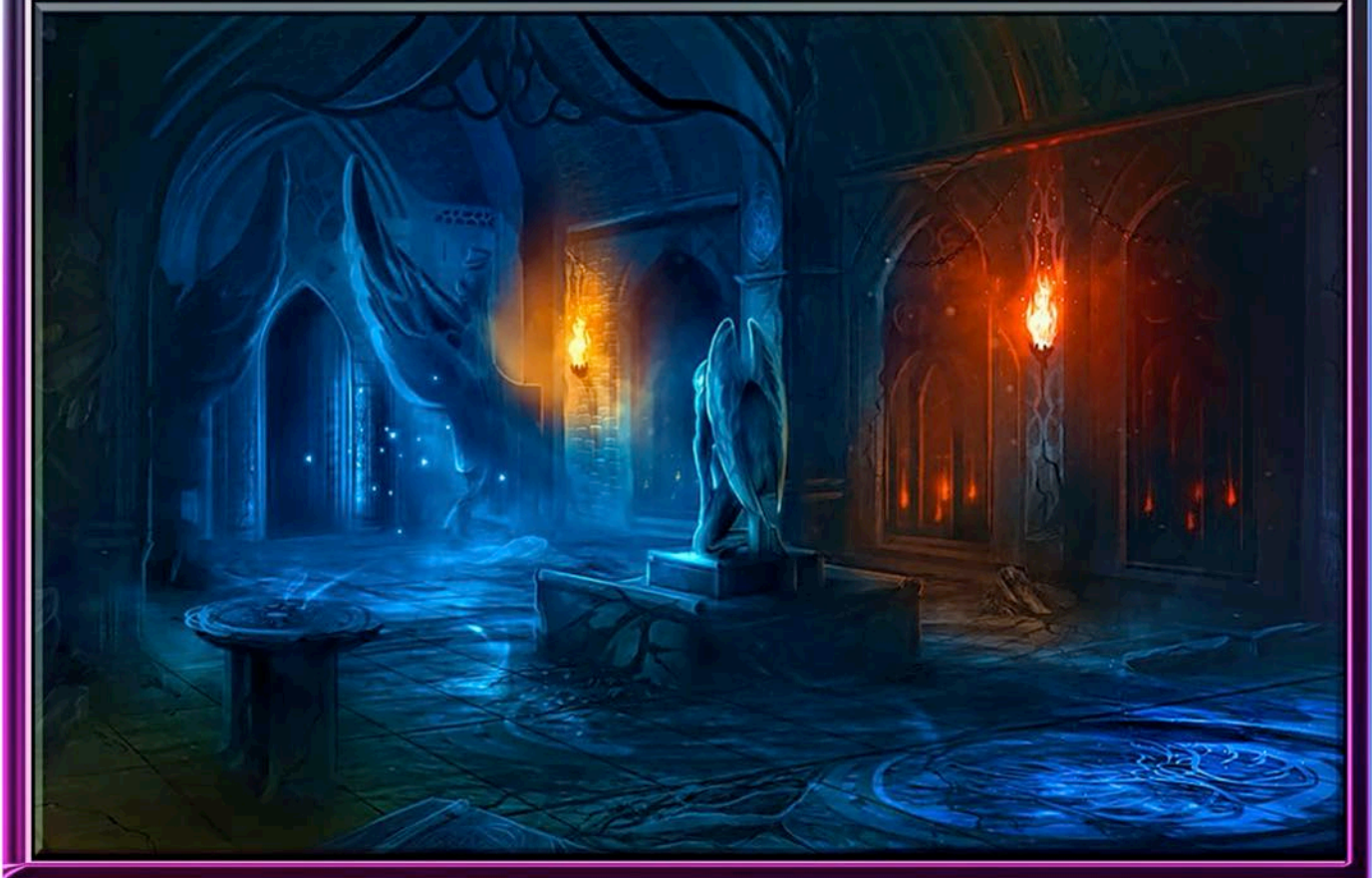
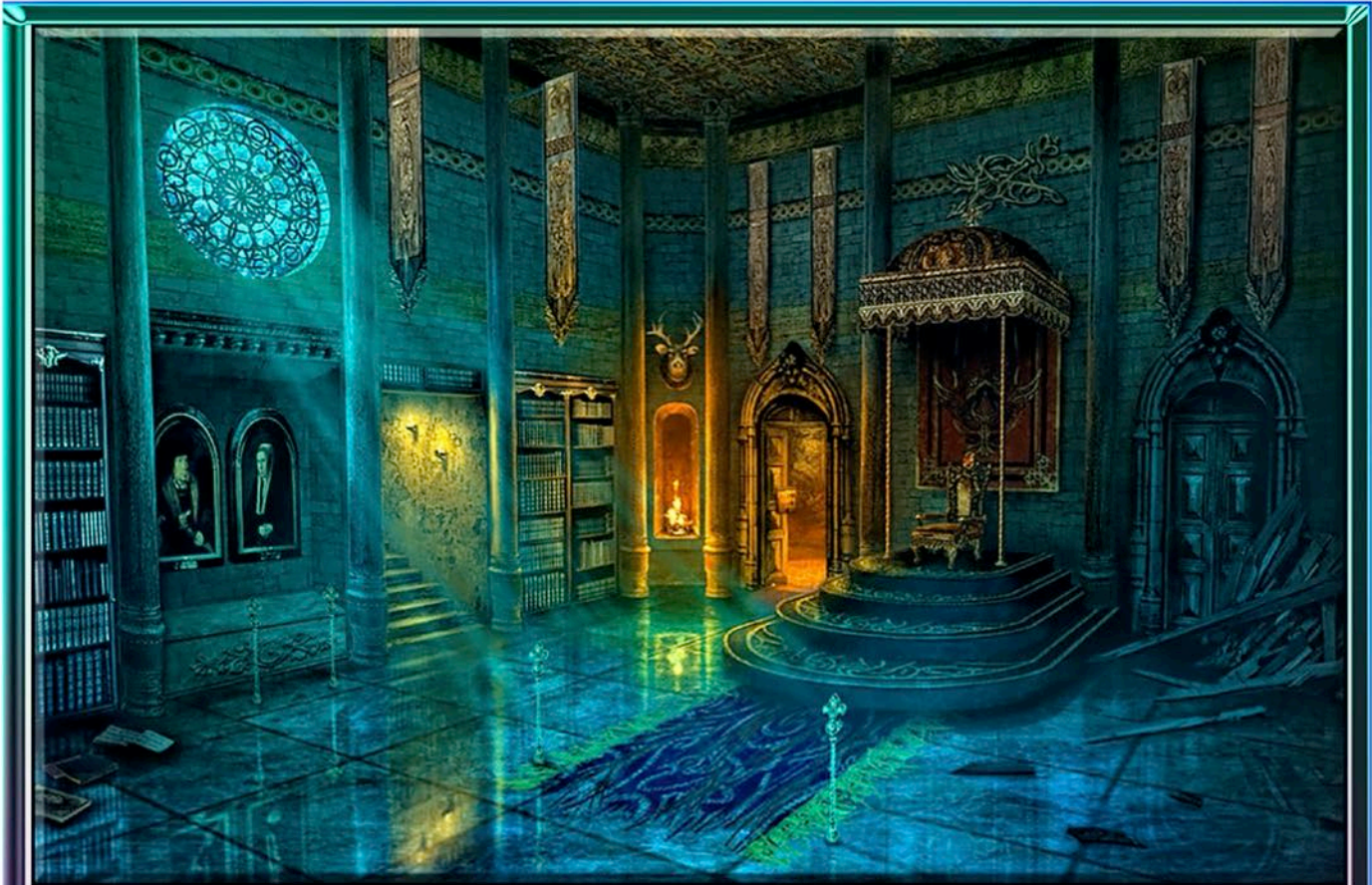






“Good. So, we have conquered Britain wide and long  
Through our Christianity’s deep and probing prong.  
Rather than with Papal armies that are long since gone?”

“Yes, it has been done, at least until Darwin comes along.”



“I see that you long ago posted about the flagellum, Eliminating Behe’s claim to irreducible complexity.”

“Yes, it’s very old hat now, and one can find it on Google.”





**Triumphant Return, 20 Years Later**



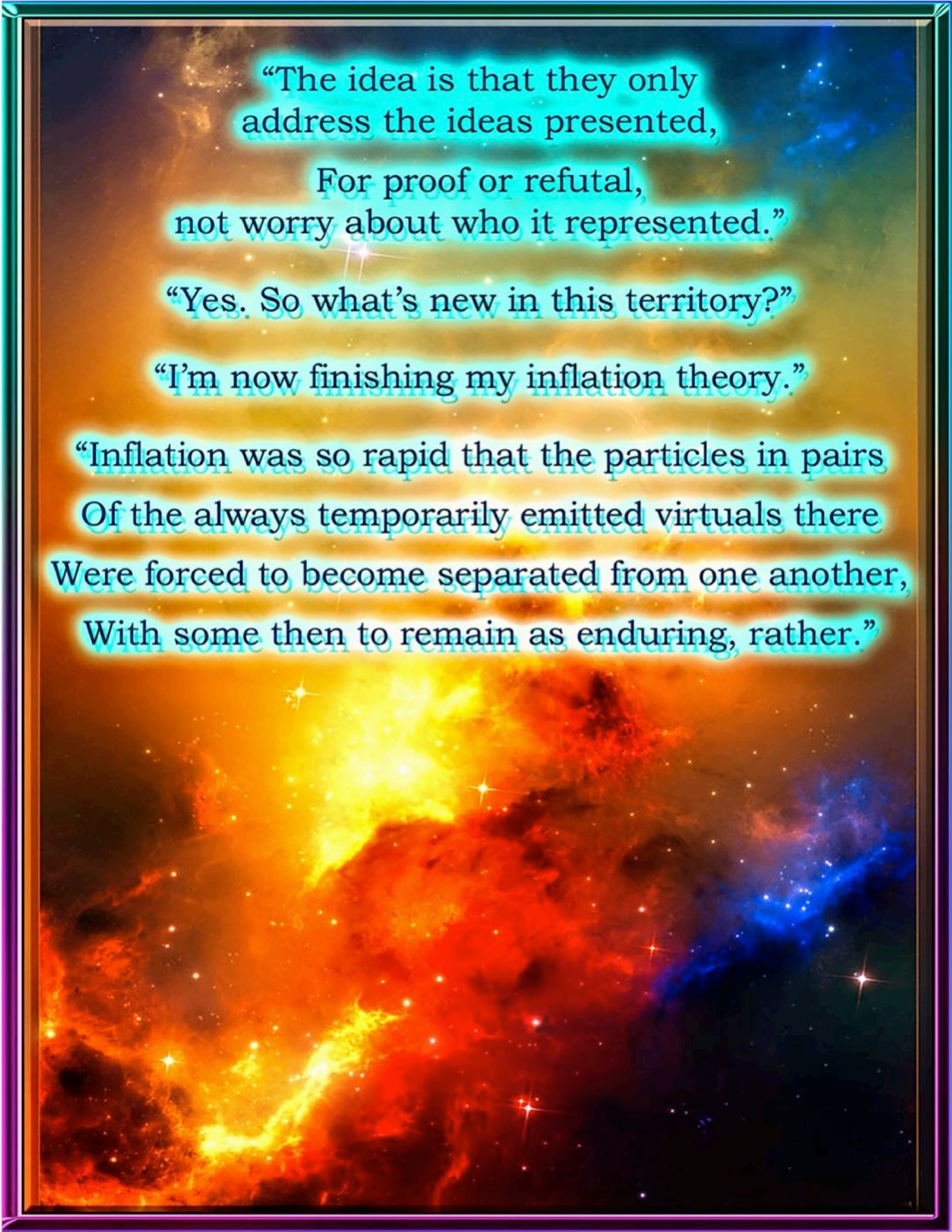
**Pope Gregory Had Left a Candle Burning For the Now St. Austino**



“And good old Behe didn’t come through, so high,  
At the Dover trials either. Well, so much for that guy.”

“Yes, and now the believers don’t want to believe it,  
What I said about existence just because I said it.”



A vibrant cosmic background featuring a large, glowing nebula in shades of orange, red, and yellow, with a blue nebula on the right side. Numerous stars of varying brightness are scattered throughout the scene.

“The idea is that they only  
address the ideas presented,

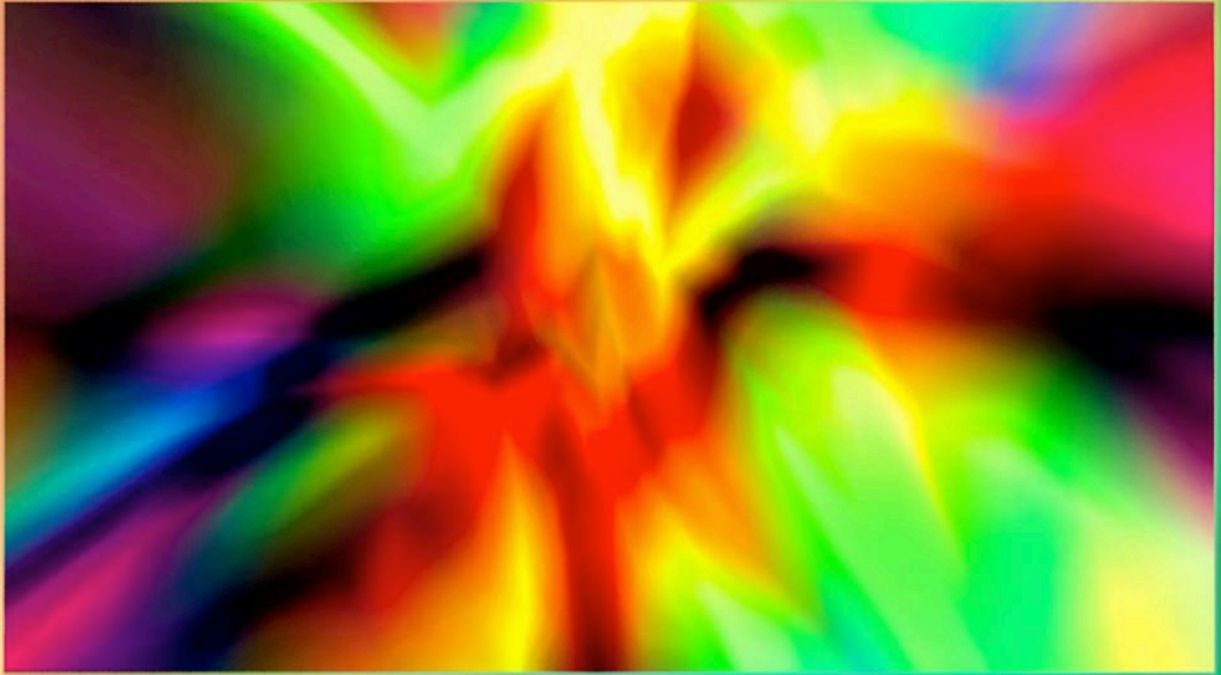
For proof or refutation,  
not worry about who it represented.”

“Yes. So what’s new in this territory?”

“I’m now finishing my inflation theory.”

“Inflation was so rapid that the particles in pairs  
Of the always temporarily emitted virtuals there  
Were forced to become separated from one another,  
With some then to remain as enduring, rather.”



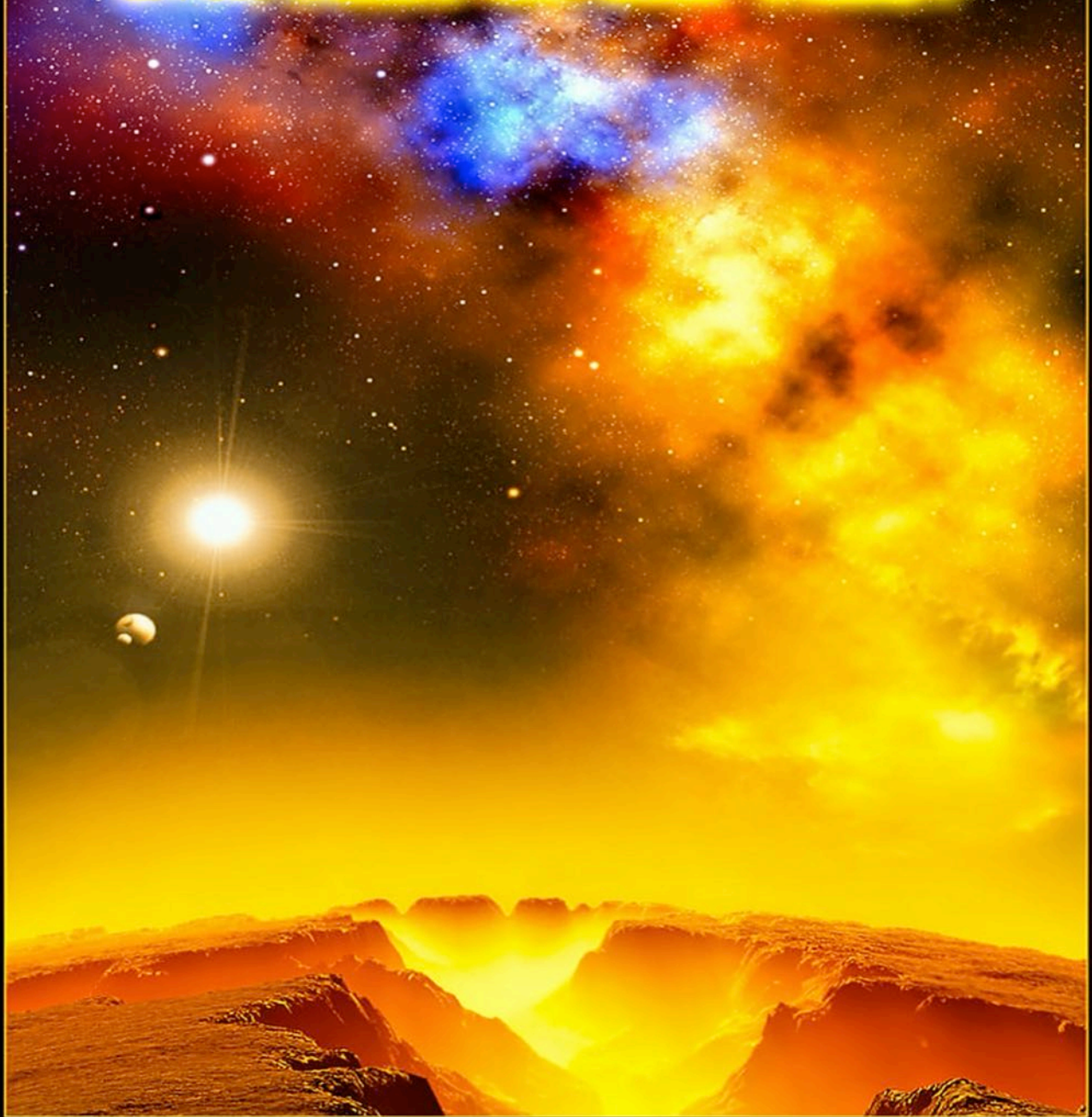


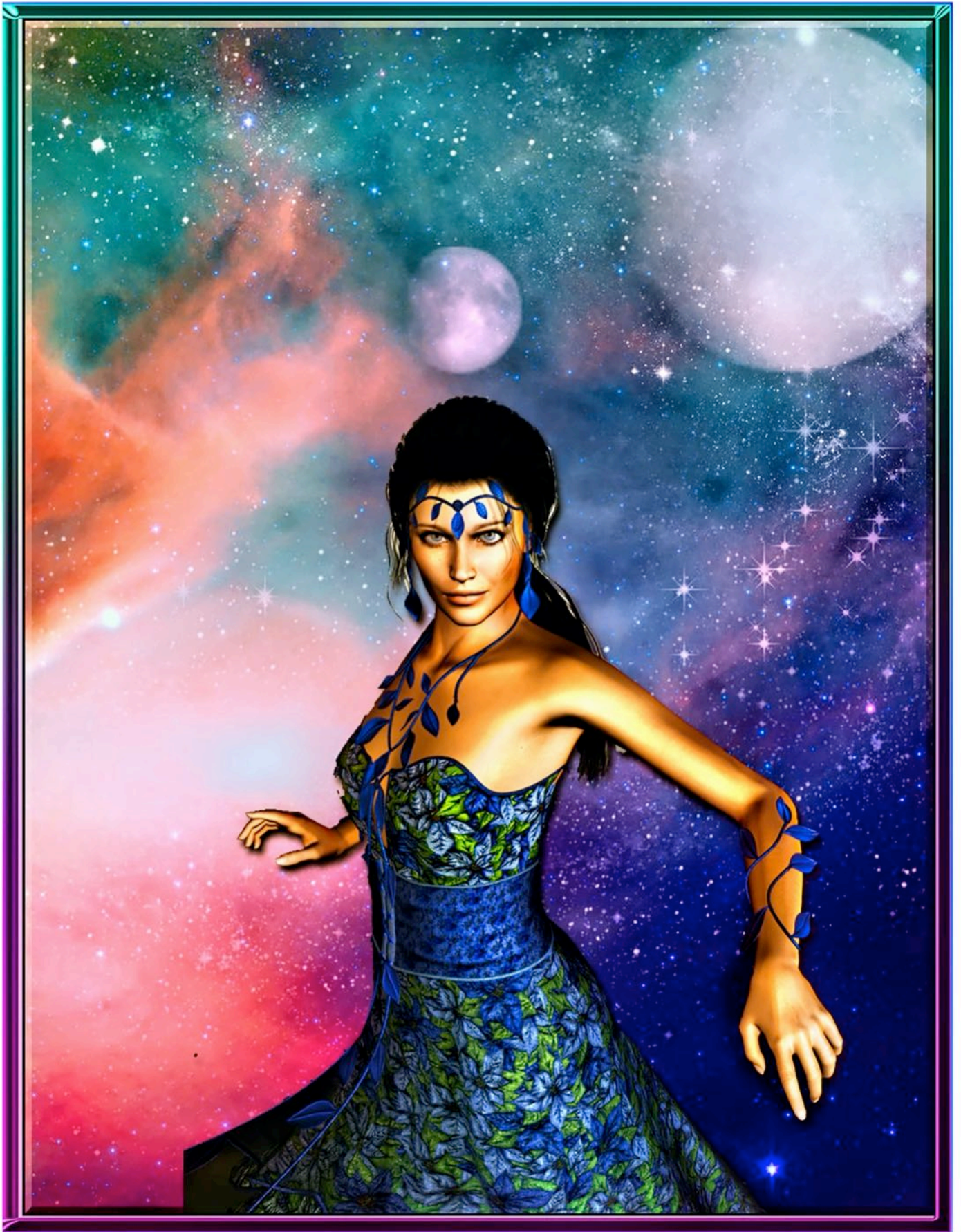
**Inflation**



**Atoms and the Void**

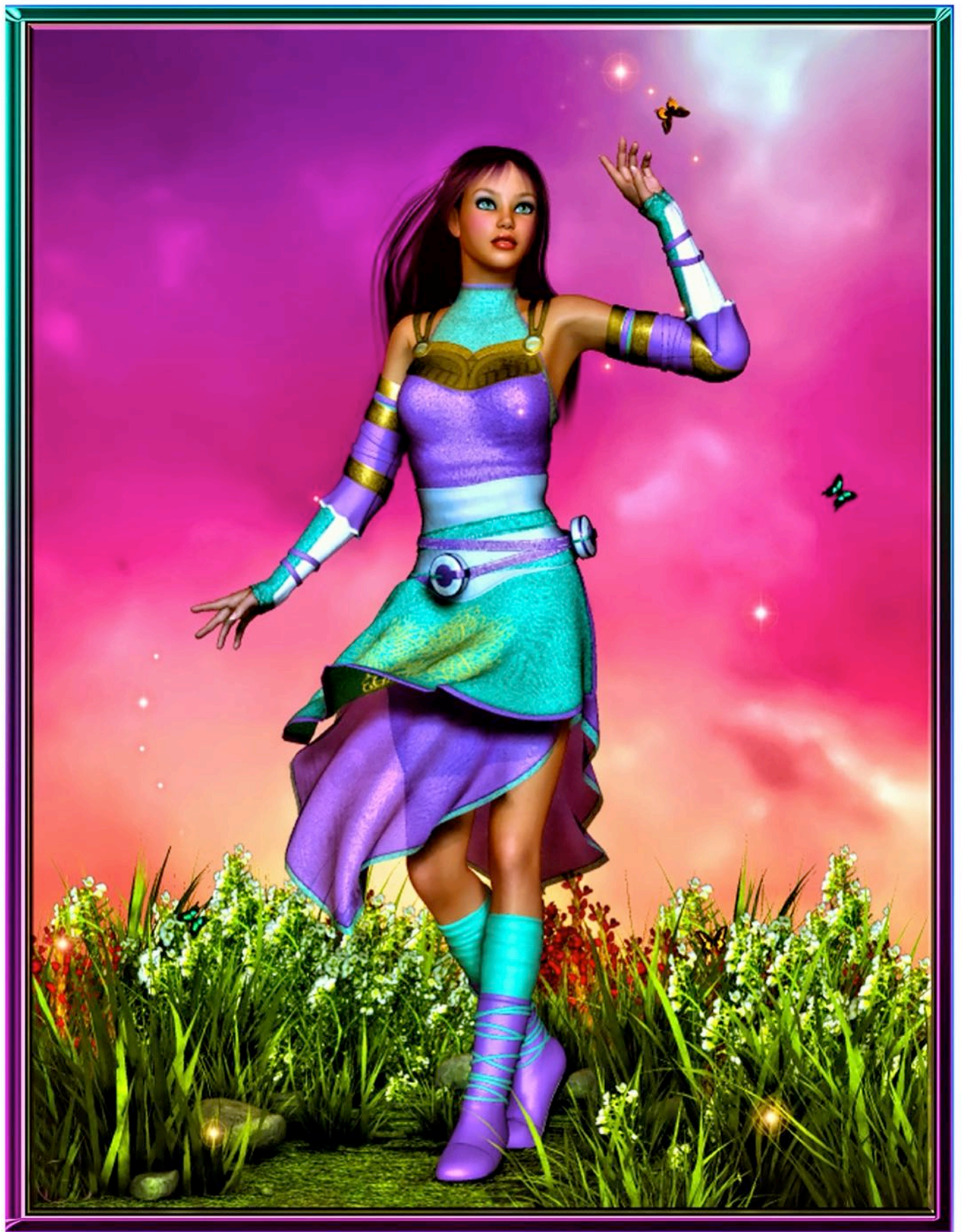
“And so they made a universe!  
That does it then; it’s the last verse.  
I’m declaring it infallible, a snap,  
Even before the next WMAP!”

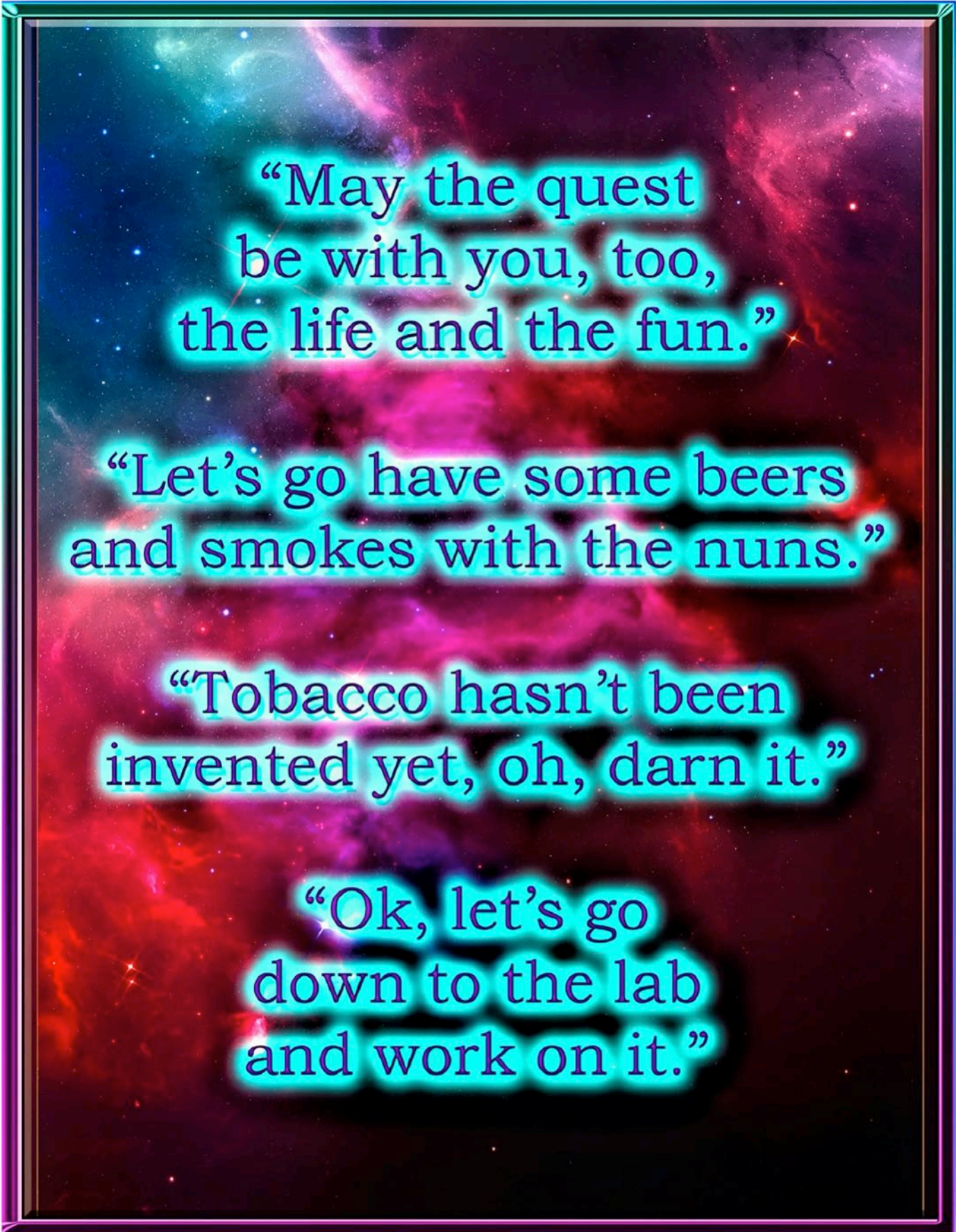




“The Bible will be seen to be  
of but human construction,  
A result of human instinct,  
frailty, fear, and no wisdom,  
And people actively speaking  
to each other, with laughter,  
Will come to replace the passive  
readings from scripture.”







“May the quest  
be with you, too,  
the life and the fun.”

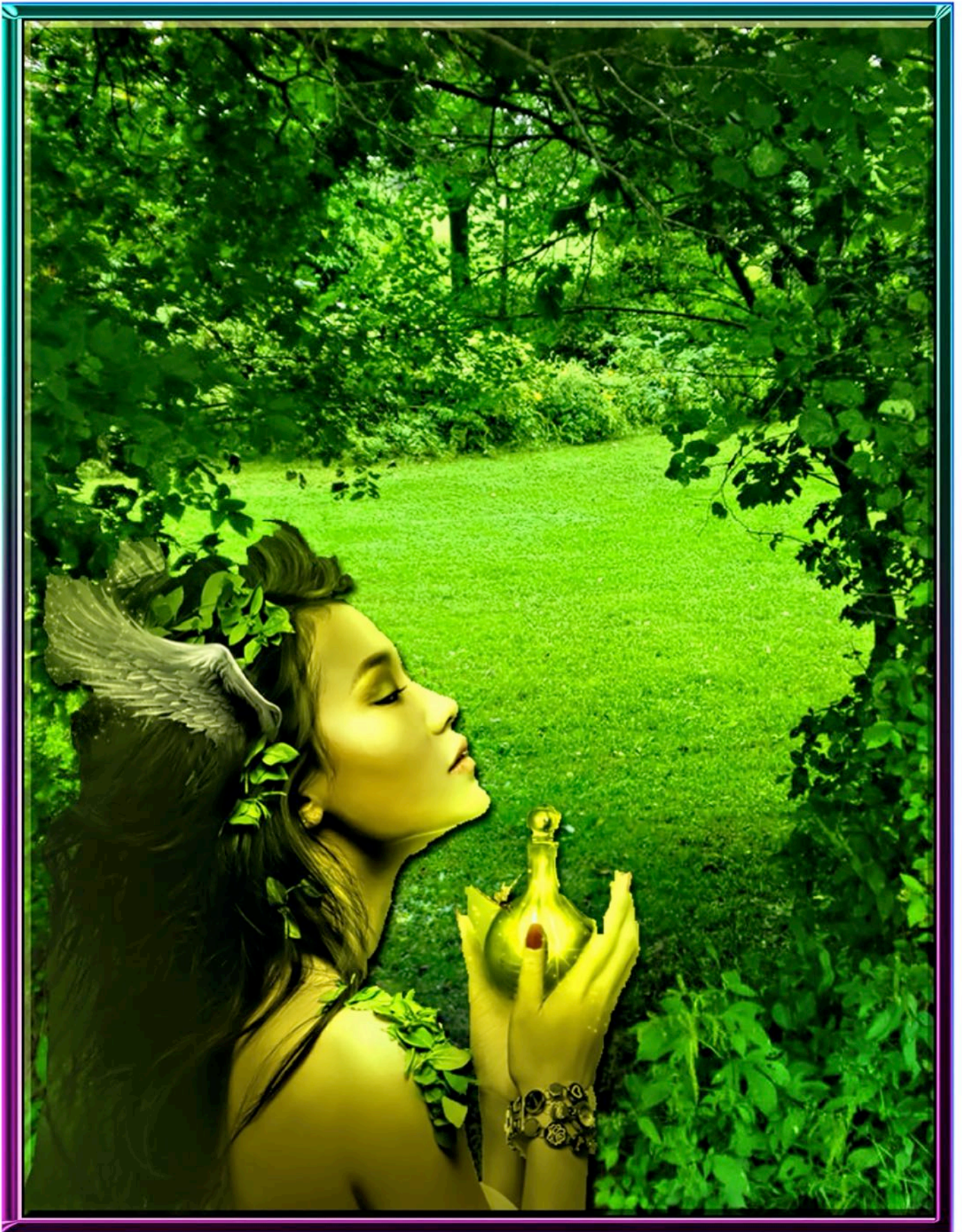
“Let’s go have some beers  
and smokes with the nuns.”

“Tobacco hasn’t been  
invented yet, oh, darn it.”

“Ok, let’s go  
down to the lab  
and work on it.”



**Holy Smokes!**







**AT THE VATICAN IN THE PRESENT**

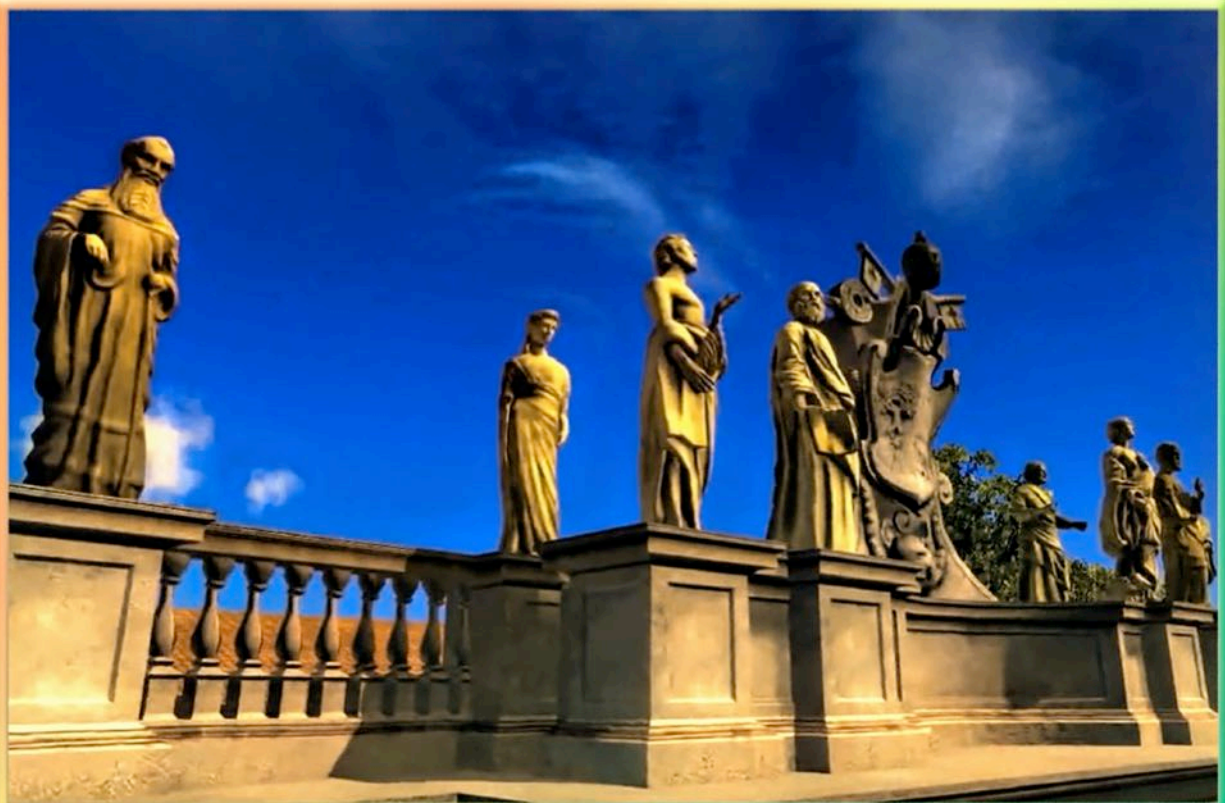
**The Pope drank a lot of wine  
When he heard about time,  
That the basis had no creation,  
It being an eternal consternation.**

**Then, upon finding that the basis was nothing,  
He brought even more wine out for the drinking.**

**As he staggered up the steps to the frieze,  
He noted that bad things ever come in threes.**

**Then it hit him, he sinking to his knees;  
The non-statistical universe of the nil  
Meant that there could be no free will.**

**After a while, he rose, somewhat gladdened,  
Realizing that at least everything must happen.**



**The Frieze**

## Now Here; No Where

“What a day,” said the Pope  
To his new Camerlengo,  
“But at least I can relax now,  
Neglecting all the bad news of...”

Well, I forgot it already.  
What’s your name?”

“I am Nobody Nowhere.”

“Uh, oh, more bad news?”

“Yes, there are no absolute yesterdays,  
Although there may be duplicates arising,  
Somewhere, an almost infinite distance away,  
As they have always arisen, throughout eternity.”

*Backward Gravity slows down Forward Light to create temporary virtual matter.*



**“So, there is only now?”**

**“Yes, because every instant  
Is immediately annihilated away  
Just after it occurs!  
All gone.  
That is why there is only now.”**

**“Oh, God.”**

**“Nope, not even that,  
For all is only as it must be.”**

**The Pope looked for more wine to chug,  
12% proof # 5,  
But he had none left,  
But, then again—thank God,  
For today would soon be tomorrow;  
(Hail to its obliteration).**



**Nil Will**

## Nobody Home

The Pope happened to remember  
The scientific revelations that had torn asunder  
The rock upon which the dogma's thunder  
Had been carved in stone as rendered.

So he called upon his Camerlengo once again  
To speak some more about now and then.

“So, then if there's no yesterday, for sure,  
Then at least there is the future.”

“Sir Pope, there is no future either.”

“What!”

“Everything already happened, as one,  
All at once, in no time done.”



The Future Past

**“It’s all gone?”**

**‘Yes, and even the present that is and was  
Is but what ancient history does.’**

**“Then what’s all this?” said the Pope’s nose,  
Pointing around, and out of the window.**

**“It’s just the slow motion broadcast  
Of all that happened so fast.”**

**“How come this tape-delay?”**

**“The speed of light,  
As fast as it is,  
Slowed it down.”**

**“So, it’s all set in stone,  
With no alternate endings grown?”**



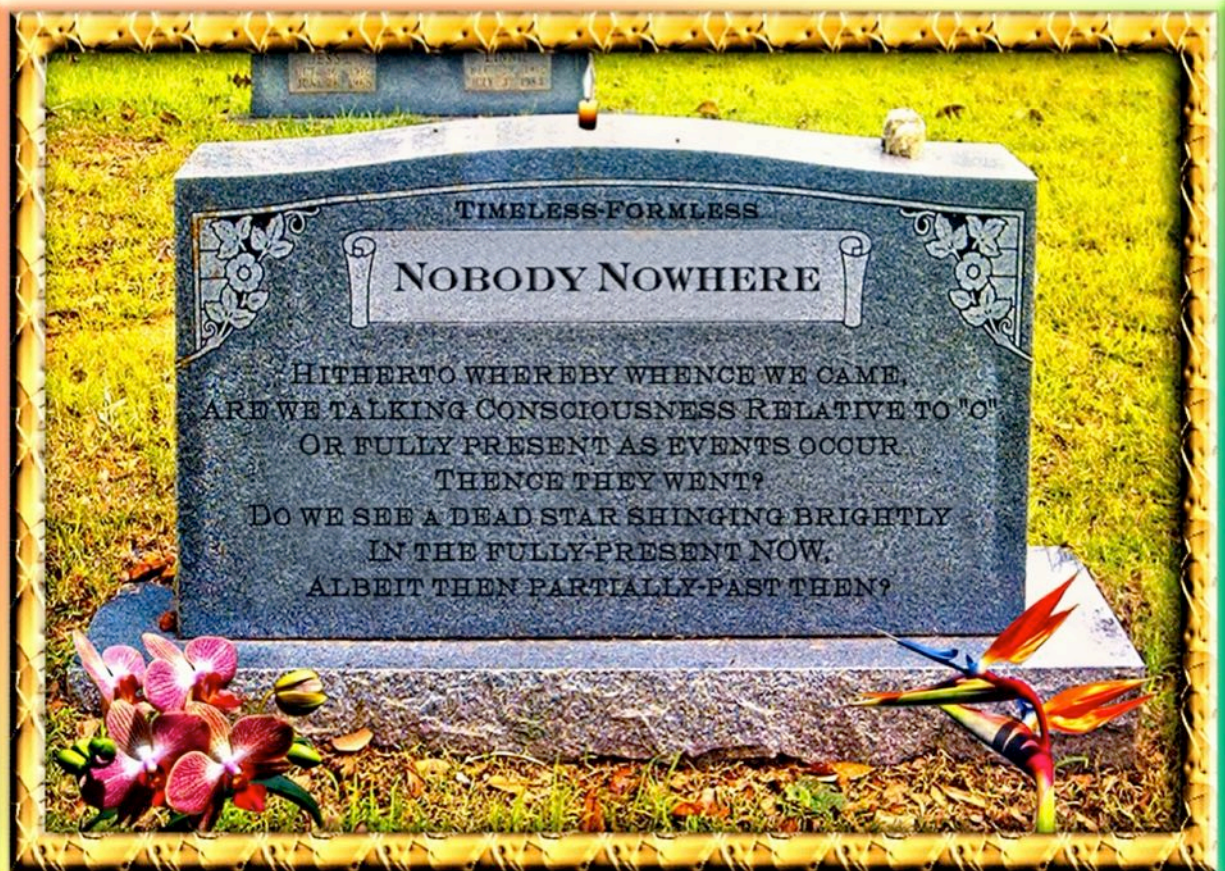
**“Yes, it’s invariant, just as so,  
But we do get to enjoy the show.”**

**“Another proof?”**

**“Yes, 100% proof—  
A very intoxicating truth.”**

**The Pope picked up his wine bottle...  
And threw it out of the window.**

**(He had forgotten to open the window first.)**



## **THE SPIRIT OF THE NEW ILLUMINATION**

**In the year 2031,  
St. Austino was working  
At the VLHC at CERN,  
Looking for God's fingerprint,  
When he received an invitation  
From the Pope herself  
To visit her in Vatican City.**

**All travel took place at night now,  
Due to the ozone holes, and, indeed,  
Many people now slept in the daytime,  
Next to a fan, after taking vitamin-D.  
In the evening they took light therapy.**

**Austino arrived in Rome within the hour,  
A helicopter taking him  
To the platform near St. Peter's,  
Landing about 3 AM.**



**St. Austino Flies In**



**Austino got out and soon noted  
A monument honoring the Illuminati.**

**Things had sure changed here over the years.**

**Pope Teresa—the First,  
Bounded down the steps to greet Austin,  
Saying, “Thank God for science  
Fixing some of the ozone holes,  
But I have really come to love the night.  
The days are of course still too warm yet.”**

**“Well,” Austino replied,  
“It will take years to replace all of the ozone,  
But the plan is working,  
And I’ll thank God, too, if I ever find Her.”**

**“I haven’t found even one  
Of Her fingerprints, Austin.**



**“And I have found none myself.”**

**“Agreement at last.”**

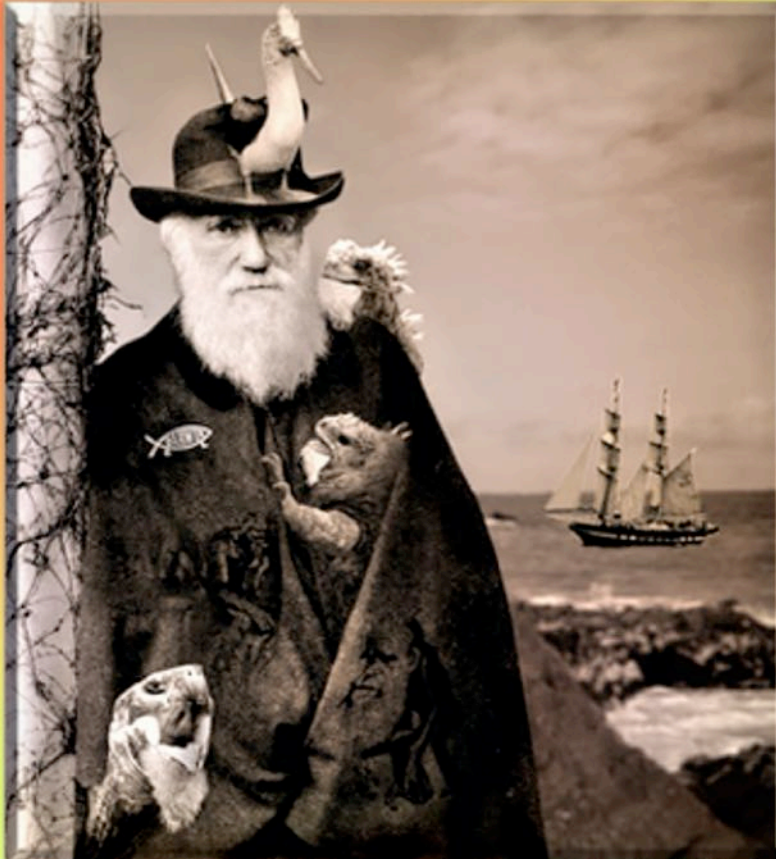
**“Well, Pope, it was a very beautiful  
And glorious wish, just the same.”**

**“Yes, for it brings much happiness to Sapiens,  
But then again,  
So do other wrong things, such as drugs.”**

**“True, as qualified,  
And it’s even that natural selection  
May have put the wishes there.”**

**“Darwin’s idea was the best idea  
That anyone ever had.”**

**“True, Ms. Pope Teresa;  
Well, shall we let joy and innocence prevail?”**



**“Yes, perhaps,  
For at least one more generation.  
Attendance is falling.”**

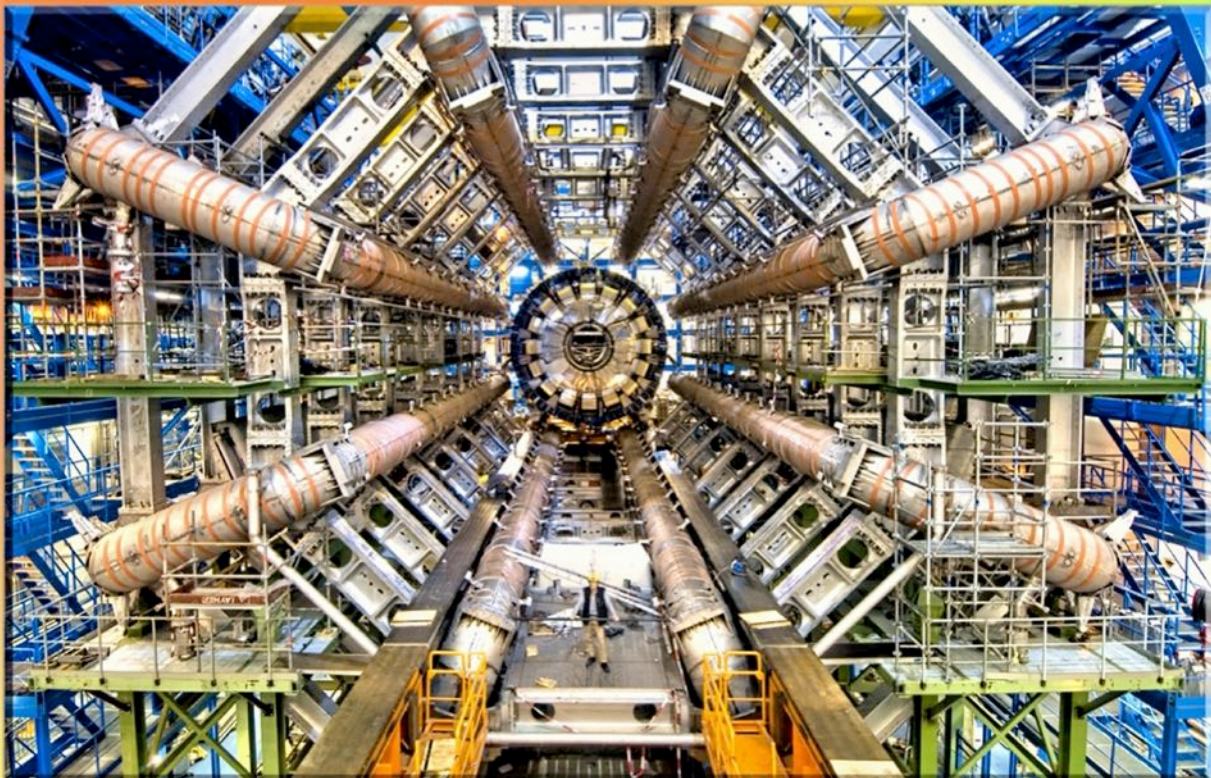
**“The Very Large Hadron Collider  
Was the last hope.”**

**“Thanks for looking, St. Austino.  
We know that you were hoping not to find God,  
But your actual research was fair and unbiased.  
You left no rock unturned but St. Peter’s.”**

**“Thanks, Ms. Pope. I tried.”**

**“We are surely on our own  
In this universe now, old Austino.”**

**“One can be alone but never lonely,  
For we have our lives.”**



**The Cathedral of Science**

**“Yes, that’s always where it was at, wasn’t it?”**

**“True. And now we know that we are truly free.”**

**“It is a liberation, really.”**

**“We can now do good just for the sake of good.”**

**“That’s what it’s all about about here,  
As ever for many others,  
Like those at ToeQuest.”**

**“And science has neutralized  
The WMDs of the  
Religious fundamentalist nations.”**

**“Thank Einstein.”**

**“I see that everyone is up and about.”**





Science vs. Religion



“We all work at night now.”

“I see that the celibacy rule was lifted.”

“True, Austin, and so now the Pope  
Can even go out on a date.”

“Really. Shall we?

“Yes. To the movies?  
Angels & Demons Part 7 just came out.”

“Well, is the Pope female?”

“Of course I am, let’s go.  
‘7’ is a lucky number.”

“Yes, there were 7 proofs of mine.”



**“I am named after St. Teresa of the ecstasy.”**

**“Oh, my, my.  
I saw Bernini’s sculpture  
Of her with the angel.  
Bernini was an Illuminatus.”**

**“True, a great guy. Care for a smoke?”**

**“Don’t mind if I do,  
For they no longer have harmful additives.”**

**“And they still aid concentration,  
but now even better.  
I used to sneak them  
When I was a Cardinal.”**

**“Thank science.”**



**She, the Pope, lit one up  
And handed it over to Austin,  
Then lit one for herself.  
Smoke clouds soon rose unto the sky.**

**“There were no commandments against smoking,  
Austin, and, as you know,  
We do love wine, as well.”**

**“Smoke is the spirit of the Holy Ghost.”**

**“Ha. That’s a good one!”**

**“Have any wine around, Pope?”**

**“Sure, here you go.”**

**“You seem strangely familiar,  
Miss Teresa Pope, the Very First.**



**St. Austino**



**What is your given name?"**

**"Beverly."**

**"Well, we meet, at last, my dear,  
Under starry skies."**

**"Yes, finally.**

**And now science has doubled  
Our life spans, Austin,  
So we are now only halfway through."**

**"Yes, Popesie,  
And now that our consciousnesses have merged,  
We can really enjoy life to the fullest."**

**"Yes, all the prep work is finally done"**



**“Hey, who’s that monk?”**

**“That’s no monk;  
It’s Professor Pat going over to the archives  
To read some fine and tiny print.”**

**“What! He never ever even read  
Halfway through my posts—  
And I even used size 3 font  
And put many spacing lines.”**

**“Profpat has come a long way.”**

**“Hey, who’s that guy with the long beard?”**

**“That’s Graybeard.  
He’s teaching evolution to our clergy.  
Yet another big missing link has been found.”**



**Graybeard’s (Greg’s) Other House**

**“And that lady on that fine brown talking horse?”**

**“LabelWench is our prime diplomatic liaison  
To the scientific community,  
Since she taught Sunday school  
Once upon a time,  
And learned science from Lloyd.  
She teaches us how to work at night, too.  
Also, her horse, Caramel,  
Speaks to the animals in their own language,  
Even in cricket-ese.”**

**“Holy Moly cripes. And who’s that speedy guy?”**

**“That’s TimeParticle.  
He is the chief of all our humanitarian efforts.  
And he never runs out of time.  
He’s also one of our resident poets,  
Along with young Mohan.”**



**“Wow! So, all this still goes on  
Without there being a God.”**

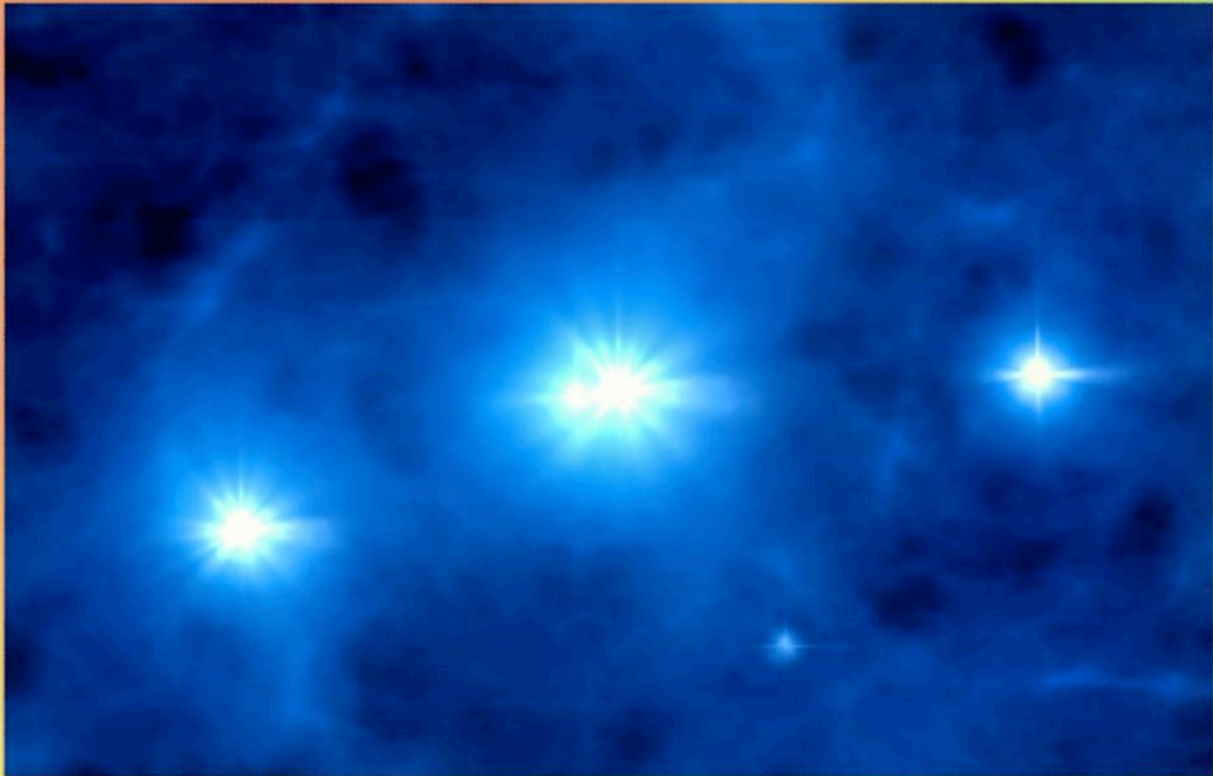
**“Yes, for if there was a God,  
She would have wanted it this way.  
But few are for the vengeful God of Old, a myth.”**

**“True, plus evolution put  
The spirit of this into some.”**

**“Yes, we are naturally  
Supernaturally superstitious.”**

**“And there is still Jesus to follow.”**

**“Yes, he was a fine sapiens  
And was very much ahead of his time.  
We don't need his Father.”**



**The New 'Starry Nights'**

**“Who’s that half-invisible guy over there?”**

**“Nobody.”**

**“C’mon, now;  
Where does he live, here or there.”**

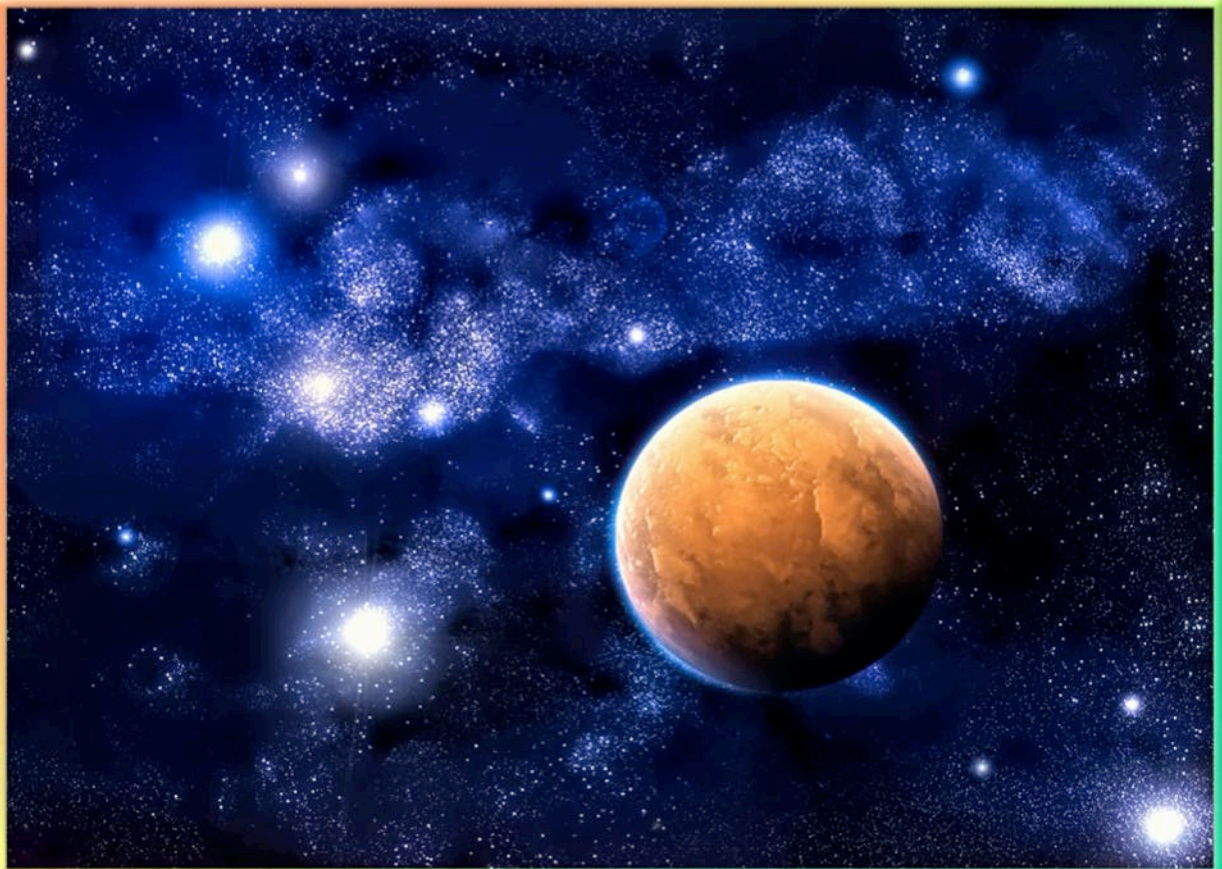
**“Nowhere.”**

**“What! Is he is the CIA or something?”**

**“No, Ninja Empire.  
Nobody Nowhere is becoming real,  
For the moment.”**

**“And who’s that guy  
With all the digital equipment?”**

**“Oh, that’s analog.”**



**He converted, but he kept his old name.”**

**“Who’s that in the big Green Bug suit?”**

**“That’s GreenBug;  
He looks after the health of our environment.”**

**“And the lady in the white coat?”**

**“Ms. Lesley Key is the head of WorldWide Health;  
She is here is vaccinate us against the flea flu?”**

**“The flea flew?”**

**“No, flea’s jump; the people flee, as from the bird flu.”**

**“The bird flew? And the swine flu?”**

**“Yes, but pigs can’t fly.”**

*In Earth's realm, via megalithic poems,*

*Man proximates Immortality's own*

*Through messages sent as monumental stones.*

*Like dolmens, menhirs, stone circles, and tombs.*



**“You’re a funny Pope,  
But a fitting one for these new times.”**

**“Yes, for when the karma ran over the dogma,  
They had to meet halfway; I was the happy medium.”**

**Who’s that guy drawing circles  
Crashing into each other?”**

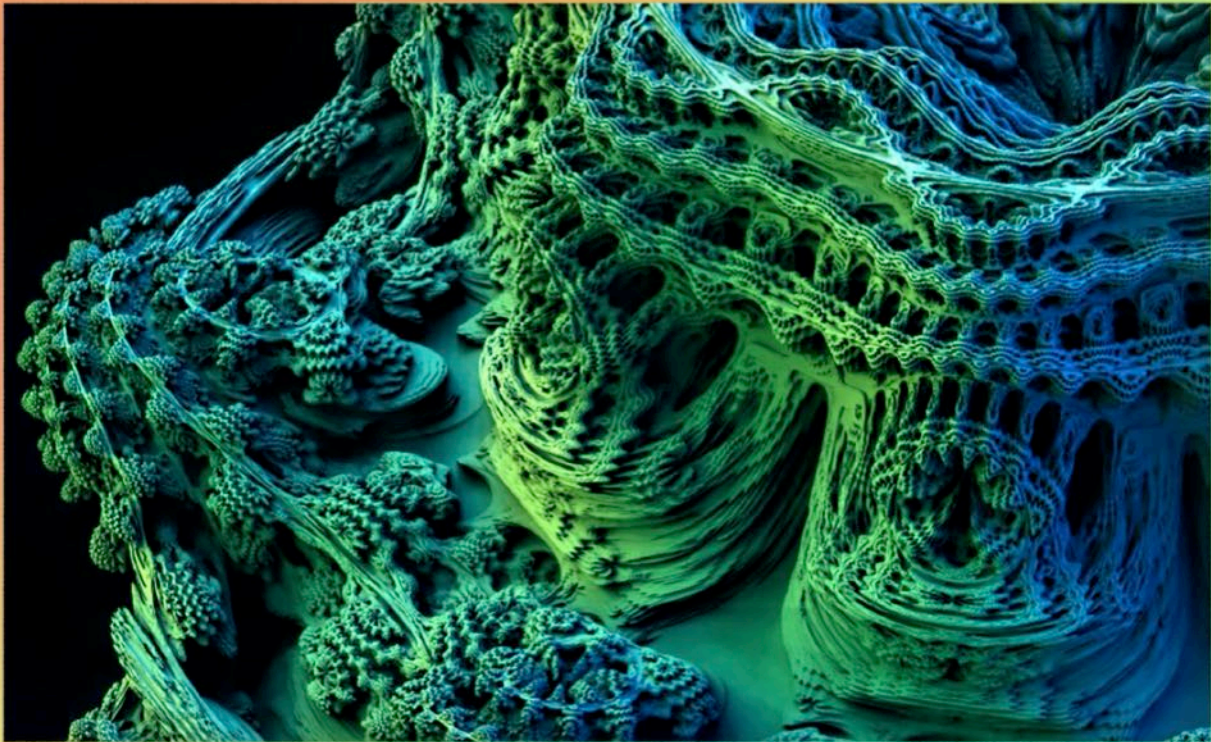
**“That’s Bogie, one of our smartest, working on arenas in space.”**

**“But he’s here, on the ground.”**

**“He doesn’t go on field trips to Black Holes like Dip does.”**

**“Who that guy with fractal hands  
Vibrating in and out of  
Their most likely places?”**

**“That’s Steve; he’s superimposed a bit.”**



**To the Depths of the Fractal Deep**

**“And who’s that guy who looks the same all over?”**

**“MJA.”**

**“What’s that sign about the last of the bloodline lecture?”**

**“Tarina’s coming here tomorrow to speak,  
For she and her children are the last of  
The blood line of Jesus and Mary Magdelane.”**

**“Holy Christ!”**

**“You can’t say that here.”**

**“I mean, she’s arriving!  
We might get in trouble for going on a date!”**

**“Nah, for she has proclaimed  
That it is ever virtuous to share.”**

**“Whew!”**



**This Place Looks Pretty Equal**



**“Who’s that guy trying  
To bum a smoke over there?”**

**“That’s Graham.  
He’s here to train us how to  
Levitate up to the new Magno City.”**

**“Holy Cow! So much progress.  
And I hear that ToeQuest  
Is now the #1 web site;  
I bet Robert is really busy with that now.”**

**“Nah, he’s not busy,  
For he is very talented.”**

**“See that guy playing video games over there?”**

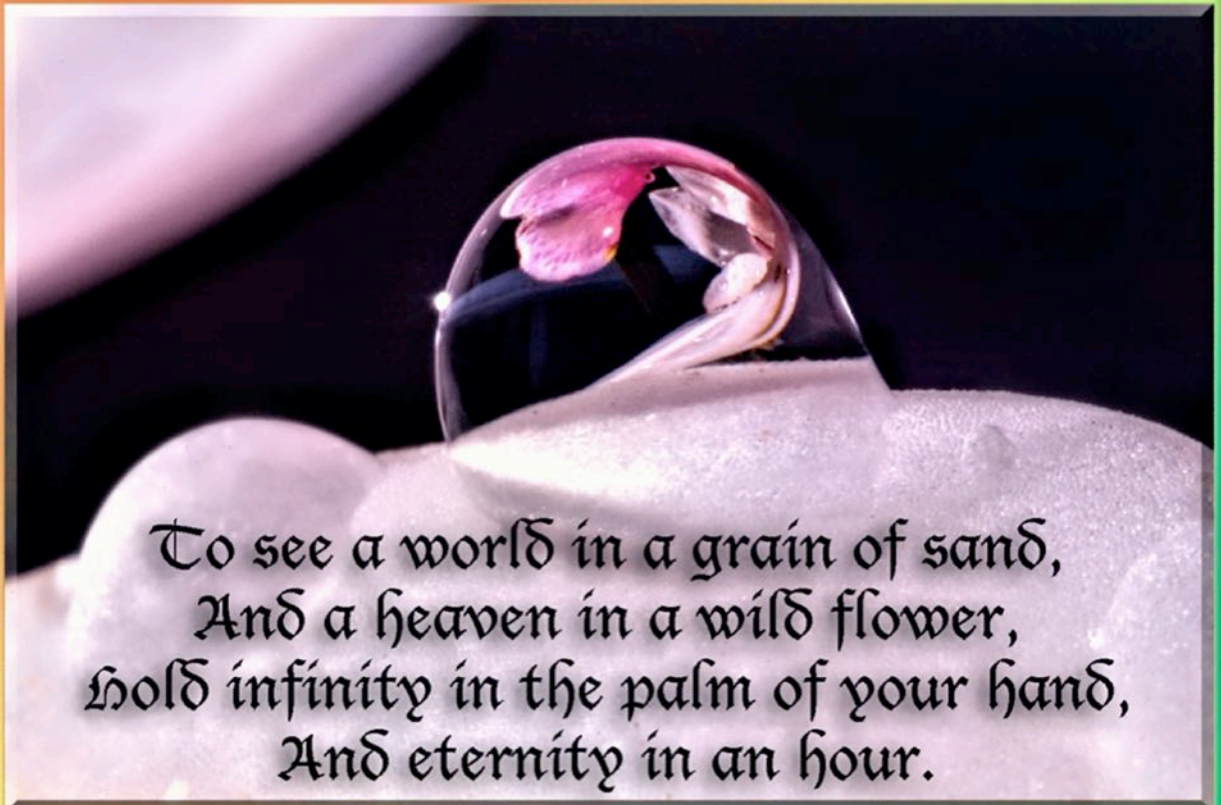
**“Well, I’ll be darned! That’s Meem.  
See, Austin, I only said ‘darn’, not ‘damn’.”**



**Graham**



**Unused Tracks**



To see a world in a grain of sand,  
And a heaven in a wild flower,  
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,  
And eternity in an hour.

**“Oops.”**

**Come on in, Austino;  
I’ll get out of the habit.”**

**“Smoking?”**

**“No these flowing robes.  
Then we’ll take the old catacomb.”**

**“Hey, who’s that restoring the statues  
To their full anatomy?”**

**“It’s my mirror ‘Melanie’.  
She’s my Camerlengo—my assistant.”**

**“She really exists?”**

**“No, but yes.”**



**“And who that handing her the pieces  
In exchange for the fig leaves removed?”**

**“Racecar.”**

**“Holy mother of Jesus;  
It’s like old times here.  
Aren’t they, um,  
Fabricating some extra reality.”**

**“Perhaps, for they have to put in some filler  
Where it was broken off.”**

**“Got a job for me?”**

**“Want to oversee the naked art museum?”**

**“Sure.”**

**...**



**St. Austino and the She-Pope  
Soon passed through the tunnel,  
Emerging into Galileo's old castle lair,  
The Castele Sant'Angelo,  
Then walked across  
The lovely Bridge of the Angels,  
Arm in arm, spirit in spirit,  
To view the fabulous holographic film,  
With its in-the-head-sound, odour-vision,  
Air-taste, and vibrating seats.**



## **The Prime Mover**

**The universe is a perfect equation because  
Its precision is required  
For it to sum to nonexistence(!),  
For the only possible infinite  
And eternal prime mover is Nothing  
(Else, an infinite regress).**

**All that we know and love  
Is but a distribution of Nothing,  
Such as noted in the balance of opposites in nature**

**This is all because the necessarily ultimate  
And causeless basis  
Had to have been around forever,  
It being eternal, thus, it, itself,  
Could have had no creation.**





**FROM A TO Z**

**“Hi Aleph,” said Omega.**

**“Just call me ‘Alpha’, I have converted.**

**“Hey, Alpha, I’ll help you celebrate.”**

**“Thanks, Omega. Where’s Zed?”**

**“Oh, he’s in Australia, on vacation.”**

**“So, what’s this existence all about?”**

**“We reside as gleams in one of those  
Shimmering paths of everything—  
As our own lustrous, pot of shining gold,  
As the glitter within its sparkling rainbow.**



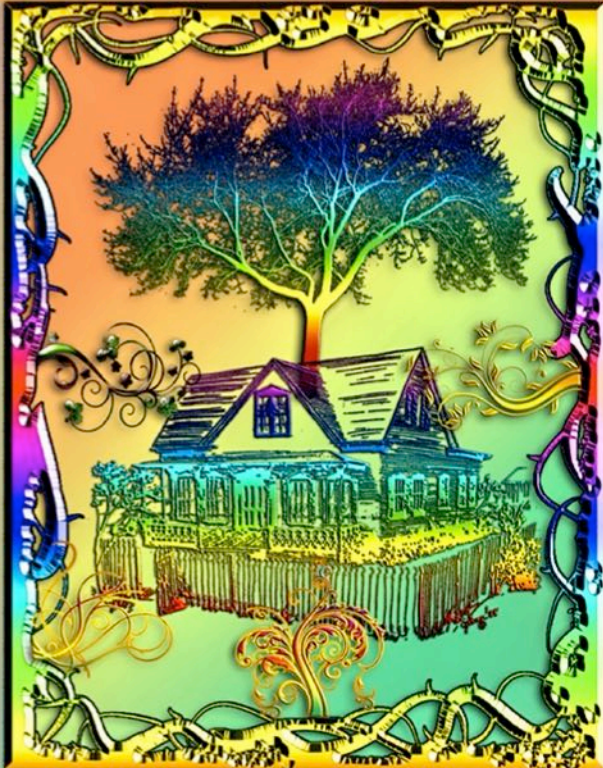


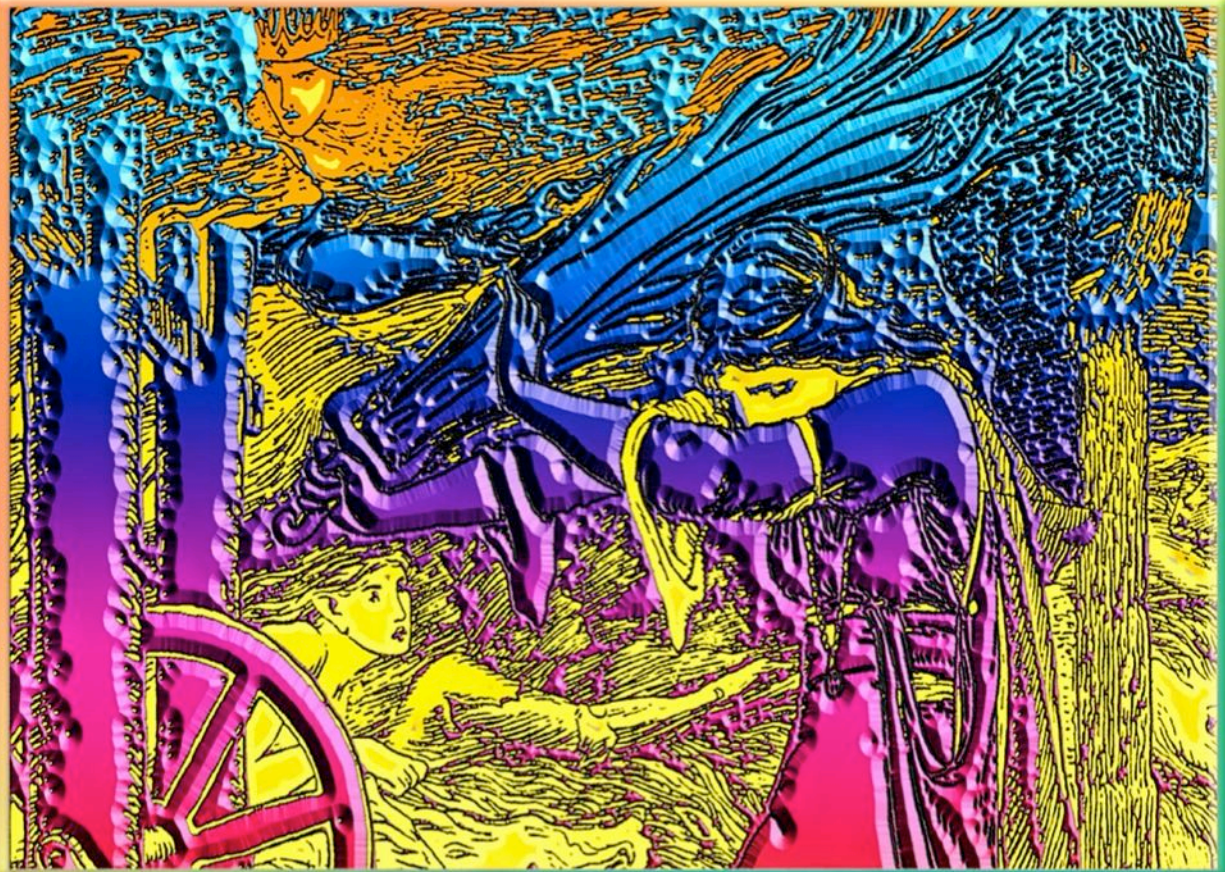
**“Wavering and quivering into life?”**

**“Yes, we twinkle as real and glimmering arches of colored light,  
The stable-virtual having the same glint as the real—  
The glowing differentiation of the balance.”**

**“Hey, cool, I think I’ll start living more;  
It’s the most important part of existing!”**

**The alphabet was now complete.**

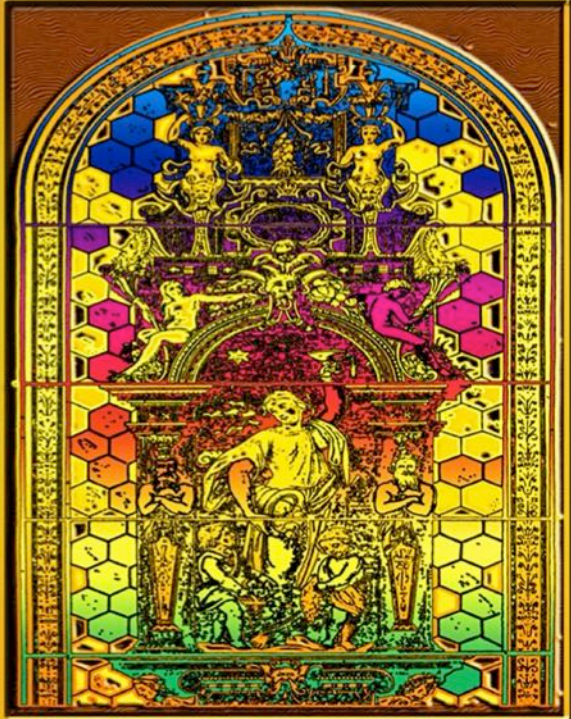




Search could not answer  
 the Seas that mourn  
 in flowing purple  
 of their lord forlorn



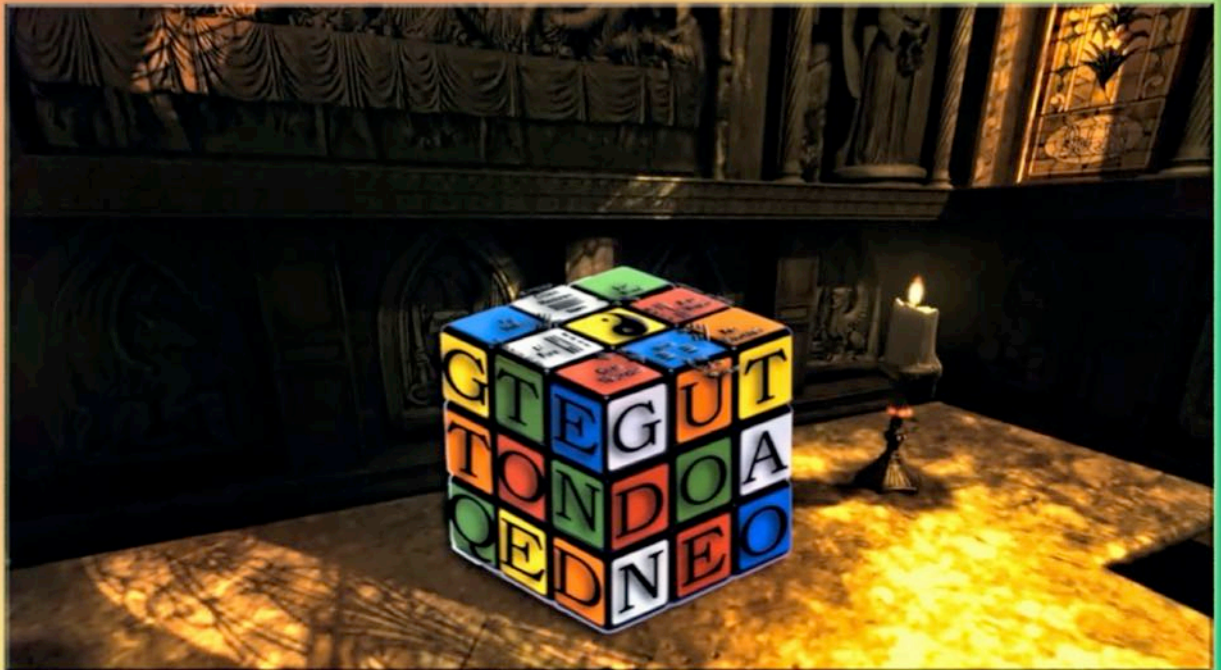
Nor rolling heaven, with all his signs reveal'd  
 And hidden by the sleeve of Night and Morn.



Give me chastity and continence,  
 But not yet; actually, not ever.  
 — St. Austino



**Windows 31.2**

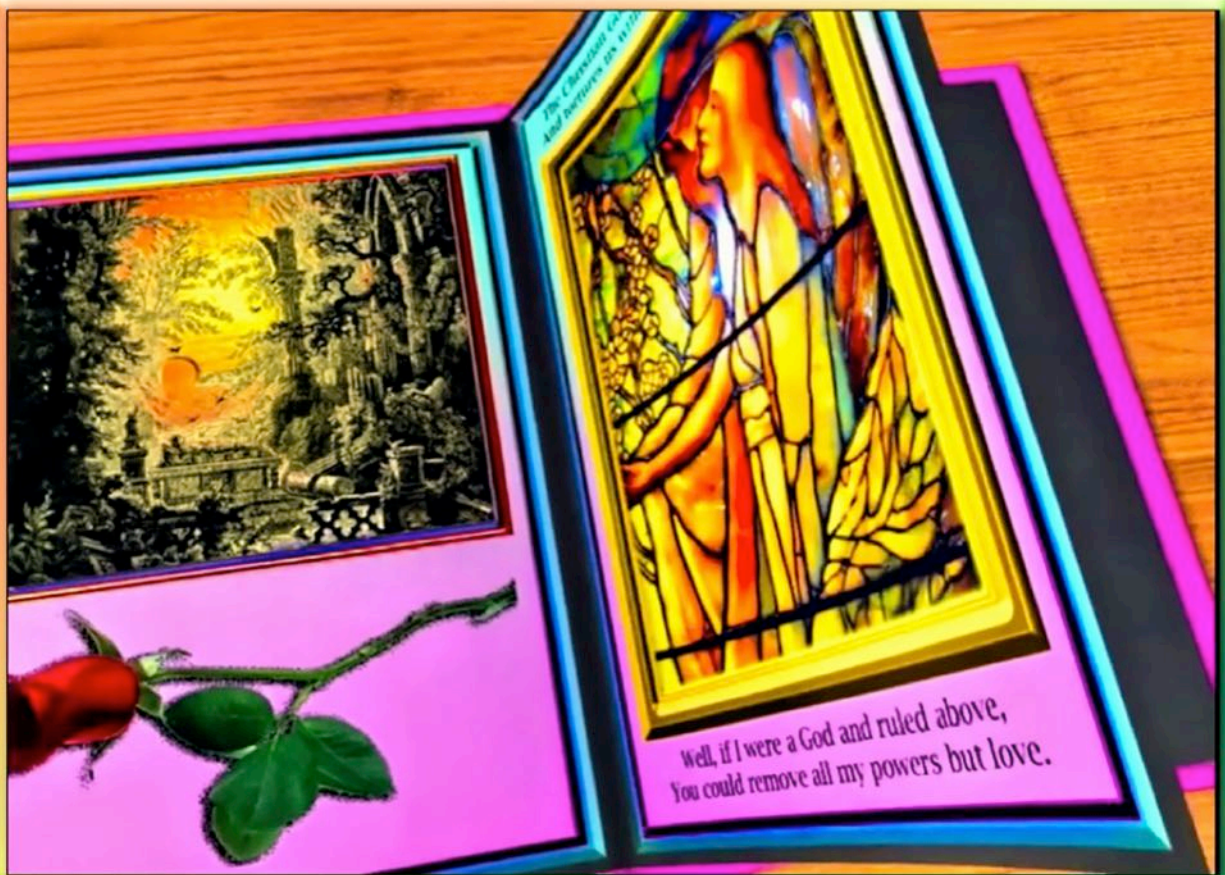


**Toe Quest**

...

I sat down, sleepily, near an emergency light and rested against the books upright, one of which poked me in the back, so I took it out and chanced to read the title plaque as I was putting it down, not back in the rack: 'Letters between a Saintly Irish Monk and a Holy French Nun'. I opened it and read a few pages. As I fell asleep, that book was on my mind, and I began to dream of it...

...I 'woke up' in a scriptorium. I was a monk in a monastery's sanctorium, studying philosophy and illumination."





**From 'The Triumph of Life, Love, and Being'**

**I am Brother Peter, a monk, now in the monastery's sanctorium, where I study philosophy books, and perform their illumination, for this is also a scriptorium. There is a convent next to the abbey, where the nuns begin the books, the verse, and then send them over to the monastery for illustration. I deal, mostly, with Sister Angelina, although we have never met in the entire and holy arena. She sends me the books, with the instructions enclosed therein. We work tirelessly on these books of philosophy, which thus travel back and forth, freely, between the monastery and the nunnery, and we often secretly read them for their content, too, and thereby learn of the universal extent. We soon begin to discuss the books and their philosophical hooks, through more personal notes and letters to each others nooks. I am surprised when it first happens, for I find the note, right away; it floats and falls out of the book I am illustrating, as if it had been on wings to me. Obviously it is from my friend sent, the holy nun somewhere in the convent.**



**Brother Peter**

***It says, "I have a long list of books I want to read. I will probably never get to the end of their leads. I usually read several books at the same time, and since I still maintain my monastic habit line, there's nothing better to do at night, so I read them, reclined."***

**So, I send a reply, of my fate, "I too have been reading all the books, to date, given to me to copy and illuminate. Some are from the forbidden section of the library, and I'm not supposed to read them, entirely, but I do. I am learning a lot, through my peepers; much is being withheld by our keepers."**

**Her next note reads simply: "Time flies like a bird."**

**"True," I write, "so very right; the wings of time are black and white, for one is the day and one is the night. This was a philosophy from a book of quatrains that I am presently illuminating, with golden rain." Such, we began getting to know each others looks, through the notes that we conceal in the books.**

**She now writes: "I was delirious to hear of what you think; I thought my note might go to a wrong monk, but I hoped that it would be sent to you. I can't believe that it worked out that way, too!"**



**The Monastical Village**

And so I reply, as if under a star, “I was thinking about you last night, afar, and about how wonderful your personal notes are. It really made me feel so good to hear from you. Life is much more enjoyable now. Thank you, too.”

*“I am really happy that you are enjoying life. We live only once, so I believe in getting the best out of life.”*

“I was as delirious as you were on high when I received your reply. It gave me energy! I was walking on air for the rest of the day, and I still am! You made my day!”

*“I am glad that my note made your day. After all, if we combine a lot of days, it comes out to a whole life, in all its ways.”*

“Your vision of life’s celebrative rhyme is one that’s very similar to mine.”

...



On Separate Sides







EVERYTHING AND NOTHING  
FOREVER MORE

Another leaf falls,  
then the branches,

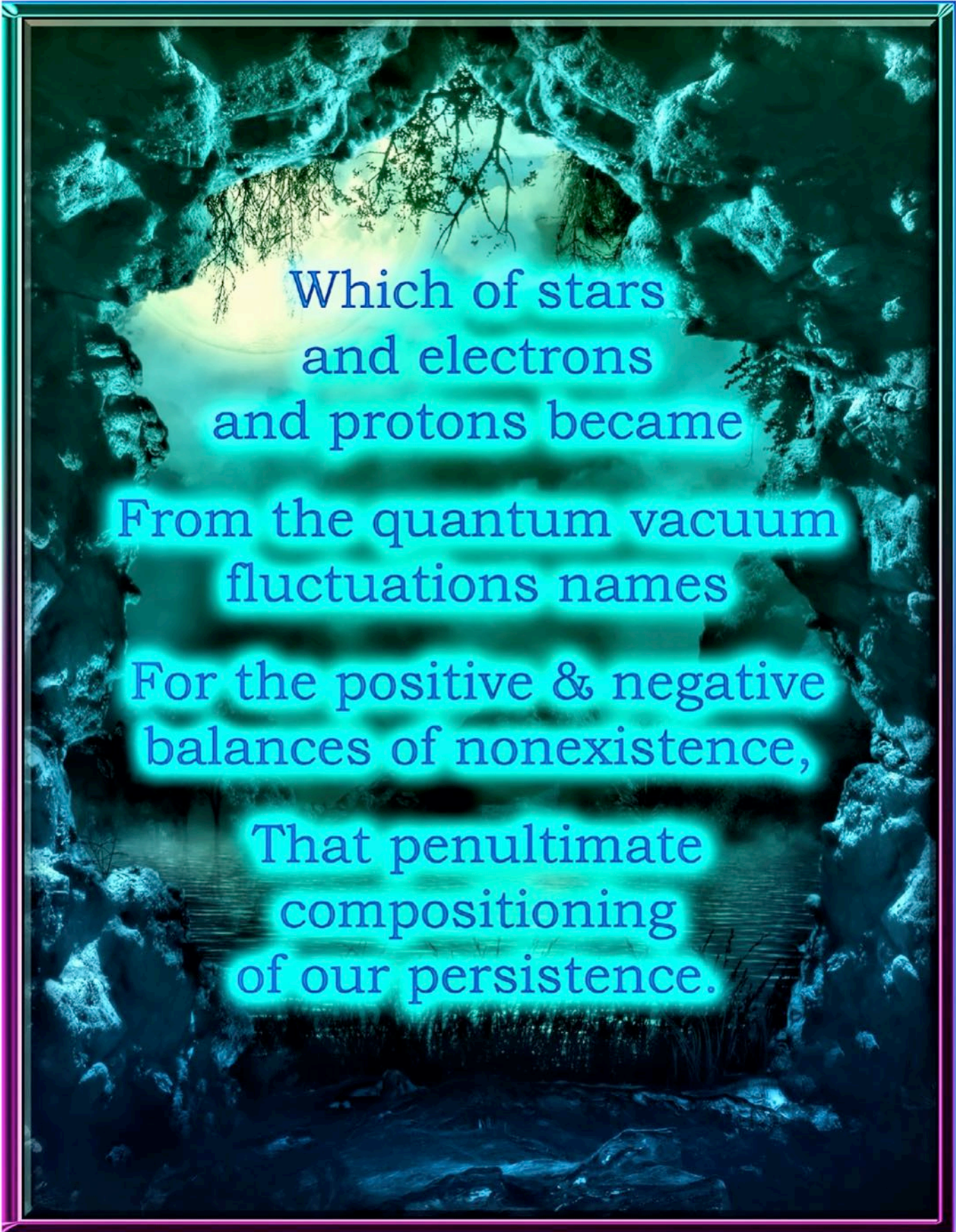
As the trunk rots  
away its chances,

Then sinks and mixes  
into the soil,

Within which  
the molecules toil

As they of atoms  
formed the mortal coil—



A photograph of a cave entrance, viewed from inside looking out. The cave walls are dark and rocky. A bright light source, possibly the sun or moon, is visible through the opening, creating a strong glow and casting long shadows. Some green foliage is visible outside the cave. The entire image is framed by a double border: an inner blue border and an outer purple border.

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.

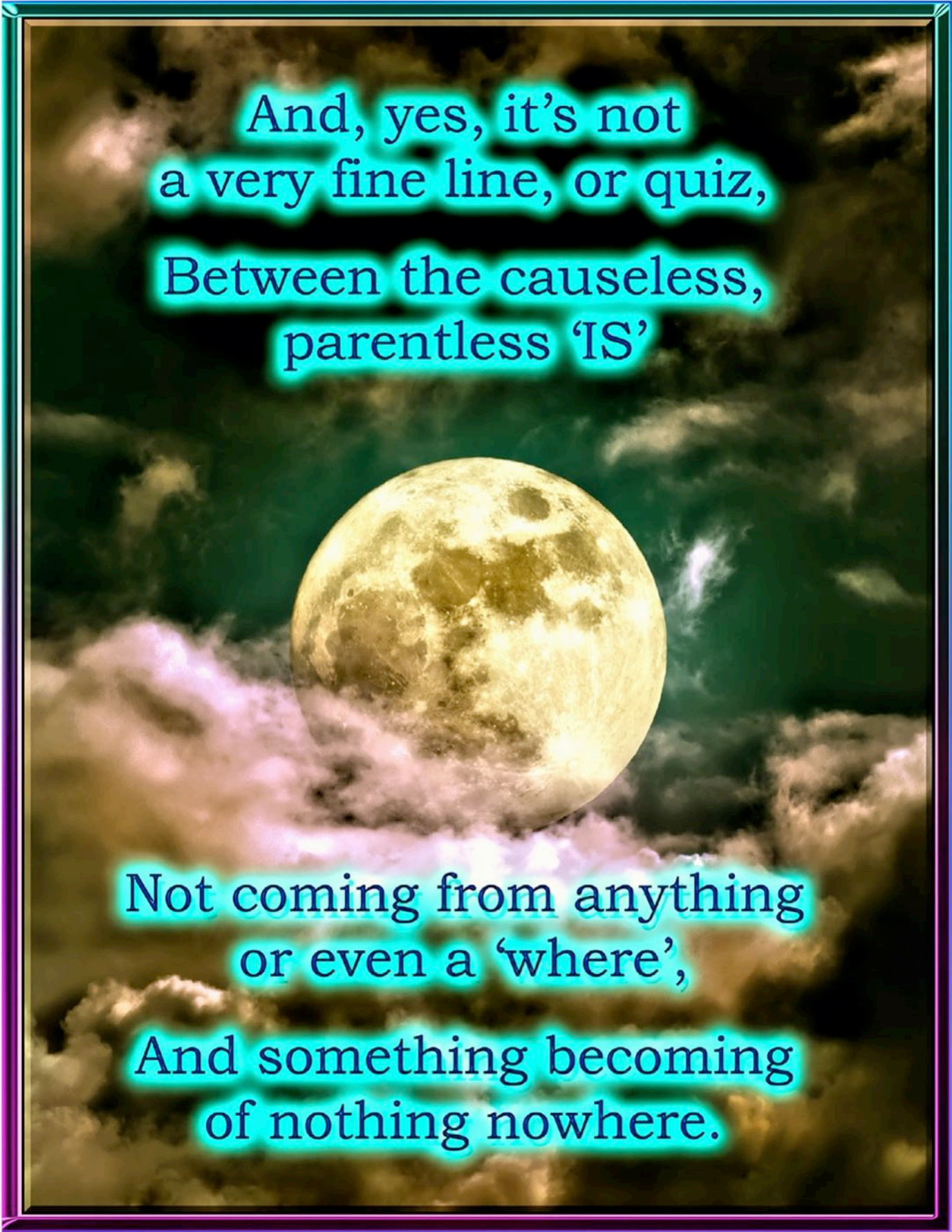
Energy restrained by time  
paces its way a lot,

This lot neither frozen  
nor totally reactive to be,

Forming all and any  
that is possible, eventually.



Nothing  
Could  
Not Be;  
So,  
Something  
Is.

A full moon is centered in the image, appearing bright and slightly hazy. The sky is filled with soft, white and grey clouds. The text is overlaid on the image in a blue, serif font with a white glow effect. The text is arranged in two main sections: the top section and the bottom section.

And, yes, it's not  
a very fine line, or quiz,  
Between the causeless,  
parentless 'IS'

Not coming from anything  
or even a 'where',  
And something becoming  
of nothing nowhere.





Here we are in this  
parentheses of eternity,

That of nothing's  
paternity and maternity.





**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.**



**Saint Austino and Sister Angelina**

