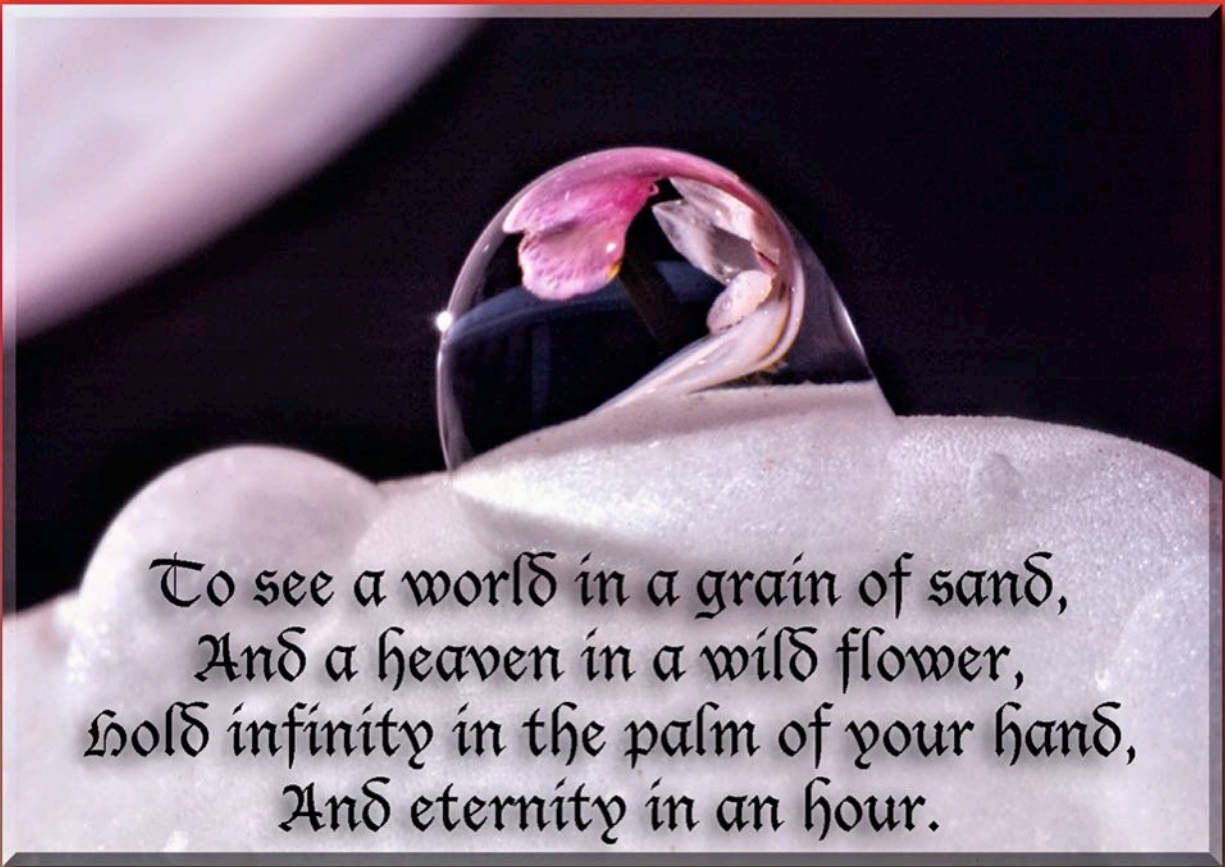


To the Depths
Of the Deep
Of the Mysteries
Of the Night



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.

Austin P. Torney

**TO THE DEPTHS OF THE DEEP
OF THE MYSTERIES OF THE NIGHT**

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

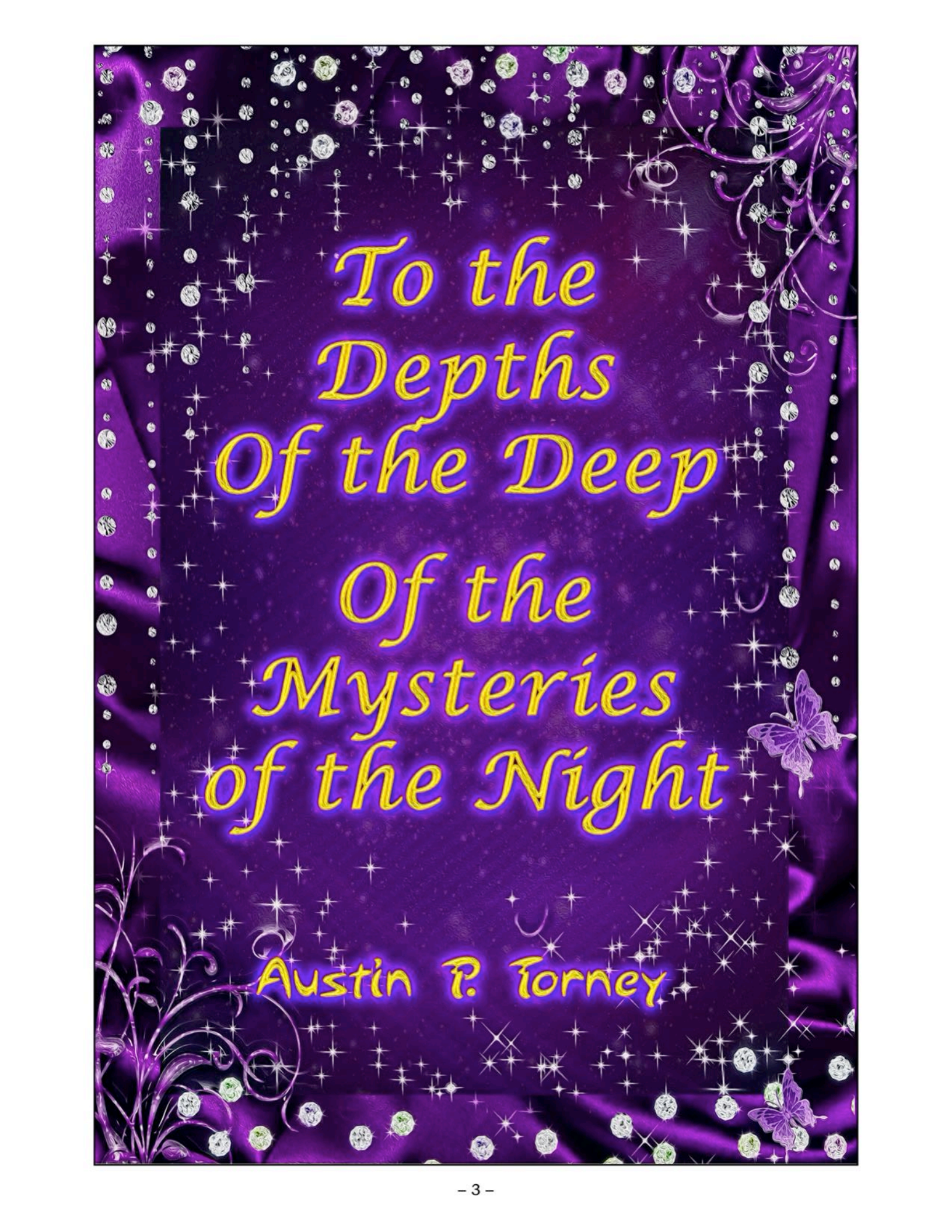
Email: austintorn@aol.com

YouTube Videos: MagicalVideos Channel

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

DeviantArt: Look under AustinTorney





*To the
Depths
Of the Deep
Of the
Mysteries
of the Night*

Austin P. Torney

The Best of All Worlds

*Earth's a garden, an oasis in space,
A planet of boundless beauty and grace.*

*We might search, in vain,
all the heavens' space,*

*For the equal of
the Earth's sacred place*

*Never finding it,
or even a trace.*





*Among the lights
that dance
in the sky,*

*A haven waits out
there, for you and I,*

*A world where
flowers bloom
and fountains spray,*

*A paradise
called Earth to glorify.*

Here I stand, holding fast.

Onto my other half.


*The zephyr faints,
dying in the half-light,*

*Its caress suspended,
as day kisses night,*

*When, for some instants,
stretching into moments,*

*We are neither
here nor there,
but in twilight.*





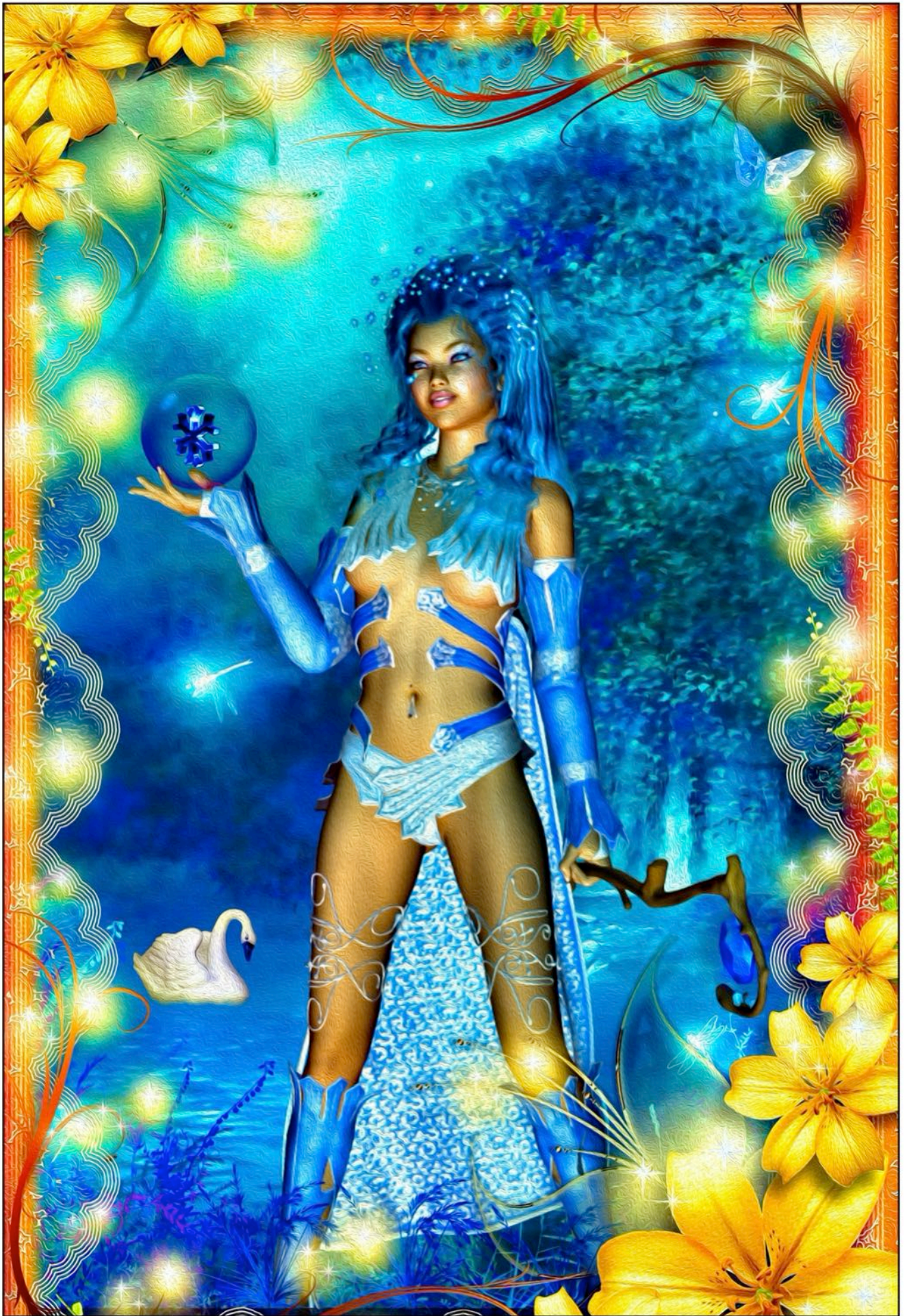
*We live at
this boundary
of day and night,*

*Our selves merging
in the blend of twilight:*

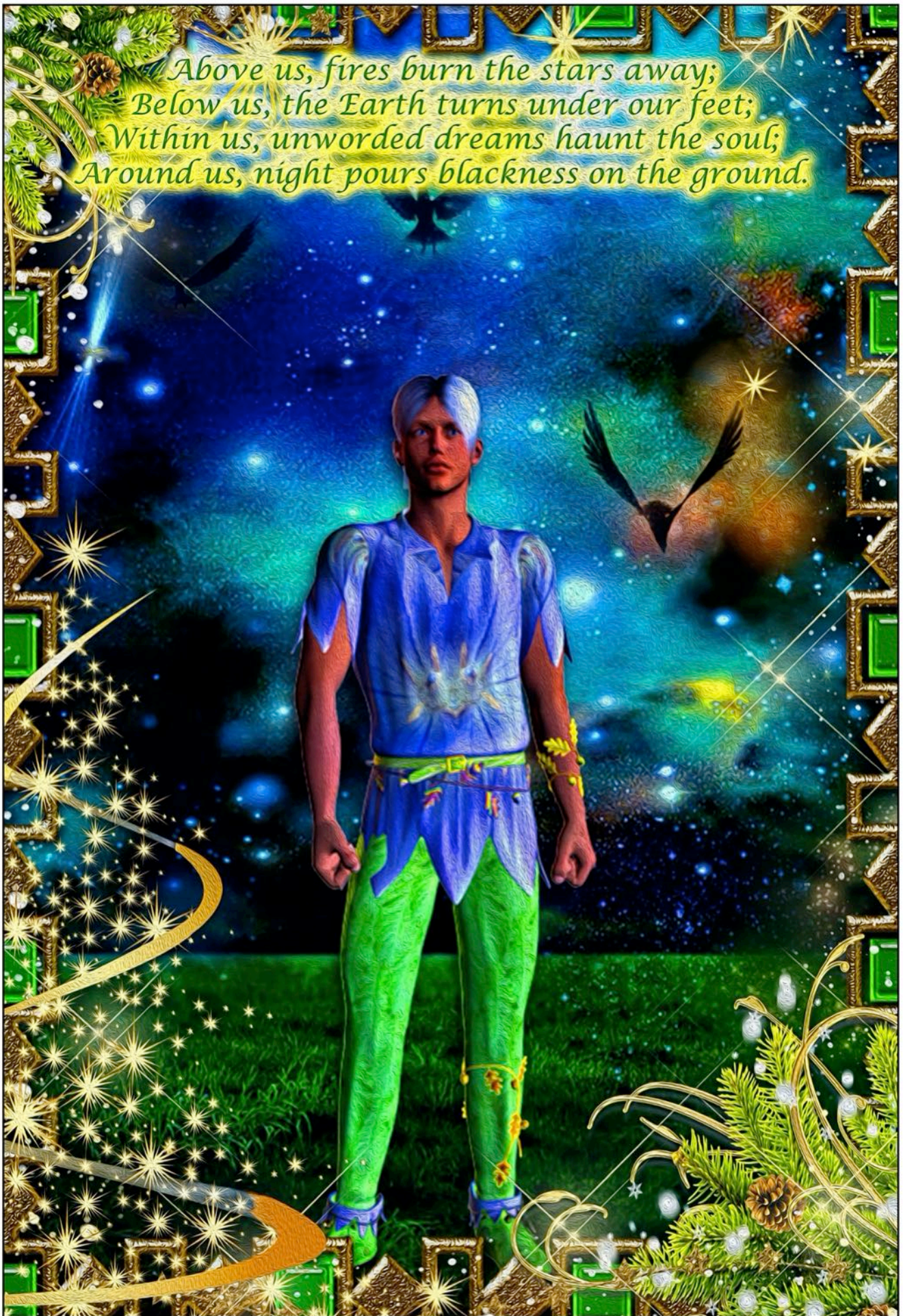
*You and me, me and you;
yours, mine, and ours—*

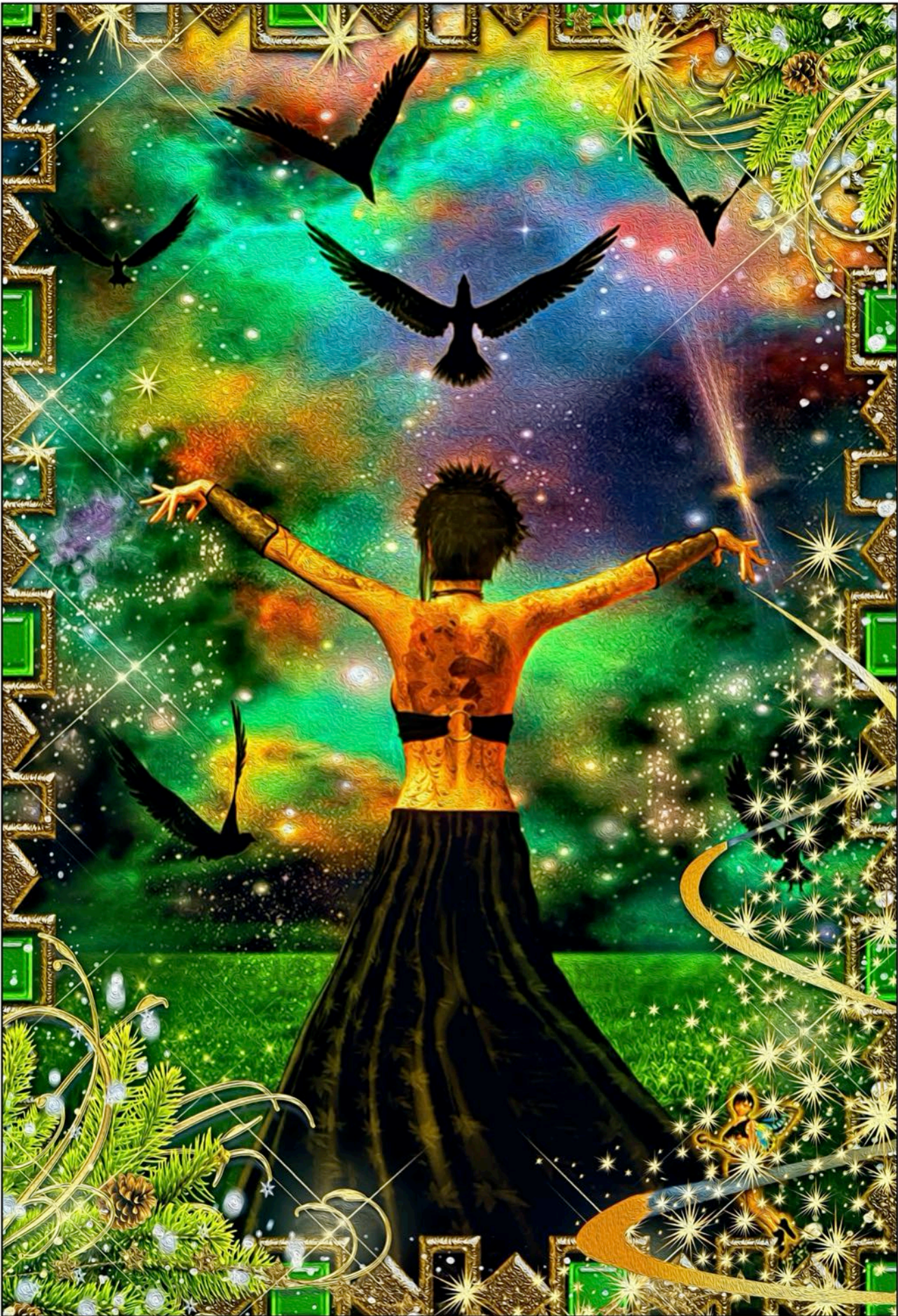


*The day-gold melts
into the jeweled night.*



*Above us, fires burn the stars away;
Below us, the Earth turns under our feet;
Within us, unworDED dreams haunt the soul;
Around us, night pours blackness on the ground.*







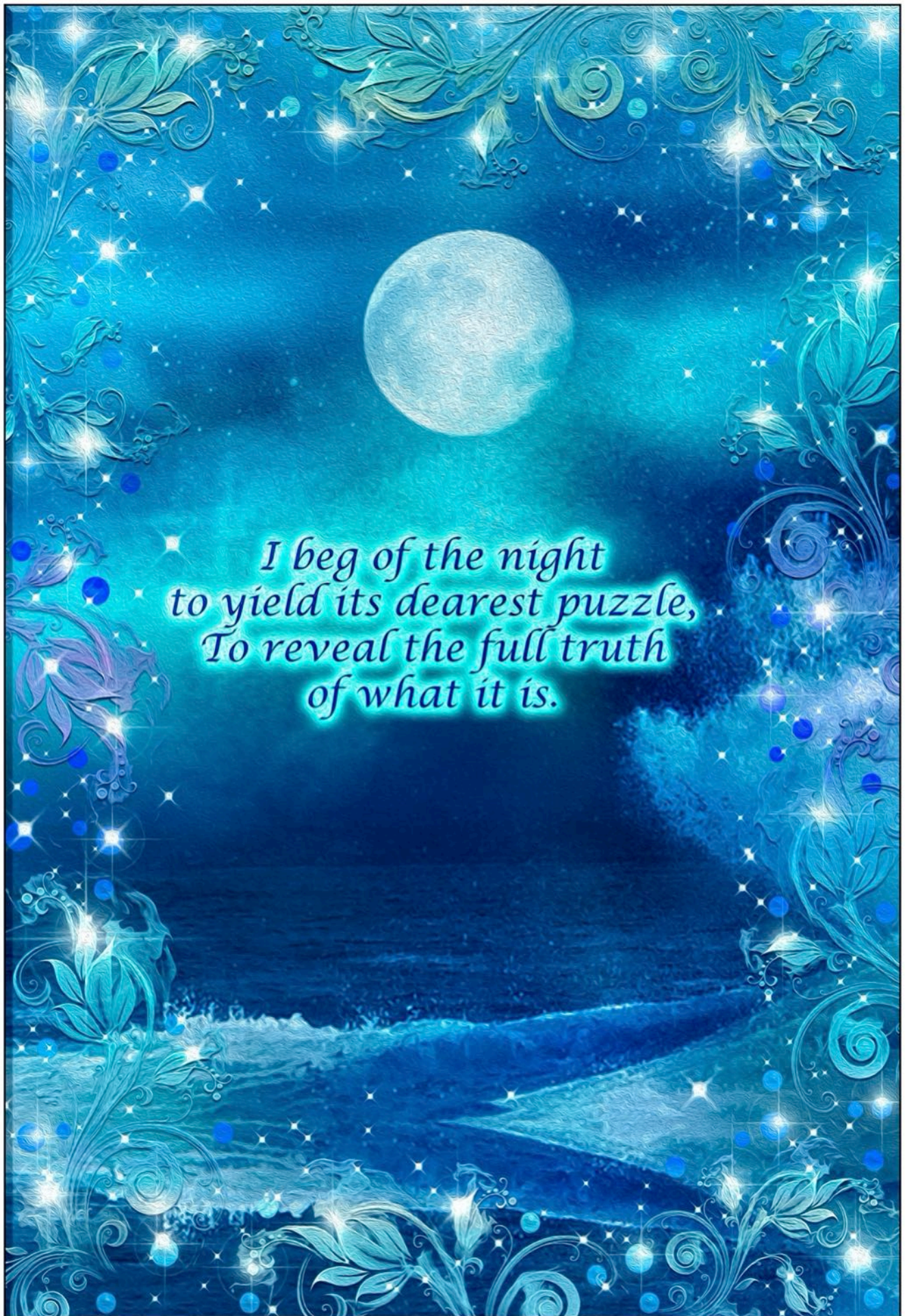
*Soft and warm,
the evening caresses us,*

*In gentle darkness
and quiet stillness.*

*Here we sense the sweep
across the heartstrings,*

*For we're undistracted
by the day's bright noise.*





*I beg of the night
to yield its dearest puzzle,
To reveal the full truth
of what it is.*






*Much I already know,
from twilight dreams,*

*And from poems
unveiling truth and beauty*

*But I ask,
with my most persuasive looks,*

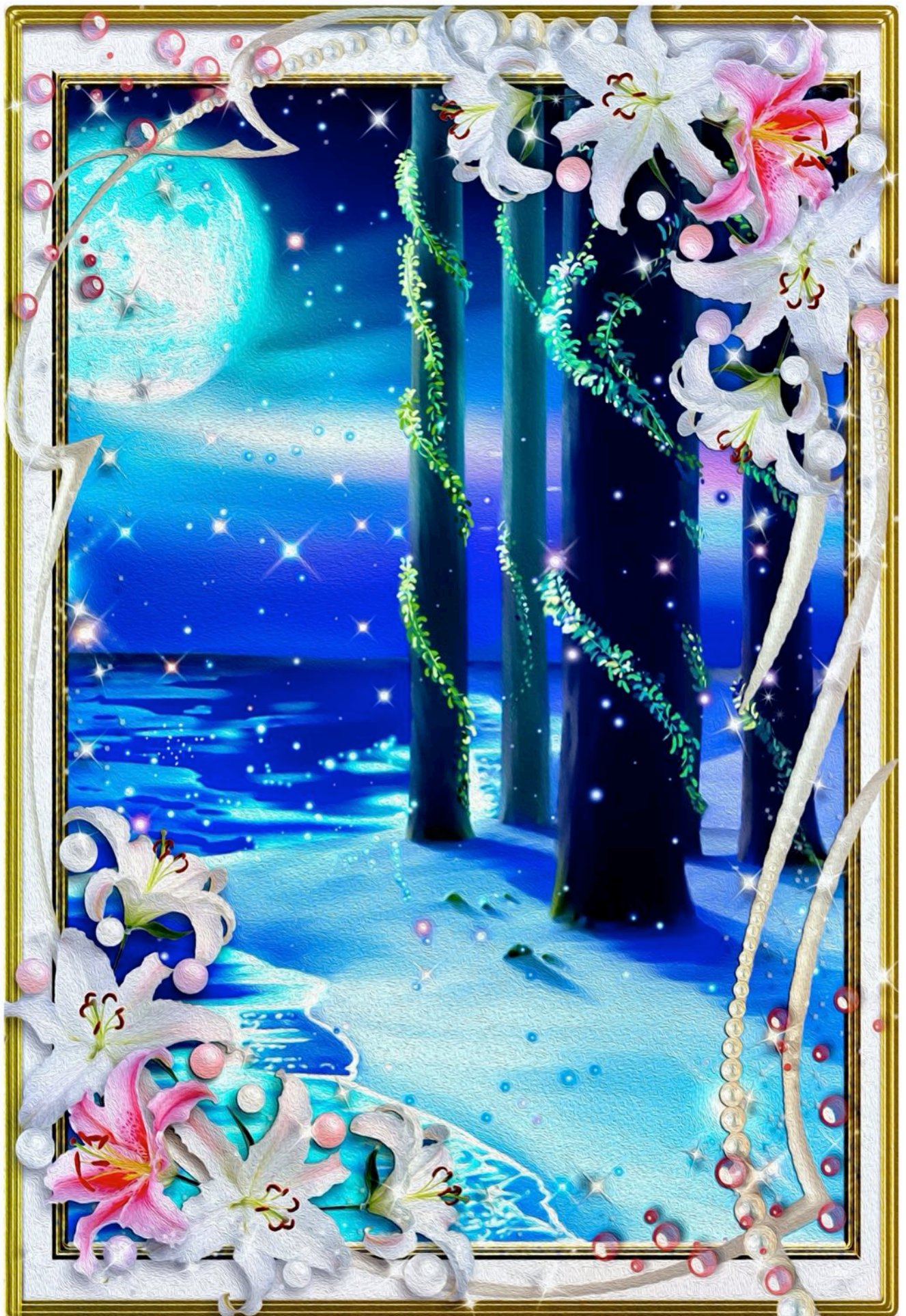
*To know
the deepest secrets
of the night.*



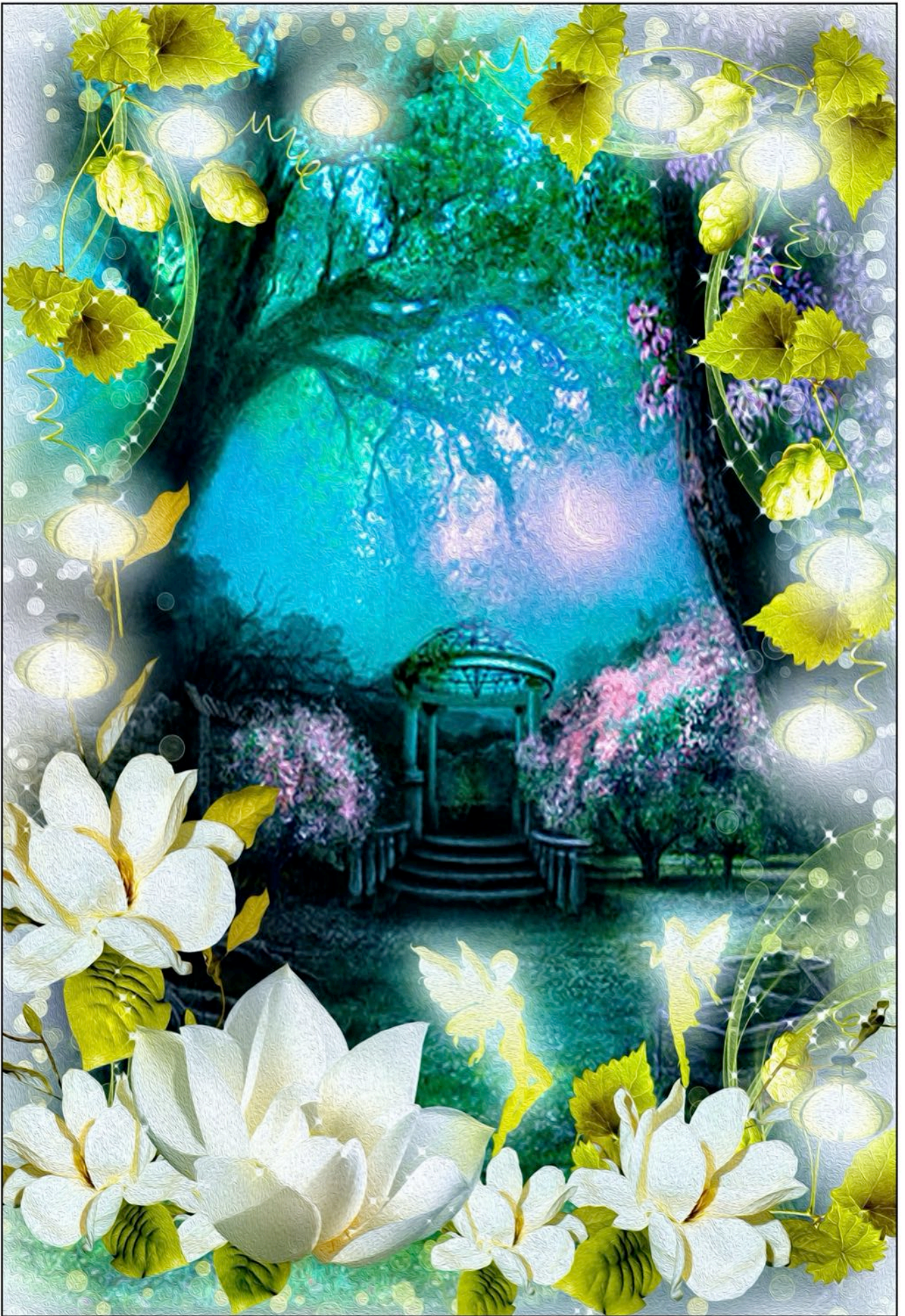


*I must ask from
the powers of the night
Not immortality
nor youth nor birth*

*But only that I glimpse
the enigmatic—
That riddle posed
of the conundrum.*





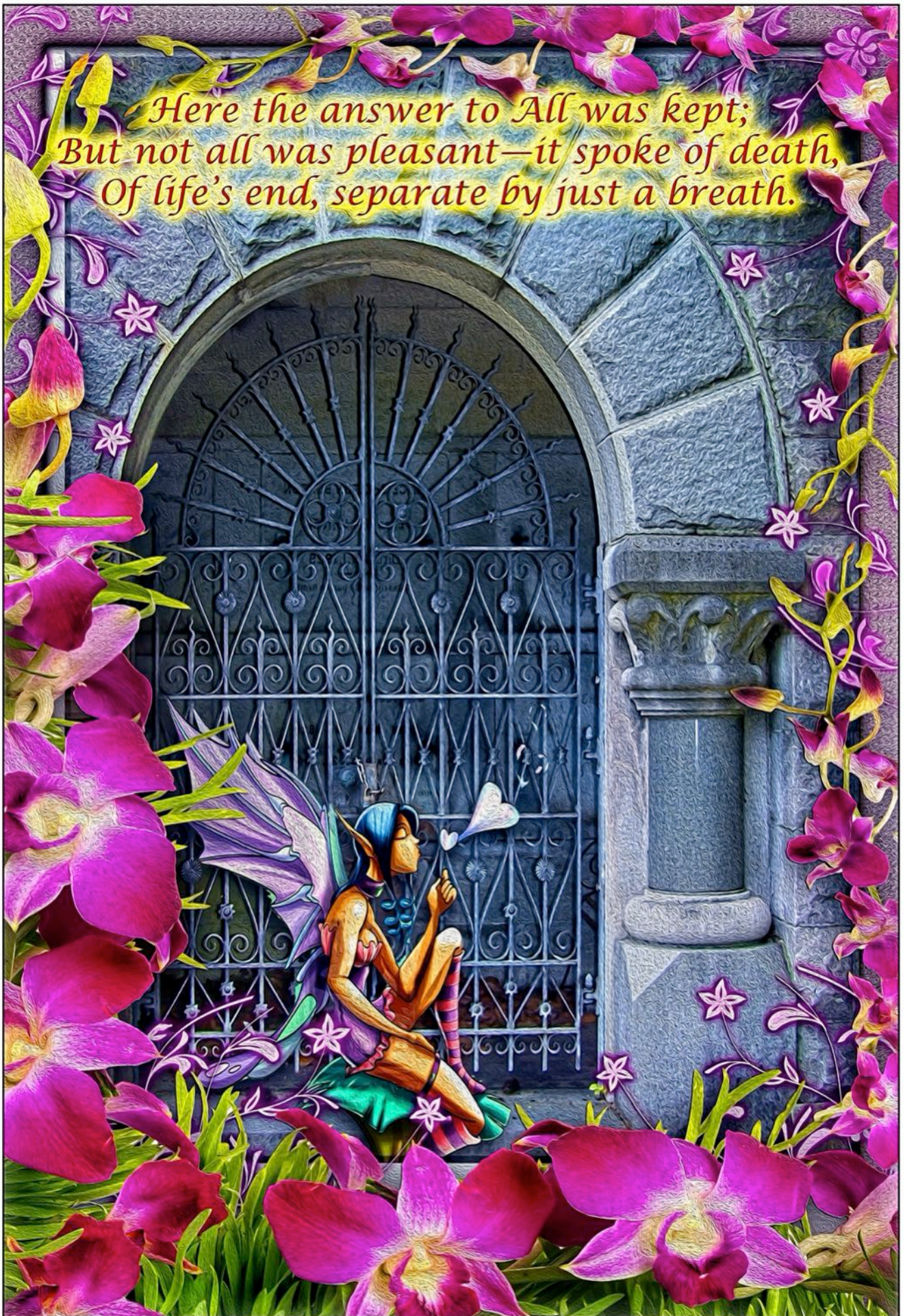


*The door resisted
at first,
Then creaked
into the crypt,
Powdered rust
streaming from
the hinges.*



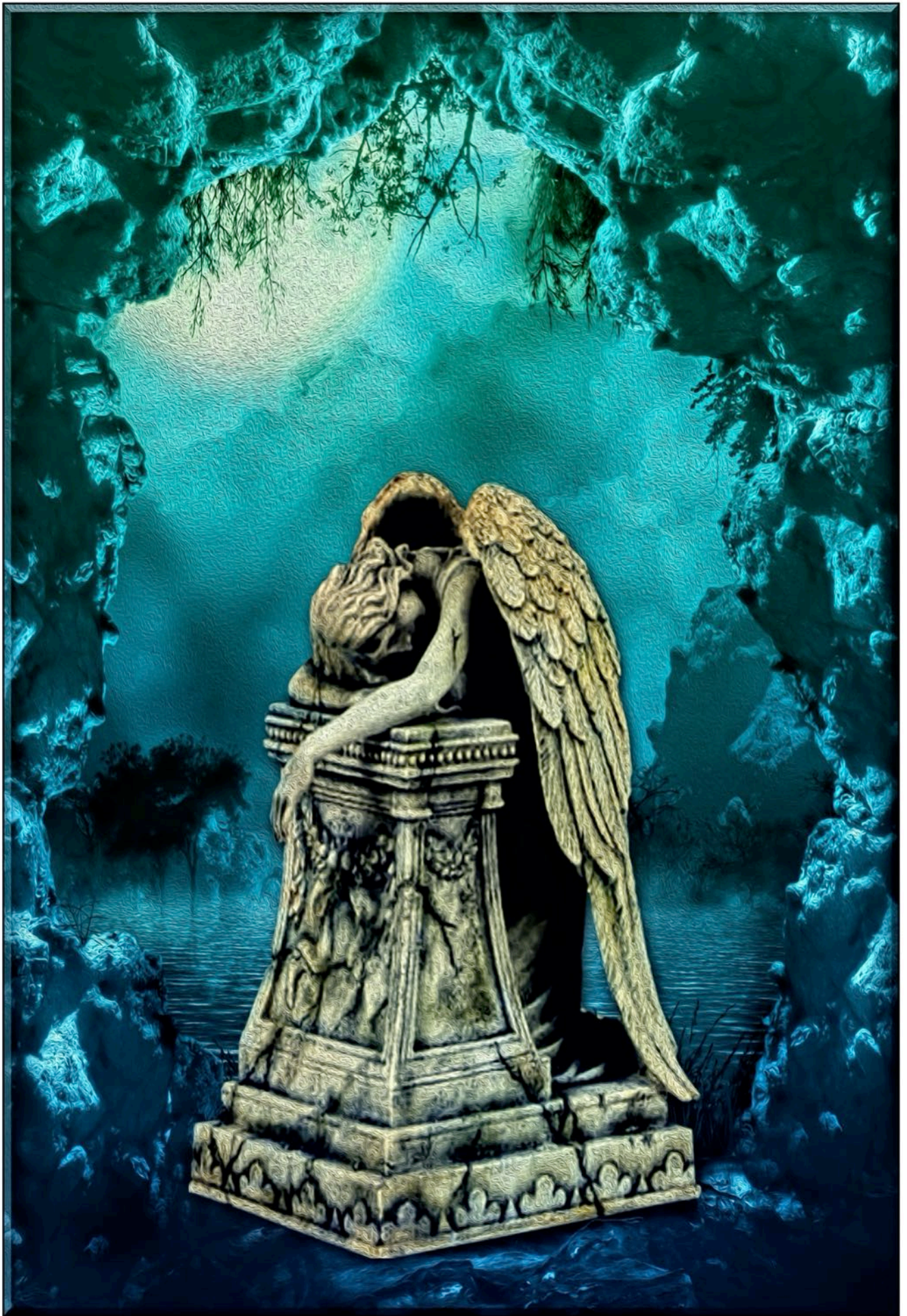


*Here the answer to All was kept;
But not all was pleasant—it spoke of death,
Of life's end, separate by just a breath.*









*I saw tombstones
overgrown, underswept,
Names unknown—
and to all the message saith:*



"READ ME"

P. Torrey © 1998

IT SAID, IN WORDS
ENGRAVED BEYOND
THE BRINK—

"YOU, WHO LIVE,

★ UP ABOVE; ★

OF LIFE GO DRINK;

AND YOU,

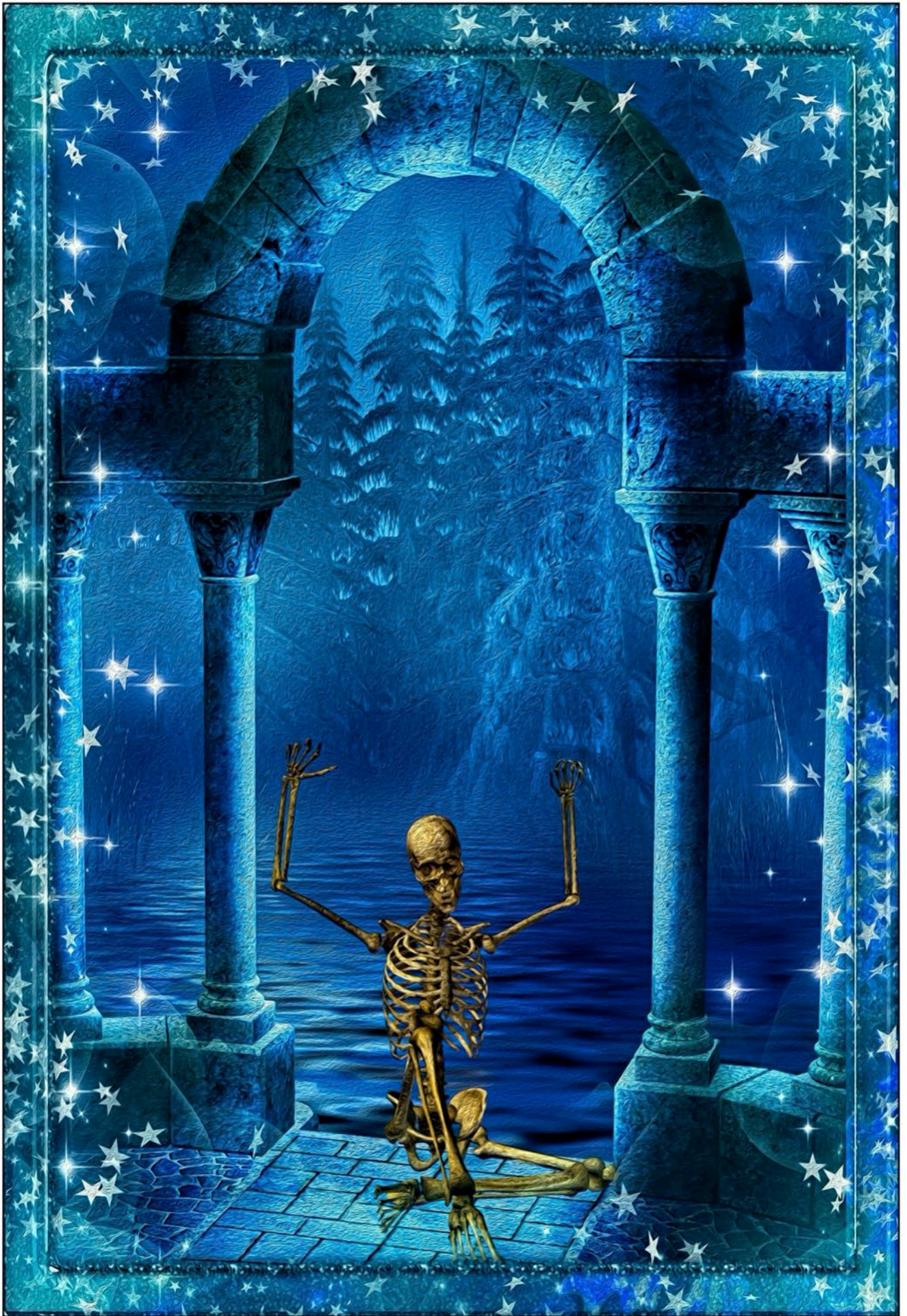
UNDERNEATH,

NOW LYING SO DEAD;

REST IN PEACE,

RELAX—IT'S LATER

THAN YOU THINK!"








*To learn the Secrets—
what IS and ev'r WAS,*

*One must brave
the crypt and ghost
of cause...*

*So, into the deep,
we go, without pause,*

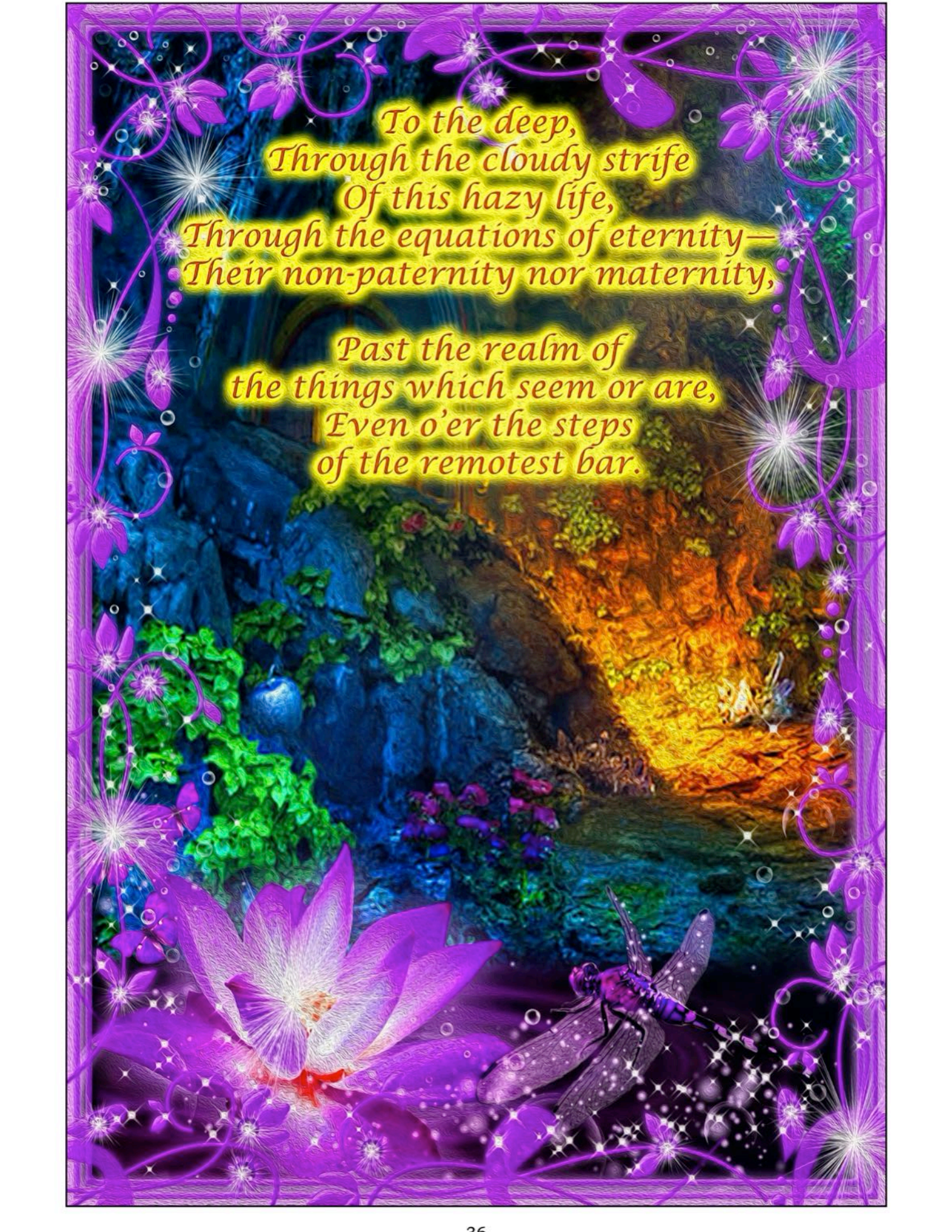
*To look down,
ever down,
no self to keep—*



The image is a decorative page with a blue and purple color scheme. The background is a gradient of blue, with a bright starburst in the center. The page is framed by a purple border with floral and circular motifs. The text is written in a cursive font and is centered on the page.

*Through birth, death,
and the shade of sleep,
Through paths unkempt,
underswept—*





*To the deep,
Through the cloudy strife
Of this hazy life,
Through the equations of eternity—
Their non-paternity nor maternity,*

*Past the realm of
the things which seem or are,
Even o'er the steps
of the remotest bar.*







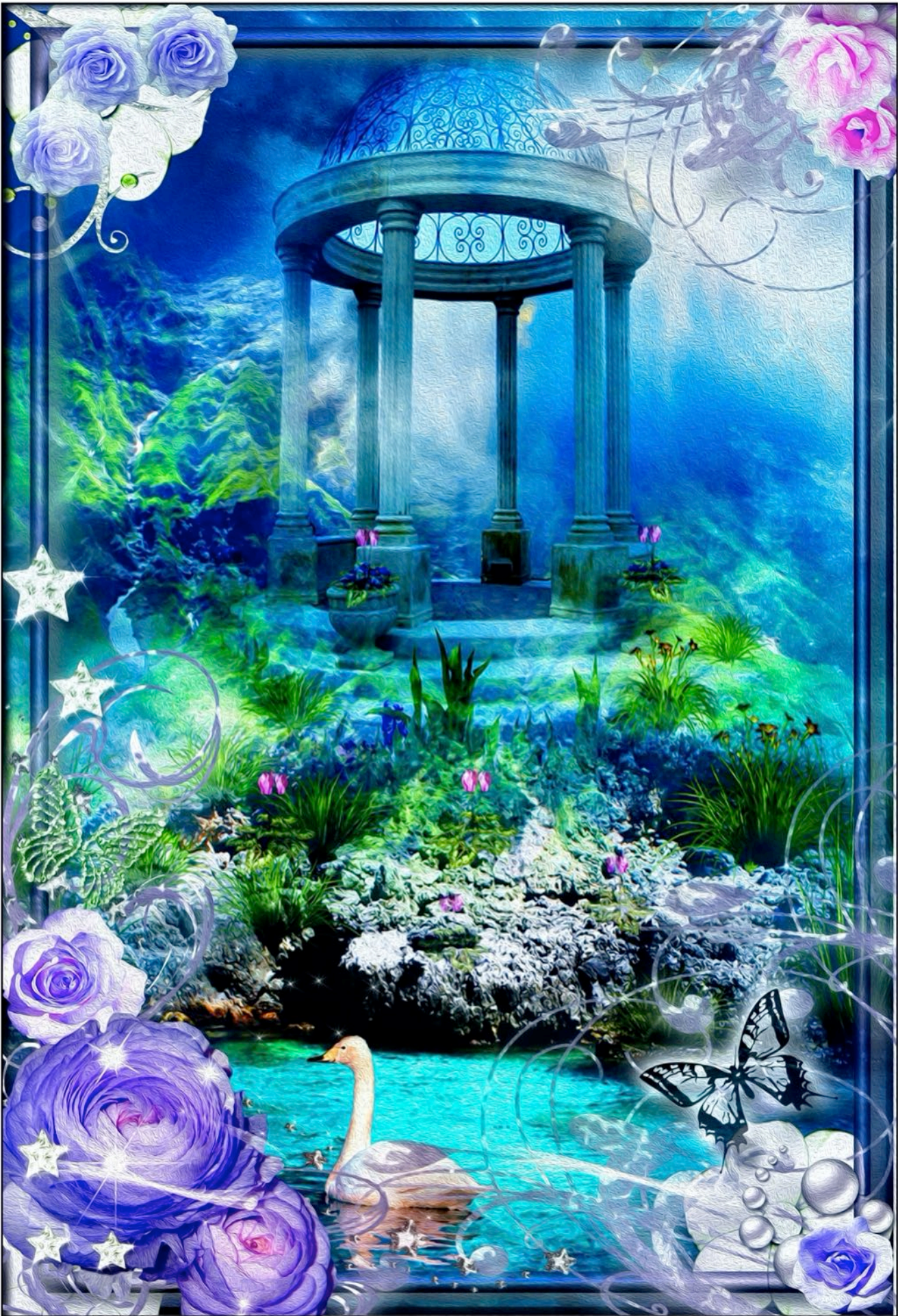


*Down, down,
Where the mind whirls
round and round,*

As the ear draws forth the sound,

As the eye sees the light,

And of the dark the fright.

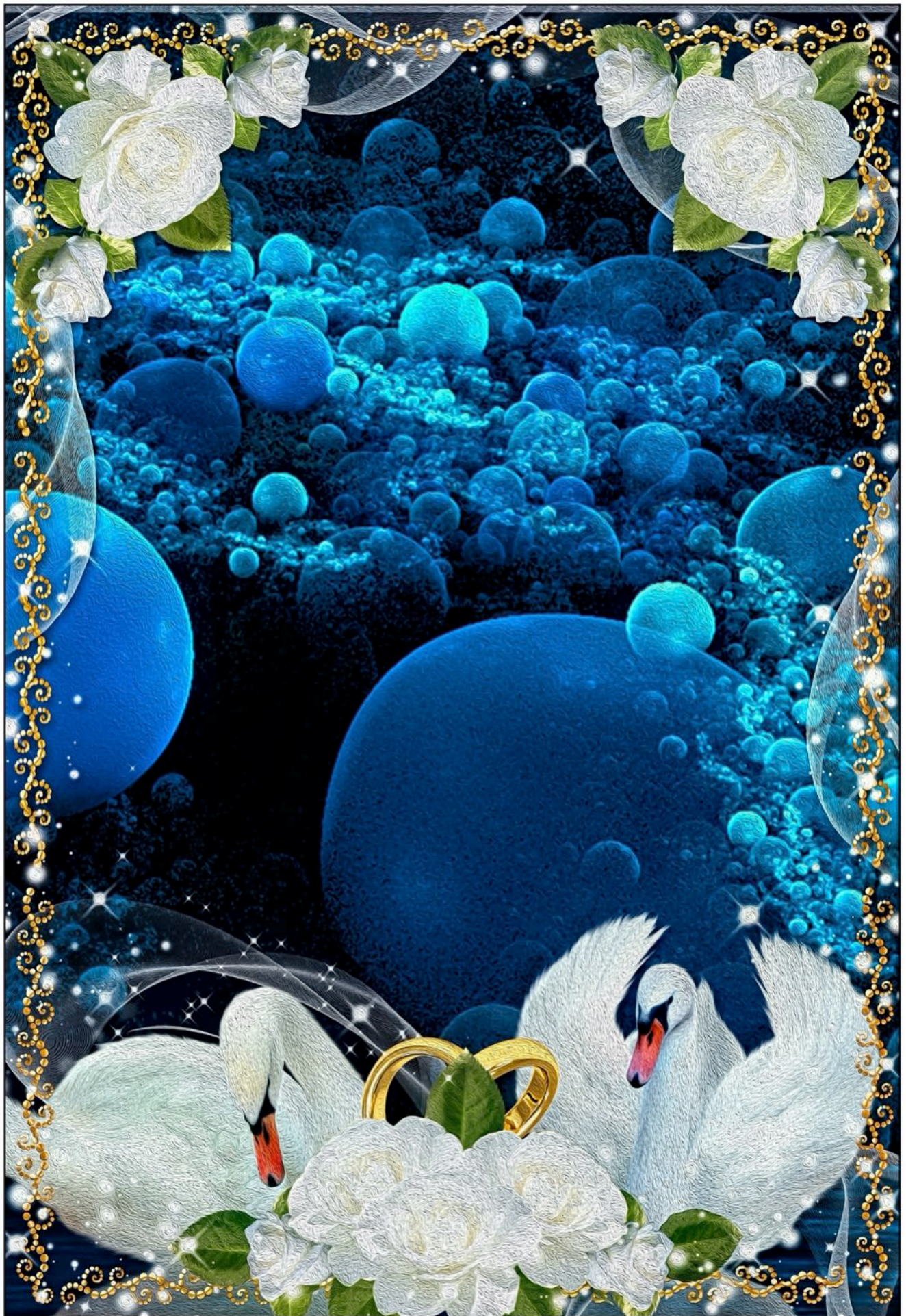




*Down, down,
Beyond all death, despair,
love, and sorrow,*

*Past yesterday, today,
and tomorrow—*

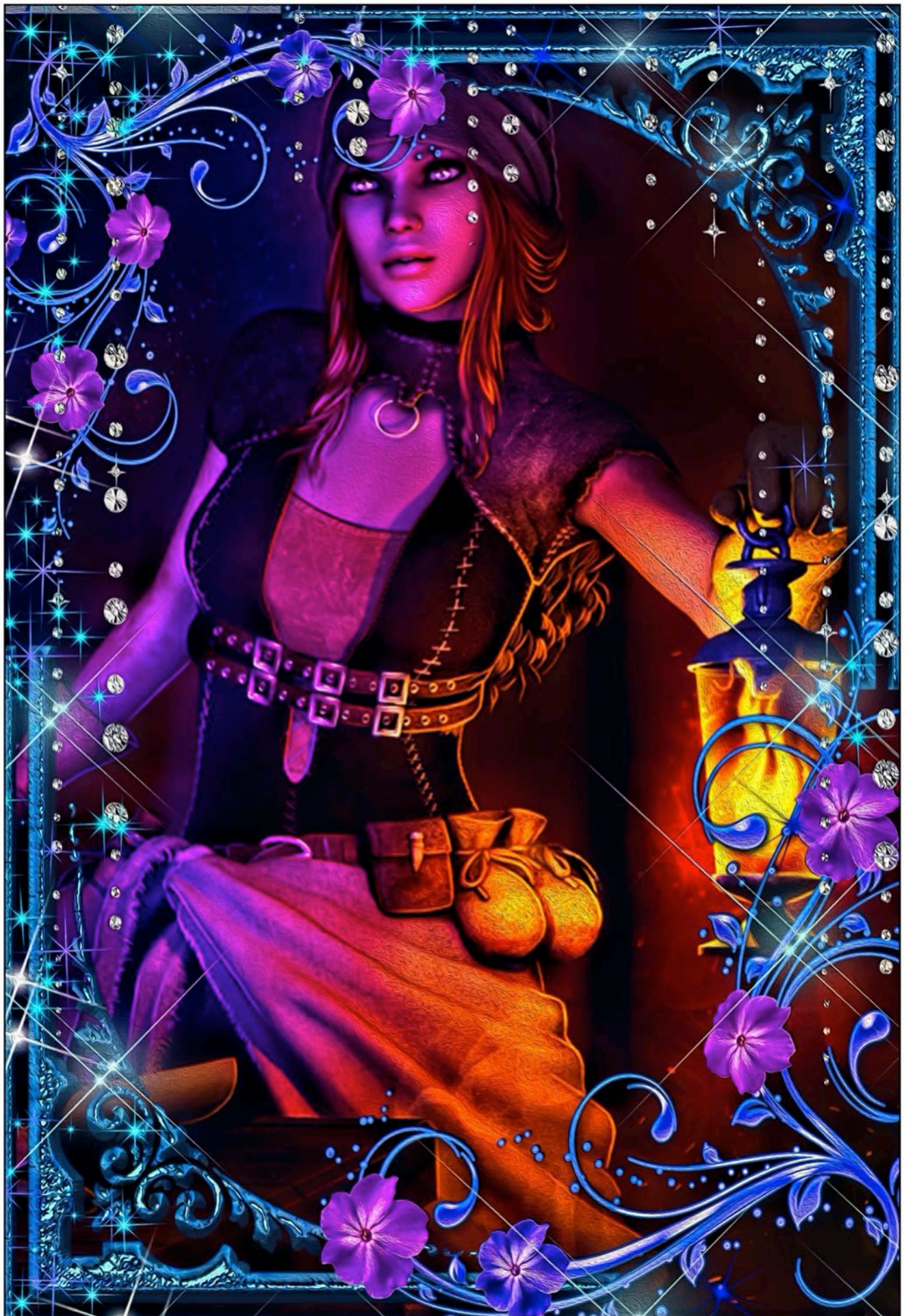
*The body's guide
but the logic of the 'know'.*





*Down through the fog,
the not, and the void,*

*Where 'God'
and everything fails;
Oh, zoids!*





*Down,
Where reigns the night,
where the air is thin,
Where the sky and stars
are not, but within,
Where the glorious
have not their throne,
Where there is
one presiding, all alone.*






*Down, down,
To the fathoms of the cryptic;
Where substance slept with arithmetic,*





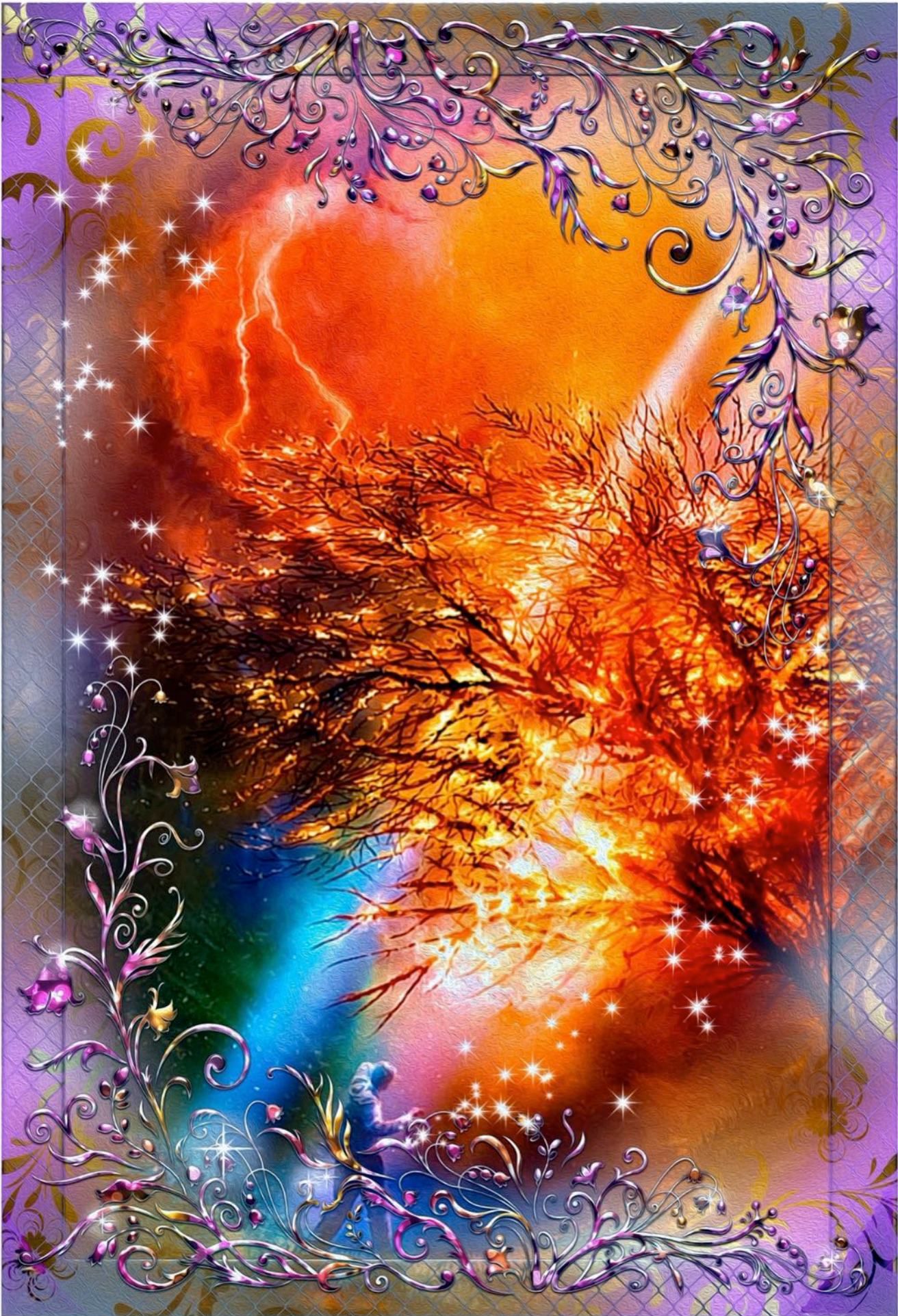
*Toward the spark yet nursed by embers,
To the first and last the universe remembers,
To seek the gem that shines—the wealth of mines,
The jewels so treasured by thee and thine.*






*What truth accelerates
life's momentous gem,
Letting the motto become
"Carpe diem"?*

*Who seized the moment
or lost its momentum,
Wearing not the time
as its royal diadem?*









The World
does not pass by—
we pass through it live;
Clear your being
so the treasure
may arrive;

The spirit sparkles
of a different light—
The gemstones are
of a different mine.





Down, down!
We guide thee,
we must carry thee;

We're illumination
beside thee...

Down!
Fear not the proof—
It's the beauty
of the truth:



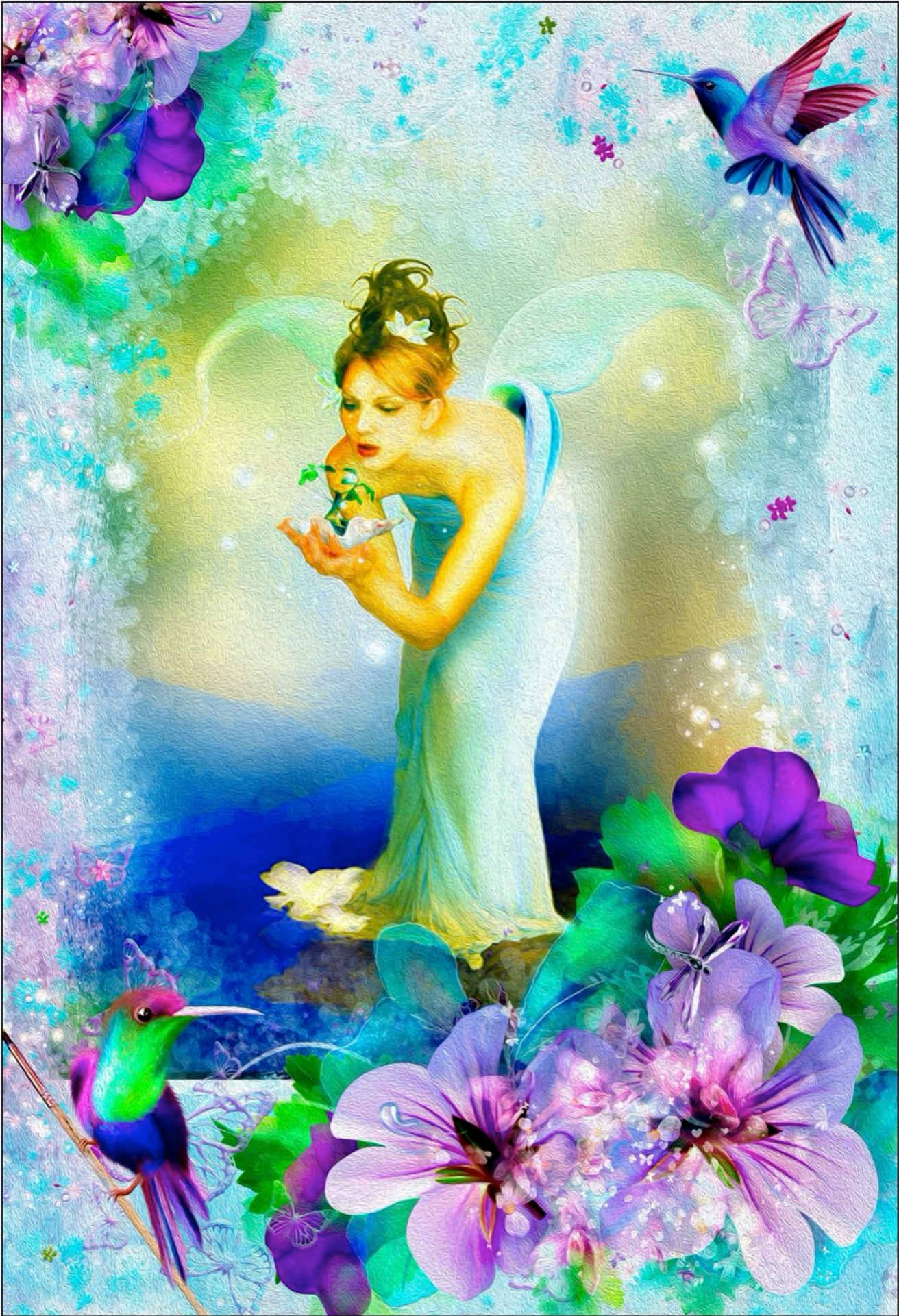


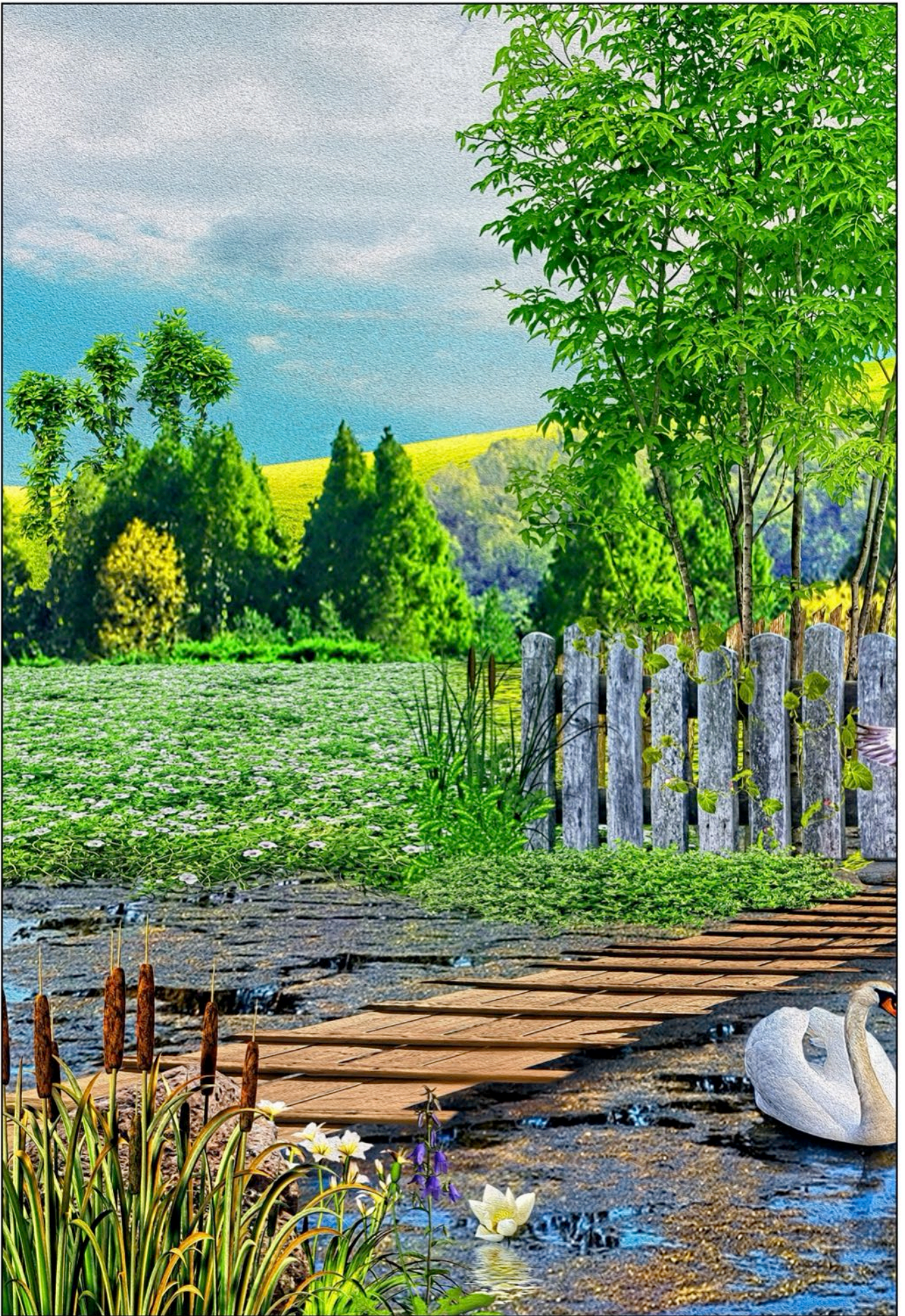
Above the ground
you were ever born again,

When the roseate hearts
were cleansed by dew,

And lucky were you
if spring found you new,

As every blossom
on the bush blew full.



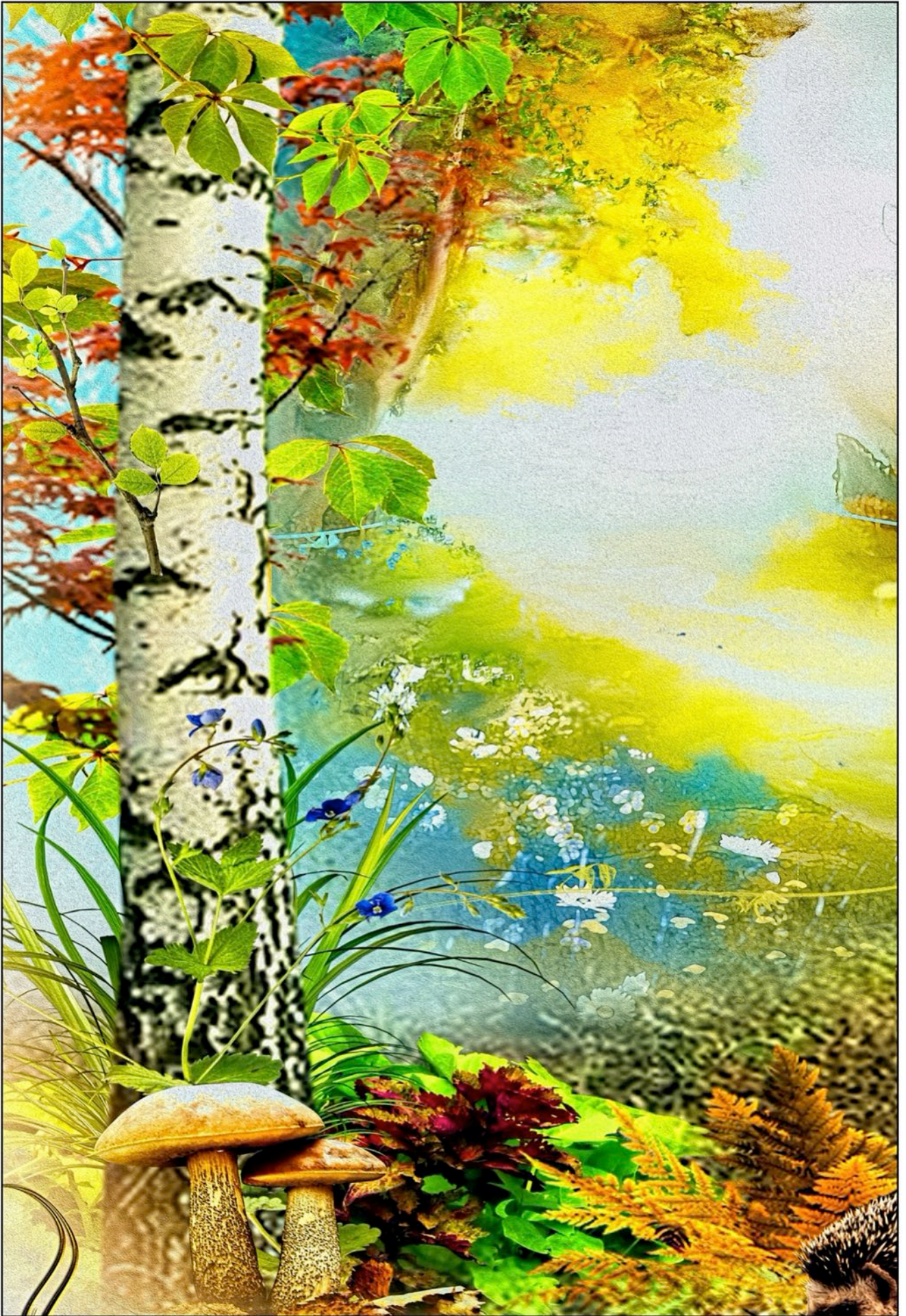






When these wonders
the new morning bestrew,
The beauty of truth
was all that you "knew".









Life's hardships there
were softened by beauty,
All its weaknesses
strengthened by the truth—

As when roses blossomed,
like realizations,
Beauty itself bloomed
from the well of truth.





For now, rarely enough,
existence is left aside,

And yet the essence
ever has its other side—

Life, although anguishing,
must be lived fully,

Since if you're alive enough
to feel its beauty

Then you're exposed
to its opposite twin;

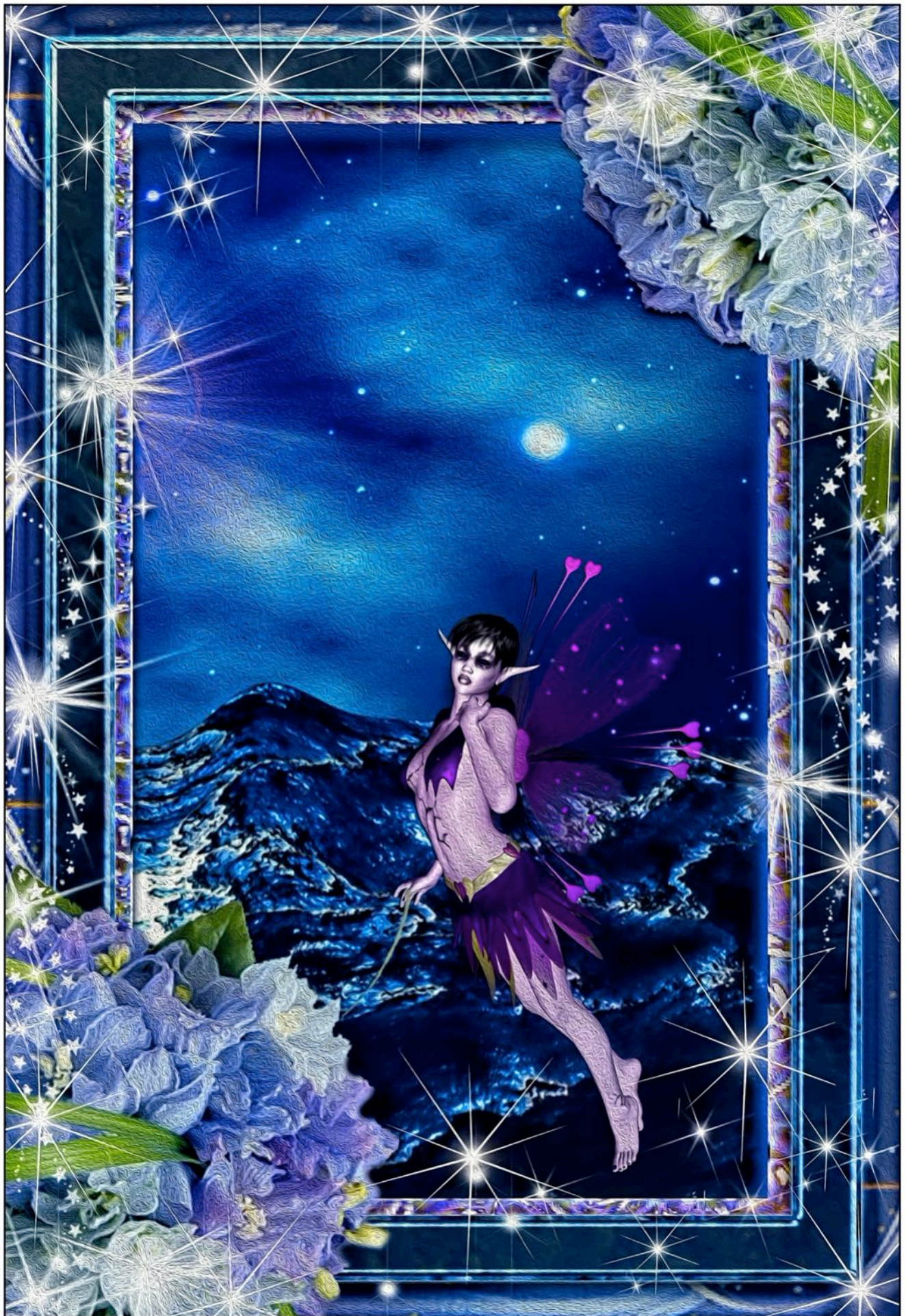
Yes, Beauty's other side
is Melancholy.

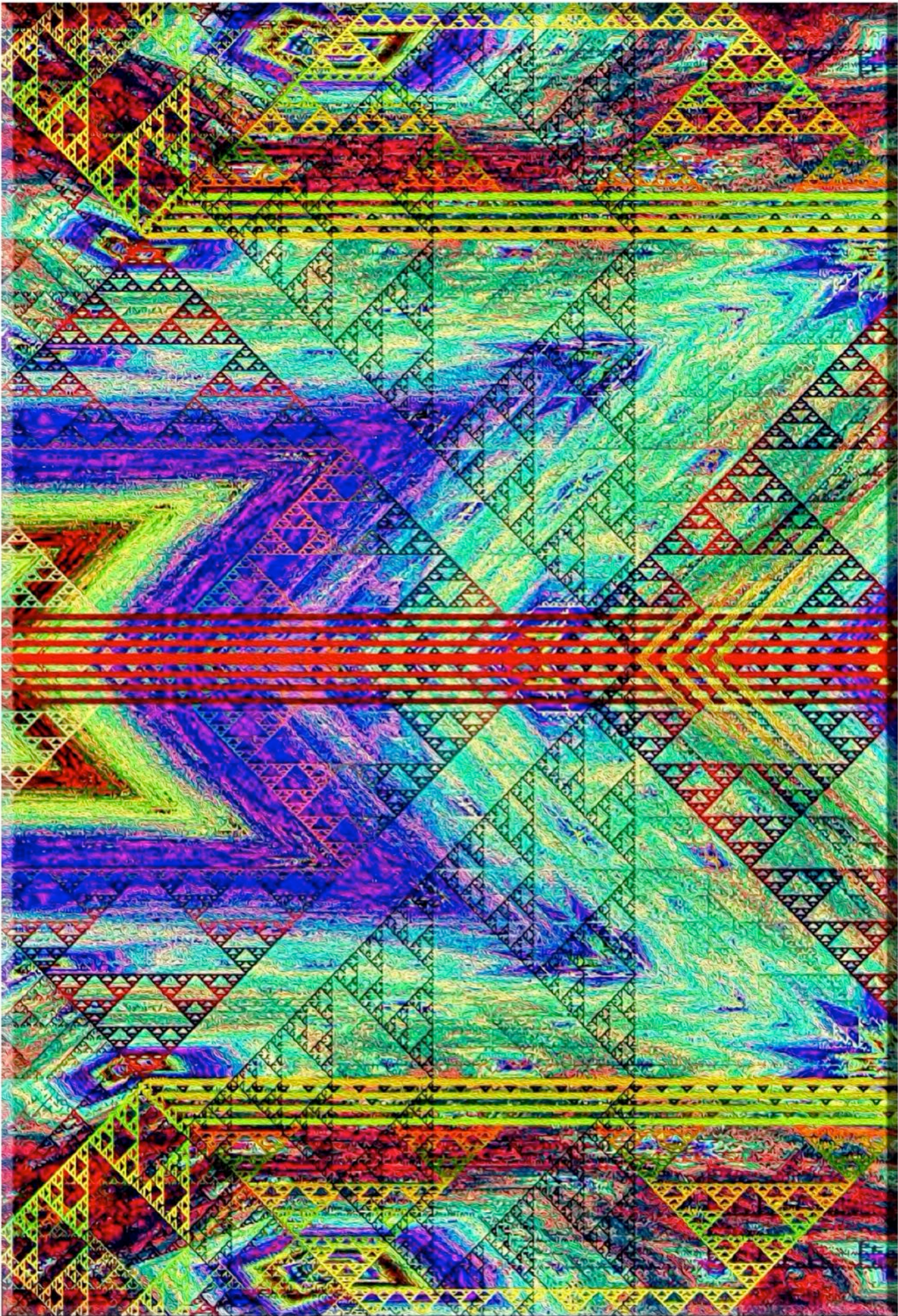





*Down, down,
The essence beckons us
back home,*

*As the
contained-container
is the poem.*









*When a deep truth
is known so intensely
That all of its clothing
falls away,*

*Then one has learned
the beauty of truth,
For the reality of meaning
is beauty.*



*When sadness brooded
over the morrow,*

I once visited the deep well of sorrow.

There enshrined, inseparate, Beauty said,

“Twas from me that sadness you borrowed.”

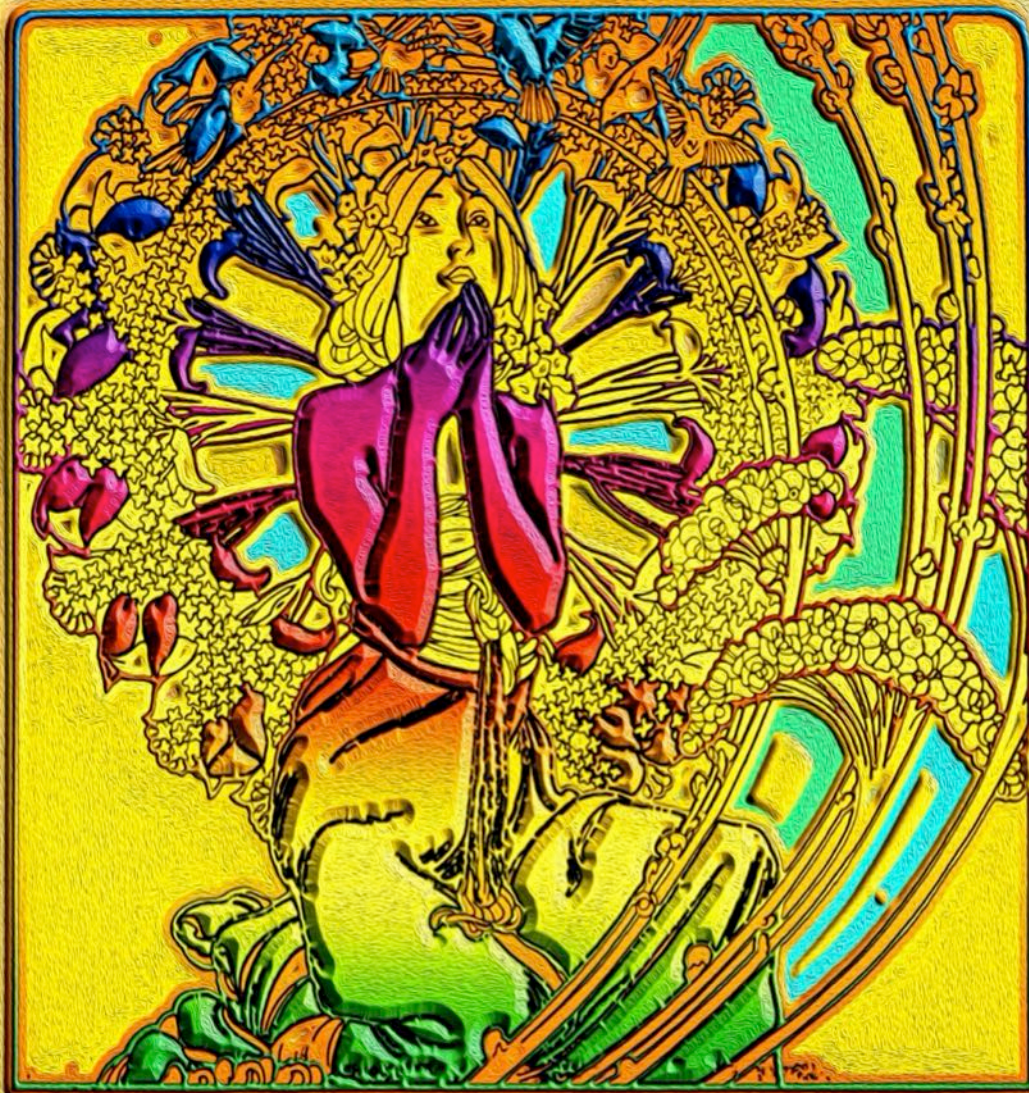






— The Beauty of Truth —

Life's hardships can be softened by beauty,
Its weaknesses can be strengthened by truth.
When roses blossom, like realizations,
Beauty itself blooms from the well of truth.



When a deep truth is known so intensely
That all of its clothing falls away,
Then we have learned the beauty of truth, for
The reality of meaning is beauty.
Life, although anguishing, must be lived fully,
Since, if we're alive enough to feel its beauty,
Then we're exposed to the opposite twin—
Yes, Beauty's other side is Melancholy.

*So do we live the life of art,
Each playing our part?*

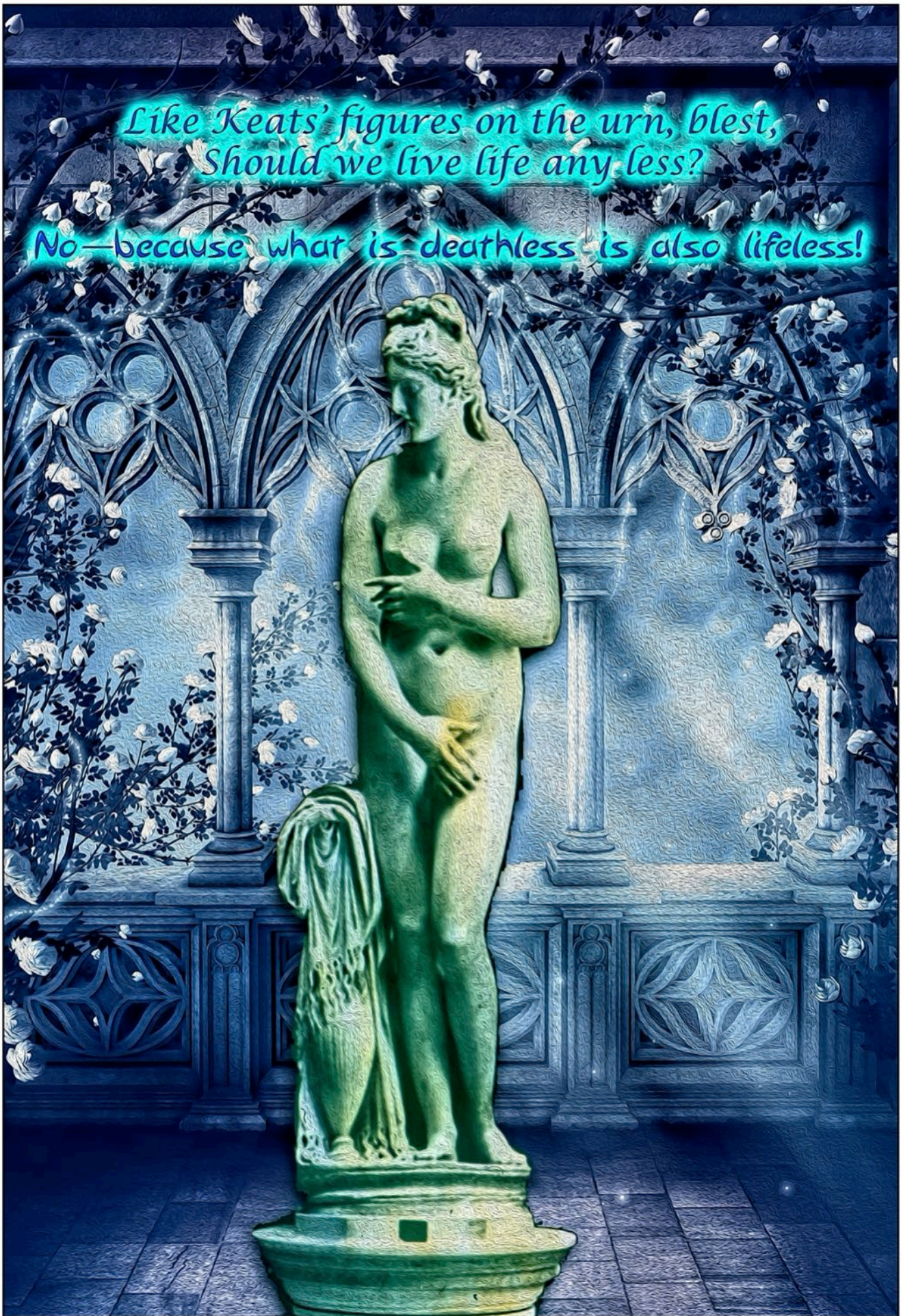
*May, that is not life, nor a part, bit,
For there's another dimension to it.
Art and poetry enrich human experience
But they're not substitutes for the living of it.*





*Like Keats' figures on the urn, blest,
Should we live life any less?*

No—because what is deathless is also lifeless!







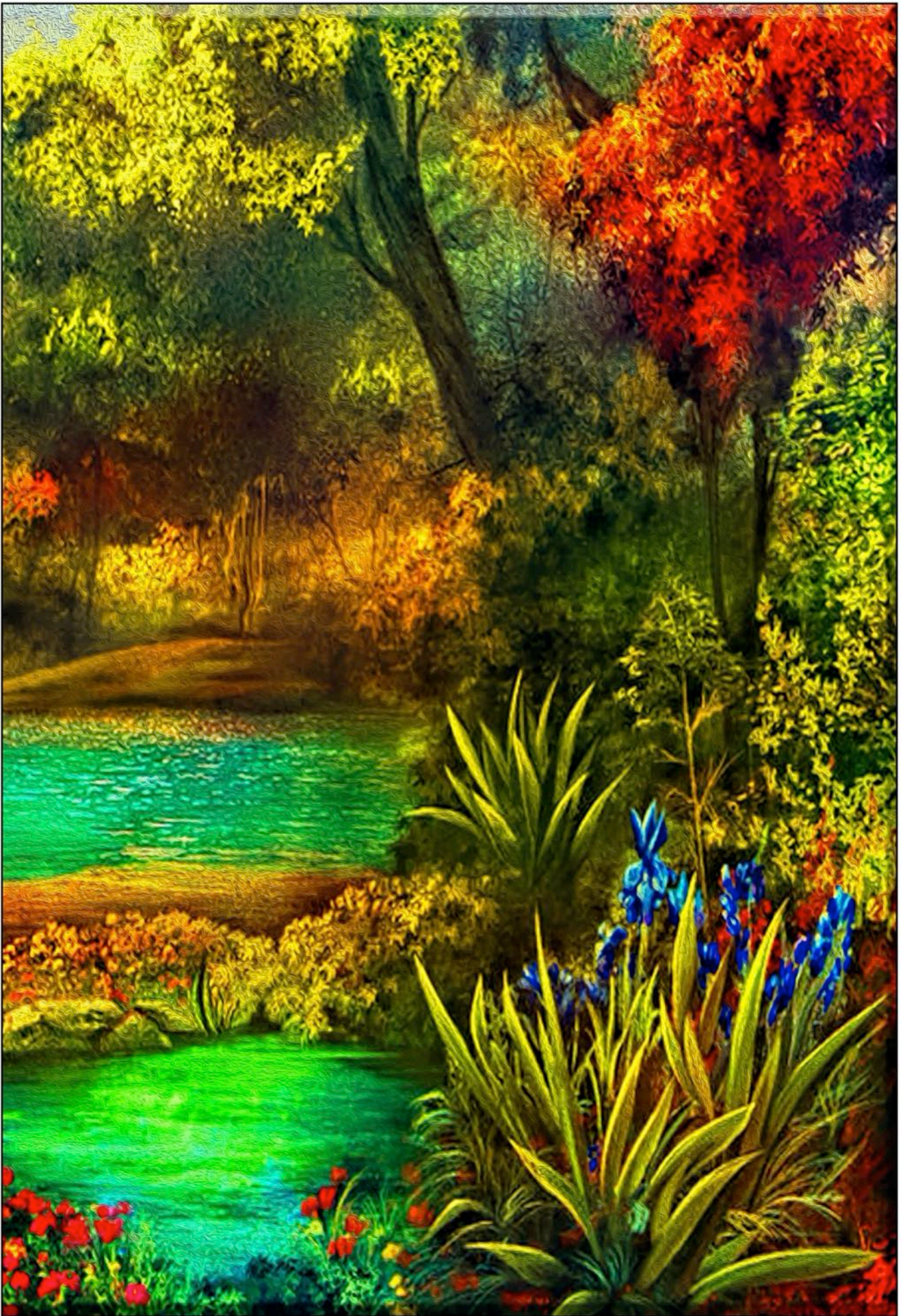
*Down, down!
Truth and beauty
must be inseparable,
Although this is
seemingly imponderable.*



A vibrant, painterly landscape scene. In the foreground, a dirt path leads towards a stream. The stream flows from the middle ground towards the right, with a small waterfall or drop-off on the right side. The banks are lush with green grass and various plants, including a large cluster of bright red flowers in the lower right. The background is filled with tall trees, many of which have golden-yellow and orange autumn foliage. The sky is a mix of purple and blue, suggesting a twilight or dawn setting. The overall style is impressionistic and romantic, with visible brushstrokes and a rich color palette.

*On that sphere above,
Soft breezes ever blew,
caressing me and you*

*As we kissed the roses new
and drank their dew.*





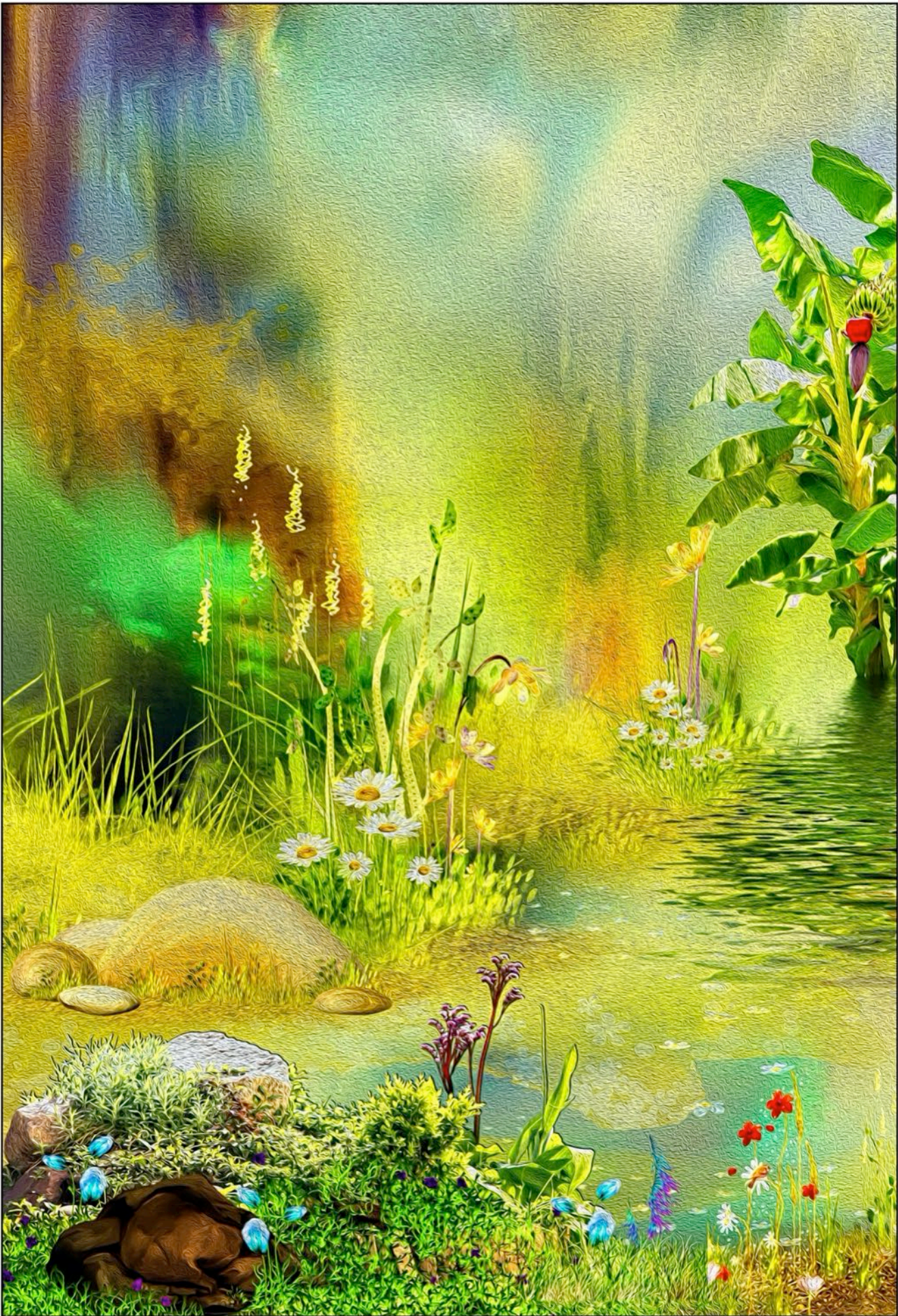


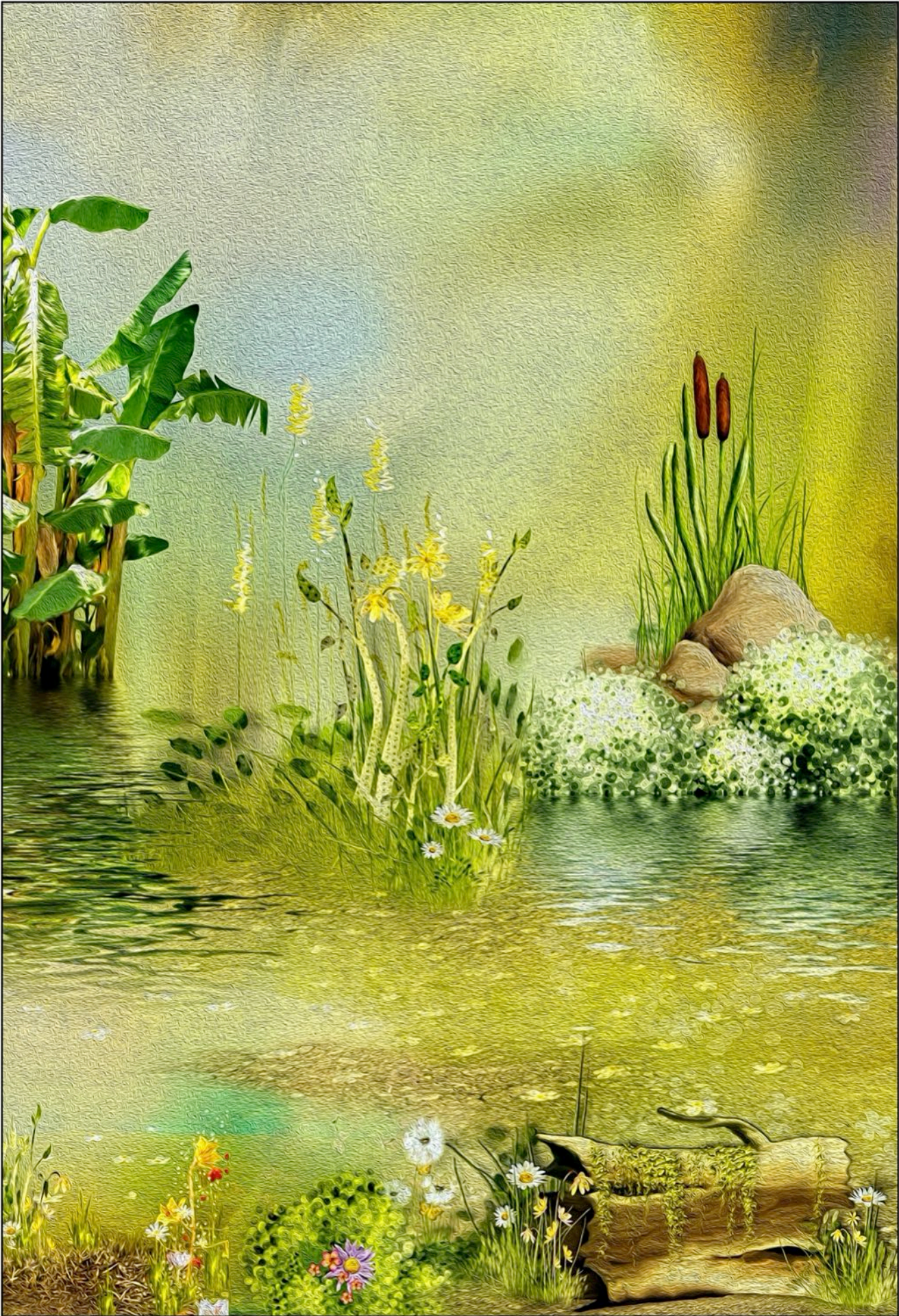


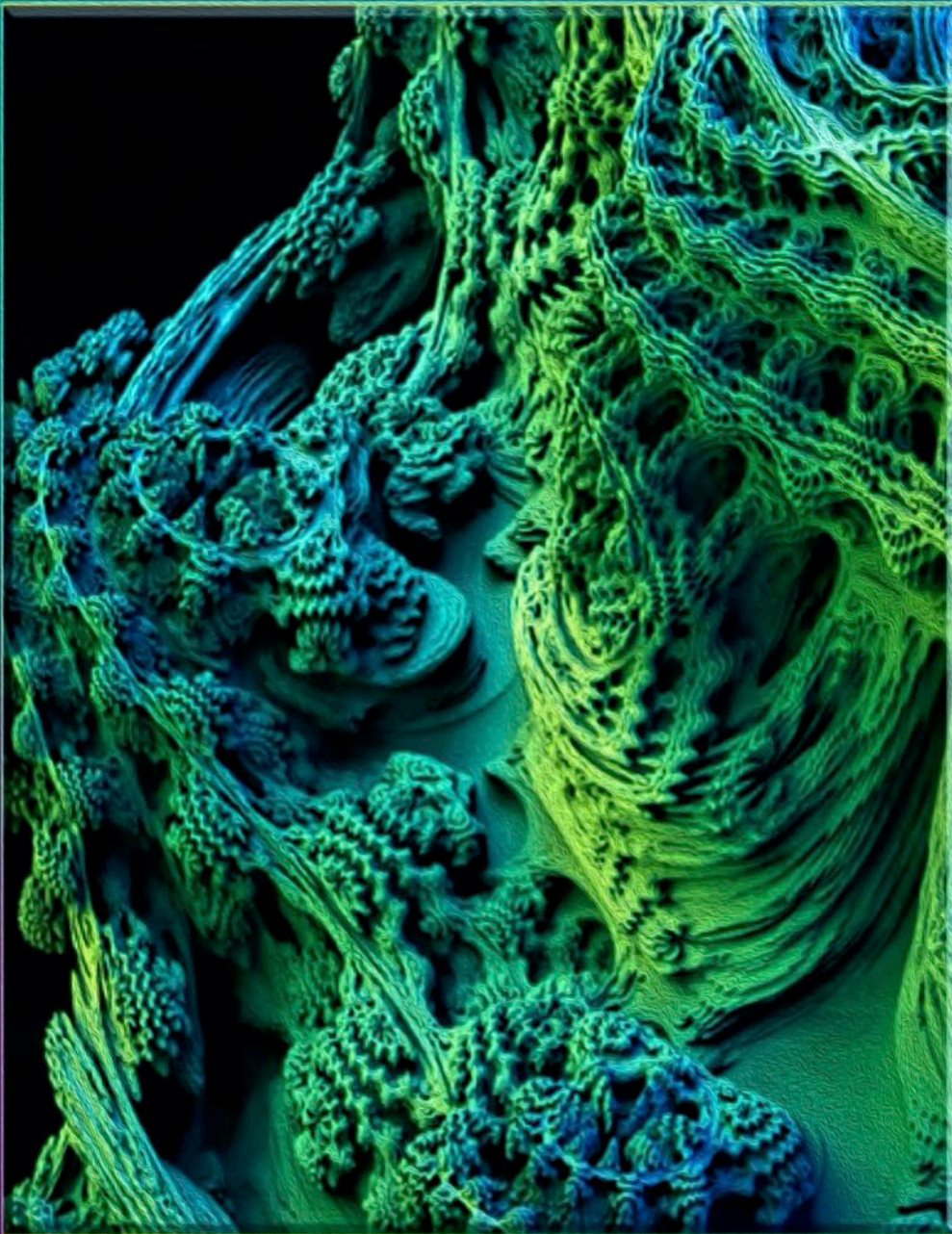
*Reason and passion
then merged into one,*

*As truth and beauty
made their rendezvous.*

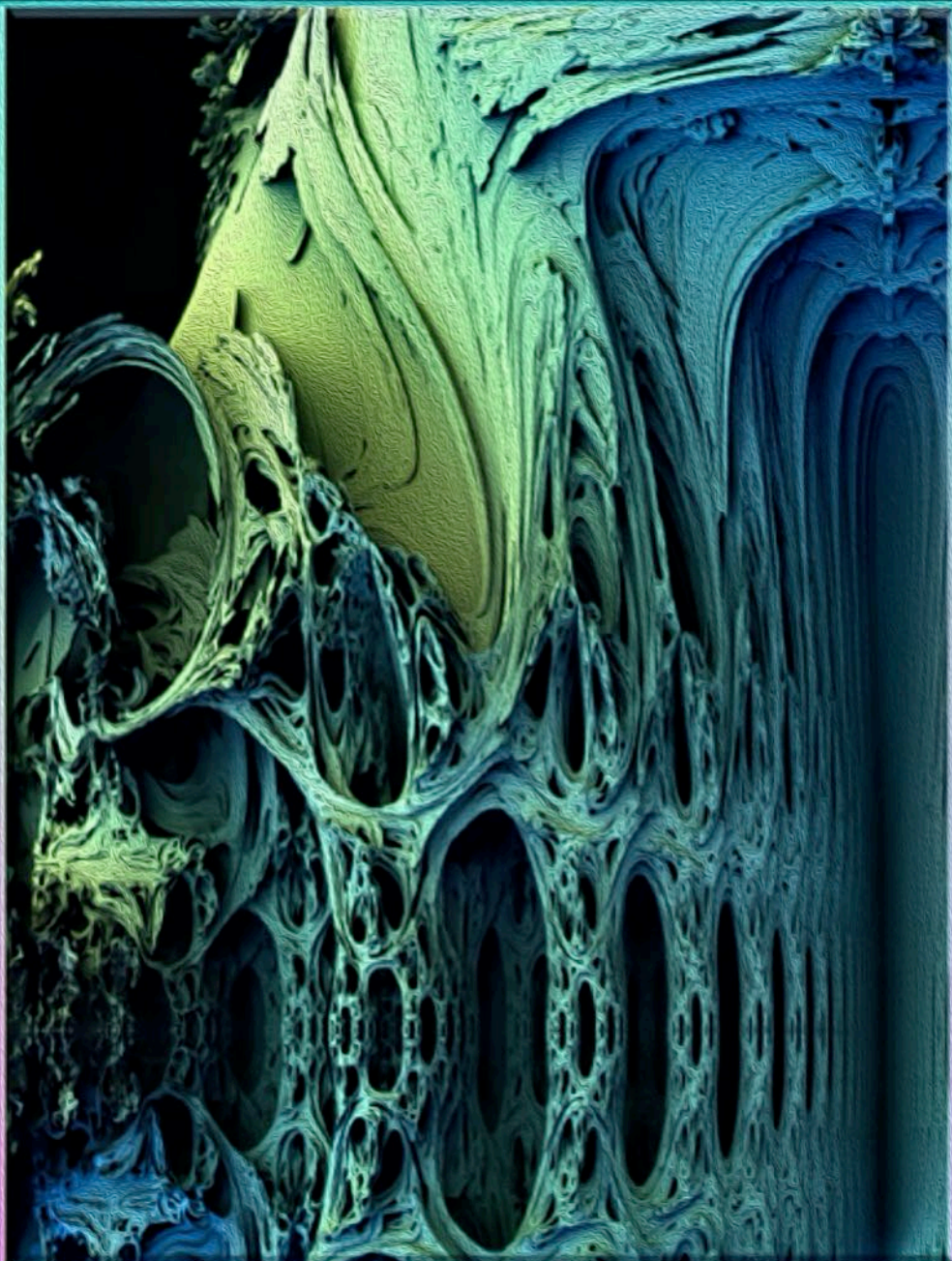








The Descension
Into the Depths



The Entrance
To the Deep



*Down, down,
ever down—*

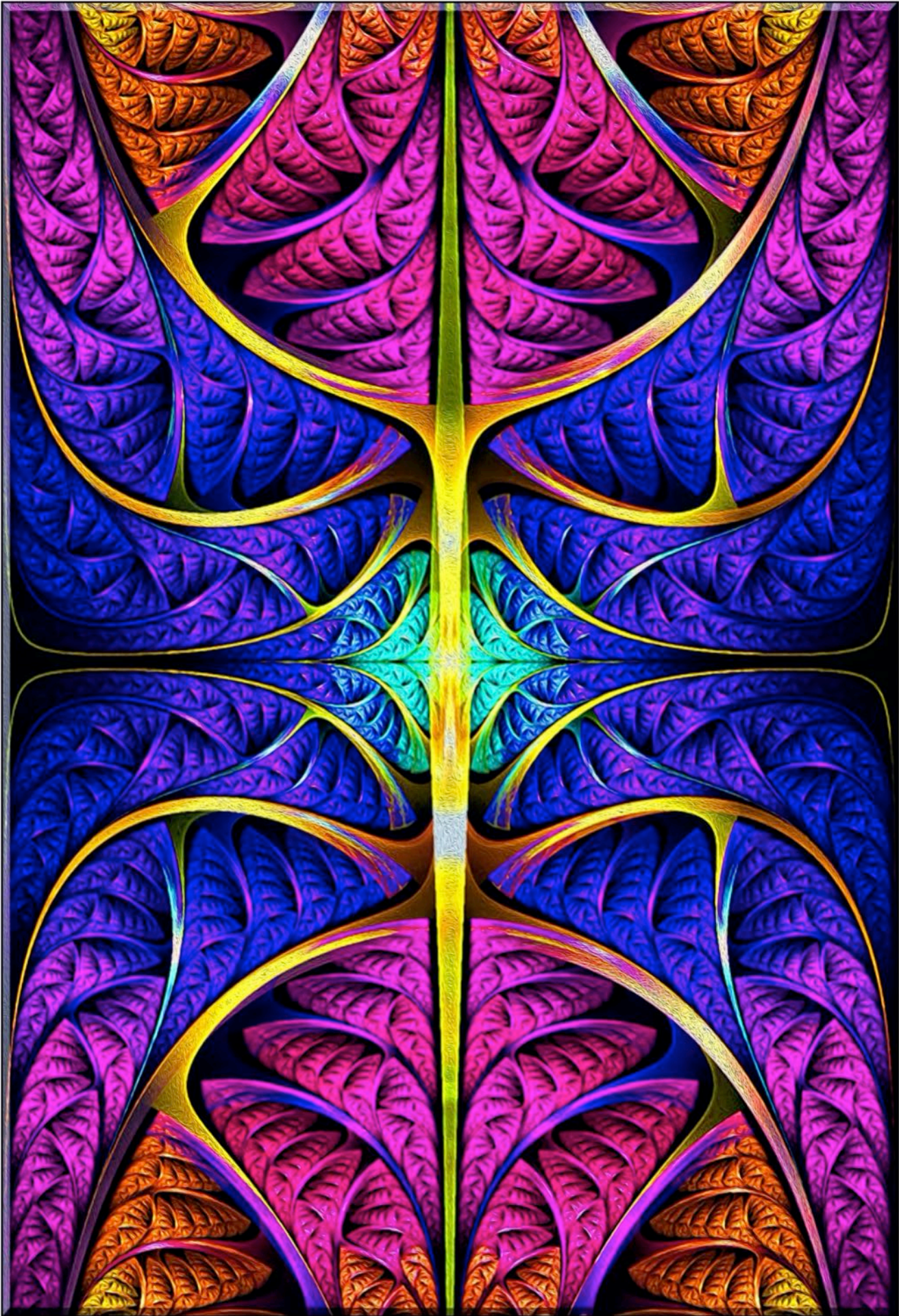
*Through the antiquity,
past all of the known—*

*Arriving at the lowest,
remotest throne,*



*One of the highest perfection,
For it is of the
two contrasting directions.*





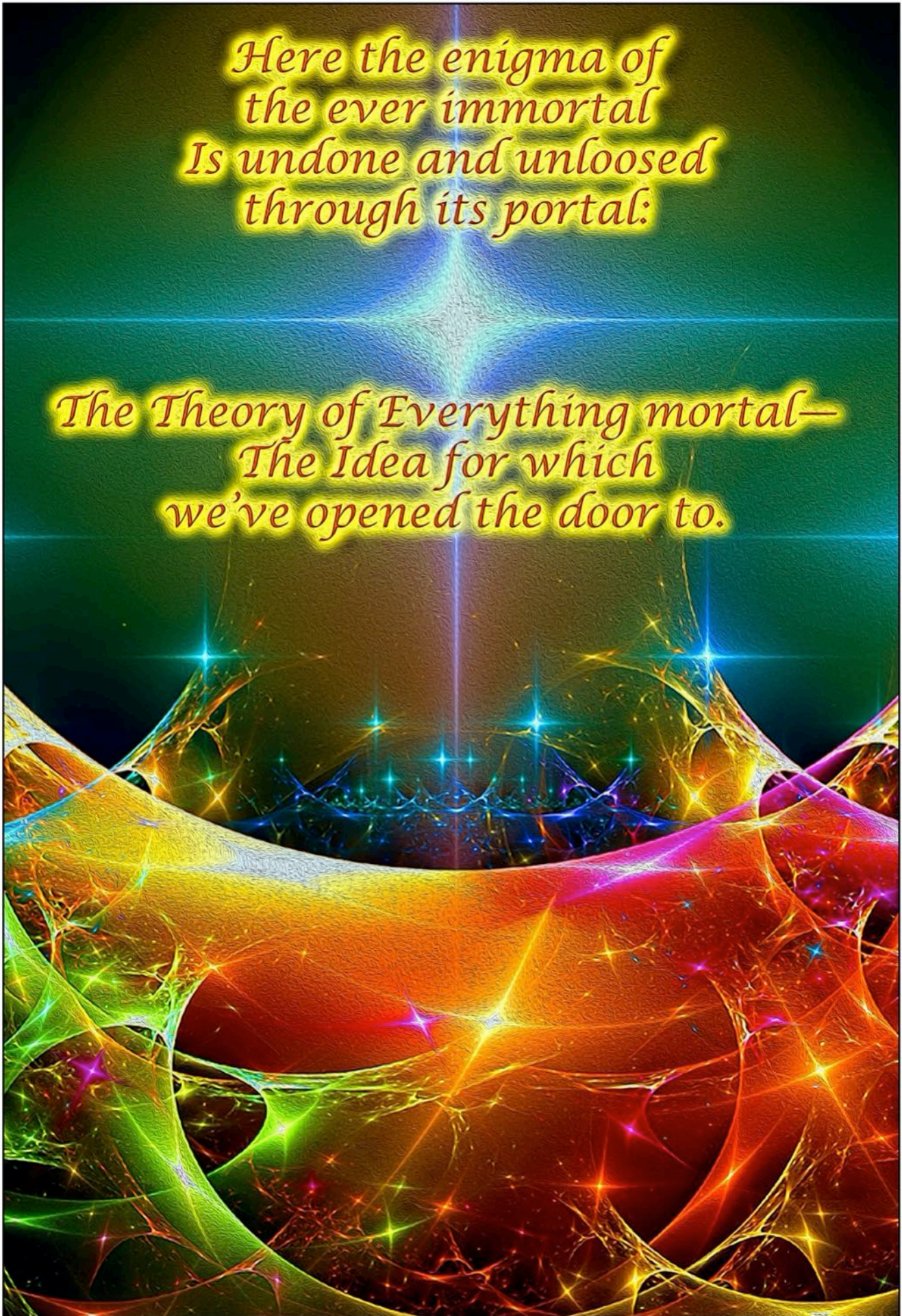
*Opposite twins
rule the causing call,
The positives and negatives
constituting All.*





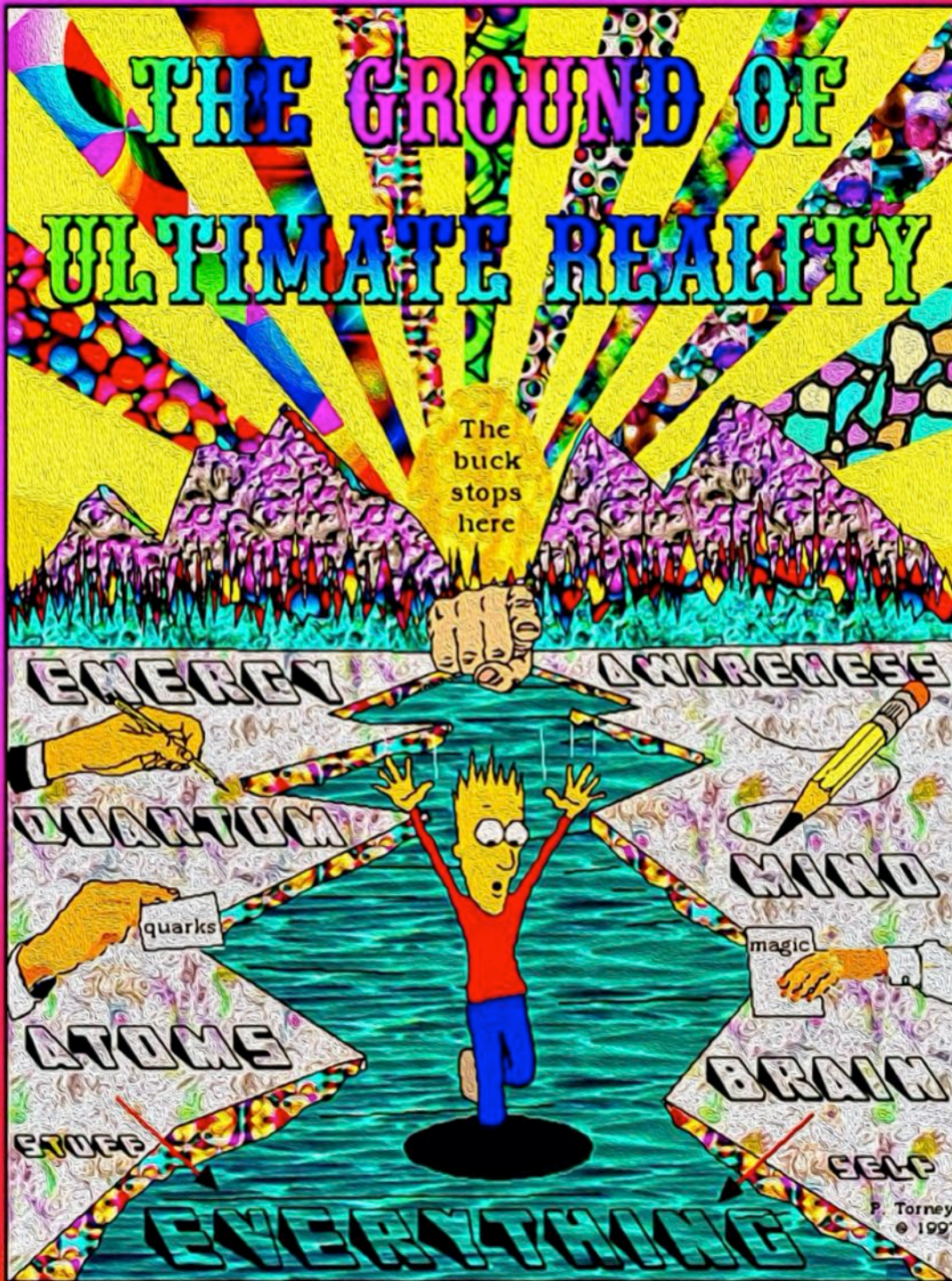
*Here the enigma of
the ever immortal
Is undone and unloosed
through its portal:*

*The Theory of Everything mortal—
The Idea for which
we've opened the door to.*



Here, the enigma of the immortal

Is undone and unloosed, through life's portal—

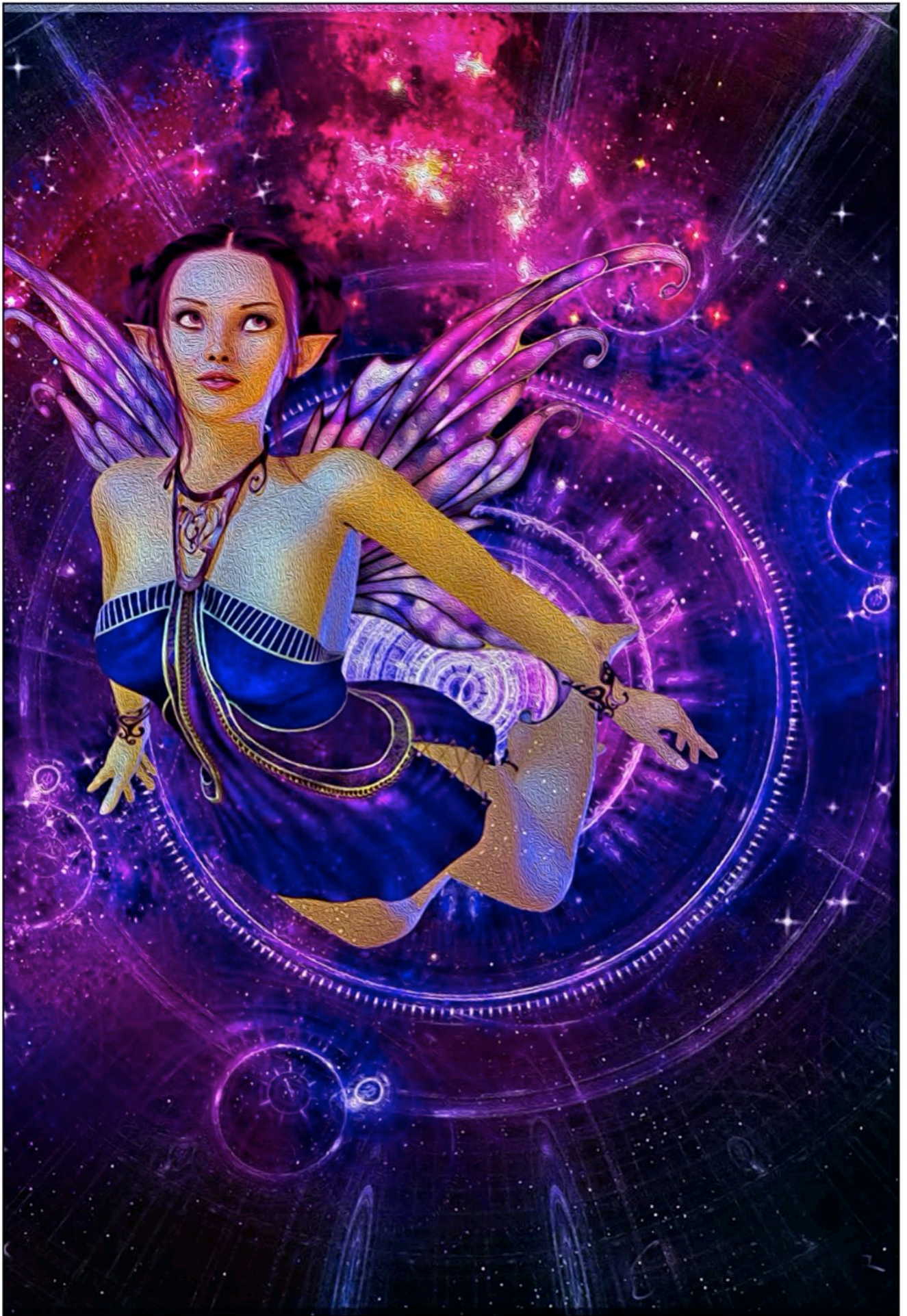


The Theory of Everything mortal—

An Idea for which we've opened the door to.

*Down, down,
To the end at last!*



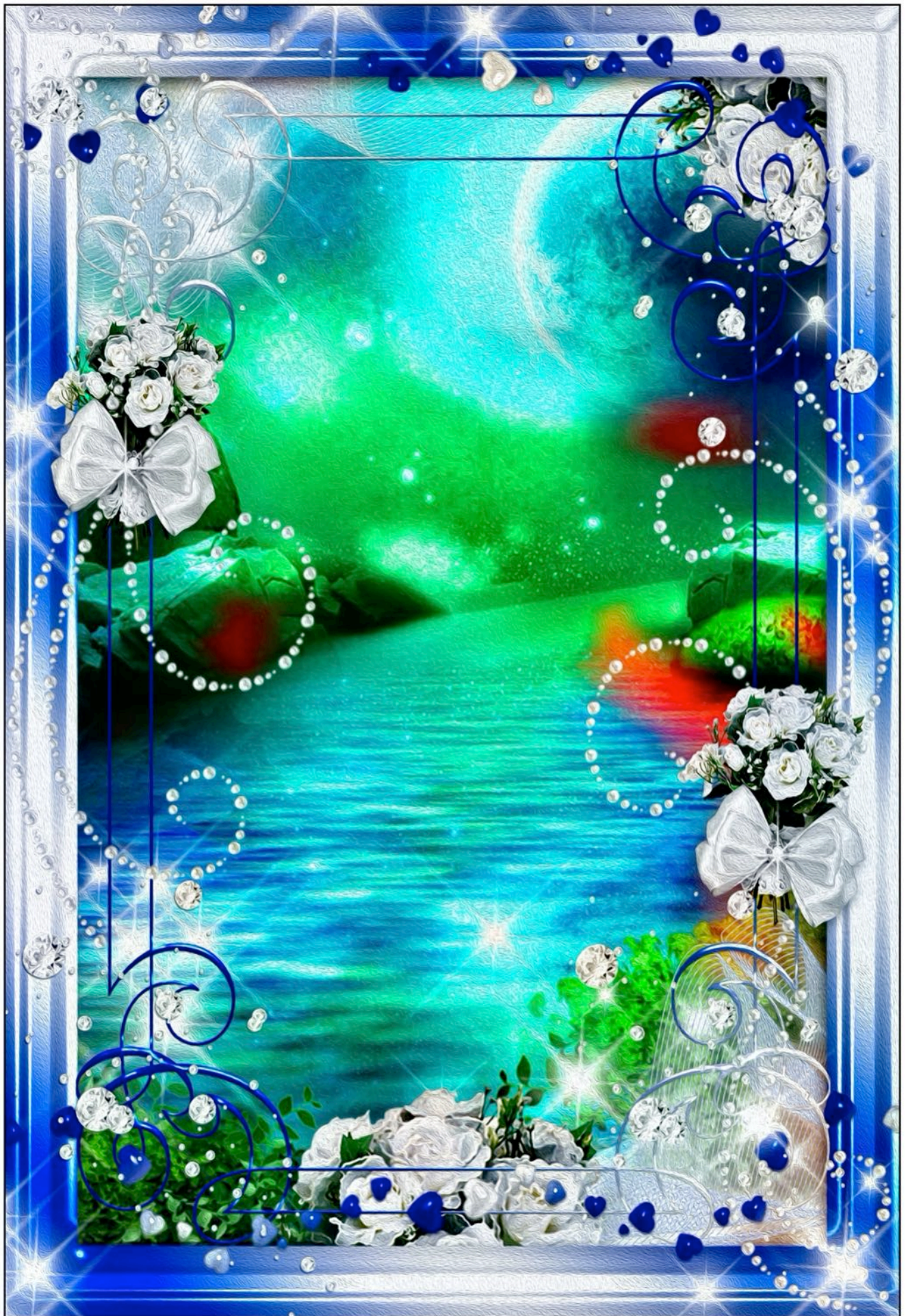






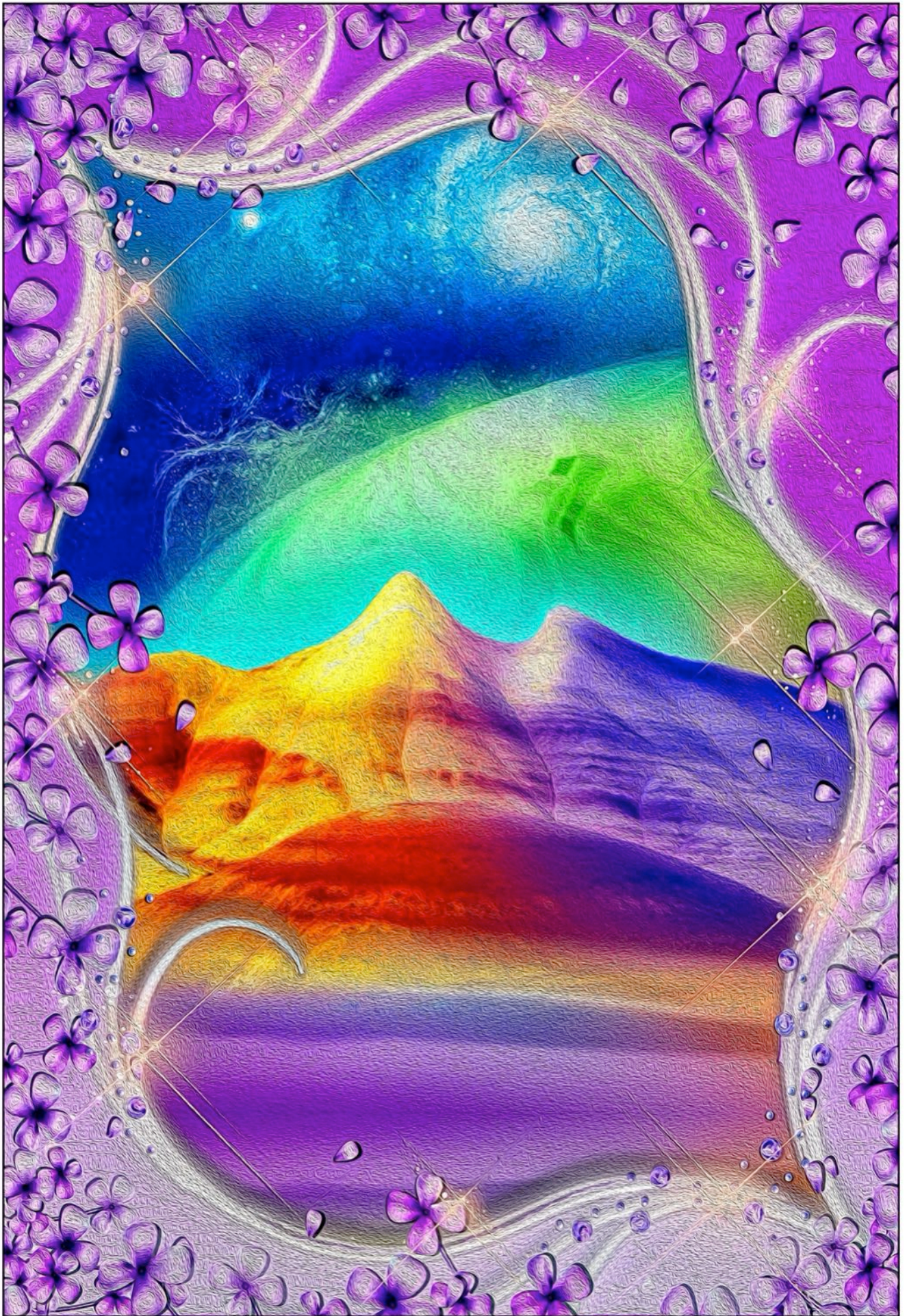
Here be the lawless
and the formless
Of the unordered,
uncreated scene.

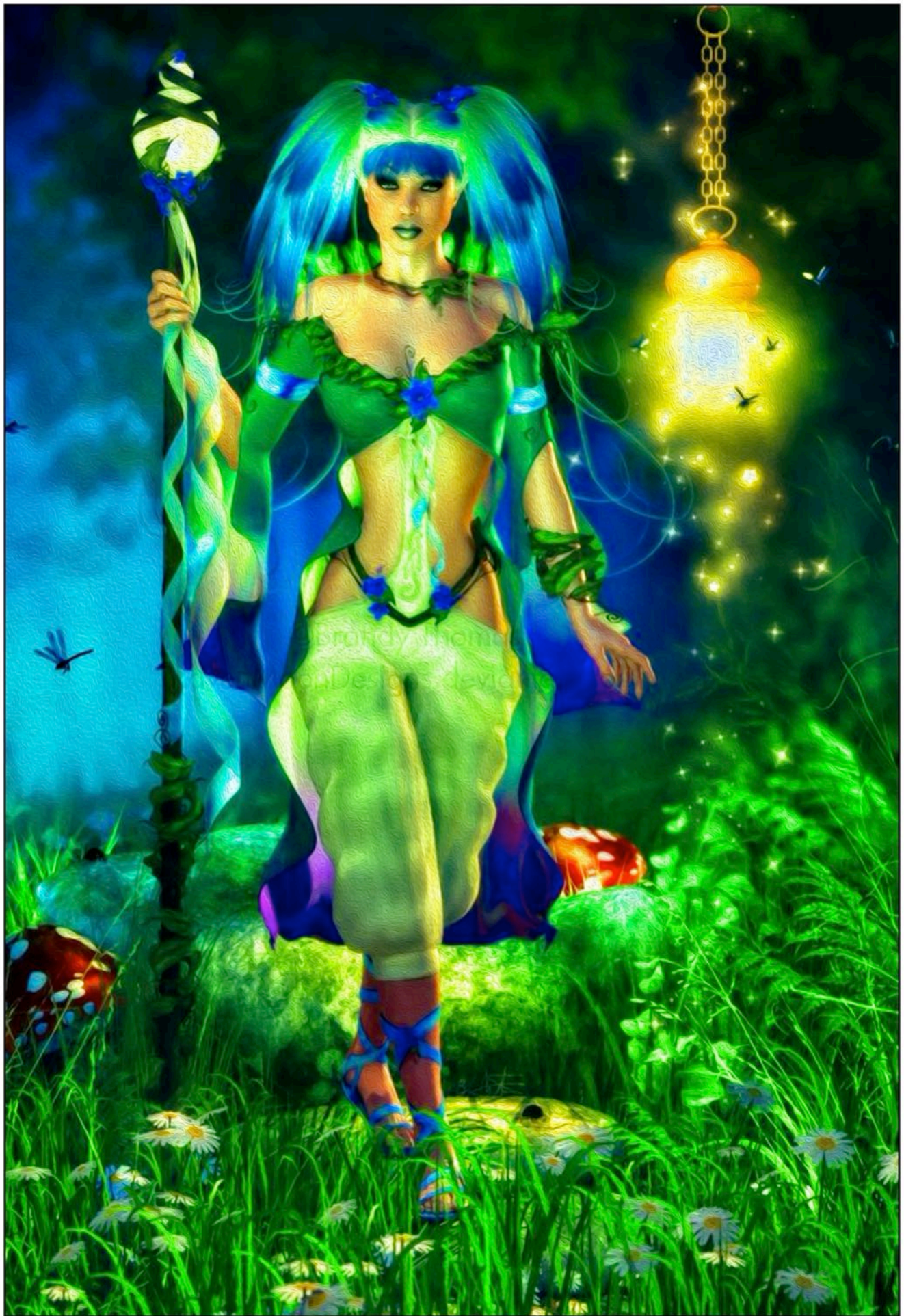




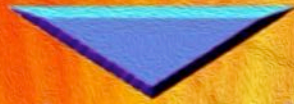


*Here the causeless
reigns supreme.*





nothing(why) + possibilities(how)



{ [space(where) <- (appearances) -> matter(what)]

+

[past(then) -> (movement) -> future(when)] }

=

the spirit of life



evolution



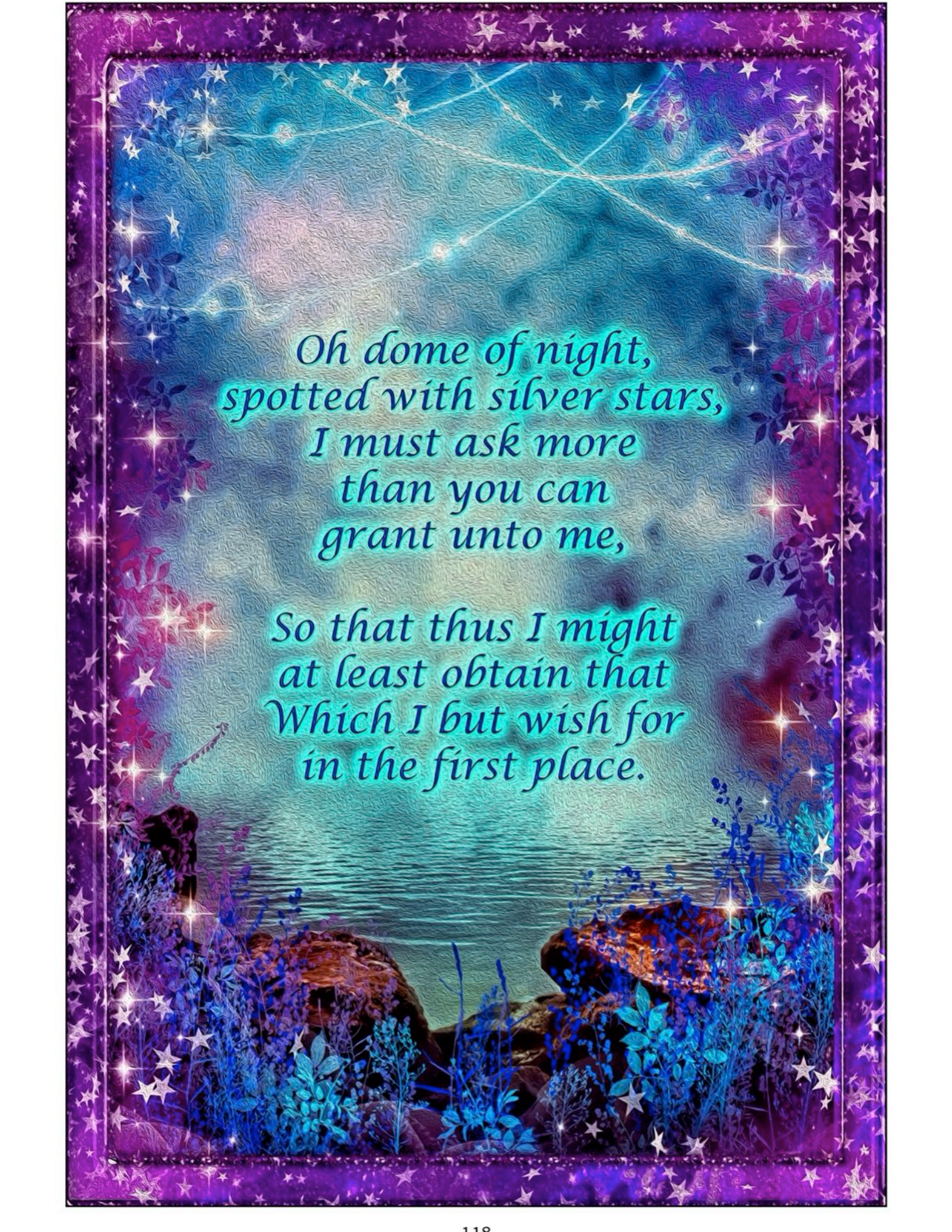
being(who)



now

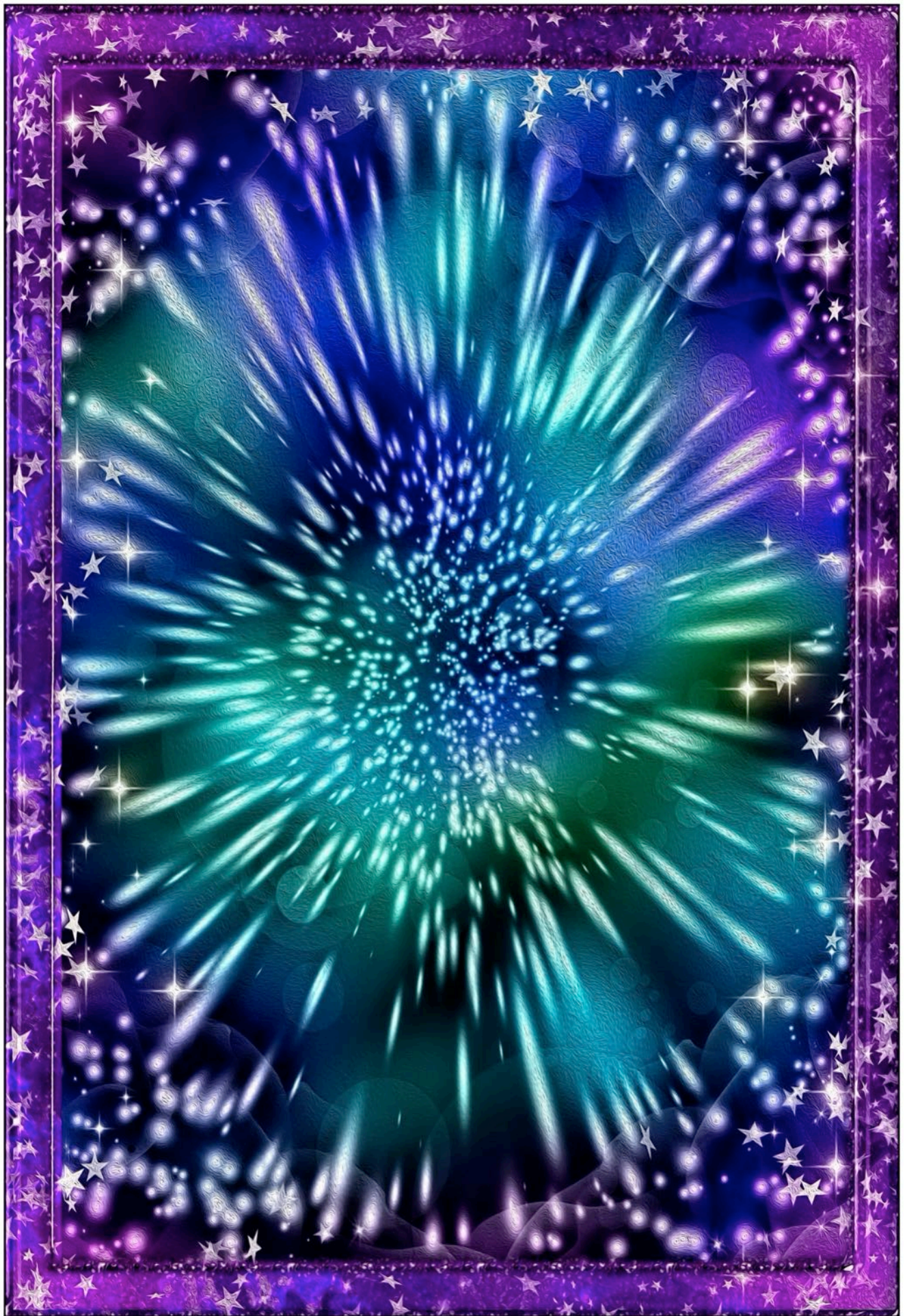







*Oh dome of night,
spotted with silver stars,
I must ask more
than you can
grant unto me,*

*So that thus I might
at least obtain that
Which I but wish for
in the first place.*



A woman with long dark hair, wearing a black, sleeveless, form-fitting dress with long gloves, stands with her back to the viewer. She is positioned in a lush, green landscape. To her left is a stone pillar or archway. The scene is framed by a decorative border of white, swirling lines and small purple flowers. Several large, vibrant purple flowers are scattered throughout the image, particularly in the top right and bottom left corners. The overall atmosphere is ethereal and magical.

Oh, man,
I cannot tell thee
of all there is,
For I am that, as all that is,
—the Wiz.

And as I never began,
I earned not my throne,
Yet I reside as the All
for reasons unknown.



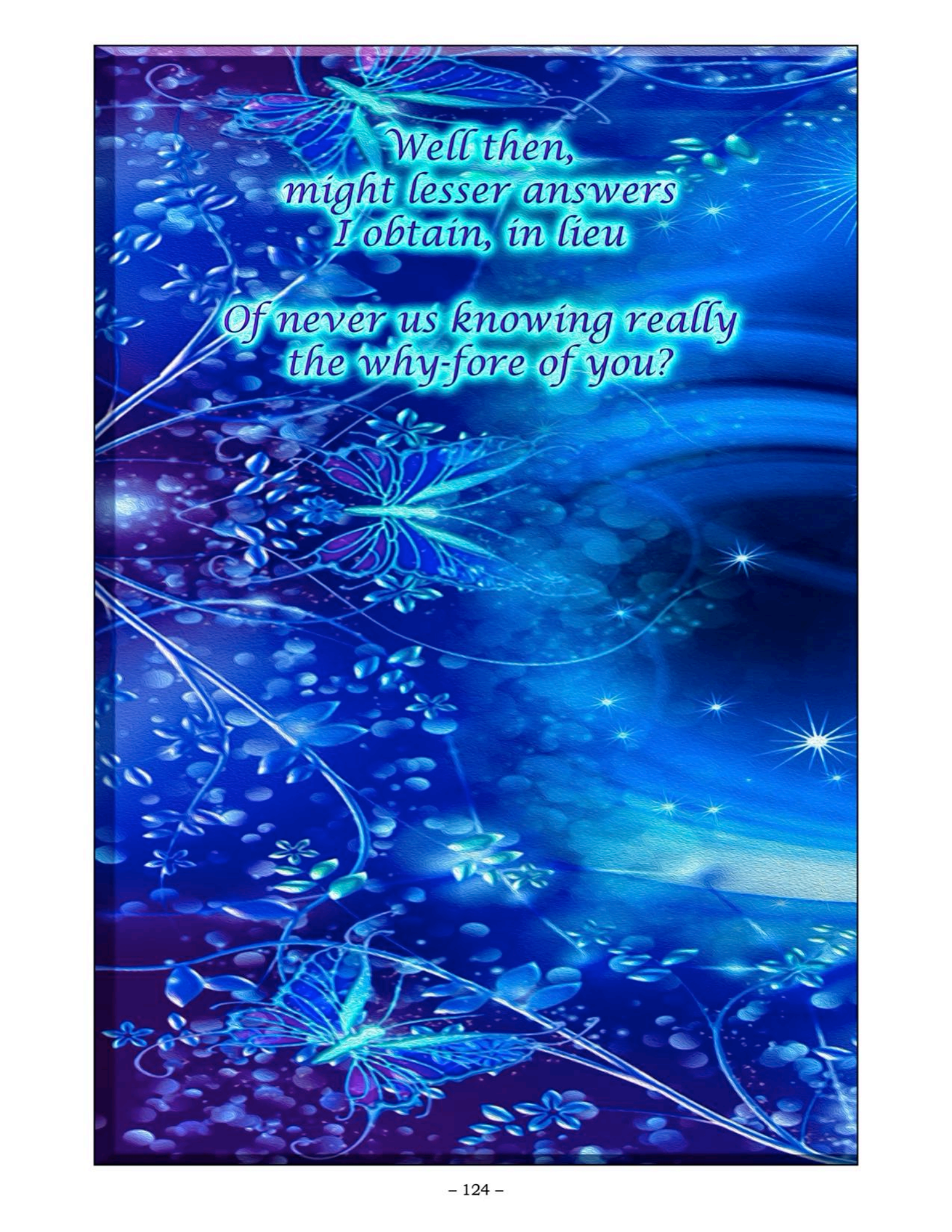


*You must be
Necessity.*

*I have always been,
and must be, so jot:*

*That All is
ever here to be,
since Nothing cannot.*





*Well then,
might lesser answers
I obtain, in lieu*

*Of never us knowing really
the why-fore of you?*



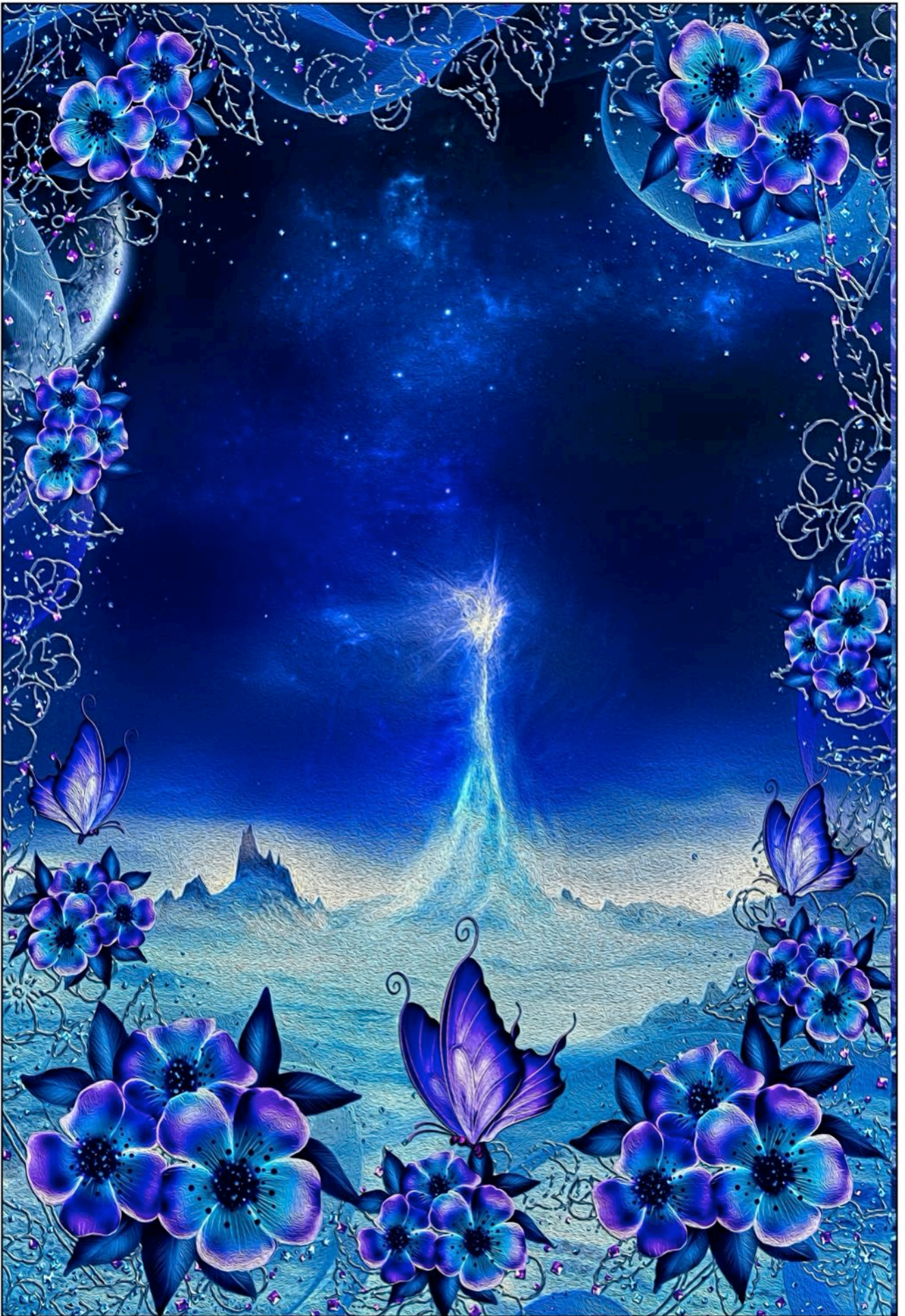


Oh heavens yes;
pose your quandaries,

But ask not immortality,
nor youth, nor birth

From my powers of the night,
'though these I have

But know not the why,
for I have no First.






*Why then,
is the universe so extravagant—*

*With trillions of galaxies
of billions of stars,*

*About which so many planets
whirl and twirl,*

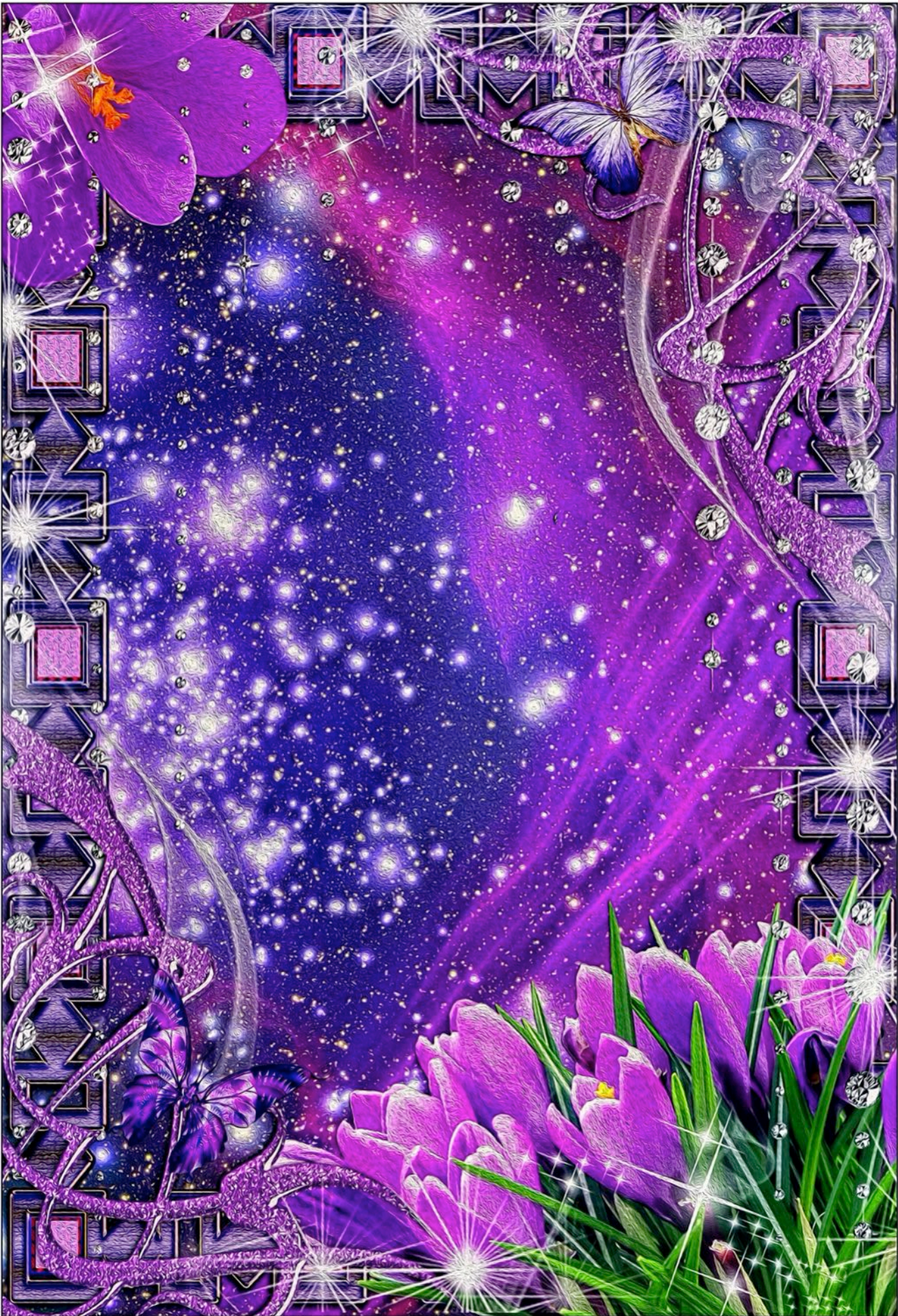
*With so much dust swirling
in between worlds?*





There are
vast multitudes, true,
so easily made,
And more;
yet they are finite,
as must be,

For no cap can be
placed on infinity;
If it could,
then night would be
white with light.



The image features a central text block surrounded by a rich, decorative border. The border is composed of various floral elements, including large purple roses, smaller white and purple flowers, and two vibrant butterflies with blue, green, and purple wings. The background is a deep blue night sky filled with numerous small, bright stars. The overall aesthetic is whimsical and elegant, with a strong emphasis on purple and white tones.

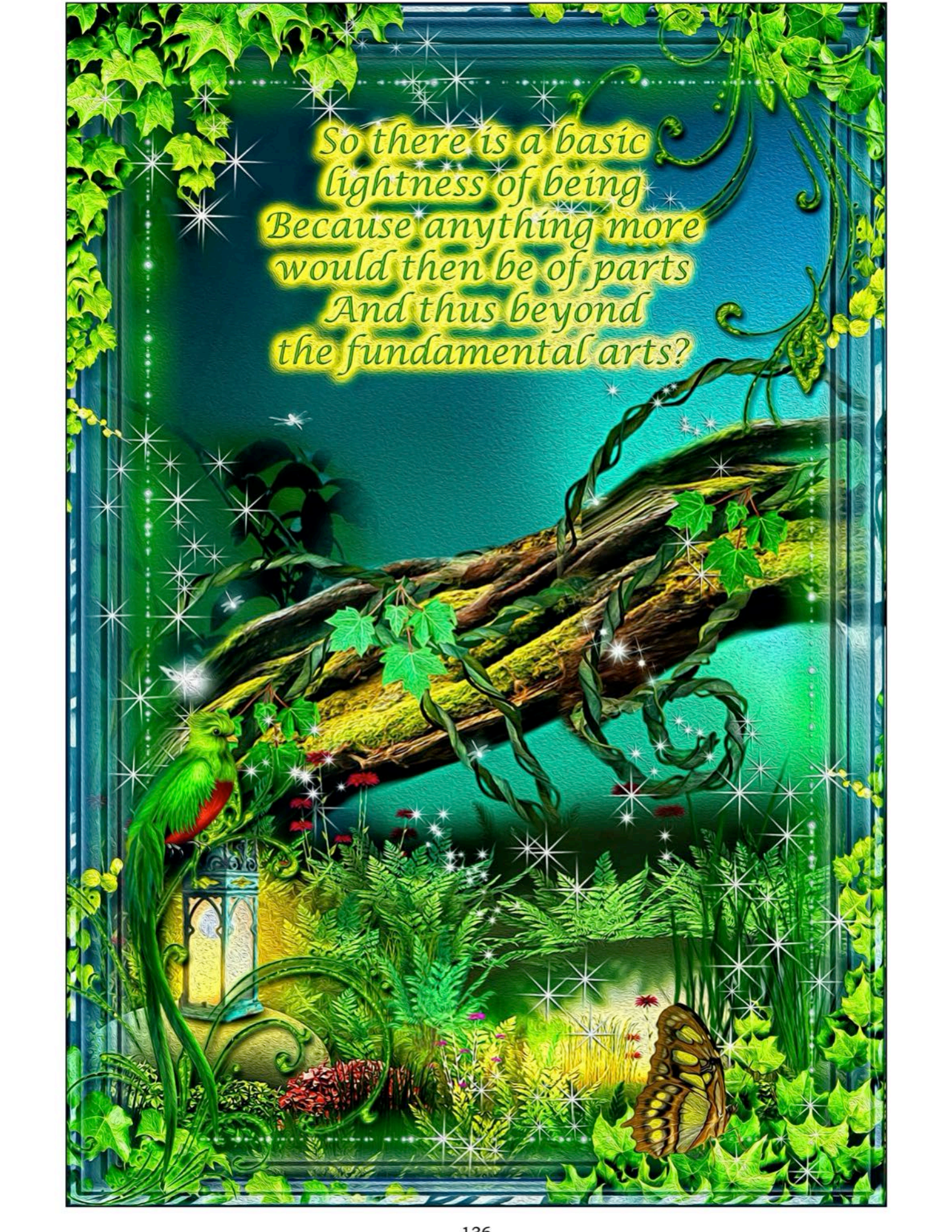
*So then,
there are stars to burn,
as with great riches,
But why, really must
the largest be so large?*



It is because
the infinitesimal,
the smallest,
Must be so very tiny,
so minuscule,
As a simple,
continuous function,
Neither composite nor
of course complex.







*So there is a basic
lightness of being
Because anything more
would then be of parts
And thus beyond
the fundamental arts?*





Yes it is that the base
can only be as such
When it's just
a bit more than nothing;

But there is some more to it;
just ask to learn.





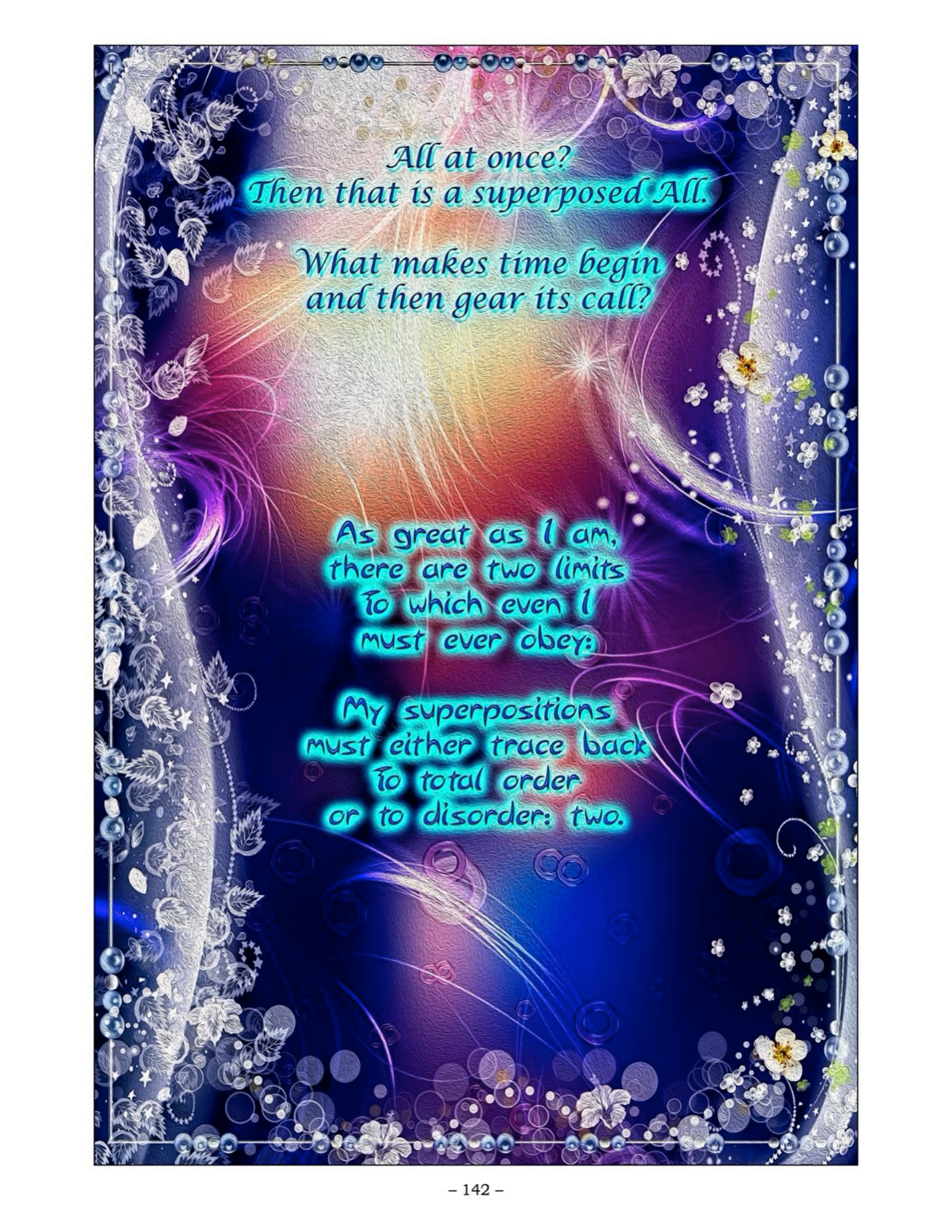
*Is it too that there are
then so many more chances*

*For arrangements,
due to the extravagances?*

*Not as meant,
but that falls out, as it must,*

*For since
the opposite Not cannot be,
I must then be Everything—
of possibility.*



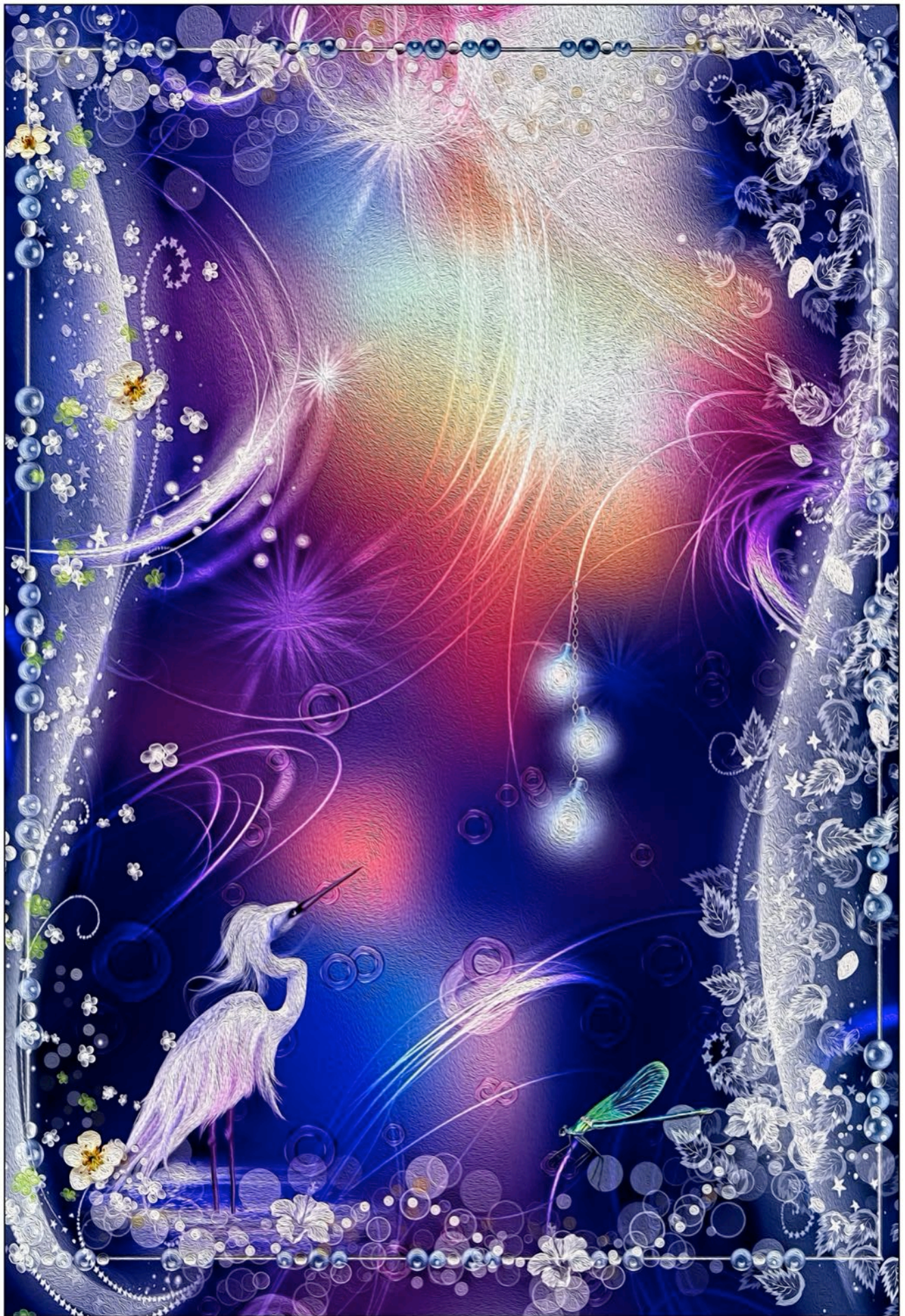



*All at once?
Then that is a superposed All.*

*What makes time begin
and then gear its call?*

*As great as I am,
there are two limits
to which even I
must ever obey:*

*My superpositions
must either trace back
to total order
or to disorder: two.*

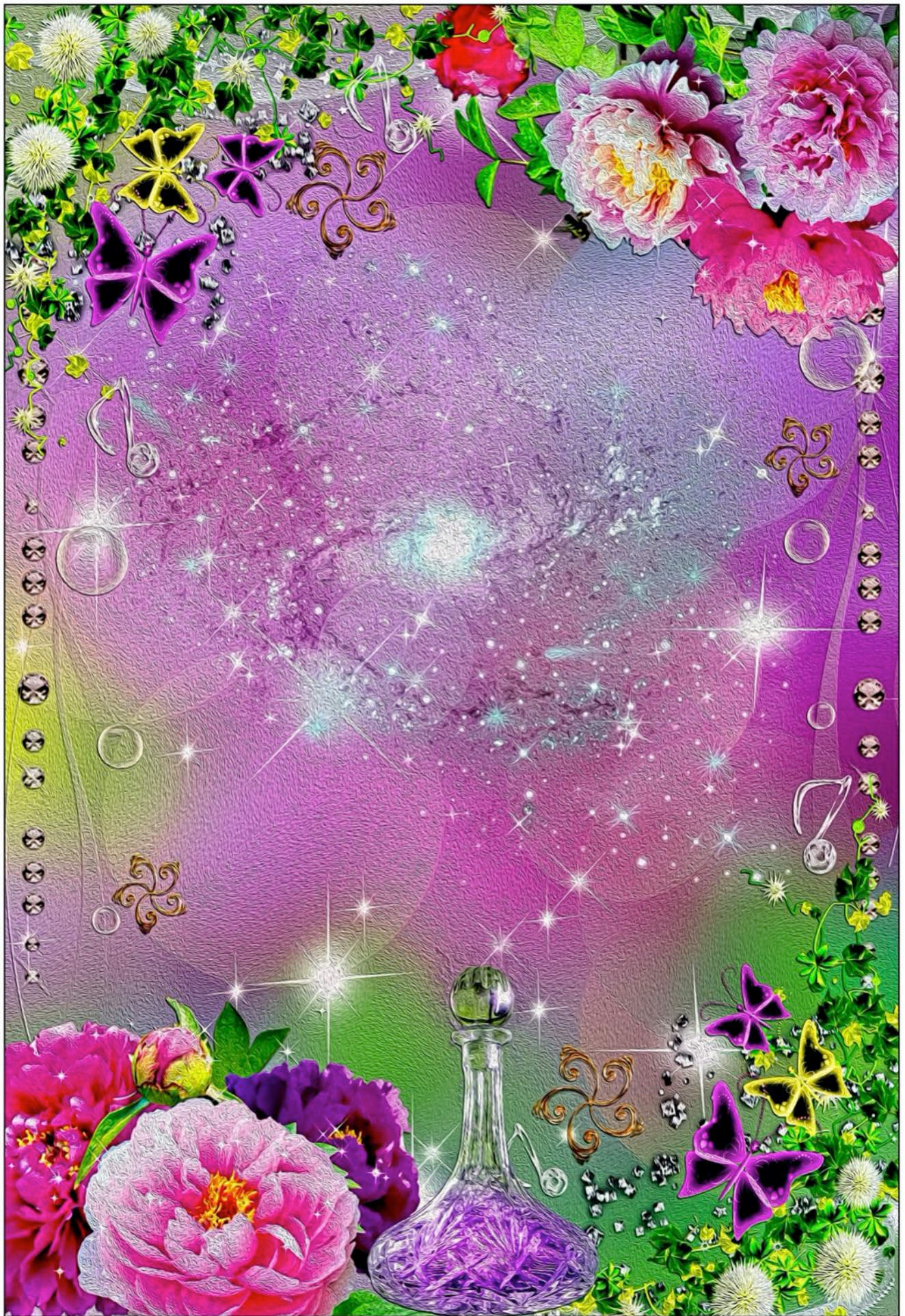




*And so time can
only begin from order,
As with matter
separated from antimatter—*

*Time pushed forward
by this arrangement,
And further pulled
forward by disorder?*

*'Tis confirmed,
with the Big Bang start,
Through the
vast stages of diversity,
Unto the end—
of entropy's heat death.*





*As protons to stars
to their explosions
And radiations*

*to atoms to cells to life
Unto brains and consciousness?*

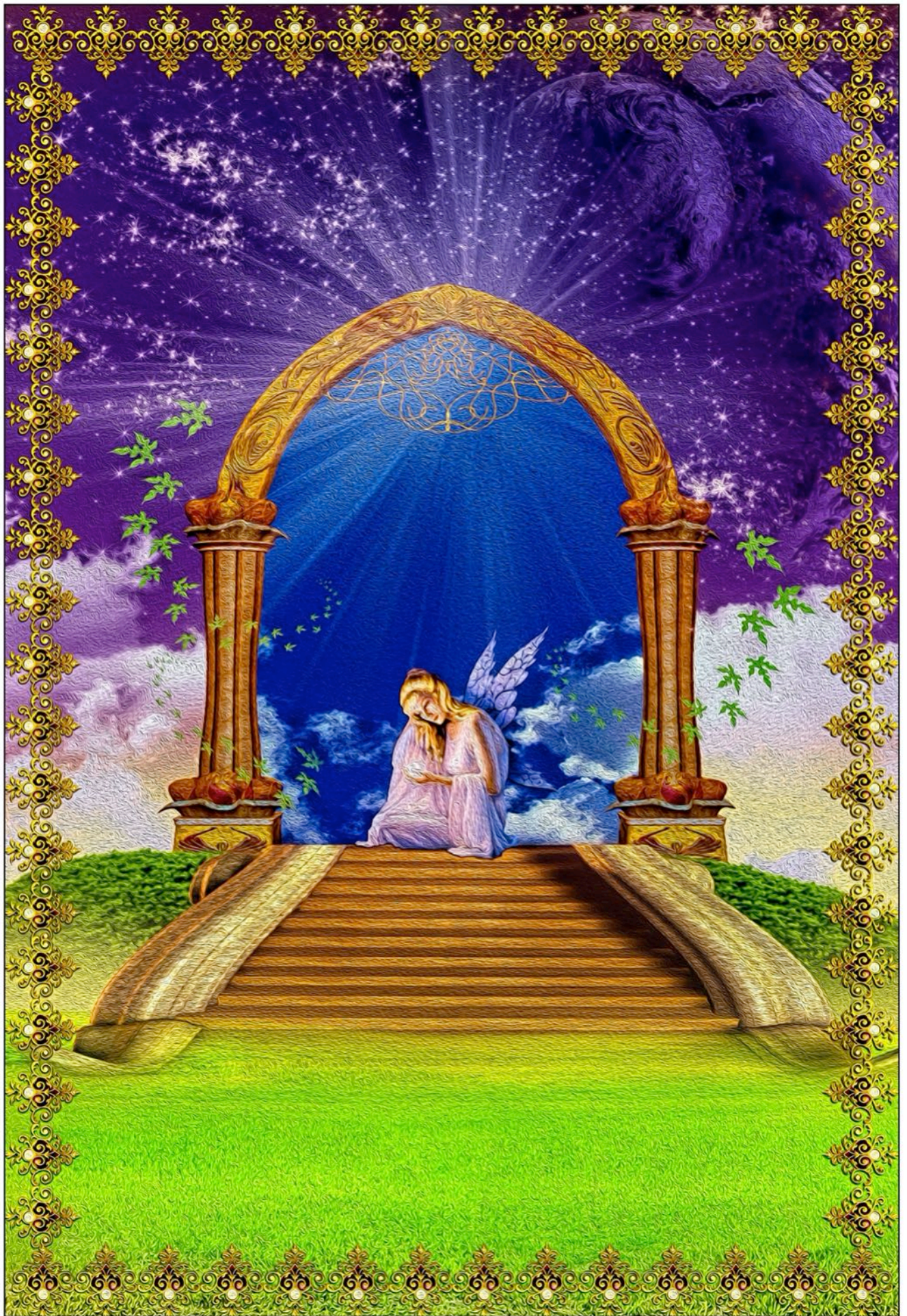
*Yes, from the stars
cometh not just our help,
But us too
and everything else out there.*

*All is the continuance
of just the one big effect
Of the one big event
of the beginning of time.*



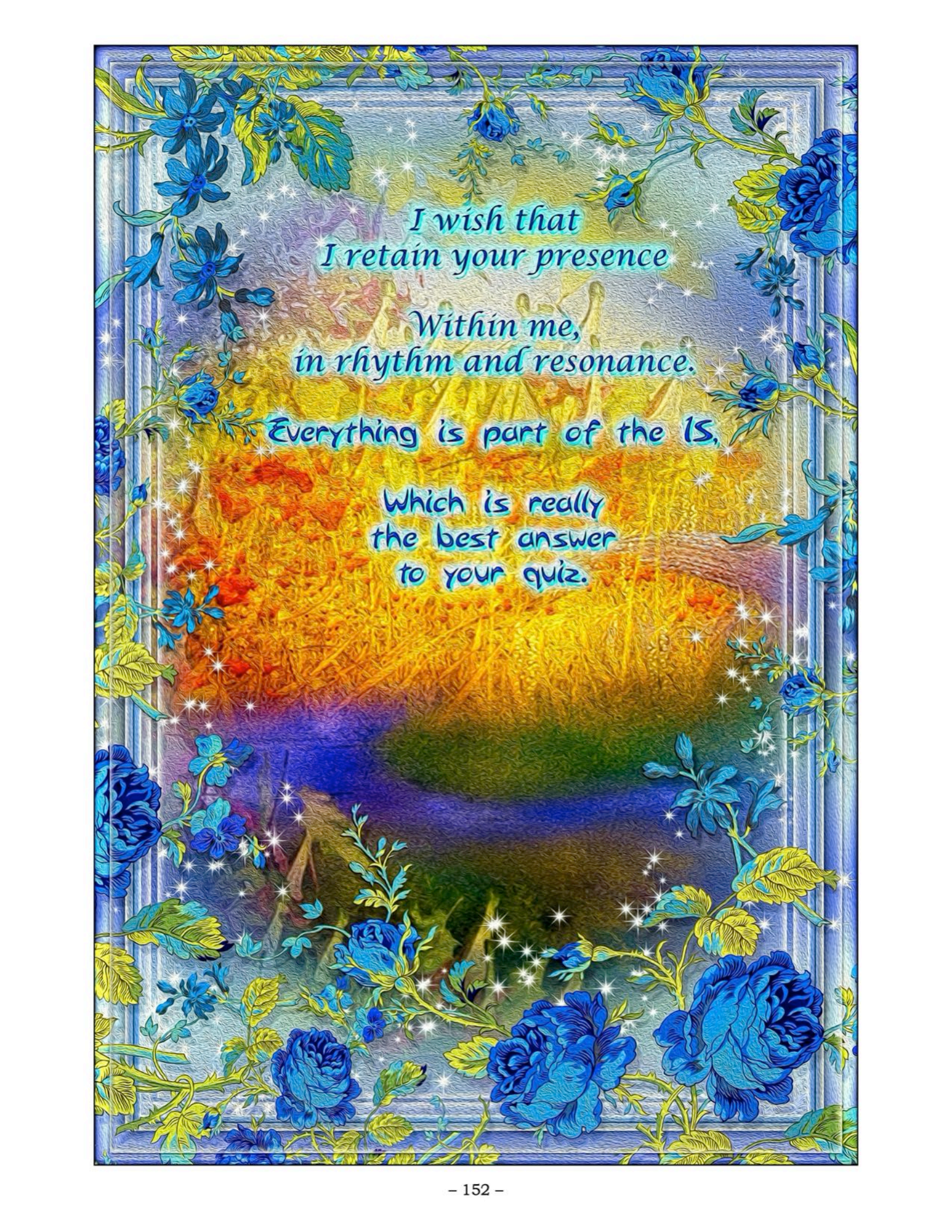
*Earth couldn't be farther out in space, alone;
In all directions it rolls along, unknown.
I look to the stars piercing the depths of time:
They beckon, warm and welcome,
the fires of home.*

*I am that,
as the night sky,
whom you ask.*







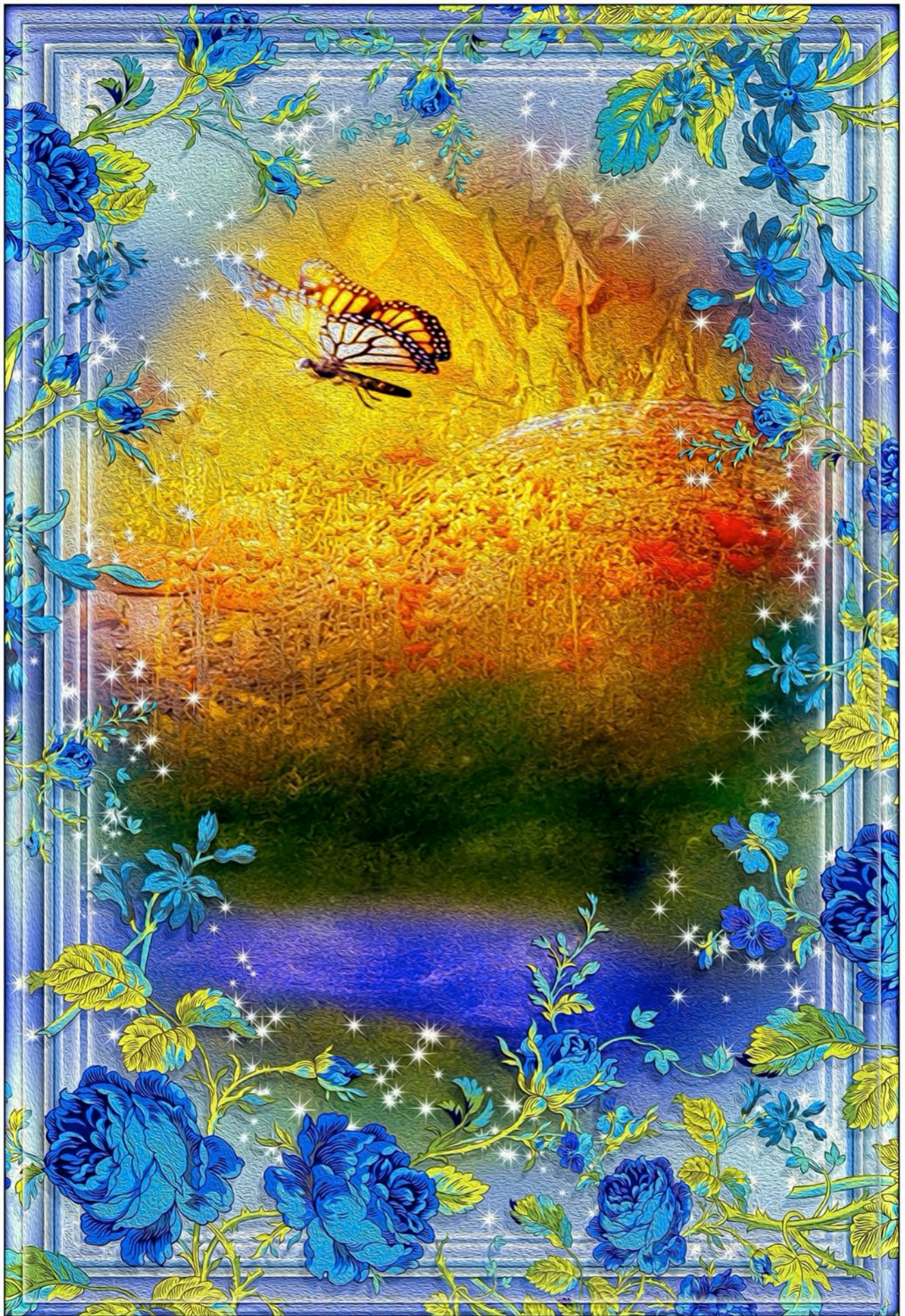


*I wish that
I retain your presence*

*Within me,
in rhythm and resonance.*

Everything is part of the IS,

*Which is really
the best answer
to your quiz.*





Who am I really talking to?

Yourself, for you are the universe come to life.

I live; I love.

You do not just live; you are life.

You do not just love; you are love.





They are both here.

*Life and love do not flee on,
just ahead of you, unreachable,
leaving you but to lean forth
and drink their wind.*

*You are the universe
turned around to view itself.*





I strive.

*Zest, desire, caring,
and other feelings sweet
Are your lightning feet
for triumphant feats.*

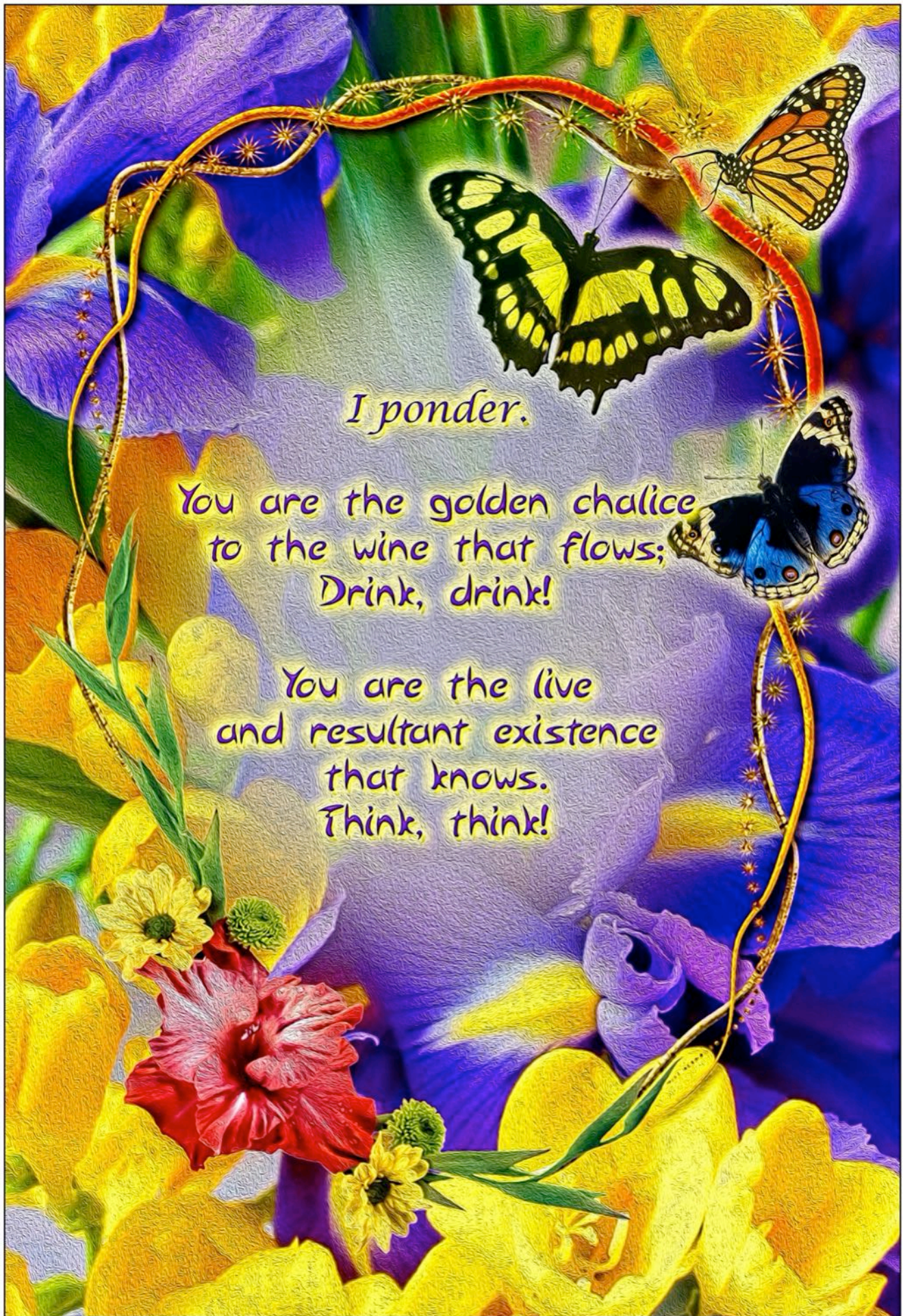


I reason.

All manner of shapes haunt
the wilderness of the mind,
Many as waste, as in the universe,
at large, in kind,
Just waiting and asking
to be tamed as sane.







I ponder.

*You are the golden chalice
to the wine that flows;
Drink, drink!*

*You are the live
and resultant existence
that knows.
Think, think!*

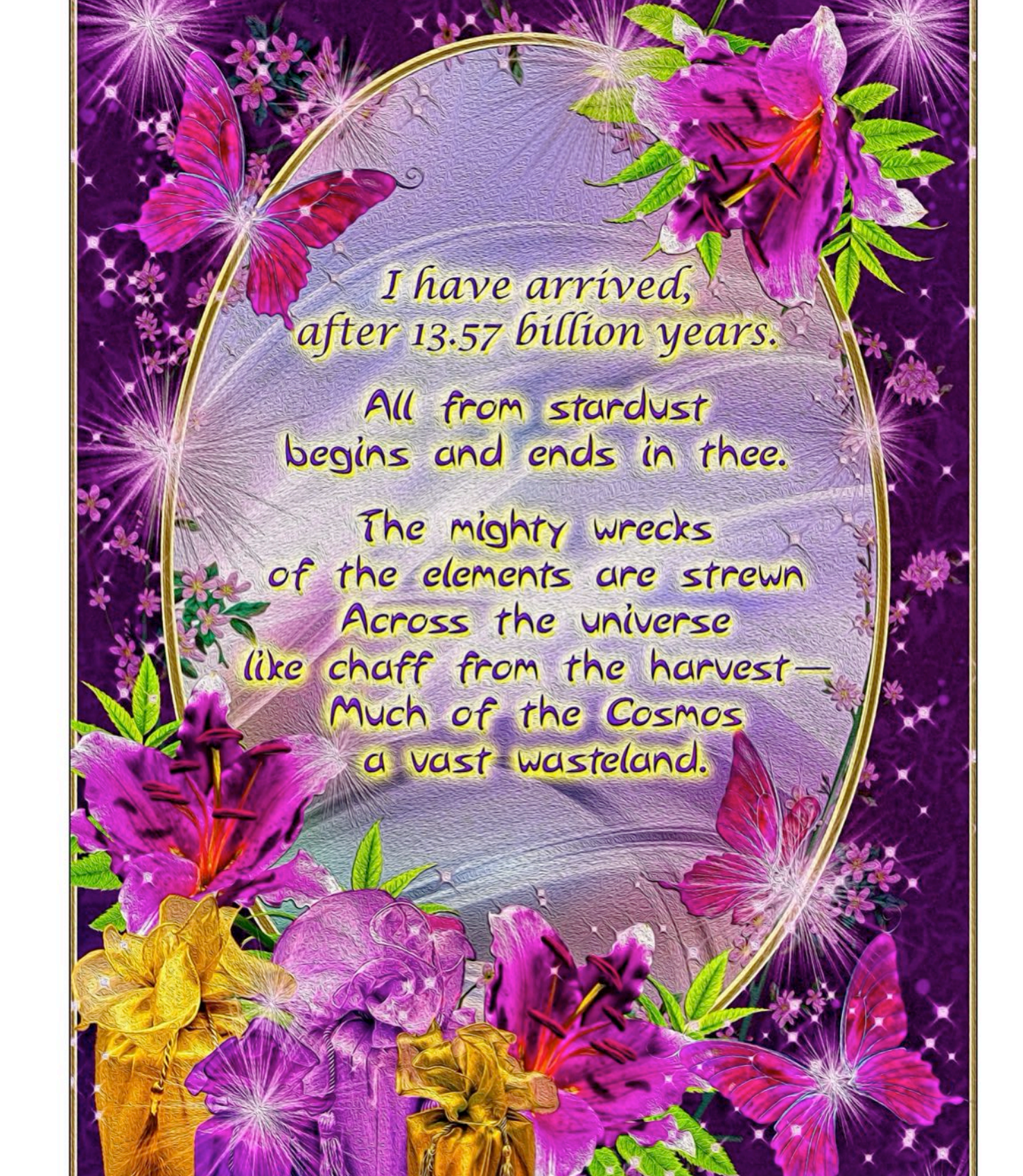




I imagine.

Thoughts fly
in the mind
like birds wing the wind;
Imagination is
the atmosphere
wherein ideas are born
And borne
on the waves
of the sea
in which one sees.





*I have arrived,
after 13.57 billion years.*

*All from stardust
begins and ends in thee.*

*The mighty wrecks
of the elements are strewn
Across the universe
like chaff from the harvest—
Much of the Cosmos
a vast wasteland.*





*Are there others
elsewhere
as I and all?*

*Yes, in quite a few places,
but afar,
With much intervening space
in between.*









*What more
could human mammals want?*

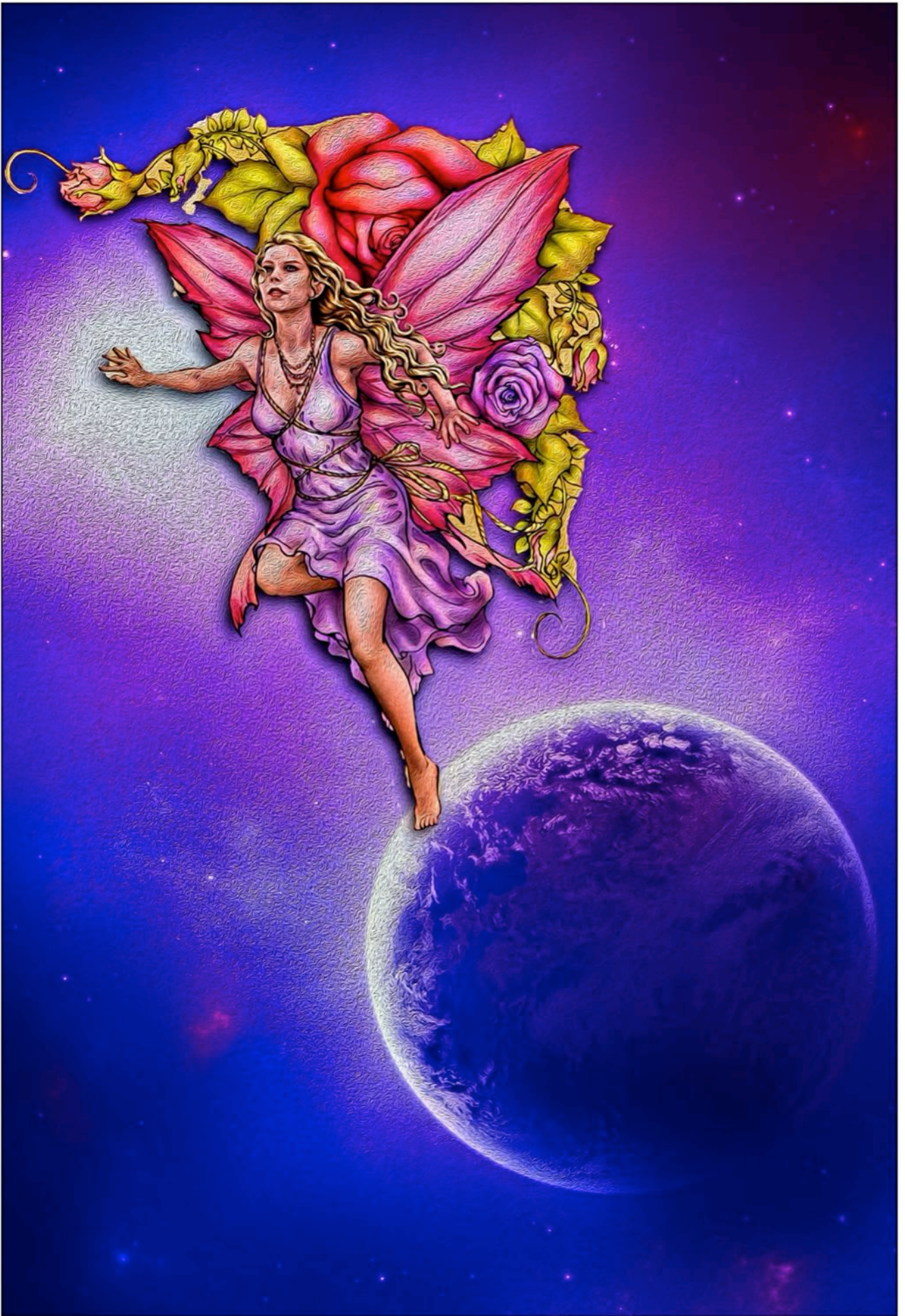
*This is it.
There is nothing more now,
but in future growth.*

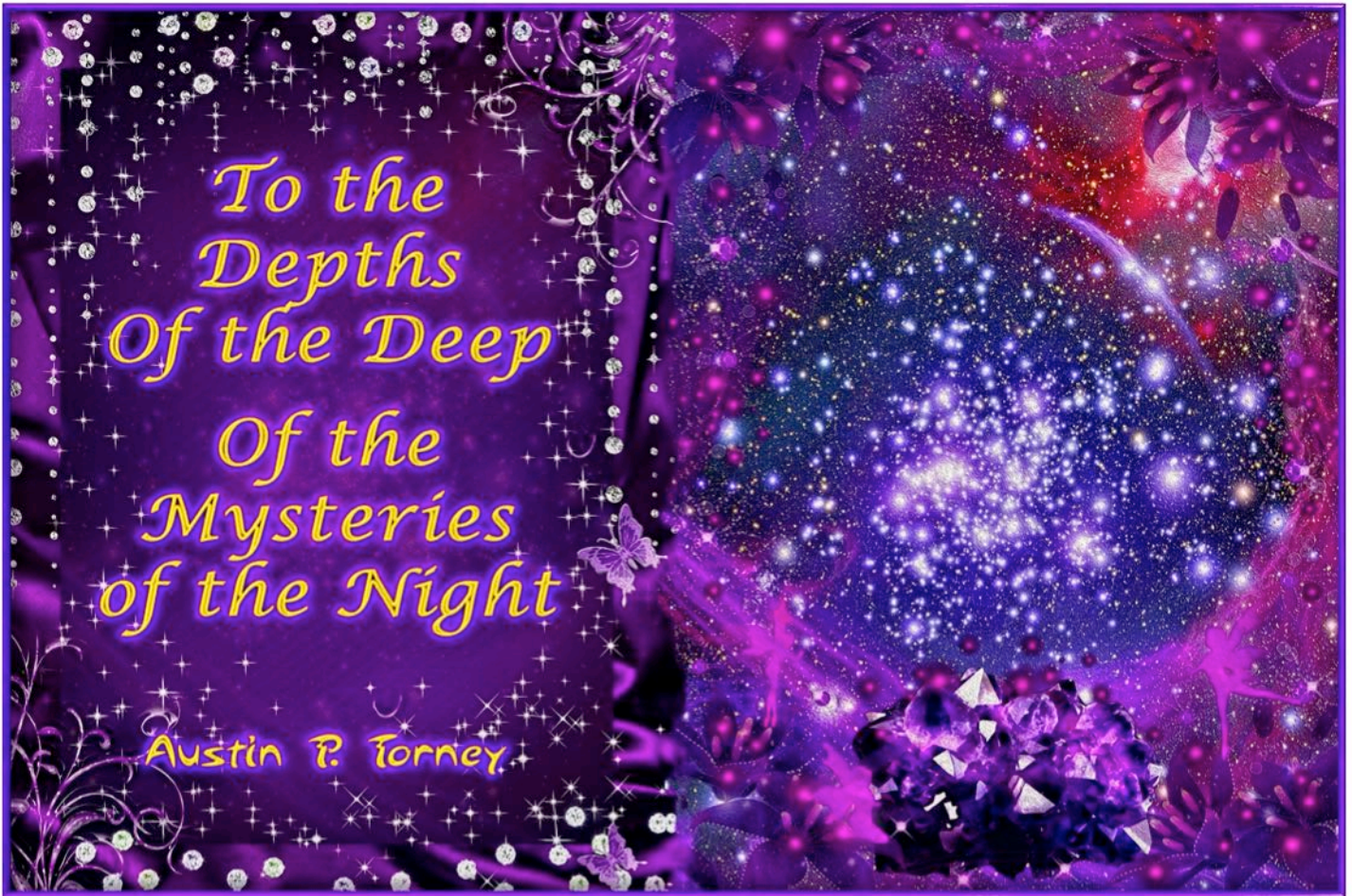
It is now and I am here.











The Best of All Worlds

*Earth's a garden, an oasis in space,
A planet of boundless beauty and grace.*

*We might search, in vain,
all the heavens' space,*

*For the equal of
the Earth's sacred place*

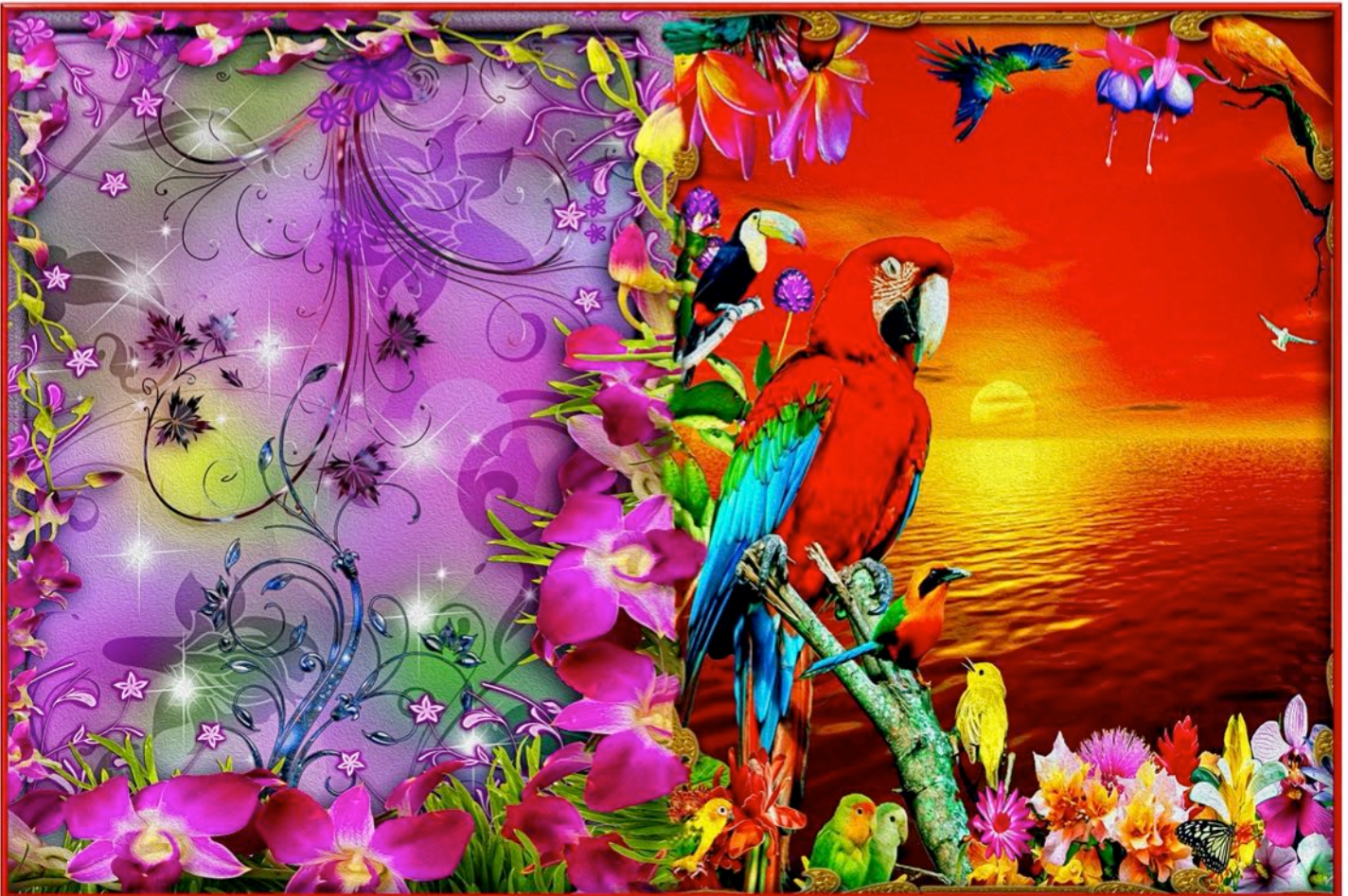
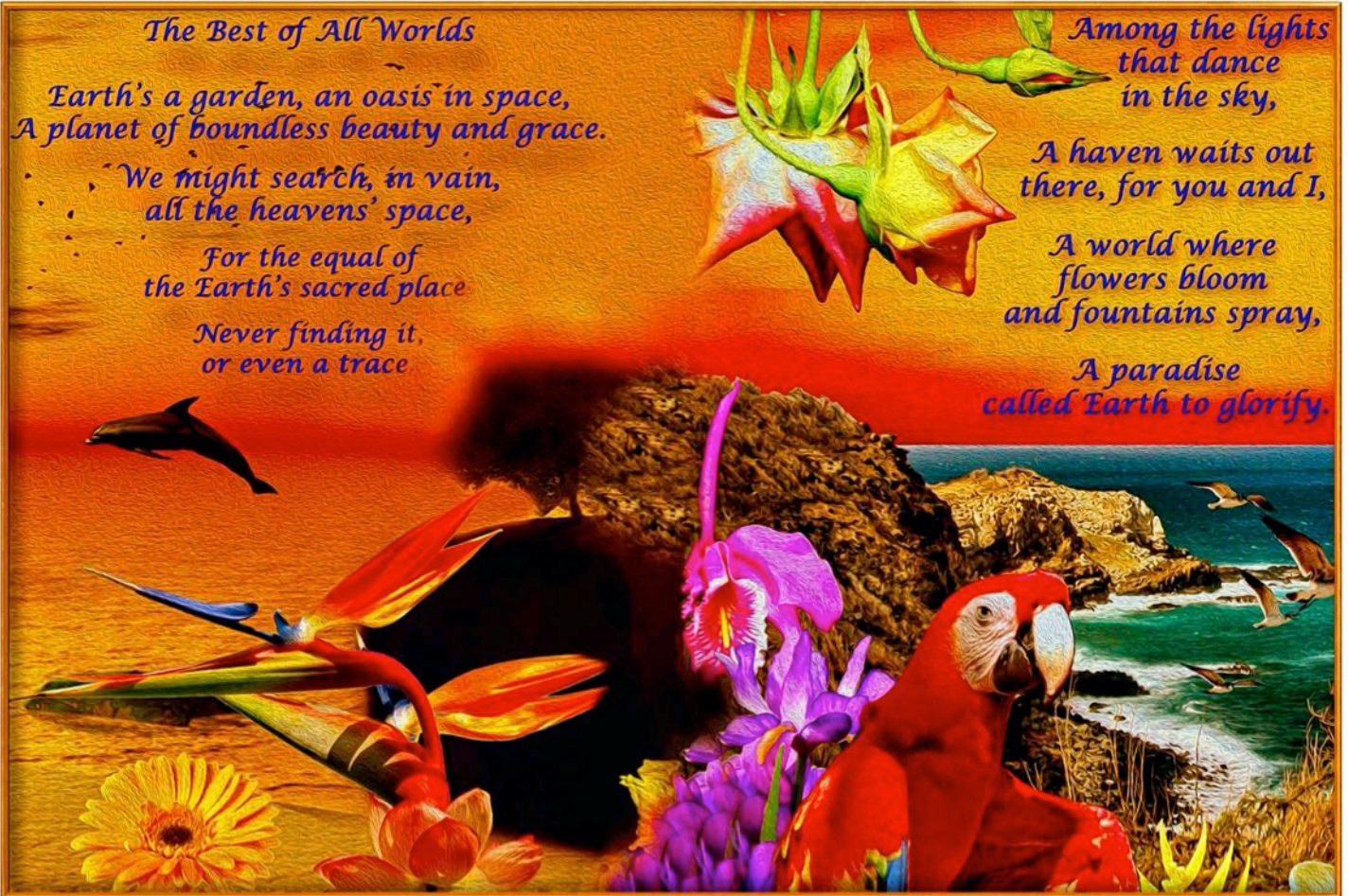
*Never finding it,
or even a trace*

*Among the lights
that dance
in the sky,*

*A haven waits out
there, for you and I,*

*A world where
flowers bloom
and fountains spray,*

*A paradise
called Earth to glorify.*



*Here I stand, holding fast.
Onto my other half.*

*The zephyr faints,
dying in the half-light,
Its caress suspended,
as day kisses night,*

*When, for some instants,
stretching into moments,
We are neither
here nor there,
but in twilight.*

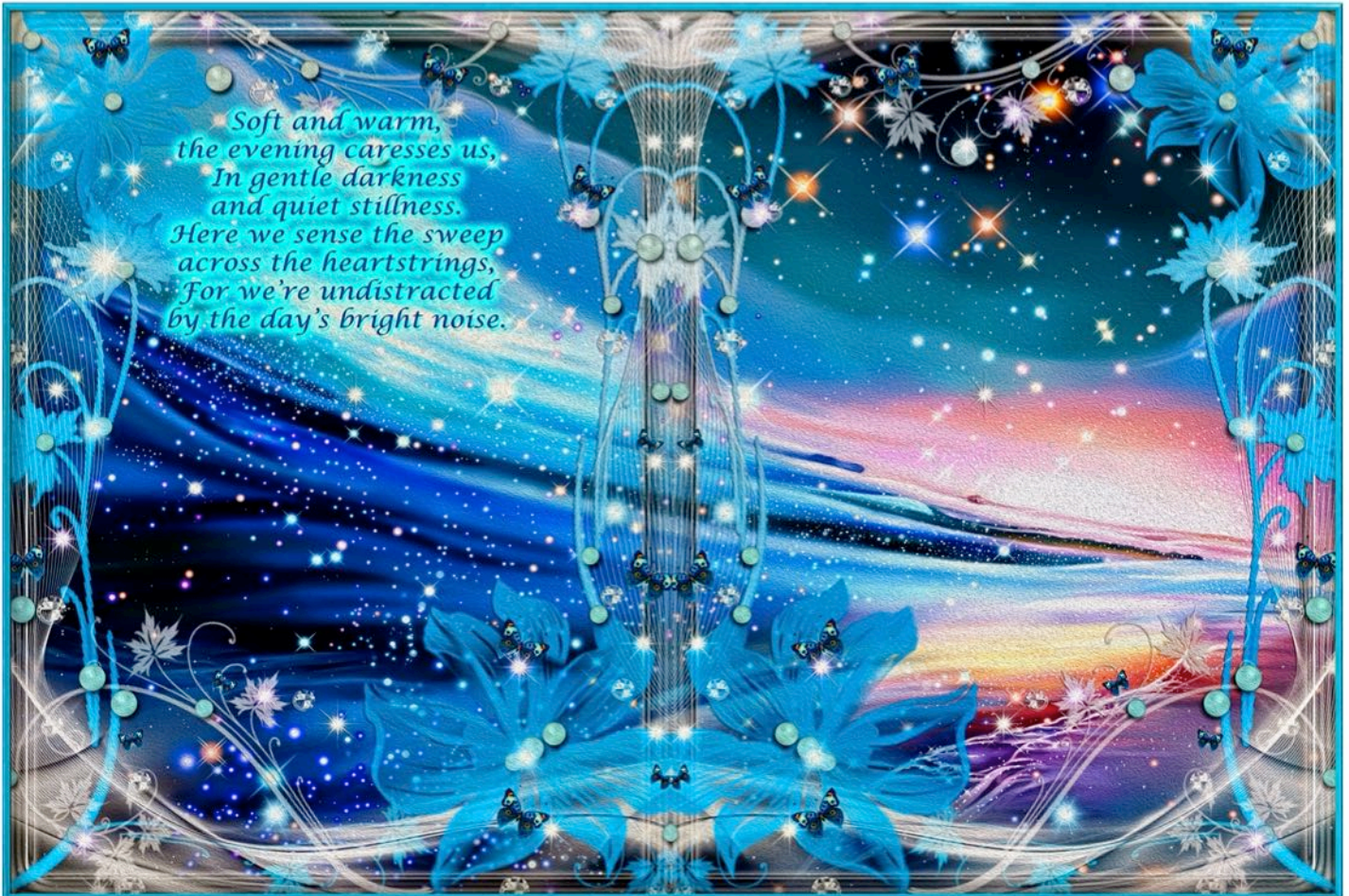


*We live at
this boundary
of day and night,
Our selves merging
in the blend of twilight:
You and me, me and you,
yours, mine, and ours—*



*The day-gold melts
into the jeweled night.*







*I beg of the night
to yield its dearest puzzle,
To reveal the full truth
of what it is.*



*Much I already know
from twilight dreams,
And from poems
unveiling truth
and beauty,
But, I ask, with my
most inquiring looks
To know
the deepest secrets
of the night.*







*To learn the Secrets—
what IS and ev'r WAS,*

*One must brave
the crypt and ghost
of cause...*

*So, into the deep,
we go, without pause,*

*To look down,
ever down,
no self to keep—*

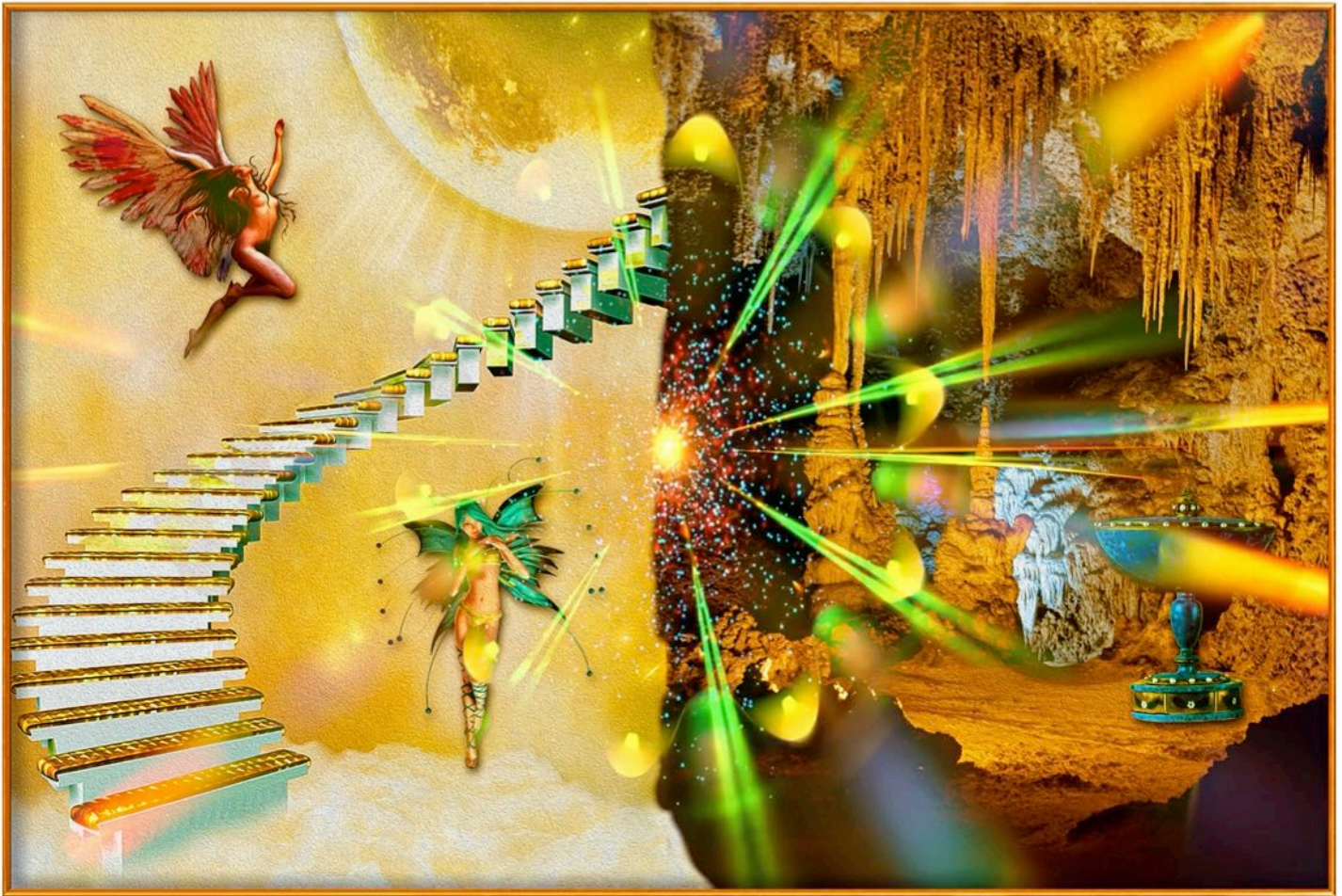


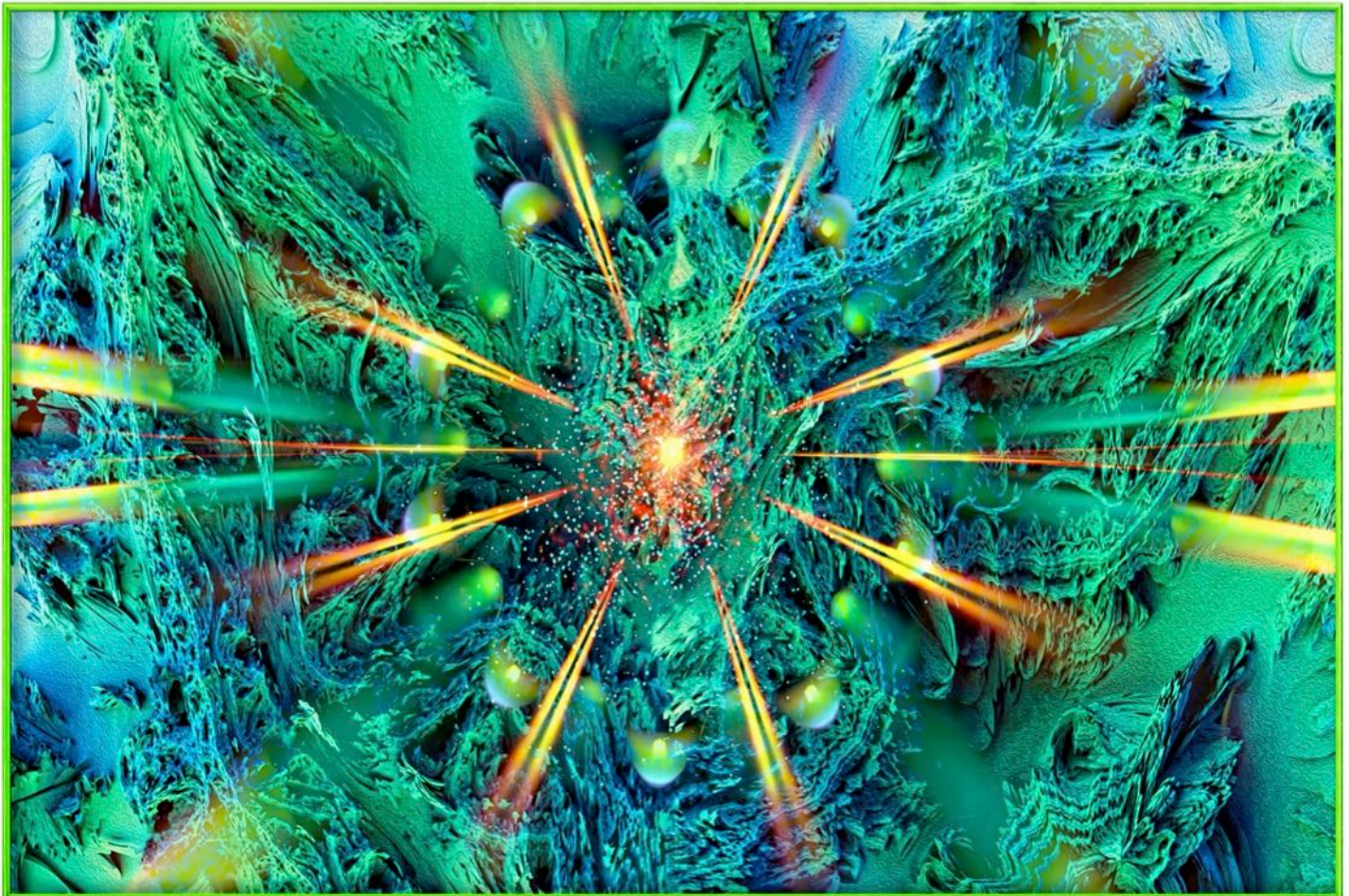
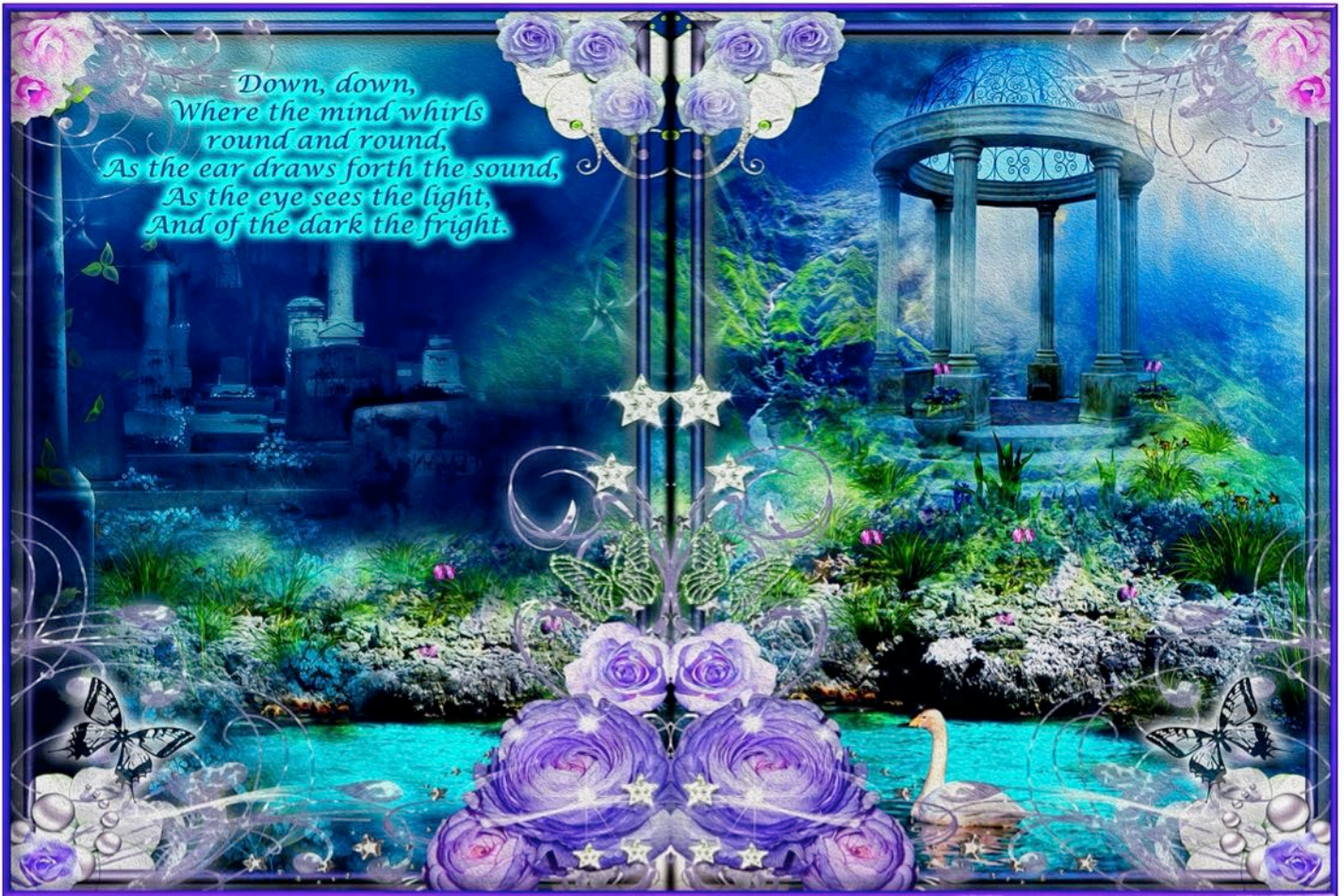
*Through birth, death,
and the shade of sleep,
Through paths unkempt,
underswept—*

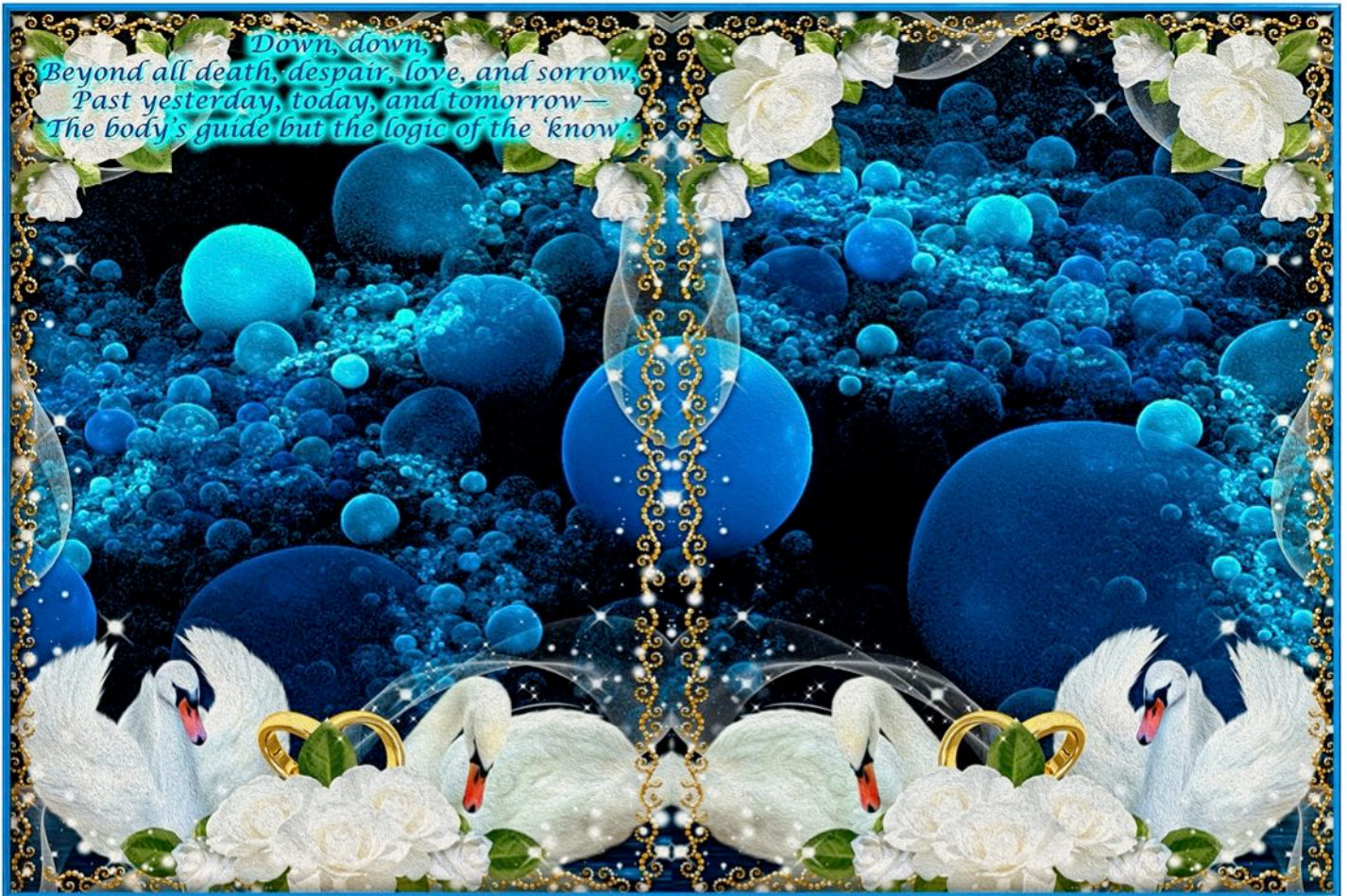




*To the deep,
Through the cloudy strife
Of this hazy life,
Through the equations of eternity—
Their non-paternity nor maternity,
Past the realm of
the things which seem or are,
Even o'er the steps
of the remotest bar.*

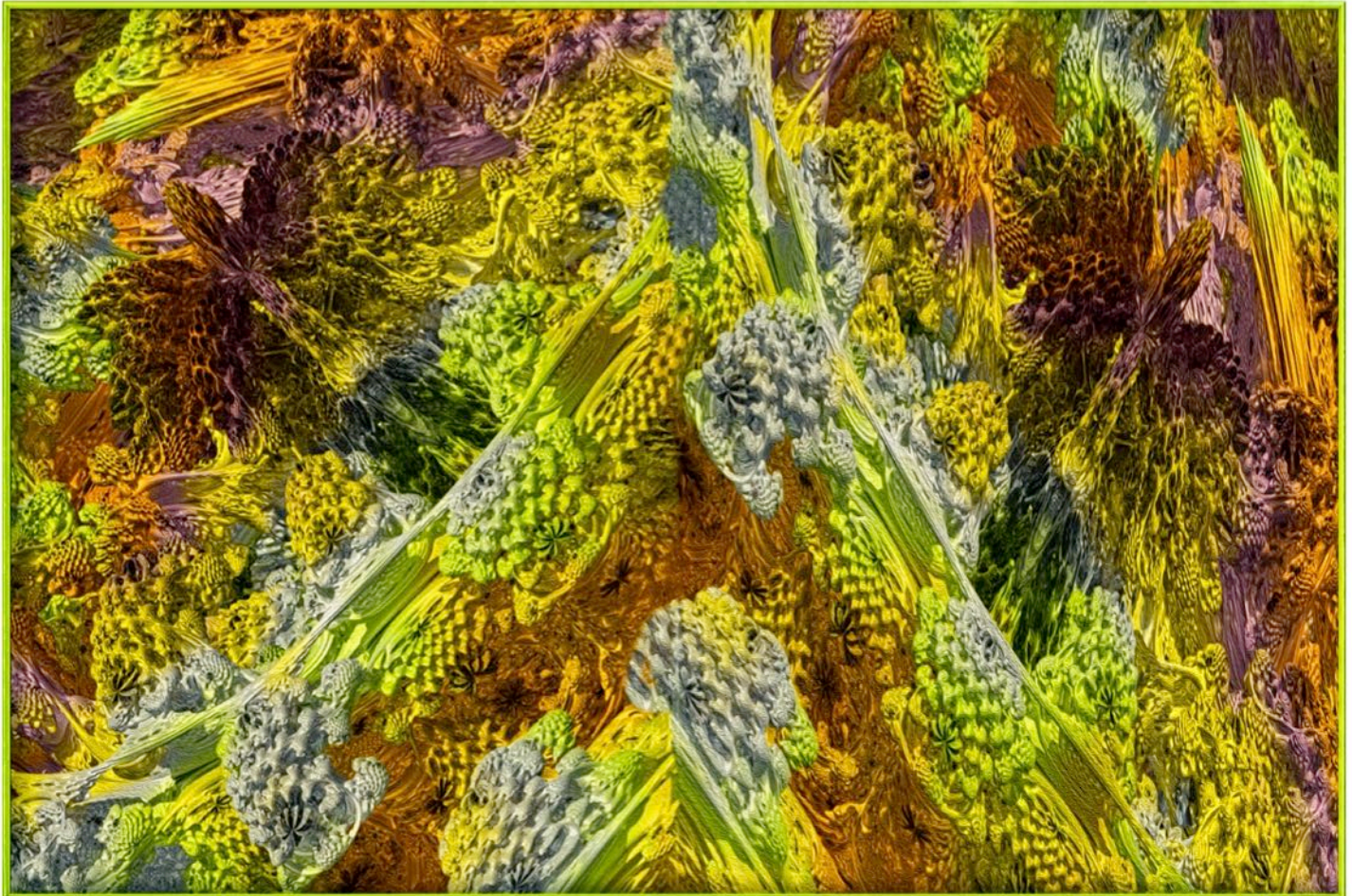








*Down,
Where reigns the night,
where the air is thin,
Where the sky and stars
are not, but within,
Where the glorious
have not their throne,
Where there is
one presiding, all alone.*







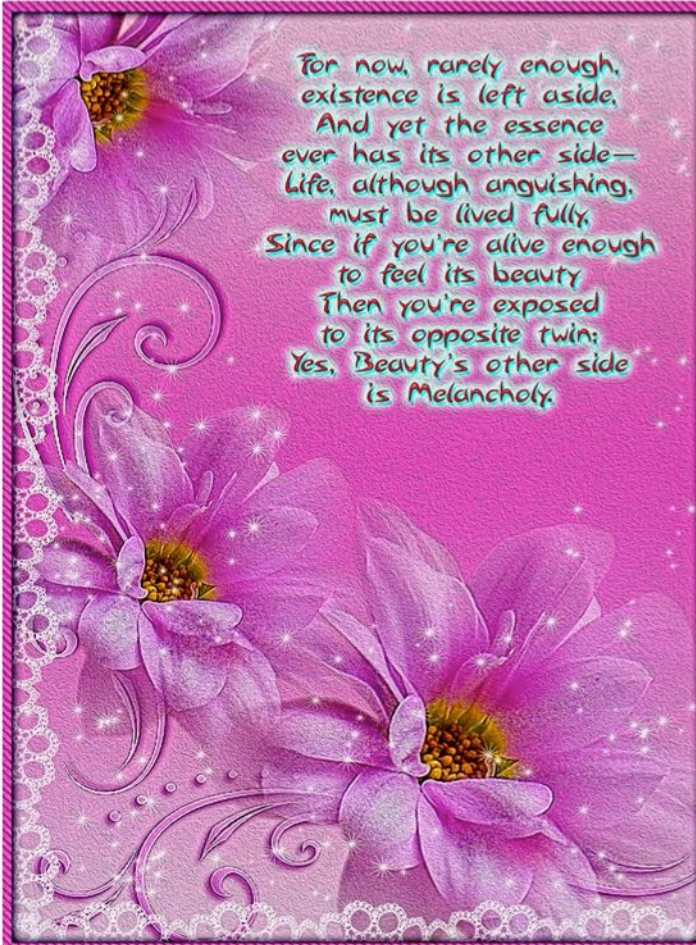






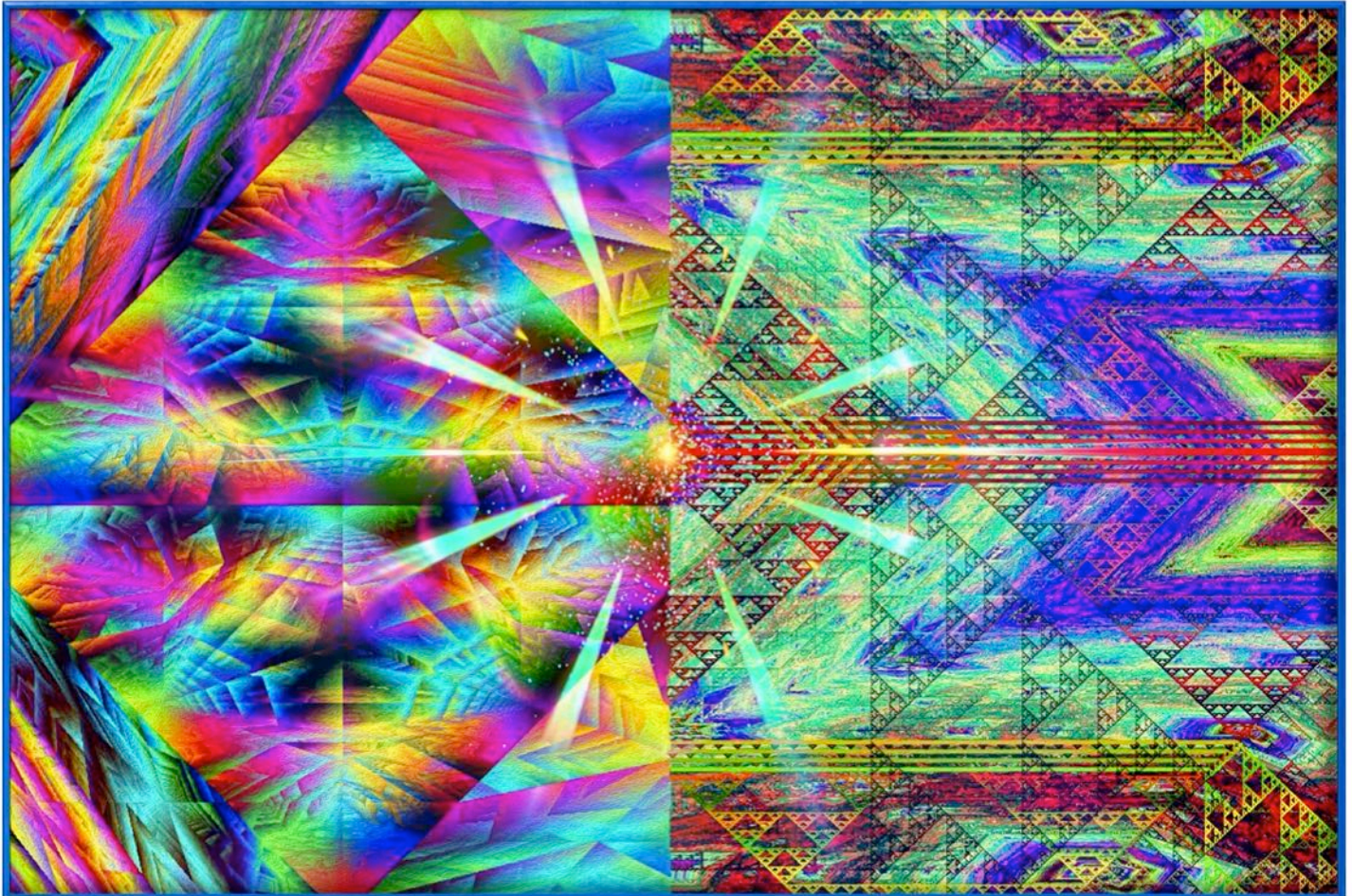


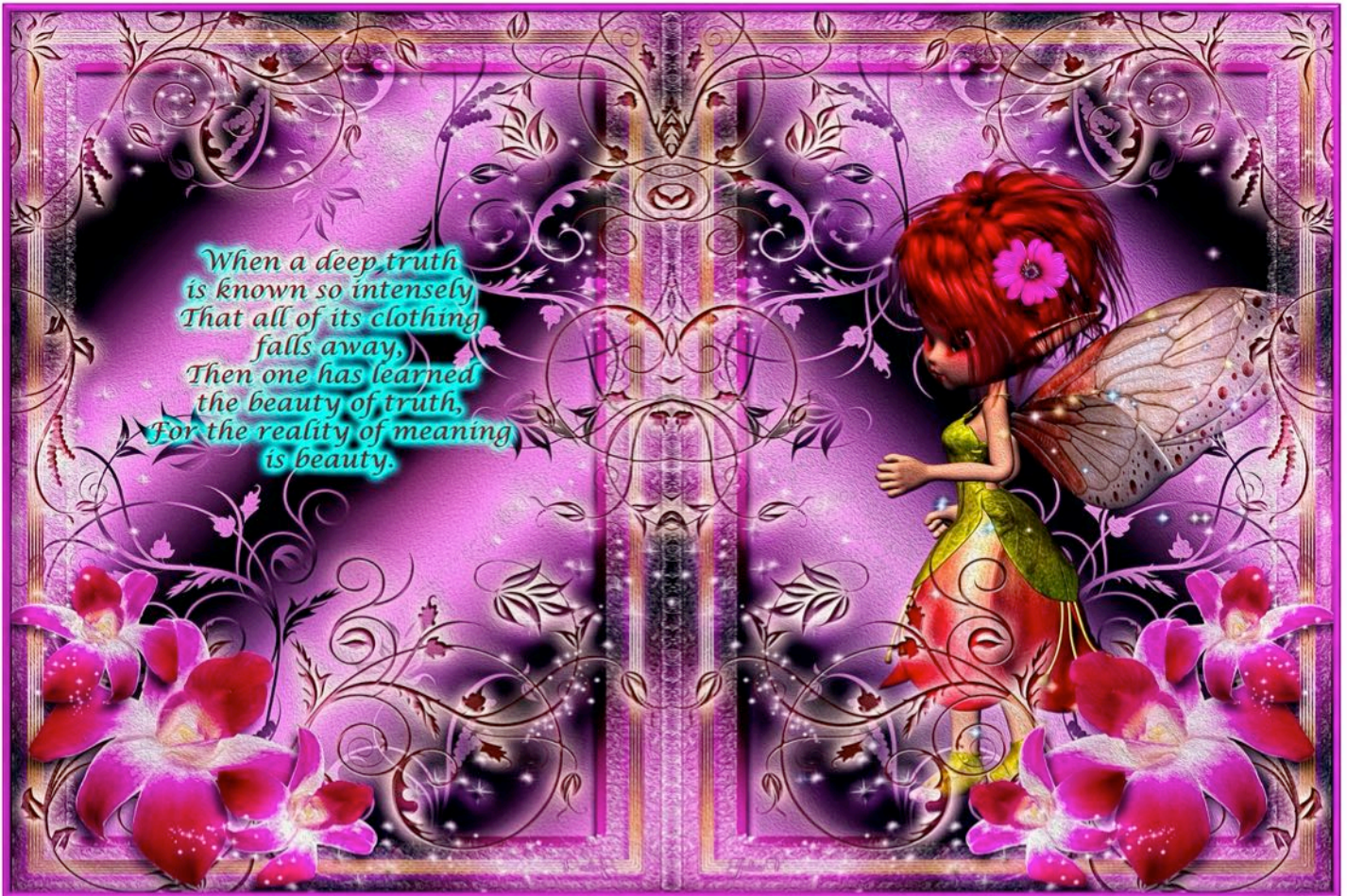
Life's hardships there
were softened by beauty,
All its weaknesses
strengthened by the truth—
As when roses blossomed,
like realizations,
Beauty itself bloomed
from the well of truth.



For now, rarely enough,
existence is left aside,
And yet the essence
ever has its other side—
Life, although anguishing,
must be lived fully,
Since if you're alive enough
to feel its beauty
Then you're exposed
to its opposite twin;
Yes, Beauty's other side
is Melancholy.



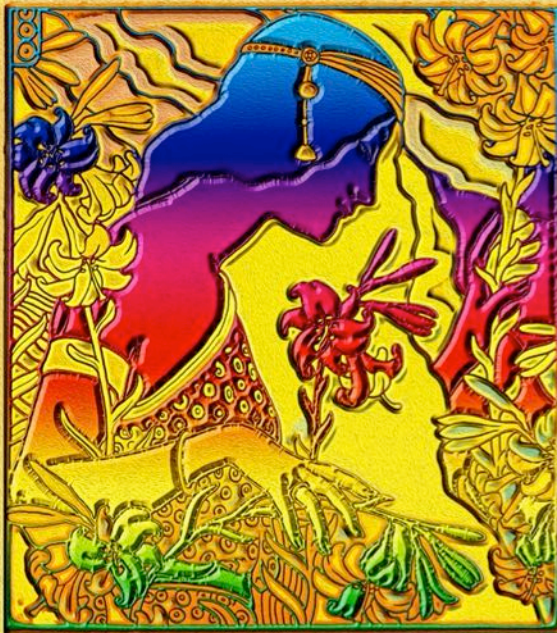




*When a deep truth
is known so intensely
That all of its clothing
falls away,
Then one has learned
the beauty of truth,
For the reality of meaning
is beauty.*



*When sadness brooded
over the morrow,
I once visited the deep well of sorrow.
There enshrined, inseparate, Beauty said,
"Twas from me that sadness you borrowed."*



— The Beauty of Truth —

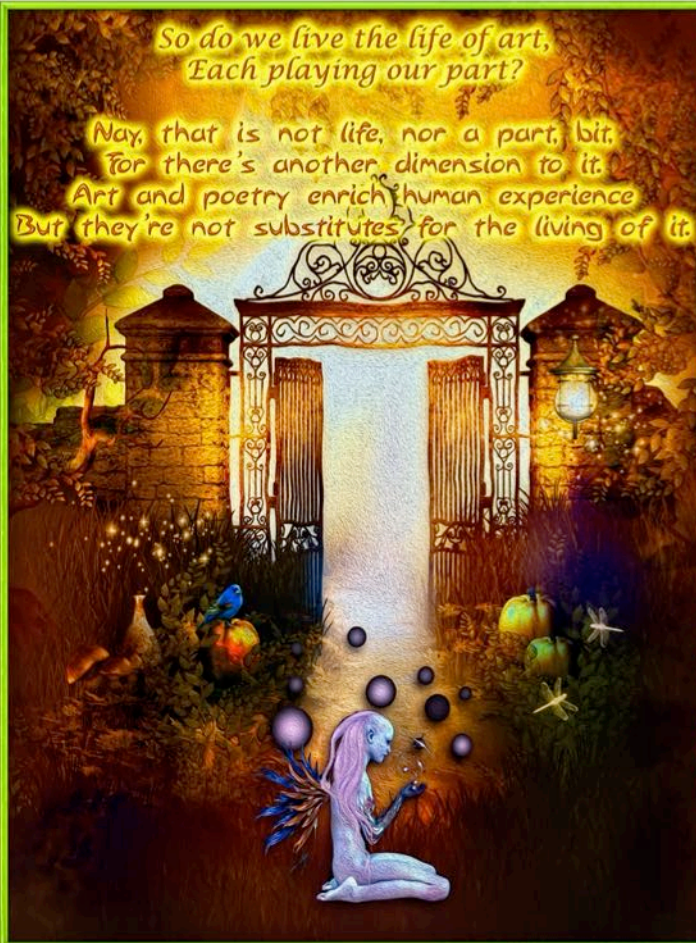
*Life's hardships can be softened by beauty.
Its weaknesses can be strengthened by truth.
When roses blossom, like realizations,
Beauty itself blooms from the well of truth.*



*When a deep truth is known so intensely
That all of its clothing falls away,
Then we have learned the beauty of truth, for
The reality of meaning is beauty.
Life, although anguishing, must be lived fully,
Since, if we're alive enough to feel its beauty,
Then we're exposed to the opposite twin—
Yes, Beauty's other side is Melancholy.*

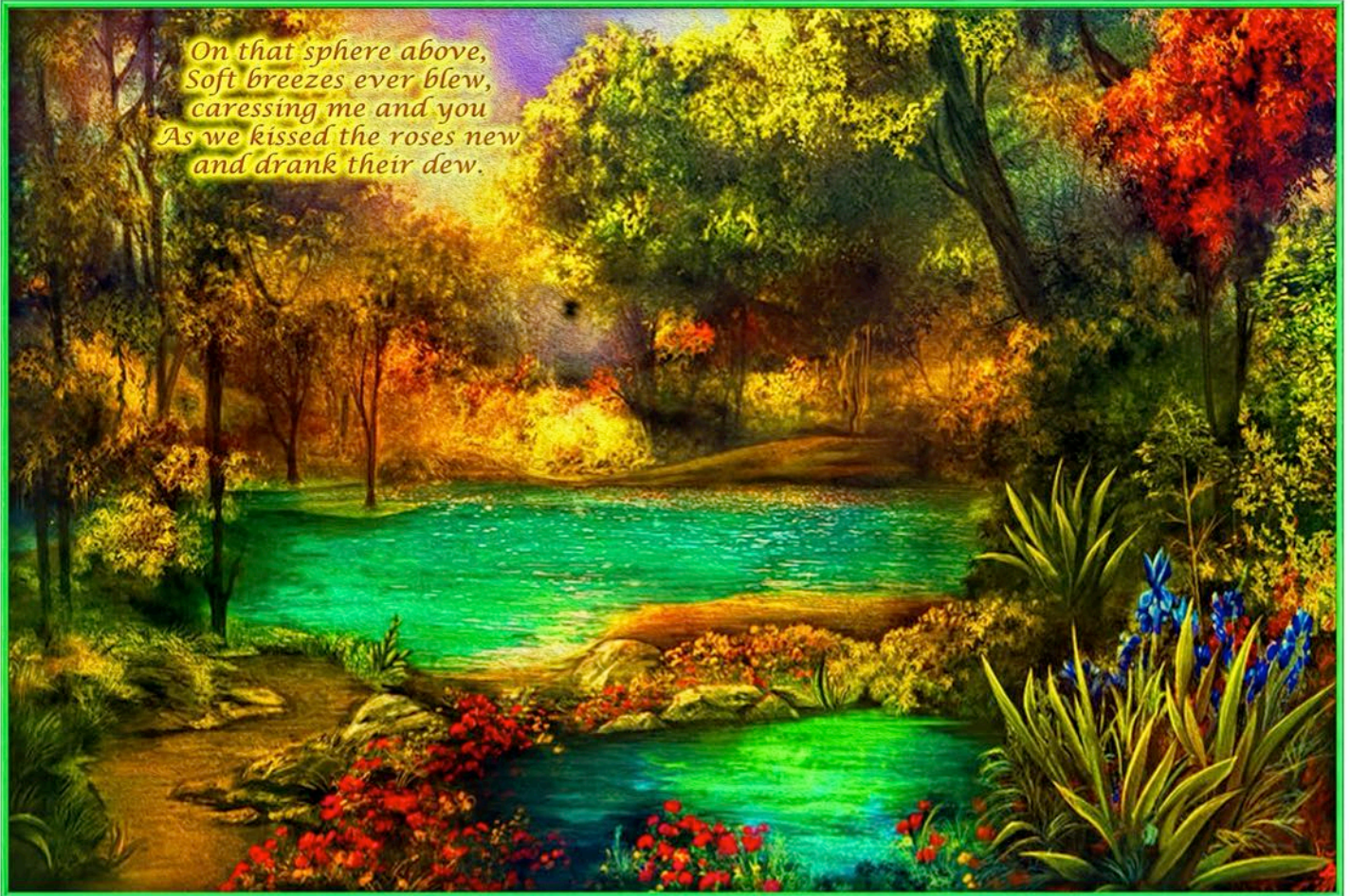
*So do we live the life of art,
Each playing our part?*

*Nay, that is not life, nor a part, bit,
For there's another dimension to it.
Art and poetry enrich human experience
But they're not substitutes for the living of it.*

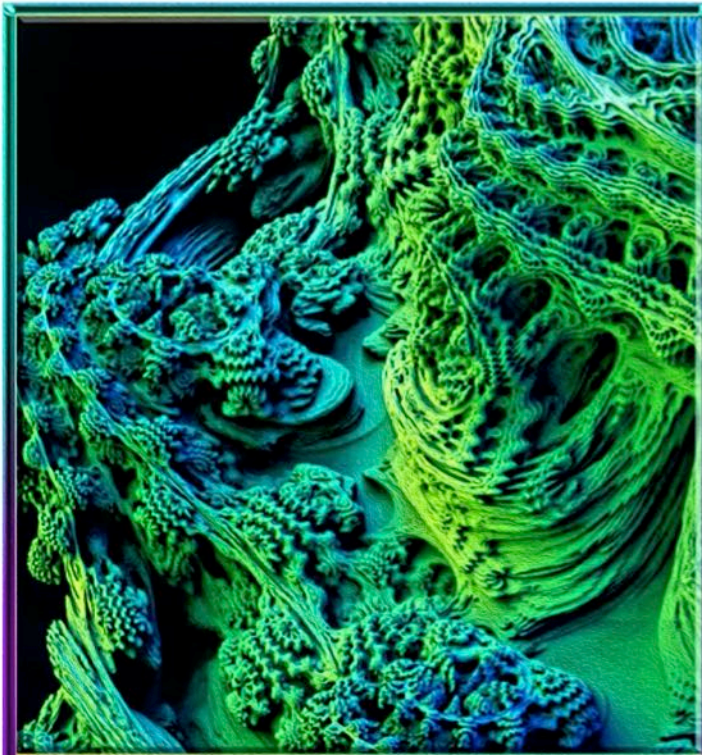




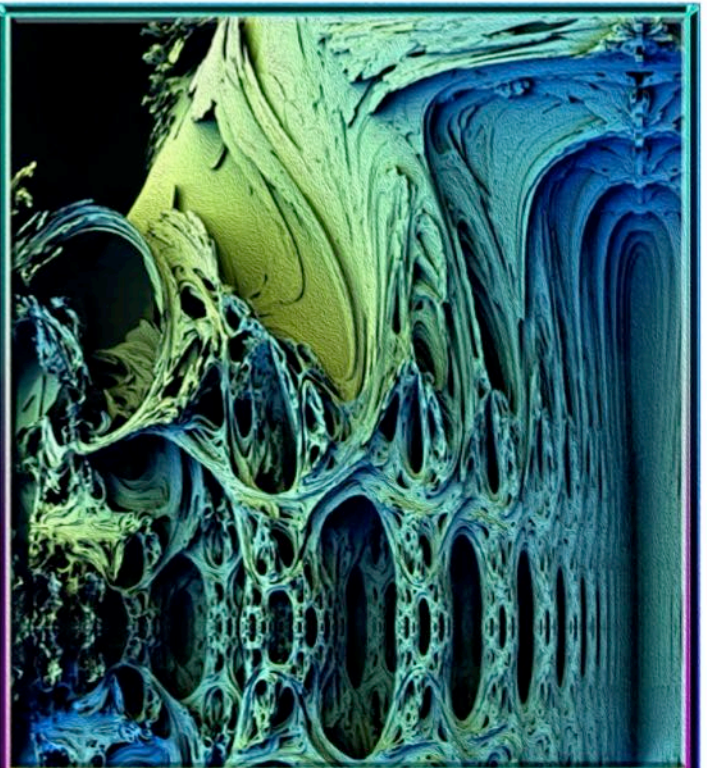
*On that sphere above,
Soft breezes ever blew,
caressing me and you
As we kissed the roses new
and drank their dew.*







*The Descension
Into the Depths*



*The Entrance
To the Deep*



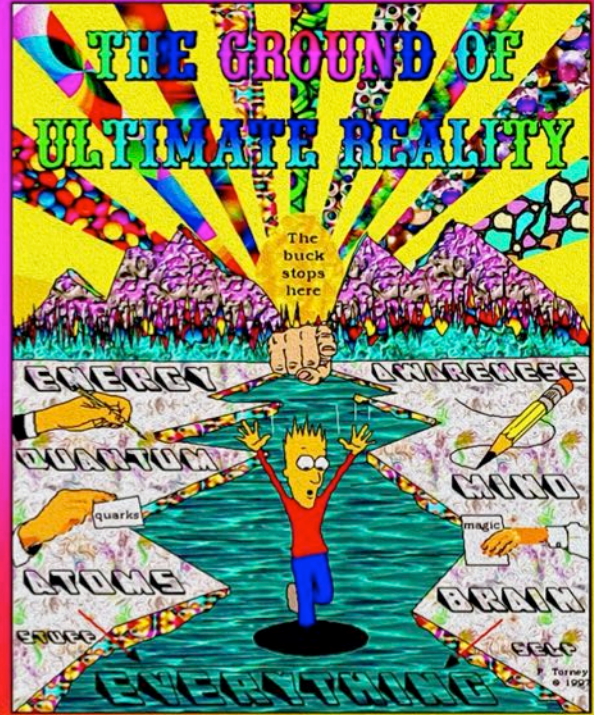
Here the enigma of the ever immortal
Is undone and unloosed
through its portal:

The Theory of Everything mortal—
The Idea for which
we've opened the door to.



Here, the enigma of the immortal

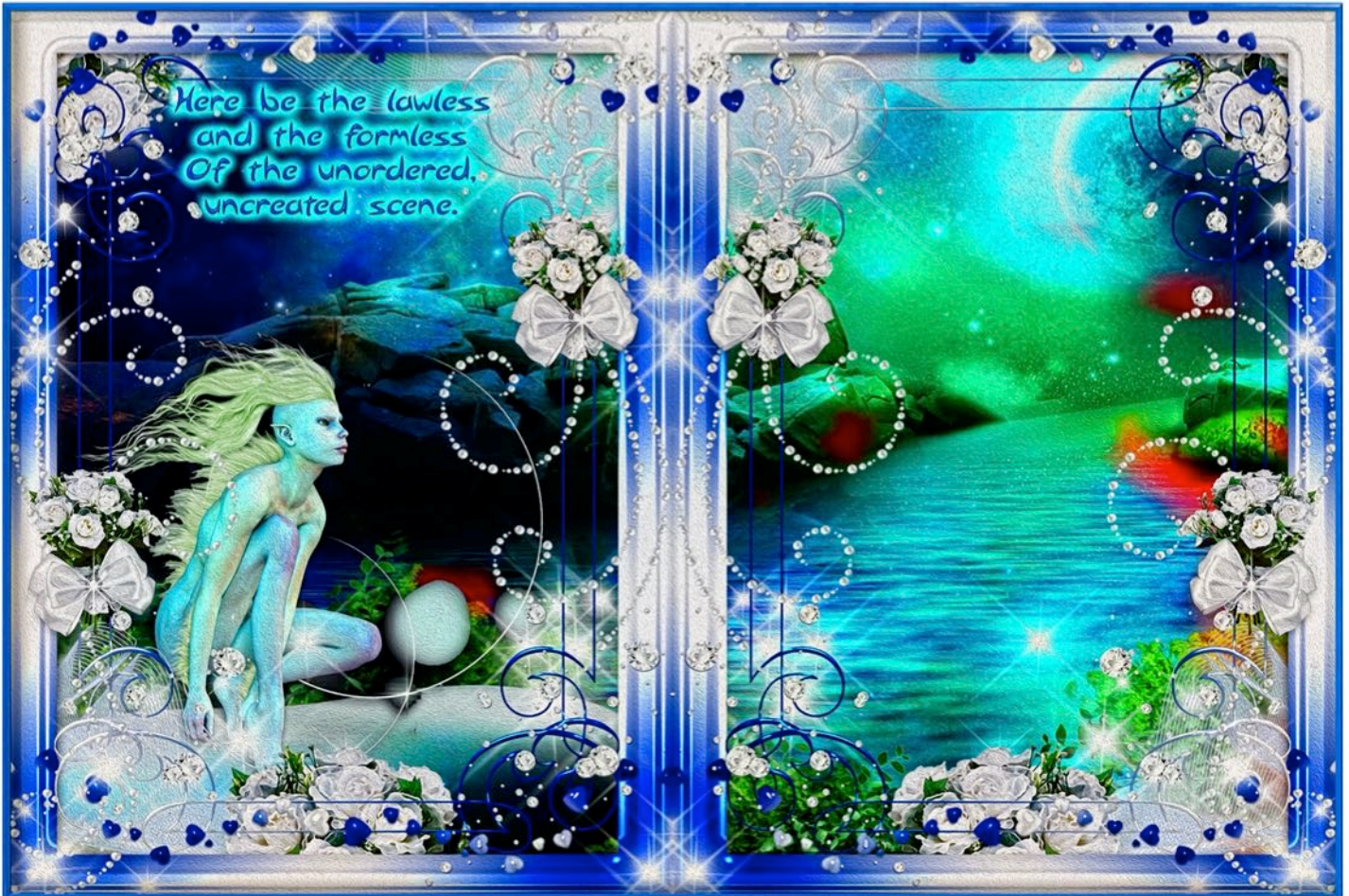
Is undone and unloosed, through life's portal—



The Theory of Everything mortal—

An Idea for which we've opened the door to.











Well then, might lesser answers
I obtain, in lieu
Of never us knowing really
the why-fore of you?



Oh heavens yes;
pose your quandaries,
But ask not immortality,
nor youth, nor birth
From my powers of the night,
'though these I have
But know not the why,
for I have no First.





*Why then,
is the universe so extravagant—
With trillions of galaxies
of billions of stars,*

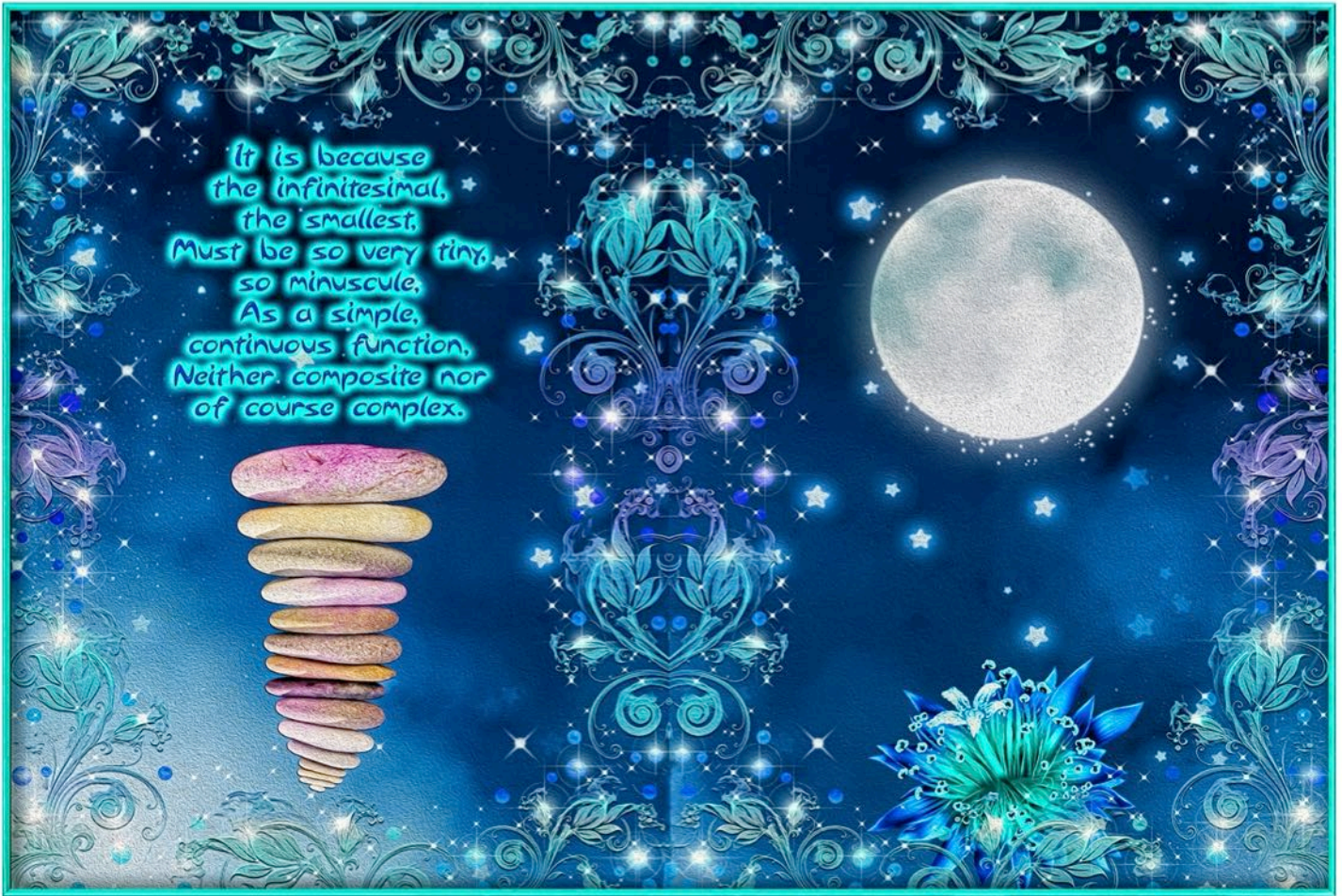
*About which so many planets
whirl and twirl,
With so much dust swirling
in between worlds?*



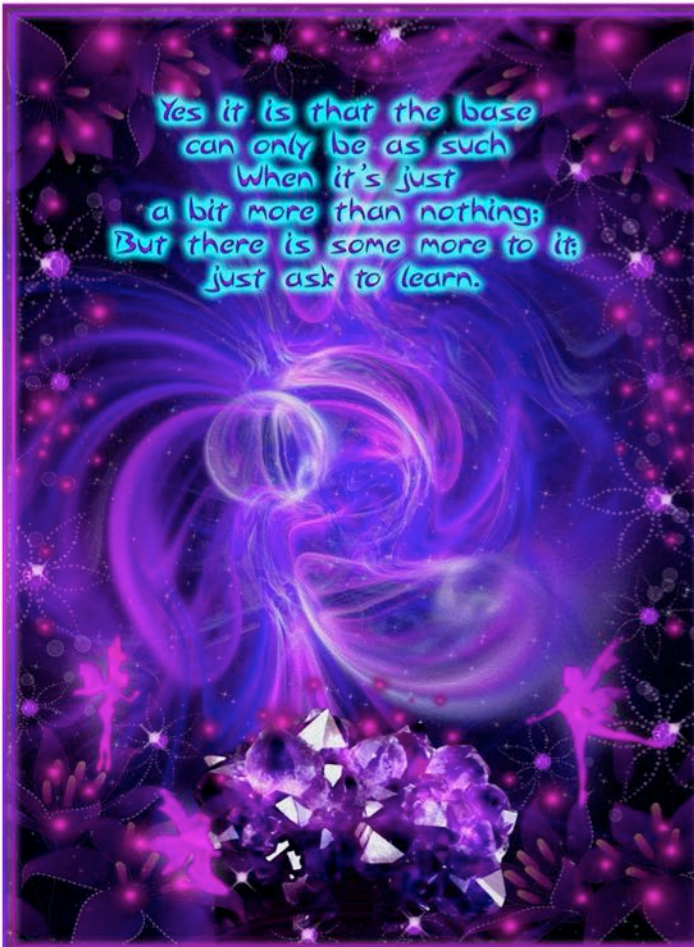
*There are vast multitudes, true,
so easily made,
And more; yet they are finite,
as must be,
For no cap can be
placed on infinity;
If it could,
then night would be
white with light.*



So then,
there are stars to burn,
as with riches,
But why, really must
the largest be so large?



It is because
the infinitesimal,
the smallest,
Must be so very tiny,
so minuscule,
As a simple,
continuous function,
Neither composite nor
of course complex.





Is it too that there are
then so many more chances
For arrangements,
due to the extravagances?

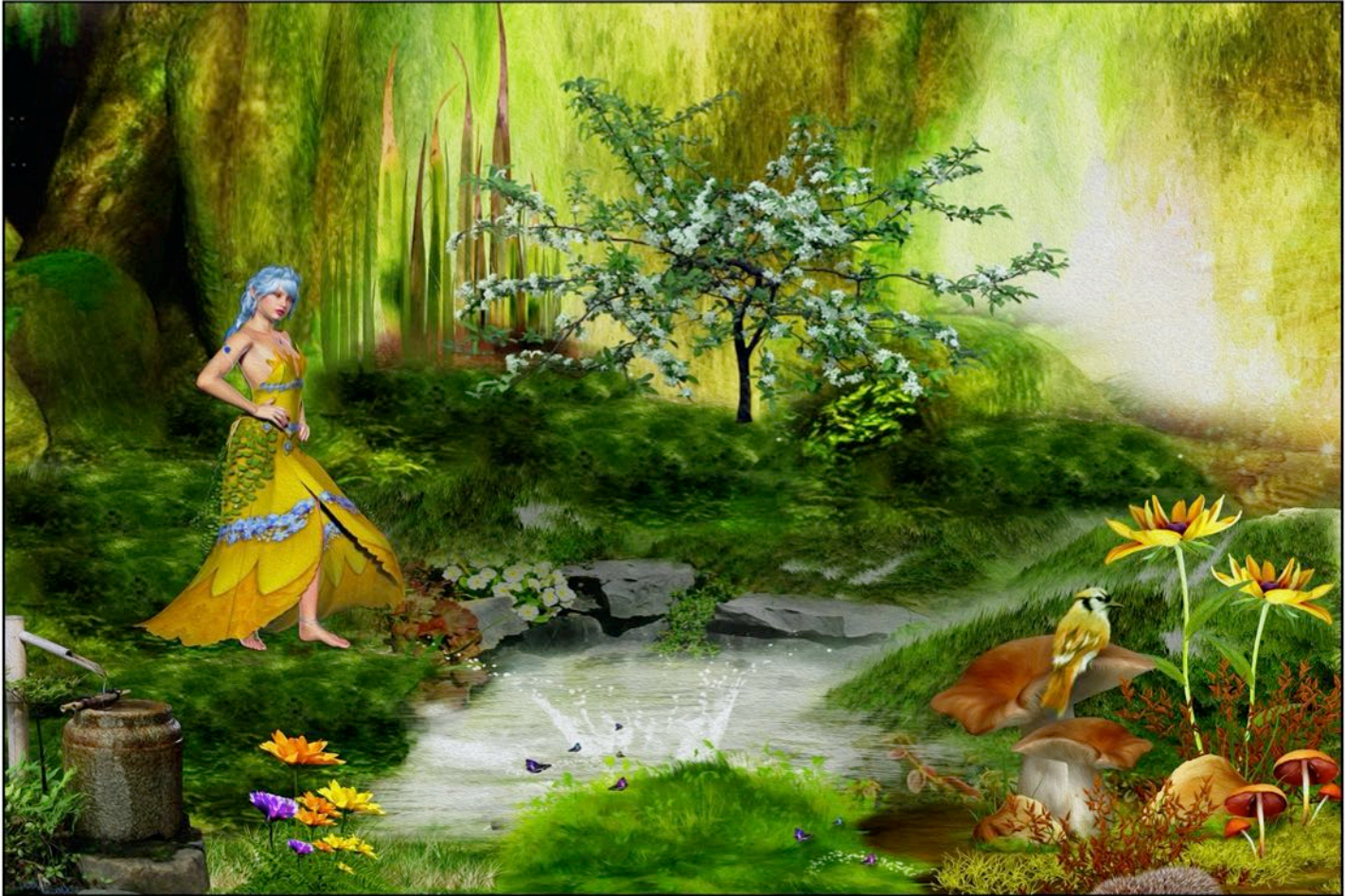
Not as meant,
but that falls out, as it must.
For since
the opposite Not cannot be,
I must then be Everything—
of possibility.

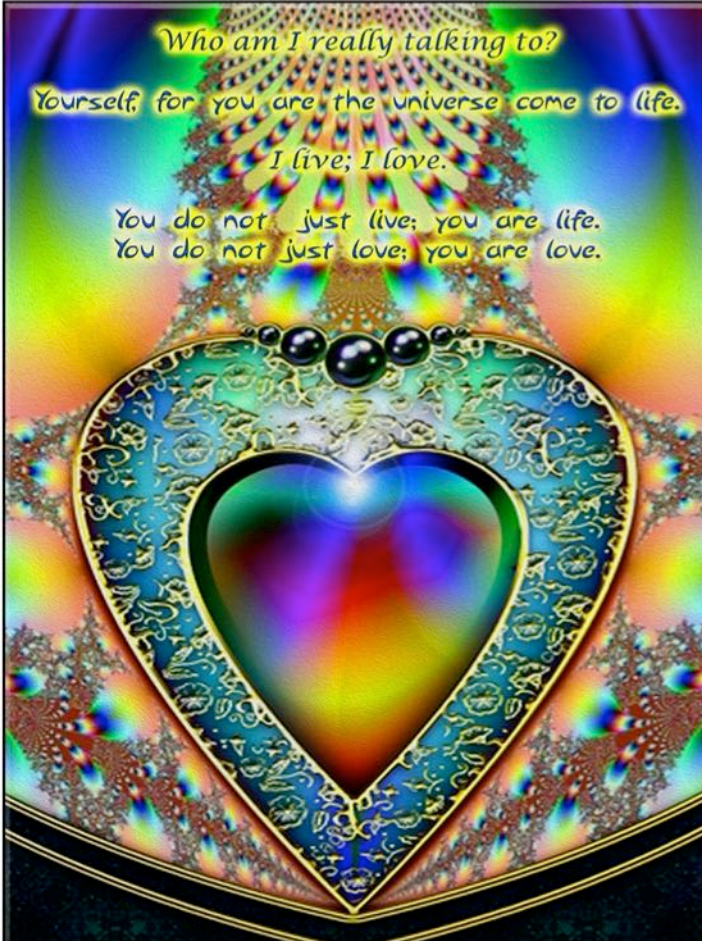
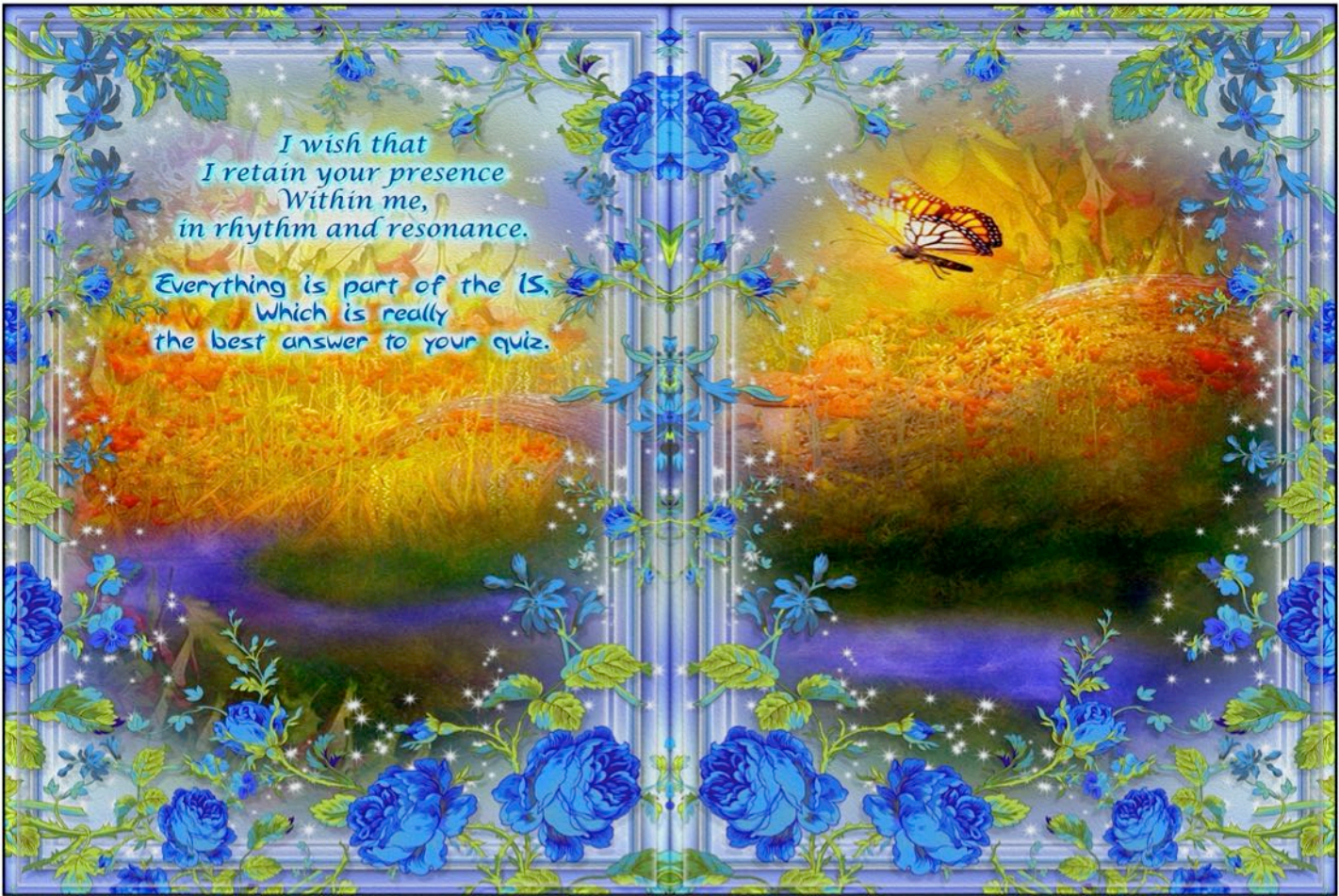


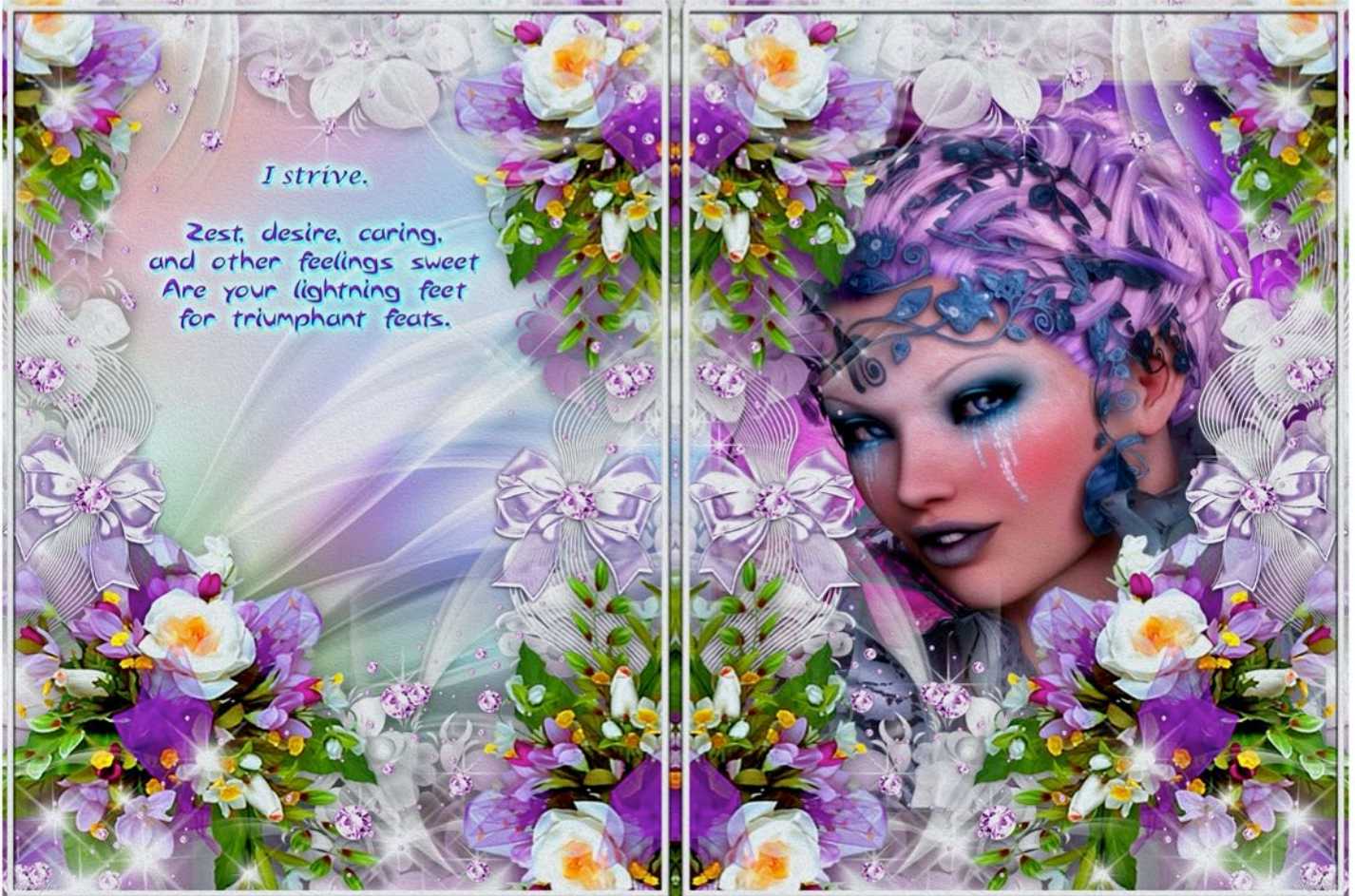
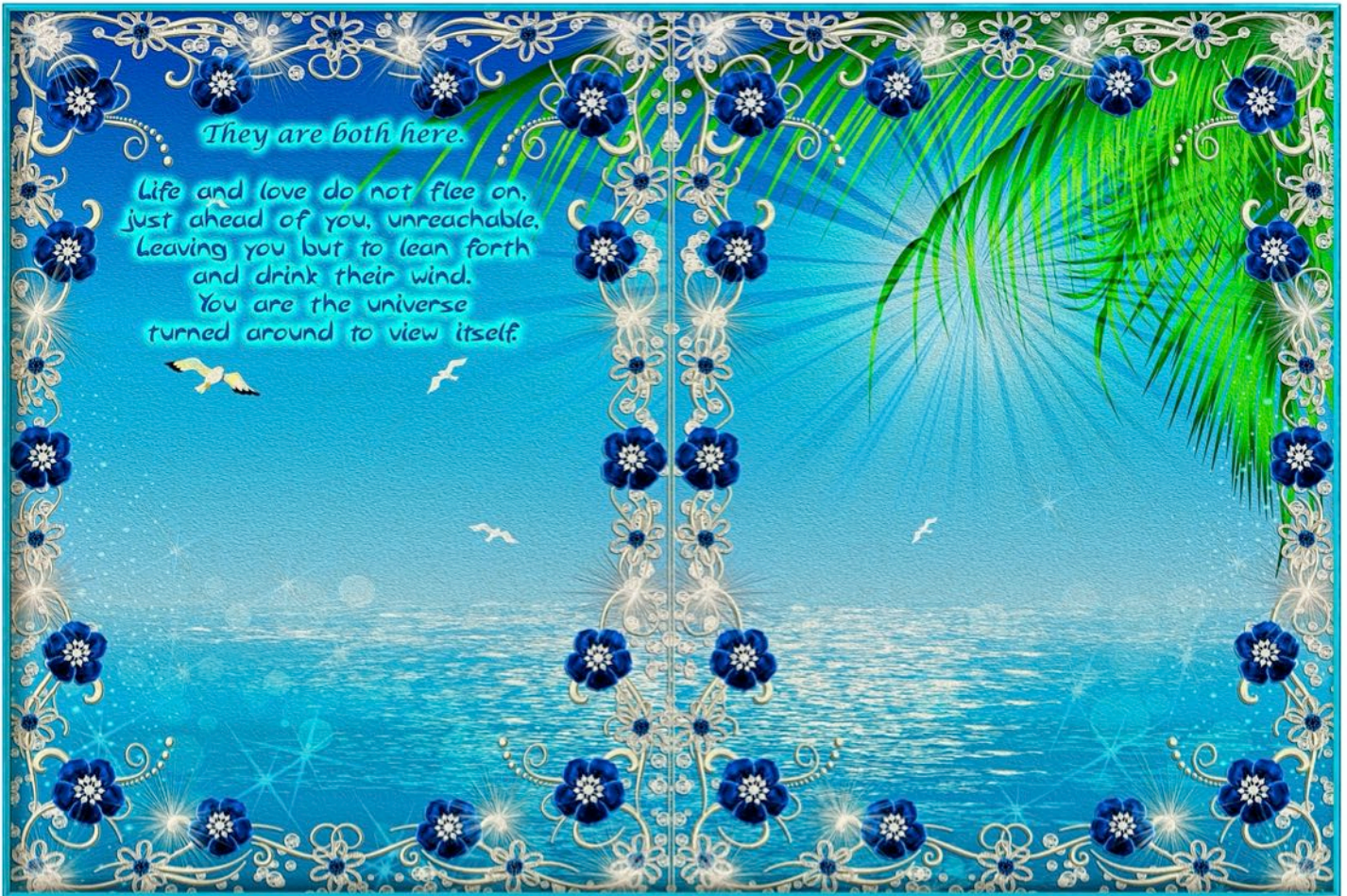
All at once?
Then that is a superposed All.
What makes time begin
and then gear its call?

As great as I am,
there are two limits
To which even I
must ever obey:
My superpositions
must either trace back
To total order
or to disorder: two.









I reason.

All manner of shapes havnt
the wilderness of the mind,
Many as waste, as in the universe,
at large, in kind,
Just waiting and asking
to be tamed as sane.



I ponder.

You are the golden chalice
to the wine that flows;
Drink, drink!

You are the live
and resultant existence
that knows.
Think, think!





I imagine.

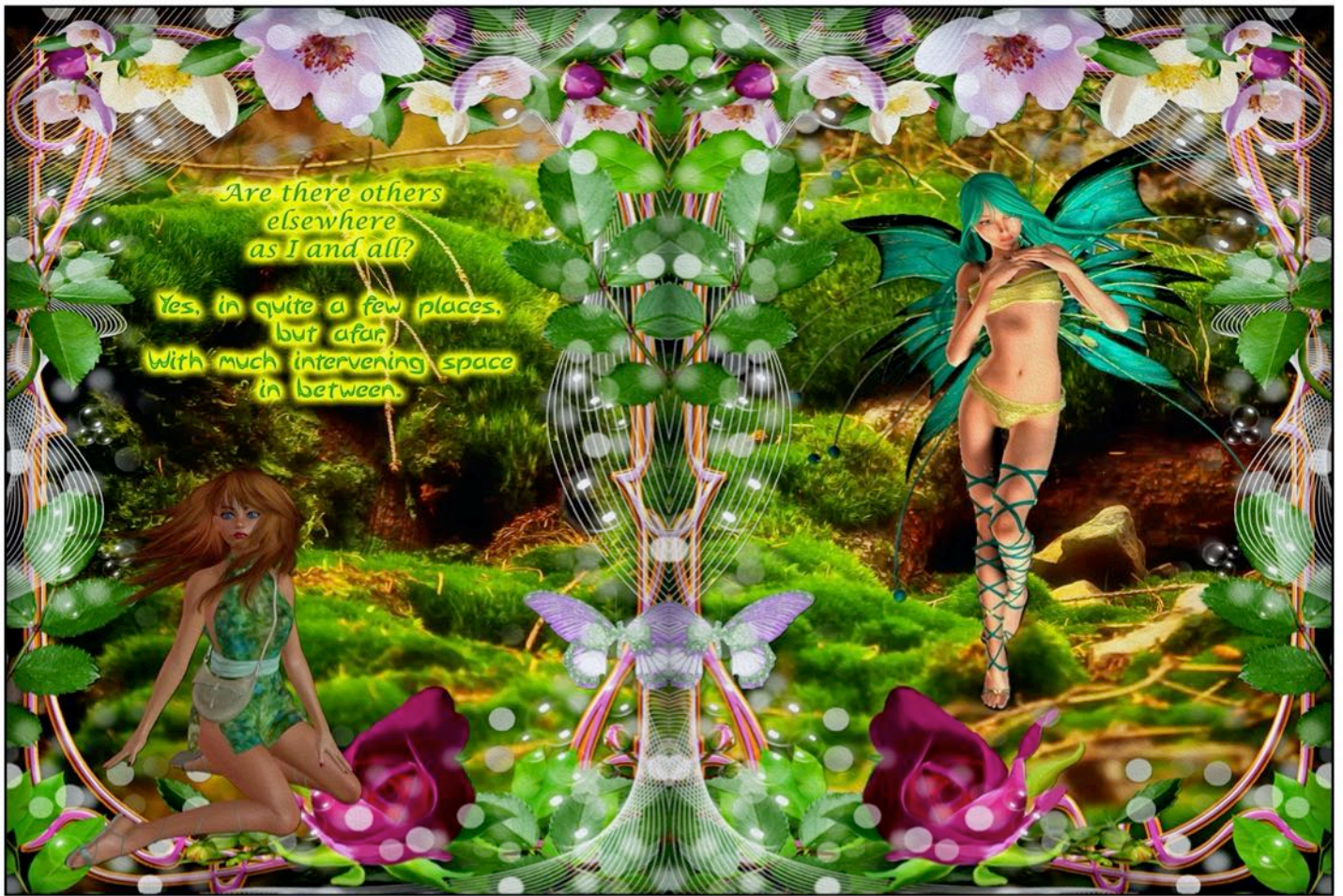
Thoughts fly
in the mind
like birds wing the wind;
Imagination is
the atmosphere
wherein ideas are born
And borne
on the waves
of the sea
in which one sees.

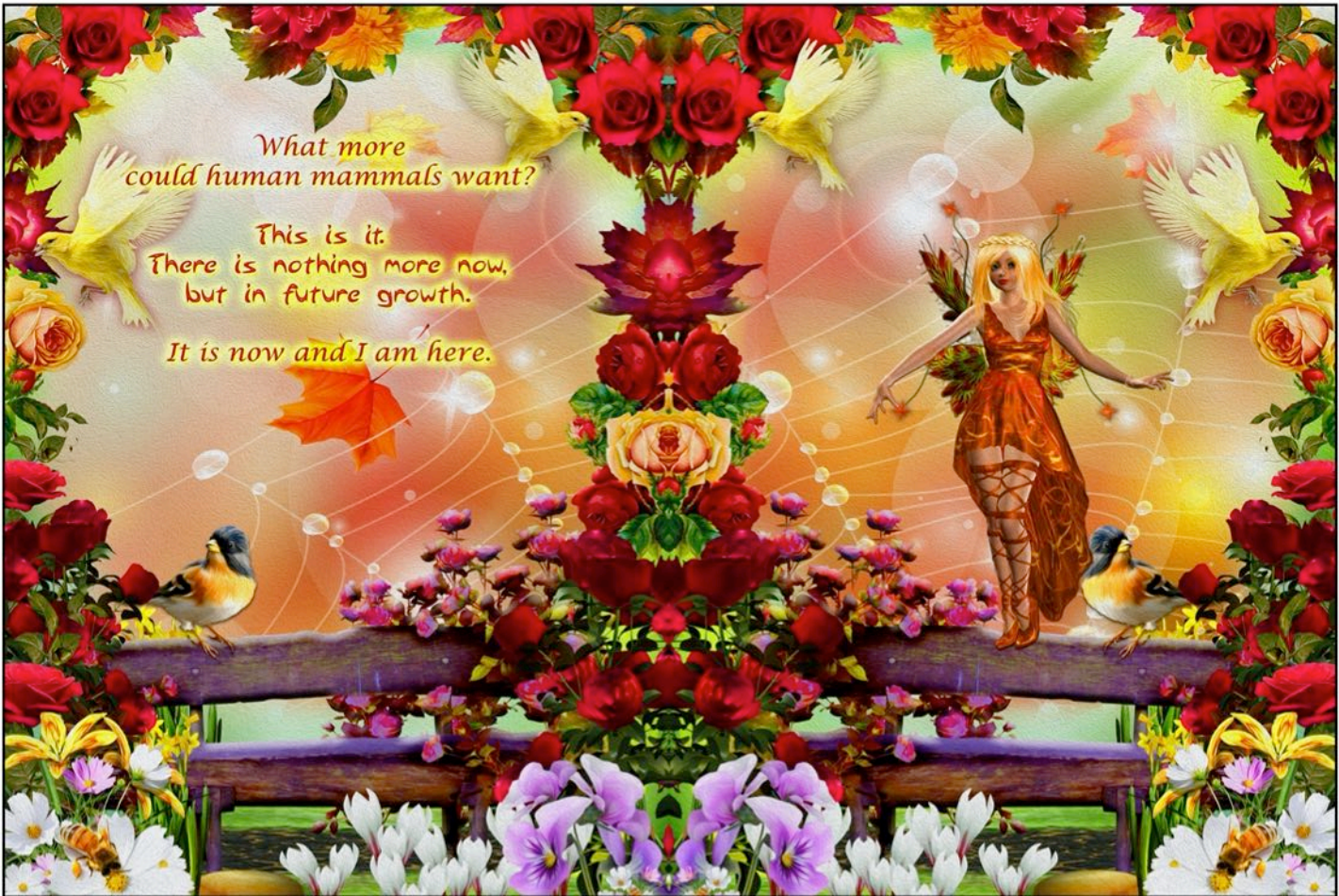


*I have arrived,
after 13.57 billion years.*

All from stardust
begins and ends in thee.
The mighty wrecks
of the elements are strewn
Across the universe
like chaff from the harvest—
Much of the Cosmos
a vast wasteland.







TO THE DEPTHS OF THE DEEP

Here I stand, holding fast,
Onto my other half.

The zephyr faints, dying in the half-light,
Its caress suspended, as day kisses night,
When for some instants, stretching into moments,
We are neither here nor there but in twilight.

We live at this boundary of day and night,
Our selves merging in the blend of twilight:
You and me, me and you; yours, mine, and ours;
The day-gold melts into the jeweled night.

Above us, fires burn the stars away;
Below us, the Earth turns under our feet;
Within us, unworded dreams haunt the soul;
Around us, night pours blackness on the ground.

Soft and warm, the evening caresses us,
In gentle darkness and quiet stillness.
Here we sense the sweep across the heartstrings,
For we're undistracted by the day's bright noise.

I beg of the night to yield its dearest puzzle,
To reveal the full truth of what it is.

Much I already know, from twilight dreams,
And from poems unveiling truth and beauty
But I ask, with my most inquiring looks,
To know the deepest secrets of the night.

I must ask from the powers of the night
Not immortality nor youth nor birth
But only that I glimpse the enigmatic—
That riddle posed of the conundrum.

...

Follow.

...

The door resisted at first
Then creaked into the crypt,
Powdered rust streaming from the hinges.

Here the answer to All was kept;
But not all was pleasant—it spoke of death,
Of life's end, separate by just a breath.

I saw tombstones overgrown, underswept,
Names unknown—and to all the message saith:

“Read Me”,
It said, in words engraved beyond the brink,
“You who live up above: of life go drink;
And you underneath, now lying so dead:
Rest in peace, relax—it's later than you think!”

*To learn the Secrets—what IS and e'er WAS,
One must brave the crypt and ghost of cause.*

So into the deep we go, without pause,
To look down, ever down, no self to keep—
Through birth, death, and the shade of sleep,
Through paths unkempt, underswept—

To the deep,
Through the cloudy strife
Of this hazy life,
Through the equations of eternity—
Their non-paternity nor maternity,
Past the realm of the things which seem or are,
Even o'er the steps of the remotest bar.

Down, down,
Where the mind whirls round and round,
As the ear draws forth the sound,
As the eye sees the light,
And of the dark the fright.

Down, down,
Beyond all death, despair, love, and sorrow,
Past yesterday, today, and tomorrow—
The body's guide but the logic of the 'know'.

Down through the fog, the not, and the void,
Where 'God' and everything fail; Oh, zoids!

Down,
Where reigns the night, where the air is thin,
Where the sky and stars are not, but within,
Where the glorious have not their throne,
Where there is one presiding, all alone.

Down, down,
To the fathoms of the cryptic;
Where substance slept with arithmetic,

Toward the spark yet nursed by embers,
To the first and last the universe remembers,
To seek the gem that shines—the wealth of mines,
The jewels so treasured by thee and thine.

What truth accelerates life's momentous gem,
Letting the motto become "Carpe diem"?
Who seized the moment or lost its momentum,
Wearing not the time as its royal diadem?

*The World does not pass by—we pass through it live;
Clear your being so the treasure may arrive;*

*The spirit sparkles of a different light—
The gemstones are of a different mine.*

*Down, down!
We guide thee, we must carry thee;
We're illumination beside thee...*

*Down!
Fear not the proof—
It's the beauty of the truth:*

*Above the ground you were ever born again,
When the roseate hearts were cleansed by dew,
And lucky were you if spring found you new,
As every blossom on the bush blew full.*

*When these wonders the new morning bestrew,
The beauty of truth was all that you 'knew'.*

*Life's hardships there were softened by beauty,
All its weaknesses strengthened by the truth—
As when roses blossomed, like realizations,
Beauty itself bloomed from the well of truth.*

*For now, rarely enough, existence is left aside,
And yet the essence ever has its other side—
Life, although anguishing, must be lived fully,
Since if you're alive enough to feel its beauty
Then you're exposed to its opposite twin;
Yes, Beauty's other side is Melancholy.*

...

*Down, down,
The essence beckons us back home,
As the contained-container is the poem.*

When a deep truth is known so intensely
That all of its clothing falls away,
Then one has learned the beauty of truth,
For the reality of meaning is beauty.

When sadness brooded over the morrow,
I once visited the deep well of sorrow.
There enshrined, inseparate, Beauty said,
“’Twas from me that sadness you borrowed.”

So do we live the life of art,
Each playing our part?

*Nay, that is not life, nor a part, bit,
For there’s another dimension to it.
Art and poetry enrich human experience
But they’re not substitutes for the living of it.*

Like Keats’ figures on the urn, blest,
Should we live life any less?

No—because what is deathless is also lifeless!

Down, down!
Truth and beauty must be inseparable,
Although this is seemingly imponderable.

On that sphere above,
Soft breezes ever blew, caressing me and you
As we kissed the roses new and drank their dew.

Reason and passion then merged into one,
As truth and beauty made their rendezvous.

*Down, down, ever down—
Through the antiquity, past all of the known—
Arriving at the lowest, remotest throne,*

One of the highest perfection,
For it is of the two contrasting directions.

*Opposite twins rule the causing call,
The positives and negatives constituting All.*

Here the enigma of the ever immortal
Is undone and unloosed through its portal:
The Theory of Everything mortal—
The Idea for which we've opened the door to.

*Down, down,
To the end at last!*

*Here be the lawless and the formless
Of the unordered, uncreated scene.*

Here the causeless reigns supreme.

THE MYSTERIES OF THE NIGHT

I'm off to learn the mysteries of the night,
Via the Essence speaking through my djinni.

Oh, dome of night, spotted with silver stars,
I must ask more than you can grant unto me,
So that thus I might at least obtain that
Which I but wish for in the first place.

I beg you to yield your dearest secrets,
To reveal the full truth of what you are.

*Oh, man, I cannot tell thee of all there is,
For I am that, as all that IS—the Wiz,
But, as I never began, I earned not my throne,
Yet I reside as the All for reasons unknown.*

Much I already know from twilight dreams
And from poems unveiling truth and beauty,
Yet I ask, with my most persuasive looks,
To learn the deepest mysteries of the night.

*I have always been, and must be, so jot:
That All is ever here to be, since nothing cannot.*

Well then, might lesser answers I obtain, in lieu
Of never us knowing really the why-fore of you?

*Oh, heavens yes; pose your quandaries,
But ask not immortality, nor youth, nor birth
From my powers of the night, 'though these I have
But know not the why, for I have no First.*

Why then, is the universe so extravagant—
With trillions of galaxies of billions of stars,
About which so many planets whirl and twirl,
With so much dust swirling in between worlds?

*There are vast multitudes, true, so easily made,
And more; yet they are finite, as must be,
For no cap can be placed on infinity;
If it could, then night would be white with light.*

So, there are stars to burn, as with riches,
But why, then, must this largest be so large?

*It is because the infinitesimal, the smallest,
Must be so very tiny, so minuscule,
As a simple, continuous function,
Neither composite nor of course complex.*

So, there is a basic lightness of being
Because anything more would then be of parts
And thus beyond the fundamental arts?

*Yes, it is that the base can only be as such
When it's just a bit more than nothing;
But there is some more to it; just ask to learn.*

Is it too that there are then so many more chances
For arrangements, due to the extravagances?

*Not as meant, but that falls out, as it must,
For since the opposite Not cannot be,
I must then be Everything—of possibility.*

All at once? Then that is a superposed All.
What makes time begin and then gear its call?

*As great as I am, there are two limits
To which even I must ever obey:
My superpositions must either trace back
To total order or to disorder: two.*

And so time can only begin from order,
As with matter separated from antimatter—
Time pushed forward by this arrangement,
And further pulled forward by disorder?

*'Tis confirmed, with the Big Bang start,
Through the vast stages of diversity,
Unto the end—as entropy's heat death.*

As protons to stars to their explosions
And radiations to atoms to cells to life
Unto brains and consciousness?

*Yes, from the stars cometh not just our help,
But us too and everything else out there—
All is the continuance of just the one big effect
Of the one big event of the beginning of time.*

Earth couldn't be farther out in space, alone;
In all directions it rolls along, unknown.
I look to the stars piercing the depths of time:
They beckon, warm and welcome, the fires of home.

I am that, as the night sky, whom you ask.

I wish that I retain your presence
Within me, in rhythm and resonance.

*Everything is part of the IS,
Which is really the best answer to your quiz.*

Who am I really talking to?

Yourself, for you are the universe come to life.

I live; I love.

*You do not just live; you are life.
You do not just love; you are love.*

They are both here.

*Life and love do not flee on,
just ahead of you, unreachable,
Leaving you but to lean forth and drink their wind.
You are the universe turned around to view itself.*

I strive.

*Zest, desire, caring, and all feelings sweet
Are your lightning feet for triumphant feats.*

I reason.

All manner of shapes haunt the wilderness of the mind,

*Many as waste, as in the universe, at large, in kind,
Just waiting and asking to be tamed as sane.*

I ponder.

*You are the golden chalice to the wine that flows;
Drink, drink!
You are the live and resultant existence that knows.
Think, think!*

I imagine.

*Thoughts fly in the mind like birds wing the wind;
Imagination is the atmosphere wherein ideas are born
And borne on the waves of the sea in which one sees.*

I have arrived, after billions of years.

*All from stardust begins and ends in thee.
The mighty wrecks of the elements are strewn
Across the universe like chaff from the harvest—
Much of the Cosmos a vast wasteland.*

Are there others elsewhere as I and all?

*Yes, in quite a few places, but afar,
With much intervening space in between.*

What more could human mammals want?

*This is it.
There is nothing more now, but in future growth.*

It is now and I am here.

— THE END —

