

the High One presents

Sun-Optikos

"Seeing the Whole Together"

a collection of poetic insight & inspiration
for spiritual awakening

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www.geocities.com/SeeingTheWholeTogether

from *Ugly Day*

Goodbye, New Orleans, goodbye
Salad bowl of jazzy beats and glittering beads
Turned to toilet bowl of raw sewage and
contaminated grease
Displacement, place of national disgrace
Take to your roofs; the dark cloud is upon you
Now you know where freedom's priorities reside
Help is on the way, but not necessarily today
All tied up in oil lies, watch the prices rise
Superman's cape has been stripped inch by inch
By the caustic breath of your elected officials
Are you seeing red yet,
through the red tape, Red state
When the levy breaks and only the rich survive
It's coming for you too, wherever you are...

C.J. Laity

Be Thou My Vision

Be Thou my vision, O Lord of my heart;
Naught be all else to me, save that Thou art;
Thou my best thought, by day or by night,
Waking or sleeping, Thy presence my light.

Riches I heed not, nor vain, empty praise.
Thou mine inheritance, now and always:
Thou and Thou only, first in my heart,
Great God of heaven, my treasure Thou art.

Be Thou my wisdom, and Thou my true word;
I ever with Thee and Thou with me, Lord:
Heart of my own heart, whatever befall,
Still be my vision, O Ruler of all.

High King of heaven, when victory is won,
may I reach heaven's joys, bright heaven's sun!
Heart of my heart, whatever befall,
Still be my vision, O Ruler of all.

Ancient Irish poem
translation by Mary E. Byrne, 1905



Clear Water

Bubbling slight ripples
glassed up from the brook
I see solid rock
and blue sky
wobble shadowy below
with sparkles, glimmers
(sun hiding over the treetops)
riding beside this grass
—wobble enough to know
all the splashes I've ever seen,
all the rains,
the puddles coming back
—ah, yes, the swirl of rainbows
in the oil slick, city street surface—
enough to remind me
to fetch another sip
of clear water

to rinse the cardio-vascular
corridors within...
process the endless
factory fuel cells
(energy efficient, hopefully rather
pollution free)
and let the power
of effortless breathing
go with the kidney outflow
gently seething

organic rain on the wild grass below.

August Roussel

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The Negro Speaks of Rivers

I've known rivers:
I've known rivers ancient as the world
and older than the flow of human blood in human veins.

My soul has grown deep like the rivers.

I bathed in the Euphrates when dawns were young.
I built my hut near the Congo and it lulled me to sleep.
I looked upon the Nile and raised the pyramids above it.
I heard the singing of the Mississippi when Abe Lincoln
went down to New Orleans, and I've seen its muddy
bosom turn all golden in the sunset.

I've known rivers:
Ancient, dusky rivers.

My soul has grown deep like the rivers.

Langston Hughes (b.1902-d.1967)
www.redhotjazz.com/hughes.html

Rivers of Babylon

By the rivers of Babylon,
there we sat down,
and there we wept
when we remembered Zion.

But the wicked carried us away in captivity,
and require from us a song.
How can we sing the Lord's own song in a strange land
when we remembered Zion?

Jamaican folk song

a chance for me and you?

everybody should get a chance education healthcare
employment = opportunity black white red blue a chance for me
and you? they say America is opportunity rich kid gets education
poor kid gets the skids jails lack education sit and think in a cell
hey kid you make your own hell black white red blue a chance for
me and you? no money to see the doc don't get sick don't get hit
take a hit hold it in kid sit and spin some get amputations some
get artificial limbs why not all the needy black white red blue a
chance for me and you? no money in the pot sell the pot 'cause
ya gotta bad lot gotta depressing life cheer up punk it's only the
beginning to your strife no job 'cause you did time being poor in
America is a crime he didn't ask for a crack daddy she didn't ask
for a welfare momma black white red blue
a chance for me and you?

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