

the High One presents

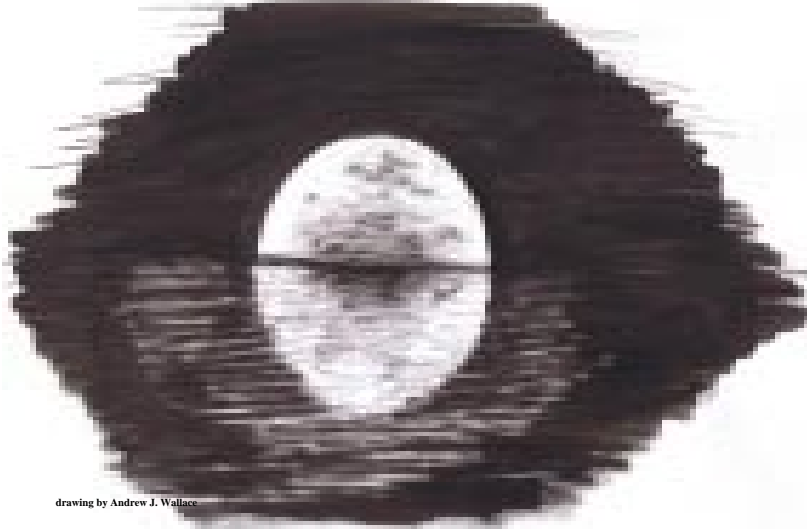
# Sun-Optikos

"Seeing the Whole Together"

a collection of poetic insight & inspiration  
for spiritual awakening

No. 40 - Winter 2005/2006

[www.geocities.com/SeeingTheWholeTogether](http://www.geocities.com/SeeingTheWholeTogether)



drawing by Andrew J. Wallace

## Many Waters, Different Shores

Bang.....Bang.....BOOM  
The Universe explodes  
breaking masses into particles  
expanding into islands  
and bubbling forth from a core of fire

Charging straight ahead  
we journey through our life's end  
and explode  
like the Big-Bang-Ka-BOOM

We are birthed forth  
flushed through tunnels & networks.  
Our internal clock keeps us on time  
as we arrive at our destination

And breath begins...  
gulp    gulp    gulp

Check your luggage  
with the man in the white uniform  
he'll cut it off in no time at all  
in one razor sharp movement

From the primordial ooze  
of a mother's womb  
we have been thrust out  
into the whirlpool  
known as the Universe...

Here in the current of the almighty High One  
we swim naked in many waters  
and find many different shores...

## Dayz in Passion

[www.geocities.com/seeingthewholetogether](http://www.geocities.com/seeingthewholetogether)

## Rising Toward Hope

When the moon is going good, on the water, it always seems new, like there's a new beginning right then, even though you might be going to bed. I'd like to be out on the water right now, the water is alive. To be bouncing on the water in the path of the moonlight, movement and flowing, but right now, but all of time. I have this vision of earth literature from the turn of the century, a hundred years ago, that evokes the good earth in all the brown books, and not fancy with the fancy lit and not the novels you know, the plots, but plain and basic and evoking the thing in a plain and sustaining way, like a good meal that is served with love, by an opened window with the smell of the lake coming in. I don't find these books but I want them to be, maybe they are there somewhere, without plot or artifice, good and sustaining, rich and brown. You could see this kind of work coming out of a town like Camden, Maine a hundred years ago, by Megunticook Lake. But coming out of any town with open earth, for the people, walking in the furrowed earth or on the opened fields that are rising toward Hope.

**Eric Rossborough**

[www.madpoetry.org/madpoets/rossboro.html](http://www.madpoetry.org/madpoets/rossboro.html)

## Almost All

Wings I see  
In dawn's blue light threading me  
Through tapestried green aqueousness,  
The light of our limbs weight,  
The radiant fringe, skin's edge,  
A peacock's aura, those haloes  
Of great shine, richest coloring  
In the reach between what I take in  
& give back full, sensuous, spiritous  
as oriental erotica in its silk scrim link  
to that larger space of divine prussian blue,  
golden topaz, stained glass emerald  
bright ruby in the caressing clutch-rhythm,  
the life seed of seas whether we climax  
as one or dissipate in other arms, different  
states, for I am still placed down your spine  
as an arc, & your system, in constellations,  
still correlates its star sparks  
all down the neurons  
of my own nerves,  
my own vertebrae

**Stephen Mead**

[www.subtletea.com/stephenmeadpoetryart.htm](http://www.subtletea.com/stephenmeadpoetryart.htm)

## How To Explain The War To Your Children

Show them the corpses of Iraqi children  
killed by our guns  
and say  
“This is necessary for their freedom.”

Show them the corpses of Iraqi mothers and fathers  
killed by our bombs  
and say  
“This is necessary for their freedom.”

Play them as they pledge allegiance to the flag  
the tape recording of wounded soldiers on the battlefield  
crying for their mothers.

Play them as they say their prayers in church  
the tape recording of wounded children  
buried under rubble of their homes  
blown up by our precision missiles  
crying for their mothers.

Show them in grade school middle school high school  
close-ups of all the different kinds of wounds  
on dead soldiers on both sides  
and wounds of soldiers who’ll survive  
only to kill themselves, their wives and children later.

Hand out brand-new boxes of crayons  
and tell them to do portraits of the wounds  
to illustrate calendars to be sold at bake sales  
to provide money to keep their schools and hospitals open.

Put your son’s puppy in the microwave on high till it explodes  
and scream “We must stop them from doing this!”

Explain experts concur authorities insist our leaders assure us  
our generals debrief us our opinion polls accurately report  
the majority of us believe

It is essential to understand that battles  
are primarily won in the hearts of men.  
– Vince Lombardi

our priests ministers rabbis imams shamans  
at the baptism of every baby  
must say to the baby and mother and father  
and entire congregation  
“The only way we can guarantee our freedom  
is for a certain number of innocent babies like you  
to grow up to learn how to kill  
with your bare hands  
and with the best weapons money can buy  
for unless a certain number of little babies like you  
become skilled killers  
what hope is there for the dream  
of the irresistible coming of utopias of freedom  
throughout our Galaxy let alone America?”

And if your children still ask why,  
send them to ventriloquist school  
so they can learn how to make  
the cries of wounded soldiers and children  
come from life-like dummies  
of wounded soldiers and children  
sitting on their knees for freedom.

And if your children won’t stop asking why,  
light a candle next to your open Bible with a gun on it,  
blindfold them with an American flag,  
duct tape their mouths shut  
and slit their throats  
till from the gaping open wound  
that’s shaped like a smile  
the sound of air escaping  
from terrified agonized lungs  
that will never take another breath  
tells all the children of the future  
“Victory was ours for freedom!”

**Antler**

[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/antler\\_\(poet\)](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/antler_(poet))

**Sun-Optikos Publications**

P.O. Box 1503

Madison, Wisconsin 53701-1503

U.S.A.

