

10 YEARS IN PRINT (1996 – 2006)

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

Free Choice

the truest form of freedom is in knowing you are bound for all of us are bound by choices made and choosing not to choose is still a kind of choice I've found and only causes growth to be delayed but looking at life squarely with feet firmly on the ground you're likelier to make an even trade you may not choose your parents or the city where they live but how you treat your friends is in your hands and how you treat your family if you love or hate you give that choice is yours regardless of demands to spend your free time with a book a friend or relative hear chamber music or rock and roll bands however you began this life each step you take is yours to blindly follow someone else's lead or raise your eyes to gaze ahead seek out unopened doors sleep in the garden or go plant a seed become an empty cup into which life's experience pours or venture forth in search of some great deed in knowing you are bound by choice be conscious as you choose but do not dither while life passes by for others may make choices for the ones you do not use and that is no excuse to sit and cry so open up your eyes and make your choices win or lose your soul will have the freedom then to fly

Ingrid Frances Stark

Eternity

He who binds himself to a joy
Does the winged life destroy;
But he who kisses the joy as it flies
Lives in eternity's sun rise.

William Blake
(b.1757-d.1827)

God of the Manacle
As of the Free —
Take not my Liberty
Away from Me —

Emily Dickinson

(b.1830-d.1886)

Dead of Summer

After it happened the roads were like glass, shattered or molten and dripping. We went about our duties, carefully skirting the craters without ever looking down. Storms swept over us, and each day was hotter and more overcast. The schools and libraries were rededicated to other purposes, but mail was delivered twice a day, due to increased numbers of emergency government bulletins. The useless radio hissed like a rabid raccoon. At the supermarket the empty shelves grew longer. No one drove anywhere, but we sometimes heard faint sirens that remained a mystery. Whole families moved in the dead of night, giving no warning to their neighbors and abandoning everything they owned. We boarded up windows. We never opened the doors after dark. We said we liked it better before, but as usual, no one was listening.

F.J. Bergmann

from *Hail Discordia*

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Great is the Sun

Great is the sun, and wide he goes
Through empty heaven without repose;
And in the blue and glowing days
More thick than rain
 he showers his rays.

Though closer still the blinds we pull
To keep the shady parlour cool,
Yet he will find a chink or two
To slip his golden fingers through.

Above the hills, along the blue,
Round the bright air with footing true,
To please the child, to paint the rose,
The gardener of the World, he goes.

Robert Louis Stevenson

(b.1850-d.1894)



The Fly

Little Fly,
Thy summer's play
My thoughtless hand
Has brushed away.

Am not I
A fly like thee?
Or art not thou
A man like me?



For I dance
And drink and sing,
Till some blind hand
Shall brush my wing.

If thought is life
And strength and breath,
And the want
Of thought is death,

Then am I
A happy fly,
If I live
Or if I die.

William Blake

Believing Is Becoming

How high do you want to get?
The sky is not the limit
as the Universe is Infinite,
when you Do It without lies,
without drugs, without illusion,
when you cleanse out
the heart-ache confusion
and say No to self-destructive ways,
using instead, the intoxication,
the buzz, the power, the Magic
of the uninhibited,
purified imagination,
as a shining grace, channeled
into a lifelong art form
of constructive expression...
...if you can imagine,
 you can create...
...and when you believe,
 you will become,
you will rise to the highest peaks
of the dreams
that are calling you forward

Dayz in Passion

www.geocities.com/dayzinpassion

*Far away there in the sunshine are my highest aspirations.
I may not reach them, but I can look up and see their
beauty, believe in them, and try to follow where they lead.*

Louisa May Alcott

(b.1832-d.1888)

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