

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

Departing summer hath assumed  
An aspect tenderly illumed,  
The gentlest look of spring;  
That calls from yonder leafy shade  
Unfaded, yet prepared to fade,  
A timely carolling...

**William Wordsworth**

*CONFUCIUS SAY...*

Clean you can see is clean  
Clean you can't is organic  
Treat body like car  
God is Mechanic

**August Roussel**

## The Sunflower

Ah, Sunflower! weary of time,  
Who countest the steps of the sun,  
Seeking after that sweet golden clime  
Where the traveller's journey is done;

Where the youth pined away with desire  
And the pale virgin shrouded in snow  
Arise from their graves, and aspire  
Where my Sunflower wishes to go.

**William Blake**

## Shadow Boxing

While shadow boxing  
I was made aware  
of who my worst  
enemy is, and who  
may also guide me  
to greater endurance  
through each daily lesson  
of survival.  
Shadow boxing reminds me  
who I'm fighting

**Dayz in Passion**

If you don't behave as you believe,  
you will end by believing as you behave.

**Archbishop Fulton J. Sheen**

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**The Heart of the Tree**

What does he plant who plants a tree?  
 He plants a friend of sun and sky;  
 He plants the flag of breezes free;  
 The shaft of beauty, towering high;  
 He plants a home to heaven anigh  
 For song and mother-croon of bird  
 In hushed and happy twilight heard—  
 The treble of heaven's harmony—  
 These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?  
 He plants cool shade and tender rain,  
 And seed and bud of days to be,  
 And years that fade and flush again;  
 He plants the glory of the plain;  
 He plants the forest's heritage;  
 The harvest of a coming age;  
 The joy that unborn eyes shall see—  
 These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?  
 He plants, in sap and leaf and wood,  
 In love of home and loyalty  
 And far-cast thought of civic good—  
 His blessings on the neighborhood  
 Who in the hollow of His hand  
 Holds all the growth of all our land—  
 A nation's growth from sea to sea  
 Stirs in his heart who plants a tree.

That time of year thou mayst in me behold  
 When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang  
 Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,  
 Bare ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.  
 In me thou see'st the twilight of such day  
 As after sunset fadeth in the west;  
 Which by and by black night doth take away,  
 Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.  
 In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire,  
 That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,  
 As the deathbed wheron it must expire,  
 Consumed with that which makes thy love more strong,  
 To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

**William Shakespeare**

*...between overpopulation, hunger and drought,  
 between World War III, ozone spreading, and continents thinning,  
 between dirty water, dirty air, and dirty dealings  
 the dirt blows away in streams through the air.*

*God is looking at himself from the inside out... to space  
 and by the outside, with all the starlight pouring, in.*

*God is circling like a vulture and doomed like a dying victim...*

*God is his own sin.*  
**August Roussel**

**Henry Cuyler Bunner**  
 (b.1855-d.1896)

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