

10 YEARS IN PRINT (1996 – 2006)

*the High One presents*

# Sun-Optikos

*"Seeing the Whole Together"*

**No. 44 – Winter 2006**

All my days I've been searching,  
to find out what this life is worth  
through the books and bibles of time  
I've made up my mind  
I don't condemn, I don't convert,  
this is a calling have you heard  
bring all the loves to the fold,  
cause no one is gonna lose their soul  
love is my religion...

**Ziggy Marley**

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,  
So do our minutes hasten to their end,  
Each changing place with that which goes before,  
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.  
Nativity, once in the main of light,  
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crowned,  
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,  
And Time that gave doth now his gift confound.  
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth  
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,  
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,  
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow.  
And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,  
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

**William Shakespeare**  
(b.1564-d.1616)

Like a plant that starts up in showers and  
sunshine and does not know which has best  
helped it to grow, it is difficult to say  
whether the hard things or the pleasant  
things did me the most good.

–Lucy Larcom

**The Mystery That Is...  
...The Mystery**  
**speaking in tongues**  
**Ancestors' voices**  
**woven oceanscape of sounds**  
**Infinite echoing**  
**Voices sirening**  
**from the mystic river**  
**out of churning**  
**waterfalls**  
**playing with shadows**  
**stream of consciousness**  
**flows from the Eternal**  
**Source**  
**growing**  
**a flower that explodes**  
**projectile**  
**seeds**  
**of creation-destruction**  
**rejuvenation**  
**spiraling composition**  
**the Spirit naked**  
**united through the Breath**  
**moves like a deep guttural growl**  
**the Sun, Moon, stars,**  
**the sky is falling, unfolding**  
**into the lap of God,**  
**the Foundation of family**  
**connected**  
**by the Love that Is**  
**the Mystery that Is...**  
**Dayz in Passion**

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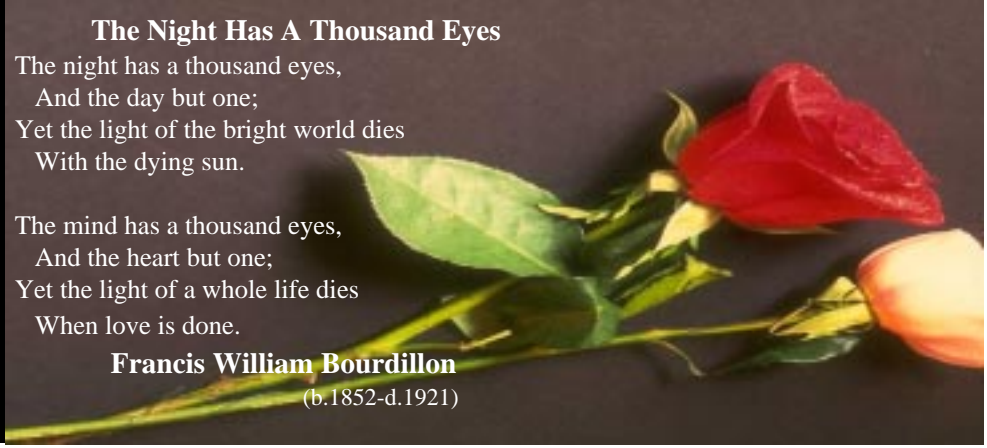
## The Night Has A Thousand Eyes

The night has a thousand eyes,  
And the day but one;  
Yet the light of the bright world dies  
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,  
And the heart but one;  
Yet the light of a whole life dies  
When love is done.

**Francis William Bourdillon**

(b.1852-d.1921)



## The Art of Drying Roses

It is not by accident  
that rotting flowers  
are the ones we keep.

We love the dying;  
the dead entertain us  
with memories  
written into their petals,

like a stigmata.  
We separate the rose  
to dissect its beauty.

What was once a velvet  
bulb, with back-bending  
stomachs, is now a seed  
with its remains

scattered around the floor.  
We play with carbon monoxide  
and eternal sleep, wanting

to drive into that realm  
and then back home  
so we can tell our colleagues

that the flowers are,  
indeed, living  
on the other side.

And so we give them to  
our little prom girls  
so new and glistening  
while they take them home

and dry them  
upside-down, a hang-man  
already in life.

**Lisa Marie Brodsky**

## Music

Let me go where'er I will,  
I hear a sky-born music still:  
It sounds from all things old,  
It sounds from all things young,  
From all that's fair, from all that's foul,  
Peals out a cheerful song.

It is not only in the rose,  
It is not only in the bird,  
Not only where the rainbow glows,  
Nor in the song of woman heard,  
But in the darkest, meanest things  
And always, always something sings.

'Tis not on the high stars alone,  
Nor in the cup of budding flowers,  
Nor in the redbreast's mellow tone,  
Nor in the bow that smiles in showers,  
But in the mud and scum of things  
And always, always something sings.

**Ralph Waldo Emerson**

(b.1803-d.1882)

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