

the High One presents

Sun-Optikos

a collection of poetic insight & inspiration
for spiritual awakening

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"Seeing the Whole Together"

www.geocities.com/SeeingTheWholeTogether



photo by Dayz in Passion

Doesn't Have to Believe to Be Born

A baby in the womb
doesn't have to believe
its Mother exists
to be born.

A baby inside its Mother
doesn't have to believe
its inside its Mother
to be born.

A baby in utero
doesn't have to believe
it will be born
to be born.

An unborn baby
doesn't have to believe in
life after birth
to be born
grow up
live long
life before death.

A baby in the womb
doesn't have to believe
in God to be born
in a savior to be born
in a soul to be born
in immortality to be born
in heaven to be born.

Baby in the womb
one night,
Next night
baby nursing
in its Mother's arms.

Antler

We Are the Music-Makers

We are the music-makers,
And we are the dreamers of dreams,
Wandering by lone sea-breakers,
And sitting by desolate streams,
World-lossers and world-foresakers,

Upon whom the pale moon gleams;
Yet we are the movers and shakers,
Of the world forever, it seems.

With wonderful deathless ditties
We build up the world's great cities,
And out of a fabulous story
We fashion an empire's glory:
One man with a dream, at pleasure,
Shall go forth and conquer a crown;
And three with a new song's measure
Can trample an empire down.

We, in the ages lying
In the buried past of the earth,
Built Nineveh with our sighing,,
And Babel itself with our mirth;
And o'erthrew them with prophesying
To the old of the new world's worth;
For each age is a dream that is dying,
Or one that is coming to birth.

Arthur O'Shaughnessy

(b.1844-d.1881)



photo by Dayz in Passion



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Our Day In The Sun

He criss-crossed this country way back in the day,
planting apple trees each step of the way...
every Autumn since then, countless apples ripen,
a feast for deer, raccoons, horses, bears, and humans.

Like many before him, and many to come,
Johnny Applesseed had his day in the sun...
Johnny had his day in the sun.

She was born in the old South, and raised as a slave,
then spent much of her life helping others escape,
guiding runaways North, to freedom...

she was brave, wise, bold, and very determined.

Like many before her, and many to come,
Harriet Tubman had her day in the sun...
Harriet had her day in the sun.

She wrote poems non-stop, up in her room,
flower after flower, bloom after bloom,
word after perfect word, language galore...
now we all can enjoy the fruits of her labor.

Like many before her, and many to come,
Emily Dickinson had her day in the sun...
Emily had her day in the sun.

I've selected a few people very meaningful to me,
but I could've picked others, as appropriately...
for there are heroines and heroes wherever we look,
for example, planting trees, helping others, or writing a book.

Like many before them, and many to come,
we're all having our day in the sun...
we're having our day in the sun.

Harvey Taylor

www.harveytaylor.net

White-tails wag

under Autumn apple trees

bowing with fruit

raining baseballs & golfballs of sweet-tartness

heavy heart to full stomachs

heavy with uncircumcised seeds to be planted, to grow a seedling
yet to sprout, yet to survive a winter's edge

or the random birds peck

Dayz in Passion

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Boredom Kills Most People

No matter what the cause of death appears to be, the real cause could be traceable to boredom. All of the indulgences in addictive substances, including excessive and unhealthy food ingestion, may be inspired by boredom in life. The recreational use of alcohol, tobacco or drugs is similar to the recreational use of food. All of these things are health and perhaps, even life threatening. People would like to be happy. They would like to be enthusiastic and truly excited about life. Yet, they are not. Instead, they are fat, bored and depressed. They may smoke or drink just to find some distraction from what they perceive to be the inescapable realities of their existence. Sex may be used in much the same fashion. Meaningless short term liaisons with individuals met under the influence of something, allow us to excuse ourselves. Instead of sex being the ultimate communication of affection and love, it is devalued into an opiate that reduces our partners to a mere syringe to give us another jolt, to ease our pain for another day. Boredom may not kill us fast, but it is killing us minute by minute and day by day. In the mean time we clomp around through life with blunked out Orphan Annie eyes, like zombies pretending to be alive. We can not fool that small inner core of realization, however, that knows full well, that we are dead and have been dead for a long time, though we yearn so much to live. Our psychological standard of living is so impoverished that in our present society there is little sustenance to sustain the life of our souls. We have been committing a slow unconscious suicide upon ourselves for years, aided and abetted by a society that is plunging blindly into a future that is dangerously shaped by the errors of both the past and today. Unfortunately only better people could produce a better society, and only a better society could produce a better people.

from *Practical Philosophy*, 2007 by Ivar Vikingstad

Pony Express

"When reason is away, the mice dance."

I don't know what that means. But I tell you I would like to get there. Really? Would you really? Well, I would like to see mice dance. All I do is kill 'em. In fact, when I hear the trap snap, I'm like, "Die, sonofabitch!" or something like that but short of real hate, but I am glad that the damn thing snapped. Mice dancing. All I find is tiny droppings under my drawer of cassette tapes and then they get on my fingers and then its like "Eeww!" And that's as close to music as I get. The plastic hardness and the paper. So many times I hear something and run to check it out, and it turns to be nothing. As Charles Bukowski said, reading the poets has been the dulllest of things. Why take this guy Ponge. I ran to check him out -- I still don't know what he's doing. Maybe it's me. May be it's me. But I tell you I am not interested in this post modern stuff, I am interested in the old rythmns, but without any lard. No plot, no romance, no curlicues at the end of the page. I just want to dive straight through with nothing but a saddlebag loaded with precious envelopes. Letters written on thin stationery. The kind you can see through. And the ink bleeding just a little bit in the rain but not so much you can't read the letter. In fact, you can read it fine. Tears, or rain? Oh you. This is easily the most surrealist thing I've ever done.

Eric Rossborough

Eve With Fire In Her Eyes

These days women
are hiding in their blood,
letting it absorb into a paper
napkin like spilled wine.

In the beginning
they let it flow
over their knees
onto a pile of soft,
velvet leaves.
Femininity was a red
teardrop down
the inside leg.

Bears noticed. Foxes
and deer picked up the
fierce smell of blood.
Women stood high in
the trees and watched,
their knees
crouched, their strong hands
gripping the bark.

Animals saw the piercing
ball of fire in their eyes
and retreated home
to be with their kin.

Lisa Marie Brodsky

Open to Interpretation

well
it could be
a metaphor for sex
but I prefer
to think of it
as representing
the experience of being
sacrificed on the altar
of the great god Pan
and then
dismembered
and flung to
the wolves
who are not
mentioned directly
in the poem

F.J. Bergmann

from *Hail Discordia*, 2004

Each in His Own Tongue

A fire-mist and a planet,
A crystal and a cell,
A jelly-fish and a saurian,
And caves where the cave-men dwell;
Then a sense of law and beauty
And a face turned from the clod—
Some call it Evolution,
And others call it God.

A haze on the far horizon,
The infinite, tender sky,
The ripe rich tint of the cornfields,
And the wild geese sailing high—
And all over upland and lowland
The charm of the golden-rod—
Some of us call it Autumn
And others call it God.

Like tides on a crescent sea-beach,
When the moon is new and thin,
Into our hearts high yearnings
Come welling and surging in—
Come from the mystic ocean,
Whose rim no foot has trod,—
Some of us call it Longing,
And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty,
A mother starved for her brood,
Socrates drinking the hemlock,
And Jesus on the rood;
And millions who, humble and nameless,
The straight, hard pathway plod,—
Some call it Consecration,
And others call it God.

William Herbert Carruth

(b.1859-d.1924)

This is my letter to the world,
That never wrote to me,
The simple news that Nature told,
With tender majesty.

Her message is committed
To hands I cannot see;
For love of her, sweet countrymen,
Judge tenderly of me!

Emily Dickenson

(b.1830-d.1886)



photo by Dayz in Passion

Collecting Night

Clover, this pungent basket
Of sweetest taste & my eyes rise
For Bean stalk Jack in the Giant's
Harp of stars between catalpa leaves
In moonlit lime.

I could swallow each like lozenges,
Carry the twilit brilliance within
& give you these dreams with a kiss
Half of thirst, half of ravenous peace.

What myth is this, dearest?
What fairy fable from an Aesop's painting?

I sleep on drop cloths full of illustrative hints,
The sweat of watercolors, our sensuality's dampness.

At noon when I wake there are morning glories
To baby, twining vines so the buds may ascend.
Open like clover, a feast for the gaze.

Here, flower-mouthed, is all that I can give you,
Such gratitude on the tongue & the longings of art
From summer gardens waving with gloaming.

Stephen Mead

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& read past issues at:

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