

the High One presents

# Sun-Optikos

*"Seeing the Whole Together"*

a collection of poetic insight & inspiration  
for spiritual awakening

**No. 50 - Summer 2008**

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

## Down in the River to Pray

As I went down in the river to pray  
Studying about that good old way  
And who shall wear the thorny crown  
Good Lord, show me the way!

O brothers let's go down,  
Let's go down, come on down,  
O brothers let's go down,  
Down in the river to pray.

As I went down in the river to pray  
Studying about that good old way  
And who shall wear the starry crown  
Good Lord, show me the way!

O sisters let's go down,  
Let's go down, come on down,  
O sisters let's go down,  
Down in the river to pray.

As I went down in the river to pray  
Studying about that good old way  
And who shall wear the shining crown  
Good Lord, show me the way!

O mothers let's go down,  
Let's go down, come on down,  
O mothers let's go down,  
Down in the river to pray.

As I went down in the river to pray  
Studying about that good old way  
And who shall wear the royal crown  
Good Lord, show me the way!

O fathers let's go down,  
Let's go down, come on down,  
O fathers let's go down,  
Down in the river to pray.

As I went down in the river to pray  
Studying about that good old way  
And who shall wear the humble crown  
Good Lord, show me the way!

O sinners let's go down,  
Let's go down, come on down,  
O sinners let's go down,  
Down in the river to pray.

As I went down in the river to pray  
Studying about that golden way  
And who shall wear the sacred crown  
Good Lord, show me the way...

show me the way...

show me the way...

show me the way...

show me the way...

traditional Americana gospel  
arranged by Troy Russel

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## The Land Of 10,000 Treatment Centers

We all have to fall  
In order to change  
Start out small  
To get back into the game

We all have inside us  
The Spirit of the Universe  
We have to regain trust  
Remember first things first

You must reclaim what has been robbed  
In the land of endless winter  
Talking to God is your new full time job  
In the land of 10,000 treatment centers

If getting sober was easy  
All addicts would recover  
Relapse can be ugly  
I've watched many go under

Life can be a struggle  
Like a flying trapeze  
Try to stay out of trouble  
Or you will fall like a great tree

Remember our ancestors  
Remember the natives  
Can we forgive the sins of our fathers?  
Killing can be creative

What was the chief's reply?  
When we bought thier land  
How do you sell the sky?  
The white man did not understand

Your life is at stake  
If you want to grow old  
Using is a mistake  
Don't sell your soul

You must reclaim what has been robbed  
In the land of endless winter  
Talking to God is your new full time job  
In the land of 10,000 treatment centers

### Chadword

from *The Peaceful Warrior* CD, 2007

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### Wicker Man

Hundreds of vibrating pagans (and perhaps some disgruntled Chritians), moved by the spirit of Summer Solstice, circled the two -story tall Wicker Man in anticipation of the fire at his feet to rise up and consume his body of twigs, releasing their longest-day prayers projected into the Wicker Man as they imagnatevely created him.

The Wicker Man burned with hot, out-of-control passion. Its pieces floated to the Midsummer night's sky as kindling for a wild fire, its ashes hailed to the ground below.

The tribe of glistening witches, druids, animists, and other New Age dreamers danced sky-clad in possessed ecstasy at the feet of the incinerating idol to the heartbeat from tribal drums, as they copulated with their Divine.

**Dayz in Passion**

Check out *Sun-Optikos* online & read past issues at: [www.GeoCities.Com/SeeingTheWholeTogether](http://www.GeoCities.Com/SeeingTheWholeTogether)

# poems by Amiri Baraka

Wise I

## Ka'Ba

“A closed window looks down on a dirty courtyard, and  
Black people call across or scream across or walk across  
defying physics in the stream of their will.

Our world is full of sound Our world is more lovely than  
anyone's tho we suffer, and kill each other and sometimes  
fail to walk the air.

We are beautiful people With African imaginations full of  
masks and dances and swelling chants with African eyes,  
and noses, and arms tho we sprawl in gray chains in a  
place full of winters, when what we want is sun.

We have been captured, and we labor to make our  
getaway, into the ancient image; into a new

Correspondence with ourselves and our Black family. We  
need magic now we need the spells, to raise up return,  
destroy ,and create. What will be

the sacred word?

*WHYS (Nobody Knows  
The Trouble I Seen)  
Traditional*

If you ever find  
yourself, some where  
lost and surrounded  
by enemies  
who won't let you  
speak in your own language  
who destroy your statues  
& instruments, who ban  
your omm bomm ba boom  
then you are in trouble  
deep trouble  
they ban your  
own boom ba boom  
you in deep deep  
trouble

humph!

probably take you several hundred years  
to get  
out!



Alexs Pate and Amiri Baraka at Cowles Auditorium in Minneapolis, April 30th, 2008 - photo by Dayz in Passion

**i am not yet  
done**

as possible as  
yeast  
as imminent as  
bread  
a collection of  
safe habits  
a collection of  
cares  
less certain than i  
seem  
more certain than  
i was  
a changed  
changer  
i continue to  
continue  
where i have  
been  
most of my lives  
is  
where i'm going

**Lucille Clifton**

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*Every moment  
wasted looking back  
keeps us  
from moving forward*

**Hillary Clinton**



Photo: Prince Charming Lilac in bloom  
June 2008 in Minnesota, by Dayz in Passion

## **Opportunity**

This I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream:--  
There spread a cloud of dust along a plain;  
And underneath the cloud, or it, raged  
A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords  
Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner  
Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.

A craven hung along the battle's edge,  
And thought, "Had I a sword of keener steel--  
That blue blade that the king's son bears--but this  
Blunt thing!"--he snapped and flung it from his hand.  
And lowering crept away and left the field.

Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bestead,  
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,  
Hilt-buried in the dry and trodden sand,  
And ran and snatched it, and with battle-shout  
Lifted afresh he hewed his enemy down,  
And saved agreat cause that heroic day.

**Edward R. Sill**

(b.1841-d.1887)