

the High One presents

a collection of poetic insight & inspiration

Sun-Optikos

for spiritual awakening

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"Seeing the Whole Together"

www.geocities.com/SeeingTheWholeTogether

*The greatest
among you will be
our servant.
All who exalt
themselves will be
humbled, and all
who humble
themselves will be
exalted.*

from *Matthew 23:1-12*

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Shadow

Trudging deep in the dark
Casts no shadow
Stumbling, fumbling
Fear of tumbling,
Ill from rumbling,
Sick of fumbling!
Another hope to change the path
To quell the wrath
Emerging from the deep
Too steep
I sleep
I seem to dream
A stream of light
Of sight I just might take flight
To the sun
Too bright
I am blinded, single-minded
Each step is fear,
A mirror
No way to steer
I silent scream
Within my dream
Guide me, deride me
Hide me
Hear me, steer me
No reply
So I die
Alone I return, to churn
To burn
The sun at my back
Casts my shadow
What do I see?
Me
I must flee
Or just be.
Simply me.
Mesmerized, terrorized
Horrorified, glorified
Each step, I trace
Embrace
Turn my face
To the sun
Am one

I reach inside and
Fix my stride
Each step
I forge ahead
No longer dead
My shadow behind.

Mar Freeman

Self-Fulfilling Love (Or, Holy World War III ?)

The Bible will take us to the stars
The Bible with Jesus
about Jesus
told by Jesus
holding that very Bible in his arms
his glowing figure rising
and fading into the pale sky
The Bible with Jesus will take us to the stars

Hollywood Stars will play Holy Roles
And Holy Rollers, act like Hollywood Stars
And the scene will rumble
And the scene will tumble
from Hollywood to Washington DC and
beyond,
all points and peregrinations in-between...
all regions religions governments
subsumed,
and likewise someday on Venus and Mars...
The Bible with Jesus will take us to the stars

And the Earth will rumble
And the Earth will tumble
And we'll be cast out in rockets flung
into space
thus safe in the Lord's Arms,
rescued, rescued, just in time
to a chorus of all the world's fire alarms
The Bible will take us to the stars.

August Roussel

Shadows from the Past

Shadows from the past
cannot be ignored,
they will always last
being deeply stored.
Feelings suppressed with time
do not go away,
ready to blow your mind
they will always remain.
No one hears the screams
from your inside
or the tormented pain,
feelings they will not find.

Someday the shadows will get you
bringing out your hate,
the shadows will surprise you
altering your fate.

Shadows from the past
not healing in your soul,
a disease has been cast
'till death comes to call.
When life has no more zest,
your time has come to go,
you will be laid to rest,
but the world may never know
of the dark dreary pain
that burned on your breath
and dwelt in your brain
'till the day of your death.

Someday the shadows will get you
and it will be too late.
The shadows will surprise you
closing your gate.

Dayz in Passion

Winter 1989

There was a man who disliked seeing his footprints and his shadow. He decided to escape from them, and began to run. But as he ran along, more footprints appeared, while his shadow easily kept up with him. Thinking he was going too slowly, he ran faster and faster without stopping, until he finally collapsed from exhaustion and died. If he had stood still, there would have been no footprints. If he had rested in the shade, his shadow would have disappeared.

Zhuangzi

The Fiscal Hawk

I see the red tail hawk perched
On the light post by the side of the
highway alert and hunting
And I think of my dad
Along in his years now but
his white hair still flowing like a regal eagle
My father the fiscal hawk
Hunting down the almighty dollar
Going in for the kill
And feeding off his savings like fresh meat
My dad whom I used to mock, but now I turn
to him for advice on how to invest
I've always been bad with money
I am a dark bird compared to my father
But that is starting to change
No longer am I a victim, but a predator
Trying not to give in to fear
And make sound decisions
Realizing I am worth more than my paycheck
My pay scale may classify me
But it doesn't classify my Spirituality

My Spirit like my father's is a bird
My soul is a raven
Darker than my father's hawk
But still dignified
Flying on the winds of today
Carrying me to a future of abundance
I have to trust nature
If I hunt in positivity
There will be plenty of prey
I need to keep on battling animosity
Like my father the fighting featherweight
A small man who can take a punch
Just as much as deliver one
He taught me to not let my jaw
shatter like glass
And not let my opponents know
That I have a spine made out of feathers
and fists like talons
Tearing my prey apart like my debt

I learned from my father to not dwell on mistakes
and extend my wings
Flying into a bright sun
Because like a hawk
And like my father
I try to learn from the raptor
That you eat what you kill
And there is a Spirit that guides a hunter
This black bird is sick of feeding on carrion
I want to hunt like my father the fiscal hawk
Feeding on responsibility and investing

Chadword

If

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too:
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or, being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;

If you can dream -- and not make dreams your master;
If you can think -- and not make thoughts your aim,
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two impostors just the same:
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools;

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings,
And never breathe a word about your loss:
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings--nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much:
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And--which is more--you'll be a Man, my son!

Rudyard Kipling

(b.1865-d.1936)