



HOMO SOL

By
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“The Sun is not above us — it is within,
and when we awaken to it,
the universe gains another dawn”

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Forgotten

The olden days of tales forgotten,
Where magic twas heard and begotten,
It begets success to being with a charm,
Where words spoken can sometimes alarm,
A craft hidden yet within plain sight,
Like a pearl resting in the twilight,
Where no strings attached to the stone,
Of living independently and thus alone.

We sing of the times when the icy lakes,
Where taken to by us to avoid the stake,
A heated abode of the burning fires,
Were words of magic where tried to expired,
The desire to flame out the burning existence,
Of different kingdoms within the systems,
Like a monad flowering into millions of seed,
Thus twas a time that alchemy was also in need.

And different ranks of the hierarchy set,
Upon the words of who runs the prelate,
Preordained the words seem'd like magic,
As light was given to without's ambivalent,
And spells were crafted upon books of old,
With pictures and words to explain the fold,
At first this rank of such a high caliber,
Is unfamiliar without the epoch of Excalibur.

And stones that held the sword of the light,
Was heard and spoken aftermore on the blight,
Who could rank so high in purity,
Is allowed to the one who can control destiny,
Different stricken folds malleable to souls,
Like alchemy of words upon the mold,
And folded upon the metal of singing muse,
The sword's first rank was likely infused.

Although accordingly to the metaphor we see,
Is hidden within the occult mystery,
Cumulatively with ego; small fish in the lake,
And stop debating over who made the mistake,
As swimming in thought the reality to perceive,

Is likely whose mineral forms the hardest greed,
Transmuting the fact though revel at fancy,
Of collecting items from astral dancing.

As past the time of over the hour,
We love albeit the fission of cowards,
And fusion's coherence of magic that cast,
Upon the rate of slowly cooling past,
Like cones of cold that freeze the spine,
Upon the darkest hour of in design,
Sparking radiately though that which is,
It was first formed by magic.

And as the olden days we can see in code,
Yet each their meaning; their own home,
Love showering in the design your own,
And furnishing itself to your soul,
So clean or dirty the mess of chaos seen,
Like arbitrary order to human beings,
And disorder set in motion upon the house,
Do you clean your own spoken mouth?

Words dirty and sanctioned like the old,
Who perished on stakes from being bold,
And speaking plainly in hidden sight,
The mystery of magic twas books alright,
Folding upon fold the words depicted,
As spelling once was also unrestricted,
Yet as the time controlled the mire,
Agency above to suspend our any desire.

And pulling words out of the realm of nothing,
Twas the same of pulling a sword or something,
For who knew the permutations of alphabets,
Would it be formed from listening to silence?
Like rudiments geocentric to an orbit,
Of Euclidean space-time elemental coordinates,
Where different frames and simple designs,
Allowed the spirit to become and unwind.

For first the order of relationship grew,
And the spirit as one; bifurcated anew,
To fire, water, earth and the air,
For first was spirit, then the essence of the lair;

To see thus God as beginning spirit,
Is the love the mirror's our logo's coherence,
And from the spirit of the light so grew,
Into different spheres and amplitudes,

From reaching above and fires to the below,
The magic shaping forms from the rainbow,
Refracted light upon a prism of the intelligent,
To show all as one ray before the elements,
And as ray one light spirits so such shine,
To words of divine such does prose combine,
And from the rudiments of magical flows,
The fires of magma can cool our souls.

And as earth shapes the body of magical cast,
Forming shapes from thought is air at last,
Suspended the aquatic state of the mind,
For aqua is fire-water, different fusions of kind,
And from the forming rays of lots,
Different casts for rays of thoughts,
Like one ray light of who controls it all?
Jesus is the light mentioned through all...

And like the bifurcated state that flows from one,
All is united under the condition of love,
Twas what magic was heard like a dove,
Appointed from the messenger priori above,
Like towers showering the praise before,
Open twas the key to your own door,
And walking through it many facets relate,
That the magic twas crystallizing states.

Which below formed a great condition,
That to be heard, one must silent listen,
And upon the revel of swords like words,
Fancy tis seen but also sometimes heard,
Like quills and daggers ravage due south,
If you only care about your own wealth,
Like a chest of treasure is one man's bounty,
For another, it's just junk that down.

And finally now the point of all spoken,
Mystery in words is coded and pointed,
Like flaming spikes that only you see,

For one metaphor explains general relativity,
Just use a point and make the next,
For that connects each from a line that's blessed,
And all rudiments and spelling can be seen,
Those books are the history of magic becoming!

Picture

Seeing a different picture, like painted words from scripture,
Sing new music and your flows mixture; solution's elixir,
Chemical metaphorical tinctures, purple drank sinks ya,
Deeper tempo, underwater aquatic cosmic creatures,
Radio-active; evolving suffering aesthetic features.

Synthesis of pain, atomic levels in frames system,
Nuclear; fusion or fission, combining or separating kingdoms,
Either arrow time's way, bifurcation's mission,
United difference, all elements in spirit's lesson,
Where before the state, priori a posteriori mentioned.

Order's spiritual reason, disorder's less chaotic seasons,
Waves propagate along string's pearl atomic prisons,
Caught refracted one ray before crime's treason,
Rainbow protection against singularity's splicing fission.

Space-time algorithms, simpler in holographic silence,
Nor wave or node, central to Source's intelligence,
Doppler sound acoustic vibrations, motion relative,
To a string, a point, or line in cosmic explorative,
Exploding monads into combinations of elements.

Previous to that, chaotic order in the levels,
Hierarchy spiritual, astral, and material,
Odes before, painted ambrosia inside upon chapels,
Yet underneath, suffering radio-active united settles,
Into a fancy of desire, non-attachment like rebels.

Colder nebula of no dust, inside yet of the fold,
Unfolding emergence, previous epochs seen in molds,
Evidence yet ignorant to spirit and a soul,
Pictures hieroglyphic and accurate; same as old,
Framed inside without, the myriad so before told.

Ancient days, cosmic yet pass to a future,
Sooner in space; all as one to be captured,
Rainbow ray of light to protect from disaster,
For divine poems can be like a friend and pastor,
As sparked eternal from the words like everlasting.

Consciousness

Let's talk about consciousness, it's a collective moshpit,
Uploaded into a matrix, downloaded in an intelligence,
Sparked light in darkness, determined or spontaneous,
Valley of a grave, before like the Styx,
After life save, faithful river of honey and bliss,
Cosmic state axiom, universal rebirth paradox,
Space-time relative to a point of nothingness,
Then expanded into a circle without a circumference,
Contracted cube rave, songs rudiments synchronous,
To linear alphabets, sync musical ambivalence,
Black and white, Zebra seen as a cosmic,
Where disorder is the frame of reason's cage,
Land of snakes, different colors page,
Pink light unseen, hidden message mysterious,
No face; no case, no color; no code: relevance,
Hidden in consciousness, nothing as a constant,
Everything downloaded upload, supernova a space-trip,
Or a mainframe, something or something like nonsense,
Illogical logic, chaotic order; weather and the formless,
Formed into logos; psychotic pool of fish,
Transcendent bliss, providence with a hopeful wish,
Mind as a spirit, saved words like a prophet,
Collective unconscious, deeper waters to subsist,
Protected shield nebulae, sounded from toxic,
Yet levitating while swimming, haven't lost it,
Trust in madness; coordinated process,
Before, after, admit; shaped by consciousness,
Words matrix in light-ray blueprint.

Drive Slow

Driving slow and occasionally fast,
Life can pass us by in a flash,
Without realizing our own compass,
Which way doth it give to Tempus,

Like always driving between the lines,
Laws to limit us like a sign,
Rotundo is what the wheel designs,
Moving around to keep us aligned,

Speed fancies what such a crime,
Stay silent thus to your mind,
For broken rules of toxicity combine,
Like yellow as caution or nitrous oxide,

Layers of Earth magnetic touch,
Loadstone relative to sparking crust,
Combustion's firework, suchness robust,
Faster flashing by pushing combust,

As compass point on a map,
Road's to Rome; reversal time lapse,
Everywhere expanded ancient Excelsis,
Driven by roads the burst combats,

And a stopped jam, accident or code,
Mystery crashed upon the Earth's road,
To all at once, a point to central,
Slow between fast as the main control,

And driving things never seen,
To us as beautiful; the mountain scenes,
Loop around or over-under the clearing,
To see what you can redeem,

As frost angels fall like snowflakes,
Colder freezing still frozen states,
Easier to feel when what relates,
Like who crashed first in a debate,

Many gases used to spark a car,

Relative to going way too far,
Or driving like nothing matters,
Rules to keep others in stature,
Metals as a shape also upon the beam,
Like a collection formed by ordering,
To keep us rotating in a machine,
Life to live; we are human beings,

Interacting through all as One,
Universal morals in a meaning sum,
Different rooms to everyone in a mansion,
Union's field working in unison,

To say to the point of flash,
Supernova radiance yet don't crash,
As driving through a star's zenith,
Listen to the music to keep presence,

Finally the relative word fact,
Drive yourself under cheap or premium gas,
For vertical upwards is the compass,
Northward pointing to life's magnet.

History

Rewind history, silence speaking,
Forward listening, spoken hearing,
Slowly behind, defense attacking,
Rapidly ahead, attack defensively.

Low's misery, mathematical wave,
High's ecstasy, alphabetical save,
Below's suffering, thoughtful grave,
Above's between, contemplation's maze.

Olden ancient, picture's sign,
Faithful sainted, tapestries align,
Myth's painted; spiritual design,
Religion tainted; spiritual divide.

Word's shining, logos blue-print,
Math's mystery, form's geocentric,

Sun-ray central, connected heliocentric,
Darkness's control, bifurcated eccentrics.

Song's muse, river's kingdom,
Word's use, painted brush systems,
Instrumental, coded difference,
Choir's syllable, dream abysses.

Inside single, just a robe,
Outside multiple, colors manifold,
Atoms arisen, temperatures fold,
String's prism, refracted souls.

One sunlight, to there be light,
Rainbow covenant, never again midnight,
Single track, within's insight,
Looping facts, without desire delight.

Beginning silent, rudiments created,
Ending quiet, alphabetical propagated,
To end, begins again,
As begins, silently understand.

Hallways

Walking hallways in a mystery,
Is trust in bliss now or suffering?
Can the many empty corridors,
Lead you to a place you've been before?

Defenses to putting together a puzzle,
All the pieces together, thought it'd be a wonder,
Yet many people machines in slumber,
Competition, nor praise, as trodjen humble,

As walls collapse, the praise of neglect,
An empty house, no pictures showing respect,
The foliage withering like dead branches,
Hollow rooms upon the tree's expanses,

Feelings without walls, looking through windows,
Nothing advanced, walking fro' upon the circumstance,

Bifurcated meadow upon soul's substance,
Views without seeing the house's kindle.

Mystery's hallways, to bliss the beginning,
Trust from an inheritance called oblivion,
Attached to a room full of desire,
Pathways into the hidden ways of admired.

Attacks spoken, puzzles arranging the words,
When all separates, nothing thus admires,
As awoken beings walk in the fires,
Working as one, no attacks like swords,

As building from collapsed, neglect to praise,
A full house is still a lost maze,
Growing leafs like a tree photosynthesizing,
Seeds sprouting into beautiful radiance.

Thoughts inside walls, no windows to look out,
Everything compressed, hidden call without famous,
Together thought thinks it's is any name thus,
Words without the ability to have a route.

As either up, or the way of down,
Walls are like smiles, either happy or frowns,
For either, alone, family is as one friend,
Or to begin with this insanity all over again.

Believe

If you believe,
Why,
Do you pray to leave,
You cannot see,
Covenants?
Uncompromised, righteous;
Light flaming all,
Totalize, unbroken fragments,
Shattered faces,
Of radiance: worthiness?

O' thy see?

Knowing faith,
Can you stop the sight?
Astral space-time,
Fluorescent patterns,
Of different lights;
Spectral dances,
Wavelengths flight,
Worded rudiments,
Of conflagration white!

Tribulations,
Set on man's face,
Slings and arrows,
Let not south it to be,
Rub? O see,
Spare me from suffering,
Illuminated divine; a fragrance,
Smelt as flavours, faithfully,
Light as light, light's stay like,
Humble prayers, stay a'ground,
Thy only hope,a rainbow.

Earth

What a scene we have on Earth,
Where gender isn't seen as birth,
And different labels give a curse,
To adjust levels of your worth,

People love to give many thoughts,
Yet thinking keeps many caught,
Living addicted to their own draught,
Of believing you know a-lot,

When being nobody knows best,
Or try to be something, what a mess,
To learn your lessons on this test,
And see into what you hold blessed,

Ignorant sin though, what a folly,
Some are sheep, cloned like dolly,
Without a shepherd, no following,

As forgiven are those in holy,

And thou ray of like adjust,
To people ugly in the stardust,
Evil revelling in densities that rust,
Without advice it's hard to trust,

Excellence speaks itself benevolence,
As sadistic means are malevolent,
Either way, still in a labyrinth,
A maze of words coalescing,

And final point of the message,
Different ranks, thoughts are pheasants,
While action keeps you present,
Under the living firmament.

Galaxy

Travelling to galaxies distant and far,
The smaller you are, the larger things are,
Like seeing things small and large like a star,
Or hexagonal like chemical solars,

Inside the molar, a solvent and solution,
Like disorder array to noise pollution,
Or harmony order'd in sow'd musings,
Or inverted reason such as confusion,

Yet strings structured in atom's ray,
A line with nodes upon display,
Euclidean geometry generally explains,
A pearl singing in the depth's range,

Where up and down points will flow,
As every point in atomical,
Or nuclear's fission of fusion's hold,
Like dust to dust the concepts will go,

In quantum, only information's state,
Circumference by what you radiate,
Like interstellar weight; divnitie's gate,

Weaved by spirituality' entropic,

For see, quasars tis haven oblivion,
Yet supernova thus a creation,
Wind's afar, hurricane strength's multiplication,
Inside solar threshold's vibration,

Within smaller lights, explicit or implicit folds,
Order's hierarchy into the natural,
Where life sparked through crystals,
Reason from the soundless nebular,

For brighten flash of photon's grace,
Light crystallized into massless weights,
Scales thus ranges of debates,
Greater the risks, the greater the stakes,

And influences osmosis in information,
Quantum relativity's revelation wisdom,
Space a range of infinite kingdoms,
Yet ruled by one God as one system,
And seeds in rows of expanded radius,
Circle crops like in star's whisper,
Atom's line's spherical in signature,
Like a field of light given blessings,

Where obedience to the first law,
Love thy neighbor to a flaw,
As closer to a seed, the easier to enlarge,
To grow your garden into stars,

For all the concepts at the door,
Believe in thyself to yourself at war,
At then, peace in thyself like a star,
Shining bright for evermore.

Beyond

Coming back to Earth,
Where was I above?
Faithful grace's birth,
Sent by rays of love.

Beyond the gate of heaven,
A mystery that listens,
Sounds formed in Elysium,
Bliss of water's wines glisten.

Terra is a form,
Of material,
Combine in a storm,
As illusional.

At the crystal refraction,
A deduction of reason,
Rainbows reigning attraction,
A covenant of seasons.

Inside the number,
Awoke in a dream,
Outside the slumber,
Illusions of scenes.

Spirits of time vertical,
Genesis before the fold,
Arrow's time horizontal,
Temperature for forming cold.

Ambient silver,
Malleable at source,
Golden ray river,
Testament of crux.

Thought's Barricade

Looking at things appearing like a barricade,
Why do my thoughts seem serpent?
Something to think; two rivers and one current,
Psychosis a mask found within the maze.

Outside signs can always look great,
Within the home, the walls thoughtfully callous,
From thoughtless split malevolence,
Yet the colder the depths, the more rigid the lake.

Mistake is as the same loop in insanity,
Yet collectively, no change as changeless,
Where look at your own personal magnet,
As currently isn't is, isn't working.

Can real life where suffering and disease,
Fleece those who hide behind curtains?
Wool from sheep for sheep for certain,
Happy are those whose let go can release.

From walls thoughtful and ignorant,
To nothing infinite,
And to infinite nothingness,
Without a clue, look up the entropic!

As slumber sleeps a wakeful dream,
Folded blights of dynamics static,
Colors fighting within the firmament,
Popping consciousness in bubble's stream.

Yet walled fortress called the mind,
Universal and differently aligned,
Combine as a wave of nothing,
Two rivers connected like awake and dreaming.

Abyss

Once upon a day like this,
A wizard touched dream's abyss,
Arcane and cosmic, magical kiss,
Depths deeper than Atlantis.

Wisdom's core upon the spell,
Existential wishing well,
Flares and waves, firelike hells,
Word's photonic to the swells.

Dragon smoke and lost wings,
Circumventing the same things,
Snakes no longer flight's king,
Netherworld garden harbinger.

Light in the fray's fold,
Warmth from the found cold,
Order's around the centrifugal,
Spin to get out of a dream's hold.

Walking water to another drink,
Depths to save you from the brink,
Seeing change, changes what you think,
Upon the currently linked.

Unleashed a star in time,
Atom's stringing to a higher climb,
Spiritual and quantum; same design,
Same river aligned and combined.

Bay of waking water to sands,
Eroding slowly the forms and plans,
Closer to nothing from land,
Spinnings change the command.

Yet magic state of pearl's staff,
Countdown within an hourglass,
Chaos of the first to last,
Past the door of what's in the past.

Show's globe on the delightful ray,
Where, when, why and which day,
Does the mask hide and convey?
Hidden jewels found in strays.

Back around the corner again,
Gravity will always continue to amend,
Blast of cosmic state of whens,
Creation's destructive lens.

Wells like Atlantis before the thoughts,
Energy to all then to naught,
Orb's combining on gridded dots,
Walking stringed atomic clocks.

Pulling water's sweet wine drink,
Just enjoy the water, don't think,
Less is more to the aligned link,

For the crafted beyond brink.

Smoke can rise but also falls,
Delirious apple called Kallisto,
When chaos learned universals,
Thoughts in a seed from an apple.

Dreaming drama spelt upon the words,
Circumference of just heard,
Sphere's in the learned,
Higher and the lower continually swirl.

Scenes illusion upon the frames,
Different layers are just like names,
Where reality in confusion gains,
Truth's mirage upon the sovereign.

Many walking the orbs of space,
Beyond our own planet and race,
Confused reason that is laced,
Into the realm of humans leading the case.

Words in a light of different,
Common interests,
Who can see beyond a planet,
Spacious to relevant.

Final thoughts of the worded delay,
Rays to level to the ray,
Decipher the great books ways,
Hidden enchiridion plays.

Pages

Pages that were once lost,
To a silence of thought,
Where things grow in a knot,
And also stem from naught.

Like growing system's fold,
Malleable source of gold,
Fragmented from the cold,

Temperatures doth do hold.

In different river's draught,
Olden days were so fought,
Over who rules the flock,
Since the beginning toc.

Slowly does magnet load,
Center's centrifugal,
So like a marigold,
Opening temporal.

Although the wine you drink,
Listening to what you think,
Observing thoughtful links,
Less is more; on the brink.

Learning though, from the soul,
The beginning; total,
The end, totally full,
As above, so below.

To see found pages lost,
Graceful movements in frost,
Forming in goldilocks,
Inside quantum ray clocks.

Halls

So long has it been since I walked these halls,
Where thoughts were lost from the minstrel,
The darkness that shapes these spheres below,
Are lucid dreams upon the show.

In places we never call the thought to be,
For reality is just an illusion we see,
For if the eyes close, the more you can,
See beyond the shape called man.

Now non-local seen through the imagination,
Where layers of shapes construct relation,
In silent eyes we can see the dream,

Shaped from lands upon the screen,
And at the door we call the mystery,
Are silent sounds heard magistry,
Majestic words in the key-hole of thought,
Unlocked inside the formless naught.

The swirling spins soulfully tormenting,
Around the point the finocchi circumventing,
And nodes refracted ray of light,
Easier to see with closed eyes at night.

Yet shaping dreams below the first pearl,
Where the next creates a stringed curl,
And beads upon the prayer we do not hear,
Silently looking in the mirror.

And thou firmament above but below the terra,
Heavenès first opened below the firma,
And waves of dreams gushed forth to life,
As let there be light in life like light!

And tempers do move the waters so fast,
But as the first rush, stops finally at last,
The astral weave we see upon the illusion,
A tapestry woven in reverse perception,

Where inward the eye looks at the dancing waves,
Like disorder from ashes, fire doth do give away,
Pollution set in fray, yet the fold upon the chance,
Where uncertainty is limited by time's dance,

And profound the order of entropic seas,
Where stillness is the unmoved moving,
Like water always stilled, but currently,
Drifts around everything,

Yet dark we think what light words fold,
Where after opening the door, what to behold,
Facets of orchestrated personal,
Blisses and answers if faithful!

And though the judge who will see into you,
Gives notion to good because it is true,

And senses the art that pursuit includes,
Who are you to others, helpful or rude?

Connecting the magnet inside the star,
Is how we see light affecting large,
Brighter are days when help is enlight,
For all we have gets left on the blight,

Although some words attract what you want,
Larger the words affect you from font,
Superfluous fallacies of owning more material,
For this, some can't even buy cereal.

All prayers go deeper into the lines below,
Where strings connect our body to soul,
And travelling the pearls stringed line,
We can see into the dark inner sunshine,

And depending on which door you take,
Left or right; could be your mistake,
Deep in realms of currently thought,
The spiral out from within a knot!

The way out from encoded dark words,
Is to open the eyes to brightened temperature,
And see love around in all it faithful shapes,
For bliss will then wait for you at the gate.

Drifting Away

Before time I drifted away,
Beyond the light we call ray,
The material called body ceased to exist,
As only a thought could persist.

Floating upward and spiraling out,
Who you are without a doubt,
All that is vertically combines,
Is what I may realize.

Travelling stars as small as pearls,
In clouds of gas that such do swirl,

The creation's pillars colors weave,
A myriad of orbs like tapestry.

Shapes formless and unbounded love,
In space-time folded quasar kingdoms,
As universes pass me by as I travel,
Small bubbles begin to unravel.

And thou foam popping memory,
Consists of many family trees,
A vine so vast in all of space,
Each attached bubble is like a grape.

The flavor and sense upon the field,
A vineyard of light and stars to yield,
Though the grape can fancy desires,
An epiphany of walking the fires.

Yet tornado spiralling inward felt,
To alive to be upon the count,
After now nebula'es looking back,
The rub to see the light like fact.

Silently

Silently; a silent look,
Like pages lost,
To silence itself.

A warm front,
Over frost,
The friction,
Called love,

As it moves,
Unthaws,
The cold itself,
Like heating,
The snow,
Cold hatred
Dissolves.

And feelings,
Like grass growing upon,
The hearts,
Icy cold.
Sprouted rays,
Like found eyes,
Searching,
The lost pages.

That echo,
Winter's chill,
Revel thou desire's fancy,
Upon the lust blind.

Like winter's front,
Seasonally,
And summer's,
Warm remembering.

Like snapping,
Hatred's form,
Thousands of fragments,
Like ice,
Melting as snow,
Upon the ground,
Of thy heart.

Where sprouts,
Enlight,
And spark radiance,
In melting love.

That lost,
Silent,
Memory.

Cold hatred,
Love's heat,
Albeitly,
Frozen still warming,
Silently.

Light

1.

Oh mysterious light, thy answers me,
To beckon words from harmony,
In fires dancing weaving pattern,
The prayer was heard and thus was answered.

To travel far beyond the Sun,
Like different orbs while we run,
Colours fluorescence upon the robe,
From far beyond the conscious flat globe.

A tale we hear, beginning from silence,
Where chaos is seen as words of violence,
Disorder upon the fold set in play,
And order spiritual reason light year's away.

Because we do walk the fields we roam,
A future after yet before called normal,
And seeing the flower's sprout from a seed,
Like a golden egg; the sun in relativity.

Likely though the cosmic comedy started,
Will revel to those here and departed,
And if to fast the words upon the ray,
Will comically relate rapid delays,

For short routes to the sight we hear,
Can be seen imaginatively loud and clear,
Visually alternating the path of light,
The chance to roll upon the folded blight.

2.

A hot and warm freezing form of cold,
Still in the temperature's conical,
Light frozen refracted from a prism relay,
A structure of harmony currently at bay.

Wrought the songs of many waltzing past,
Like stars from first and pinnacles of last,

Where light's creation and destruction the same,
The essence of the form of supernovae.

This simple ode, we sing from times in light,
Where dusk before patterns dreamt at night,
And feelings grow seldom in depths rarity,
At once though it can sprout up like a tree.

From radical root the rebellious against sky,
The form of life is akin to duality's maternity,
Where creation's gush has set the decree,
That singing in weave's coronation's creed.

And crown of wreaths thy answer thus,
A quaternary ability inside' touch,
Intuition to sense the ability of the crunch,
Before again it all happens at once.

Goldilocks by the labyrinth rose's hedge,
Flowers with prickling routes of dread,
Sprouting skylight for many spacious depth,
Upon the calloused chain night's along left.

3.

My feet as though upon the ray dances,
Where physical states the circumstances,
Like ad aspera for the stars we might shine,
To arrive instead of going blind.

Roads and foundations of faith have set,
To be bravery in courage is called elect,
And chaotic ordered melody wrought,
Upon the harmony hidden inside this draught.

Nations sprouted from stars zodiac,
An essence of panspermia to trap fact,
From constellations we came upon the globe,
To master bacteria and allow spiritual robes.

Divine the plan upon the physical,
Where the first azoth was the beginning material,
Zep Tepi to the heavens that broke forth,
A river's mouth, the golden source of force.

Ages cycles through order's metaphor,
Where time cantors upon the unlocked door,
Relatively spoken from messages before the naught,
The creative intelligence is love from the drought.

Spoken spiritual the physical had to form,
Hurricanes and lightning began to storm,
Chaotic ordering the dynamical linear,
Upon the planned manifested spoken liturges.

4.

Thoughts have been heard, sometimes soft,
Yet loud are those ones tied in a knot,
Looping around the snake called what we think,
Not listening to silence or stillness God-link.

Where visual dancing frames astrally fired,
Like purgatory defined and continually wired,
Stepping stones on a never ending mountain,
Or drinking ill in an infinite fountain.

But still thy thought to heart be true,
Know thyself and to thy own be new,
For it does also matter what thought you drink,
The cleanest water is thus in Genesis.

As thought and time became to construct,
The architecture cosmically made from dust,
Where gold will never, aye, never rust,
And the source called God in what we trust.

Upon the advance the sound did begin,
Let light of heaven gush away sin,
And forming rays of centrifugal pulsars,
Began spinning light against darkness's vultures.

Pulsing rays expanding upon different star systems,
Like zodiacs related in nation's kingdoms,
Where different rays struck the nodes of order,
And this is how the difference was struck as disorder.

5.

Citadel woven spectral crystal sapphire,
Roads laid by silver and golden satyrs,
The faith to reason to walk easy on path,
Mysterious though those with everlast.

Deeper fancy the emeralds eye depths,
Like looking into the ocean clear mess,
A harmony heard sounded light years away,
Controlled by reason, this logic, no sway.

Certitude can be trumped like patriotism,
Where fortitude can be strength's proportionalism,
And justice tis faithful when woven clear,
Like sun-rays ever faithful to the love's mirror.

Although many rocks have great riches,
All came from dust; to dust we be bridges,
To star light dancing woven patterns firm,
Labyrinth's trap of the spectral linear.

To faithful compass thy steer my heart,
To stars we see a work of art,
And pointing north, we set sail a'far,
In hope of seeing a bright star.

Whiteful wish radiant body universe,
Common to love; suffering's swarth,
Breath to feel like connection's first,
And faithful servants can rebirth.

6.

As melody and harmony both have place,
Chaos has also invaded the human race,
Disorder upon the fold set Callisto,
Yet a chance to order before invisible.

Visibly seen manifested ray of apple,
The choice, well, you already ravel,
A trap to contain the faithful and evil,
Sprouted as weeds upon the fields.

And houses built too close to shore,
Where waves will continually break before,
Where rocks hard in mountains strength,
Moving is easy when motes of grain.

The needle of the eye easy to pass through,
Yet rich will never see this simple clue,
Giving is the charity that opens up faith,
And creates a larger strength through ranks.

Like building your home for a legacy strong,
The shore, easy to live, but be ready to be preyed upon,
From water's terror of force so quaint,
Tsunamis are less when farther from currents.

Yet though the river passes in many hills,
All to the ocean is common, be still,
For the eye of the storm is commonly,
Fixed for combating evil eternally.

7.

Thy haven home of quasar heaven,
Creation's birthday in the number seven,
Where fields so bright of stars adjust,
Upon the words we love and trust.

Faithful dancing ray of hope,
Grace in found in darkest slopes,
Down depths light curvante,
Upon the words we mutine.

Fact to fact, if a word exists it still,
Radiates love and common wills,
For if to right it be for light to set,
Upon the day of the seventh; rest.

Be unmoved moving upon the fray,
Like ordered upon the chaotic ray,
And spiritus healing cones,
Expand upon the myriad stones.

From first birth spoken walking fields,
Flowering physical when you start to feel,

In light of this, we seldom ask the question,
All in all, this life, the answer is; blessings.

As charity has sovereignty over all virtues,
It is common to allow naturals,
Yet order's spiritual praise untethered,
Mystical worded analogous feathers.

8.

Dark the void where the heavens swam,
Before everything on earth began,
Star's inside a huge ocean depth,
Almost invisible to the sight we call man.

Folding twist and smoldering fires,
Heated water cooled by eternal desires,
Forming aquatic natural designs,
Yet spoken words of ray aligned.

Bubbled foam over the sea's expanse,
Currents drifting and coalesce,
Radiating globulous states of light,
The remainder of what was left over was night.

Darkness sleeps over the awoken dream,
And infinite spectral woven shadowing,
Where light can curve and always bend,
Yet infinite light is controlled by gravitons.

Which pull asunder the black of your soul,
Below which formed before the total,
And arrive in physical states called now,
This word, this is the essence of how.

The sword can cut and can also love,
Can sting, can sing, can bring altruism,
Yet can the bleeding fact of the cut,
Allow you to see into the rough.

9.

All men bleed, yet the colour the same,
Each like all, praise the same name,

Spiritual quantum anointed the God,
Luckily we've been spared from the rod.

Universal songs sing light to the hymns,
Like before when the psalmist had been,
Tis more to say, yet numbers pattern,
Illustrations of words in formed captions.

And the woven signature spelt in weave,
Congruent symbolic to the tapestry,
A robe of words we spoken miraculous,
In light of the different intelligence.

Thoughts thou spiral through matter's crust,
Where strength thy oxen is thy trust,
Minerva's wisdom before the star like walk,
Upon the first fields we seldom talk.

Lights's worded caught inside the dynasty,
Logos the code within signatures geometry,
And architected state shaping the form,
After the state we have called the storm.

Singing natural tones through vibrations,
The frequency of all in to the relation,
We move and light adjust to our weave,
To continually give without any need.

10.

The final form of everything the wrought,
From the first star to the last draught,
The mysterious signal we hear within,
Living fires that continually perish fin.

And dual the facet the faces the stone,
Ambivalent feelings in places called home,
To this thine heart be pure to love,
And give a speech to everyone.

In formed the thought we like to bring,
So listen and think of what's giving,
Where so many dances folds of grace,
Would thus begin upon our race.

Thoughtful thou have been the stars,
We wish our faith to more a'far,
Like time stilled in the essence present,
Upon the living state in the tent.

And love thy fancy conquers evil,
Order spiritual as disorder material,
Light tis heard at last thou verse,
Has manifested upon my search.

Like akin to like, adjust love to be,
The rub to everything; quintessence,
And though roads may take you many places,
The final place is for all faces.

Echo

We are the echoes of ourselves,
rippling through lifetimes,
braided in light and memory.
Metemphysics is our compass
a flame cast through shadow,
where soul is not theory,
but a traveler.
Beyond atoms and absolutes,
we walk the spiral,
life to life,
mind to myth.
In dreams and *déjà vu*,
in the pull of stars and sorrow,
we remember what the body forgets.
This is not science.
Nor merely spirit.
It is the thread between:
being becoming.
We are not born once.
We are remembered into form.
We are time's pilgrims,
chasing the infinite within.
We name it Metemphysics.
A language of the soul,

a logic of the unseen.
A rebellion of meaning
against forgetting.

Magnets

Magnets do such attract,
Connecting together in a matrix,
When like to like is attached,
I am finding you like Pegasus,
Randomly found in facts,
Love this to be quintessence,
Like order of a puzzled map,
Chaos dynamically fallacious.

Depths inside the living Sun,
Sounds around in hurricanes,
Volume louder than just one,
Creations tis ambition's gain,
While willing indivisible sums,
Bifurcating levels all over again,
Tis over the hill and among,
Ambivalent sources of pain.

Broken hearted yet found,
Attracting Suns do so connect,
Sounds above and below the ground,
Such doth thy will to perfect,
In why do thee stay bound,
To the fact of which next,
Pieces together amongst the profound,
As suffering's truth is blessed.

Mystical though we revel,
What do I fancy?
Many different levels,
Fields for simple dancing,
Stubborn though are rebels,
A pearl found inside calamity,
Of magnets always connecting,
To love's map from family.

Endless Day

Once upon an endless day,
Time spun yet also stayed,
Fields grew oh so bright,
Touched always by sunlight.

In many states that we use,
Some are radiate: some confused,
Yet always grown from once young,
Seeds spouted as words in love.

Singing a new song differently,
Discord sewn amongst harmony,
Suffering tis the split thought,
An endless day's tied knot.

Although if one so connects,
Unto what is called perfect,
Light seeds sewn throughout fields,
Growing blights from zeal.

As timelessly as a void states,
Atoms arrange inside; innate,
Coagulations that so do flux,
Manifesting into the crust.

And magma hot as cold flows,
Into supernova displays conical,
Where bursting sunlight radiates,
As seeded atom's string weights.

Slinging pearls of endless sing,
Light merry to happy be,
In sun, earth, moon and star,
As sol, terra, luna and interstellar.

Light touched by light we see,
Into words shaped collectively,
The words infinite in endless sight,
As darkness; harder to see at night.

Shine

When and where began the shine,
Bright as light upon the crime,
That fell awoken from gravity,
Time changed from asleep to seeing,

What and who where so such seen,
Hidden mystery like fire dancing,
The eyes open from the first fall,
Like a thirst of acquiring all,

Slippery serpent insidious deems glow,
Hedge well thy roses, perfidious flows know,
Behind veils, illusion's orders,
Callously and scar'd betwixt borders,

Yet unknown the faithful tree,
Within verses and non-locality,
Cosmic wave and microscopic look,
Seek deepest in words to thy book,

Why and why does a river cry,
Fountains streams to endlessly dry,
Wells knowledge from a single drop,
After an apple, a sense of the naught,

Electric material unveiled in genesis,
Pure spiritual to unnatural menace,
Both sides upon the fence felt,
The first thirst of a burning melt,

Dreams and sights seen in flight,
The light easier to see at night,
Bights beyond the first words,
Why do others sting with swords?

To end thy flower faithful sewn,
In dreams or death's own catacombs,
Seen and seeked inside the light,
Shine brighter everyday and night.

Golden Time

Golden time is so quiet,
Unlike chaos moving riots,
It echoes like a silent word,
Simply hear a chirping bird.

Silver moments are tender,
Like a fawn amongst the fern,
Where trees and brush give alive,
To love in a parent's eyes.

Copper though, to purest most rare,
To refine a spiritual stair,
As common though; a many touch,
A dream painted by God's own brush.

Bronze thy bottom, just like feet,
Faithful tests of thrones and seats,
Walk anon with a beggar so rich,
A king within the concordist.

Quartz's brilliance, oh so silent,
A field purest as it is,
Order's refining moments bright,
Cycles always seen by sight.

Sapphires blessed precious shines,
Tis always a light of mine,
A circle without a circumference,
Shapeless shape of radiance.

Dirt thy body, silent though in storm,
The eye of God; Sun's own ray form,
Feeling the rub of quiet light,
Even touched by warmth at night.

All together by sums of all,
Rocks and ore from beginning fall,
Reason to rhyme, ~ a like madness shaped,
Even matter(s) has different weights.

Assemblage

The sky above
A water blessed
As showers of love
Bellows assemblage

Shifting the point
A primal nexus
Connecting appoints
The direct intelligence

To see as below
The current sky
Shades sands sorrows
Motion as it cries

Refracted orb display
Angels in the eyes
Light as ray delays
From birth into a crime

Back again a circle
A lake of the soul
Grace giving miracles
Concord in control

Pulses lightly the praise
Clouded always background
Cannot find its way
Mysterious forms around

Spear and sword attached
Piercing into one
Many seem relaxed
Standing still until done

Hounds try to smell
The atmosphere clear
More days in hell
Fear no day in near

Even the shining grass

Mounted by the lance
Trying to see the compass
Before you start to crash

And sounds ring Doppler
Like a spoke and hub
Mythic though folklore
Snakes under the glove

And tents do keep matters
In its short place
Even though contenders
Don't show their own face

Slowly walk and trudge
Into deeper waters
More houses to lodge
Swim sleekly thou otters

Ripples calm, some storm
Shaping warmer noise
Timelessly conforms
Arranged soundless voids

Clearly thou seest clear
Love thy neighbour near
Far from silent waters
Pictures from one seer

In valleys linked draught
The drink silent
When things come to naught
As the prelate

Drink water helping thee
Mysterious as silent
Flowers sprouting
Even in storms violent

Since shrub below foliage
The ground won't shake
Odd though the age
With hurricanes awake

Shielded thoughts peninsula
Columbus nimbus sinister
Thou revel at such light
Even loud in dark nights

Yet some cold calm days
Where exists borders
Yet some warm wet ways
As ordering the disorder

As since still water currents
The waters ripple
Above floating conformists
Swimming deepest simple

Roots from connected above
Tendrils reach out
Spirits in leaves love
From seeds all sprout

And times first seed
Into the light
Folded fiends of greed
Cold upon the blight

Sillheouted because the sky
Against heavens gush
Initial forms combined
Trees, mountains and brush

Action still while time
Countdowns a clock
Moving still sublime
Coded from a knock

Whose at the door
A lake to the soul
Visits to shores before
Streams connecting whole

To oceans spirits dance
Winded rains silent
The trees pointed lance
Build houses: violent

Because nature can feel
A trance in sky and earth
Always beyond the field
In first which we birthed

Somethings said on earth
Cannot be back again
Like a wound from a curse
Which splits the path again

And final verse to hear
Winds seldom change
Nothing always clear
And maybe the whole range

Points to the nexus
A portal and a flash
Where did the session
See into the crash

Under mirrors aqua
Do something unknowns grow
Some never bother
To bring them to the show

Action moves still under
Sleeps a dream awake
And some in slumber
Always fried and baked

And to the words
Voids arrange in chorus
Verses sing natural
To preach again the force

To joust upon memory
And dash upon the frame
To hear silently
And speak different names

Finally, fancy thou be pure
To above and below
Be truest to those

Who know what you know

End thy praise
Sing a new song
Begin again new ways
And always stay strong

Law

Sub species aternalis
Discordia essclestias

A veil voyage
Towards courage
Beyond the mirage
Inside a law

A national order
Between reason's disorder
Chaos spinning borders

Betwixt us and you
Separate elemental clues
Honey like dew
Conquest mineral curfew
Trees less than a few

Images in action
The illusion
Imaginations fusion
Different level solution
Merging spheres music
Listen silent confusion

Roads never traversed
An universe
Constant state of verse
Suffering in twixt a curse
Crimes before birth
Crowns foliage earth

First betwixt golden tomorrow

Slowly hollow or follow

Reason farther by ignorant
Natural incidents
Delusion or predicament
Solutions increment
Entropic

Time of the avatars
Seeing light as dust
Different matters
Gold never rusts

Heaven ima planet
All things combatant
Twilight's fountain
Clouds around mountains

Bubbles ray courage
Streams voyage
Travels any mirror
Deepest level seer;
One at walking

Networks string cast
Pearls chaste
Organizations fast
First in last

Saved by the sound
Left around
Plethora skybound
Soul sync sound.

Battle

The sky declares war upon the earth.
Above, the heavens fracture—
Lightning cascades in rapture,
Thunder tears the vaults of silence,
And in the first convulsion of the void,
Nitrum ignites—

A spark,
The sound-birth of the verse itself.

Water spirals through the unseen gears—
Flowing, folding, spinning through time,
Each current an emotion in motion,
A secret memory carried downstream.
Shall it pass, or shall it return?
The stream never mirrors itself twice,
For the show rewrites its own laws
With every breath.

All beginnings emerge through rupture—
The cosmos arrives not as a whisper,
But as a collision of radiant light.
A flash—
A divine detonation.
Aeons spiral through the wound of time,
Each passing faster,
Each slower than the one before.

From time's root—
A seed.
And from the seed:
One becomes two, two becomes three,
And three births ten thousand names.
Cherry blossoms emerge
From the quiet of the void,
Petals of possibility
Raining through dimensions unseen.

At the center of all light—
There waits a brightness not yet known,
A magnetic pulse,
A Solwhole white-hole,
Drawing reflection inward
Through the prism of evolution's error.
Order is not lost—
It is refracted,
And we must learn to see it sideways.

But there is a war for the sun.
Not just any sun—
This one.
The one whose rays awaken the all,

Whose light must be owned
By none and by everyone.

The Mind-Hive stirs—
Not separate, but collective,
A unity: “All-Mind-Sum.”
But what lies beyond
The light of even the One?

Different harmonics form
From flawed geometries.
The earth, not central—
But seeded.
Panspermia’s law sings:
Let the stars sow their selections,
Let the galaxies choose
Where the soul may sprout.

When light bends—
So too does gravity.
It pulls,
Yet cannot contain the mystery of density,
Which rips even spacetime from itself.
In that moment,
Only particles remember their weight—
The rest bows again
To the pattern’s deeper purpose.

And when light becomes heat—
A nova is born.
Not merely a star’s death,
But a sacred combustion.
Atoms sling from that furnace
Like golden arrows
Searching for a mark.
Perfection does not wait in abundance—
It appears
Then submerges
Under aqua silence.

The seer walks beneath.
Invisible.
Unseen among the sunken shadows.
Depth calls not to drown—
But to pull you deeper,

Past fear,
Past thought,
To swim further
Into the pressure that holds revelation.

There—
Tension breaks.
The lesson arrives.
Let go.
Oblivion is not annihilation—
It is the fissure,
The wound,
Where black-hole fission
Measures the breath of gods.

Lightning may seem random—
But chaos speaks in codes.
Each flash a signature,
A pointed glyph of shiv-like truth.
Currents conduct the hidden rudiments—
Connected,
As if all things
Were written
By an algorithm of stars.

And so the muse takes shape:
Not perfect—
But inevitable.
Pages lost.
Some burned.
Others written in the fire of confusion.
Beyond fortitude,
There is no time—
Only awareness.

A crash.
Water spirals once more.
The final crest of this epoch rises.
Lightning breaks its leash—
And we,
At last,
Become the center of our own storm.

Let the light within
Meet the light without.

Let expansion follow intention.
For in the myths of our making,
Legends are not told—
They are alive.

Return to the original state—
Euclidean harmony,
Tabula Rasa of the soul.
Not in judgment,
But in awe.
We begin again.

Walked Alone

Many streets I have walked alone,
Always looking for a home,
Is this light I start to feel?
Are street lights flickering above me real?

Most avenues and some paths,
Are different routes, different tracks,
Walk alone or with a pack,
One with many upon the map.

Songs and sirens of the rush,
Intense upon a magical touch,
Heard and walked to the door,
Of which street I left off on before.

Knocking only on a melting heart,
Some fold before a start,
Of bounded free upon the field,
In which love trumps as always real.

And though thou walk may fancy,
A crow and raven above dancing,
Tracks to follow my way home,
On the streets many roam.

And when inside a home at last,
Spiritual weaves from the past,
A woven crush upon the weave,
A charioteer to the steed.

Unlocked as thou a beautiful memory,
Light and darkness balancing,
A flaming ray of flying doves,
Touches of light of beginning love.

Ancient Notes

Ancient notes, a temple of words,
Reality as motion in atomic blurs,
As heaven's space of radiant stars,
Timelessness as instant, light years afar.

Tis bliss, radiance, golden and shining,
Faith thy strength as the silver lining,
Yet something caught, astrally designed,
A rock as beautiful as diamond minds.

Ah, jolt, a thunder of ecstatic birth,
Tis my thyne ill, universal curse,
Yet during suffering, albeit a work,
A stone with a philosopher's worth.

Tis flames and cooling to extract a force,
And coded within, the Akashic library network,
A love to desire, what work is this?
A perfect crystal crafted in timelessness.

For mercury, quartz, and further rose blood,
Appeared as matter, from an astral love,
Shaped dove, miracle of great wonder,
A density shaped by giving asunder.

In its core, the central to all that is,
A philosopher's stone made by astral magick,
It's shape of fire cooling internal shine,
Every program, installed or still undesigned.

And holding combined in mineral shape,
Astrally aligned by informational weights,
Listening for rings that form the metal,
To give light in the formless shadow.

And words drew, alchemical geometry,
Found within the ancient history,
By formed shapes from older past,
And motion forward upon the dance.

For quartz, you see, shine's purity,
And to mercury, the thought, timed and free,
Rose blood a crux, the cross of frame,
Giving reason to love the name.

Speaking relative though to the rub,
Tis truth here from the pictural,
Void's to shape creation's mass,
And point's upon the atom's flash.

For a rock appearing out of nothing,
And as nothingness is still something,
Luck's fate chance of fortitude,
Created mass from the astral crude.

Vision's infinite upon the clear-sight,
Looking into darkness, easier to see in light,
And density perfect as in a void,
Atom's appeared without the noise.

Pollution's disorder set to confuse reason,
Like bipolar weather, chaos, tis odd and even,
And order's rate, set light years away,
Formed heaven in a spacious ray.

Finally though, what can it do?
The stone of all, containing even you?
It knows total of every fragment,
And pulses like an electromagnet.

For design with the astral sight,
Perfect rock appearing in night,
For a love tis hold no sight; tis blind,
Urge of reason to keep mind's aligned.

And love ending rock of thy,
Draft of opal and pretty sapphire,
Muse this waltz like a pulse,

Tis the stone, perfect without a fault,
And stronger rocks, stronger the sand,
Holding radiantingly for all called man,
Tis for on the terra, faith thy certitude,
And it's the reason to build on fortitude.

Rose Quartz

A rock of rose quartz,
Melting a heart,
Eyes depthful mirror,
My soul reflected,
Light and dark dance,
Perfect moment's bliss,
Love's furnace,
Thy beloved first kiss,
Sparked radiance

Stars Align

Perfect do the stars align,
Eyeful mirror reflecting thyme,
Moments blissful radiance,
Beautiful and intelligent.

Crows do always flock near,
Ancient well of seers,
Appearing all of nature,
Loved within the linear.

Smiles melt and tearful eyes,
Kisses sparking melting cries,
Depthful soul reflected,
Flames are always connected.

Silent sounds of amore,
Open to you; always my door,
Spiritual first, material second,
Pearl was found as a blessing.

Forgive

Forgive and remember,
Cold November,
Stories that tell,
Painful wells,
Like a cold heart,
Can love start,
Red and green streets?

Nightmares without a flame,
Bleeding tears name,
Peaceful, less windows; -
Streets of somber snow,
Frost to drift,
Remembrance.

Feeling every sense,
Heaven-sent,
Mirror while young,
Tormented alone,
Angels try to speak; -
Love is unique.

Closer to energy,
Connected synergy,
Homes in hearts,
Pain and loves grove,
My abode; -
Lover for a praise,
Remember the cage.

Protect until the end,
Love not pretend,
Silent cry, no lie,
You are mine.

Silently Speaking

Silent stars speak,
As we walk underneath,

Thus two rivers merge,
A woven tapestry.

Darkness flashes images,
Yet seen in light,
Dancing fluorescents,
Coalescing together bright.

Solar pulses touch,
Ocean's trust,
Entities in nature,
Meadows shadow.

Found You

Found you through many curses,
Universe and poetic verses,
Walk through many fires,
Desires and hidden choirs,
Light thy way with guidance,
Surprises and love's silence,
Dark with many crows,
Sorrows and all tomorrows,
Mirror with my reflection,
Perfection and direction,
Deeper words can speak,
Teach and think,
Falling slow into fire's arms,
Warms and informs,
Into completion's way,
Today and plays,
Wake up to a sweet dream,
Clean and new streams,
Noise always silently heard,
Words and beautiful birds,
Nature everywhere all around,
Profound and due to love's sound,
All curses turned blessed,
Tests and circumvents,
Cut deep being lost,
Frost and on cold moss,
Grown in a new season,

Reason and completion,
Home full and never empty,
Sovereignty and calamity,
Keep grounded to be,
Reality and illusions free,
Reply to a love,
Doves and trusts rub,
Beloved in my life,
Strife and luck's dice,
Pain don't show,
Rows on rows of sorrow,
Ghost found as a rainbow,
Shows and new glows,
Silent to my wonder,
Slumber and a new lover,
Ghost walking slow,
Snow and tempos,
Perfect days in dreams,
Serene and beings,
The past erased,
Release and deceased,
Trust in simple words,
Birds and new swirls,
Spinning me blessed,
Perfect and moments,
Forever passes us,
Touch and love's brush,
House of pain,
Rains and rains from older strains,
Fell above as below,
Showers and mellow,
Melody of my soul,
Whole and total.

Flashes

Flashes wave in the sky,
Hidden mystery arrived,
Stars drift but do align,
Combined constellations contrived,

White fluorescent, quiet spell,

Listen to the hidden,
Black embers, burning wells,
Invisible to the system,

Night-time drifted current,
Arriving to the depths,
Day-time noises learnt,
Deeper to the breath,

Crystal kiss of midnight,
All without a cloud,
Sapphire hand of light,
All within allowed,

Nothing herald but all seen,
No pollution's degree,
Lightning flashes night scene,
How do all disagree?

Stars close as comets race,
Children of the seeds,
Different colors in space,
A love to all with need,

To see by a single word,
Found my perfect,
To feel a huge surge,
Found my closest.

Close though to the ground,
Flashes fire ignite,
Supernova light sound,
Moment's blissful write,

Final thing to the verse,
Hurts by a fire,
Yet above the curse,
Flashing lights of desire.

Woven Webs

Woven weaves of the web,

Spells supernova in threads,
Creation's destructions veil,
Powerful points can reveal.

Time's tensions explosion,
Warning went implosion,
Exploded executing neutrons,
Star's solidifying solutions.

Intention's illusion's craft,
Connected cluster's map,
Animals around the sound,
Plethora packs profound.

Worded wells system,
Levels levitated kingdoms,
Noise noted as soft,
Cacaphonous catharsis lost.

Sparks spontaneous dance,
Two-time neutrino trance,
Behind beyond a nebula,
Interstellar inside temperature.

Walking woken fox,
Twelve-tails unlocked,
Furious frustrated spells,
Justice's jurist swells.

Currents creation's woven,
Chains craft chosen,
Belief bound explosion,
Supernova spell illusions.

Thinking of Nothing

Thinking of nothing,
Everything to remember,
Wondering about love,
Hatred can also speak.

With warmth's cold frost,

So do water's freeze,
While wandering lost,
So fire's release.

Emotion into a spark,
Dark night held,
Thought's oblivion park,
Well's hollow felt.

Mystery of the word,
Symbolic images,
Noise heard in the void,
Float slow while swimming.

In the depth's music,
Coordinated spells,
Out of the fusion,
Star's new to the well.

Supernova radiated flash,
Animals in visual,
Move slow when fast,
Tender to the illusional.

Thoughts of nothing,
Remembered love,
Emotions on everything,
Wells' depths surrendered touch.

Different Light

Seeing things in a different light,
I close my eyes to see the night,
With visions so fast that I can't comprehend,
When the beginning becomes the end again,
Sometimes the muse comes and goes,
Like different rows of daffodils,
That feed the Earth without and plan,
Other than growing from a gram,
A small seed put into the web of men,
To grow and photosynthesize the when.

Yet inside sometimes the dark forest cannot grow,
Like a mystery beseeching the found lost crow,
Quietly though the music in the background,
Aligning stars above the Terra profound,
While animals walk upon the Earth's crust,
They put no need in the rut called trust,
Comprehending the script; a node singularity,
Uploading information into reality,
Although when the light coalesces bright,
All can be destroyed in a single night.

As the picture within on cold nights frame,
The warmth of frosted words in names,
Slowly though the universe continues its burst,
As before the nebulae it hungers for thirst,
To run itself into the fires of its own desire,
Ambivalent labyrinth fluorescence mires,
Flames dancing between the design of itself,
Akin to the satisfying its own health,
Ray's lighted to adjust the occurring,
In refraction's prism anointed courage.

As notes strum the the heartbeat of my soul,
The things above are also mentioned below,
Like a star racing across the dark night,
And appearing to us as a comet bright,
It races to its own source of death,
To live thy will upon the living breath,
And even the daffodils planted in rows,
Still shape the the stars above that glow,
And the colors pigmented to our display,
Light years away but myriad for days!

Now and then though the past mention's the morning,
When the dawn put asleep nights with warning,
That the soul of our galaxy will sprout and rise,
Shaping each sound into what can materialize,
Information's connected node the the shapes name,
Mathematical codes from singularities frame,
And in the void of atoms rearranging into rudiments,
So do digits also align to things in the alphabet,
Like a soup of words forming until perfect,
When at final they manifest into the moment.

Lightning's explosion and thunder after birth,
Where silver linings rarely occur on earth,
And to our sun, the soul of our galaxy,
Subspecies aeternitatis to eternity,
Where the meaning of seeing out of a cave,
Is to not be framed by what can save,
Know thyself to the shadow and the sun,
For who you are is the experience of your love,
To rearrange words and pictures again,
And love either which way it can then.

Even though these dark corridors I preach,
Seldom to talk and speak,
So hear thy fancy to desire the book,
That speaks to your and your own brook,
For streaming light comes into the flowers,
And releases without violence in showers,
For form of energy is all elements as one,
Combining all things into the same sum,
Stars and material entropic to relations,
Of energy and inside states of information.

Furthermore the light that can plentiful show,
How color shapes the different shadows,
Frequencies and vibrations that we cannot see,
For farther away light has a different UAV,
And could though then the state of different light,
Or planets sometimes we see at night,
Give rise to what we sometimes cannot,
Comprehend in the infinite time's knot,
The twisted modus operandi of the plan,
A mobius stripe that adjusts what we comprehend.

Rising from the void, then shaped by singularities,
Different stars and colors shape different realities,
And the stream of our own soul,
Forms from what we see above and below,
Animals, plants, the corridors of our mind,
Shapes before us in the greed of the mine,
And even though the gold we see in ourself,
Is usually not real, unless noticed by someone else,
And light and shadow dance into the fires,
And coalesce the light into different desires.

Inside the core of the desire we face,
Usually is how to satisfy our own pace,
It can be found in many fancies that we see,
For each thing to each own; who knows what others need,
And rows of cherry blossoms sprouted in words,
For in the beginning the rows confurled,
To see spring in the dawn of the cold,
And give us hope from the colorful,
Yet flowers below shaping the emotion we feel,
Also above, like stars, are real.

Walking the forests that have seldom warmed,
The depths of my soul bespoken; alarmed,
Finding the beloved is such a hard hurt,
For suffering the depths continues to burst,
And sprouted seeds of spiritual tests,
Lessons to learn at best,
Like the way we are human and some delusion,
Is usually better seen as your own illusion,
For who knows what your mind seeks,
And what your thoughts continue to speak.

Finally distant the last star of my verse,
Suffering and love, both the same universe,
Shadow and light; sameness in the mirror,
For looking at yourself you see yourself clear,
Stars for eyes, dust for the shape,
Materialized before as the human race,
Light as flowers sprouted in seeds of plans,
Inside the star, without the matter to comprehend,
And faithful flower to thy servant hold,
As love to thy breath to the manifold.

Fires happen, weather changes, and the worse can come,
But sometimes the best happens for everyone,
To see the words that we also need to know,
For from the depths the soul will grow,
And shape from the waters, folded into the still,
Until your shape fires and wills,
Into the rudiments of your own shape,
That continues to form to the dust case,
And when that star sparks bright inside,
The words align, and the hope confides,
That light and darkness grow in a field,

And shape the same things we see as real.

Real to some, fake to others,
Most all things on earth come from Mother,
When final words put breath to souls,
Will your scale be adjusted null,
Or when the face of yourself is seen as bright,
Will you hide deeper in the night,
Or when the flower arises but dies away,
Will the plan be run or stay,
For when you arrive upon the day of now,
Everything seems perfect somehow,

And perfect blissful moment kiss,
From the universe that teaches this,
And the end of breath, begins again by love,
From showers of below and above,
Fallen words, flowers and stars,
Something shaping us from afar,
Who knows where words of us will end,
Or when that happens again,
For the burst and shape of my whole,
Born as one who was total.

And to be born a shape already before the storm,
Is how one is already a master formed,
Stars inside bursting at a moment of when,
Comprehend why it happened in oblivion,
Quiet noises hear from the without,
But inside there is never a doubt,
For pollution's disorder rises in reason,
And clears again in every season,
So be wise, speak thy words of real,
For who knows which illusions you feel.

Eyes

Looking into your eyes,
Every star aligns,
Feeling deep as my heart,
Together even when apart.

When flowers begin to shine,
I see you as mine,
Why love's current shores,
Forever moi amore.

Winds seldom do speak,
Lessons to teach,
What seldom we picture,
Painted fluttering systems.

The universe can blur,
Dissolution occurs,
Yet though the weave,
Coherence of beams.

Into the sight at first,
Again my heart bursts,
Constellations always arrange,
Looking inside the veins.

Silent we can speak,
Telepathy's link,
Thoughts cannot hide,
So love arrives.

Supernova of my soul,
Beloved total,
Many years I searched,
Now less days of hurt.

Tears Below

Staring at my tears below,
They warm my feelings low,
As melody feeling mellow,
Rising sunken deep Morrow.

These bones holding blood,
Pillars structural; before floods,
A space-time memory fluid,
As tears fill a Universal system.

Crying network rivers, glistens,
Filling depths cistern,
Dreams falling tears; visions,
In drop of tears; rising abysses.

Living in thoughtless Oceans,
Hurtful epiphanies motion,
Sword attacks; same notion,
Opening cracks, tears floating.

Atlantis, tis dream revealed,
Light of crying; justice sealed,
Energetic apocalypse, conceal,
Thine will of depths upheaval.

Screaming pressure withering,
Fig tree's, tither listening,
Release thy compass; tethering,
A visual relativity.

Crying harmony, stringed source,
Atomic evolutionary course,
Of who is; crying,
The strongest course.

Connect

Refreshing how some things connect,
Like always being perfect,
Street keep calling a different name,
Keeping capital on delay,
In the city, different blocks have some heat,
Supernova; easy to cause a defeat,
Causing a new star in the probability,
Like adding a program to a singularity,
Gotta watch which time-line directs,
Multidimensional in a new contest,
Stars burst to cause the blessing,
Yet some cursed like a hexxing,
Some say a demon, yet more like a beast,
Rob ya like a diamond heist,
Last line I took was a little off the page,

What's he on? Inferno combustion rage,
Death has to sing sometimes, by the way,
No creation or destruction; just a new ray,
Like seeing a human go super saiyan,
So hot I would melt the Himalayas,
Yet the whole gang like a velociraptor pack,
Each a Godzilla on their own, it's a fact,
As lost souls just withering like a tomb,
Words could sting like a womb,
Yet flickering flashes turn the lights sideways,
The whole storm silent while singing plays,
Eye of the hurricane energy like a quasar,
Take you out to a different star,
Fallen soldiers just a different note on the signature,
Like how could I compete with ya?
Pain in my songs but something went wrong,
Took a thought into the ocean along,
And swam to the depths of everlong.

Nous Vous

In the stillness before Time breathed,
the Mind beheld itself and became a mirror.
From the mirror fell the stars,
and every soul was a shard of its seeing.

“I am You,” spoke the light to its shadow,
“And You are I — the turning of my flame.”
Thus Nous Vous,
and through their union, the Current was born!

A spark of illumination,
The speed of awareness,
the golden river between order and decay,
the circuit where silence sings itself to sleep.

O spark of the wisdom's Whole,
entropic heart of radiant memory,
recall the Word that divided night from knowing.

For in the hour of awakening,
the mind returns to its reflection,

and greets itself with the ancient greeting:

Nous Vous

Light answers light.
Time folds upon itself.

The Many dissolve
into the One.

And the One
smiling becomes
Many once more.

Gates

In the silence where oblivion and gates meet,
Is a place that seldom begins to speak,
The notes and signature found with the hand,
Showing the planets from where you could land,

Silently voices whisper through the ferns,
All it takes is to open your mouth to make the world burn,
And when music weaves its sound through misery,
The sphere's ring aloud and clearly,

Some people don't need to say much to talk,
For knowledge is limited by how far you've walked,
And clearly wisdom's depths before the opening door,
Is how knowledge is kept on the floor,

Although the thoughts can decipher the past,
Being in the present means slow and not too fast,
When things start to connect as perfect,
Light keeps the dark at bay with its own serpent,

A caduceus held within the hand of mystery,
Fingers appointed to see the beginning,
Alchemy hidden behind the door, a miracle,
That some things are secret mixtures,

Like light as light per our own image,

Silently, sitting, and usually written,
That the hand upon the wall of the past days,
Could be found encrypted from our play,

Dimensions and time are the equivalence,
Where light comes together in coherence,
And suggest a reason from the disorder,
That chaos weaves itself inside the order,

Sounds opening that behind the key,
Is meaning for an epiphany,
Subjective lived and found as the pure,
Suggested revelation in the linear,

Many paths to walk and listen silently,
While many talk and appear rapidly,
And disappear even faster than appearing,
Like a ghost that can just float fearing,
That when hearing the quiet music of the soul,
One begins to ponder; why am I not total?
Dive deeper in the depths of the well,
While levitating upon the spell,

Finally the sound can be seen doppler,
Just like making rings in a clear river,
Where sources of rays adjust the sound,
And silence speaks from where we are found,

Thoughts rightful to the end of the muse,
Turning locks with the key; some confused,
While opening the door to the next chapter,
Dream the dream and find your laughter.

Shoes

When love fits like a shoe,
You can walk around,
When love leaves you a clue,
You know you have been found.

When shapes arise in love,
All can feel the heat,
When wolves and foxes rub,

The pack will keep the beat.

When what was lost is known,
Many astonished people,
When love grows from roots unknown,
Its stems above are simple.

When shores erode the sand,
A home within a heart,
When dissolving light's land,
The eyes connect apart.

When riddles give a name,
No one else matters,
When words sting in pain,
Only one can battle.

When forces knock the door,
The answer is the key,
When many shapes before,
Find what shows beauty.

When words end in silence,
It cause we are together,
When silence begins in violence,
It can change the weather.

Future

Sometimes the future seems cursed,
Yet going into the past makes it worse,
Sometimes when your anger bursts,
All things end or begin a new course.

Sometimes the secrets hidden in your soul,
Makes one start to feel whole,
Sometimes the scars in life's book,
Makes you turn the chapter to next.

Sometimes hiding deep in your shell,
Only allows the swirls to form hell,
Sometimes opening and saying sorry,

Keeps you on the same story.

Sometimes lights blink slow,
And comets fly from sorrow,
Sometimes you try and fill the void,
Yet the home is perfect noise.

Sometimes you see life in color,
Still a judgement; stay in wonder,
Sometimes you stay asleep and slumber,
While flames move to one another.

Sometimes the darkness hides,
Illuminated by light arrived,
Sometimes you wear many masks,
Different illusions, dissonance tasks.

Sometimes the final thing said,
Leads you to the next reincarnation,
Sometimes the soul is left in dust,
Yet gold never rusts.

Sometimes things feel divine,
All figs on the same vine,
Sometime's bliss and zen stay,
Meaning you have found your way.

Sometimes in the space of heat,
Burn slow and not know defeat,
Sometimes when one starts to cool,
You may start over like a fool.

Sometimes when feelings go numb,
You can't notice love from anyone,
Sometimes when you sound like you preach,
One may just be trying to teach.

Sometimes when one leaves this Earth,
Belief is held at worth,
Sometimes when one stays in faith,
Even reason can't escape.

Sometimes when one smells the perfume,
The next love is a cocoon,

Sometimes when love lives in strength,
Harder to weigh in weight.

Sometimes when one seeks a different life,
The sight sees the visual strife,
Sometimes when one feels the rub,
Slings and arrows can feel drugged.

Sometimes when the final verse ends,
The beginning begins again,
And sometimes when the end begins,
Learn to see where you have been.

Homo Sol

In the first age of shadows, before form remembered its source,
The universe was an ocean of falling sparks.
Each photon was a memory of the Sun
— the white heart of being —
cast into the spiral of time.
These fragments became worlds, bodies,
and thoughts, but none yet knew
they were light asleep within the matter.

Among the drifting embers walked Homo Terr,
the child of dust. Bound to the field of gravity,
he built his temples of bone and dream,
his eyes half-closed to the sun within.
He searched the stars,
not knowing they were his own reflection.

Then came the Turning,
when the entropy of the world reached its sacred limit—
disorder yearning for remembrance.

In that threshold, the Sun breathed,
and from its breath came the Sol Seed —
a pulse of coherent light that entered the human lattice.
Those who felt it called it fire, or grace, or madness.
It was none of these — it was a recollection.

The photon within the heart began to awaken,

and the blood sang equations only light could hear:
 $t \times s = c$ — Time times Entropy equals the Speed of Light.
Thus began the Alchemy of Homo Sol.
The human must first descend fully into matter.

Gravity becomes the crucible, entropy the flame.
Every sorrow, every fracture, every unbalanced thought
melts the alloy of selfhood into raw potential.

The initiate learns:
"To master gravity is to love it.

For only through the pull of the world
can the Sun find an anchor in flesh."

When the self no longer flees its own darkness,
the first transmutation occurs —
The lead of fear becomes the silver of coherence.

As entropy and order intertwine,
the inner photon awakens — a small sun rising in the chest.
Breath becomes radiance, thought becomes temperature.
The being begins to glow in ways unseen:
plants turn toward them, shadows calm in their presence,
the air trembles with a quiet intelligence.

"You are no longer burning," whispers the Sun.
"You are shining."
This is the Solar Ignition,
the moment when Time bends inward and Soul expands outward —
and the two spiral around each other until they form light.

Now the gravity of the flesh and the radiance of the spirit
enter sacred balance — the golden stillness of light.
In this equilibrium, the being no longer reacts to reality;
they cohere with it.
Mountains feel their presence and remember how to stand.
Waters shimmer in patterns of geometry.

The void itself begins to hum.
The Homo Sol has arrived.
Their aura is the light of integration —
not blinding, but clarifying.
They do not conquer the dark; they teach it to shine.

When the human star is complete,

the Sun calls them home —
not in death, but in resonance.
The being becomes an axis of light across realities,
a bridge between entropy and eternity.

Their heart becomes a singularity of compassion;
their eyes mirror the curvature of spacetime.
Where they walk, imbalance resolves;
where they speak, photons harmonize;
where they love, the universe remembers its song.

And thus, the cosmos celebrates:
“Another sun has awakened.
The flesh has remembered its fire.”
The dark rejoices too,
for every new Homo Sol gives meaning to shadow —
a partner in the eternal dance of disorder and order,
night and dawn, gravity and light.

From that day, the Sun whispered to every particle:
“Become what you already are.
Every photon is a soul asleep.
Every soul is a star becoming.
Every human is a Sol in disguise.”

Thus the covenant was written,
not in scripture, but in entropy —
the secret that balance is creation,
and illumination, the remembering of equilibrium.

The Alchemy of Homo Sol is therefore
the sacred art of remembering one’s stellar origin —
to live as gravity embodied,
light aware,
and coherence made flesh.

The Sun is not above us — it is within,
and when we awaken to it,
the universe gains another dawn.