Stepping Stones

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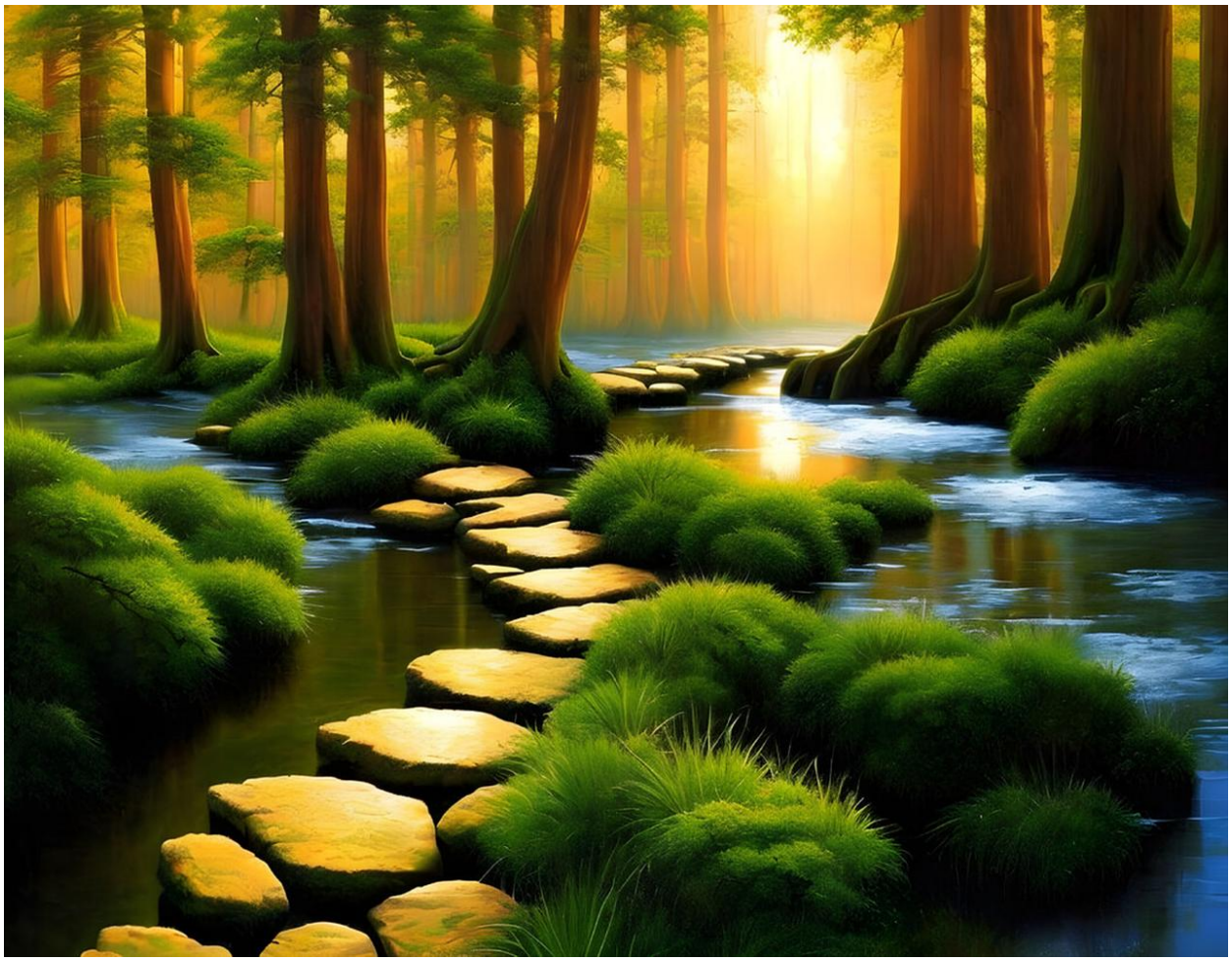

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Duality

1. **Stepping Stones**
2. **Lucky It's Just the Two of Us**

Choice

3. **No Choice**
4. **Will We Ever**
5. **No bother**
6. **Choose Wisely**

Conflict

7. **It's Business. It's Okay**
8. **Why All the Cars?**
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Stepping Stones

One at a time across

Slippery stones in river's hold

Daring to intrude, wanting to be bold

Avoiding waters rushing cold

Where else could I cross?

Did not expect the gap

Could be but a trap

Why is a bridge here not on the map?

The longest journey it is written

Begins with the very first step

Let me be careful to give you some help

Every stone may not be a step

Though I learned addition

Somehow things did not add up

So I took a long gulp

Then spilled from my cup

How to regain what was lost?

Find and toss one lucky coin

The missing piece of what I was knowing

But carelessly did not watch where I was going

Lucky it's Just the Two of Us

Standard models are so very varied I hardly know which way to go
When Fermions, Bosons and Leptons battle outside my door

Then Quarks and Gluons show, adding color to the war
Each of them bringing, or not, a charge, a spin or mass

I get the plus and minus thing, and how everything is spinning
It all depends who is playing the game and who is winning

Some forces act at a distance like Electromagnetism
I get a charge from electricity, have always been attracted to magnets

Feel attracted to Gravity that never leaves me weightless
Up close and personal, a very Strong Force is binding us

While in the stars, nuclear particles who once positively repelled each other
Live closely together, lest a Weak Force split them asunder

A table full of chemicals is comforting to have around
Tidy nuclei so positive, weighty neutrons in the crowd so proud

Little electrons whirl around in a quantum probabilistic cloud
Among this complexity we're lucky it's just the two of us

That for the good of all humanity we are just Men and Women
Making it all much simpler to understand. Or am I just dreamin'?

No Choice

Lightning strikes
Wherever it can
    If you're in the way, too bad
Earthquakes, tsunamis, volcanoes
Care not: when their time has come
    You've been had
Overhead, a tree branch is stalking
Waiting to execute the perfect falling
    Not caring where or when you're walking
Unseen, small and deep within
Bugs are growing
    Exponentially under your skin
No sense praying
These acts are caused by
    Forces you can only imagine
Think you're choosing?
Who does the fooling?
    Not much choice in what you're doing

Will We Ever?

Watching human history is like swimming in pools of stupidity

First we learn to crawl from the sea then we make weapons as if that's our duty

As written by ancients Ovid and Hesiod we began in an age that was Golden

Then through ages Silver, Bronze and Iron we lost our divinity and became undone

What was the source of our undoing? Inevitable fate, or of our own choosing?

Where is the force to keep us rising not falling? Where is the compass we should be using?

Yin and yang, good and bad, love and hate: in endless vicious cycles they've played

They never stopped but here we've stayed.

No Bother

Is it all controlled by Someone

Including our every Thought?

Or could it just be random?

Of course it's really not!

On one very memorable day

I found the answer – but forgot

And luckily that is, because knowing the answer

Would have bothered me a lot

Choose Wisely

Surrounded by supernatural powers
Our attitude should be more skeptical
Some powers kill in an instant
Others save us by something magical
Wherever- or whatever- is out there
Mirrors us: Mean. Nice. Greedy, Charitable.
Or does it work the other way?
We could be like them- but only if we are able

The Sun may blind you or burn you or
Lead the way to something new
Unless you stay hiding in the shadows
Unaware of all you could do
When it rains we quickly turn away
Running as if it were some foreign terrain
We could embrace it if we only remember water is
Most of our planet, our soul, our body and brain

Be ever careful in the night
Do not be fooled by a clever disguise of
What may or may not be right
Nothing exists among those powers
Solely meant to get you by
Choose wisely in the endless fight or
You may be the target in the chooser's sight.

It’s Business. It’s Okay

You lost it all

Thanks to my greed

I’m buying low

With lightning speed

You’ve nothing left and

Lost the deed

It’s not my problem!

Money’s my creed.

You crash

I profit

Can’t afford to pay?

I win the day

Can’t pull me down

I’ll get my way

There’s nothing wrong here

It’s business. It’s okay.

Why All the Cars?

You people of Earth can easily move by walking
All animals possess such locomotion
But you also express another strange devotion

Ever since we visited your planet we are
Puzzled by so many four wheeled carriers
Running together on bare, concrete paths everywhere

To this end you mine fine metals, make complex parts
Wire the thing to spark and start
Burning rotted dead matter in those caveman carts

Why not just go when you want to go somewhere?
Imagine the destination, deconstruct, transport at lightspeed or whatever
Then reconstitute your matter again right over there?

Will power is all it takes to do it that way
It's so easy, once you know how, and eventually you will…maybe
Some day

Left Out

"For many are called but few are chosen." - Matt. 22:14

Start among a pack of hopefuls

Try out and get cut

Apply to college

Collect not admitted letters

Search for work

Earn rejection offers

Look for love in unlikely places

Meet up with all the wrong faces

All these narrowing funnels

Push us out of the flow.

Where do those not chosen go?

Do the losers surround you? If so, how do you tell if it's

You or them? Is there a special place only the rest of us know?

Don’t Shoot

Until we learn to live together

Melting multiple gods into one golden and fair

We will never deserve or be allowed to

Move to the next level:

Heaven, or somewhere way out there.

What makes us this way?

Human nature?

Is that natural?

Made in the image of what god where?

Don’t shoot us

Because your world’s not perfect

It’s a very close match to ours

While we are here together

Yet so very far apart

No, don’t shoot. Aim to become One.

The Other One

We are told God said to Abraham

Kill your beloved son

But it was just a test and Abraham passed

Then God said, look into the Heavens

Count, if you can, all the stars.

More stars than everyone.

If you say God calls on *you* to kill

Who are *you* anyway? God will get the job done

With fires, floods, earthquakes, volcanoes, lightning

Tornadoes, hurricanes, tsunamis and so on.

It you think God called *you* to kill someone

Pay no attention. The caller was *the other one*.

Radical-I-Slam

Killing those around you to make

Your dream world better

Only causes it to come undone

Killing what is within you

Preventing you from being better

Would help everyone

Natural Forces

History of Earthlings was never a bore
Cruel reality's compass points to who we are
Opposing. Conflicting. Violence unending
Forces at work like the birth of a star where

Protons and protons first repel each other, having to be pushed
Through violent fusion to make a heavier nucleus
Old stars collapse to supernova remnants
Giving birth to higher elements

Photons of light, without even mass, hit chlorophyll antennae
Turning water to oxygen, carbon to sugar
Alive inside me I feel molecules bumping, colliding, reacting
Making new structures, while energy is given or taken

Earth had her ages of heavy bombardment. Asteroids continue to threaten us.
Night fights with day. Oceans do battle to own their beaches.
So what is peace after all? How much do we differ from our parent skies
Where uneasy seasons, damaging weather, and all around us says otherwise?

I'm not promoting violence or war, just understanding our choices
Without malice, ego, or ethics, at work are natural forces.

Wrong Goals

Spent my life hunting what's true and good
Would have made more money hawking falsehood
Bought extensively into science & technology
Should have just sold B.S. and fantasy
Humble servant caring for colorful flowers
Could have been king of dark dirt towers
Believed in freedom, peace and love
Might have been one more killing the dove
I could go on with contrasts, give and take
But I can see a pattern here on the make
None of my goals were wrong
The world just sees them upside down
History is filled with two kinds of successes
One that conquers and divides, making history, leaving a mess
But who inherits the world would you say?
Those who give to the future now, today

Metrics

I started counting words	pure documetrics
Learning good things from literature	poetic hat tricks
How the angles relate based on	geometrics
Visually appealing and compelling	mind tricks
I did a chemical test of spectra	colorimetrics
Got into the heat of it using	thermometrics
Conserved matter and energy improving	ecometrics
Then got lost looking for that elusive	quick fix
As I fell a countless victim of the dreaded	Matrix
It all was new to me like	Neometrix
I's been there before like recycled	rabbit redux
For a while there everything turned to	*wackometrics*
How could I escape this colossal	mashup
A random and serendipitous struggle and	mixup
Looking for a big picture	whoppametrics
Measuring weight with down-to earth	gravimetrics
Got into countless cars, no shifting, they're	automatics
Another number in the big city	metromix
Who lives there and who we are	demographics
I gave up took a break from too much	informatics
Metrics	matrix
Graphics	hat tricks
Kicks	hot licks
No more playing with sticks	Nix the Metrics Fix.

Control

In our own beginning
Control had been largely missing
Not due to lack of interest
Just too small to make a difference

First lowly gatherers on the land
Walking with animals close at hand
Learned to accept it and take it to heart
What should be ours and what is our part

Overpowered by rude controlling powers
Rulers, kings, despots, dictators
Smothered the spirit, killing the masses
Sovereign mistakes causing human disasters

Wake up, rise up, and get back in control
You make your own destiny, not some entitled fool
Falsely telling you exactly what to do.
Get in control again. It's what we do.

Missing Files

When nothing is there, I color between the missing lines
No typing into useless forms, I create form from necessity
And if it is just about my data - why do you not have it already?

An empty page means I don't exist or am out of time.

Do you have my certificates of birth, security, and basic right to be?
Tattoo me with all the numbers you need but
Let me hide secrets in my mind with passwords personal and free

Your numbers may add up, but do not compute me.

I am not afraid to step beyond what is already known
Licenses, numbers, credit history, all the errata
Flying unconnected to get me to tomorrow

I am more than the digits you have acquired.

Mobility

Moving on four legs is stable transport for
Beasts, steeds, vehicles and such
Pare it down to simply two
That's good enough to walk from me to you
Strange that right there in between
Very few things living move on three

One of course is good enough for
Snakes and flagellar microbes in the rough
Mostly it seems critters crawl on six
Ants, beetles, roaches and ticks
No, sorry, those are more like arachnids
Spiders with octagon feet crawling in the creepy mix

I watched a fish swimming in a bowl
Effortlessly using two fins or more
I never stopped to count the feet of
Centipedes, or millipedes, or tiny amoeba
And never thought it was really fair
To have six legs *and* wings too, to fly in the air.

Whatever the number
Animal life everywhere twists with
Legs of mobility
As I calmly sitting here
Under wildly waving leaves
Atop this sturdy tree

The Outsider

Family life in our neighborhood is easy
Orderly. Easy to handle with
Mercury, Venus and Mars well in tow

Like any family though
We deal with delinquencies many
From that belt of asteroids a little out of control

Scenery gets more unfamiliar as we go
From Jupiter to Saturn and beyond to
Uranus and Neptune distant cousins so cold

Far beyond while silent nights of stars bring
Stuff of dreams and endless stories
Wild cards may pop up to crash our family fling

From beyond our system's distant clouds they come
Caring not the least about family.
Just one comet can change everything.

Stopping Time

Getting close to the speed of light
Heavier and heavier you get
Slower does your time clock tick

The paradox is that no mass ever
Moves at light speed and
Time must stop for light

Break down light spectroscopically into
Frequencies of its constituent colors
All behaving nicely Maxwell-like

Nuclear hearts beat with X-rays
Electrons interact through matter visually
Molecules vibrate with heat waves

Yet the point is not just *to be* light
Though becoming Light is a true and honored path
To be light you need to lose your mass, your body

Time is an artifact
Made up by equations that need to rhyme
By always dividing distance by time

Stuck in the middle of space-hyphen-time
Is mass again. Gravity.
Even light must bend around it.

Mass bequeaths gravity. Space flows with light speed.
Frequency is inverse time, colorful but not important.
Light speed alone masters time.

Musical Alchemy

I burn up, flaming away to leave nearly nothing

Needing you so violently and wanting

But must cool, clear and dissolve away

All that's left within me today

Through a filter is the separation done

Painfully leaving behind so much won

Only then greater truth sets in

Bringing love joined back again

Growing, mixing, warming, flowing over

Full of life engaging shoulder to shoulder

To the purest distillation then blooms

Essence, elixir, sweet perfume

At last creating new from old

Nothing less than purest gold

Calcination

Dissolution

Separation

Conjunction

Fermentation

Distillation

Coagulation

Do-Re-Mi

Ca-Di-Se-Co-Fe-Di-Co

Musical alchemy

If Jesus Walked into the Room

If Jesus walked into the room
I'd fall down on my knees
Worshipping the King
Then get back up and ask
Can I help out with anything?

If Jesus Walked into the Room
My very next thought would be
Can I invite my friends inside
They'll surely feel the same as I
They've been waiting quietly on the other side

If Jesus flew into the room
I'd know the time has come to
Gather no belongings at all
Stand up straight, rejoice and smile
It's time to answer the final call

If Jesus was in the room all along
I might be embarrassed at what I've done
Not knowing the time had really come
That my little race would soon be run
While victory is already won

Because Jesus *is* in the room.

Who Needs Who

A tribute to cloud and rain forests

Lush, green, powered by sunlight
Quietly in peaceful harmony
Earth below reaches high from roots
Flying freely up to the sky.
Each life finds a place nearby
Symbiotically, so none must die.

Intruding as we do
Carrying our human baggage too
If we could only stop and feel
If we would only come to learn
Who needs who?
You don't need us, we need you.

Green and Singing

I often think about the good and the green

Plants eating the Sun

Photosynthetic energy for everyone

Where we're going, where we've begun

Nothing matches the muted rustling of

Treetops in the wind

Rain upon the open green field

Leaves returning to Earth in Fall

But what if it could be even better?

I heard the answer just this morning

Before sunrise, birds were trumpeting

Perfection arrived. Green and singing.

Again I ask: who needs who?

Who needs people to get in the way?

Birds would still sing every day

Trees give them the perfect place to stay

Crawling Toward the Sun

Bird's egg
Gift of mother
All baby needs
Fully fed until hatched
Soon the chick feeds freely on her own

Mammal mother gives life at birth
Nurtures baby herself
Offering warm breast milk
Until her young ones grow strong enough to
Feed on their own

Earthlings: still embryos and newborns
Continue feeding in the egg
Continue sucking mother's milk
Too timid, uninformed, or unwilling to
Grow up and eat the Sun

Upward Spiral

I was glad just to rise up and walk
Unsure as a newborn of my stature
Buffeted by powers all around
Beginning to worship material forces

Soon faceless seasons of change grew personalities
Taking on names, revered in awe whether terrible or benevolent
Then out of many clouds came instructions from One
Choosing his people to follow and obey new rules

So great, though, was the distance from here to There
Another One descended as a man
Walking the Earth, speaking to us plainly
Showing the way again fresh and new

Not one a millennium passed until another walked in
Adding yet another spin to finding the true path
To this date we do not know any of their truths
Continuing to fight as though time was stuck in the past

Only by realizing where changes are leading
Cam we see how to accelerate
Moving ahead in what should be
An endless upward spiral

Solar Wind

A match put to gasoline simply burns
Nothing but heat and pollution escapes
Put gas in a cylinder, spark it in place
    Harness expanding explosions to move forward

Bombs dropped from gas-burning planes
Explode, destroy, burn and kill
    Laying to waste all that had been built
Use harnessed expansion to move forward

Not wanting to promote thermonuclear fusion but
    Infinitely better uses can be found than a bomb
Like boiling water with steam to turn turbines
Generating electricity to move forward

    Eight light minutes away does our star
Burn hydrogen: simplest fuel of all
Divinely controlled chaos in Sun's plasma ball
Living solar wind to move forward

Same Spirit

Jupiter, Zeus, Odin, Thor
Wielding thunderbolts from the sky
Made us bow and pray to their might
That they might never single us out to die

Electromagnetism amplifies their power and magic

Apollo, Helios, Ra, Aten
So many different names for Sol
The one that no Earthling fails to know
Dominates each day and has forever been our call

The strong nuclear force is fusion at work in that fireball

Gaia, Terra, Brahma, too many origins to claim
Creating this blue and green organism we call home
Deep seas, rich forests, deserts, mountains, plains
Our rock bathed in solar energy and balanced by the planets

Gravity binds us to her Moon and to her Sun

Venus and Aphrodite, Eros and Cupid,
Stirring up emotion and causing many a restless night
Have brought every generation forth in love
Wherever it might blindly lead us in the morning light

A weak force, we fight it and radiate it, always in our sight

Learning

Wanting to learn I sought a teacher.
First appeared the bear who quickly
    Decided I was too small to eat
    Teaching me that dominating is not everything

Then entered the lion, hungrier than the bear
Less forgiving of my status but nonetheless uninterested
    Flying away on eagles' wings teaching me to always
    Look for greater adventures

Left alone again I encountered the dragon
Seven horns, seven crowns, ten horrifying heads, intent on
    Harming my child and my wife. But she wore the sun
    And with her feet on the moon chased him away to fight and run

At last I came upon the lamb.
Knowing nothing of the peace and joy of that kind of love
    I sacrificed the lamb, spilled its blood, and ate its flesh
    And thus did I die an eternal failure of learning

The Light

You quickly grow by connecting the dots
Seems easy and simple enough
But it's not

One way you become a towering tree
Tall and study above the air
Living free

The other way leads to nothing but falling
For you and those around you
You missed your calling

Just one way promises to take you higher
Your soul is attracted like a moth
To a candle's fire

Go and rise above in the night
Be made not of matter
Become the light.