

**THE BEST  
OF  
WILLIE  
WATSON'S  
POETRY**

The poems in this collection may not be copied or reproduced  
in any way without the permission of the copyright holder.

**Copyright © Willie Watson, 2025**

**Published in 2025**

**Prague, Czech Republic**

**also by Willie Watson:**

**The Creation of the Noosphere**

**The World the World Should Be (a novel)**

**This Book Contains Bad Language**

**Nice and Spicy**

**Recycling**

**Dark**

**Possibly the Shallowest, Most Pointless, Irrelevant,  
and Trivial Book of Poetry Ever Written**

**Circle of Happiness**

**Diamonds on Uranus**

**Sentience**

**A Country's Just a Place**

**Everyday's a Butterfly**

**Cup of Tea**

**The Quest for Enlightenment and Stuff**

**Paradox**

**Wild Pigs of Fukushima**

**The Meaning of Life in Easy English**

**Geology**

**Pink Snow**

**155 Sonnets**

**Uncle Willie's Very Silly Animal Poems**

**The This of the That**

**Tarot Poems (with Marie Brožová)**

**The Alchemist's Notebook**

**Four Syllables on Water**

**The Guru Kalehuru and Other Poems**

**Poems from Prague**

*Thanks to [pixabay.com/BiancaVanDijk](https://pixabay.com/BiancaVanDijk) for the cover art!*

# TABLE OF CONTENTS

Introduction	9
Made from Nothing	12
The Metro Song	13
The Principle of Displacement	16
Jack	17
Wenceslas Square	18
It Doesn't Matter	21
A Simple Metaphor	22
Anything that can Exist	22
The Life Span of the Butterfly	23
The Things I've Learned	24
The Creation of the Noosphere	25
View from any Bridge in Prague at Night	26
Polar Bears and Penguins	27
Believe in Global Warming Yet?	28
Peace, Love and Understanding	31
The Potential Mass Shooter	34
Paradigm Shift	36
The Last Thing	36
It's Not That Hard	37
The Unloved Bastard Stepchild of the Arts	38
The Gray and the Green	40
Sam at Two Weeks	40
Comparing the Merits	41
Containment	42
The Things We Have in Common	43

<b>Circle of Happiness</b>	<b>44</b>
<b>Prehistoric Proclivities</b>	<b>45</b>
<b>Layers of Existence</b>	<b>46</b>
<b>The Momentary Prison</b>	<b>48</b>
<b>Crazy World</b>	<b>48</b>
<b>Diamonds on Uranus</b>	<b>49</b>
<b>Sentience</b>	<b>52</b>
<b>Surfing Through Time</b>	<b>58</b>
<b>Appreciation</b>	<b>59</b>
<b>Blind Spot</b>	<b>59</b>
<b>A Country's Just a Place</b>	<b>60</b>
<b>Emerging Patterns</b>	<b>62</b>
<b>The Self-Awareness of Animals</b>	<b>69</b>
<b>I Wish I Were</b>	<b>70</b>
<b>Smartometer</b>	<b>72</b>
<b>Cultural Fusion</b>	<b>72</b>
<b>Home Free</b>	<b>73</b>
<b>Clouds in the River</b>	<b>74</b>
<b>Perverts</b>	<b>74</b>
<b>The Living Ocean</b>	<b>75</b>
<b>Honey to the Hive</b>	<b>76</b>
<b>Magic Power</b>	<b>78</b>
<b>Spinning</b>	<b>79</b>
<b>Bliss</b>	<b>84</b>
<b>Bag, as Flag</b>	<b>86</b>
<b>On Being One With the Universe</b>	<b>87</b>
<b>Possession</b>	<b>87</b>
<b>Good Viral, Bad Viral</b>	<b>88</b>

<b>Portal</b>	<b>89</b>
<b>A Small Drop of Water</b>	<b>90</b>
<b>Magical Thinking</b>	<b>92</b>
<b>Walkdance</b>	<b>93</b>
<b>Harvest</b>	<b>94</b>
<b>The Grandfather Paradox and the Multiverse Theory</b>	<b>96</b>
<b>Conjunction</b>	<b>93</b>
<b>The Lure of the Unknown</b>	<b>104</b>
<b>The Length of Fame</b>	<b>104</b>
<b>The Bad Thing About Autumn</b>	<b>105</b>
<b>Truth</b>	<b>105</b>
<b>Schrodinger's Determinism</b>	<b>106</b>
<b>Little People</b>	<b>109</b>
<b>The Aspiration of the Dawn</b>	<b>114</b>
<b>Tempus Fugit Ergo Est</b>	<b>116</b>
<b>Wild Pigs of Fukushima</b>	<b>122</b>
<b>Ultimate Survivors</b>	<b>124</b>
<b>Narcissus</b>	<b>124</b>
<b>The Rule of Unwritten Rules</b>	<b>125</b>
<b>Everybody's Famous in their own Family</b>	<b>126</b>
<b>Socialism</b>	<b>128</b>
<b>Wild Flowers</b>	<b>129</b>
<b>Thus We Know the Ancient Gods</b>	<b>130</b>
<b>Geology</b>	<b>132</b>
<b>Life in Close Quarters</b>	<b>132</b>
<b>Jungle Colors</b>	<b>133</b>
<b>All Things</b>	<b>133</b>

Hippie Forever	134
Earth Abiding	136
Symmetry in Biology	137
An Observation on Animal Intelligence	137
Lily Pond	138
New Genesis	139
Glass Half Full	140
The Tangibility of Print	140
Stating the Obvious	141
Natural and Easy	141
Hats	141
The Inherent Inability of the Human Brain to Comprehend Infinity and Eternity	142
Rudyard Revised	143
Fatal Flaw	143
One Morning in Germany	144
Georgia's Flowers	146
Umbrellas	146
True Story	147
High on the Hill	148
The Wind of Spring	149
God's Big Stone	150
Phantom Map	151
The Legend of Libuše	152
Parallel Tracks	154
Rinat's Poem	156
The Snow Must Go On	158
In Vino Veritas	159

Pre-K Comedy	160
Misunderstood	160
Continuity	161
e.g. Tom and Jerry	161
The This of the That	162
Clipboard Girl	164
Dandelions	166
Freudian Slip	166
Hounds and Taggers	167
Frustration	167
The Snow was Falling on Wenceslas Square	168
Long Islands	170
Translucence	180
The Polychromaticity of Green	181
Sam at 15 months	182
A Tale of Two Men	182
No Such Thing	183
Stand to the Right	184
Cobblestones	188
The Plight of the Polar Bear	188
Curtains	189
Konopiště #1	192
6:55 a.m.	194
Breaking Waves	194
Lipstick	195
My Social Life	196
Puddle	196
There is Something I Must Do	197

<b>Trip to Mexico</b>	<b>198</b>
<b>Konopiště #2</b>	<b>200</b>
<b>Say a Prayer for Robert Johnson</b>	<b>201</b>
<b>Walking Home in the Evening</b>	<b>204</b>
<b>Alienation</b>	<b>208</b>
<b>Rainbow</b>	<b>208</b>
<b>Nail Polish</b>	<b>209</b>
<b>Koalas and Pandas</b>	<b>210</b>
<b>Time Lapse Photography</b>	<b>211</b>
<b>The Elephant's Nose</b>	<b>220</b>
<b>Thank You!</b>	<b>221</b>



# INTRODUCTION

There are many possible reasons to put together a “best of” collection. Hopefully, I am a good enough poet that someday my works will be famous and read by a large audience of people worldwide, and that by itself would create the need for a best of collection, but that might not happen until many years after I’m dead, if ever. With the internet and social media, my stuff is already out there, and I don’t see any signs of a stampede developing.

I suppose it’s possible that I’m just not that good. Don’t get me wrong, when I show up at a poetry reading, I get applause, and everybody tells me afterwards that my poems are great, but there could be other reasons for that. Everybody claps for everybody else at these events, it’s just the polite thing to do. Also, I am two, often three times as old as most of the people there, so they might just be humoring me a bit.

So, just as with my other books, if I want this one to exist, I’m going to have to do it myself.

Another reason is that I’ve written enough books (over 25 books of poetry in existence) that it’s fairly easy for me to go through and pick out enough poems to create a best of book.

A third reason is that it sort of fits in with the business model I started out with. After I discovered the poetry readings in Prague, and started attending regularly, I made it my life’s goal to be a world-famous poet (which still hasn’t happened, some 25 years later). My plan

was to write something new for each reading, and then when I had enough to put it into a book, I would. And so I have, but none of those books are selling enough copies to count.

Still, I have continued to write new stuff for every reading since then, and I do indeed now have quite an impressive body of work.

Some of the poems, however, which appear in my first books are not that great. There's reason #4 for a best of book. I can leave all the bad ones out.

There are some poems I am leaving out reluctantly. There was one, in my very first book, called "It's Spring! It's Prague!" which was very popular at the time and kind of became my signature poem for a while. It was frequently requested, and I got in the habit of reading it anew in public each year in Spring, even though the best line in it was a bit of old timey frat boy sort of humor. Well, I don't know how long it was after that, probably 8 or 9 years, and I was reading it aloud and looked out at the audience and I could see a lot of women...well, maybe not exactly glaring at me, but certainly not appreciating the poem's comic potential.

I also left out most of the political poems. Some of them were pretty good, but political poems don't age well. Whatever the issue of the day is, in five years it will likely be completely forgotten, along with the names of everybody associated with the incident.

As far as picking my best poems, of course it's arbitrary, and my selection might not be the same as

anyone else's. I tend to like my long poems. The public seems to prefer my short poems. I have included some of each, but I was a lot less rigorous while selecting the shorter ones. They don't take up much space, I can fit two or three of them on one page, they all mean something, and one of them just might change your life, you'll never know.

One last reason for writing a "best of" book, though, is tactical. Whenever I visit Shakespeare and Sons, the best English language bookstore in Prague and the only one to carry my books, I cannot find my books on the shelves. This is because they are very small and even in the poetry section, other books seem to be bigger and fatter and there's enough room on the spine to at least print the title.

I am hoping that with this book being roughly double the size of most of my books, that problem will be solved.

If not, I'll just have to keep on writing and maybe in another ten years or so, I'll come up with another "best of" book.

As always, my wife, Helena, has been indispensable in the production of this book. From conception to publication, she has been there every step of the way, even when I am being a jerk about apostrophes or something.

# **MADE FROM NOTHING**

**Coffee's made from coffee beans  
that grow upon a tree  
and sweet, sweet honey  
is produced by the honeybee**

**Homes are made of wood and stone  
and clothing's made of cloth  
and even the skin of the chicken  
makes for a lovely broth**

**but poems are made from nothing  
they're pulled from thinnest air  
they do not cost a thing to make  
and you'll find them everywhere**

**THE METRO SONG  
(TO THE TUNE OF FOLSOM  
PRISON BLUES  
BY JOHNNY CASH)**

**I hear that train a-comin'  
comin' down the track  
went to work this morning  
and now I'm going back  
I'm just gettin' on the Metro  
at Jiřího z Poděbrad  
and if I get a seat today  
I'll know that there's a God**

**Usually it's crowded  
folks on every side  
lookin' grim and serious  
like their best friend just died  
well, you know it could be worse, now  
I think you'll understand  
the next time you get on a train  
with lots of football fans**

If you're going to a party,  
if you're going to a show  
everybody's got their reasons  
for riding the Metro  
Yeah, it's public transportation  
at a reasonable cost  
but a lot of them are tourists  
and lots of them are lost

I was getting off the Metro  
one morning at Andel  
when I saw some inspectors  
and so I ran like hell  
if you're going to ride the Metro  
they're gonna make you pay  
but there are lots of people  
who'll try it anyway

Some people wake up early  
some stay out late at night  
if you catch the train at 5 a.m.  
you'll see that I am right  
there are people going to work then  
dressed in their business suits  
but those who are just headed home  
are passed out in their puke

Young people ride the Metro  
the old folks ride it, too  
families with small children  
it's like a human zoo  
Yeah, it works for everybody  
and takes you everywhere  
so, if you ride the Metro  
Some day I'll see you there

# THE PRINCIPLE OF DISPLACEMENT

We've all seen the video  
and so we know  
the humble crow  
who probably can't read is  
just as smart  
as Archimedes  
He places pebbles in the glass  
one by one until their mass  
will raise the water level  
which is pretty smart, I think  
He doesn't shout "Eureka!"  
but he gets to take a drink



## **JACK**

**The Jack o' Lantern's life is brief  
perhaps a week at most  
and then his flame's a memory  
his smile a leering ghost  
For a brief and brilliant moment  
his life's a flaming torch  
After that, a vegetable  
rotting on the porch**

# **WENCESLAS SQUARE (TO THE TUNE OF CHAMPS ELYSEE, BY JOE DASSIN)**

**I was strolling down the street  
didn't know who I would meet  
there were so many people there  
on Wenceslas Square  
You smiled at me and said hello  
invited me to see a show  
where some friends of yours were  
playing, not far away**

**Oh, Wenceslas Square  
Oh, Wenceslas Square  
In the rain, or when it's bright  
in the morning, or at night  
everything you want is there  
on Wenceslas Square**

We drank a bit, and then we danced  
it was the start of a romance  
It felt so right, we carried on  
until it was dawn  
in the early morning haze  
we were walking in a daze  
the birds were singing happily  
in all of the trees

Oh, Wenceslas Square  
Oh, Wenceslas Square  
in the rain, or when it's bright  
in the morning, or at night  
everything you want is there  
on Wenceslas Square

From Museum, at the top  
down to Mustek, where it stops  
there is so much to see and do  
I'm glad I'm with you  
there is magic in the air  
we're in love, without a care  
It's where I want to be as long  
as you are with me

Oh, Wenceslas Square  
Oh, Wenceslas Square  
In the rain, or when it's bright  
in the morning, or at night  
everything you want is there  
on Wenceslas Square

## **IT DOESN'T MATTER**

**It doesn't matter how you dress  
which way you're facing when you pray  
what you can or cannot eat  
if you can drive on Saturday  
We should admit that we don't know  
and face the future unafraid  
whether there's a God or not  
religions are man-made**

## **A SIMPLE METAPHOR**

**We see the sights  
we hear the sounds  
energy is to matter  
what verbs are to nouns**

## **ANYTHING THAT CAN EXIST**

**In a universe, complex and vast  
as the one that we all share  
Anything that can exist  
most likely does, somewhere**

# **THE LIFE SPAN OF THE BUTTERFLY**

**The butterfly's life is the summer  
that's all they ever get  
and yet they make the most of it  
and die without regret  
We have many summers  
to enjoy before we die  
we should live them as intensely  
as the humble butterfly  
Feel the sun upon your wings  
and let your body rise  
and drift among the flowers  
in the awesomeness of sky  
Reflect their charm and beauty  
and revel in the sun  
and be a part of everything  
for everything is one**

# THE THINGS I'VE LEARNED

The things I've learned  
are far outnumbered  
by the things I'll never know  
The places that I've been  
are fewer by far  
than where I'll never go  
The poems I have written  
are outnumbered by those  
I didn't write  
Our days on Earth are numbered  
far outnumbered  
by the endless night



# THE CREATION OF THE NOOSPHERE

As we put our words to paper  
we create the noosphere  
a world, perhaps, which we can then  
understand more clearly  
It is a valiant exercise  
I hope it does some good  
Lord knows the one we're living in  
cannot be understood

## **VIEW FROM ANY BRIDGE IN PRAGUE, AT NIGHT**

**The lights of the golden city  
are reflected on the river  
in the peaceful, quiet hours  
in the middle of the night  
On the dark and silent canvas  
there are beams of liquid light**

# **POLAR BEARS AND PENGUINS**

**No polar bear has ever seen a penguin  
no penguin's ever seen a polar bear  
they live a world apart from each other  
and neither even knows the other's there**

**Most animals are more or less oblivious  
to anything that they can't hear or see  
no polar bear has ever seen a penguin  
and neither one of them has seen a tree**

**The polar bears live in the frozen arctic  
the penguins chose Antarctica instead  
no polar bear has ever seen a penguin  
if they did, the penguin would be dead**

**No polar bear has ever seen a penguin  
no penguin's ever seen a polar bear  
they live a world apart from each other  
so they don't know and  
probably, don't care**

# **BELIEVE IN GLOBAL WARMING YET?**

**In the city, on the street  
in the summer's searing heat  
there is an aching in my feet  
from constant pounding on concrete  
and every stranger's face I meet  
looks beat  
worn, haggard, lost, defeated  
energy is all depleted**

**You step outside  
you start to sweat  
your underwear  
is soaking wet  
believe in global warming yet?**

**"Summer's hot,"  
you glibly say  
"and it has always been this way"  
but the truth is, it has not  
this isn't normal, or O.K.**

we're like the lobsters  
in the pot  
who fail to feel  
the water changing  
thinking that there's nothing strange  
they make no effort to escape  
to regain their life and freedom  
then, it is too late and they  
are boiled, served and eaten

Every year it's getting worse  
and you don't need a PhD  
to see the numbers on TV  
what did they say? How many degrees?  
Surely, you must be kidding me

Tropical storms and hurricanes  
that strike the coast  
and then again  
before the flood has even drained

Ashes drift upon the breeze  
as forest fires consume the trees  
glaciers fall into the seas  
and Polar Bears are dying  
these are facts  
there's no denying

You may argue about the cause  
society has many flaws  
too much carbon in the air  
too many people everywhere  
and many do not even care  
the same old shits get re-elected  
and Planet Earth goes unprotected

Even if it were a natural cycle (it's not)  
we're all still going to fry  
and too many people will die  
This isn't as bad as it's going to get  
next year will be hotter yet  
and the next one after that, I bet  
believe in global warming yet?

# **PEACE, LOVE AND UNDERSTANDING**

**When everyone  
upon the Earth  
is satisfied  
to co-exist  
with all the other  
people who  
are living  
with them there**

**Then we'll have peace  
and harmony  
contentment and  
tranquillity  
prosperity  
abundance  
there is so much  
we can share**

**We do not owe  
our loyalty  
to any  
ideology  
race, religion  
gender or  
our national  
identity**

**or anything  
that comes and goes  
a fashion or  
a TV show  
these are not the  
essence of  
the meaning of  
reality**

**All we need to  
do to be  
a healthier  
society**



is to focus  
on these three:  
Peace, Love, and  
Understanding

Peace is just  
in letting go  
and drifting on  
the ebb and flow  
breathe, and let  
your heartbeat slow  
and feel your love  
expanding

The more we learn  
the more we know  
the more we know  
the more we grow  
and hopefully  
someday we'll reach  
a place of  
understanding

# **THE POTENTIAL MASS SHOOTER**

**The potential mass shooter  
walks down the street  
he looks like an average guy  
but nobody knows what goes on in his  
head  
and they just keep walking on by**

**The potential mass shooter plays video  
games for hours and hours on end  
and probably watches too much TV  
He doesn't have too many friends**

**The potential mass shooter  
is white and he's male  
and maintains a neutral face  
There might be some exceptions  
but, that's usually the case**

**The potential mass shooter attended  
a school  
but never achieved any fame  
as an athlete or a scholar  
and no one remembers his name**

**The potential mass shooter  
grew up in a house where  
guns were the rule of the day  
A culture that's passed down  
from father to son  
because that's the American way**

**Society should deal with all of these  
issues**

**but here is the critical one:  
It's the gun, it's the gun, it's the gun,  
it's the gun, it's the gun, it's the gun,  
it's the gun**

## **PARADIGM SHIFT**

**When mankind invented writing  
it changed the paradigm  
and we became the center  
of the universe - not time**

## **THE LAST THING**

**The last thing I want to do is die  
and I think for most people that's true  
but it all works out, and this is why:  
it is the last thing that we'll do**

# **IT'S NOT THAT HARD**

**I'm not a religious person  
I just try to do my best  
in this world we're living in  
along with all the rest**

**It's best to try to be friendly  
with everyone you meet  
and, sometimes, stand up on the bus  
to offer somebody a seat**

**Don't be cruel to animals  
don't park in the handicapped space  
and, as far as possible  
keep a smile on your face**

**It's really not that hard to do  
so, one thing that I find odd  
is how people can be so horrible  
in the name of God**

# THE UNLOVED BASTARD STEPCHILD OF THE ARTS

The painter can paint a painting  
in less than a single day  
the sculptor can create beauty  
from an amorphous lump of clay  
a singer makes a lovely sound  
literally, in the air  
but what was that the poet said?  
Nobody really cares

The actors on the silver screen  
leave us all entranced  
entertainment and amazement  
as we watch the dancers dance  
The photographer is focused  
to get the perfect shot  
but what was that the poet said?  
I already forgot

The strummer gives us a rhythm  
and the drummer gives us a beat

the confectioner makes confections  
that are beautiful and sweet  
The muralist can change the world  
with a painting on a wall  
but what was that the poet said?  
Nobody cares at all

The gardeners raise the flowers  
from the dank and sullen earth  
the potter can make lovely pots  
that have a certain worth  
The comedian stands up on the stage  
and makes us laugh a bit  
but what was that the poet said?  
Nobody gives a shit

This is the art I've chosen  
this is the life I've got  
and other folks can listen  
but, more likely, they will not  
Perhaps they're right and I'm the one  
who hasn't got a clue  
but I'm going to keep on writing  
because that's just what I do

## **THE GRAY AND THE GREEN**

**We bitch and moan about the rain  
but everybody knows  
whenever there is gray above  
there will be green below**

## **SAM AT TWO WEEKS**

**The first expression of our species  
Making faces while making feces**



## **COMPARING THE MERITS**

**A cat is content to sit in a box  
but a dog needs room to run  
if you live in a flat, in a town  
get a cat  
but if you have space  
for a throw and a chase  
a dog is much more fun**

# CONTAINMENT

Our minds contain the universe  
the clouds contain the sea  
and the spirit of the forest  
is contained in every tree  
I am you and you are me  
We share the DNA  
that has journeyed from the dawn of man  
up to the present day  
Energy and matter  
through all of space and time  
It all fits together  
and together it's sublime

# THE THINGS WE HAVE IN COMMON

There are things which can divide us  
nationality, race and language  
age, religion, sex and gender

What is there which could unite us?

What is there that could transcend  
the differences we've got?

As it turns out, quite a lot

There is music, there is magic,  
there are movies, there is food  
there is fashion, there is passion  
joy, and grief and other moods  
there are books, and television  
there are dogs, and there are cats  
There are sports, and games,  
and gardens  
all of this transcends all that

## **CIRCLE OF HAPPINESS**

**It always makes me happy  
to see other people happy  
it's contagious, it's a circle,  
it's a cycle, it's a loop  
We are individual creatures  
with our individual features  
but our greatest happiness  
is happy as a group**

# **PREHISTORIC PROCLIVITIES**

**Denisovans, Neanderthals  
perhaps a couple other species  
help make up our human, mostly  
Homo Sapiens DNA  
Scientifically this proves  
our primitive propensity  
for shagging anything that moves  
and that is true up to today**

# LAYERS OF EXISTENCE

Here  
in cyberspace  
we are building  
we're building a layer  
of civilization

A platform for communication  
and the spreading of information  
learning, knowledge, education  
virtual travel and vacations  
Without all the traffic and other  
frustrations  
family, social situations  
lots of political altercations  
we all find our new locations  
in this new layer of civilization

That sits atop the previous layer  
of massive urban aggregations  
houses, roads, and petrol stations  
farms, and all sorts of installations  
schools, and public sanitation

That sits atop the previous layer  
of forests and mountains  
and rivers and seas  
the flowers in the meadow  
that call to the bees  
the bushes, the berries  
the mushrooms, the trees  
the water we drink and  
the air that we breathe

that sits atop the previous layer  
of protons and neutrons  
and matter and energy  
physical laws, such as gravity, entropy  
shaping the universe that we all know of  
the incubator in which we have grown

and things will be wonderful,  
better and better  
if all of these layers  
can function together

## **THE MOMENTARY PRISON**

**This meeting could go on for hours  
Time, outside, is fleeting  
We are trapped inside this room  
Good Lord, how I hate meetings**

## **CRAZY WORLD**

**The world has always been crazy  
which can be explained thusly, in part:  
its dominant species is people, and  
most people are not very smart**



# **DIAMONDS ON URANUS**

## **(A SONG)**

**When Pluto got deplanetized  
too small to keep around  
the other outer planets  
seemed to gain a bit of ground  
The 7th planet from the Sun  
we'd overlooked before  
now we're lookin' at Uranus  
more and more and more**

**Well, it's cold upon the surface  
sure, nothin' could survive  
but it keeps on getting hotter  
the deeper in you dive  
The pressure's getting greater  
her carbons get compressed  
and that leads to a phenomenon  
which has us all impressed**

Well, it rains diamonds on Uranus  
diamonds on Uranus  
It rains diamonds, diamonds, diamonds  
on Uranus day and night  
It must look amazing  
all sparkly and blazing  
and I'd love to see Uranus in that light

Mars has the highest mountain  
and Saturn has its rings  
and Jupiter has a big, red spot  
and the hurricanes it brings  
But it's Uranus that we love  
so big, and round, and blue  
and, if you could see Uranus  
I'm sure you'd love it, too

'Cause, it rains diamonds on Uranus  
diamonds on Uranus  
it rains diamonds, diamonds, diamonds  
on Uranus, big and bright  
It must look amazing  
all sparkly and blazing  
and I'd love to see Uranus in that light

It rains diamonds on Uranus  
diamonds on Uranus  
diamonds, diamonds, diamonds  
on Uranus, all day long  
It rains diamonds on Uranus  
there's no more to explain as  
now we're at the end of the song

# SENTIENCE

Beautiful butterflies  
beautiful butterflies  
beautiful butterflies  
Swim through the sky  
a layer of flowers  
above other flowers  
A pageant of beauty  
as they flutter by

On a small island  
the music is playing  
the tink tinkly tinkling  
of the steel drum  
The air's growing cooler  
the palm trees are swaying  
We watch the descent of  
the fat, yellow sun

Hot buttered pancakes!  
slathered in syrup  
Sizzling sausages  
fresh off the grill

Olfactory heaven  
a quarter to seven  
it all smells delicious  
and tastes great as well

The pulse of the music  
the hot, sweaty bodies  
the joys of gyration  
it's all so much fun  
The music is grooving  
our feet are all moving  
Our blood is all pumping  
our hearts beat as one

Sentience is wonderful!  
Awesome! Spectacular!  
We are aware of the  
sights and the sounds  
It's so incredible  
Some of it's edible  
all of these things in the  
world that we've found

and we can relate to  
in fact, it is great to  
We can manipulate  
matter and energy  
We are in search of  
the ultimate synergy  
we are in search of  
the ultimate zenergy

That's what we get from our  
sentient quality  
We can create things  
and we can debate things  
and we can destroy things  
if we've got a mind to  
All of these things are now  
things we can do

We stand apart from the  
physical universe  
We are a virus  
within the great host

**we can co-operate  
or show resistance  
whichever we think  
benefits us the most**

**It would be better  
before we set out on our  
quest to forever  
our trek to the stars  
to stop for a moment  
and take a look inwards  
and try to discover  
who we really are**

**In our reality  
there are dualities  
day and night, wrong and right  
dark, light and so on  
we are still growing and  
changing, evolving  
these all are questions  
that still need resolving**

God, myths, and leprechauns  
per Joseph Campbell are  
all generated  
inside our own minds  
but if we enter the  
cave we're afraid of  
there is unlimited  
treasure to find

Hope and desire and  
passion like fire and  
hate, love and jealousy  
anger and rage  
depression, elation  
internal sensations  
we put into words which  
we print on a page

We are unique, in the whole  
of the universe  
We are unique, at least  
far as we know



We are distinct from the  
plants and the animals  
mountains that stand there  
or water that flows

We are emergent!  
A living intelligence!  
We don't yet know just how  
far we can go  
Our quest for significance  
can be magnificent  
We are like children  
just itching to grow  
We are but a speck  
in the physical universe  
from where we stand  
to the most distant star

The whole universe  
is completely indifferent  
It is not sentient  
but people are

# **SURFING THROUGH TIME**

**The world you were born in  
no longer exists  
this is the future, and that is the price  
we try to swim back, but  
the current resists  
you can never step into  
the same river twice  
To be in the present, to 'be here now'  
Is like surfing a wave on a  
bright summer day  
The present eternal! The infinite wow!  
Like the stars in the sky  
are all moving away  
Space is expanding and time carries on  
the journey itself is the true destination  
whatever we cling to is going to be gone  
and we'll have to adjust  
to the new situation**

## **APPRECIATION**

**Every spring is the only spring  
for butterflies and some other things  
whose lives are very short, and yet  
they make the most of the spring they get**

## **BLIND SPOT**

**Nobody ever thinks they snore  
because, of course, they are asleep  
that's some kind of metaphor  
don't know for what, but it sounds deep**

# **A COUNTRY'S JUST A PLACE**

**I love ice cream and apple pie  
a burger or a steak  
soft white clouds, a clear blue sky  
a summer by the lake  
I love the look of wonder  
on a little child's face  
but do I love my country?  
A country's just a place**

**I love majestic mountains  
and rivers flowing free  
that go on and on forever  
and I love the deep blue sea  
I love the flowers and the trees  
I love all things that grow  
I love the stars up in the sky  
but countries come and go**

I love to hear great music  
I love to sing and dance  
I love the sound of laughter  
and the feeling of romance  
I love my friends and family  
the way they make me feel  
but do I love my country?  
Countries are not real

There would be no need for conflict  
for armies and for war  
If people loved their countries less  
and other people more

# EMERGING PATTERNS

Mental Acuity  
may be essential  
in many careers and  
diverse situations  
but rivers keep flowing  
the grass keeps on growing  
They don't owe anyone  
an explanation

All that preceded us  
none of that needed us  
That's just the culture  
like yoghurt, we grew in  
from which we've evolved into  
sentient monsters  
who shamle around and  
don't know what we're doing

But we have consciousness  
Now we have consciousness  
No matter that it is no  
more than mutation

Now that we have it  
we need it, we crave it  
and it's the foundation  
of civilization  
The world all around us  
the sky and the ocean  
perpetual motion  
a warm, summer breeze  
The sweet blood of maples  
we pour on our pancakes  
the sheep in the meadows  
the birds in the trees  
Hydrogen, Oxygen,  
Sodium, Nitrogen  
all are a part of an  
overall pattern  
which can be seen  
everywhere in the universe  
gravity's there in the  
rings around Saturn  
Patterns of planets and  
patterns of butterflies  
patterns of lakes, and  
rivers and streams that are

all just a part of the  
physical universe  
which forms the background for  
all of our dreams

Patterns of weather and  
patterns of traffic, the  
streets of the cities, of  
commerce and crime  
patterns of politics,  
patterns of history  
can all be charted through  
space and through time

Existence is energy  
energy, matter  
then somehow a spark and  
Voila! Life emerges  
Growth and desire, the  
passion and fire  
our great aspirations  
and primary urges



The sweet evolution  
which led to the trilobites,  
dinosaurs, carnivores  
people, eventually  
It is a tale of  
increasing complexity  
but there are patterns  
which make it quite plain  
that because we've evolved  
to a state of existence  
that's more than subsistence  
We now have a brain  
  
to absorb information  
which we can then analyse  
then we hypothesize  
ways to explain

In the beginning we  
had myths and stories  
of spirits who lived in  
The trees and the rocks

we were just guessing  
but kept on progressing  
Though new information  
Still comes as a shock

It's all a part of the  
great jigsaw puzzle which  
May take us millions of  
Years to complete as we  
all are inside of it  
we can't deny that that  
truly would be an  
Incredible feat

If we could talk to the  
extraterrestrials  
who live in spaceships that  
roam through the galaxies  
we would gain insight, and  
knowledge and wisdom  
we'd be disposed of a  
lot of our fallacies

Further and further out  
into the cosmos, that  
vast, empty space where  
we're traveling blind  
We're also moving  
the other direction  
deeper and deeper  
Inside our own minds

Our billions of minds, each  
unique as a snowflake  
The stripes on a zebra  
A fingerprint's whorl  
each one distinct with  
its different perceptions  
of all we've experienced  
here in this world, but

we're drifting, like bubbles  
apart from each other  
Each human existence  
is lonely and strange

but the more we are learning  
the more there's a yearning  
for something, for something  
to radically change  
It's coming, it's coming  
there's something that's coming  
there's something that's forming  
about to be born  
This curtain of darkness  
blanket of ignorance  
veil of deception's  
about to be torn  
There is a galaxy  
There is a universe  
There is a world inside  
each of our minds that is  
active and vibrant and  
constantly changing, so  
once we start looking  
who knows what we'll find?

# THE SELF-AWARENESS OF ANIMALS

Cats and dogs do not keep kosher  
Cats and dogs do not speak English  
and, in fact, they're unaware  
that humans don't all talk the same  
They can't read  
and have no concept  
of our world of shame and blame  
Birds do not observe our borders  
understand our social order  
they just fly, until they find  
some thing to eat, or place to land  
Still, their lives  
are quite complete  
and they don't need to understand  
They live in the same world we do  
feel the wind and hear the thunder  
drink the rain and see the sun  
the moon, the sky of brilliant stars  
Yet, I wonder, yes, I wonder  
if they wonder what they are

# **I WISH I WERE**

**I wish I were a wisp of cloud  
drifting through the atmosphere  
and I could see the farms and cities  
all laid out so neat and clear**

**I'd mingle with the other clouds  
that I would pass along the way  
and we would grow to fluffy white  
and then to calm and silent gray**

**Darker, darker, darker still  
until all doubt has disappeared  
the tension builds, the tension builds  
till lightning bolts shoot out like spears**

**and then we'd fall as drops of rain  
to touch the flowers and the trees  
and form the streams  
that cross the plains  
until we'd fill the mighty seas**

I wish I were a tiger  
stalking, silent in the night  
to feel the beating of his heart  
and see with piercing sight

I wish I were the springtime  
I wish I were the fall  
so many different things to be  
I'd like to be them all

To be the busy beaver  
and to be the beaver's dam  
to be as one with the universe  
and yet....  
I know I am

## **SMARTOMETER**

**People who have to tell you  
how intelligent they are  
are not the most intelligent people  
in the world, by far**

## **CULTURAL FUSION**

**Was it cultural diversity  
or appropriation?  
this morning at a creperie  
I had a bagel with cheese and bacon**



## HOME FREE

When I look back upon my life  
and all the things I've done  
A lot of them illegal  
but still a lot of fun  
I've never been a great success  
but haven't truly failed  
I am not dead or homeless  
or currently in jail  
And so I cling to this sweet thought  
when I think my life is sucky  
I got away with all of it  
and that is very lucky

## **CLOUDS IN THE RIVER**

**Clouds in the river, clouds in the river  
clouds and shimmering trees**

**The world's not really upside down,  
but that's one way in which it's perceived**

## **PERVERTS**

**It's hard to fathom, but it's true  
They've made it clearly understood  
There are people in this world  
who truly think that bad is good**

# THE LIVING OCEAN

Waves come and go but the ocean  
remains

It's almost as if it's alive  
The wind knocks the autumn leaves  
from the tree  
but still, somehow, it survives

The train goes out on the railroad track  
from station to station to station  
and then it turns around and comes back  
after reaching its destination

People make love, and people die  
but a new generation's begun  
There will always be new things to see  
new races to be run

The ocean's sweet motion,  
its waves and its tides  
its storms and its volatility  
are not just awesome to behold  
but a sign of its stability

# **HONEY TO THE HIVE**

**The trickles and the creeks  
and the streams all deliver  
their sweet, transparent essence  
to the mighty, flowing river**

**Just like the tiny  
honeybees  
so vibrantly alive  
bring pollen, in their millions  
back into the mighty hive**

**Many pennies make a dollar  
many flowers make a garden  
many notes make up a symphony  
that's music to the ear**

**The details of the universe  
are numerous and quite diverse  
We're far too small to see it all  
and so it isn't clear**

**But the next time you get lonely  
just remember that you're only  
one of billions on this planet  
and the reason you're alive**

**Is to bring water to the river  
and honey to the hive**

## **MAGIC POWER**

**I have a magic power  
I can change into a tiger  
and it only takes a moment  
the transition is complete**

**Then I walk around the shopping mall  
and wave at all the children  
they wave back at me and smile  
and it's really very sweet**

# SPINNING

Our planet is spinning  
the atmosphere's thin  
and it isn't connected  
and so, it is flowing  
Sometimes it's a breeze  
that caresses the trees  
and sometimes it's a gale  
or a hurricane blowing

We have built towers  
that look like big flowers  
whose petals are blades  
that are made out of steel  
which turn with the wind  
and then once they begin  
they tend to keep going  
like any big wheel

The thing about spinning is  
it self-perpetuates  
it is the spinning that  
powers the spin

and as we are spinning  
and changing, evolving  
we don't know when the  
next phase will begin

American football  
a long, forward pass  
The ball is describing  
an arc in the sky  
and every eye  
in the vast, oval stadium  
is focused upward  
and watching it fly

A moment of silence  
A moment of tension  
All senses alert and  
the nerves are all taut  
Everyone present  
has one single question  
will it be-will it be-  
will it be caught?



It's reminiscent  
of God, as he is portrayed  
by Michelangelo  
up on that ceiling  
Fingers extended and  
if they make contact  
awareness emerges and  
Oh, what a feeling

DNA molecules  
also are spirals  
Two intertwined spirals  
a bit like a screw  
So much information  
that has been encoded  
and then uploaded  
to me and to you

The blades start to turn  
The football is flying  
The needle is tracing the  
groove of the vinyl

The shape and the motion  
creating new energy  
turning keeps turning  
and nothing is final

As we keep learning  
the more we are knowing  
We keep moving forward  
the pace isn't slowing  
but rather increasing  
till we hit a trigger  
and Hey! Fibonacci!  
The world just got bigger

The DNA mutates  
and keeps moving forward  
from one generation  
into the next  
Explosion of ecstasy!  
Brand new reality  
that is created when  
people have sex

From the sweet combination  
of sperm cell and egg  
comes the jerking and kicking  
of small arms and legs  
and eyes that are seeing  
to their own surprise  
and a small mouth that opens  
to let out a cry

They'll live in a world where  
they'll sing in the sunshine  
Where everyone's happy  
and everyone's free  
It isn't the way we are  
headed right now  
but it is a future  
The future could be

Future utopia – secular heaven  
Future dystopia – secular hell  
the afterlife's all of the lives  
After this one  
And we're only here  
For a very brief spell

# **BLISS**

**A fish doesn't know  
what it means to be a fish  
they just swim around and around  
At least we've no reason  
to think that they do  
they've never written it down**

**A dog doesn't know  
what the universe is  
the moon and the stars up above  
and they love us unconditionally  
but they don't have a word for love**

Oh, the gift we've been given  
is rather amazing  
the means to figure things out  
Yet, all of our questions  
about "why?" and "if?"  
lead us to fear and self-doubt

It's not that I envy the dog or the fish  
the rabbit, the squirrel or the cat  
but they're better at being  
as one with the world  
and you must give them credit for that

## **BAG, AS FLAG**

**It's Spring! A day that's bright and fair  
There is a cool and gentle breeze  
which lifts the plastic bag with ease  
and hoists it up into the air**

**It makes it flutter like a flag  
as it goes sailing through the sky  
surprised, itself, that it can fly  
That valiant little plastic bag**

**and then it catches on a twig  
ensconced within a budding tree  
where it will wave eternally  
reminding us that we are pigs**

## **ON BEING ONE WITH THE UNIVERSE**

If I could be a flower, or I could be a tree  
or the water running in a brook so clear  
If I could fuse my soul with nature,  
how much greater I would be  
Perhaps not quite immortal, but damn  
near

## **POSSESSION**

Our grip is tenacious  
A dog with a bone  
We are owned by the things  
that we think that we own

## **GOOD VIRAL, BAD VIRAL**

**A smile is contagious  
It spreads from face to face  
as quick as any virus  
throughout the human race  
It makes us want to smile back  
it's such a lovely sight  
it leaps across the gap between us  
at the speed of light  
We should all be ecstatic  
with smiles the whole world round  
because a smile is contagious  
but.... so is a frown**



## **PORTAL**

**As I look out my window  
on a lovely, sunny day  
at the trees and other buildings  
and the hills so far away  
as the world goes on forever  
It's then I realize  
that the window is a doorway for the eyes**

# **A SMALL DROP OF WATER**

**A small drop of water  
that lives in the sea  
once was a snowflake  
in a pine tree  
The rivers keep flowing  
the wind's blowing free  
We are what we were  
and we are what we'll be**

**There is a prairie  
which once was an ocean  
and there are still shells there  
for people to find  
There is a novel  
which once was a joke  
deep inside somebody's  
dark, twisted mind**

There once was a comet  
which once was a planet  
and now it's a stone  
that's in somebody's wall  
in a house in a village  
beside the deep forest  
where green leaves of Summer  
come down in the Fall

and Fall's rotten apples  
give way to Spring roses  
the future will bloom  
as the past decomposes  
and all of existence  
is always transforming  
There is a rainbow  
which once was a storm

# MAGICAL THINKING

Magical thinking  
is seen as delusional  
but it's a thing that we do every day  
We wish on a star,  
and we blow out the candles  
Some people get down on their knees  
and they pray  
A wish is a thought  
and it weighs less than nothing  
but it's a beginning  
the seed of a plan  
Single celled animals  
never imagined  
eventually  
they'd evolve into man

## **WALKDANCE**

**When you're listening to music  
as you're walking down the street  
with all the people moving with the flow  
paying just enough attention  
to not step on people's feet  
everybody's got someplace to go  
Two streams of people, interweaving  
barely even touch  
everybody has a sense of space  
There may be missteps here and there  
but really not that much  
and we keep on moving  
at a steady pace  
Sometimes, for just a moment  
you catch a stranger's glance  
It's a dance, it's a dance, it's a dance**

# **HARVEST**

**The words, the lines  
The grand designs  
The metaphors and similes  
All exist (before we write them down)  
as possibilities**

**The architect  
may draw a plan  
but first he has to understand  
a bit about geometry, and physics  
And topography**

**The farmer doesn't grow the crops  
(that city people buy in shops)  
alone.**

**The sun, the soil, the rain  
work constantly, they never stop**

**The universe itself creates  
A vast array of separate states  
from the ways that  
matter, energy,  
and something else relate**

**We struggle, and we sacrifice  
but all we really need to do  
Is write the songs we want to hear  
and live our lives in paradise**

# **THE GRANDFATHER PARADOX AND THE MULTI-VERSE THEORY**

**There is a thing called the  
Grandfather Paradox  
which says that if you go  
backwards in time  
and murder your Grandfather  
you won't be born and so  
therefore, you won't have  
committed the crime**

**So, your Grandfather lives  
and, so does your father  
and then you are born, so  
you take one more turn  
and so, you are caught in  
a loop, paradoxically  
There are some people  
Who just never learn**



**This leaves us right back at  
the place where we started  
and things are exactly  
the way that they are  
and if we're just talking  
about paradoxes, then  
we are not going to  
get very far**

**If everything is a  
part of the whole as the  
Zen masters tell us, the  
patterns and shapes  
must all fit together  
in glorious harmony  
without exceptions  
there is no escape**

**Thusly, a paradox  
Just by its nature  
and by definition  
can't really exist**

Now let's go back to the  
Grandfather Paradox  
and, to resolve it  
we'll add a small twist  
If you go back and you  
look up your Grandfather  
Go ahead, kill him, and  
leave him there dead

You are no longer upon  
the same timeline,  
but you have started  
another instead  
There is a theory, well,  
more a hypothesis  
It can't be tested  
as far as I know

That all that's surrounding us  
forward and back in time  
inside and outside  
above and below

isn't the only  
potential reality  
Isn't the only way  
that things can be

There are gazillions of  
different dimensions  
and that is the  
Multi-verse theory  
There's a dimension where  
Hitler, the painter  
got into art school and  
didn't do badly

Not quite Monet or  
Renoir, but O.K.  
and that's a dimension  
we'd travel to gladly  
but there is another where  
Reagan's small joke about  
bombing the Russians  
got met with a call out

and in that dimension  
we're living in sewers  
and we're all mutated  
from nuclear fallout

There are still others  
where broad fields of cannabis  
cover the prairies  
and bow in the breezes  
A smooth, gentle motion  
like waves on the ocean  
and everyone's doing  
whatever they please

Now, it gets weirder  
if that's even possible  
Every dimension that  
parallels ours  
has billions and billions  
and billions and billions  
and billions and billions  
and billions of stars

Some will have planets  
with civilizations  
so far beyond us  
that ours seems pale  
They'll have technologies  
we haven't dreamed of  
further along  
on the Kardashev scale

And there are dimensions  
where we have made contact  
with extraterrestrials  
sort of like us  
but they can travel  
between the dimensions  
as easy as if they were  
catching a bus

But when it's so easy  
that everyone travels  
for a lark  
interdimensionally  
there will be people  
who screw up quite badly

and go places quite  
unintentionally

That could explain  
lots of UFO sightings  
one look, and they're gone  
with an OMFG!

An infinite lot  
of infinities, even  
if we lived forever  
we'd never unravel  
the web of unlimited  
possibilities  
all of the places  
to which we might travel

It's kind of mind numbing  
it's kind of humbling  
that in these vast vastnesses  
we are so small

In the grand sweep of  
space, time and dimensions  
whatever we do  
doesn't matter at all

## CONJUNCTION

You might be at the station  
waiting for a train  
or hiking up a mountain  
somewhere in the north of Spain  
you might be sitting in a cafe  
or lying at home in bed  
with all the thoughts of the previous day  
still running through your head  
you might be ambling down the street  
moving kind of slow  
but this is where you and the universe  
meet  
this is where you and the universe meet  
this is where you and the universe meet  
that's all you need to know

## **THE LURE OF THE UNKNOWN**

**We don't know what we don't know  
or where the winding road will go  
The future's an exotic place  
and that has always been the case**

## **THE LENGTH OF FAME**

**Dead poets get read more because  
“is” doesn't last as long as “was”**



## **THE BAD THING ABOUT AUTUMN**

**I would love the autumn more  
if it were not foretold  
that autumn leads to winter  
and in winter it gets cold**

## **TRUTH**

**There is truth in math and physics  
and in the cosmic plan  
But from all I've seen and all I've heard  
there is no truth in man**

# **SCHRODINGER'S DETERMINISM**

I'm not a scientist  
so, you can take  
what I'm going to say  
with a handful of salt  
But here is my theory  
you might agree with me  
or you may disagree  
That's not my fault

When you get down to  
the level of particles  
Muons and gluons  
neutrinos and such  
Physical laws that we  
thought were unchangeable  
down at that level  
eh- not quite so much

There is this thing they call  
quantum entanglement  
Particles split but they  
maintain their symmetry  
One thing, two places  
It's quite a strange case  
but they do it all  
simultaneously

Then there's that cat  
that that bad Mr. Schroedinger  
keeps in a box he keeps  
under his bed  
Who, at the same time  
is both live as a tiger  
and dead as a turtle  
who also is dead

Now, I've heard it said  
from some serious people  
that what is perceived  
depends on the perceiver

**If this is true, then it's truly  
fantastic, you can change  
the world if you are a believer**

**This is incredible, this is phenomenal  
This is an improbability drive  
Just set the dial  
and think for a while  
Open the box  
and the cat is alive!**

**This is a portal  
to other dimensions  
There is no limit  
to what we can do  
because, down at the  
sub-atomic level  
whatever we want to be true  
can be true**

# **LITTLE PEOPLE**

**People, people  
Little people  
We are only  
Little people  
We are not as  
Bold as badgers  
We are not as  
Fierce as lions  
Swift as cheetahs  
Sleek as sharks  
Not as deep  
And not as dark  
We are not as  
Elegant as  
Eagles flying  
Way up high  
Who see all the  
World below them  
With their piercing**

Eagle eyes  
We are nowhere  
Near as awesome  
As the animals we see  
On Animal Planet, on TV  
We are disassociated  
From the world in  
Which we're living  
As we're walking  
All around it  
We don't often  
Feel the grass, and  
Dirt and sand  
Beneath our feet  
Most of us have  
Never killed the  
Animals we  
Gladly eat  
And we live in  
Flats and house

Designated  
By a number  
And a street name  
And a post code  
Two can never  
Be the same  
We have a place  
We have a name  
We are units  
In a great  
Machine that is  
Just getting started  
And, although we  
Have departed  
From our roots, our  
Primal being  
That's the price we  
Had to pay  
To be what we  
Are today

**We have thought, and  
We have language  
Clever sayings,  
Jokes, and music  
Books and films and  
Television  
We are at the culmination  
Of thousands of years of  
Civilization  
We have so much  
Information  
Things will never  
Be the same  
In the ever  
Changing game  
At each stage of  
Evolution  
There are problems  
And solutions  
If we choose, then  
We can be now**



So much better  
Than we were  
Every peak  
Becomes a platform  
From which we can  
See the future  
See the ever  
Changing future  
Future of the  
Human race  
Across all time  
Across all space  
But if we want  
To get that far  
We must be better  
Than we are

## **THE ASPIRATION OF THE DAWN**

**The sun comes up in the morning  
a beacon, bold and bright  
and all the details of the world  
come clear in its sweet light**

**The sun comes up in the morning  
as much as if to say  
“Just look at all there is to do  
on such a brilliant day!”**

**The sun comes up in the morning  
a big, orange ball of hope  
it doesn't always save us  
but, at least, it helps us cope**

The sun comes up in the morning  
except when the sky is gray  
but we know that it will reappear  
when the clouds all go away

The sun comes up in the morning  
the sun goes down at night  
and then it comes up in the morning  
again  
and everything's all right

# TEMPUS FUGIT ERGO EST

Pre-determinationists  
well, maybe  
not all of them  
but there are some who say  
time is not real  
At least it's not  
passing the way  
that we think  
As I understand it  
this is their deal:  
If you looked in  
from a different dimension  
you'd be astounded  
by what you would see  
All of our lives  
and our pasts and our futures  
and all that has been and  
all that which will be  
are happening  
simultaneously

I disagree,  
So, allow me to, please  
elucidate  
why I think that that's bunk  
gibberish, codswallop  
drivel and junk  
a noodly knot  
of new age nonsense  
crap and malarkey  
devoid of content  
poppycock, prattle  
pretentious and phony  
hooey and hogwash  
hot air and baloney

If time were not passing  
there would be no changes  
we'd have to remain  
in this moment  
forever  
and that would be  
strange, because  
that moment's gone

as time, in its passage  
keeps carrying on

If there were no time  
there couldn't be music  
there'd be no rhythm  
there'd be no flow  
there'd be no space  
between the notes, which  
like the stars up  
in the sky, the  
space between is  
necessary  
so that each one  
shines distinctly  
So, the notes are  
separated  
It's the pause  
that makes the beat  
that is the cue  
to move your feet  
that elevates you  
from your seat

Without time  
there is no future  
with no future  
there's no hope  
If the world were  
still, unchanging  
I don't know how  
we would cope

If you looked in  
from that other  
dimension, you  
might see all that  
has gone before  
neatly laid out  
in dots and spaces  
A diorama  
on a doll house floor  
But we are still  
creating more  
Weaving the web  
of our own existence

through generational  
persistence  
Like the spider  
in nature's sweet plan  
is always adding  
another strand  
and when that one  
is destroyed, they  
carry on, and  
build another  
Lower, higher  
maybe wider  
Each one is a  
little different  
than the ones that  
went before  
And when that one  
spider dies  
there will be many  
spiders more



And so, we keep on  
keeping on  
Keep on dancing  
to the music  
Keep on changing  
every moment  
Keep on loving  
Keep on learning  
Keep on laughing  
Keep on turning  
into that which  
we will be  
and from there  
we'll keep on going  
like the river  
always flowing  
Time will neither  
stop nor rest  
Tempus fugit ergo est

# **WILD PIGS OF FUKUSHIMA**

**Wild pigs of Fukushima  
roaming through the poisoned landscape  
gorge on toxic nuts and berries  
radioactive fish and fungi  
in a land which is forbidden  
human beings cannot enter**

**Practicing their native habits  
They are breeding there like rabbits  
with atomic energy  
coursing madly through their veins  
each succeeding generation  
each succeeding porcine litter  
brings more chances for mutation  
in their bodies and their brains**

**Local farmers live in fear  
these savage beasts won't be contained  
bands of hungry, mutant tuskers  
will invade their farms and gardens  
late at night, when they're asleep  
and kill their chickens and their sheep**

Adding insult to the injury  
they will rape the barnyard piggies  
who have been domesticated  
Savagely they'll fornicate  
with their nuclear powered  
pinky winklers  
forcibly transmit their seed  
and create a mutant breed  
which will not be so complacent  
when the farmers try to make them  
into pork chops, ham and bacon  
They will burst right through the fences  
with their new-found superpowers  
they will soar into the sky  
with lasers beaming from their eyes  
spreading panic, spreading terror  
in the towns and in the cities

There will be no way to stop them  
Everybody should beware!  
This is real, it's not a dream, the  
Wild pigs of Fukushima!

## **ULTIMATE SURVIVORS**

**A sea of possibilities,  
is drifting in the void,  
That which is intangible  
can never be destroyed**

## **NARCISSUS**

**Narcissus was a handsome lad  
but he was rather dim  
Good looks aren't all there is to life  
He should have learned to swim**

## **THE RULE OF UNWRITTEN RULES**

**Unwritten rules are still rules of a sort  
although breaking them  
won't get you hauled into court  
you still could be shunned  
or dismissed as a fool  
So, it's wise to not mess with the  
unwritten rules**

# EVERYBODY'S FAMOUS

Everybody's famous  
in their own family  
Everybody's famous  
among their friends  
Every individual is  
part of humanity  
Dancing in a circle  
that has no end  
Everybody laughs and  
everybody cries and  
everybody eats, and  
sleeps and dies  
Fish are swimming  
Birds are flying  
We're all walking  
through the sky  
We're all together  
dancing in a circle

Life is a party  
Life is a fling  
We can have as much fun  
as we want to  
Everybody dance and sing  
Everybody's famous  
in their own family  
Everybody's famous  
among their friends  
Every individual is  
part of humanity  
Dancing in a circle  
that has no end

# **SOCIALISM**

**Did you go to a public school, my friend**

**Do you live on a public street?**

**Is your garbage picked up  
every now and again**

**so things are kept more or less neat?**

**Have you ever called the police  
my friend**

**or been happy to know that you could?**

**Have you sat on a bench in a city park  
and felt that life was good?**

**Have you ever called the firemen,  
or an ambulance perhaps?**

**Have you ever driven across a bridge  
and been glad that it didn't collapse?**

**Have you ever been to a library,  
a museum or even a zoo?**

**If you've ever done  
any one of these things**

**Then you are a socialist, too!**



## **WILD FLOWERS**

**There are places flowers grow  
in tidy gardens, row on row  
They also grow in big, clay plots  
and randomly in vacant lots**

**They are everywhere you look  
among the rocks, beside the brook  
There are cacti they adorn  
surrounded by a million thorns**

**Do not be fooled by their looks so fair  
their pretty petals, their fragile air  
their poise, their grace,  
their perfumed smell  
They are fierce, and wild as hell**

## **THUS WE KNOW THE ANCIENT GODS**

**Thus We Know the Ancient Gods  
while walking through an autumn wood  
We watch the leaves fall to the ground  
right on schedule; as they should  
red and orange, yellow, brown  
and as we walk, they make a sound  
Although we live in padded cells  
each one inside a concrete block  
and so, like turtles in their shells  
we're buffered from the constant shocks  
of their sights and sounds and smells  
but also of their magic spells  
Sometimes we have to step outdoors  
and feel the sun upon our skin  
walk barefoot on the primal floor  
and feel the freshness of the wind  
and all the old ones have in store**

The sun, the wind, the rain and more  
the smell of flowers in early May  
the mating call of honeybees

Thus we know the ancient Gods  
their scent is carried on the breeze  
everywhere and every day  
and in a thousand different ways  
I sit upon the bank to dream  
and contemplate the river's flow  
and feel connected with the stream  
its current continuity  
serenity, eternity  
and thus we know the ancient Gods

# **GEOLOGY**

The story of the Earth is told  
in lithic letters, big and bold  
Every pile of rocks we see:  
Geology

# **LIFE IN CLOSE QUARTERS**

As individuals, living collectively,  
spaces between us are  
not very bufferable  
Everyone, sooner or later,  
says something  
that somebody, somewhere,  
considers insufferable

## **JUNGLE COLORS**

**In the story of the jungle  
the colors are the words  
in a language that is spoken  
by the flowers and the birds**

## **ALL THINGS**

**All that is together now  
will some day be apart  
and all the separate parts will coalesce  
and that which doesn't yet exist  
is someday bound to start  
All things exist in space and time, I guess**

# HIPPIE FOREVER!

Hippity Dippity  
tripping on LSD  
living in harmony  
those were good times  
We were convinced we were  
neo-Aquarians  
born at the dawning  
of something sublime  
Oh! what a bummer  
the end of that summer  
dreams dissipated like  
smoke in the air  
Existentiality!  
back to reality  
we thought we'd left it  
but it was still there  
Houses and buildings and  
cars and relationships  
were unaffected when  
we all got high

Still I am glad that we  
made the experiment  
Universality!  
Pie in the sky  
There's still a feeling that  
everything's beautiful  
There is still something  
for young folks to find  
There's still a feeling that's  
nearly detectable  
psychodelectable  
peaceful and kind  
Life was so groovy then  
and it will be again  
though it will be something  
different instead  
Parallel mental states  
merge and then separate  
retransubstantiate  
Hippie's not dead

## **EARTH ABIDING**

**Have you ever walked  
through a vacant lot  
where a building has  
recently been torn down  
and the scruffy plants  
and flowers poke through  
the concrete and glass  
all scattered round?**

**It's amazing how quickly  
the world regrows  
and the flowers  
actually seem to glow**



## **SYMMETRY IN BIOLOGY**

**Symmetry is a natural law  
that says all creatures who are alive  
have no feet, two feet, four or more  
(six and eight work pretty great)  
but never seven or five**

## **AN OBSERVATION ON ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE**

**There are no words in an animal's brain  
but they see clouds and know it will rain  
so they go somewhere sheltered and dry  
which makes them as smart as you or I**

## LILY POND

Sometimes I stand upon the shore  
and stare out at the endless sea  
to the horizon and beyond  
and contemplate eternity  
Other times I find it more  
conducive to serenity  
to gaze upon a lily pond  
and see how simple life can be

## **NEW GENESIS**

**Artists draw the things they see  
affected by the things they feel  
and then, a new reality  
is born, for what we see is real  
the petals of a flower unfurled  
Art creates a brand-new world**

## **GLASS HALF FULL**

**The nicest thing about winter  
among many beautiful things  
Is that the dawn of each day brings  
us closer to the dawn of spring**

## **THE TANGIBILITY OF PRINT**

**If you do not get them down on paper  
All your thoughts will dissipate like vapor**

## **STATING THE OBVIOUS**

**The differences between the sexes  
now, and always will perplex us**

## **NATURAL AND EASY**

**It's just the natural thing to do  
Help other people...and they'll help you**

## **HATS**

**The reason to wear a hat is simply that  
Someone will look at you  
and say "nice hat!"**

# **THE INHERENT INABILITY OF THE HUMAN BRAIN TO COMPREHEND INFINITY AND ETERNITY**

**The fish does not contain the sea  
The bird does not contain the sky  
A cup just holds a bit of tea  
and so I have to wonder why  
We think that we can comprehend  
a universe of space and time  
that stretches out, that never ends  
It's not contained inside our minds**

## **RUDYARD REVISED**

East is east and west is west  
And I'm not saying either's best  
But Kipling said that never the twain shall  
meet and he was **WRONG**  
They're getting closer every day  
and never is just too long

## **FATAL FLAW**

In a world of dog eat dog,  
each dog is doomed  
In a world of all consumers,  
all consumed

# ONE MORNING IN GERMANY

The nudists on the Baltic coast  
are mostly old and fat  
But I'm not so young and thin myself  
so I can't complain about that  
I looked at my wife and she said "Don't"  
So I said "Oh, all right, I won't"  
But the next morning when I woke up  
and got out of the tent  
The wife and kids were still asleep  
so up to the beach I went  
The sky was somewhat overcast  
but the air was warm and still  
The water wasn't cold at all  
I barely felt a chill  
It was very liberating  
I felt free and clean



There was just one little thing  
that I had not foreseen  
I waded out a hundred yards  
two hundred, maybe three  
The water's depth  
was still below my knee  
It was legal and acceptable  
to be there without clothes  
Nonetheless, I felt a bit exposed

## **GEORGIA'S FLOWERS**

**Georgia O'Keeffe painted flowers  
That's all she was trying to do  
But the sexual power  
Of women and flowers  
Comes brazenly shining through**

## **UMBRELLAS**

**Umbrellas scuttle down the street  
propelled by little peoplefeet  
underneath them, warm and dry  
as water drops down from the sky**

# TRUE STORY

Do you want to know why humanity's  
fucked? Why civilization is doomed?

Why we'll never have a utopia  
and Armageddon looms?

Why we can't achieve social justice  
no matter how hard we try?

Why we're bound to fail?

Let me tell you a tale

And then maybe you'll understand why  
I was back at a school where I'd taught  
a couple years ago

A lot of the kids remembered me  
and some of them said hello  
but I swear it's true, as the sky is blue  
and butter belongs on toast

The only ones whose  
names I remembered  
were those who I'd yelled at the most

## **HIGH ON THE HILL**

**We were sitting on the hill  
and everybody was...like...chill  
The day was warm, the air was still  
Nobody even said a word  
The only sound that we all heard  
was the call and chattering of the birds  
We all looked up at the sweet, blue sky  
Lordy, Lordy, we was high!**

# THE WIND OF SPRING

The wind of Spring! We feel its call  
The dead brown leaves which fell last fall  
scoot along across the trail  
but that isn't nearly all  
The little breeze thinks it's a gale  
The plastic bags inflate like sails  
and fly like boats across the ground  
To set the scene, for this brief tale:  
Her hair was long and reddish brown  
The wind was whipping it around  
like seaweed slaps against the hull  
So I just smiled, without a sound  
The wind means things are never dull  
She smiled back! My heart was full  
She knows that she is beautiful  
She knows that she is beautiful

# **GOD'S BIG STONE**

**The question has been posed,  
can God create  
a stone of such great density and weight  
or perhaps of such great size around  
that he himself can't lift it from the ground**

**Since mankind first conceived of deities  
About the time we came down  
from the trees  
We've used them to explain  
this world of ours  
The wind and rain were  
godly magic powers**

**Then came language, civilization, science  
brilliant new inventions and appliances  
How much more advanced can we all get  
now that we have got the internet?**

**The question about God is moot, because  
Humble homo sapiens can, and does**

## PHANTOM MAP

I wonder, if there were some sort of map  
that led to a Utopia, somewhere  
A perfect place, that's free of all the crap  
That is the current state of world affairs

I wonder, if there were a microscope  
so powerful that we could plainly see  
a gleam of promise, or a ray of hope  
that someday everybody would be free

I wonder, if there were a looking glass  
so honest, it could see inside our minds  
below the surface; gender, race or class  
I wonder if we'd like the things we'd find

If the answers were all written in a book,  
would we believe, or would we even look?

# **THE LEGEND OF LIBUŠE**

**Between two sloping banks  
the river flowed**

**About a river deep and river wide  
An ancient forest covered either side  
One fall, a couple thousand years ago**

**One day, a princess walking  
through the wood  
Ate some mushrooms growing  
from the ground  
(The kind that make your head  
spin round and round)  
Sat down on the bank and it was good**



The evening sun so red it looked like fire  
belied the coolness of the evening breeze  
and in the light it cast upon the trees  
she saw a city of a thousand spires

Whose beauty reached up to the very sky  
there by the river, with its steady flow  
She sat and watched the golden city grow  
and her vision was completed, by and by

How could Libuše so exactly see  
the way things really did turn out to be?

## PARALLEL TRACKS

The train is running on parallel tracks  
It rolls across the earth and then it's gone  
as far as the horizon and beyond  
Na paralelních kolejích jede vlak

The mighty dragon crawls  
along the ground  
A couple hundred tons of rolling steel  
The clicking of a thousand tiny wheels  
Racing forward, as they spin around

Riding in the belly of the beast  
like Jonah, in the belly of the whale  
Each passenger can tell a different tale  
and thus, the dragon's power is increased

I watch the trains as they go rumbling by  
and wonder at the tales they have to tell  
as countless other poets have, as well  
across the years, across  
the clear night sky

There are two trains that run  
on parallel lines  
One on the ground,  
and one that's in my mind

## **RINAT'S POEM**

**The moon above is hard and bitter cold  
Its shining face is just reflected light  
but there it is, a beacon in the night  
dispelling deepest dark with brilliant gold**

**A plant can be a flower or a weed  
a sign of our affection, or a waste  
but which is which depends  
upon our taste  
Their meaning is according to our need**

**The heart is just a bloody pump, it's clear  
The seat of our emotions is the mind  
The poets lie, but still, somehow, I find  
My heart beats faster every  
time you're near**

**Science can explain a lot of stuff  
Artificial hearts can beat as well  
and chemicals replace the flowers smell  
but explanations somehow aren't enough**

**When we want to write a poem of love  
It's hearts and flowers, and  
the moon above**

# THE SNOW MUST GO ON

It falls, like slow confetti, in the night  
Passing through the streetlight's  
steady glow

For a moment, in their falling flight  
There is a sparkle to each flake of snow

Along the row of pillars made of light  
The scene's the same, a still  
and silent show

A beautiful tableau in gold and white  
Soft and soothing,  
sweet, serene, and slow

In the darkness, there is something bright  
a shifting scene of particles that flow  
One of nature's most amazing sights  
Enhanced a bit, but that's the way it goes

The darkness is a background for the light  
In the winter, in the city, in the night

# IN VINO VERITAS

The vineyard lies inside a lake of light  
The light is then transformed  
into the shape  
of perfect little green and purple grapes  
so spherical and plump, so firm and tight

The universe is beautiful and good  
The grapes are plucked,  
and their life's blood is poured  
into the new containers where it's stored

Venerable casks of ancient wood  
From there to glass  
the journey's almost done  
We lift our glasses, then we have a drink  
and that affects the kind  
of thoughts we think

As we consume the power of the sun  
it's more than metaphor to say the wine  
may be the means to access the divine

## **PRE-K COMEDY**

The theory of pre-K comedy  
Is easily explained  
Silly sounds and funny faces  
Keep the children entertained

## **MISUNDERSTOOD**

The meaning of whatever you say  
depends on how others receive it  
The problem with self-deprecation  
is that everyone believes it



## **CONTINUITY**

**The train is always coming  
The train is always gone  
The line of trains along the track  
goes on and on and on**

## **E.G. TOM AND JERRY**

**In cartoons, it's understood  
that cats are bad, and mice are good  
The prey defeats the predator  
and that is what cartoons are for**

# THE THIS OF THE THAT

It's the call of the wild  
It's the eyes of a child  
It's the heat of the southern night  
It's the spin of the wheel  
and it's what is revealed  
in the harsh, cold glare of the light  
It's the glory of Greece  
It's the grandeur of Rome  
It's the wisdom of ancient folks  
It's the point of the story  
The blaze of the glory  
The butt of all of the jokes  
It's the power of the dream  
It's the flow of the stream  
the tranquillity of the lake  
It's the cool, sweet juice  
of the watermelon

The sizzle of the steak  
It's the warmth of the sun  
It's the roar of the crowd  
It's the sharp, clean, crack of the bat  
It's the smell of the sawdust  
the taste of the beer  
It is simply the this of the that  
It's the heart of the matter  
The essence of truth  
The mystery of love  
The way that things  
relate to things  
is all about the of

## **CLIPBOARD GIRL**

**I'm in love with the girl with the clipboard  
cradled in her hand**

**She stands, relaxed, at the front of the bus  
the crowd is at her command**

**An aisle runs down the length of the bus  
It's like a Cineplex  
The audience waits, expectantly  
What will she say next?**

**She's one of the authorities  
a member of the staff  
When she points out the window  
the cameras click  
When she tells a joke, they laugh**

The bus goes out of the city  
through all the little towns  
The bus goes out to the edge of the world  
where the evening sun goes down

It might be going to London  
It might be going to France  
Oh! Clipboard girl  
You're the queen of the world  
of travel and romance

The bus rolls into the evening,  
The bus rolls into the night  
Full of expectations  
a moving house of light

It's her who keeps it rolling  
She makes it all O.K.  
Oh! Clipboard Girl, I love you  
but you're always going away

## **DANDELIONS**

Flowers standing in the field  
so beautiful and proud  
The current generation  
of faces in the crowd

## **FREUDIAN SLIP**

He meant to write “Wish you were here,”  
but dropped the final “e”  
Now she has the house, the car  
and primary custody

## **HOUNDS AND TAGGERS**

**A dog will lift its leg and spray  
each bush it passes on the way  
a tactic which at once recalls  
those who spray with paint on walls**

## **FRUSTATION**

**Frustration is the word I'd use  
I think that that describes the tone  
I want to call you up to say  
that I forgot my mobile phone**

# THE SNOW WAS FALLING ON WENCESLAS SQUARE

The snow was falling on  
Wenceslas Square  
The snow was falling at night  
The snow was falling on  
Wenceslas Square  
soft and slow and white

People were getting refortified  
with sausages and hot wine  
and the snow was falling upon them  
as they stood there in the line

People were going in and out  
of all the different shops  
and the snow continued falling  
It seemed it would never stop

The lights were on in all the shops  
brilliant, stark and bright  
They cast their glow, on the falling snow  
a study in gold and white



People were all milling about  
They didn't seem to care  
and, as usual, there were  
a lot of people there

I saw two lovers walking  
rather quietly and slow  
It seemed to me as if they were  
dancing in the snow

The snow was falling in their hair  
It was a pretty sight  
as every melting, crystal flake  
sparkled in the light

The snow was falling on  
Wenceslas Square  
The snow was falling at night  
The snow was falling on  
Wenceslas Square  
soft and slow and white

# LONG ISLANDS

It was in the  
afternoon, a  
quiet, summer  
afternoon and  
I was headed  
home after a  
class I'd taught in  
Braník, which was  
really not a  
class, I'd had two  
students, for one  
hour apiece, I

caught the seventeen  
I think, it  
might have been the  
three, but one of  
those that runs  
along the river,  
rolling northward  
to the center  
rolling northward

like the river  
(I got on at  
Přístaviště  
would change at  
Palackého)  
and that day it  
wasn't crowded  
that was much  
appreciated

Anytime that  
I can stand  
without the pressing  
crowd of people  
anytime that  
I can stand  
without my hand  
upon my wallet,  
let's me feel a  
little freedom,  
makes me feel a  
little better  
makes me feel a  
bit more human

And when I can  
get a seat to  
ease the throbbing  
of my feet, I  
count it as a  
lucky day, it's  
certainly a  
point in favor  
as I'm tabulating pros and  
cons of my pathetic life, and

on a day like  
that day then, when  
there are seats from  
which to choose,  
I always try to  
pick the side that  
offers me the  
nicest view, and  
so I sat upon  
the left and  
cast my gaze  
upon the water  
on the broad and

placid river  
on the soft, gray  
surface that is  
something like a  
carpet on the  
aisle through  
the city's center

It's a constant,  
little-changing  
focal point for  
meditation,  
like the gardens  
made of sand with  
ripples raked  
across the surface

and my thoughts are  
caught and held by  
things that are  
outside the window  
thus the circuit  
is complete, our  
vision is a

two-way street, and  
then I thought of  
all the people  
men and women  
past and present  
who have rode  
along this river  
who have walked on  
wooded pathways  
who have stood here  
on its banks and  
who have let their  
thoughts go drifting

Some no doubt have  
been mundane, as  
bland as bland, as  
plain as plain, just  
wondering what would  
be for dinner  
wondering where  
they'd go that weekend  
wondering if he  
really loved her

and their thoughts and  
mine are floating  
in the space  
above the river  
and of course there's  
no connection  
but at least we  
have this common,  
flowing point of  
reference, it  
helps a bit to  
level out the  
obstacles and  
differences

We were moving  
past the sports camps  
we were sailing  
past the boat clubs  
and there was a  
pair of rowing  
shells out racing  
on the river  
long and thin like

water beetles  
lightly skimming  
on the surface  
lines of oars all  
moved together  
like the legs of  
some small insect  
like a mini-  
Roman galley

Though they're lower  
and they're shorter  
and they're doing  
it for sport, in  
structure they are  
much alike as  
both of them are  
long and thin and  
that, of course, is  
predetermined

Engineering  
has to follow,  
must abide by



real conditions  
boats are always  
long and thin, they're  
something like the  
fish who swim and  
obviously  
were designed with  
water's steady  
flow in mind and

now we're moving  
past the islands  
which are one  
behind the other  
just a range of  
hills that's rising  
peaks which poke  
above the surface  
all we see is  
just a part of  
what is hidden  
by the water  
like the dorsal  
undulations

of the highland's  
Loch Ness monster  
and they look like  
dashes which are  
painted down the  
freeway's center  
and it seemed so  
well-designed that  
they were standing  
in a line and not  
just scattered here  
and there as if  
the planner did  
not care, it's not

like man, who builds  
the cities, builds them  
more or less at  
random, builds them  
anywhere he  
can; here, you see  
how things began-  
nothing random  
in the plan

**No, it isn't  
really strange that  
everything is  
so arranged that  
everything that's  
in the mighty  
river should take on  
it's shape. It's  
natural, there's  
no escape**

# TRANSLUCENCE

There were drops of  
rain upon her  
face as she was  
standing there and  
looking at the  
menu, in line  
at KFC  
I wished I were  
a raindrop in  
that evanescent  
moment of  
existence that was  
absolutely where  
I longed to be  
But I am not  
a raindrop and  
I couldn't have  
explained it if  
I'd gone up to  
that girl and said  
"I'd like to touch  
your face," I think  
she would have thought  
it out of place

## **THE POLYCHROMATICITY OF GREEN**

**Some are dark, and some are light  
Some are pale, and some are bright  
Different plants, of different ages  
Different species, different stages  
Each bird and bug can spot their home  
To them it isn't monochrome  
But quite complex, this simple scene  
A thousand different shades of green**

## **SAM AT FIFTEEN MONTHS**

**We buy the baby lots of toys  
but the things that he enjoys  
the best, alas, are not his own  
He wants to play with our mobile phones**

## **A TALE OF TWO MEN**

**One man always told the truth  
the other always lied  
Both of them, deservedly  
were thoroughly despised**

## **NO SUCH THING**

**There's no such thing as leprechauns  
fairies, elves or trolls**

**There is no jolly fat man  
living at the northern pole**

**There are no ghosts or zombies  
in the graveyard late at night**

**No dragons, ogres, witches, wizards,  
watermen or sprites**

**There are no werewolves in the woods, no  
mermaids in the sea**

**On these points, I think you'll find  
most modern folks agree**

**We don't believe in fairy tales  
so why should it seem odd**

**to say there are no angels, devils, heaven,  
hell or God?**

# STAND TO THE RIGHT!

When I'm in a hurry  
'cause I'm running rather late  
the one thing I don't want to do  
is stand around and wait  
So I hit the escalator  
and I'm running up the stairs  
but then my stride is broken  
by somebody standing there

“S dovolení”, I say, that is  
“could you please let me by”  
and they look at me real nasty like  
and, slowly, step aside  
as if my rude impatience  
has offended them, somehow  
I just smile and keep on going  
but I think – you bloody cow  
You worthless, idle, obstinate  
lump of inert clay  
Do you think you have the right  
To be in everybody's way?



**Stand to the right! Move over!  
Let the other people pass  
Do you think we want to stand back here  
and watch your big fat ass  
as the escalator slowly inches  
towards the light of day  
which, suddenly, has come to seem  
a long, long, way away**

**You worse than senseless creature!  
You block! You stone! You brick!  
Your presence on the planet  
is enough to make me sick  
Some of us have places  
we must go and dates to keep  
Stand to the right! Move over!  
You constipated creep**

**You semi-sentient being  
You are rooted like a tree  
If the stairs themselves weren't moving  
you'd have no mobility**

You're dumber than a sausage  
You are no use at all  
although you do a pretty fair  
impression of a wall  
In the noble social experiment  
that is called the human race  
your only contribution  
is the taking up of space  
You're an impediment to progress  
You're a spanner in the works  
Stand to the right! Move over!  
You inconsiderate jerk!

Of those of you who read this,  
I know that some of you  
are of the opposing camp,  
the other point of view  
So you might think my sphincter's  
wound up just a bit too tight  
You might think it and, I guess  
it's possible you're right

So, I hope this poem contains no lines  
of personal offense  
but how can you be so oblivious  
so insensitive, so dense  
Stand to the right! Move over!  
Are you deaf as well as blind?  
We shouldn't need to tell you  
It shouldn't take a sign

Stand to the right! Move over!  
It's not that hard to do  
You'll find it really easy  
after just a time or two  
Just stand to the right! Move over!  
You could get habituated  
Stand to the right! Move over  
It would be appreciated

## **COBBLESTONES**

**Cobblestones are pretty  
They evoke that old world feel  
Of a simpler, bygone era  
But they're hell on chicks with heels**

## **THE PLIGHT OF THE POLAR BEAR**

**The Polar Bears are in a desperate state  
Their shrinking environment makes it hard  
For them to find a mate  
As the weather changes from  
blizzardy to drizzly  
Sometimes the Polar Bear's fate  
is a little Grizzly**

## CURTAINS

First thing in the morning  
as I see the sunlight streaming  
softly through my bedroom window  
as I'm lying half asleep  
In the everlasting daydream  
of the infinite regression  
Where we choose the upper atmosphere  
or crawl back to the deep  
The flowers on my curtains  
have a geometric pattern  
that does not include the texture  
or the color or the scent  
yet they spoke to me this morning  
to relate their simple version  
of the universal messages  
original intent

We are living an abstraction  
of the world we see around us  
reduced to shape and symbol  
in the fabric of our being  
What is the relation  
of a flower of creation  
in a natural situation  
to the flower I am seeing?  
It's a vague interpretation  
a minor fabrication  
of the complicated glory  
which we think we have defined  
Running down the channels  
from the jungle of existence  
which are flowing from the fountain  
of a fresh and restless mind  
Art is information, it's  
the soul of civilization

But from essence to abstraction  
is a long and tangled way  
The language and the landscape  
because we've lost the  
landscape, in our version of reality  
have come to seem the same  
Nature tends to nurture  
and the present to the future  
in a thread of continuity  
from cradle to the grave  
So art has turned to nature,  
as the lesser to the greater  
ever since the bison  
was first painted on the cave

## KONOPISTE #1

The palace sits atop a hill  
and overlooks a lake  
Once a place of power,  
now it's just for tourists' sake  
The collected wealth of centuries  
is hanging on the walls  
In the spacious, stately chambers  
down the long and stately halls  
The view from any window  
portrays a timeless scene  
Winter white, or autumn gold  
or summer's sumptuous green  
But there's something in this picture  
that doesn't seem to fit  
Why are the bears in a pit?  
The pit is deep, the pit is square  
The walls are sheer, the walls are bare



Fit for snakes and bugs and rats  
And other slimy things like that  
No soft, green grass, no shady trees  
No room to roam, no cooling breeze  
A crowd of people stands around  
The deep depression in the ground  
To watch the bears inside the pit  
Some rocks, some logs and their own shit  
One is lying, in despair  
Missing patches of her hair  
In a corner, in defeat  
There is no further to retreat  
The other one is not so proud  
begging bread crumbs from the crowd  
instead of salmon from the stream  
for which he fishes in his dreams

I can't accept the scene that I am seeing  
I feel ashamed to be a human being

**6:55 A.M.**

**I can sleep for twenty more minutes  
Life is good, I'm glad I'm in it  
even though it's a little scary  
that it's only temporary**

## **BREAKING WAVES**

**The mighty waves are shattered  
on the boulders  
As if the sea were weeping  
on their shoulders**

## LIPSTICK

Lipstick may be red as a beet  
on the lips of the girls on Perlová Street  
Purple as paint or green as gunk  
on the pouting lips of a petulant punk  
Or black as sin, le couleur du mal  
put on by a wannabe femme fatale  
Sometimes it's attractive  
sometimes it's a waste  
I suppose it's all just a matter of taste  
But sweet as the nectar  
the hummingbird sips  
is the taste of chapstick  
on my honey's lips

## **MY SOCIAL LIFE**

**My social life is like a tram  
that runs along the tracks  
I go out and then, some hours later  
I come back**

## **PUDDLE**

**In view of the reflection that they make  
a puddle is the equal of a lake**

## **THERE IS SOMETHING I MUST DO**

**There is something I must do  
I must reach down to tie my shoe  
and so I find a step, a wall  
beside the walk, so I won't fall  
or look like I'm a raving nut  
and block the sidewalk with my butt  
so people have to walk around  
while I am staring at the ground  
feeling nervous as they pass  
that one of them will kick my ass**

## **TRIP TO MEXICO**

**We'll take a trip to Mexico  
and live up in the hills  
higher than the butterflies  
among the daffodils  
We'll head on down to Yucatan  
to see the Pyramids  
and bargain for some blankets  
with a bunch of snot-nosed kids  
We'll take a trip to Mexico  
where the palm trees are so tall  
and live our lives in a wooden hut  
down by a waterfall  
We'll lie there in a hammock  
and habla español  
We won't ever have to do  
a single thing we're told**

We'll take a trip to Mexico  
and live on apple pie  
and every day, look up and say  
it's such a lovely sky  
We'll wander down a dusty road  
and meet an Indian man  
selling toys and T-shirts  
that were made in Pakistan  
We'll take a trip to Mexico  
dance naked in the breeze  
bathed in ancient moonlight  
that is shining through the trees  
We'll take a trip to Mexico  
across the Rio Grande  
We'll have so much fun we'll stay  
longer than we'd planned

## **KONOPISTE #2**

**A garden planted in the bank  
the flowers filed into rank  
and fertile ground  
it's such a pretty pose  
A living twist upon the line  
accredited to Gertrude Stein  
the rows of roses  
rose and rose and rose**



# **SAY A PRAYER FOR ROBERT JOHNSON**

**When he went down to the crossroads  
he was looking for a sound  
and he didn't have to look so very far  
He could hear a whispering in the wind  
a rumbling in the ground  
he could feel it in the strings of his guitar**

**Well, say a prayer for Robert Johnson  
say a prayer for that man's soul  
because his bargain with the devil  
created Rock and Roll**

**Well, he played it in the shanties  
in the Mississippi night  
and he played it round the campfires  
'neath the stars  
And he played it on the corners  
in the cities and the towns  
and he played it in the juke joints  
and the bars**

Say a prayer for Robert Johnson  
say a prayer for that man's soul  
because his bargain with the devil  
created Rock and Roll

Robert Johnson died one day  
but his music stuck around  
like a shadow  
in the Mississippi night  
The devil tried to keep it  
but he couldn't keep it down  
and Rock and Roll  
began to see the light

Then some white boys down in Texas  
and one in Tupelo  
started in to lay that rhythm down  
They got it in the record stores  
and on the radio  
and Rock and Roll was heard  
the whole world round

**Say a prayer for Robert Johnson  
Say a prayer for that man's soul  
because his bargain with the devil  
created Rock and Roll**

**Well, they say the devil taught him  
they say he went to hell  
and there's no call to think  
that they would lie**

**but we have the devil's music  
and it's doing pretty well  
because we know that Rock and Roll  
will never die**

**So say a prayer for Robert Johnson  
Say a prayer for that man's soul  
because his bargain with the devil  
created Rock and Roll**

# **WALKING HOME IN THE EVENING**

**Walking home in the evening  
a pain in my feet  
I see street after street  
after street after street  
of buildings in concrete  
so gray and so tall  
wall after wall  
after wall after wall  
It seems so frustrating,  
each life in a box  
block after block  
after block after block  
then one by one,  
but all the same  
in frame after frame  
after frame after frame  
The lights come on,  
dispelling the gloom  
in room after room  
after room after room**

off and then on,  
in a binary code  
in node after node  
after node after node  
And so it has been  
from the time of creation  
in generation upon generation  
from the first spark of life,  
which grew so well  
in cell after cell  
after cell after cell  
It grew and it changed  
through trouble and strife

in life after life  
after life after life  
created the grasses  
the massive yield  
in field after field  
after field after field  
Created the trees  
so solid and good  
in wood after wood  
after wood after wood

the birds and the fish  
from cradle to grave  
in wave after wave  
after wave after wave  
created a creature  
who stood upright  
in fight after flight  
after flight after fight  
a lifetime to live  
and a lifetime to learn  
as turn after turn  
after turn after turn  
They plowed their fields  
and they built their homes  
in Cairo and Carthage  
and Athens and Rome  
Each struggling peasant  
fell into his niche  
in ditch after ditch  
after ditch after ditch  
And from father to daughter,  
from mother to son  
one after one  
after one after one

bear the code of the species,  
the mark of the race  
upon face after face  
after face after face  
Without any planning  
without our design  
and yet line upon line  
upon line upon line  
of the human parade  
is passing the stand  
in band after band  
after band after band  
If you look too close  
you see nothing at all  
but wall after wall  
after wall after wall  
yet, as I stare out  
at the infinite night  
and see light after light  
after light after light  
I long for the day  
we will make it that far  
to star after star  
after star after star

## **ALIENATION**

**I was in a crowd of people  
but I felt so all alone  
Everyone around me  
was talking on the phone**

## **RAINBOW**

**The light flows through the water  
that is falling through the air  
A rainbow is a picture  
on a screen that isn't there**



## NAIL POLISH

I say “You don’t need to paint your nails”  
and sure enough, it never fails  
they paint their nails

I beg them not to dye their hair  
but if they hear me, they don’t care  
they dye their hair

I say “Please don’t kill yourself with heels”  
but do they listen to my appeals?  
they wear high heels

They never listen to a word I say  
and that’s O.K.

## **KOALAS AND PANDAS**

**Koala Bears are very cute  
And Panda Bears are too  
One lives on Eucalyptus leaves  
The other on bamboo  
This is just to let you know  
If you were unaware  
The loveable Koala  
Is not, in fact, a bear**

# TIME LAPSE PHOTOGRAPHY

Time lapse photography  
catches the clouds as they  
move on the wind like the  
waves of the ocean  
Koyanisqatsi, the  
streets of the city, where  
people are moving like  
cells in the bloodstream, we

Still

Hear

The roar of the ocean  
recorded in cells that have  
covered the Earth in un-  
checked procreation  
fight or flight chemicals  
leaping the synapses  
writing the software  
of civilization

Or  
Are  
We like bodies of coral  
that grow into atolls  
and just, through attrition  
have gained our self-consciousness  
right answers saved and the  
wrong ones deleted  
per the original  
binary postulate

It's  
Clear  
That nothing is random here  
everything's meaningful  
choreographed  
in a cosmic ballet  
that goes  
Koyanisqatsi, the  
flowers that close at night  
open each morning to  
greet the new day, and

**What  
Do**

**We see when we look through the  
lens of a microscope  
everything's moving and  
interconnected but  
all of the data which  
we have received shows us  
there is a pattern to  
what we perceive  
and that's**

**Good  
But**

**Does it have a purpose, I  
don't know the answer, I  
don't know the answer and  
you don't know either, I'm  
sure that that's true, Buddhist  
or Hindu or Christian  
or Jew, I have no reason to think  
that you do**

**So**

**If**

**The world is a circle and  
life is a spiral that  
always goes forward when  
moving through time, and we  
all the while, in fear and  
denial, live out our lives  
though we know we will die  
and nobody, nobody understands why**

**How**

**Did**

**We conjure the creed that we've  
labelled our consciousness  
demons, damnation and  
negative attitudes  
where did we locate  
the Gods that we follow  
filling a space that we  
cannot leave hollow**

**With  
All  
Our totems and talismans  
channelling energy  
out of the synergy  
nature, reality  
these are the reasons  
the cycles, the seasons  
our thinking has followed  
the path it was put on**

**The  
Heart  
beat of all our mythology  
lies in biology  
Oedipus Rex was the  
King Motherfucker and  
that's what is stored at the  
root of our consciousness  
that's what is stored in our  
Jungian memory**

**Deep  
Down**

**There, Morrison knew it, he  
told me one evening  
when I was on acid  
and he was on video  
better in context than  
taken alone, from the  
“Doors of Perception” to  
Oliver Stone upon stone**

**We  
Build**

**Each generation  
usurping the last one  
inherits the world as a  
matter of course  
We are the Lizard Kings  
We are the core of a  
growing anthropo-  
centrifugal force**



**But  
We're  
Still basically animal  
savage, irrational  
governed by urges we  
can't understand...if we  
understood them...and we'll  
understand them...then our free  
will will be at our command**

**So  
Where  
Is the Tao we must follow  
the road to enlightenment  
spiritual covenant  
sudden Satori or  
path to perfection? Well,  
where do you think it is?  
Just where it always was  
stretched out in front of us**

**That's**

**Why**

**Our consciousness matters**

**that inner awareness**

**with which we can look at**

**ourselves in 3rd person**

**We are the picture**

**that's painting the picture**

**We are a song that is**

**Singing itself**

**So**

**You**

**Can say what you want to say**

**We're what we're meant to be**

**living our lives is fulfilling our roles but we**

**want to have meaning, so**

**we have created it, we**

**are the ones who define**

**our own souls**

**It  
Does**

**Not matter if it was a  
conscious decision that  
lifted us out of the  
primordial agar or  
random, sequential  
a chain of coincidence  
we can't deny that we  
are what we are**

**We  
Are**

**The Lords of the Universe  
Masters of Everything  
we are the owners of  
all we survey, we stand  
here at the threshold, the  
start of the future, a  
future that will be  
whatever we say**

# THE ELEPHANT'S NOSE

The elephant's nose  
Is the finest that grows  
They can use it as a trumpet  
They can use it as a hose  
They can use it for grabbing  
and carrying stuff  
As a snorkel underwater  
and if that's not enough  
When elephants meet,  
from different lands  
They shake trunks,  
like we shake hands

# THANK YOU!

You took a look  
You read my book  
I thank you quite sincerely  
If there's one thing  
a writer needs  
it's people  
who still like to read  
and that you are,  
my shining star,  
quite clearly