

I'm just a guy who fools around with words  
And tries to put them in an order that you've never heard  
Before//The # 1 reason that I do this is because  
I call myself a poet, and that's what a poet does  
But there are lots of people out there smarter than me  
With their genius IQs and their double PhDs  
And they are making great advances in a thousand different ways  
Every year, every month, every week and every day  
They discover new planets that orbit other suns  
And we'll have a map of the universe by the time that they are done  
They analyze the atoms; they go deep beneath the sea  
They find things that had been forgotten from our ancient history  
And they measure them and name them and they put them all together  
So we can see the effect that butterflies might have upon the weather  
From the pieces of the atom to the galaxies that whirl  
And the stubborn irritation that makes the oyster make the pearl  
And along the way we praise the day and write about the sacred night  
And the flowers and the trees that reach and stretch to seek the light  
But our words are metaphors at best, we babble like the spring  
Science gives a description, but the thing is still the thing

The fish are in the river and the monkey's in the tree  
Everything in existence is right where it needs to be  
To account for all the paradoxes, dichotomies and schisms  
So the universe can be, ipso facto, what it is

Isolation, integration, singularity and duality

Day and night and black and white and human sexuality

With its social implications and its complex interrelations

There are many different ways to see this thing we call reality

Sight and smell and taste and touch and everything we hear

Our limited perceptions, by themselves, are very clear

When the words start to spin like the world, like the wind

Like a wheel of fortune, then we can begin

To seek and to find, the meaning of the universe, the power of the mind (WTH does that mean?)

The realization of your inspiration becomes the foundation for the next generation

The point of the poem is that words, and poetry, are only there to facilitate communication, the real description of the universe is in its physical aspects and therefore the scientists are doing more than the poets to advance mankind's understanding of the universe, and one of the important things we need to realize is that the universe, and our knowledge which parallels that universe, and our words which parallel and mimic our knowledge, are all in the form of a web, light, tenuous, interlinked and fragile yet, of course, very beautiful and also that we evolved on this planet which means it's the perfect one for us and that society has drawn a lot of distinctions which are totally arbitrary like the days of the week, money, land ownership, etc...and there may be more I want it to be a complex and dense, but still fast and tight poem, absolute max 5 minutes 3 or 4 long stanzas followed by "The fish are in the river...." and in the body of the poem I want to go all Walt Whitman, praising everything and everybody for being just exactly what it is

Monsters don't, in fact, exist//but we have monster tales galore//from ancientest of ancient myths//through art, and books, and films, and more//seek the monsters, and you'll find//that they exist, within your mind