

If a tree that's in a lifeless forest
Falls down and makes an imprint on the ground
Far away from life's incessant chorus
Actually, it doesn't make a sound
When I write a poem I'm really trying
To write down every thought that's in my head
But that's only half, there's no denying
That they are incomplete if they're unread
The words we write don't all get passed along
But they are placed within the growing pile
Of all the shit on Amazon.com
A silent archive of expanding files

Billions and billions and billions of words
Which stay unread, that is to say, unheard

The chicken or the egg, which one came first
It's a conundrum and a paradox
The hen lays eggs, containing hens and cocks
When the yolk's no longer funny, out they burst
But dinosaurs laid eggs long, long before
A chicken ever sat upon a nest
To put philosophers to such a test
And there are many other creatures more
Amphibians and reptiles, frogs and snakes

The lowliest of creatures can lay eggs
Even fish, who haven't any legs
They're unevolved, but have the stuff it takes

It's the egg, and please don't ask me that again
You're giving too much credit to the hen

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

(Sarah Maclay)

The sea is vast and goes the whole world round

And there are many people it has drowned
The sea is frightening to you and me
But not so scary if you are the sea
When you go for a walk outside at night
The day is gone, and with it's gone the light
The lines are blurred and all you see and hear
Is colored by the things you truly fear
But look out at the universe at night,
That's speckled with a million tiny lights
The sea, the night, the never ending dark
Illuminated with a billion sparks
The sea, the night, the universe are one
And nothing in the chain can be undone

A flock of birds that's surfing on the breeze
So elegant, so beautiful, so free
And what they do they do with such great ease
They are a living form of poetry

The choreography is sweetly planned
No humans ever work as such a group
They wheel as one, and climb and turn and swoop
More synchronized than any marching band

And yet, they are such tiny little things

Whose brains are not much bigger than a pea
Although they soar upon their outstretched wings
It's not, to them, a flight of fantasy

We look up at the birds and are amazed
To them, it's just an ordinary day