

PARADOX

yet another book of poems

by Willie Watson

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

Copyright © Willie Watson, 2018

Published in 2018
Prague, Czech Republic

also by Willie Watson:
Wild Pigs of Fukushima
The Meaning of Life in Easy English
Rheets 2016
Geology
Rheets 2015
The Shit Guru (An Expat's Story)
Rheets 2014
Pink Snow
155 Sonnets
Rheets
Twoems
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

Table of Contents

Introduction	5
Dear Reader	6
The Indifference of the Universe	6
Walkdance	7
The Inherent Stability of Permanent Motion	8
Spin	8
The Ping Pong Metaphor	9
The Grandfather Paradox and the Multiverse Theory	10
Conjunction	15
Living in the Present	16
The World of Dreams	17
The Beauty of an Eclipse	18
Locomotion	18
The Era of Fancy Words	19
Transcendence	19
Intergenerational Communication	20
Sedimental Memories	21
A Good Life	21
The Alphabet of Existence	22
Dead Birds	22
Schroedinger's Determinism	23
Co-Existence	25
The Adaptability (or not) of Our Species	26
The Relative Length of Generations	27
Happy Thoughts	27
The World of Words	28
The Lure of the Unknown	28
Rot and Renewal	29
Autumn Rain, Denver	30
The Length of Fame	30
Ode to a Leather Chair	31
The Frustration of True Love	31
The Futility of Benevolence	32
Dialogue	33
Street Art	34
Truth	34
Tactics in Communication	35

Magic Valley	35
Moving Toward a Mental Map	36
The Risk of Overmeditation	36
Two Kinds of People	37
Raindrops and Snowflakes	39
Little People	40
Our Moment	43
Vicious Circle	43
Tempes Fugit, Ergo Est	44
The Aspiration of the Dawn	48
Thoughts on Animal Spirituality	49
Ultimate Survivors	49
Matter and Anti-Matter	50
Follow the Leader	51
The Birth of Forever	52

Introduction

Another year, another book of poems. This one is called *Paradox*, largely because I've always wanted to use that as a title, and I've always wanted to use that as a title largely because of the cheap pun it allows me to put on the cover. But, it is appropriate because a few of the poems have paradoxes as their subject. A paradox is an interesting thing. A thing which contradicts itself, and therefore cannot possibly exist. They are a mental puzzle, as are poems, at least the way I write them.

Of course, all paradoxes must get resolved. Like light and dark matter, it must destroy itself. One of the poems in this book is about the Grandfather Paradox, which can be resolved by the idea of multiverses. An even easier resolution would be if time travel does not exist at all, as I suspect it doesn't. Great sci-fi premise, but no reason at all to think it exists. Zeno's paradox is one that has kept me awake at nights, but when you consider the existence of Planck Units, then suddenly there's no conflict at all. Waves are made of particles and there is a point below which there is no half way.

But, I wouldn't want anybody to read too much into this. I am a poet, and not even a very serious one at that. I am just a tinkerer with words. I'm not a mathematician, or a scientist. Philosopher? Maybe, in the broadest sense of the word, i.e. a lover of wisdom. Mostly just a poet, though.

Enjoy the book.

Willie Watson

Dear Reader

Feel free to criticize this book
or to suggest an edit
be as horrid as you like
at least I'll know you read it

The Indifference of the Universe

The cosmos doesn't care
that life is so unfair
no empathy to spare
in fact, it's unaware
that you are even there
the cosmos doesn't care

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

The Inherent Stability of Permanent Motion

Nothing falls into place; everything moves
the key to life
is just to find the groove

Spin

There are infinite points
on the face of the sphere
that's slowly turning around the sun
there are 365 days in the year
and then you start another one
Every moment is a beginning
every moment is an end
Every day the world is spinning
Every day we start again
from January to December
Facebook sends you another memory

The Ping Pong Metaphor

Ping Pong is a pleasant sport
there is a satisfying whack
as the menace hurtling toward you
suddenly goes bouncing back
it also is a metaphor
(this minor form of recreation)
for the daily back and forth
of a normal conversation
it can be a friendly volley
talk-talk, chit chat
or it can be sharp and pointed
slap, thwack, no slack
often it ends up like that
the "I am right and you are wrong"
which can continue all day long
the "You are wrong and I am right"
well, we can keep it up all night
the words of righteousness and rage
that we pour out upon the page
in letters clean, and sharp, and black
just waiting to be smacked right back
are like that hollow plastic ball
whose weight is almost not at all
you aim, you strike, you slam, you spin
it seems that you can never win
perhaps that's not the point, in fact
but it keeps us all distracted

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

And 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 what you need to know

Living in the Present

The present is a moment
Just a tiny blip, as such
in the vastness of all time and space
it doesn't count for much
So we sometimes get nostalgic
and we think about the past
Or we focus on the future
and the things we hope will last
When we're dwelling on the present
our thoughts are never deep
It's food, or sex, or alcohol
or just the need for sleep

The World of Dreams

You can see, though your eyes are shut
You can hear voices, but you haven't gone nuts
You can meet famous people, and fly through the air
It takes just a moment to go anywhere
You can die and come back, in fact it seems
you can do anything in the world of your dreams
Transcending the bounds of time and of space
the world of dreams is a wonderful place

The Beauty of an Eclipse

The clouds that drift across the sky are beautiful and white
we see a million stars shine down upon us every night
In a sky of baby blue, the gold and glowing sun
and the moon shines down on lovers, when the day is done
After the rain, we have the rainbow, shimmering and fair
but the thing about an eclipse: it is rare

Locomotion

Fish swim, people walk, birds fly
Every creature on this Earth, is somehow getting by

The Era of Fancy Words

Heteronormative
so many syllables
just to say something that
back in the day
before we'd arrived at this
level of consciousness
wasn't a thing that
we bothered to say

Transcendence

I am a dreamer
I stare at the stars
But it's pretty clear
We won't make it that far
We're stuck on this planet
For this life, it seems
So, it's no surprise
That I live in my dreams

Intergenerational Communication

Life, ephemeral as vapor
wasn't ever meant to last
but, if we read
we can communicate
with people from the past

Sedimental Memories

Time flies, and time has flown
we're caught within its stream
what was real and physical
now seems like just a dream
all we've seen, and all we've known
the bitter and the sweet
is still within our memory
and thus we are complete

A Good Life

Healthy is better than sick, of course
and happy is better than sad
Rich, I'm sure, is better than poor
but two out of three ain't bad

The Alphabet of Existence

The meaning of existence
so tangled and so strange
is written in the laws of physics
thus it is arranged

Dead Birds

Birds who die
Fall from the sky
There is no need
To wonder why
(it's because they cannot fly)

Schroedinger'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
And 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

Co-Existence

Some people like to get up early
And listen to the birds
So, they can let their minds go quiet
And think without the words
Some would rather sleep till noon
And keep out of the way
And then enjoy the more nocturnal
Portion of the day
The world is overcrowded
So, I think it's for the best
That half of us can be awake
And let the others rest

The Adaptability (or not) of Our Species

We hear the thunder
And so, fear the lightning
The bright, flashing bolt
That pierces the sky
Signs and warnings
Of things that are frightening
Have helped our species
So far, not to die
Now we know more things
Than we ever did before
Now we all know that
Our planet is dying
We could make changes
And we could survive
It's hard to believe
That we're not even trying

The Relative Length of Generations

What once was new is now passé
that's just the way
it is today
and truly, I don't mind
technology gives us amazing powers
but its generations are shorter than ours
and the old get left behind

Happy Thoughts

Our lives, it cannot be denied
sometimes have a darker side
but, sometimes I get annoyed
with weltschmerz, angst, and schadenfreude

The World of Words

Words we speak are vague as vapor
in the air and then they're gone
Words which we put down on paper
have a chance to carry on
Words are labels that we use
to define the things we see
then we twist them round a bit
and make a new reality
The line between what's real and
what's unreal becomes a little blurred
possibilities are endless
living in the world of words

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

Rot and Renewal

When the days are getting cooler
and summer is no more
the leaves that fall upon the ground
and on the forest floor
form a quilted blanket
trapping moisture, trapping heat
in this alien environment
cohesive and complete
the spores begin to reproduce
the fungi start to grow
Oh, there are worlds within our world
which humans barely know
but, in that one as in this one
that's how things are arranged
death, and rot, and decadence
will lead to growth and change

Autumn Rain, Denver

The rain's coming down
and the skies are so gray
The headlights go on
even during the day
The folks on the sidewalk
all quicken their stride
the ultimate goal is to
just get inside
The world is swept clear
before starting again
in Autumn, in Denver
a day in the rain

The Length of Fame

Dead poets get read more because
"is" doesn't last as long as "was"

Ode to a Leather Chair

All that is leather
was once a cow
whose state was changed
it's leather now
Life is cruel
this world is shit
Sorry cow
we need to sit

The Frustration of True Love

You have to care about someone
for them to make you mad
He rants about the teams he loves
because they suck so bad

The Futility of Benevolence

Facebook petitions
are a bit
like beggars
on a city street
it brings us down
to have the sorrows
of the world
laid at our feet
and so we give
a little bit
a couple clicks
some change, some stuff
but we realize
in time
that it will never
be enough
and so we
keep on scrolling
or we walk on by
that's how it's done
we cannot give
to all of them
and so we give to none

Dialogue

The tree is tall and sturdy
as handsome as you please
its leaves are dancing merrily
in the summer breeze

Its branches are like mighty arms
welcoming and wide
the birds can build their nests there
and lay their eggs inside

Its roots go down into the ground
its bark is nice and rough
for great big bears to scratch their backs
it's good for lots of stuff

It can deal with any situation
rain or snow or fog
So, if your life is like a tree
then you will die a log

Street Art

When street art's done well it's a joy to behold
spirit, rebellion, and pluck
but sadly,
it's often done badly
and then OMG it sucks

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

Tactics in Communication

When people do not understand you
speak more clearly, or more slowly
or use simpler words
speaking louder
does not work at all
and makes you seem absurd

Magic Valley

In the depths of Vršovice
in the darkness of the night
there is magic, in the glowing
of the moon that shines so bright

Moving Toward a Mental Map

Consciousness/Soul, Consciousness/Soul
we try to define them, assign them a role
like Id vs. Ego, or Brain vs. Mind
so many things are so loosely defined

The Risk of Overmeditation

How can one empty one's mind of thought
when the thoughts that we think is how mind is defined?
and if we linger too long in the present
the future will pass us and leave us behind
calmness and patience are positive attributes
Meditation may keep you on track
but when we step out of the world that surrounds us
sooner or later we have to come back

Two Kinds of People

When you're walking
while you're walking
do you look
inside the windows
of the shops that
you are passing?
Do you look
inside the cafés
at the people
at the tables?
Do you wonder
what they're thinking
while they're eating
while they're drinking?
Do you wonder
what they're saying
in their private
conversations
in the living
T.V. show
of which the window
is a screen?
Every window
is a mirror
you will see
a soft reflection
as the tram goes
by behind you
it can be quite
clearly seen
looking like it's
underwater
in a warped and
wobbly way
space is traveling
through time, on
any ordinary day
Do you wonder

where it's going
where the folks
inside are going
as they're moving
place to place to place
around the
living city?
Do you wonder
what it means?
Or do you just
keep on moving
keep your mind
upon your feet
as they're moving
in the slow parade
of people down the street?
Me, I am a window gazer
and my mind will
often wander
without any
clear direction
or the least bit
of intent
but, I've seen
along the way
in my life's
perambulations
that the ones who
walk in straighter lines
are often more content

Raindrops and Snowflakes

Raindrops fall upon the old, tin roof
a sharp, staccato sound
there is not a drop of mercy
as they plummet to the ground

Snowflakes, though, are plump and fluffy
and the wind whips them around
They know how to make an entrance
waltzing in as if to say
“Now I’m here, the party’s started”
winter is a time to play

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

Our Moment

Life's extremely brief
that's true
compared to all that's gone before
and all the time that is to come
it's just a bit
but it is something
we should make the most of it
since that is all that we can do

Vicious Circle

I'm not a famous poet
And so, no one reads my work
And so, I'm not a famous poet
It's a vicious circle

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
Just keeps moving 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

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

Thoughts on Animal Spirituality

Dog spelled backward is God
The Russian for God is Bog
But dogs don't care about stuff like that,
They're busy being dogs

Ultimate Survivors

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

Matter and Anti-Matter

Matter, matter, anti-matter
Anti-matter, matter
In theory they will mutually self-destruct
So, if they were equivalent
throughout the universe
Boom! Kerflooy!
We'd be out of luck

Follow the Leader

You can follow your mind
and you'll find what you find
and you may become very smart
and when it's your feelings
with which you are dealing
then maybe you'll follow your heart
if you follow your gut
you'll get into a rut
sometimes our instincts aren't true
if you follow the road
then you'll get where it goes
but all of the others will, too
there are so many choices
and so many voices
telling us what we all need
but here's my advice
and it comes at no price
try not to follow, but lead

The Birth of Forever

We are diurnal creatures, and the way
we see things is determined by that fact
the dome above our heads is blue or gray
and then we go to sleep when it turns black

Like an infant still inside the womb
we're safe within our amniotic sac
we really do not need a lot of room
and once we leave, there'll be no turning back

We have here everything that humans need
It's comfortable, there isn't any doubt
water, air, and all good things to eat
and yet, the stars are beckoning: come out

Some day, we'll be delivered from this light
and we will live forever in the night