

*Every Day is  
a Butterfly*

*yet another book of poems*

*by Willie Watson*

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Published in 2020  
Prague, Czech Republic

*also by Willie Watson:*

*Rheets 2019*

*Cup of Tea*

*The Quest for Enlightenment and Stuff*

*Rheets 2018*

*Paradox*

*Rheets 2017*

*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*

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*The Guru Kalehuru and Other Poems*

*Poems from Prague*

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# Introduction

Here I am again writing an introduction to my latest book of poetry and totally unaware of who's going to read it, which means self-publishing is actually just a higher tech version of writing on bathroom walls, which I must admit I have done in my life, but it has it's own limitation. You have to actually be in a toilet when you're writing and that's a bit demeaning.

If ever there were two functions that should be kept as separate as possible, it's pooping and writing.

However, writing an introduction is important for a couple of reasons. One is that it adds a couple of pages to a very thin book. Poetry books are generally shorter than other kinds of books, at any rate books intended for adults. I don't really need it to be thick, just enough to be visible on the shelf and not look like a pamphlet.

Also, people expect to see an introduction. It makes it feel like more of a real thing ("lends legitimacy," they say) and, for the author, is a salve against imposture syndrome. "Of course it's a real book, see, it's got an introduction and everything!"

But the main reason is to introduce the material, which if it's any good shouldn't require any introduction. They often say, at poetry readings, that a poet should avoid introductions and I've seen many a case where introductions rambled on for a long time, longer than you really wanted to dedicate to listening to the poem without any introduction, and I've seen them go longer than the poem itself.

So, I'll try to keep this brief. The title is from the poem of the same name, which is maybe not the most representative of the poems in this book. I was going to go with Stream of Continuity (the original, working title was Chocolate Chip Cookie, but that was totally random) and Stream of Continuity got Helena's vote, but the kids both voted for Every Day's a Butterfly, just based on the name.

I wouldn't say it's my favorite poem in the book, but it's near the top of the list, and I do particularly like that line. I also like the poem because it's one of those poems that came out quickly, it practically wrote itself during one early morning train ride. Those are fun. I totally agree with Gertrude Stein when she said "I don't like writing. I like having written."

Like children, I do want all of my poems to stand on their own, but sometimes they do need a bit of explanation. The title "All great truths begin as blasphemies" is a quote from George Bernard Shaw. Somebody posted it as a meme on Facebook, and that was my prompt.

Another one that began life as a Facebook meme is "Nominee for the Worst Poem Ever Written." The last two lines, in Czech, mean "One who has an itchy butt in the evening, has a stinky finger in the morning." It sounds very funny in Czech, and all I had to do was add the first two lines in English to make it rhyme and boom!, instant poem.

The poem Prison Planet is a bit problematic, because it expresses an opinion which I'm opposed to, but

the words just tumbled out that way and it rhymes and makes sense so it goes in the book. It sort of seems to imply that we should forget about space exploration and just worry about the problems facing us on Earth, and I hate that idea. We need to get out there and explore the universe, because we will never understand the true nature of the universe unless we do.

Poets, other artists, philosophers and theologians may speculate, but we don't know shit, really. Science is important.

That's about it, I can't think of any others that need an introduction at all. They are straightforward poems and there are a lot of them, so more bang for the buck than your average poetry collection. Enjoy!

Willie Watson

## **Every Day's a Butterfly**

I get up in the morning  
and I waddle to the loo  
just the same as several billion  
other people do

I have a cup of coffee  
and I give my head a shake  
as my dreams fade to oblivion  
I try to come awake

I illuminate a screen  
and in that glaring light  
I catch up on all that's happened  
through the long....dark...night

Light is coming to the world  
the stars begin to dim  
there is a transition at this  
cycle of the spin

There are changes coming  
and I hope they're coming soon  
Every day's a butterfly  
each night is a cocoon

## Macro Metaphoria

The sun is one big smile emoji  
shining in the sky  
and the leaves fall from the autumn trees  
like dying butterflies  
flowers in the meadow bloom  
a symbol of our hope  
and, of course, the tail of an elephant  
is very like a rope  
a mountain is foreboding  
but it's something we can climb  
and the old, and steady river flowing  
symbolizes time  
the wind is but a whisper  
and the ocean is a roar  
and there are opportunities  
that lie behind each door  
tears (and therefore sadness)  
are symbolized by rain  
and continuity is shown  
by the image of a train  
a million, billion brilliant stars  
are like the thoughts we think  
and the golden chain of a bracelet  
may represent a link  
everything that's circular  
is something like a ring  
everything's a metaphor  
for every other thing

## **All We Can Do**

Nobody knows what's going on  
the world is too complex  
all we can do is carry on  
and wait for what comes next

## **The Progress of March**

The trees are mostly barren still  
but changes can be seen  
on each successive day in March  
there is a bit more green

## **The Optimum Genre**

Some poems are long and contemplative  
some are short and funny  
I wish that I could write the kind  
that make a poet money

## **The Pitfall of Self-Publishing**

We write and write and write and write  
all day long and through the night  
I don't know why, it doesn't pay  
but more folks write than read these days

## **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

## **Sciences v. Humanities**

Science has to be exact  
and math has to be exact  
one answer's right  
all others wrong  
it's unforgiving  
that's a fact  
it's admirable  
and it's sound  
but, in my own life,  
I have found  
my mind just doesn't  
work that way  
and artists get to fuck around

## **Diversity Within Utopia**

Some folks like heavy metal  
and some like rock and roll  
yet others like an opera  
that elevates the soul

Some like romantic comedies  
and others like sci-fi  
and some folks, inexplicably  
like films that make them cry

Some people crave adventure  
and some like gourmet food  
and some like lots of different things  
depending on their mood

None of this is right or wrong  
and no one is to blame  
of all the people in the world  
no two are quite the same

Some people like the city  
and some people like the town  
and some folk like the hilly bits  
where the road goes up and down

Some can't stay in one place  
but move around a lot  
other folks are quite content  
to stay in one sweet spot

Some people like the mountains  
and some people like the sea  
it would be nice if everyone  
could be where they want to be

So, as we are planning utopia  
in our grand design  
all of our different visions of that  
must be kept in mind

## **Monday Morning, On My Way**

Monday morning  
on my way  
and so begins  
another day  
another week  
a brand new cycle  
there will be things  
I will like  
a lot  
and some things  
not so much  
everything  
we see and touch  
consolidates reality  
maintains our true trajectory  
and we don't know  
where we will be  
Five or twenty years from now  
I hope it all turns out O.K.  
Monday morning  
on my way

## **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

## **Changing the Definition**

All the words and the letters  
that we have in stock  
get put together in different ways  
so, we could call them "writer's blocks"  
and that would make it sound O.K.

## **Qualities and Criteria**

Knives should be sharp

Colors should be bright

Food should be delicious

Decisions should be right

Students should be brilliant

Athletes should be fit

There is not much point in being,  
if it's just being shit

## **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

## **The Relationship of Aspects**

So many aspects to every moment  
so many aspects to each situation  
social, historical, green, biological  
financial, cultural, ideological  
religious, artistic, pop ,philosophical  
any point can be the center  
any point can be the focus  
any point can be the starting of a never  
ending line  
moving through all of the other aspects,  
all of space and all of time

## **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

## Contact

It was a sunny day on Earth  
but rainy in some spots  
it was hot in the Sahara  
but, in Finland it was not

There were 8 billion people  
standing on this ancient ground  
of course that's not meant literally  
some were sitting down

Some were flying through the air  
Some lying on the beach  
but still, somewhere on planet Earth  
there was a place for each

From Capetown to Kamchatka  
from Detroit to Alice Springs  
people were just being people  
Doing people things

Then some of them looked up  
Into the overarching sky  
and the first words to escape their lips  
were "Shit, we're gonna die"

Others saw the spaceships  
which had suddenly appeared  
But merely shrugged and said  
"That's kind of weird."

They went back into their houses  
And they turned on their TV  
so some talking head could tell them  
what they could plainly see

Others gaped in wonder  
amazement, shock and awe  
Filled with curiosity  
About the ships they saw

Some were quite excited  
By this massive revelation  
As all their wildest fantasies  
had just got confirmation

“Surely they’re benevolent”  
The sci-fi people said  
“there is no earthly reason  
why they should want us dead

They’ve come so far across the void  
(we’d like to ask them how)  
and if they meant to zap us  
we’d have all been zapped by now”

So, people argued back and forth  
about their true intent  
Who they were, where they were from  
and why they had been sent

What was their form of government  
what did they like to eat  
how many individuals  
were in this mighty fleet

Did they have sports, and music,  
entertainment, art  
did they have blood within their veins  
did they have a heart

It was a time in history  
uncertain and quite scary  
and then, after some time had passed  
they sent an emissary

A creature with a giant head  
And eyes as big as eggs  
olive green in color  
with short and spindly legs

It had noodly appendages  
waving all around  
and when it opened up its beak  
there was a screeching sound

Attention! People of the Earth  
we've been observing you  
and now we must determine  
what we're going to do

We've watched all your TV shows  
and we've read your internet  
we should probably destroy you  
but we won't do that just yet

We aren't in any hurry  
to blast you out of space  
so we're prepared to hear you  
if you want to make your case

## **The Brilliance of the Beam**

When the sun comes up in the morning  
and it's going down for the night  
the slanted angle of its rays  
that strike the windows of the city  
are so brilliant and so bright  
that it leaves us dazed  
although it's also rather pretty  
blinded momentarily,  
we are amazed and stunned  
as if we've seen, on Earth, a second sun

## **Beauty**

A beautiful woman, a beautiful flower,  
a beautiful bird in flight  
a beautiful building, a beautiful home,  
these are all beautiful sights  
A beautiful kitten, a beautiful ring,  
a beautiful day at the beach  
The world is made up of beautiful things,  
and there is a beauty to each

## **Prison Planet**

We are confined  
within this space  
the sky above  
the ground below  
and in between  
is everything  
we'll ever touch,  
or taste, or know  
or see close up  
without the aid  
of some devices  
that we've made  
though telescopes  
are really great  
they do not change  
our current state  
and so they mostly  
serve to show  
how very far  
we have to go  
our current options  
are quite clear  
we have to deal  
with what is here  
and all the problems  
that we find  
within this space  
where we're confined

## **The Limitation of Light**

Everything that we perceive  
All that comes within our sight  
upon this world in which we live  
Is an expression of the light  
and also sounds and scents and stuff  
But mostly it's just light

Yet this small world in which we live  
Circles round a brilliant sun  
that gives us all it has to give  
But it is just a tiny spark  
within the never-ending night  
in a universe of dark

Back before we first drew breath  
in the darkness of the womb  
safe, secure and well concealed  
In our tiny, private room  
and when we're done with life  
it will be still, and dark, within our tomb

Deep below the Earth we find  
in the kingdom of the blind  
the worms and sightless creatures  
of the underworld abound  
in the dank and slowly  
decomposing underground

Everything that now exists  
and everything that always will  
starts within the non-existence  
in the deep, eternal night  
where everything is dark, and still  
there is an unearthly chill

## **River in the Sky**

I watch the clouds go drifting by  
on the currents in the air  
like a river in the sky  
moving on, without a care

## **Compulsion**

Some people have a horrid urge  
which they cannot deny  
just to keep on talking  
although they don't know why  
And some say that they are poets  
and I guess that that's O.K.  
but their poems would be much better  
had they anything to say

## **Relentless Darkness**

Where Schroedinger and Shakespeare  
meet within a twisted dream  
the bush and bear could pop up  
almost anywhere, it seems  
where the stream of consciousness to be  
Isn't yet a stream

There lie possibilities  
And alternate realities  
and different dimensions  
all exist there in their latency  
and bide their time, complacently  
within that great obscurity

and some of them will come to be  
a part of everything we see  
but life is short, and then we die  
not knowing what we're living for  
and the darkness all around us  
always will be so much more

## **All That We Don't Know**

We cast our eyes upon the sea  
and the sea goes on and on  
and we dream exotic dreams  
about the lands that lie beyond  
but we can not imagine  
how much we do not know  
we have not seen the sea  
until we've seen the sea below  
It's an alternate reality  
strange sights, unearthly sounds  
in a fluid atmosphere  
that goes the whole world round  
When we're walking down the street  
or even down the hall  
we see so many doorways  
but we can not try them all  
Behind each one a world exists  
a world we are not in  
We are seeking for connections  
but where do we begin?  
Each person sees the universe  
through their own set of eyes  
and each makes a different world  
from images they find  
As deep as any ocean  
and as closed as any door  
is the world inside  
another person's mind

## **Revelation**

With a reading of the Tarot cards  
and a cup of herbal tea  
With a trek into the mountains  
or a voyage 'cross the sea  
Hypnosis, psychoanalysis  
or the interpretation of dreams  
there are things to be discovered  
in all of these it seems  
Movies, art and music  
have a lot of things to say  
and science gives us  
brand new information every day  
There are different ways to look at things  
and each has it's appeal  
Just try to keep an open mind  
and the truth will be revealed

## **The Voices Inside All Our Heads**

The voices inside all our heads  
are talking, talking, talking to us  
when we're talking to each other  
are those voices talking through us?

## **Shit Voters**

If the only choice we had  
was just to vote for `good` or `bad`  
all spelled out clear as clear  
and plain as day  
I still don't know if people would  
vote the way I think they should  
folks are kind of stubborn  
in that way

## **Smartometer**

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

## **Light Is Everywhere We Look**

Everything is linked to light  
energy is linked to light  
matter is linked to energy,  $e=mc^2$ ,  
light is everywhere we look  
light is everywhere

## **Nature's Christmas**

In October, when the leaves  
are yellow, orange and red  
each tree is like a Christmas tree  
but natural, instead

## **The Overwhelming Force of Mediocrity**

Each sun throughout the universe  
is blazing, bold and bright  
and bathes its tiny planets  
in a warm and gentle light

but from a cosmic viewpoint  
each is just a little spark  
in a vast and silent blackness  
in a universe of dark

Each flower is so beautiful  
each petal so precise  
they give off a lovely fragrance  
and they're really very nice

but the reason they are so unique  
and what gives them their power  
is that everything outside of them  
is, simply, not a flower

There are clever folk among us  
who write books and have great plans  
and theories and hypotheses  
that no one understands

and they could save the planet  
but their brilliance doesn't count  
us stupid folk outnumber them  
by SUCH a large amount

## **The Danger of Artificial Intelligence**

They'll know what you eat  
and they'll know when you sleep  
they'll know all the ways  
that you're sort of a creep  
they'll know where you go  
and they'll know what you say  
and they'll know how you vote  
there's no getting away  
a decade or two and I think you will find  
the AI machines will control all our minds

## **With Apologies to Robert Frost**

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood  
and I took the one less traveled  
but knowing how way leads onto way  
that's how my life's unraveled

## **Original Sin**

Some folks say we all begin  
with a thing called original sin  
so we wear a ton of clothing  
all religion is self-loathing

## **The Transformative Power of a Kiss**

Matter and energy, matter and energy  
Move through the universe, looking for trouble  
looping and swirling, and drifting and curling  
And constantly transforming into each other

Stars and whole galaxies, clashes! Calamities!  
Atmospheres form that can burst like a bubble  
Life may arise under blue summer skies  
Or perhaps a more sullen, tempestuous cover

All of creation is just transformation  
a changing from one state, into another one  
there is no end and there was no beginning  
this is a deal which will never be done

The trees in the forest, each one is a spire  
They reach for the sun, then they're food for  
the fire  
the flames reach so high, and they crackle and  
spark  
like wannabe stars in an ocean of dark

Two pairs of lips, on two separate people  
pulled, like two magnets, into a kiss  
there's an explosion of rapture and ecstasy  
bright flaming passion and infinite bliss

Matter and energy, matter and energy  
looking for trouble, they're always to blame  
a permanent change in the lives of two people  
and nothing ever will be the same

## **Thoughts on Formal Poetry**

Roses are red, Violets are blue  
Sonnets are sonnets, haiku are haiku  
Both, at least partially, are defined  
by the number of syllables in each line  
If you don't want to follow those rules  
Call it something else  
and it's still cool

## **Nominee for Worst Poem Ever Written**

Of all the poems ever written  
This, in fact, may be the worst  
Koho večer svědí zadek  
tomu ráno smrdí prst

## **Kill Your TV**

When you're walking down the street  
on a sunny day  
you'll see lots of people sitting  
at outdoor cafés  
eating, drinking, talking, laughing  
and it's understood  
that, in this sweet moment  
life is good  
Regard the birds up in the sky,  
who flit from tree to tree  
and fill our souls with happiness  
because they are so free  
Or smell the flowers as you walk  
along the flowery lane  
and let their fragrant pheromones  
float freely through your brain  
See the children in the park  
how joyously they play  
among the leaves of autumn  
or the bursting buds of May  
A walk outdoors will almost always  
help improve your mood  
but just watch the news five minutes  
And you'll know that we're all screwed

## **Still Not That Good**

Movies are the model of the worlds we'd like  
to make  
and contrariwise, some worlds which we would  
not  
They're not exactly science,  
but they're more than simply fake  
They're the best guide to the future that we've  
got

## **Enough to Make You Cry**

If you have an onion  
which you divide by pi  
now it's an opinion  
do not ask me why

## **Streams of Continuity**

Embedded in reality  
are streams of continuity  
the DNA which moves  
from soul to soul throughout eternity  
Each copulation is a link  
within the chain of destiny  
from infants in the nursery  
through schools and universities  
to scientists, who chip away  
at all the ancient mysteries  
of physics and biology  
and art and archaeology  
the micro and the macro  
are all part of one cosmogony  
The river that runs to the sea  
that is absorbed into the sky  
then falls as gentle rain upon  
the flowers, houses, streets and trees  
from infinite complexity  
a pattern of simplicity  
are streams of continuity  
embedded in reality

## **All Great Truths Begin as Blasphemies**

All great oaks begin as acorns  
Everything is growing, changing  
Everything is rearranging  
We are human, we are yearning  
for more knowledge, so we're learning  
as we feed that primal urge  
sometimes, when we're very lucky  
there are truths which will emerge

## **Incel Rebellion**

When people who are not oppressed  
go marching in the street  
and they wave their misspelled banners  
and stomp their angry feet  
“We are white, male, heterosexuals!  
Life is so unfair!”  
We all just look at them and laugh  
`cause no one really cares

## **I Have a 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

## **The Multipolar Mind**

In a world of laughter and tears  
pain and pleasure  
hopes and fears  
The wind in the treetops  
the birds in the sky  
a sweet hint of freedom  
yet, everything dies  
In a world of day and night  
so many gradations  
and changes of light  
the glow of the candle  
to bright neon signs  
the colors and shapes  
and different designs  
In a world of science and magic  
thought and language  
music and art  
Where every ending  
is a beginning  
and sums can be greater  
than all of their parts

In a world of trees and flowers  
oceans and rivers  
and puddles and streams  
rocks and insects  
and reality  
never quite  
measuring up to our dreams  
In a world of infinite time  
where we measure our years  
in days and in minutes  
we've stories and legends  
and books and movies  
this world has so many worlds  
within it  
In a world so complicated  
in a world of so much stuff  
bi-polar thinking's not nearly enough

## **Eternal Music**

Music transcends time  
Music transcends space  
Music transcends social strata  
gender, age, and race  
It's in the air, it's all around  
it gets inside your head  
and there will still be music  
even after we are dead

## **After the Virus**

Things were looking mighty bleak  
for human civilization  
there was famine, war,  
environmental degradation  
we were wrapping things in plastic  
and raising the next generation  
to unleash them on the world  
without an education  
it clearly looked, for all with eyes  
like a hopeless situation  
and then, within a virus  
there was a slight mutation  
that spread throughout the world  
and killed off half the population  
and then, the air and water cleared  
as if a new world had appeared  
and trees, and grass and flowers grew  
as if it had been born anew  
and underneath its soft, blue sky  
were lots of bees and butterflies  
Sure, people mourned for all the lives  
of parents, children, husbands, wives  
and then they went back out again  
to rebuild the world of men  
they plowed the Earth for miles around  
and sucked more oil from the ground  
because....nature tends to set things right  
but human beings aren't that bright

## **It's a Web**

Each road leads to another road  
and so the whole world is interconnected  
every problem has a solution  
everything can be corrected

## **Day by Day**

The past is gone, it can't be changed  
and we are here and now  
we just keep going day by day  
as best as we know how

## **Time Change**

Dip your toe into the stream  
and feel the water rushing past  
time can be like that, it seems  
and nothing's meant to last

In our dreams, the flow's less steady  
change can happen instantly  
as if time itself had come  
untethered from reality

Then we wake, and time returns  
proceeding at its measured pace  
I wish I could, I wish I could  
go back into the dreaming place

## **Acceptance**

Happiness comes in the absence of worry  
Happiness comes when you're feeling no pain  
It doesn't cost money to laugh at what's funny  
to walk in the sunshine, to dance in the rain  
Good food, good friends,  
drinks and good music  
all we have to do is accept what is there  
some people might call this  
"a lack of ambition"  
but if you are happy, you don't have to care

## **The Human Code**

You may think of blank, white paper  
as a canvas or a screen  
and the ink is shaped in symbols  
it's a code  
people have been writing down  
the things they see and hear  
for about the last 10,000  
years or so  
it's a recording of our species  
all our hopes and all our dreams  
of a future world  
which hasn't happened yet  
words of wisdom, words of comfort  
words of love and words of joy  
are in the letters of the alphabet

## **Historical Turning Point**

At some point in the future  
when no one's wearing masks  
our children and our grandkids  
most certainly will ask  
Where were you, and what did you do  
during the quarantine?  
Who were you with,  
and how were you changed  
in the era of Covid-19?

## **The Factor of Relevance in Perception and Memory**

We see so many things each day  
and touch and hear them, too  
some make an impression  
but most things never do  
until we have a reason  
then suddenly we care  
and we say "Oh, gee, I didn't even  
know that that was there"

## **March, 2020**

The Forsythia are blooming  
great tufts of golden light  
and the daisies scattered on the lawn  
are little dots of white  
The willow trees are all decked out  
in a soft and friendly green  
and there isn't so much traffic  
so the air is fresh and clean  
It is the season of rebirth  
you see it far and wide  
Spring, sweet spring is on the Earth  
and we're all stuck inside  
Soon, the crisis will be passed  
the sad part is that then  
we will all rush back outside  
and muck it up again

## **Working on a Building**

Primary colors, the Table of Elements  
All of the alphabets, notes on a scale  
These are the bricks  
of the building we're building  
these are the signs  
that are marking the trail  
As we go forward, into the future  
building a world that's not bound by reality  
outside of time and all physical laws  
it isn't perfect yet, it's just a prototype  
it has its problems and it has its flaws  
Exploring this land of wonders and visions  
there's no way to know what  
we're going to find  
there are no mysteries deeper and darker  
than those that are hidden  
inside our own minds  
Adding, subtracting,  
and mixing and stirring  
deleting the bad and embracing the good  
some day we'll live in a global utopia  
Live long and prosper, just like we should

## **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