

*Diamonds
on Uranus*

*a book of poems
by Willie Watson*

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also by Willie Watson:

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

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for their contribution to the cover photo**

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Introduction

I considered naming this book *Layers of Existence* because that's a poem that, when I read it in public, got a much better response than I'd anticipated. That is, I liked the poem, of course, I wrote it, but I was surprised to hear a collective gasp in the crowd as I read it. Perhaps that was an optimistic perception, wish fulfillment on the part of a Standup Poet, but that plus people's comments afterwards convinced me that for once I'd done what I set out to do, made people think and maybe view reality in a somewhat different light.

On the other hand, *Diamonds on Uranus* also got a positive reception, laughter instead of wonder, and so, since I always like to keep it light, and since it's really a much catchier title, I decided to go with that. I have my friend Valentina Huber to thank for the inspiration. She posted an article explaining the science of it all and wrote "OK, will one of my musician friends write a song called "Raining diamonds on Uranus"? Well, I am not a musician, but I have been known to pen lyrics now and again, so I took up the challenge and the result is the poem you see in this book. If any actual musicians would like to put it to music and perform it, I'd be totally O.K. with that.

There are a few other poems I would like to make special note of. In the poem 'Futility' I open with the line 'I write a blog most every day.' I must confess that is no longer true. I wrote a blog most every day for about 10 years, but this year I decided to cut myself some slack and maybe just write one every other day,

but then there's the problem with slippery slopes, they just get slipperier and slipperier, and I'm down to about one a week, sometimes even worse. I still do write a blog, though, and you can find it at gurukalehuru.com, and you can also find most of my poetry there, the vast majority anyway, and any of it that's worth finding.

I often say, if anyone asks, which really isn't that often at all, like ever, but here in this introduction I have the chance to answer the question nobody's ever asked, so, I have 3 rules when writing poetry. They are rules I have set for myself and most of the time I abide by them but, of course, being my own rules, I am allowed to break them.

A poem should rhyme.

A poem should have meter.

A poem should mean something.

Of those three, the most important one is the 3rd one, but I would say that the poem Chocolate, in this book, violates the shit out of that rule. It is true, I do have a great love for chocolate, but that is hardly meaningful and does not impart any wisdom, or a particular view of the universe, or help anybody with their life, or anything like that. It is so meaningless and puerile that I considered leaving it out, but when I read it in public people liked it O.K. and were not bothered by its lack of social significance, so it's in.

Every Man is an Island, on the other hand, does have a meaning, but I must confess, it is one that is diametrically opposed to my basic philosophy of life. I see the political world as divided into two basic

philosophies: there are the 'we're all in the same boat' people, and there are the 'every man for himself' people. Like John Donne, I am very much in the 'all in the same boat, no man is an island' camp. Yet, this poem argues the exact opposite point, and does not do so ironically. Nonetheless, I'm leaving it in. It came out of my mind, from my fingers onto my keyboard onto my screen and now onto the printed page. Poems are like children, once they are born they are what they are, and the parent (or the poet) just has to let it be.

I would also like to note that, as I type this, my 20th wedding anniversary was two days ago. That is relevant because most of my books have been produced within that time and could not ever have been without the co-operation of my beautiful and brilliant wife, Helena. She not only has mad computer skills and can do things in a couple of seconds that I would struggle over for days and still not accomplish, but she is also valuable as an editor and critic of my work.

Thank you, Sugar Plum, for this book and for all the books and for everything else.

Dedication

**All the gardens in the world
Here's to the folks who grow 'em
and here's to all the little boats
and all the folks who row 'em
Here's to everyone I know
and all of those who know 'em
To all of these and many more
I dedicate this poem**

Presentiment

**It's a spirited day in the Spring of the year
although it's still technically winter, and so
it should feel colder, and more bitter
when the wind so fiercely blows**

**and the rain is intermittent
swirling, swirling in gusts and surges
riding on the waves of wind
everything is turning, spinning
there's a spirit that's emerging**

**As the raindrops hit the ground
they pierce the surface and move down
and soon we'll see
a spreading green
where now it's barren and it's brown**

**as the world keeps turning round
as the darkness turns to light
with longer days and shorter nights
I can't help but get a feeling
that the future will be bright**

In Any Medium

**Posting online is just like talking
in a basic way**

**Often, those who post the most
have the least to say**

Primal Squawk

**That part of our existence
that's within the public square
is mostly just to let the others
know that we are there**

An Ornithological Question

**When the leaves fall from the trees
and it is time for birds to leave
their nests abandoned, vacant, free
they've served their purpose, I believe**

**Till they come back in Spring and then
I wonder what it is they do
Do they just move back in again
or recycle and build anew?**

Words and Birds

**Words are like birds
they fly through the air
and carry our thoughts
to another dimension**

**an alternate place
that exists in the space
inside of our minds
what a lovely invention**

Randomly Generated Universes

**Peeling plaster from the walls
or motley stains in bathroom stalls
patterns forming in the rust
to most people's eyes they just
show dereliction, so much crap
but others see a mysterious map
of far-off, ancient Anatolia
that is the world of paraidolia**

Progression

There is order in the chaos
there is chaos in the order
and they're moving through each other
like the dancers on the stage

and everything is changing
rearranging and becoming
a thing that never was before
and then we turn the page

There are quanta to advancement
there are steps to climb the pyramid
and we are all ascending
faster than we were before

when we reach the summit
we could stumble and we'd plummet
or we could reach out our hand
and open up the door

It's the portal of transcendence
the gateway to enlightenment
the never-ending story
and it all turns out O.K.

as we live and as we learn
there will be twists, there will be turns
but the purpose of our journey
is just being on the way

If Only

**If we were smarter
and we could be smarter
we'd live in a world
without pollution,**

**poverty, homelessness,
refugees, hopelessness,
famine, and war
they all have solutions**

**if we were smarter
we'd change the rules
and not let the world
be destroyed by fools**

Chill

Chill

and let your mind go wandering
any random where it will
soon, a poem will be written
and the emptiness be filled

That's the path of least resistance
it's a common law of nature
that's the way the universe
maintains the balance
that it does

There may be a higher meaning
there may be a final purpose
or there may be no such thing
what happens, happens
just because

Chill

and let your thoughts go wandering
it's a pleasant thing to do
if a poem isn't written
emptiness is lovely, too

The World of TAROT

**Money, power, love, and fame
are given faces, given names
in a simple deck of cards
which contains a universe
in which the secrets of your soul
and your desires are revealed
when the cards are on the table
there is nothing that's concealed
and you may see your destiny
and all the places you may go
in a simple deck of cards
in the world of the TAROT**

A Harsh Truth

**It's your body that makes the decisions
far more than your head
If I didn't have to pee
I'd never get out of bed**

Sign of a True Poet

**Some people hate Bukowski
while some express devotion
He must have something going on
to evoke such strong emotions**

The Big Lie

**Every spy show that I see
in the movies, on TV
is an exotic fantasy
that's set in lovely places**

**Paris, Bali, Rome and Greece
gorgeous mansions, penthouse suites
their flashy cars race through the streets
such exciting chases**

**Everyone is so well dressed
their hair is never even messed
the wine they drink must be the best
on their quest for glory**

**The world they live in is divine
elegance and great design
it's not at all like yours and mine
that wouldn't fit the story**

The Attic of History

**Where there is less water,
erosion is slower
the desert is, therefore,
the attic of history
stark desert light
and the dark desert nights
preserving the sense
of a lingering mystery**

Relax

**In the madness and confusion
of our day-to-day existence
of the changing world we live in
hateful, twisted, harsh and sleazy
there's a point to self-delusion
it can make our lives quite easy
when in trouble and in doubt
just light one up
and tune it out**

Man will never be free until the last king is strangled with the entrails of the last priest.

Denis Diderot

Enough

**Man will never be free...enough
or rich enough, or happy enough
or successful enough, or good enough
because we can always be better
The problem is, with each election
we seem to be moving the other direction**

It's Inevitable

**It's good to meet new people
online or wherever you go
you should give it a shot
but they'll be, like as not
just as bad as the people you know**

Fleeting Anger

**In autumn, when we change the clocks
and move one hour back
we all take to our keyboards
and we go on the attack
for just about a day or two and then
we wait until the springtime
and we do it all again**

Hypocrisy

**They all convened in Glasgow
and many words were spoken
about the world's environment
and the ways in which it's broken
they acted very serious, and yet
most of them arrived by private jet**

That Thing McLuhan Said

**We, who wrote on shithouse walls
now post upon the internet
we have a wider audience
but the level's not much changed, as yet**

Futility

**I write a blog most every day
because I have a lot to say
about the way things are today
there's so much that is not O.K.
in all I see before me**

**The writing is a simple deed
which fulfills a basic need
to strike a light, to plant a seed
to write, though few will ever read
and even they ignore me**

Socrates

**Socrates drank hemlock
when he could have chosen exile
brilliant, sure, but kind of weird
and probably a pedophile**

Retrospective

**Men want younger women
women want younger men
we all wish we were younger
we had so much fun back then**

Ephemerality

**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**

Consolation

**What's unknown will always be
greater than what's known
it's fortunate for all of us
we're not in this alone**

Becoming

With every single book I read
each time I follow, or I lead
with every time I plant a seed
each movie that I see

With every time I change my seat
each post I post, each tweet I tweet
with every vegetable I eat
each time I climb a tree

With every single step I take
with every sandwich that I make
with every piece of chocolate cake
I greedily devour

Each drop of rain that strikes my skin
each time I lose, each time I win
with every project I begin
slowly grows the tower

With every statement that I utter
every mumbled curse I mutter
when I stumble in the gutter
or I slam a door

With every moment of each day
each one I meet along the way
each thing I hear, each thing I say
adds a little more

With every time I tell a joke
with every doobie that I smoke
with every time I go for broke
each muscle that I strain

With every coffee that I drink
with every random thought I think
every moment makes a link
in the growing chain

With every time I ride a bike
every time I take a hike
I change a little bit, just like
the filter feeding clam

that sucks the water from the sea
to build its own anatomy
as it is, so I will be
becoming what I am

Frost, Revisited

**The road not taken
is forsaken
but it's just a road not taken, yes?**

**No.
It's a whole
alternative timeline
the road forsaken
turns and branches
and diverges more and more
The butterfly will flap its wings
the waves will crash upon the shore
in every world that we're not in
the ghostly worlds of might have been**

Anti-Social Media

**It's anti-social media
we really ought to say
with all the slander
and the hate
we see there every day
We're mean and we are nasty
and we call each other names
we are quick to point our fingers
We are quick to lay the blame
Like any drunken conversation
in a random pub, I guess
But, the threat of violence is less**

The Banality of Insanity

**Some people are artists, musicians, and poets
some people are accountants and clerks
some people are farmers,
and doctors, and teachers
sometimes it's a calling and sometimes it's work
But psychopaths come in all shapes and all sizes
all races, religions, and countries as well
A psychopath could be anybody
They walk among us there's no way to tell**

Chocolate

I love chocolate
chewy, gooey chocolate
How much do I love chocolate?
I love it quite a lot
If you have some chocolate
and you're not eating all of it
sweet, sweet chocolate
give me all you've got
I love it in a candy bar
or in a chocolate cake
I will eat it in a car
or sitting by a lake
I love it in a pudding
I love it as a drink
I love it in a cookie
maybe best of all, I think
I love chocolate
chewy, gooey chocolate
I love chocolate
I love it quite a lot

The Conga Line of Death

**When we're out walking on the street
the cars go whizzing by
it's just their wheels that touch the ground
they're flying through the sky**

**But every day at 4 o'clock
everything slows down
as front to back they inch their way
all around the town**

**It happens everywhere on Earth
at just that time of day
we sit, trapped, within our cars
as our future slips away**

**Gasoline does not burn clean
and it will stop our breath
the cars move slowly forward
in a conga line of death**

Miracle Enough

**There is a quirk within the human mind
that makes us want to search for the divine
We speak of God and Heaven
And all that religious stuff
But existence, sweet existence
should be miracle enough**

The Near Complete Irrelevance of Origins

**Arguing over the origins of our holidays
spoil the mood
Christmas is all about presents
Thanksgiving's about the food**

Toast

**Each generation known to man
each nomadic tribe and clan
from the time that we began
has had a few rare weirdos**

**They sometimes went outside the rules
made new weapons, made new tools
to be used by lesser fools
and so we have advanced**

**Not step by step, not logically
but in bursts, sporadically
it could have happened differently
it all was up to chance**

**Like random sprinkles on the cake
the glints of sunlight on the lake
bursts of brilliance, sweet mistakes
here's to all the weirdos**

A Rock in Space

**Around and around on a rock we fly
a rock that's just spinning around in the sky
Did you ever stop to wonder why
We live on a rock in space?
We live on a rock that's spinning in space
'cause we can't live any other place
There ain't no oxygen out in space
and we'd just choke and die**

It's Not Me...

**The things we do, the steps we take
depend upon the situation
So, too, the words and tone we choose
in any given conversation
If I sound condescending, and sarcastic
which I sometimes do
Remember, that's just in response to you**

Arbitrary

**The numbers on the calendar
we use are arbitrary
they aren't any good at marking change
at least not very**

**2021 is done
but it is not to blame
and 2022 will bring us
much more of the same**

**The world will keep on turning,
and change will come, it's true
Let's hope it's for the good next time
'cause we are overdue**

What We All Share

The internet's a travel space
and people put their photos there
of everywhere they've ever been
and everywhere they are

The mountains where they like to ski
some giant boulders by the sea
the deserts haunting mystery
and cities near and far

The world is seen
upon my screen
and I can look through others' eyes
scenes familiar and serene
while others are a big surprise

But all around this big, blue world
from Dallas to Dubai
sooner or later, everyone
points their camera at the sky

A sunset in Chicago
or one in Malibu
has brilliant streaks of red and gold
across the darkened blue

Fluffy, puffy, soft white clouds
on an afternoon so fair
could be Japan or Kazakhstan
or almost anywhere

A rainbow in Estonia
or Italy, you'll find
is still a magic portal
exquisitely designed

The air we share is everywhere
an overarching dome
that goes all around this planet
that we humans call our home

This oceanic atmosphere
that lets us breathe and live
and shelters us from outer space
still has more to give

It gives us inspiration
serenity and hope
it puts things in perspective
and helps us all to cope

So, please, keep on taking pictures
everything and everywhere
and include a few of the lovely view
of that which we all share

Internal Eternity

I'd like more hours in each day
more minutes to each hour
oh, the things we could accomplish
if we had that magic power

Time goes on forever
but people, we do not
and we must do the best we can
within the time we've got

Immortality would be great
there's so much we could do
but to expand each moment
would be awesome, too

Be the Music

**The beat of the heart
the beat of the drums
that leads us into a rhythm
when everybody moves their feet
we can move in right along with 'em**

**We're all a little bit different
but everybody's the same
everybody's a player
but we also are the game**

Meta

The other day
upon the stair
I met a man
a metaman
I said "Hello, Mr. Metaman
why are you standing there?"
and he said "Where?"
and I said "There"
and he said "No.
I'm standing here"
to which I said "It's relative"
to which he said "O.K."
and went on his merry way
somewhere in the Metaverse
on a lovely Metaday

A Review of ‘Don’t Look Up’

**We cannot trust the corporations
who only want our money
we cannot trust the media
whose view is oh, so sunny
we cannot trust the government
because politicians lie
But we should trust the scientists
if we don’t want to die**

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

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**

Graffito on a Wall Behind the Convent of St. Agnes, in Prague

Evolution

Shock to the system

Regeneration

Evolution

Shock to the system

Regeneration

Evolution

Shock to the system

Regeneration

Each generation

feels new sensations

and has new perceptions

with new information

this can lead to a

shock to the system

regeneration

and evolution

as each generation

looks for solutions

to its current situation

and develops new applications

and combinations

of ancient wisdom

and modern technologies

shaping environments

and ecologies

shaping the world

for the next generation

now is the pivot point

of evolution

A Universal Law

**Whether in print, or on the stage
or just in conversation
There is a rule, which I submit
for your consideration:
everybody gets it wrong
whether now or later
and the longer on you ramble
the chances just get greater**

Somewhere Outside of Time and Space

Breathe in, breathe out
Breathe in, breathe out
feel the coldness of the air
feel the flow of your respiration
feel your body getting lighter
feel your essence leave your body
floating now above the room
floating now above the city
high above the sacred city
see the people down below
drifting down the timeless river
drifting up the long, green valley
see the forests and the mountains
see the farms, and fields, and factories
see the highways and the railroad
everything is in slow motion
everything is barely moving
your perception, in this case
is somewhere outside time and space

you can travel where you want
so, for the purpose of this rhyme
so that I can tell this story
let us now go back in time
about a thousand years ago
perhaps it was a little more
to tell the truth, I do not know
it was so very long ago

there, we see an old man walking
on a pathway, through the wood
though his clothes are old and tattered
he is happy, life is good
he is walking, he is singing
he is singing, without words
whistling to match the wind
and mimicking the call of birds

then he came upon a village
walked into the village square
where the people all were gathered
gathered at a farmers' fair
there he mounted on a barrel
and he spoke unto the crowd
in a voice both soft and friendly
but, appropriately loud

“Come, good people! Bad ones, too
hear the words I have to say
in this enchanted paradise
on this brilliant day
if you listen
to my poem
word for word
and line for line
I will tell you of my vision
I will teach you what's divine”

a handful gathered, most to jeer
his matted hair
his filthy feet
but his voice rang loud and clear
and his words were sweet

He spoke of how the mighty waves
crash against the rocky shore
and shatter into misty spray
before each droplet makes its way
back to the sea once more

He spoke of how the tiny buds
which appear each year in spring
would grow into plants and trees
and flowers to attract the bees
and many other things

Of how the stars up in the sky
which look down on us at night
never really go away
even in the brightest day
but lurk, beyond our sight

He spoke of how for every death
there would be another birth
and what a joy it is to be
alive in this reality
at home upon this Earth

He spoke of hidden magic
and of things that no one knows
and then someone threw a cabbage
and it hit him on the nose

They drove him from the town with sticks
and laughed to see him go
and went back to their normal lives
a thousand years ago

The old man walked till it was dark
and laid down in a farmer's field
another night, another bed
and a cabbage for his meal

Lying there beneath the stars
breathing out and breathing in
the vastness of the universe
he felt the coldness of the air
he felt the flow of his respiration
felt his essence leave his body
floating, high above the world
and looking down upon its face
from somewhere outside time and space

Every Man is an Island

Every man is an island
John Donne was dead flat wrong
and you will never know the world
if you look your whole life long

you visit new countries
you drink their wine
but you don't know what's on their minds

Whatever you see, wherever you go
you're only skimming
the surface, you know

Or you live in one town
for your whole life
you have a couple of kids, a wife
But neither you, nor your kids,
nor your spouse
know what goes on in your neighbor's house

What lies behind another's eyes
is like what lies beneath the sea
a different reality

from him to her from you to me
the universe is so complex
that we don't know what's happening now
and we don't know what's coming next

Slava Ukrajina

**Sunflowers grow across the land
yellow gold, in farmers' fields
tall as trees, almost, they stand
and they produce a steady yield**

**They reach to catch the Sun's sweet rays
up to the sky, so pure and blue
on lovely spring and summer days
their lust for life comes shining through**

**Gold below, and blue above
living in the land they love**

Fifteen Minutes

**Everybody wants to do something
we all want to be in the game
so somebody does something stupid and gets
their fifteen minutes of fame**

Pettiness

**People can be quite absurd
in the way they tend
to quibble over every word
the fighting never ends**

What Would We Do?

What would we do if there was no religion?

could we all deal, with whatever is true?

Would we be nicer to each other?

Would we all start to kill each other?

or would we just invent another?

Yeah... I think that's what we'd do

Infinite Regression

Infinite regression
is the way of our progression
from the macro to the micro
is the loop in which we're caught
it is constantly expanding
and exceeds our understanding
in the never-ending hell
that Mandelbrot

Response to a Fellow Poet

**Sure, you have a penis
just like several billion others
And, O.K., you get a boner
when you see the pretty girls
Do we really need to know it
and does that make you a poet?
It's crude and unoriginal
a swine before the pearls**

Life in Obscurity

**On all our city streets at night
the lights are shining, nice and bright
it can be a pretty sight
but it dims the stars
Things are not as they appear
We only see what's standing near
we have obscured the universe
and don't know where we are**

The Appendix of Intellectual Curiosity

**It could be that theology
at some point in the future
will be like archaeology
or even paleontology
looking deep into our past
as we evolve and grow
or perhaps it is a fundamental
basic, concrete, and essential
part of our psychology
I really do not know**

The Primal Nature of Desire

**Matter and energy
matter and energy
cannot account for
our current existence**

**Cannot account for the
something from nothing
the giant explosion
which now has persistence**

**The mother of bangs that
created the galaxies
stars moons and planets and
all of reality**

**Oceans of fish and the
birds in the sky, and all
other beings that
live till they die**

**Some people say that it
must be a cycle
that great singularity
that first exploded**

**Was, in fact, made up of
very dense matter, just
filled up to bursting with
pressurized energy**

All that was left of the
previous universe
billions of decades
expanding, contracting

Like some giant piston
that's driving the engine
the massive machine of which
we're just a part

a very small, very small,
miniscule part
or maybe it's more like
a great, beating heart

but if that is so, then
we still have the question
how did this cycle of cycles
begin?

While others will tell you
that that's not the case
that before the big bang
was no time and no space

No matter, no energy
no, not a trace
that seems to me to be
magical thinking, but

What do I know?
It could be true
But both of these versions
contain the same paradox

“Nothing” can ever
create something new
so, if matter and energy
cannot account for

The way that things happen
the way that things are
there must be something
that we don't know about

Something existing
outside of existence
A catalyst, something
that can make a spark

Illuminating
the infinite dark
something to set
the stars on fire

Something to set
the planets spinning
something that was
before the beginning

And that something's called desire