

It is

Choice is the only thing that matters
"Self-improvement" is a lie
All is ever as it was
Bliss within an unclosed eye.

.a vision.

I imagine a world where sex is praised not condemned
I imagine a world where expression is lawful
I imagine a world that delights in diversity
I imagine a world where religion is dead
I imagine the death of hurtful tradition
I imagine a world where man knows he is god
A world that doesn't piss in the wind
I imagine a world where we love one another
I imagine a world where education is king
A world where knowledge killed dogma and gave us our wings
I imagine a world with no government
A world with no puppets dangling on fearful strings
I imagine a world where no one can hide
A world where deception is dead
I imagine children raised to be not afraid
A world where no one wears masks
I imagine a world that knows it is One
I imagine an end to our pain and separation
I imagine a world in charge of its destiny
A world that transcended fate
I imagine a world where science cures all
A world where questions are allowed to be asked
I imagine a world that can dry its own tears
I imagine a world without fear.

.fractal.

born of chaos, confusion, and of chance

if i trace backwards the tides of circumstance

and fate

ancestry nature evolution to a single point they come
together

i realize i am a child of the Sun

forever

the virtue of selfish eyes

we focus our eyes upon others in passive slavery

self-imposed prison

majority belief system

how we ask to be lied to by others' opinions

the world of separatism

holds its vision in shattered mirrors

a thousand ism's and religions

cannot separate the All from All

how quickly we forget

when perception is extinguished

the World goes out.

a nursery rhyme

there is no one to convince
there is no fight that can be staged
there is no external opinion now
the puppets of my play
have two lovely faces
and their names are doubt and faith
everyone is cardboard plastic
everything is my dollhouse world

i sometimes lose myself playing pretend
and forget how to climb back out
and when that happens i play with them
the ones that i named doubt

everything in my dollhouse world
everything i know about
and the ones that i named faith
i'm not allowed to talk about

i sometimes lose myself playing pretend
and forget to climb back out
i am my own imaginary friend
everything is inside out

everything in my dollhouse world
everything i know about
and the ones that i named faith
i'm not allowed to talk about

.full circle.

Because the Effect is in the Cause
By Effect the Cause is Known
By Cause it draws the line which should give us pause.
We have separated action from reaction.
And divided the involuntary from our choice.
Yet it is no accident; this intelligence rising from pure Chaos.

Once lost in a sea of ghosts,
has allowed our motives to become clear.
Foggy crystals, smoky quartz,
In blackened mirrors I can see the future now.

Because the Effect is in the Cause.

Tossed helplessly about an ocean of intent
Only to become the ocean itself
Now you can find me on the waves
Flickering foam breakers upon a thousand worlds.

I do not mean to speak in metaphor.
And riddles aren't my cup of tea.
But it's the best way I can sometimes say it.
The infinity between you and me.

Because the Effect is in the Cause.

I already know where you are going.
And I know where I Am as well.
Beyond this lies something greater
Something any oracle hesitates to tell...

Because silence is the end of speech
And the beginning of it as well
Because I must learn what I must teach
Because the stars yet hang from where they fell
Because time and timeless cannot speak
The Mystery of All we Know. Yet
We are known for our speech
Our ignorance which brings forth Woe.

And so may Cause be damned to Hell
What Is, *is* only What-Is-Not
For now, silence better suits me well
To know that where I started was where I stopped.