

Stepping Stones

r.f.Lee

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Stepping Stones

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One at a time across

Slippery stones in river's hold

Daring to intrude, wanting to be bold

Avoiding waters rushing cold

Where else could I cross?

Did not expect the gap

Could be but a trap

Why is a bridge here not on the map?

The longest journey it is written

Begins with the very first step

Let me be careful to give you some help

Every stone may not be a step

Though I learned addition

Somehow things did not add up

So I took a long gulp

Then spilled from my cup

How to regain what was lost?

Find and toss one lucky coin

The missing piece of what I was knowing

But carelessly did not watch where I was going

Lucky it's Just the Two of Us

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Standard models are so very varied I hardly know which way to go
When Fermions, Bosons and Leptons battle outside my door

Then Quarks and Gluons show, adding color to the war
Each of them bringing, or not, a charge, a spin or mass

I get the plus and minus thing, and how everything is spinning
It all depends who is playing the game and who is winning

Some forces act at a distance like Electromagnetism
I get a charge from electricity, have always been attracted to magnets

Feel attracted to Gravity that never leaves me weightless
Up close and personal, a very Strong Force is binding us

While in the stars, nuclear particles who once positively repelled each other
Live closely together, lest a Weak Force split them asunder

A table full of chemicals is comforting to have around
Tidy nuclei so positive, weighty neutrons in the crowd so proud

Little electrons whirl around in a quantum probabilistic cloud
Among this complexity we're lucky it's just the two of us

That for the good of all humanity we are just Men and Women
Making it all much simpler to understand. Or am I just dreamin'?

No Choice

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Lightning strikes

Wherever it can

 If you're in the way, too bad

Earthquakes, tsunamis, volcanoes

Care not: when their time has come

 You've been had

Overhead, a tree branch is stalking

Waiting to execute the perfect falling

 Not caring where or when you're walking

Unseen, small and deep within

Bugs are growing

 Exponentially under your skin

No sense praying

These acts are caused by

 Forces you can only imagine

Think you're choosing?

Who does the fooling?

 Not much choice in what you're doing

Will We Ever?

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Watching human history is like swimming in pools of stupidity

First we learn to crawl from the sea then we make weapons as if that's our duty

As written by ancients Ovid and Hesiod we began in an age that was Golden

Then through ages Silver, Bronze and Iron we lost our divinity and became undone

What was the source of our undoing? Inevitable fate, or of our own choosing?

Where is the force to keep us rising not falling? Where is the compass we should be using?

Yin and yang, good and bad, love and hate: in endless vicious cycles they've played

They never stopped but here we've stayed.

No Bother

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Is it all controlled by Someone

Including our every Thought?

Or could it just be random?

Of course it's really not!

On one very memorable day

I found the answer – but forgot

And luckily that is, because knowing the answer

Would have bothered me a lot

Choose Wisely

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Surrounded by supernatural powers
Our attitude should be more skeptical
Some powers kill in an instant
Others save us by something magical
Wherever- or whatever- is out there
Mirrors us: Mean. Nice. Greedy, Charitable.
Or does it work the other way?
We could be like them- but only if we are able

The Sun may blind you or burn you or
Lead the way to something new
Unless you stay hiding in the shadows
Unaware of all you could do
When it rains we quickly turn away
Running as if it were some foreign terrain
We could embrace it if we only remember water is
Most of our planet, our soul, our body and brain

Be ever careful in the night
Do not be fooled by a clever disguise of
What may or may not be right
Nothing exists among those powers
Solely meant to get you by
Choose wisely in the endless fight or
You may be the target in the chooser's sight.

It's Business. It's Okay

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You lost it all

Thanks to my greed

I'm buying low

With lightning speed

You've nothing left and

Lost the deed

It's not my problem!

Money's my creed.

You crash

I profit

Can't afford to pay?

I win the day

Can't pull me down

I'll get my way

There's nothing wrong here

It's business. It's okay.

Why All the Cars?

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You people of Earth can easily move by walking
All animals possess such locomotion
But you also express another strange devotion

Ever since we visited your planet we are
Puzzled by so many four wheeled carriers
Running together on bare, concrete paths everywhere

To this end you mine fine metals, make complex parts
Wire the thing to spark and start
Burning rotted dead matter in those caveman carts

Why not just go when you want to go somewhere?
Imagine the destination, deconstruct, transport at lightspeed or whatever
Then reconstitute your matter again right over there?

Will power is all it takes to do it that way
It's so easy, once you know how, and eventually you will...maybe
Some day

Left Out

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“For many are called but few are chosen.” - Matt. 22:14

Start among a pack of hopefuls

Try out and get cut

Apply to college

Collect not admitted letters

Search for work

Earn rejection offers

Look for love in unlikely places

Meet up with all the wrong faces

All these narrowing funnels

Push us out of the flow.

Where do those not chosen go?

Do the losers surround you? If so, how do you tell if it's

You or them? Is there a special place only the rest of us know?

Don't Shoot

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Until we learn to live together
Melting multiple gods into one golden and fair
We will never deserve or be allowed to
Move to the next level:
Heaven, or somewhere way out there.

What makes us this way?
Human nature?
Is that natural?
Made in the image of what god where?

Don't shoot us
Because your world's not perfect
It's a very close match to ours

While we are here together
Yet so very far apart

No, don't shoot. Aim to become One.

The Other One

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We are told God said to Abraham
Kill your beloved son
But it was just a test and Abraham passed
Then God said, look into the Heavens
Count, if you can, all the stars.
More stars than everyone.

If you say God calls on *you* to kill
Who are *you* anyway? God will get the job done
With fires, floods, earthquakes, volcanoes, lightning
Tornadoes, hurricanes, tsunamis and so on.
It you think God called *you* to kill someone
Pay no attention. The caller was *the other one*.

Radical-I-Slam

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Killing those around you to make

Your dream world better

Only causes it to come undone

Killing what is within you

Preventing you from being better

Would help everyone

Natural Forces

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History of Earthlings was never a bore
Cruel reality's compass points to who we are
Opposing. Conflicting. Violence unending
Forces at work like the birth of a star where

Protons and protons first repel each other, having to be pushed
Through violent fusion to make a heavier nucleus
Old stars collapse to supernova remnants
Giving birth to higher elements

Photons of light, without even mass, hit chlorophyll antennae
Turning water to oxygen, carbon to sugar
Alive inside me I feel molecules bumping, colliding, reacting
Making new structures, while energy is given or taken

Earth had her ages of heavy bombardment. Asteroids continue to threaten us.
Night fights with day. Oceans do battle to own their beaches.
So what is peace after all? How much do we differ from our parent skies
Where uneasy seasons, damaging weather, and all around us says otherwise?

I'm not promoting violence or war, just understanding our choices
Without malice, ego, or ethics, at work are natural forces.

Wrong Goals

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Spent my life hunting what's true and good

Would have made more money hawking falsehood

Bought extensively into science & technology

Should have just sold B.S. and fantasy

Humble servant caring for colorful flowers

Could have been king of dark dirt towers

Believed in freedom, peace and love

Might have been one more killing the dove

I could go on with contrasts, give and take

But I can see a pattern here on the make

None of my goals were wrong

The world just sees them upside down

History is filled with two kinds of successes

One that conquers and divides, making history, leaving a mess

But who inherits the world would you say?

Those who give to the future now, today

Metrics

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I started counting words	pure documetrics
Learning good things from literature	poetic hat tricks
How the angles relate based on	geometrics
Visually appealing and compelling	mind tricks
I did a chemical test of spectra	colorimetrics
Got into the heat of it using	thermometrics
Conserved matter and energy improving	ecometrics
Then got lost looking for that elusive	quick fix
As I fell a countless victim of the dreaded	Matrix
It all was new to me like	Neometrix
I's been there before like recycled	rabbit redux
For a while there everything turned to	<i>wackometrics</i>
How could I escape this colossal	mashup
A random and serendipitous struggle and	mixup
Looking for a big picture	whoppametrics
Measuring weight with down-to earth	gravimetrics
Got into countless cars, no shifting, they're	automatics
Another number in the big city	metromix
Who lives there and who we are	demographics
I gave up took a break from too much	informatics
Metrics	matrix
Graphics	hat tricks
Kicks	hot licks
No more playing with sticks	Nix the Metrics Fix.

Control

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In our own beginning

Control had been largely missing

Not due to lack of interest

Just too small to make a difference

First lowly gatherers on the land

Walking with animals close at hand

Learned to accept it and take it to heart

What should be ours and what is our part

Overpowered by rude controlling powers

Rulers, kings, despots, dictators

Smothered the spirit, killing the masses

Sovereign mistakes causing human disasters

Wake up, rise up, and get back in control

You make your own destiny, not some entitled fool

Falsely telling you exactly what to do.

Get in control again. It's what we do.

Missing Files

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When nothing is there, I color between the missing lines
No typing into useless forms, I create form from necessity
And if it is just about my data - why do you not have it already?

An empty page means I don't exist or am out of time.

Do you have my certificates of birth, security, and basic right to be?
Tattoo me with all the numbers you need but
Let me hide secrets in my mind with passwords personal and free

Your numbers may add up, but do not compute me.

I am not afraid to step beyond what is already known
Licenses, numbers, credit history, all the errata
Flying unconnected to get me to tomorrow

I am more than the digits you have acquired.

Mobility

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Moving on four legs is stable transport for
Beasts, steeds, vehicles and such
Pare it down to simply two
That's good enough to walk from me to you
Strange that right there in between
Very few things living move on three

One of course is good enough for
Snakes and flagellar microbes in the rough
Mostly it seems critters crawl on six
Ants, beetles, roaches and ticks
No, sorry, those are more like arachnids
Spiders with octagon feet crawling in the creepy mix

I watched a fish swimming in a bowl
Effortlessly using two fins or more
I never stopped to count the feet of
Centipedes, or millipedes, or tiny amoeba
And never thought it was really fair
To have six legs *and* wings too, to fly in the air.

Whatever the number
Animal life everywhere twists with
Legs of mobility
As I calmly sitting here
Under wildly waving leaves
Atop this sturdy tree

The Outsider

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Family life in our neighborhood is easy
Orderly. Easy to handle with
Mercury, Venus and Mars well in tow

Like any family though
We deal with delinquencies many
From that belt of asteroids a little out of control

Scenery gets more unfamiliar as we go
From Jupiter to Saturn and beyond to
Uranus and Neptune distant cousins so cold

Far beyond while silent nights of stars bring
Stuff of dreams and endless stories
Wild cards may pop up to crash our family fling

From beyond our system's distant clouds they come
Caring not the least about family.
Just one comet can change everything.

Stopping Time

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Getting close to the speed of light
Heavier and heavier you get
Slower does your time clock tick

The paradox is that no mass ever
Moves at light speed and
Time must stop for light

Break down light spectroscopically into
Frequencies of its constituent colors
All behaving nicely Maxwell-like

Nuclear hearts beat with X-rays
Electrons interact through matter visually
Molecules vibrate with heat waves

Yet the point is not just *to be* light
Though becoming Light is a true and honored path
To be light you need to lose your mass, your body

Time is an artifact
Made up by equations that need to rhyme
By always dividing distance by time

Stuck in the middle of space-hyphen-time
Is mass again. Gravity.
Even light must bend around it.

Mass bequeaths gravity. Space flows with light speed.
Frequency is inverse time, colorful but not important.
Light speed alone masters time.

Musical Alchemy

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I burn up, flaming away to leave nearly nothing
 Needing you so violently and wanting
But must cool, clear and dissolve away
 All that's left within me today
Through a filter is the separation done
 Painfully leaving behind so much won
Only then greater truth sets in
 Bringing love joined back again
Growing, mixing, warming, flowing over
 Full of life engaging shoulder to shoulder
To the purest distillation then blooms
 Essence, elixir, sweet perfume
At last creating new from old
 Nothing less than purest gold
Calcination
 Dissolution
Separation
 Conjunction
Fermentation
 Distillation
Coagulation
 Do-Re-Mi
Ca-Di-Se-Co-Fe-Di-Co
 Musical alchemy

If Jesus Walked into the Room

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If Jesus walked into the room

I'd fall down on my knees

Worshipping the King

Then get back up and ask

Can I help out with anything?

If Jesus Walked into the Room

My very next thought would be

Can I invite my friends inside

They'll surely feel the same as I

They've been waiting quietly on the other side

If Jesus flew into the room

I'd know the time has come to

Gather no belongings at all

Stand up straight, rejoice and smile

It's time to answer the final call

If Jesus was in the room all along

I might be embarrassed at what I've done

Not knowing the time had really come

That my little race would soon be run

While victory is already won

Because Jesus *is* in the room.

Who Needs Who

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A tribute to cloud and rain forests

Lush, green, powered by Sunlight
No noise here, just pure harmony
From Earth below, reaching high
Flying from roots up to the sky
Each one finding a place nearby
All are winners, none must die
Intruding as we do
Carrying so much human baggage too
If we only stop and notice
If we only come to learn
Who needs who?
You don't need us, we need you

Green and Singing

r.f.Lee

I often think about the good and the green

Plants eating the Sun

Photosynthetic energy for everyone

Where we're going, where we've begun

Nothing matches the muted rustling of

Treetops in the wind

Rain upon the open green field

Leaves returning to Earth in Fall

But what if it could be even better?

I heard the answer just this morning

Before sunrise, birds were trumpeting

Perfection arrived. Green and singing.

Again I ask: who needs who?

Who needs people to get in the way?

Birds would still sing every day

Trees give them the perfect place to stay

Crawling Toward the Sun

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Bird's egg

Gift of mother

All baby needs

Fully fed until hatched

Soon the chick feeds freely on her own

Mammal mother gives life at birth

Nurtures baby herself

Offering warm breast milk

Until her young ones grow strong enough to

Feed on their own

Earthlings: still embryos and newborns

Continue feeding in the egg

Continue sucking mother's milk

Too timid, uninformed, or unwilling to

Grow up and eat the Sun

Upward Spiral

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I was glad just to rise up and walk
Unsure as a newborn of my stature
Buffeted by powers all around
Beginning to worship material forces

Soon faceless seasons of change grew personalities
Taking on names, revered in awe whether terrible or benevolent
Then out of many clouds came instructions from One
Choosing his people to follow and obey new rules

So great, though, was the distance from here to There
Another One descended as a man
Walking the Earth, speaking to us plainly
Showing the way again fresh and new

Not one a millennium passed until another walked in
Adding yet another spin to finding the true path
To this date we do not know any of their truths
Continuing to fight as though time was stuck in the past

Only by realizing where changes are leading
Can we see how to accelerate
Moving ahead in what should be
An endless upward spiral

Solar Wind

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A match put to gasoline simply burns
Nothing but heat and pollution escapes
Put gas in a cylinder, spark it in place
 Harness expanding explosions to move forward

Bombs dropped from gas-burning planes
Explode, destroy, burn and kill
 Laying to waste all that had been built
Use harnessed expansion to move forward

Not wanting to promote thermonuclear fusion but
 Infinitely better uses can be found than a bomb
Like boiling water with steam to turn turbines
Generating electricity to move forward

 Eight light minutes away does our star
Burn hydrogen: simplest fuel of all
Divinely controlled chaos in Sun's plasma ball
Living solar wind to move forward

Same Spirit

r.f.Lee

Jupiter, Zeus, Odin, Thor
Wielding thunderbolts from the sky
Made us bow and pray to their might
That they might never single us out to die

Electromagnetism amplifies their power and magic

Apollo, Helios, Ra, Aten
So many different names for Sol
The one that no Earthling fails to know
Dominates each day and has forever been our call

The strong nuclear force is fusion at work in that fireball

Gaia, Terra, Brahma, too many origins to claim
Creating this blue and green organism we call home
Deep seas, rich forests, deserts, mountains, plains
Our rock bathed in solar energy and balanced by the planets

Gravity binds us to her Moon and to her Sun

Venus and Aphrodite, Eros and Cupid,
Stirring up emotion and causing many a restless night
Have brought every generation forth in love
Wherever it might blindly lead us in the morning light

A weak force, we fight it and radiate it, always in our sight

Learning

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Wanting to learn I sought a teacher.

First appeared the bear who quickly

Decided I was too small to eat

Teaching me that dominating is not everything

Then entered the lion, hungrier than the bear

Less forgiving of my status but nonetheless uninterested

Flying away on eagles' wings teaching me to always

Look for greater adventures

Left alone again I encountered the dragon

Seven horns, seven crowns, ten horrifying heads, intent on

Harming my child and my wife. But she wore the sun

And with her feet on the moon chased him away to fight and run

At last I came upon the lamb.

Knowing nothing of the peace and joy of that kind of love

I sacrificed the lamb, spilled its blood, and ate its flesh

And thus did I die an eternal failure of learning

The Light

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You quickly grow by connecting the dots
Seems easy and simple enough
But it's not

One way you become a towering tree
Tall and study above the air
Living free

The other way leads to nothing but falling
For you and those around you
You missed your calling

Just one way promises to take you higher
Your soul is attracted like a moth
To a candle's fire

Go and rise above in the night
Be made not of matter
Become the light.