

Merge

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Conversation

“Hello,”
the introduction.

You and I,
let us speak.

In this life,
we have many lessons to learn—
I from you and you from me.

If we can learn to speak alike,
our understanding of the Other
will expand with the Unknown
as the distance between us decreases
and we realize our differences
are not so different after all.

Across the Chasms

We are travelers,
ever-opening our minds
and our arms,
inviting experience,
welcoming growth.

So let us travel!
Break our borders
into infinitely insignificant fragments,
greet one another,
attempt to understand,
to cooperate and co-create,
and build bridges across the chasms.

And one day,
we'll travel further,
transcending triviality,
to reach a consciousness
we lost and almost forgot
though buried only by dust.

Uncover the ruins of an ancient city;
resurrect and revive
golden roadways to *El Dorado*.

The conquest of *conquistadors* must be quenched by now,
weapons cast aside,
or even *cascadas* will curdle
and flow downstream
into saltless seas,
like lemon leaking
into the milk
of hope,

and our travels will end—
la escalera al cielo se caerá.

Rot

We see now, more than ever,
what is truly essential, what adds value,
and what is just trivial and frivolous
and should be left to rot.

We're harbingers of death,
a human-virus hybrid,
and Earth is the host.

Insidious ideologies and hazardous habits
like prioritizing wealth over health
at almost all costs,
they must be chucked into the compost heap
to steep
like a strong tea,
chamomile to soothe our churning stomachs.

What no longer serves us
regenerates the sanctity of the soil of society.
The virus becomes the vaccine.

Connected

Oceans separate our continents.
Vast waters divide us,
diluting our vision with difference.
Boundaries
—some imaginary,
some geographical and some man-made—
compartmentalize the human race.

They deceive us.

Dive down deep and find

underwater
valleys deeper than the deepest depths,
known to few—
Cameron, Vescovo, Piccard, and Walsh—

where Earth opens up
one of its many mouths,
swallowing sound
and stifling the electromagnetic spectrum
as we stifle each other.

Even seemingly-bottomless
underwater troughs
are connected
to the ground upon which we stand.

At the bed of the ocean,
in the Mariana Trench and the Challenger Deep
lower vibrations
neither penetrate nor seep,
removing our blinds so we finally see—
a beacon of hope,
a lighthouse for sailors,
for climbers a rope,

steel for the builders
to build buildings high,
blood for our veins,
and the world for our eyes,
the ground for our feet,
the marrow for bones,
the fire inside

ready to spread and explode,
to ignite the boundaries, the veils, the walls,
watch them burn to the ground,
watch them crumble and fall
into piles of soot swept away down the halls
to the bare foundation that's connecting us all.

Merge

Creation / Evolution,
Peace & Love;
Destruction → Devolution.

You & Me;
Us vs. Them?

Demolish the walls.
This house cannot hold us.
The cobwebs are growing
like crops filled with locusts.

Merge towards the locus,

where we are all tied together,
where we all come to feast
before the fire gets tethered
to the souls of our shelters
and reduces us to rubble.

Rise up from the ashes,
from the cities we have burned.
As we step onto the straightaway,
the corner's been turned.
New is this age,
alive is our legacy;
Hope is our ally
and Doubt is our enemy.