

In a world where dreams are sewn,
Where hope is grafted, not alone,
Universal visions, vast and wide,
With divining rods by our side.

Breaking barriers, scaling peaks,
Higher and higher, as the spirit speaks,
Lifetimes swirl, in patterns strange,
Moments fleeting, always in range.

With surprising gratitude, we extend our hand,
Grateful for the breadth of this vast land,
Waves chart courses, plans unfold,
With tales of the brave, young and old.

The tides ebb and flow, in rhythmic dance,
Coming in or out, left to chance?
Yet in the vast expanse, we often stand,
Pondering mysteries, we don't understand.

Yours and mine, a line often blurred,
In the chorus of life, voices are heard.
How much is enough? When do we stop?
When is the climb just one more hop?

Navigating ego, looking beyond the self,
Seeking not just plentitude of wealth.
At the heart, what's it all about?
A purpose, a journey, there is no doubt.

Endless roads, countless corridors,
Choices aplenty, with open doors.
From alpha's start to omega's grace,
Life's vast spectrum we embrace.

Independence, a dream we chase,
Yet times come for a slower pace.
An assisted life, a path we might see,
While evolving spirit remains, forever free.

In the land of dreams, where we dance and
sing, Primordial stories, to life they bring.



In a world where excess glistens and gleams,
Be not proud, consumption, in shimmering streams.
For how much is enough, when desires take flight,
In the fickleness of confidence, every day, every night?

The future we paint, with hues of great dreams,
Yet precariousness lurks, tearing the seams.
Our expectations shift, like sand 'neath the tide,
Predicting the crises, where truths often hide.

In the vast hall of choices, some bad, some worse,
Echoes of collapse, a haunting rehearsed verse.
From ancient cities to stars that once shone,
Disappearances whisper, "Here today, tomorrow gone."

A bang in the distance, an unsustainable roar,
Warnings whispered, yet we constantly ignore.
Waiting to happen, the signs clear and bold,
Yet in our ambition, foresight's often sold.

Concretely assess, see the vulnerable side,
The spark that might ignite, where dangers reside.
But refine, always refine, as the sands of time sift,
Holding to what still fits, amidst the great drift.

For in excess there's peril, too much even worse,
Yet within our vast cosmos, an intricate verse.
The way out isn't clear, paths twisted and spun,
But awareness of patterns, shows work can be done.

Though mountains might falter, and empires may cease,

Hope isn't mere strategy, but a timeless peace.

For while stars might wane, and civilizations may fall, In

the heart of humanity, hope continues to call.



In a world of tug and pull, we stand,
People without a border, enter every land.
Elites with their version, commoners with theirs,
A dance of possession, in life's endless fares.

What is yours and what is mine, lines drawn in sand,
Yet borders and barriers, by wind, they are fanned.
War looms large, a dark and ominous lore,
Its cost never trivial, always so much more.

"What is it all good for?" we cry and we plead,
Not a run for the roses, but a race of pure greed.
Babies and children, innocence lost in the fray,
Pawns in a game that haters want to play.

Anger and aggression, a primitive brain's cry,
Echoes of our past, as eons go by.
Terror and fear, rampant, uncontrolled,
In the hearts of many, narratives untold.

What do we do with the primitives, still trapped in our mind?
Seek evolution's grace, compassion not far behind.
When will the hatred, the malice ever cease?
When will our soul, at last find peace?

For the future is uncertain, and the past is long gone,
Yet logic lies in moments, in the promise of dawn.
Will evolution save us, from our darker desires?
Or is it upon us, to douse our own fires?

In the end, it's a choice, for every mind, and heart,

To push past the primitive, make a fresh start.

For only in unity, love, understanding, and care,

Will the world ever heal to breathe the free air.



In a world where ignorance is bliss,
Where anti-science forms a murky abyss.
Hatred of expertise, a clamorous plea,
Calling the learned, "elites," who can't see.
Climbing the stairway to nowhere they go,
With the heart and soul of a spender in tow.
Mindless echoes in caverns so vast,
Where first impressions are not the last.

In the dwelling of skepticism and chance,
Amidst the cacophony, seeking a dance.
Take the phone off the hook, let silence pervade,
Inside and outside, watch the masquerade.
Will you back up or back down in this plight?
Fad away in the darkness or burn bright in the light?
In the box lies Schrödinger's feline betide,
A mystery cloaked, where answers must hide.

Keep it inspired amid the loud din,
Despite the turmoil, we will wear a grin.
"D'em days are over," whispered the breeze,
What do we care? Float with such ease.
"I don't know why," the murmurs persist,
Learn to live with it, it's only a mist.
For in the end, amidst all the strife,
Here we are, just trying to be good at life.



In a world of lines drawn firm and bold,
Some fundamentalists grip to their fold.
"Take it literally!" a cry out with glee,
While a few progressives try to break free.

Traditional religious sway bends the light,
While some find, no one resides tonight.
Yet outside, the question lingers and hides:
Is anybody home? Upside? Downside?

Oh, the many sides of this spinning globe,
Yet we're told there's only two, so do probe.
Which side of the elephant, large and grand,
Do you touch, do you feel, with your hand?

Pick a side, they urge, and stand with might,
For siding well, means you're siding right.
But in the trenches of bias, extreme and vast,
Partisans and fanatics hold their masks fast.

Anger and aggression, a common theme,
A lifetime of violence, not a mere dream.
Domestic and foreign, terror's reign,
In the hearts of those, with so much pain.

From the primitive brain, where instincts dwell,
To the evolved cortex, where thoughts do swell.
Is it all part of a greater, grand plan?
Or just chaos and order, the cycle of man?

For in the end, with the noise and the din,
It's all too much, that's the point, we're within. Yet
hope persists, everywhere love can shine,
In the heart of humanity, through the test of time.



In a world of cosmic dance, the ages churn,
Ekpyrosis unfolds, as cycles return.
The 4th turning asks, as the spool of history unwinds,
Between gloom and light, where do we draw the lines?

Will it be individualism, shining so free,
Or the embrace of the common good, like roots of a tree?
Will privilege stand, proud and tall,
Or equality's banner be the one that won't fall?

Defiance may rage, like a fire in the night,
But authority's voice might also hold tight.
The pendulum swings, between deferral and now,
Seeking a permanence, yet wondering how.

Will irony's smirk be the mask that we wear,
Or will convention guide, with a steadier stare?
The heart of the storm, will the conflict reside,
Within us, or outside battles to divide?

Yet, as embers of this age started to glow,
A path emerges, a new route to follow.
For the road rises to meet feet of the young,
Rational optimists, with songs yet unsung.

Their voices will weave tales of the morrow,
Seeking a world with less sorrow, less harrow.
In this climax of turnings, destiny unfolds,
A story of hope, courage, and dreams yet untold.