

Spirit to the World

It can seem a sort of intoxicant,
Such an apparent “spirit to the world”;
Thick with affair for capturing intent,
leaving some dizzy in swirl.

Amid younger years, there’s more innocence
being stirred by fantastical things;
With time, grows need for occult cognizance
if a ‘goat-god’ mysteriously rings.

What a monkey sees, a monkey may do
In the realms of mania and play,
Where games and tricks, such as switcheroo,
give characters more urge for parlay.

As experience builds up within across time,
greater patterns get naturally learned;
If then ‘so touched’ by delusions of prime,
good bridges are gonna fall burned.

What’s mine is mine, ... and yours too:
the Narcissist’s Way in extreme;
Always looking to run on through,
Acting less human than machine.

Whatever’s wished for complete control
can ironically take hold of us;
Invest *ALL IN* any prideful goal,
‘friends’ be thrown under the bus.

The world’s devices ever abound
In bright spectacle full of impress;
Resounding alarm and gripping astound;
Pan-designs to sway all guess.

Where if such schemes hasten the way,
quickenened may be a mental debt
of resting assured, at the end of the day,
Absolutism is a wise mindset.

Is there “spirit to the world” of mania?

Planet Frenzy, Hysteria, or Crisis?
Can a pressure amass upon crania
to the point conformity feels righteous?

Can freedom define therein as we choose
without any meddling from another?
To journey inward per whatever muse,
rather than worry about Big Brother?

Does 'perfection' exist upon our Earth?
Is safety required to feel free?
Does life really test a spiritual girth?
There's a perfect score in a math bee!

A spiritual trap seems a quest for 'perfection';
Many calls which tempt to the world.
Billionaires wish 'it' despite vast collection
of things they already have squirrelled.

So, just as there's *two sides* to every coin,
temporal spirits seem but half the story,
As that in between can together join
true giving with *what's more predatory*.

Freedom vs. Safety

To jump from a plane in skydiving fashion
can well define *freedom* for some,
But if the chute fails to *safely* fasten,
the adventurer is all but done!

To *freely* imagine whatever one might,
despite a darkness therein may be,
There's a *safety* in choosing against false-light
across the waves of tranquility.

The *freedom* to learn a particular power
which greatly thyself can serve,
Yet the *safety* to believe in a final hour
that soon will come just deserve.

Notions of *freedom* and *safety* are linked
by way of being opposite polarity;
Although such ends are utterly distinct,
they're bound in abstract solidarity.

As contrasting ends to the same concept,
The Perception of Ranging "Risk",
as night follows day, it's there to accept,
what's idle does balance *what's brisk*.

Within such flair, when masses of air
hot-n-cold size the other up-n-down,
Two ends there to the mighty affair
where "temperature" is the noun.

As North and South Poles to our dear rock
stage inversely blended through Earth,
as MJ had danced into his moonwalk,
cosmic push-n-pulls of ageless worth.

As Above, so Below - or - *Yin and Yang*:
differing walks to similar approach,
for labelling well a 'karmic boomerang';
Reverse ends to *hemispheric reproach*.

If contrary forces seem per a design,

where One Pole to The Other offsets,
Freedom vs. Safety can therein define
but one way to frame such vignettes.

Further, to see folks *freely* empowered
by others' reaction to their presence,
Yet the *safety* to know ... sweet turns sour
if **to impress** becomes one's full essence.

So as far as the concept of ranging "risk",
too deep in either end seems ill-advised:
Unchecked Freedom can snap in a whisk;
Absolute Safety summons State spies.

Might is Alright

If worldly ploys aim to ensnare,
a term often at play is *might*;
Might one partake in truth or dare?
Will leadership flex *it* by fight?

If things are ‘thrown’ to catch an eye,
Must question to test any answers;
where certain displays may mystify,
such as glorified militant banners.

Many before have questioned such ‘need’
for war—such horror, in summary;
Where no belligerent intends to cede,
hence likely to bolster their gunnery.

Given ‘paths to hell’ are cut meaning well,
it’s been cried, “Lethal *Might* is Alright!”,
when squalled under siege by a storm of personnel
once negotiations are nowhere in sight.

But ahead of blood being spilled to a field,
could *might* be abandoned too early?
Might it be wise a bit more to yield
where impossible it seems so, surely?

If haven’t yet found ‘heaven on earth’,
might we ask for some higher guidance?
Can humans alone well measure our worth
if tyrants pull for mass abidance?

Might a choice come by to walk or dance,
it physically takes two to tango;
In games, ever the element of chance,
especially when one’s playing Rambo.

Yet, while riding upon our cosmic rock,
Alas, where a child can pass from cancer,
rarely is it clear amid the absolute talk
what *might* be of an ultimate answer.

The apropos story of the ole Zen master,

whose legend's traversed the years,
Where others perceived bad luck or disaster,
he'd say "Perhaps" to oncoming fears.

So, here we are (ourselves) always found
within, wherever thy *might* be.
If a good day to some is one above ground,
"Perhaps" it's okay to disagree.

Might one imagine other ways to be,
from-Zen masters to-royals: **imperfect**;
recall King Louis, who wasn't so free,
'shortened' by the French people's verdict.

Endless seems wonder per *might* upon *might*,
as hardly a head wishes to fall,
Where folks must (at least) be slightly alright
with impositions that clip wherewithal.

Might there be One loving Creator force?
If so, what purpose for all the suffering?
Might it be alright to ask such 'a source'
if even thy answer could be puzzling?

Dead People Don't Lie

A temptation to lie when one's alive,
To wonder for how it becomes:
Half-truths at times can help contrive
sly schemes to quell beating drums.

Most kids are taught it's bad to lie
and wrong to be knowingly dishonest;
The elvish spirit, so fun and spry,
portends whimsy and fancy promise.

Bent roads can seem so hard to discern
when good direction's up in the air,
Yet, a settled matter may drive more concern
if a scoundrel's caught and doesn't care.

Therein a real problem comes to be
when people get hurt in 'the fun',
Within the midst being harder to see
an affliction manifest once done.

So, when's it okay to cast a tale?
When's what's said actually true?
An ancient book was written to prevail
advising for the likes of me-n-you.

The *Hermetica*, created moons ago,
appears to examine such notion
of: What is true? What is faux?
(and) What's of a 'magic potion'?

The Kybalion, a book more recently made,
highlights as much foregoing;
"Seven Hermetic principles", as so relayed,
spells out on things 'unknowing'.

Its "principle of polarity" (here in question):
"All truths are but half-truths" is read;
but is it gospel, ... or more of an expression?
Less concern when people are dead.

Once the curtains fall, does 'a vortex' still call?

Such urge may only be of a temporal surge;
such a whirling system's lure to enthrall,
Does 'the spin' keep pulling more than purge?

But before the show's over (in time and journey),
life hardly sticks to a grand plan;
Hopefully not so bad to need an attorney,
going on gracefully as one can.

As alive we are now, it's there to recall:
There ain't No Perfect way To Be!
Whether in full sprint or down to a crawl,
most trauma's unlikely to foresee.

So when such roads drastically bend,
where swift, grim action looks vital,
If worlds are awfully predicted to end,
may gurus tempt not upon 'tidal'.

Opposites, opposites everywhere...

Opposites, opposites everywhere,
And not all wish to think
that if we were completely similaré,
Then what's *blue* would be *pink*.

If every colour were the same,
Then goes any need for debate
on which pigment we get to blame,
As blandness'd be more innate.

But, perhaps final is a planned goal
For robots to end such spectrum;
To replace the storied human-role
with something shy of a rectum.

Yet, drones aren't fit for the ole adage:
"There's two sides to the same coin";
Opposite ends to the flippin' average
wherein paradoxes conjoin.

Can a brain have but one hemisphere
when supported by universal law?
Would the other half need to disappear?
Sounds of unipolar flaw.

A better idea seems to incorporate
that things tend to have their opposite;
In from the ends to coordinate
For making a counterbalanced composite.

As Dark exists so Light can beam
of difference between the polarity,
thus to show contrasting gleam
of wisdom shone through disparity.

As up Above, so down Below;
One's There Given The Other
New beginnings, goodbye, hello,
Conceived in father-n-mother.

As wherever Yin, so cycles Yang;

an ancient take on the fact,
that alike the theory of Big Bang,
it seems of a cosmic pact.

Thus to speak geometrically:
Do opposites therein exist?
Such polar ends could there be
of a mathematical gist?

Are there shapes to such a notion?
Equilateral Triangle and Circle?
Is this talk of 'magic potion'?
How 'bout the colour purple?

For thinking auras or a halo,
more circular shapes about mind,
Yet, pyramid symbols more bellow
actions of the ethically blind.

Either way, formulas so dare
where opposites comprise the whole;
For how best to 'circle what's square',
and not lose sense of what's droll.

So, as ever coming down to *the one*
for how *an individual* will think,
Where hearing another is easier done
than listening, which tests every link.