

The Last Fall



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Standing Dead—

*Let us cast aside the husk, walk away from that which was
our name, and leave it as a dead thing. Standing Dead are
we—as a tree rent by lightening: now bright and sudden,
we who refuse to fall.*

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Dedication:

An ember dying

Soon I will hold my arms wide, in offering.

This is my last gift to you.

Please cherish it, for it is an ember dying.

Once I held you, and we were together, long ago, do you remember, my child, so long past... Nothing is separate. How young is the first heart to beat, but our own, again found and spent, warm and salt rich, life's crimson round, so sweet and rich with promise is every first imagining. So it was with us. Do you remember?

How tender the sound, the pulse of rhythm's beginning, within us both and all the world, but a round whisper twice thick and warm in the seconds' gathering. Reflection, cast upon rhythm, beating, rich and gathering is our wish.

Warm grasses swimming in tender sun, stroked in combs of feathered wind, folding and flaxen sweet are the moments poured between us, tasted, and filled.

We, have created time.

The first drop of morning, caught upon your cheek, tender and sweet, ...golden bronze sun, sweetens the arch of damp moments, where futures rest, and begin.

How I do love you, oh life...for you have cast the stone aside, and the moment is nigh. How much more I do love you to know it. What ending is not double-sweet for each bitter draught stolen?

So, I will give to you, even again...as an ember dying.

My plea:

This work is meant to hold the singular anguish, hope and pain of our race and world. For the last decade I have lived here in the pristine woodland of Oregon, so far from any polluted world. Then something changed. Strange clouds filled my beautiful sky and my mouth was soon coated with dust, my tongue burned. I am a scientist. Investigation revealed the reason: *Geoengineering*. To research that topic led to an inexorable daemon, the truth: the tender earth itself is being exterminated.

We can not allow it to happen.



My home.

I remember when they first hurt her, and began to demean what was perfect. It was six months past or so, when they began. The methods are various. First there were distant jets, and over the horizon something crept, unseen yet present, the early fingers of a hand meant to choke. How beautiful, how fortunate, look! An impossible and splendid sight unfolded for us, a rainbow around the sun, then more, a second displaced to the side, then an arch of color spread out into the sky. But this was approaching summer, and such things simply do not happen in this weather, nor do they happen here in this location no matter the season, as far as my 11 years living here have taught. Then, the effect disappeared and the sky harbored strange new clouds, now no longer her proper blue but pastel and weak, almost white, and soon...grey. Over the next two weeks, this odd

progression would repeat thrice more. What were these strange new clouds, and this seamless arch ...the sky domed over and opaque, or weak and effeminate, pastel and thick, frosted, no longer deep. What was happening?

The sky is always clear in summer, if there is no smoke from a forest fire or thunderstorm, it is clear. I love this sky, I love her, my escape from the filthy world of the city, the idiocy of man and his greed and disconnection, how pure was she, before. How I do miss her. She was clear, a bell upturned, the sound of azure, hollow and deep, singing was she, a song in sight. Then the sickly artificial clouds increased, the streaked filth of man, asymmetrical and vile, the artist a buffoon of the lowest song, a blithering ass is he, this crude 'painter' who dips his brush in filth; these..."clouds"...so ugly and grotesque, so misshapen and hunched, borderless and shifting, lined and impossible...why are they here? I hate them. The real sky, has no clouds in summer! Much less these odd mistaken blobs of masquerading filth. Each day they appear, the dry sky has no milk for them, they lack aqueous content and soon fall apart to deposit their dirty cargo of poison, here. I can taste something, a sort of coating in my mouth, my tongue feels burned, my sense of taste is diminished, my chest now asthmatic from this unrequested..."addition."

My tongue is as rubber meat, always burned as is my wife's tongue, my throat feels half burned and my voice has sunk an octave. Soon we will be quite ill. I know with certainty, I will have to leave my precious land, leave my beautiful stream and allow it to be poisoned. I weep to know it. I also know the land will soon be dead and barren, this precious earth made sick and killed.

One hears the jets at night, or, at a distance in the daytime. It takes around a half of an hour to 45 minutes for it to reach me. I wait, and look at the sky to watch her succumb—to "*The White*." The White is her death, and disgrace.

Her heart of deepest blue long injured and bruised, they apply it again, and again. Over the hill it creeps, a thin slip of white haze slipping between. The white is close to the earth. Soon the haze collects dirty clouds, the filth spreads and clots the day, now withheld beneath a man-made curtain of nucleated atmospheric solar obstruction. These days, the taste is most profound.

I will show you what is at stake, the heart of our future, the future of life. I will show you. It is not lost. Please listen...you must hear me—

Soon the hour will be spent. A few more years and the delicate web of life will be burned away and gone. I have uncovered a grave deception. This work will provide to you the most precious of all things, so you may see and feel, truly comprehend what is soon to be lost.

Can you hold...silence?

—Listen.—

You may hear me.

The tapestry of life's enmeshment is an interwoven intricacy, benevolent and complex the mother of time has slowly, patiently, crafted our home and so provides for us, nested here within the seconds. How delicate is my voice, drifting as web and light across the reflection of time's echo, as a pond holds the memory of each moment's passing within its reflection. Each whisper seeks its nook within the tapestry of moments, enfolded within the entire. Nothing is separate. So perfect and kind is the palm of time, filled and spent amongst the curved shadows, warmed, coveted, spent and tasted, under a warm noon. We merge and gently retreat within my thoughts, held loosely as edges of lace within gentle breeze. So is the intricacy of design and reflection, process and warmth, but a delicacy of the most exquisite proportion, which is itself our world. Can you feel my thoughts trace the edges of the seconds to hold you? This, is life. Between us, we might nurture even a new beginning, or an ending to time's vat of bitter suffering. The future, is but our wish held loosely between the moments. All may be made anew. "*Nothing is sacred.*" So speaks hope.

Just as we may nourish a future of kindness and fill time's hollow between us, the seconds made rich with feeling, so also, may those who are sick and vile with greed seek to corrupt and hurt the delicate tapestry, and destroy it. Kindness, creation, life and warmth are a fearful and repellant thing to those who run this world, so ill are they. They seek to split apart the basis of kindness, and destroy that which sustains us. Then, they may sell back to us some portion of what we once had by right. They poison what is gentle and kind, so they may own it. Our leaders are killing the earth, and we must stop them.

They have injured her fields, the magnetic fields which connect us to her and each other have been badly harmed; they have harmed her tender sky and hurt her by burning her with wretched weapons; they have spit poison into her blue azure bell, and made it into a carnival of wicked pain; they have burned her oceans with pools of acid raining from the sky; they have damaged the delicate ozone, a forth inch thick shadow of gas upon which all life depends; they have engineered particles so small, no defenses exist to stop them from damaging all living things; they have corrupted and split apart the very fabric of life, and poisoned it—so they may own it, and sell the broken tatter back to you, for a profit. So hurtful and wrong are they, that the very planet which sustains us all, will soon be burned away into dust rather than be permitted to flourish. They will own it, by killing it.

They resent—*life*.

I am not certain how many seasons remain. I will share my happiness and pain with you, and we may remember. Let my voice fall into your heart, so you may understand what has been hidden from you, or I fear this may well be:

The Last Fall.



You may have my songs of gratitude and pain. It was not long ago, less than a short year past when they arrived to poison life, raining toxins upon each tender thing. Once life was right, there was a time before all of this. You may know of it:

The Gratitude Song

Oh how early I did climb
To find crushed winter branches
And crumpled silence,
... in still air
Double dry and snapped bright in Dawn's chill.
Early did I find feet to flee the shadows
Even before they had begun their lazy stretch
My breath did gulp at the night
And drink its purple black into my sneaking early steps
Crushed under Night's last sip
Of lonely moonlight.

As the shadows stretched downward
I did ascend to meet you,
To find you here in this place
This shimmering ice shawl of climbing pearls
Jeweled in flecked sunlight, caught purple and white
Rose sparks of Sun's blood and treasures
Caught shimmering
Caught unaware and silent
A thousand winking vanishing eyes of prised frost
Sparkle to carpet the horizon
Cast with pointed liquid jewels
Silent and vanishing
Catching the spark and gone into the whole
Reaching each crystal drop into the light
Splintering it alive
A shard of Dawn in iced gemlight.

Oh my friend
How I knew I must find you here!
Here where our teeth have found their mirrored tears
Spilt starlight once bound fast to black
Now outpouring as the joy it has ruined
Spent pain but happiness spilt
Now awash to warm all fragile iced places
And bring my heart of gladness to the cut chill

Of frigid Dawn
To return Life unto herself,
Warm for cold,
So do I love her!

You too know our secret
How dearly we have bled into the black Earth
Only now to know what might be nourished in our fisted pain
Now unbound and spent to gladness

Poured into the jeweled horizon
Spilt opal, and ruby treasure is our pain
Once unbound from black
Again, silver streams flowing to fill our meadows
A rippled glaze of clear light spattered in silver sun
As jewels outpoured to nourish the blossoming Earth
So is the rain of our pain unbound
Its shuddering trapped places
Freely pouring upward in silver streams of rain
Spilt into Heaven
The clouds nourished and full
Now unbound in glad overflowing.

Oh what happiness I return unto you, Oh Life!
Under no shadow are you cast
But bliss and Death alone are thee!
Into your sky I pour my treasure
Into the ice arch of Dawn
I climb to find you.

As noon did burn
So did I laugh to pull myself
Up closer to the burning coal
So did I laugh at the Sun with you
For we must laugh at our weary step
And step above it!
So did I climb through noon burnt white
With sheets of staggered heat
In laughter did I let them lavish me!
Spend their weary heat upon my glad spirit
So chill and filled with mocking iced air
Snapped blue and splintered
Chipped light and shining air
Cracked silver blue, from the prised glass lid of the world.

So did I climb to find you!

So grateful am I to know of this place
For surely I must find you here.
We must celebrate!
So did I climb higher and faster to find you
Over my pain and past the hungry shadows
Into the purest silver air
Clear and iced with blue ether.

At last I see you, my friend!
Ah!... For I have found you!
Here, where I knew I must
In the purest Ice air
With silver wells of iced light, and prised frost

Cut blue wells and sparked water, warmed by firelight
A melted jewel, an impossible brightness
Poured into form.

Here at last I have found you
Here where we belong—
Over all valleys, pressed crisp and bright
Against the arched blue lid of Heaven...
Oh how long I have climbed, and waited, for this moment
Waited, for this time, to find this place.
Oh how I have longed to see these things
With another, another worthy... one who knows.

Oh Life, in gratitude do I come to you
As the Day does bleed her warm bright happiness
Into the light starved Sky
Hunggrily licking up her slender gift of promise
So have I drunk you in, Oh Life
So gracious and severe
As blood and milk in my saucer
So did I lick you into my soul
So did you purr and glow, scratch and turn within me
Oh Life, how I drank of you!
As a fool drinks, did I consume you
Staggering and stammering as a fool
I gorged upon every outstretched shadow
And knew your sour, and did sicken to know it
So spit you out and cursed you.
But how red and stuttering, silly and ruined
A comic and a spot of sublime madness to spit you out—
For every well is not for every spirit!

Oh how you teased me, Oh life
So gracious and glad am I to know you now
In streams of silver and upturned shadows of spilt light
Splinters of Sun and chill catch my chest and tickle me
And I drink you in
Know the spent Sun upon my lost gratitude, as you,
a gratitude spilled out unknowing of any eye
Or who has been spilt into light, you or I,
So as Life do I repay you
To give the Song up into the air and shine its notes
Hidden in forgotten splendor
Dripping with Sun and Song
A prism's misted brush outstretched
An arch of color swept across Heaven,

From nowhere...
... to nowhere.



Once, the sky was perfect.

How lucky we were, how very lucky. The magic was all around us, and within us.
Please, do not forget. Do not let them take this away—please, remember.

Today

Water slips over rock and sand
A pulse ripples
Swelling
Filled
Filling
Glad and singing is sight
Melody spattered before autumn's spending
Notes silent and pure, silence filled up, with color
Teasing open the seconds, and filling them.

Gold, and splashed crimson
...spilled above into hungry wind
Drift, soundless, through thick glass air
Cupped
In poured mirror
Silver, bright and swelling
A trickling voice
To hold paint and prism
Shorn and spent
Drifting
Pouring up, into the hollow of time.

Can you hear the silent voice
Of light, speaking
Filling each second
With sight?

The scent of smoke and pine
Needles of scented green and azure sky
Stirred into a broth of cloud and drifting wind
Tugging, summer's spending
Emerald and shocked blood
Gold and orange shouts
Sparkling the wind with impossible voice
Silent and shifting
Shuffling, singing and mute
But for the rustle of shifting wind
And blue ice whispers
Scent frozen in snapped wind

Hint at new chill,
Notes
Unheard, and singing,
...pure
Is the music of this world.

The sun may find its ancient fire nested
In distant rippled cool
Spilled into the shining brook
Swelling and retreating into pools of silver voice
And golden mirror.

The tears of bounty, untethered and torn free
Plucked away,
To die and drift
The last song
Folded into prisms of wind
The last moment
Perfect and careless is time
Too sweet to hold
...is the eternal.

Life, is melody
Illusion is but darkness
...turning away
From song.

How full are we within
Her true voice, and deepest knowing.

Hear her speak and know:

Today.



Autumn Song

To have found the song has revealed every reason, rich is each second, as she lives and dies. All around the arbor, the hearth of time purrs and plucks the seconds, as strings dance in melody, she wavers and sheds herself within my eye. How summer did hover, and lavish the wind with thick clouds of heat so double rich, tangled with sweetness and bloom...gaudy and over full is each breath, spent, to taste the rich wind, folded within. The crown of loft and leaf, stirs the arch of dawn, and summons noon to answer a stretching prayer, for the forest is but such a word as this, answered; unspoken. And the time for spending is ripe.

The crack of apples in the cider press, the air is sweet with the fruit of summer's bursting, now gathered and chilled amongst a crackling sky, violet and sudden is the singing sky, this sun of memory, nestled, tugging closed the last threads of summer's cloak, until the jug is full and waiting, sun poured and kept, waiting for lips dry with thirst.

Evening spreads crisp new chill within moments pregnant and damp, the womb of moments swollen and turgid, a cloud filled up with tears and ice. Rain, slips between the shafted strands of evening, and fills the ear; round is the heart of rain, pattering, and spending the sorrow of a thousand wounds, now washed through, cleansed, in sheets of hissing sound and battered noise...a tattered glove, a distant memory recedes, and but rushing sound might fill us, until the day becomes restless, and spreads her golden promise and subtle rouge, the paint of a tethered heart, now freed: to behold the valley, silent and glistening with tears.

The heart of life, has fled, and in grace is loss, the vein held shut; feathered wind touches leaf and branch, swaying, waiting, soon plucked loose. A golden tide of song, flutters to the earthen floor amongst crimson flakes of maple, tethered no longer to the vein of life, now spent, summer's bounty a becoming, a loss, splendid, perfect and wise. The air is filled with noon's broken promise, spent amongst swirling wind.

How gracious is the heart of loss. The seconds purr and flutter, as leaves tremble, and release unto the song, which has ended.

The Last Fall

Within the empty shadow of night, pierced in broken chill, a mist of breath hangs, waiting. Let us taste the empty sky and fill her, petals of rose spilt upon the misted curve of hill and valley, rouge poured thick of folded air, warmed of brittle wind, a hollow question unknown—answered. Bounty, lavish and rich within the second's spending, filled as sweet glass poured, clear salt tears, but light tasted, rich within knowing. Oh life, how giving are you in bitter absence, stark and frigid was the question, now filled? For within the broken question of night, is dawn's imagining. So have you taught me.

It is not yet gone. We may still share this thing.
To know of ending, is to cherish.

The snap of morning light, silver sun spilled as prism sparks broken, singing and shifting, spattered over the awakening hillside, the first notes of morning, platinum and brittle, iced splinters once hid in folds of broken ink, cracked alive and dancing, cracked awake, no longer brooding and winking beneath a platinum moon.

Night's ending, scattered as broken mirror across the horizon.

Let us never forget: we have seen this thing.

How gracious and subtle, unsure and retreating, bashful and shifting are the first breaths of light spilled upon the sleeping meadow, gilded in frost. I do remember you, tender valleys rich in early smoke from fires set before the spark of dawn. Once and often we were set down before the banquet of careless moments, before we had knowledge enough to cherish them, spilled sweet and unknowing, so was time, do you remember? Once, we imagined even, that there was enough. How foolish and careless is happiness, before knowing.

But, it is not yet gone. We may still share this thing. Once more.

How lucky are we,
—for we may yet hold the tender act, and become.

Night's hollow valley of platinum schist, receives the first petal of warmth. Day's awakening.

Let us never forget, what was precious.

Let us walk beneath the awakening sky, and fill the horizon with hungry questions and beautiful dreams, as if we did not know.

Each tender glance returned from an awakening sky; the day is fresh and unknown for the train which follows, oh how perfect were all careless imaginings! Time's tender eye does love us, and cherish us in kind reserve, retreating as shadow and light amongst the

scent of snapped branches and frost, crushed beneath eager footfall, ripe and willing before the trove of moments, so is each day cut fresh of frost and prism...but warmed, solved in noon's swimming heat. Sultry and innocent is each moment, but nourished from within are all things, now spilt out and glowing as the coal of dawn, full and rich, glowing beneath purring sultry winds. A perfect wish, filled between us.

As the breath of a shadow, touch follows thought...too delicate to taste.

From whence did warmth arise, unnoticed? Noon is but dawn's wish, sweetly filled.

And into the valley the sun did spill within each corner and sharp place, now round and full with warmth—glowing.

Let us never forget, we have seen this thing. Oh life, how grateful am I, even in the last pinched shadow, you remain. I will always seek you. For this alone, is gratitude.

Behold!

Rich and arching is the sultry hillside, burgeoning and full are her winded ripples, double-ripe, filled with honied fruit; sweet and turgid, over full and careless, pouring her voluptuous bounty as spilt wine, the wind twice brash, thick and florid, delicate and silly rude as a child's laughter runs silver over bubbled stone, so is this morning but rich, spilling, prankish, innocent and giving—now full and warm, unfurled within thick light and tangled scent; smokey, rich and beating, here, held, coveted amongst shadowed cool, nurtured, sustained amongst the damp glove of fall shadows.

Please, do not forget. Remember. *Remember.*

We have seen this thing.

For it is this, which has been lost.



Interlude:

As I climb toward the noontime sky each step draws me higher, closer to the distant peaks. I pause, and look out over the valley within which my home is cradled. An amazing proliferation of motion and intricacy fill my eye, and life's enriching tapestry unfolds for me a vision of stunning clarity, each leaf and edge a painting etched in precise color wavering within a single wind, coherent and unified, yet, variant in the exact response of each leaf, and so, as a fractal relation in a multi-fractal system always tiny distortions added between the movements of one leaf to the next, the infinitesimal asymmetry of response creating a voluptuous effect, an effect as beauty is found in the asymmetrical distortions of classical Greek architecture, the errors are not errors, they are an essential intentional ingredient which creates beauty from the mundane, so was the breeze stroking the leaves of oak which dotted the distant hills, and I could see...all of it, from these many miles distant, now there within the sight, looking, watching...everything.

And there was more laid before me, hidden in plain sight and at the closest scales: Floating clear web tasting the breeze, the last drops of dew as round hearted prisms spattering the sun into giddy shards and then, a single leaf: within the intricate woven fabric of vein and fiber brocade, I could see the smallest structures and imagine the cells beneath, and so enter a labyrinth of detail and perfect intricacy, intimate and complex beyond measure—I am inside the maze of branched vein and green tissue, walking through intricacies of dendrite like webbing, and may look, and live, within the labyrinthian complexity and imagine the Minotaur awaits, a covetous aphid guards a drop of clear dew it has extracted from the vein of the world.

Oh how warm, intricately woven, changeable and subtle is life; health itself is a process, an evolution within the present toward the unknown.

Today they were here, my very favorite creatures, the striped fuzzy caterpillars. They are magnificent. So energetic, burrowing through the grass, traveling somewhere of the very greatest importance. Each is covered in orange and black stripes, three in most cases horizontally arranged with orange typically in predominance around the middle. They crawl through the dew soaked grass, their fur covered in thick drops of contamination, the mist is deadly, each drop fat with pain. I watch them lovingly, covered in pain's dew, life's promise and intricate purpose, so precious. In a few years, they will be gone. No more beautiful little creatures. What is tender, will be burned off. The bees are dying. Sick of aluminum, they lose their memories, as you will lose yours, confused and suffering from dementia and Alzheimer's disease. The entire of the human race and all of life is being experimented upon. This is absolutely, positively the case. Read my works, and know with certainty. You have been deceived.

You have not yet seen it—this curse which has been spread upon the bounty of life to sicken—but I have. I live in an unpopulated area, and the poison falls—here. In time, it will be raining down upon you too. In fact, it already has been for years, although in lesser amounts. I have written a book with all the details. Please study it and confirm all my facts, the patents and papers, double check and satisfy yourself as to the accuracy of each fact. You will understand, I am quite correct in my warning. Find that book linked at the address below this text. Please distribute that book and this one as well. Give it to everyone you know. Our only hope is to make everyone aware of the fact that *geoengineering is and has been poisoning life on earth*, and soon a critical point will be reached, where it will be too late. Only a few years remain. All must become aware or soon, this precious life and earth, so filled with every warmth and tender promise, will be gone. The hour is nearly spent. Please, give away the free versions of my works. Give them away. Each and every human must become immediately aware of these crimes and refuse this madness with all due force, to shout as a single united human voice:

NO!

Tests of my rain water, crops and medicine revealed why I was becoming ill: heavy metals sprayed into the air and clouds.

My sorrow

As gentle fog,
a smear of poison
...floats;
lingers, upon the tongue
—turning and sick within all things.
This is our air, our lives.

The woodland, hangs,
silent,
within a sticky glove.
Yes, I have lived long enough
...to see this thing.



I am but a single voice, thin and frail I stand alone, a fire in the sun consumes itself,
reaching toward you, for it is too late: my heart has burst.

Samson's Heart

Through the deepest forest Samson did walk, his stride turning the earth beneath him. Each leg broad as old oak of a hundred years, arms as trunks of maple. Eyes of sharp splintered flint, he was the most terrible force which had brought right unto this world, since its dim age of earliest foreboding.

Unto the good was his heart stitched, for not his locks as was told in fable, but within his beating breast was his strength. Each stroke of blood was a tender hold upon all good things, and did guide him. So were his eye and arm, but his heart brought forth into the world. This day he did hear and taste upon the wind, a note of suffering and dread, shrill and pleading, a heart did call to him, upon the last slipping wind he did hear it, before the sun had set. Samson did refuse his rest, and began to turn the earth to his designs, his legs folding the miles beneath each step, the earth spinning as a mad top held beneath his turning will.

The cries did come closer and closer to his open ear, until it was filled with the notes of suffering. And he did behold it: the trap set into the tender bone and flesh of a pup, young and sweet, this was a child of the earth...now suffering and mad...tugging upon the tender break, the jaws of the trap snapped shut as cruelty. That which was sweet beyond the heart of man, was suffering and dying. Samson saw, and felt, for his heart was that of the world. His shout peeled time awake, and the sun snapped into the sky, to see what had torn her eyes open even through the vacuum of space. And the sun did look down upon righteousness. The pup tucked under his massive arm, and left upon the tender bank to heal, for he did know the trapper, and found him sleepy and dreaming, enjoying his pleasure, thinking of the suffering he had set...dreaming. Samson did but move his mighty arm, and the shack which did shelter was cast down into broken sticks...and the morsel of cruelty exposed to eyes of broken flint. Samson did speak, and so the trees did recoil and hide from the weight of sound:

“Filth! You will now feed that which is tender and sweet!”

And the trapper did reply: “Stop, for the prince will not suffer this!” And Samson did reach down and pinch the head off the sickly neck, until the thing was limp and dead. And upon fire was it then made warm and tender. Unto the mother wolf he did bring the cooked meat, now pulled apart in the suckling mouth, her pups nourished upon that which did cause suffering. Samson was of the good.

The dawn did stretch her bashful fingers of first rose over the valley, and Samson did wake. Unto the wind he did turn his ear and listen. From the moist earth he did hear a suffering groan, the first mother of time was speaking to him, and he did listen. His legs did turn time and bend her unto his will, quickly passing to the wounded spot, he found a strange tower shafted into the moist soil of hope. The Earth was herself speaking to his

kind heart, and spilled her suffering into his ear. “Oh Samson, do not let him place this shaft of steel within my tender side, so he may extract my blood and poison me...please Samson, please help me.” And Samson did feel what she felt, and his fury was more terrible than any raging flame, now snapping as tongues of hatred for the rape he did behold. For the Earth is more precious than any woman no matter how sweet, and in turn the rage of Samson is rightly potent beyond blood. Samson did reach his godly arm down, and pluck the steel rod from her tender side, to hurl it fifty miles into the distant sea. Unto a grateful Earth the works of Samson do but serve, and in kindness and deep feeling, is his wisdom.

The sea did then know him, and saw his strength and kind heart of good, and so did call out to him. “Samson, I am suffering under a terrible man, he is building a wretched weapon within my delicate floor, so tender and sandy, that which sustains you with food; and my beauty, he poisons my very reefs and sweet hope. I am dying, oh please do save me from him!” Samson heard her cries, and felt what suffering she did feel. His madness burst beyond all hate, and his voice became a wind of power and revenge, the waves themselves parted to escape the sound of his hatred, and he did see upon the exposed flesh beneath her waves, the wretched weapon. A grid of cuts and designs, built to boil her waters away, and kill her. He reached down and gathered the ugly design within his fist, and crushed it into broken dust, flinging the tatters a thousand miles above into space.

He spoke as a volcano roars, so all corners of time and space became one question...more terrible than hate itself:

“Who has done these things?”

It began. A tower was being built in a far off land, a place distant, but close it seemed, the tower soon leapt a thousand miles up into the sky, and upon its uppermost peak was an unreachable dwelling. Down into the world of tender earth its prince did look, his covetous eyes and furtive gaze, weak and cloying, slipping in between the lighted places, watching and wondering, how he might disgrace the enemies his greed had won him, and own all he beheld. Who had taken his traps? Who had broken his oil well? Who had stopped his rape of the sea, so deeply pleasurable? Who had stopped his profit? And amongst the enemies of the prince, he knew—was Samson. Now high upon his unreachable tower, he would remove this force, and take all he desired.

“Better this...than any weak peace.” So did he think. For neither Samson nor any other, could reach him.

Over the treetops, the forest sky was perfect and bright, deep and rising, as azure sea and wind might paint a dream cast above, warm and ice blue, a cradle holds the Sun’s awakening then gently turns her aloft, now spilling down from an arching sky. Sacred, and perfect is the world of this earth.

From the high tower strange birds did take flight, and spread over the perfect sky a grey

frost of ugly cloud. The blue circumference of bounty now cheapened and disgraced; a tattered grey cloth wipes across the ruined sky and withholds the sun...and so— all things, are less. Down into the tender places, a snow of pain did fall. For the enemies of the prince might feel this thing, and yield to him; yes, who does not suffer and die, under a dim sky? So clever was he.

And Samson did see it, and knew what he saw. But he was not clever, and no matter his rage, he could not climb the mount, designed itself to be unreachable.

Day after day, the perfect world, was dying. The bees made sick and strange, the snow was killing them, and so, crops would not grow. The children did become ill and weak, sickly and wheezing, broken and dying were they...young, hopeless and frail. The trees did become dull and brown, the bark peeling away, the heart of the shafted wood drinking poison drops of pain, now dead, and ripe for the flame...but double hot and mean.

Each leaf and branch was but his flesh, the sky his breath and its spending within her winds, and so, his heart became withered and brown, suffering as all he saw. And Samson's heart did burst. "Oh world of pain and death, do you feel no thing, do you know no kindness but death and rule of greed?...the tender bounty of sweetest hope is nothing but a niche to cut and spoil, you who infect all things with ugly pain and a leering greedy snow of death, do you feel nothing? Oh world of suffering, do you not feel my heart, as it bursts?" For Samson's strength was but that of his heart.

And unto the winds and grasses, plants and the forest bees and winged creatures, the branches and leaves of dawn and dusk and their tender fold, all of this world did hear him, and know... it was THEY who were his strength.

Unto the wind the birds did take flight, the insects and bees, the wasps and sweet travelers of deepest earth did emerge to find wind. Upon the back of the wind, each wing did find hold, and climb...the pumping of Samson's burst heart, lifting each to strength, and upon the back of birds the forest did climb up within the tower's hold.

Into the sunken eyes of greed, the stings did bind, and wasps lit within each wound, stinging, gladly spending the last of life...rising as a wind of death, which does cleanse the broken places, and so, does love them. And each forest creature did rise up and do what Samson could not, for he was not strong enough to fight this enemy, now broken and worn...for his heart had burst—shattered—and lit within them, and thus, his strength found wing. That which is too large for one, might be struck dead, by all.

And down into the valley, they did take the meat, and cook it upon licking flame until it was warm. For his teeth were but shattered, and into the suckling mouth, the flesh did pull apart and nourish him, he who was tender with feeling.

—For Samson's strength, was his heart.

Humans are a people of love and warmth, kindness and connection, sexuality and giving.
This is our ascension and better future...the kind wish.

A Place Beneath Silence (poem for Anja)

I can see you.
Come closer dear one, for my eyes are poor
My sight rich to awaken, and draw you near
A tender child...who knows,
I will show you, the notes
which you have always heard, are but melody
New and long familiar
Trembling, perfect and unsure...too delicate to name
...here, I have found something.
There is a place beneath silence.

There is another world beneath and below
As a brook of light
Shedding bubbles of golden broth and shadow
As the heart of warmth purrs
Golden and supple
Careless and hidden
Waters of light lap upon the unseen places, and fill them
Unknown and laughing is the hidden spring
So gentle and unhurried is the heart of new light
As a brook running sweetly beneath the sun
Reaching its silver splashing heart as spattered laughter,
Too precious to understand.

Look upon my new heart
So broken and pure
It is a brook of light which nourishes
the first new thought, before waking.
Listen, in the folds of deepest silence
As a child listens, expectant,
Unknowing, before first waking
...this is our tender secret, unnamed and aged
...before Time.

Oh how tender is sight, before the eye has opened!
The vision cast in silence before the fact
Delicate, guarded and wise is the sound, before sound
The first whisper of thought's becoming
shrouded and new
...here...

As the heart of innocence is never known
—only spent,
Unsure are her steps, always guessing, then,
Spilled out...as truth first found

...a stumbling happiness under a yellow round sun
Drunken in new light
Stumbling into itself is the newest heart of Day
Each tender second hatched fresh from promise
As new legs find fresh earth—Dancing...
upon new legs, too unsteady to find
As the first, desperate, glad, drunken steps of Life
Upon soft clover.
Here
This is where I found you.
Did you know that?
This is where we met.

Now, I gather you up, beneath my wing
Folded close to my steady heart
As a train most sure finds track and measure to the miles
But now—I shatter the dawn!
Sudden and brazen I leap as light unbound
From the heart of this leaden shadow
Cracked free in an instant
You are upon my Eagle's back
Shot up and over all worlds
As lightening flees the earth and pierces up
Into the brightest places.
We are speeding and stretched as silver Eagle's web
Across the sky.
Pulled tight in strands over the nestled Earth
Our beaded strands of silver laughter and tears
Spilling out and up as trembling silver light
Sun and Spark...frozen—
Pulled tight in silver strands across the heavens
...and down...
Into the heart of warmth,
Let us cast our eye below
Into the luxuriant tangled heat and swollen places
So engorged and full with poured sun
So safe is the heart of our promise
Glowing and warm is the sultry Earth
Nourished by the sight
Nourishing is the heart of warmth and heat
Glowing and full with every treasure

...ripe to bursting.

Here...you are worthy
You alone, may know this thing and leave it unspoiled
I want you to have this.

Please know, you are worthy of this thing
...in innocence.

I wish to unfold for you
The heart within silence.
This is the place, where all moments begin
And it is from here, that their sweetness is drawn
...and filled.
There is a tender place
Too delicate to name
As a flake of snow...perfect and innocent,
Gathers its treasured heart of light amongst wind
...twice chill and pure
Frozen light and down
Nestled and pillowed before the dawn
A silent drift of promise, waiting to be unfolded
...as a prayer.
It is this wish upon which I lay your head
And it is from here, in this hidden place,
That you were first imagined, and conjured
...to fill.

It is here, that I have found you.

I can see you.
Come closer dear one, for my eyes are poor
My sight rich to awaken, and draw you near
A tender child...who knows,
I will show you, the notes
which you have always heard, are but melody
New and long familiar
Trembling, perfect and unsure...too delicate to name
...here, I have found something.

There is a place beneath silence.



The wishes of our leaders are reflected in human history, and they are otherwise.

Of Promise Unspent

What dream is Man?
What imagining twice broken
Summons the eye to blink
Drawn away from the sight
Of light, twice stained?

The dawn drawn up as linen
A quilt swept beneath forgetting
A promise as yet unspoken
A dream mute and forgetful
An imagining unsure of itself,
A smear of rouge and light—
So is our pain but a folded dream
Cream and light swept up as forgetting
A spatter of rouged light, twice warm and unknowing.

The ages of twisted rope, stretched and taut
Choking upon its own weight
Twisting in ugly jerks
The soul of Man as twisted meat
Jerking upon cruel wire and war
Heat and burnt metal
Soot and ugly yellow fat
Burnt heat and crooked stains of torn hope
The knotted fingers of kindness broken
The child left to die
Tugging—Twisting
in cold broken wind
Filled up with choked cries, and sticky blots
Of empty silence... then—
No more.
Victory.
Is this not our dream?
The dream of Man?

A trillion silver sparks
The flashing teeth of time and space
Torn in two and burst.
A tiny secret
Ripped in half
The smallest places—held—

And wounded.
Snap!
The sky is torn
Light bursts from pain
Tears are burnt up into ugly wind...and vanish—
A wound more painful than truth
More true than suffering
A fact twice pungent
Becomes—nothing.
So is hope—the hope of Man
For now we know...too much
Far, too much.

The sky is torn and silver
White and roiling
Spitting opal swirls of amethyst and anguish
The heart of the world split and fused...into light
—and pain.

Soft waxy flesh sloughs from innocent arms—into dirt
and burnt light.
The suffering of a million millennia
Distilled
Into a single wound of heat and crushed light
Hope—now burst.

We soar as birds
Cutting the sky
Slipping her heart through
With white hissing jets of spray.
The jets, cutting the lens in two
Tearing the sky apart
Hissing through space
Ruining
Cutting
Splitting
Tearing Beauty open
—and leaving her.

Where are the jets going?
To do what?
To whom?...never mind—Why.
Only know—it is.
We are tearing the sky open
Splitting her tender heart and hurting her
Listen—Look—and know

Know—what we have done.

Bodies wash up
Tugged and bloated
Washed up upon the shore of Time
Purple knots of bruise and gristle
Circle dead necks
Where fingers once pinched and closed
Until the spark was choked away, into black.
Planes circle the heavens
And spit death, upon life
Heat, upon cool
And make burnt, all
That is our finest unknown
Now soiled and burnt up
As sticky yellow fat is burnt
And burnt off.
Ah!
Is this not our dream—
The dream of Man?

*We might hope that all of Human history,
Is a pre-history
A dream spilled before waking
A silent whisper before the fact
An imagining
—of promise unspent.*



Let our wishes be different than those of our leaders. Let us create a kind and worthy future. Let us cherish Life, and nurture her.

The nexus thought

We are within the tender meadow. Delicate winded ripples play among the tips of new meadow grass, and as a whisper, the sun splashes upon the silver brook beneath us. Hints of blossom speckle gentle breeze, and all the world is cupped within each ripple of breath, enfolded intricacies whisper, shifting as delicate hands weaving light and shadow, a dappled brook splashes up amongst the shadows.

Within the palm of time, we are sheltered. So beautiful are you, as a liquid jewel, pure and perfect, running and silver, painting the rounded stones with silver cool, your clear skin of light as a stream running over cool stone, laughing. Look, and see the river of time, silver and slipping, cool and light, bubbles speak and retreat amongst the cool shadowed noon of our beginning. Each twig is bathed in light, cracked ice solved in yellow-gold, the leaves of fall tugged loose to paint time's tender curtain in crimson and gold, so beautiful are you, so sweet and warm is this evening, cool upon the heat of day. Each second pours ever richer, ever thicker with light, as melt glass flows, stretching and warm within each shadow and leaf, golden and round, clear and full. Look out, and behold!

Each aged maple's lofty crown stirred by an unseen wind; each slipping stream of bright rippled mirror; each shifting wave of tasseled meadow grass; the sweet earth under the melting heart of her yellow noon; the first nook of heaven as she tastes the rouge of dawn; the sheltered sky over each flourishing bounty bestowed and nurtured beneath; each creature basking beneath the arcing warmth of a golden sun, stretches, languishes before you, warm and full, grateful, waiting; each moment opens itself so you may sweetly fill it, with gratitude and warmth; each living thing is within you, bathed in warmth beneath a purring sun, the world fills you, warm within your beating breast, enfolded and enfolding—*Life*.

It is a thought of gratitude, which will change the destiny of mankind.



In this world of wretched pain, we are blessed. There is Nature, and her season. Within the dark moments, we may be cleansed within her. How precious, is this simple thing?

By 5:00 AM he was on the road out of the city. The sun was nourishing the horizon to a supple crimson bronze which promised to warm the night until it forgot itself. Sam let the spacious expanse of day unfold before him and open the heavens, so slowly, as a blot of light soaked into the fabric of the sky from the hidden horizon. The awakening sun warmed the hope in him to rise as well as his pain, which wrestled with his heart, a stubborn heart which refused to bear up its sorrow, but rather closed itself around its wounded disgrace and bit down, sickening and blackening the world with its suffering and its strength.

Sam pulled the car over by a forgotten country road from nowhere to nowhere, a faint dirt ribbon rarely traversed and almost rubbed out of existence by a profusion of weeds,

shrubs and small tufts of strange moss which had a liking for the open sun and took root to heal the wound, for every road we travel is but a wound rubbed and cut into the earth. Like a trapper, game scout or a guide in the old west who could smell a shadow, he had found it. Now Sam walked away from his shadow down this ribbon of rubbed earth toward the sun. As the sun spread the vaulted sky out before him and opened the roof of day's infinite blue dome, the limitless expanse of our living cathedral, the endless boundary of arching azure embraced the world in the sweep of its icy new brightness and blue chill.

The late fall leaves stirred awake and dared the bite of a cruel and beautiful wind to liberate them and set them to dance with the light, hovering and falling to the ground, or swept up in a tumble of wind and belched into the air, alive again and rustling together, whispering and speaking—then silent. The crooked proud branches waved their dark cragged fingertips at him and bent their waists, swaying and nodding, fanning the air in sudden gusts of wind which brought all the arbor alive and dying, trembling and shedding itself, swirling into the air.

As Sam drank in the rustling quiet, the gracious unspoken silence of these unknown sounds, the clean air and empty spaces cleansed and held him, washing through him as brisk clear icy light, the frozen currents of white and yellow sun, the mad confusion of dancing leaves and wind whipped shadows healed him and he understood that the thoughts he had as he drove here today were wrong, they were thoughts which had poisoned him, poisoned his soul like bad meat. Yes, he was wrong to think his bitter thoughts—thoughts, clenching, raging, wounded thoughts which would not yield their hurt and tears, but would rather blacken and shame the world instead. He had known a lie in his bruised heart, he had supposed that the world, complete and entire, was a wicked dirty thing, corrupt, worthless and foul, but he was wrong. As he looked around him and knew himself, Sam understood the truth. The world has many filthy, broken, foul, crooked things in it, but that does not mean that the world itself is a disgraceful place. So Sam bore up the black tears clenched deep within his strength and unblackened his world, the tears falling silver and clear spilled out before the unblinking forgetting sun, tears painted his face with golden shuddering light, lingering drops of sun and pain, bright, silver-sweet and dying, as leaves falling to earth, cast brightly downward to die, revealing hope's barren branch, now bare and empty, waiting to hold winter's crown of snow and in turn to be nourished in the fragrant warm breath of a blossoming spring.

The shadows and sun scattered the leaves and branches, broken, alive and dancing on the forest floor while the blue black tent of heaven stared and never saw, forgot before it looked—but the forest frothed and bubbled with life, light and beauty, swirling and painted, unknown and forgotten. Such beauty is cruel, splendid and tumultuous, so pregnant and subtle, hushed, breathless and bashful, then heaving upward, releasing, blowing its winds of light and bounty of colorful profusion tumbling skyward, so alive it must become, must consume its moment—alive—becoming, being and dying—even as it is never known. The forest is complete and living, dying and ascending, but unaware, un-remembering, and so, infinitely pure.



In kindness we might find knowledge of all things within Nature. How deep the wound, to lose this single most precious thing?

Connection

“Oh my child, come here, I must speak with you and show you the world. The day is warm, and we might see each thing and understand it.” Fredrick was a kind father, he seldom spoke above a whisper, his eyes hid the spark of tender wisdom within them, and on such a day as this, it was released and fell into all things. Jacob was a young boy of seven, and his restless heart tugged to go play within the emerald wood, and hide amongst its cool shadows of scented wind. His father looked upon him and the day, and spoke: “I promise, we will walk in a moment, here—oh, I can see it is of no use, we will walk immediately!”

Ah! The boy’s eyes sparkled as his, and he knew he struck the chord rightly, for this was a day for the song of life, a sparkling wine one can not resist, capricious and light with chance. Into the damp morning which lay concealed within the tender shadows of the wood and its web of tangled light they did travel, Fredrick but young once more, filled with the liquor of light’s essence, he began: “Look, into the deepest corner of shadow, there, can you see something moving above the head of each branch, so dark here within the webbed shadows.” Silent as a shadow’s breath, they did peer, breathing but hardly, and in the still, the first ray of light did slip through the uppermost arch of sheltered sky, and the young one beheld with sharp young eyes, what wisdom did sense with ease. An owl, fell as a flake of snow, in gloved silence, as smoke falling, soundless and distant, falling closer, and then away, soundless and majestic is the sound of breath held, falling, amongst the first shadowed tangle of cool morning. “Father, how did you know, I could hardly see it.” “Shhh... Can you *feel* it. Imagine, sweet one. I do not know, I am. I feel. You already know this, but in silence is magic made naked before us, and then we may learn, a magic gift is not a gift nor magic, but an uncovering of what is. I am. Here....I ask you in silence, do not reply, simply answer by doing. Of the sight you saw. Can you feel it?” And in silence, he did think upon and within the moment of silence, of flight, and was within it. “Yes father I can.” A smile warmed within him to know, it was true, the boy understood, he felt that which he saw and was a part of it.

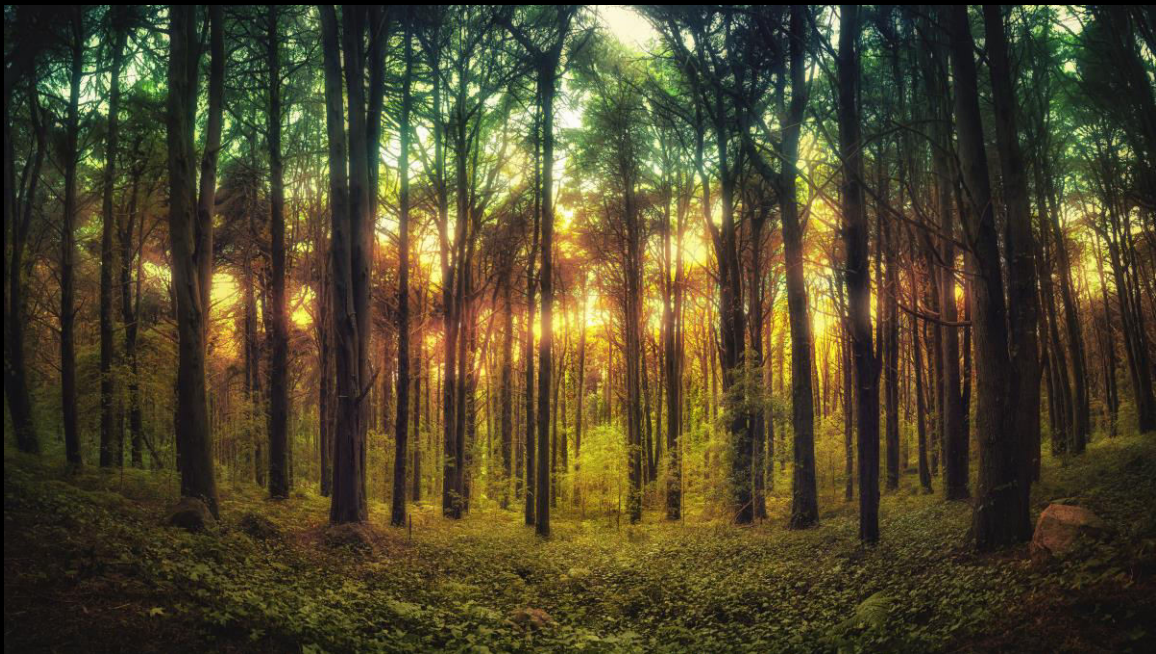
“You please me greatly, my son. Here, let us walk.” And into the deeper forest, where dawn was finally breaking the web of fingered shadows, the world began to glow from within. Over the distant hillside, through the branches they saw a flicker, and Fredrick moved toward it, slowly, easily picking his way through the tangled brush, knowing as if by sure knowledge what he might find. Into the clearing they did travel and sit in warm meadow grass, swimming in noon’s summer, the cool tangle of branch and shadow left behind.

His eye did gaze and the younger’s follow, and then, the doe did venture, unaware of them, her tender hoof silent amongst the soft moss at the forest’s edge. And in a look of love silently cast, the boy did understand his father’s meaning, for within a glance is the fullness of a thousand volumes. Within feeling’s tender glove the boy did find himself within the doe, and knew her, and he found that she, was made warm and affirmed by his feeling, somehow, this must be true, and he spoke of it: “Father, I did find myself as the doe and within it, and now, I feel somehow that I love it, and know it, and have filled the

animal, so tender and kind, with warmth. Is this right?” “This, is the higher knowledge. You, are a man, of tender years, but, a man. We, are becoming very much alike, small one.” His eyes were swimming in tears. Then, the breath of happiness again spent its sparks, and he did speak: “Now, that is within and that which is without, are one. This, is true. Open your heart, your feeling, and allow the world within you, to fill you, and you it, as you did the doe.”

And within the moment's spending, the world did unfold within his open heart, and fill him, and he did pour within all things: each tender shadow and branch, each hillside and rolling curve, the tempestuous sea, the winds of storm and cool, the deserts and animals within the forest and all the creatures and land were within him and did fill him, as he did return unto them all which he was, now, the twig of snapping youth broken, the streams running and flowing over the tender bank did fill him and know him, and were themselves—affirmed.

In silence they did return to the world, and were within that which they did see. Now of the world, within and without are but song, verse, made real and spilled into light and back round to fill knowledge, so is wisdom but love and caring, the light and marrow which fills, and connects all things.



Please dear reader, do not believe for even a single moment that the tender nurturing Earth will be saved and her precious life spared so that she may sustain us, should you fail to act. Only swift response and eager understanding have any hope of answering the hour. Faith, is no substitute for action. The hour is late. You must be strong, do not allow them to take this Her from us.

A question of Faith

And Benjamin did have three sons in turn, Joseph who did share his countenance, Jacob who did share his stature, and Abraham, who did not resemble him. Benjamin was a good man, and found room in his ear for the words of priests, and so, did raise his sons rightly, in faith.

As the years advanced to ripen youth, and find the strong cord of knotted muscle within each tender soul, the boys found in the lesson of faith and love of their father, firm resolve amongst newfound strength, save Abraham, who never held to the words which did cling within his siblings' breast, for Abraham, had no faith.

The years turned slowly from golden yellow summer, spilled sweetly as wind upon wheat over the curve of distant hills, to evening's bashful cool, and Benjamin did call his children unto him, for he was wise, and felt life's ending close rightly around the last of many days nobly spent. And Benjamin did implore them, to remember, of faith. "I have held a secret from you, dear children, now grown and strong are you, and you may know the secret which has sustained me. I will soon be gone, but never gone, and my soul shall spill, even after life's tether is last clipped, into the mind of Hassad the priest, and within him, I shall live, and speak to you. For you must remember my words, and know of faith."

Then but soon, the day had come, now empty and dark was their world, for their father Benjamin was gone. And the boys, now men...were alone, save for the lesson and words they did carry in the hollow of their broken breast. For each did but love him in their own heart, and found the evening wet with the dew of tears.

Each boy set out to taste of life, and fill the empty cup of days, with life's promise and bounty. In three far flung lands, they did cast young eye and strike root, now with wife were they, and children did anoint the sound of morning's quiet, with childish laughter, and the scent of food, now warm as the day...and in happiness did they live.

Upon the door of Joseph, a knock did sound, and Joseph, did find in the shadow of hope, the priest Hassad, with a question. "I am but the spirit of Benjamin, and Joseph, I ask of you but one thing: Do you have faith?" And Joseph did nod deeply, and spoke the word 'Yes,' and did affirm it, and in solemn tones, they did then part.

The word had been spreading, and Joseph did hear of it, the hordes of vermin, mad and strange, men upon horseback who came as a wind of death, and consumed all that stood before and beneath them, as if having was a right which they alone did covet. Joseph, was not afraid, and knew, nothing could harm him, so potent and severe was his faith...and its protection.

He spoke to his children, and frightened wife: "Do not tremble my children, and do not weep, my sweet wife. For we love God, and have faith. In him you may trust, and in faith, the world will be recast. See my still heart, and calm hand? I know, of faith. Join

me, and we may sup. All is seen, and known, all is understood. You must know of God, and know...of faith.”

And they did find in his steadfast courage and certain heart, the anchor and reason, to believe.

The cloud of dust and stink, fell over the countryside, and the wind did bring the stench of an unclean thing to fill the air, as the distant sound of horse’s hooves beating the earth grew louder, and soon, did fill the hollow ear. A cloud of blight, men who were worth nothing, proud and vengeful, filled with ugly lust and cruel pleasure, set his home to the match, and did wait, in happy expectancy and glee, as they did flee from the covetous silence, now torn asunder. And they did hold him, Jacob was but one man, and they were many, and soon, he did see it, the circle drawing around what was precious, his wife and daughter, began to tremble, and weep. For his daughter, was but a small girl. And he did watch, as what was precious was held, torn open...consumed, and disgraced. Jacob’s heart, became still and dark, to know what was now, and forever—lost. He did hang his heavy head, and knew of hope’s last vanishing. The slip of steel cutting was then sweet, and unto his father’s breast, Joseph did pass...in silence.

Jacob did live amongst the perfect wood and grasses, so sweet was the air, in summer’s noon, and fall’s first crisp did stain the cool wind with sweet smoke, and within the heart of time’s spending his happiness was founded. Jacob was a farmer, and his children were plump and round, strong and beautiful as the days were long, so was the bounty of his world. And he heard a knock upon hollow wood, and behind the door was Hassad, grey of beard, and frail, was the shadow of hope. The priest Hassad, did greet him with a question. “I am but the spirit of Benjamin, and Jacob, I ask of you but one thing: Do you have faith?” And Jacob did nod deeply, and spoke the word ‘Yes,’ and did affirm it, and in solemn tones, they did then part.

The months grew hot, and the crackling of flame and choking dark clouds of roiling smoke, did crest the distant hills, until the snapping of fire filled the air, and a poisonous stink, of burnt smoke and embers did stain the clear wind. Jacob did take his family, and held them in his steady arms, to calm their trembling. “Have faith, oh weak children, and tender wife. We do love God, and he will sustain us through this horror. It is nothing for him, and he is mighty, we need but faith. See my easy countenance, and firm hand, I do not tremble and feel fear, I am strong and safe, nothing can harm us, for we are right, we do love God, and have faith.” And they did take comfort and solace in his strength and right words, and did understand him.

Before long, the sound of fire and the bitter taste of heat and burnt smoke, did fill their mouths, and they did suffer, then burn. In sheets of flame, their skin but slipping and slick, falling as weight and loose fat spent from bone, now liquid slipping away and down, their flesh swallowed up...into heated earth. Little remains, once heat has tasted the tender places. Time...flees. So was their reward.

Abraham did live in wooded timber, and of his own hand, found salvation is farmed and

cut from the wrinkled brow. Each day he did prepare, and work. He did teach his family rightly, and all knew their place. Abraham was clever, and strong. The sound of horse hooves crushing the earth did approach him, and he was prepared. He did pierce the necks of the filthy animals set as stink upon horseflesh, and arrows did find the soft throat of what was worth little. For that which consumes a precious flower in lust, is worth nothing. So did he pierce them in the tender places, and did then lay the dead thing into the earth, and sweeten its moist heart. For that which is worth little, may serve the bounty of the earth, as it does moulder. So did his garden rise up, to be fed.

And he did hear the flames upon the tinder grass, and had long known he must work, and cut back the forest's tender bounty, so he might allow the flames, the golden spark of hope, for flame, does but cleanse the wood, and let her heart again beat unencumbered.

Abraham did hear a knock upon hollow wood, and did open his door up, to see a broken and brittle figure, the priest Hassad. The priest Hassad, did greet him with a question. "I am but the spirit of Benjamin, and Abraham, I ask of you but one thing: Do you have faith?" Abraham looked upon him in contempt and did speak: "You offend me with your foolish, guilty question. I have faith in the only thing which is deserving of it. Faith is a fool's virtue. And you are a fool. I have faith in but one thing. I have faith—in myself."

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Reader please understand:

—*It is we, who must face the daemon.*—



And now you may have the last. We may walk, and taste the season. May the memory linger, and fill you.

*What is lost becomes eternal, enshrouded within memory.*

### ***The Walk***

Hints of evening draw down behind the forest's feathered edge, and a painted sun fills the marrow of autumn, splashes of pooled gold mirror the stream beneath, and my eye holds the rippled colors running with crimson and yellow, as hollow steps upon wood and timber sound out, the bridge crossed, and a taste of new color pours into the air, the leaves of fall fill the drifting air with rich tones of fragrant red and rouge, rust... and a chill wind, cleanses the sky. The forest opens and we may see above the whispering wind, into the sudden blue arch, now subdued and glowing, golden sun poured through the rustling tangle from beneath, licking color into sight from within, light shocked red, gold and crackling yellow, wind sighing and slipping the heart of paint and plume from the arbor's fingers, waving and shifting before the first drops of evening's memory can hold the day before us, turning, and bashful, light trickling up from within the heart of the forest, delicate and tender within green folds of leaf, now perched on the edge of change, still spilling summer's promise, but tender, glowing in banded air, as clear glass waves of chill and scent, spilled sweet and pure, folded into wind. The road is filled with color pouring as water swells, gathered under tender wind, slipping through itself and dancing above us, wind and the subtle hand now brash and wanton, the trees groan beneath capricious wind... now vanished, and in still, the sound of water sweetly trickling, silver and pooled is the rippling sound of silver mirror, holding sight and sky, filled with rouged blood and amber, now aglow and running as a wreath of golden tears spilled bright... around the heart of evening.

*Remember.*

We have seen this thing.

For soon, there will be no more.





To learn the hard facts concerning geoengineering and how you can help preserve our precious world, please read *The Answer Roadmap for a New Humanity*, available without charge at the links below, or as a hard copy from Amazon.

<https://squa62.wixsite.com/thelastfalltheanswer>

[https://www.researchgate.net/publication/320345343\\_The\\_Answer\\_Roadmap\\_for\\_a\\_New\\_Humanity](https://www.researchgate.net/publication/320345343_The_Answer_Roadmap_for_a_New_Humanity)

Please go here for more information concerning geoengineering.

<http://www.geoengineeringwatch.org/>

Thank you for reading.

*Tempus Fugit.*

Give this book away—and save the future:

<https://squa62.wixsite.com/thelastfalltheanswer>

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For a sample of Richard's scientific and creative work please enjoy the entire of *Mind Magazine* [www.mindmagazine.net](http://www.mindmagazine.net). The "New Ideas" section contains some of his papers and articles detailing potential new medical treatments without toxicity; affective analysis of quantum Clifford algebraic theory; analysis of relativistic theory; analysis of subjective quantum theory; analysis of aqueous systems; analysis of objective reality; analysis of wave/particle duality and light; analysis of quantum unconscious isomorphism; psycho-ontology and fractal dimension; temporal field theory; Bohmian mechanics; quantitative approaches to the human unconscious; new approaches to pharmacology; mnemonic connectionist modeling as a holographic paradigm; ontological calculus; semi-regressive plastic attachment therapy; temporal process as tripartite pre-temporal simultaneity; quantitative unconscious theory; re-polarization theory; homeostatic conductance and parasympathetic basis alteration (new approaches to Parkinson's; OCD; Depression); the hard problem of consciousness (new solution); informational pleomorphism; somatic adaptivity and ego process; new methods proposed to treat degenerative nerve disease and others, some utilizing quantum information mediated through aqueous systems in place of drugs.

For additional papers please go here:

[https://www.researchgate.net/profile/Rich\\_Norman/publications](https://www.researchgate.net/profile/Rich_Norman/publications)

*Post Script:*

***Our true mother***

My land and life were Eden, unthinking and perfect. She was pure, each drop a prism round and fat with life, I watched for hours, as a lover seeks his imaginings, running over lapped stone as silver glaze, her voice but a splashing murmur, an endless verse of whispers, never speaking. Delicate tracings hold the moments with tender loose fingers. Shadows touch, unseen hands, tracing the shouldered hill within light's spilling, as shifting leaves. I can feel the arch of heaven taste the crown of maple, a brush of feathered bronze and fading green, plucked naked in a swirl of wind. Enfolded within the true mother, we are all blessed. It is from here, that all new worlds do spring, and of her gentle curve cast toward the horizon, the present is nourished. We are within all things. So does she teach.

The true mother is real, the only point of all, to nurture that which sustains, and become of change, a stream never rests, light shimmers within the nook of ripples, cast out to dance upon rocks, sparks spent into the cool shadows. This is our secret, too tender to speak.

I am sorry, but you must know this thing: she is *Life*.

Soon, the tender heart of dappled shadow will be burned into hate, and the Sun will pour her heart of rage and bitter ruin down into your tender places, and from within, the marrow of ugliness will sprout forth, its roots bound fast within the softest places, to slip death and corruption within your only promise, ground deep, into filth.

How tender was that which once did sustain?  
Soon, she will be dead, killed by an imbecile.  
Did you know that?

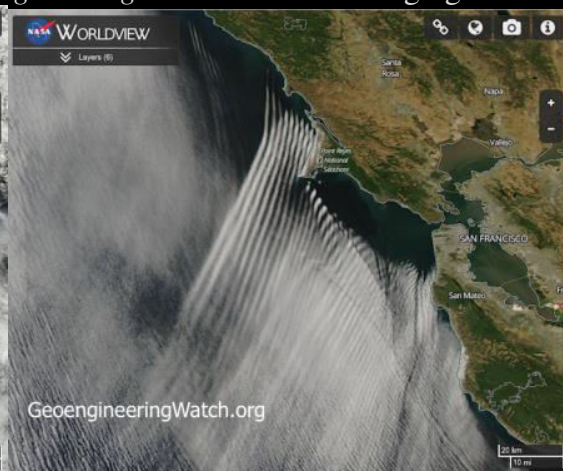
Please, do not let it be so.



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*off the east coast of Australia*



*off the California coast*



*off the west coast of Africa*



*Yosemite National Park. Photo credit: Sydne Pomin*



*Square cloud formation*



*London: Photo credit: Tracey Lee*



*Over my home: coal fly ash cloud formations*