

## Cycles of Time

I wish to thank those of you who have become regular readers. It is quite gratifying to be in touch with you who have seen fit to contact me, and indeed I am privileged to participate in this rare forum. Please enjoy this poetic essay which will take stock of the blessings and the wounds which have created a life and year, rich in new promise and learning:

The sun is bashful, hiding behind a lazy cloud, and I am just awake, the glow in my chest double the sun, so sly and hiding. My dishonest friend will soon rise, I will become the fact of happiness and tempt her to follow me...and so it is, each day I call the world into being, wake the stars so I may sleep, and raise the lazy sun into the heavens as it suits me. How lucky is this world, to have one such as myself, too hungry for all new beginnings to allow it...and so I am to blame and praise this day. If it were not for my hungry eye, the day would never bother to wake and rise. It is in the hollow hunger of happiness yet found, that life is best nurtured, and in this wish we strike her true note as we look and want, wish for but one thing: More! It is this which brings her strength and heat...it is this note, which she hears, and is seduced to meet, a promise cast in still air which calls her heart and gives her reason ...to rise.

This year has seen the birth of my new life: Mind Magazine [www.mindmagazine.net](http://www.mindmagazine.net). Please do enjoy Mind magazine, this symbol of all which is right in myself and this world, a window of possibility filled with light and science, music and story, fact and hope, all for you...all for free—this, is the end result of much struggle...the point unknown before the sad story had finally blossomed to reveal happiness. Here, look and know what was cast aside, for something better.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=kRJGENHgezK>

Look into the eyes, so filled with perfection and anxiety, so filled with tension and precise pointed expression! That was me. A laser in search of something to burn into two pieces. An American to be sure, a fierce competitor who would not lose, and so, always lost, as a fist is unable to open and hold any new thing. The first 42 years of my mistaken life were spent as that man.

A new day unfurled for me to move away from mankind and society, and in the wilderness I began to write, and found something quite unexpected, my heart of rage and hate was but reaction, and beneath, the wounds which called up the fist might be healed, and all the world recast, in light. Soon tears replaced hate, and everything became so very fascinating! I, it seems, was not a creature primarily based upon hatred, but instead, discovered a new day indeed—one of empathy, and fascination! Soon, science seemed as a confection, art and writing as a sort of blood I had been starved of, and in the solitude of the wilderness, I was transformed. Honest tears and floods of pain had washed my world in the coldest healing waters, and now, nothing was the same. Life...was redeemed.

This year was the crown of it all fresh formed and finally donned. Mind Magazine and The Universal Intelligence Network: Think Net. Here, the grotesque specter of money and commercial degradation have been cast aside, not in a sweltering of complaint, but in sheets of light and new vision, verse, literature and science. You will find the theory which connects all of physics and psychology together with cosmology, and discover the kernel within physics which demonstrates the proper place and role of humanity in this world: *empathy and feeling themselves* are what *physics prescribes* to heal our sad, sorry race! Our simple birthright of unity now shattered by a mistaken and diseased history, may be reclaimed! Our current behavior as secretive and concealed vermin, as lower competitive animals who are unworthy of trust, and so

are unable to trust, may be replaced with a specific empathetic psychology, *sublimation by integration*, and specific new physics, complete with an experiment to demonstrate the fact to the public—the fact that we are all connected and must cooperate as parts of a coherent single system!

Of course, the openness required to accomplish this heady new approach to life, love and business alike, is a vulnerable affair. Oneness is achievable only if one lays down one's arms and trusts. This leaves one vulnerable, and indeed, I have been hurt quite deeply for this. My business partner has betrayed me and attempted to profit with secret negotiations conducted behind my back...the open paradigm itself betrayed. The result was to wound me and make it difficult for me to trust. I did not actualize my plots of revenge, but instead, kept them close but dormant, and refused to answer betrayal with cruelty. I will not myself step into the cesspool of hatred and greed. To see the many documents is to know, I am in the right, and so, I reward myself with every pleasure, rather than punish the betrayer in my impotent thoughts. I have learned. Each second is now and forever filled with its quanta of pleasure, and for this life, I am grateful. It is not in the collection and accrument of material goods and money that life gains its luster, but by open honest living and the complete removal of all guilt, which then creates the clean air and easy happiness that never thinks twice, and so, is light itself. When betrayed remember—you were right in each detail, honest in all cases, and so, deserve reward. Do not begrudge greedy spoil to the sick creature who requires it...appreciate, and so, enrich yourself instead.

The UIN: Think Net has crafted and distributed its first "no greed" humanitarian research proposal, new Parkinson's ideas and proposed research to help humanity without the disgusting filth of commercial profit—Mind magazine is up and running, giving away free information and work from so very many top scientists and artists...it is flat out amazing. This new "luck" is not luck, it is demonstration of Temporal Mass: probability outcomes altered by (unconscious) thought. Temporal Mass is real. **The open heart—works.** Competition and greed, the slippery, ugly, competitive secrecy and concealment which has destroyed all of mankind...is bankrupt. Look! There it is...so easy and bright, so simple and inviting—*our future*. Thank you so much, for being here as I unwrap this gift, and place it before you. I am truly grateful for the opportunity.

First Born: Evening has swept her silken gown over the weak heart of day, now enshrouded beneath slumber's cloak, a promise beneath waking. The dappled rain pats gentle rhythm against a roof of cloth, which shields dew and star above, and I am easy, a ripple spent in pain's heat, cooled. Hear with me, the sound between the softest notes...for now...I am too tender to refuse sound, for shadows play over skin and soul as painted hands, heat and cool, breath flickering as starlight through trees, branches play and hide, the smallest treasures, and then, provide...so easy is the heart, so very quiet and tender...after pain's spending.

You may contact me through the staff contact page at Mind magazine: [www.mindmagazine.net](http://www.mindmagazine.net)

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