

A sea change of inches

Good company spawns aphorisms. Over and over again, I discover that cooperation is the key to life, and competition is its bane. If you have been reading my more technical articles, you know I believe *entanglement* is the supreme force which underlies almost everything, including time itself. Nonlocality, the connectedness of all things is a model for truth and simplicity in paradox. How closely aligned are the states and places...how great is the measure of entanglement—how great is the *strength* of its measure? When two people share a common goal, we need move but little to share each other's footsteps, for those footsteps are our own. That is power. Please read the article concerning the Universal Intelligence Network and Think Net. Please enjoy these new aphorisms and a poem spawned in exactly this spirit:

1. Great things are accomplished through small commonalities.
2. We might travel great distances, for nary a step is required.
3. Let us pluck loose a thought from our self-importance, and proclaim aloud, and as a boast: *We*.
4. The tree is gone, a sacrifice... it is lightning which paints the heavens, and allows us sight.
5. He who finds light enough to unburden his proud, crooked heart, casts the first easy step which might silently welcome our own.
6. In this world built up from every right handed error, perhaps the truth is what's left?
7. A sea change of inches...affects miles.
8.
 - a. Hope is aware that truth is as yet unknown.
 - b. We might best catch her sleeping and unaware...as a child at play.
 - c. "Genius" is a play thing, or it has been misunderstood.
 - d. It is pleasure which is utility's fount.
9. Superior ability is a simple vulgarity but for the result.
10. "Genius" is embarrassed at the sound of any such name. How dull-headed was Narcissus...his eye always twice called?
11. As a river: How much truth springs as froth from every false outcropping!

12. The future is a dream too beautiful to refuse.
13. To forget your name, to look upon Her face in wonder and find it anew, with a child's eyes...is to become as wise as the universe.
14. Trust rises upon a cloud, her steps too subtle to pierce, as light held in silence, she might tread even upon the heavens themselves, unbetrayed.
15. Mankind is hope itself, a signpost to avoid, an error most proud, a starting place and an anti-example—indication of what is to be overcome.
16. Limits are for those who believe them.
17. To peer out from the cave of humanity and cast our vision into the world: to dream the world awake with new eyes: to discover that it is we who have been dreamt, the dreamer gladly spilt into form amongst his imaginings.

From Above

Singed and bright, the circling night
Nestled safe beneath it turns,
...unseen,
But round the heart of still
Floating circles round night's chill
Earth but dank hid sorrow's lid
Night but broken, dawn unhid
Slow and sweet the broth of light
From my eye of shining height.

The sun unfolds her heart, spilled heat, golden and warm, spilling into the horizon, the secret kept from her shining heart, unknown but dank is the heart of night, hiding away from the eye of heaven, turned away and moving, bright and slow she pours her gratitude, waiting for the earth to turn its dark cheek, and tip its foolish heart, open, to awake and drink in the day.

Rising finding azure blue
It seems the sun does upward move
Climbing into highest height
Pouring down as heat and light
But sun and star do never climb
The back of night does spill light blind
Turning over heat's new heart
Staining night in bitter dark
Life is dank when lost and rude

Ugly dark fools heat in cool.

Hungry is the foolish sky, spinning over the still earth, as if the stars and sun were lost in desire, chasing, falling into the lap of a distant earth, the lights of heaven but sly beggars to quickly follow...so is the arrogance of man, an imagining which fills his empty heart with lost starlight, but himself unaware, that it is he... who is falling.

Soon...we will rise.

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