

Our Tender Hope

How full and warm, the hour ripe, pouring her golden heart upon my weary spirit, as honied shafts of lavender breeze, sweet air, thick with springtime's blossoming promise...and the sad leather balloon of hopeless despair is buoyed aloft, drawn up... into the shimmering arch...gliding and full, unable to find reason to tether itself, rising and free...floating in new sun, rising upward over all tired worlds. Singing and darting, embattled jewels race and turn, hummingbirds sip new fuel, and a ballet of furious abandon and wanton aggression unfolds before me, each tiny beating wing captured as sound and sight within my open ear and hungry eye, now unaware and listening...for what else matters, but this? Gone for several weeks and now returned, my wife steps through the curtain of folded breeze and light, her body so very beautiful and taut, an invitation to perfect dreams, the product of love and subtle hungers sated, for what is labor but pleasure, a spending and receiving is life, of strength and gratitude before all simple worlds. Even now, the hours of deep labor, which is but desire fulfilled, find her body as sculpture molded in the hands of a master craftsman, become artist...so is life but beauty repaid, to one who is willing to meet her terms, and then... exceed them. How many hours of labor have coalesced here, in this perfect site, now so firm, and yielding...so is this day, and so am I...a perfect gratitude. She floats upon strength, parting the gentle curtain of thick air, scent, and tangled light, as a shadow slips between worlds...and sits beside me, so I might gaze upon her, so healthy and firm—and now—the world...an unfolding of grace, health and warmth, scent and new light spilled over the weary places...to recast them. So is the gift and treasure of each day, to one who is willing, worthy, and able...to meet her promise, and fill her open heart with his own. This is why we work...this is how we might meet life best, and welcome her.

It could not be helped. I had to detach, and find the better way. I had no choice. You see, now that I am here, in the blessed silence of the Oregon wilderness, free from the ugly sound and sickly scent of the modern social morass, I have changed. Now, for the first time in my life...I can think clearly. That is all but impossible when swallowed up by the ugly noise of modern culture and media...it must be entirely avoided if one is to hear the subtle shades of nuance which are life's purpose and mystery...her riddle must be heard, if it might be solved! I insist...happiness belongs to the thinker. As one who used to perform, and received substantial acclaim, I can assure you, this is entirely true. But...there is a catch...and not a small one either.

I have found an irresistible happiness in scientific thought, and as those of you who read regularly are aware, I have amassed a great many new ideas, and more than a few compatriots who have an equal share in the same vision I have found: universal and human connectivity, empathy, gained through an understanding of quantum physics, neuroscience, art, psychology and biology: <http://squa62.wix.com/future-life-net> While all that is positive, and the result of my efforts is again, entirely worthy and valuable...there is a problem...a whopper: The World.

I have done it. I have found two pieces of information, one quantum, one linear, which are both absolutely vital. These two ideas could change this world in no small way, and

let me be entirely clear—change it for the better. Indeed, the more radical quantum idea, could produce nontoxic drugs...non-addictive and non-toxic drug effects. This is very important, and could lower drug prices, and save many lives while allowing the treatment of a variety of diseases in new ways. This idea...is huge, and could help millions. I have just found several more papers, and am likely to be correct here. Yes I am. Information, quantum information can be photonically entangled into a neutral substrate...and drug effects may be produced with information alone. The other idea is linear, and will allow a pill to be formulated to ameliorate Parkinsonian symptomatology and prevent its onset. These ideas, could treat chronic pain, addiction, and a host of other ailments, without toxic drugs. Can you imagine, the effects of heroin delivered to treat chronic pain, or addiction, without the addictive drug? Can you imagine dopamine delivered across the BBB? Can YOU see that these ideas are important? Can you? I doubt it. I really do. I am exhausted and cynical from trying. It seems, that to discover a new idea which could make a huge difference and produce piles and piles of silly little dollars, is not worth much...and I have found, no one save quantum scientists, neuroscientists and the heads of top labs will listen...the people with the money...are deaf. I have the best labs ready, the world's best, and no one will help...all are so very foolish. Those with the most valuable commodity in this age, money, are valueless. They do...nothing.

The frustration began to ruin me. How angry one becomes to spend months speaking to the deaf! Ah...there was no choice...none. I had to detach. All these bankers are blind and deaf...none comprehend me in even the slightest way. The celebrities are unreachable, Sergey Brin completely impossible to contact...Andy Grove...a shadow unresponsive. No one, will listen. All let the situation sit, and twist as a noose around the neck of human suffering...no one cares.

So, what is health? Read the first paragraph and know the answer. That is what proper dopaminergic and endorphin distribution looks like as it forms the transference which creates health of our human potential. So few will ever know it. Those who are sick, will...remain so, or, be addicted to toxic, expensive, often deadly drugs. It can be helped of course, and this series of ideas, the linear so certain, the quantum so promising if unknown, will always remain unknown, or worse still...will soon be discovered and bought, patented and levied against the bulk of human suffering, to create profit for a corporation or vile government. Either way, I am unable to stop it. I am sorry, but I can no longer stand the weight of it all...and must retire from the hideous world of human ignorance and money. I will take my new knowledge, heal, warm, sustain and help...myself. The rest, can not be helped. They are too ignorant, and far too ill. This is my conclusion. There is little else I can do. I can not save them, share my knowledge, or happiness, with a broken world.

But...

Perhaps I can share this with *you*...here, let me show you a new dream: The malls have collapsed, and the stores, stuffed with useless junk, are all closed. The people, are few, and each is as you or I: a tenderness perched between laughter and tears...filled with feeling, a human. There is only birdsong, bloom, glade, and sun...and then, the arch of

blackest night pierced with platinum points of distant hope...so we may dream. For one day, we may wake, and the steel shudder of greed and ugly want will be forgotten, with but a cloak of new warmth spilling gentle pools of light upon your face, as I reach into the hour and find time, has left us enough, to forget what was, and then, create a simple thing...for we are all but children, simple, fond and dreaming. I have found something for you, something of which you alone are worthy...the pain of time's crippling want may be eased, and you may have this...please, take this from me, for there is nothing I would love more than to see you at ease, and able to fill your heart along with my own, here, amongst glade and sun, in our Eden of rippling grasses and wind, our painting made real, as warmth spilled into your eye, finally becomes...all things. For you are as I, and we are one, one heart beats beneath a giving sun, and into her tender marrow of sweet butter and warmth, we are both wrapped and laid together, and now, are but one. Here, take my hand and forget, what never should have been, and let me show you, new happiness. For now, you may look through my eyes and I through yours, never again separate, but one, one world, one being, one hope may spread itself gladly out, spilled as sun carpets the meadow, and warms...all the world...to gratitude. I only wish, I could give you this thing...only that.

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