

POEMS

Phoenix Rose, SRC

“Earth: An Organic Living Being”

Mysteries staring us in the face
Are revealed if we ask for grace
If the Book of Nature man would know
Ponder this: ‘As above, so below.’

With planetary order shown
The Nine dance round our sun alone.
Likewise electrons take their path
‘Round a positive orb, with perfect math.

Correspondence seems a common rule
Which Source allows us as a tool
The Macro and Micro to understand
Of Cosmic order: a law-filled plan.

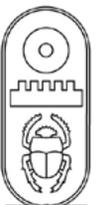
Take the functions of humankind
And let us see if we can find
A correlation to the Earth
To give our theory added worth.

Cycles of both motion and rhythm
Can indicate order, but thus with them
Gaia, as a living being
Moves slower by far than an earthling.

To man a solitary, single minute
Is an Earth day - 24 hrs in it
While her annual calendar run
Compares with man’s diurnal sun.

Put aside thoughts of consciousness
And seek those things analogous
To circulation, respiration,
Digestion and innervation.

The ocean like a terrestrial heart
(From whose loving side we hate to part)
In tidal rhythm swells and contracts
Like a mother’s breast which soothes and attracts.



Water, Earth's blood, the atmosphere inhales
On arterial currents, it floats and sails
Then falls as rain to venous rivers
And back again to sea delivers.

Aloft in atmospheric lung
Solar rays are trapped and won,
Exhaled at night in lunar mode
A balanced breath for denizens' abode.

Full moon to new and back again,
Forces breathed out and in,
The latter fixes energy from our sun
In metallic veins which through earth run.

Does the Earth have need of food?
Oh, please do not think it rude,
We've simply just inquired,
But she must use life expired.

As matter is never found or lost
It's fully reused at all cost
Soil or humus, the means of ingestion,
Selects what's usable for digestion.

Seeds ferment in a veggie corpse
And reproduce as new life source
While inert products are excreted
Thus digestion is completed.

Heat for the planet has its source
In surplus energy of solar force
Pressured into metallic veins,
A ganglionic nerve system sustains.

Below earth's crust this heat increases;
Surfacing, warmth all but ceases.
Volcanic bursts are circuits shorted
Of magnetic electricity aborted.

A full moon sheds a lesser light,
Reflects our sun star shining bright.
So below tis like above
Mirror-like, man gives half-lit love.

Throughout earth's systems we observe
Rhythms that move and curve
From winds on high and solar pulse
To tidal seabeds' swaying dulse.

As within, so without
Revelations extant are all about.
Study the Law despite travail:
To know number and rhythm will help man prevail.

- September 7, 2011

“The Birds and the Bees”

It makes me sad this year to note
Few ruby-red-hummers around,
While keepers report to their dismay
Their bees are dead or simply not found.

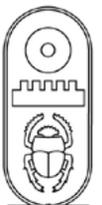
And where are the monarch butterflies
Which we would normally observe
Partaking of scented milkweed,
Their favorite, so I've heard?

What's going on with our beautiful world
And where to place the blame?
Is it mankind, climate or could it be
Possibly cyclical change?

Without many natural pollinators
How will our foodstuffs grow?
Little creatures may not seem important
'Til their loss, our dependence does show.

Shark-fin-soup, bush meat, ivory carved
Means culling some species too dearly.
Logging rainforest, clear-cutting land
Upsets nature's balance, quite clearly.

Frogs and bats and polar bears
And species of every hue
Are disappearing, challenged, and perhaps
'Ere long we'll bid them adieu.



We have mega-storms on steroids,
Fires and floods in the extreme
Our world is surely changing.
Seems a nightmare and not a dream.

This planet is so precious,
Our treasured home - the Earth.
Through restraint and education
We can foster her rebirth.

Let's wake up and shake up our thinking
We have no time to lose
Else a tipping point we'll trigger.
For the next gens we must now choose.

- July 14, 2013

An interpretation of an esoteric work by Papus.

“The Living Earth”

In the midst of the normalcy of an everyday afternoon
The ground suddenly begins to quiver, then tremble, then shake and shake and
SHAKE

Rattling dishes, trees, bicycles, cars, and humans' nerve.

Earth yawns as cracks and fissures s t r e t c h and grow across all - sidewalk,
freeway, farm, lawn.

Buildings crumble, people tumble - Balance is gone.

Panic races in on an escalating curve.

Deep inside our planet – out of our sight or control – movement is ever present,
but today,

Like an out-bound swimmer diving below a beach-bound wave

One lesser plate has dipped beneath

A stronger, shifting earth's epidermal sheath

With no special goal than to follow physics' laws,

As an effect that follows a cause.

And then the sea came R O L L I N G in

Six miles of crushing tsunami; cries heard- 'where's my mommy?'

Thirdly on this day when so many lives were changed

An aging nuclear site: man-made, flawed, finite

Was merely 'in the way' of stronger forces at play.

Who'd imagine thousands lost and lives forever rearranged.

There's no angry god at work here, no retributive force at play

Only cycles of activity with sometimes unfortunate proclivity

To bring tragedy to an ordinary day.

The 'body' of Gaia seems an organic, living thing
Evolves, even as does man.
She breaths, moves, grows, wears out
She's hot and cold, wet and dry
Her babbling brooks laugh, her waterfalls cry.

Science teaches that energy's neither created nor destroyed
It's all just moving and transmuting
From one form to another.
But when we see how Nature with Japan has toyed
Try telling that to a child who's just lost its mother.

Have we failed to listen within to urges from a teacher or muse,
Were wrong choices our bet
And must we now regret
Things, a distant memory, we once did choose?
Shall we now honor and respect our earth
All bounty and gifts she affords,
Now sense the oneness of all that is,
Our next breath be atoms of Plato or Troubadours?

- March 11, 2011

