

Awareness

by James R. Hansen, FSPE

Under the sun, undone
and weary of the dreary day,
I walk to the lake
and wake my senses.
Alert, I look inside.
After a long search,
I find the daily grind
has stolen my life.
To save my sanity,
I take a break
and lie on the sandy beach,
indulging my vanity
under the sun.



End Times

by Kate Jones, RFSPE

The planet wobbles to and fro,
Ice ages always come and go.
The Sun's emissions ebb and flow,
Earth's climate climbs from high to low.
While human knowledge tends to grow,
Too often we forget to know.
Causality ignored brings woe
As human history will show.
Seven billion—where to stow?
Where sufficient food to sow?
Escape to tropics? Much too slow.
Or to the stars? Who goes? Hello?
So this time freeze, not flood, will blow
Humanity's survival, bro.
If Noah's brood an ark could tow,
How will we float on ice and snow?
And can a remnant, stashed below,
Preserve our science from long ago?
Rebuild from scratch, all friends, no foe?
And should the Sun its pull forgo,
Its mass shrink down, no heat bestow,
Will humans line up, row by row,
Their rockets into ether throw,
That life and mind not perish though
The primal scream hangs on, "No! No!"

Valentine's Moment

by Richard May, DSPE

I've never met anyone like you before, the Prince said to himself. The Princess was in complete agreement, saying that she had never met anyone like herself either. After a chronon or two in each other's presences, the Princess and the Prince unfortunately came to what passed for their senses. Sadly they finally stopped doing drugs, both recreational and psychotropic pharmaceuticals, and, even worse, stopped consuming endless amounts of sucrose. They experienced an immediate and disturbing reduction in their reality-deficit disorders, awakened from the delusional dreams of Western culture, only to discover that neither was a Princess nor a Prince at all, nor even a person.

The "Princess" was actually an empty mirror attached to the wall of a room. Immediately opposite this mirror was another mirror, which had dreamed it was a "Prince." When the room was filled with people, the mirrors reflected what passed before them, causing them to identify with the passing drama of those others who also thought that they were actual people. But when the room was empty, the two opposing mirrors each reflected and even mirrored each other with perfect, but depthless, fidelity—Empty mirrors looking into each other eternally, or at least until someone turned off the lights.



Night

by James R. Hansen, FSPE

The day collapses before my eyes,
a failure.
I handle it well, teary and slumping.
I go to bed praying for angels,
but demons infest my dreams.
The only angel to appear
is morning.