

— The Powers of the Night —



**The Music of the Spheres lights the sparkles
That the night flings, from our Father, the Sky,
On through the dark, to our Mother the Earth,
To us, their audience and progeny.**

**The music of the night is in the breeze,
A prelude borne by the airy musicians
Of the trees: the evening calls of the birds
That open for the cosmic symphony.**

**The planets join in a concert to the
Merrie Monthe of Maie, arrayed as follows:
There is Venusia, the Bringer of Peace,
Singing side by side with warring Marsius.**

Flitting about is the wingéd Mercuria,
The speedy messenger who conducts
The orchestra, melting all of us who
Are touched by her wand of burning desire.

And mighty Zeus is there, full to the brim
With the jollity of the fat man's belly.
By Jove, comes Saturnus, so very grey
With age, lumbering into the party.

Thence sits Urania—the magician, and
The old sea captain—King Nep, the mystic,
But not Pluto; he was downsized, no more
One of the harmonics—an underworld!

Jupiter's music is round and robust,
While Saturn's booms with sounds of grandeur
And the old venerable melodies;
But Mercury soon picks up the pace.

Now flow the serene love songs of Venus,
Followed inexorably by Martial marches.
this is the time for Urania's magic—
She plays musical jokes and surprises.

At last, their music comes to mesh as one,
And our wanderers of the night float
Away on the haunting, mystical strains
Of King Nep's tune, into the May Flower moon.

...

*Since we all become of this universe
Should we not ask who we are, whence we come?
Insight clefts night's skirt with its radiance:
The Theory of Everything shines through!*

Oh dome of night, spotted with silver stars,
We must ask more than you can grant unto us,
So that thus we might at least obtain that
Which we but wish for in the first place.

*We beg you to yield your dearest secrets,
To reveal the full truth of what you are.*

“Oh, man, I cannot tell thee of all there is,
Though I am that, as all that IS—the Wiz.
As I never began, I earned not my throne,
But I reside as the All for reasons unknown.”

Much we already know from twilight dreams
And from poems unveiling truth and beauty,
Yet we ask, with our most persuasive looks,
To learn the deepest mysteries of the night.

“I have always been, and must be, so jot:
That All is ever here to be, since nothing cannot.”

*Well then, might lesser answers we obtain, in lieu
Of never us knowing really the why-fore of you?*

“Oh heavens yes; pose your quandaries,
But ask not immortality, nor youth, nor birth
From my powers of the night, ‘though these I have
But know not the Why, for I have no First.”

Why then, is the universe so extravagant—
With trillions of galaxies of billions of stars
About which so many planets whirl and twirl,
With so much dust swirling in between worlds?

“There are vast multitudes, true, so easily made,
And more; yet they are finite, as must be,
For no cap can be placed on infinity;
If it could, then night would be white with light.”

*So then, there are stars to burn, as with riches,
But why, really must the largest be so large?*

“It is because the infinitesimal, the smallest,
Must be so very tiny, so minuscule,

**As a simple, continuous function,
Neither composite nor of course complex.”**

**So there is a basic lightness of being
Because anything more would then be of parts
And thus well beyond the fundamental arts?**

**“Yes it is that the base can only be as such
When it’s just a bit more than nothing;
But there is some more to it; just ask to learn.”**

***We’re still astounded by the vast amount of matter.
It seems to be an impossible recipe.***

**“Explaining the Cosmos is as easy as pie:
It’s an endless extravagance beyond the sky,
Which shows that matter’s very readily made—
Underlying energy slotting the shades.**

**“The asymmetrical beast is a wonder to behold,
As within that wretched form is a heart of gold,
Beauty can be skin deep in one ugly to the bone,
So let there be uncle without anti being home.**

**“Such from little was written your account,
And to nothing you’ll still have to amount,
But in between those two parentheses
The pluses rain on you from Heaven’s fount.”**

**This All sounds rather like an ultimate free lunch,
For the basis is already made, with no punch,
It ever being around, as is, never a ‘was’—
Everywhere, in great abundance quite unheard of.**

**“There’s even more of it than can be imagined—
Of lavish big spenders, there in amounts unbounded:
Bubbles of universes within pockets more,
Across all the times and spaces beyond our shore!”**

What is the birthing source of this tremendous weight?
“There is nothing from which to make the causeless cake!”

Its nature is undirected, uncooked, unbaked?
“There can’t be a choice to that ne’er born and awaked!”

There can’t be turtles on turtles all the way down;
The buck has to stop somewhere in this town.

“‘Nothing’ is unproductive—it can’t even be meant;
All ever needed is, with nothing on it spent!”

Yes, none from nothing, yet something is here, true;
But, really, I can’t have my cake and Edith, too!

“And yet I’ve still all of my wedding cake, I do—
It’s just changed form; what ever IS can never go.”

Since there’s no point at which to impart direction
The essence would have no limited, specific,
Certain, designed, created, crafted, thought out meaning!

“Thus the Great IS is anything and everything!”

This All is as useless as Babel’s Library
Of all possible books in all variety!

“Yes, and even in your own small aisle you see
Any and every manner of diversity.”

The information content of Everything
Would be the same as that of Nothing!

“Zero. The bake’s ingredients vary widely,
And so express themselves accordingly.”

What’s Everything, detailed?

“Length, width, depth, 4D—
Your world-line; 5th, all your probable futures;

6th, jump to any; 7th, all Big Bang starts to ends;
8th, all universes' lines; 9th, jump to any;
10th, the IS of all possible realities.”

Your elucidation is quite a piece of cake!
“Yo, it exceeds, as well, and so it takes the cake.”

Everything ever must be, because ‘nothing’ can’t?
“Yes, it’s that existence has no opposite, Kant!”

*So, we’re here at the mouth of the horn of plenty,
For a free breakfast, lunch, and a dinner party;
Yet many starving are fed up with being unfed.*
“Alas, for now I have to say, Let Them Eat Cake!”

Is it too that there are then so many more chances
For arrangements, due to the extravagances?

“Not as meant, but that falls out, as it must,
For since the opposite Not cannot be,
I must then be Everything—of Possibility.”

*All at once? Then that is a superposed All.
What makes time begin and then gear its call?*

“As great as I am, there are two limits
To which even I must ever obey:
My superpositions must either trace back
To total order or to disorder: two.”

*And so time can only begin from order,
As with matter separated from antimatter—
Time pushed forward by this arrangement,
And further pulled forward by disorder?*

““Tis confirmed, with the Big Bang start,
Through the vast stages of diversity,
Unto the end—of entropy’s heat death.”

*As protons to stars to their explosions
And radiations to atoms to cells to life
Unto brains and consciousness?*

**“Yes, from the stars cometh not just your help,
But me too and everything else out there.
All is the continuance of just the one big effect
Of the one big event of the beginning of time.”**

**Atoms from stars of electrons/protons became
From the quantum vacuum fluctuations names
For the positive/negative balances of nonexistence,
That penultimate compositioning of our persistence.**

“I am that, as the night sky, whom you ask.”

**We wish that we can retain your presence
Within us, in rhythm and resonance.**

**“Everything is part of the IS,
Which is really the best answer to your quiz.”**

Who are we really talking to?

“Your selves, for you are the universe come to life.”

I live; I love.

**“You do not just live; you are life.
You do not just love; you are love.”**

They are both here.

**“Life and love do not flee on,
Just ahead of you, unreachable,
Leaving you but to lean forth and drink their wind.
You are the universe turned around to view itself.”**

I strive.

**“Zest, desire, caring, and other feelings sweet
Are your lightning feet for triumphant feats.”**

I reason.

**“All manner of shapes haunt the wilderness of the mind,
Many as waste, as in the universe, at large, in kind,
Just waiting and asking to be tamed as sane.”**

I ponder.

**“You are the golden chalice to the wine that flows;
Drink, drink!
You are the live and resultant existence that knows.
Think, think!”**

I imagine.

**“Thoughts fly in the mind
Like birds wing the wind;**

**“Imagination is the atmosphere
Wherein ideas are born and borne
On the waves of the sea in which one sees.”**

We have arrived, after 13.57 billion years.

**“Time future, time present, and time past
Are all at once, with not a bit of it to last.
The glorious light flashes us into being shone,
As the light ‘eternal’ of all time to be known.**

**“All possibilities must exist,
Because nonexistence cannot be so.
Existence is inevitable.”**

What does exist?

“Whatever is possible to exist does exist.”

Are there others elsewhere as we and all?

**“Yes, in quite a few places, but afar,
With much intervening space in between.**

**“Your fruits are of a universal seed,
As yet another yield of All possibility treed,
And siblings elsewhere in the entropic sea
Are also born of such probability.**

**“Absolute Consciousness made the party,
Attended by His poor relatives so hearty;
They bragged of their opinions so different,
Pro and con, but canceling out to a Great Silence.”**

What more could human mammals want?

**“This is it.
There is nothing more,
But in future growth.**

**“Why fret about life’s ultimate secret,
For whose thoughts can escape this worldly net?
It’s so easy: don’t despair, be happy!
All told, ‘tis best to live without regret.”**

It is now and we are here.

“That’s the best place and time.”

Is there more, then, to the beginning?

“Yes.”

**Thus, we ask from the powers of the night,
Not immortality, nor youth, nor birth,
But only that we glimpse the enigmatic—
That riddle solved of the conundrum.**

**“Then we must go downward and pastward
Into the Depths of the Deep.”**

*Here we stand, each holding fast,
Onto our other half.*

“Follow.”

**The door resists at first.
Then creaks into the crypt,
Powdered rust streaming from the hinges.**

*Here the answer to All is kept;
But not all was pleasant—it speaks of death,
Of life’s end, separate by just a breath.*

**“To learn the Secrets—what IS and e’er WAS,
One must brave the crypt and ghost of cause.**

**“So into the deep we go, without pause,
To look down, ever down, no self to keep—
Through birth, death, and the shade of sleep,
Through paths unkempt, under swept—**

“To the deep,

**“Through the cloudy strife of this hazy life,
Through the equations of eternity—
Their non-paternity nor maternity,
Past the realm of the things which seem or are,
Even o’er the steps of the remotest bar.**

“Down, down,

**“Where the mind whirls round and round,
As the ear draws forth the sound,
As the eye sees the light,
And of the dark the fright.**

“Down, down,

“**Beyond all death, despair, love, and sorrow,
Past yesterday, today, and tomorrow—
The body’s guide but the logic of the ‘know’.**

“**Down through the fog, the not, and the void,
Where ‘God’ and everything fail; Oh, zoids!**

“Down,

“**Where reigns the night, where the air is thin,
Where the sky and stars are not, but within,
Where the glorious have not their throne,
Where there is one presiding, all alone.**

“Down, down,

“**To the fathoms of the cryptic;
Where substance slept with arithmetic,**

“**Toward the spark yet nursed by embers,
To the first and last the universe remembers,
To seek the gem that shines—the wealth of mines,
The jewels so treasured by thee and thine.”**

*What truth accelerates life’s momentous gem,
Letting the motto become ‘Carpe diem?’
Who seized the moment or lost its momentum,
Wearing not the time as its royal diadem?*

“Down, down!

“**We guide thee, we must carry thee;
We’re illumination beside thee...**

“Down!

**“Fear not the proof—
It’s the beauty of the truth:**

**“Above the ground you were ever born again,
When the roseate hearts were cleansed by dew,
And lucky were you if spring found you new,
As every blossom on the bush blew full.**

**“When these wonders the new morning bestrew,
The beauty of truth was all that you “knew”.**

**“Life’s hardships there were softened by beauty,
All its weaknesses strengthened by the truth—
As when roses blossomed, like realizations,
Beauty itself bloomed from the well of truth.**

**“For now, rarely enough, existence is left aside,
And yet the essence ever has its other side.”**

**When sadness brooded over the morrow,
I once visited the deep well of sorrow.
There enshrined, inseparable, Beauty said,
‘Twas from me that sadness you borrowed.’**

“Down, down,

**“The essence beckons you back home,
As the contained-container is the poem.”**

***So do we live the life of art,
Each playing our part?***

**“Nay, that is not life, nor a part, bit,
For there’s another dimension to it.
Art and poetry enrich human experience
But they’re not substitutes for the living of it.”**

**Like Keats’ figures on the urn, blest,
Should we live life any less?**

“No—because what is deathless is also lifeless!”

“Down, down!”

***Truth and beauty must be inseparable,
Although this is seemingly imponderable.***

**On that sphere above,
Soft breezes ever blew, caressing me and you
As we kissed the roses new and drank their dew.**

***Reason and passion then merged into one,
As truth and beauty made their rendezvous.***

“Down, down, ever down—

**“Through the antiquity, past all of the known—
Arriving at the lowest, remotest throne,
One of the highest perfection,
For it is of the two contrasting directions.**

**“Plus and minus from little came to be,
But while most charges rejoined, some went free,
The pluses forming matter, energy,
And the minuses forming gravity.**

**“Opposite twins rule the causing call,
The positives and negatives constituting All.”**

***Here the enigma of the ever immortal
Is undone and unloosed through its portal:
The Theory of Everything mortal—
The Idea for which we've opened the door to.***

“Down, down,

“To the end at last!”

**Here be the lawless and the formless
Of the unordered, uncreated scene.**

Here the causeless reigns supreme.

**The timeless-formless contains every path,
Though as useless as a library of All books;
For its sum of information is zero,
But one of these possible avenues became ours.**

**“Inflation was so rapid that the particles in pairs
Of the always temporarily emitted virtuals there
Were forced to become separated from one another,
With some then to remain as enduring rather.**

**“Being and all that it is not exhaust
All Possibility, as opposites,
And so they must form a duality,
For there’s no point to specify either.**

**“Object and Subject are of what Man is made,
Qualia brightly floating in Nature’s shade
Of consciousness, and so then down through history
Duality’s track of steps is there to see.**

**“No form of a penultimate realness
Could exist alone before the rest, since
Everything is quantum-known-all-at-once;
For what could make the choice among many?**

**“There must be a duality of Yin and Yang,
Such as Being and Nothingness combined,
For what is complete unto itself has no
Catalyst from which to initiate change.**

**“Atoms are as bundles of inertia,
Knots in the field and fabric of space;
Yet matter defines the structure of space;
The Yin is in the Yang, and vice-versa!**

**“Nor comes it from an absolute nothing,
Since there can be no such ‘thing’ at all,
So, since either way is impossible,
Fundamental Possibility IS.**

**“Totality cannot to limits cling,
Or it wouldn’t be All, so it’s unbounding,
Thus granting eternity’s duration,
And infinity’s extent: everything.**

**“There could not have been any special time,
One that was privileged over any other chime,
Nor any special place nor any specific form
Arising out of the necessarily causeless realm.**

**“The underwriter of the universal wave of matter
Covers all loss and liability,
Guaranteeing payment, by dipping into Possibility,
Issuing both the credit and the debit.**

**“Top-down drives the bottom-up ‘events’,
The future ever affecting the present;
The flat whiteness of the Omega End
Brings forth diversified prismatic colors.**

**“What IS both must be, and it must be what it is
Not only temporally but also spatially.
For What IS to be across times is for it
To be ungenerated and deathless;**

**“For it to be *what* across times is to be still.
For it to be everywhere is to be whole.
To be as is at every place is to be uniform;
To be everywhere is to be complete.**

**“Altogether, IS is everlasting, immutable,
Internally invariant of uniform wholeness,
And invariant of being optimally shaped.
What IS is necessary and perfect.**

**“A None isn’t ‘there’ nor shows up here,
So, a One can’t be, either, with None outside;
Thus there is no absolute One or None,
Which forces the relative ‘in-between’.**

**“The necessity of no One and no None
Makes for no absolutes, which means
That time, space, matter, and motion
Have no intrinsic, indivisible qualities.”**