

— Whence Cometh Our Help —



It's a short tale to tell of how and why  
We all come and go through earth, air, and sky:  
    Out of eternity's flame in the night,  
Some sparks grow bright, then flicker and die.

*Stars generate the lower elements;  
Supernovae generate the higher ones.  
Atoms form the molecules that lead to  
Life's complexity, from simplicity.*

Starlight is the origin of our being,  
The source of matter, energy; everything.  
    Permanent, reassuring, unquenchable;  
It's our radiant soul, a self-winding mainspring.

*Look at the stars in the depths of the night;  
Hold their flames in your mind, keeping them bright.  
Their power flows, energizing you, from  
The Eternal Charger—you see the light!*

**Soul to soul its rays reveal: ‘I’m the light,  
Thy spirit’s sight, a beauty bold and bright,  
An inspiration come from darkest night,  
A newborn star aglow with insight.’**

*Of stars, those lights of dark eternity,  
There’s one that shines bright for you and me;  
Photons race the sky across, shedding light,  
Enlivening, illuminating humanity.*

**I own a solar system way out there,  
One whose planets contain diamonds, silver,  
And much in gold; so now I’m rich; it’s all  
Mine because I chose a favorite star.**

*Insight stabs the utter darkness of nought,  
As ideas that wink in our minds as thought.  
This is the only knowledge to be known—  
All else is aforethought or afterthought.*

**The stars are eternity’s running-lights;  
They shine, even through the fathomless night!  
From what bright star came the gleam in your eyes?  
To what distant sun returns my smile’s light?**

*In that black and endless eternal deep,  
Nature’s fertile soil grows us from sleep,  
Sees us bud, flower, leaf, thrive, and die,  
Then lays us back to rest, our souls to keep.*

**Time and stardust made us Earth’s living guest,  
As quick death sifted the rest from the best.  
Those three, our birthright, write our epitaph:  
RIP; time expires, death comes, dust is left.**

*From what beastly heart sprang our zest?  
Of what searching eye became our quest?  
What sound in the bushes made us hear?  
What dark past haunts but helped us fear?*

*Does human life evolve by senseless course,  
Or spring from naught, by Heaven's tour de force?  
We questers scour the land for hidden clues;  
The preachers quote a more dogmatic source.*

*Mild faith consoles; but when Belief is strict,  
Joy is expelled by holy interdict.  
Life has no worth unless we gladly grasp  
The pleasures that Religion would evict.*

*The teeming galaxies have not a care  
For human exultation or despair;  
We must exploit the gifts that Chance bestowed,  
And lead our lives without recourse to prayer.*

*In Heaven's darkroom, eternal lights wink.  
We flash into being, souls filled to the brink!  
Like rainbows, we unveil life's true colors,  
Till the picture fades, and back to night we sink!*

*Oh thee, of thine, whence comes this life of mine?  
I wish to thank you for this living wine.  
Oh, Nature, Father Time, Guiding Star,  
Thanks for throwing me this Earthly lifeline.*

*Pretend you're dead—gone, sitting on a star,  
And regretting there an empty memoir...  
'If only I might live it all again!'  
Well, you're alive, so smile, because you are.*

*Night's cup is empty, bottomless, and cold,  
Until the daylight fills it up with gold.  
A life that flows freely brings us beauty,  
Else suffering's truth to us is told.*