

New Age NIRVANA



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Introduction

Why is there fighting?

(A bolt of lightning, for a world uniting.)

Why suffering's bitter sting?

(Let's embrace buffers, sweet solace they bring.)

Can salvation overcome tribulation?

(Seek answers within life's causation.)

Is God's presence real?

(Can I, to the Divine, honestly appeal?)

Why does misery play its part?

(Can joy, like fine wine, fill every heart?)

Must evil taint our shared abode?

(Let's strive for civility's gentle code.)

How to believe in God midst these questions?

(Can wisdom shine through life's suggestions?)

Once swayed by Buddhism, evolution's tale,

(Shedding old beliefs, like a worn-out veil.)

Atheism claimed me, "No soul, no God,"

(But my spirit rekindled, my stance was flawed.)

Now I wholly embrace spirituality's truth,

(What follows is real, from innocence to ruth.)

Soul, angels, God's whispers so clear,

(Like melodies touching every ear.)

Existence, a fact unadorned,

(Like aching teeth that demand to be mourned.)

For some, opinions may diverge,

(Like layers within a conscious surge.)

War, suffering, injustice's might,

(Yearning for a world free from plight.)

"I'd refuse worship even if a God were known,"

(Like a ship unmoored, away it's flown.)

Within these pages, truth unfolds,

(What was concealed, now clearly holds.)

Yet the conclusion isn't all grim,

(So, take heart, let hope's light dim.)

Our world's a shifting, evolving scene,

(From poison to wellness, the change we've seen.)

Are good and evil equal, opposing might?

(Not two steeds pulling the universe's flight.)

God reigns supreme, the Devil, no twin,

(No need to measure their sway from within.)

The Devil is God's algorithm, controlled by God.

(Truth to embrace, an essential thought.)

Fear not, this doesn't blacken God's name,

(Dystopia's end, a cause for acclaim.)

The Devil a tool, as history's shown,

(No dual forces, just seeds sown.)

Evil's a phase, like roots give birth,

(Through darkness, light takes over the Earth.)

Evil echoes in acts of sacrifice,

(The diabolic algorithm tempts us, entice.)

Capitalism, murder, bullying's cruel grin,

(Sacrifice of others, a sinister win.)

The slaughter of animals was where sin had a start,

(Sparking karmic fires, a painful art.)

Karma's law, cause and effect's embrace,

(A choice to make, in life's intricate space.)

Animal sacrifices mirror human despair,

(Choosing meatlessness, compassion to bear.)

God's plan for vegetarian ways, gaining ground,

(Our ship, lost, is now homeward bound.)

Emancipation from dystopia's chains,

(A sacred goal our heart attains.)

Next millennium, our civilization's flight,

(Past foes reborn as friends unite.)

Cosmic society, a story of peace to tell.

(In cosmic society, there are many planets like Earth, each

behaving as a cell.)

Chapter One: A New Theosophy

1

On January 26th, in the year two thousand and eleven,

(A miraculous event did happen.)

I encountered God in enlightening embrace,

(A shockwave followed, a weighty case.)

The Light appeared as a supernova's hue,

(Transcending realms, like the Divine's view.)

Equilibrium reigns in the cosmic array,

(Some might dub this a dreamlike ballet.)

Yet, equality in theosophy we all share?

(As hinted before, a brighter era we'll bear.)

Equilibrium claims Creation's design,

(God's grand plan, the ultimate sign.)

In that instant, the universe gleamed as Light,

(Microbes to galaxies, all in sight.)

An object is simultaneously the entire universe.

(A pen, paper, coins or a purse.)

Equilibrium danced in whole and in part,

(God's genesis, a revelation to impart.)

Before and after, spiritual insights did bloom,

(Yet a fog encroached, casting a gloom.)

At that moment, a seizure took its hold,

(Thoughts scrambled, stories untold.)

Reason scattered like leaves in the wind,

(A cold winter, mental landscapes thinned.)

In that haunting state, telepathic doors ajar,

(A connection emerged, near and far.)

Tied to territories, bonds of trust and more,

(My sixth sense was awakened.)

Family, business, each link displayed,

(A different power, thought's escapade?)

If telepathy's canvas were painted by minds,

(Animals too, this connection binds.)

Territorial beings, we all know the trend,

(Shifts from thought to notes penned.)

Yet for them, speechless the mode can be,

(Animals are sentient, something we should see.)

Claiming territory, minds amplify,

(Even in peace, thoughts reach for the sky.)

Energy ascends, balance finds its stance,

(A link to conflict, a cosmic dance.)

Life's tapestry, interwoven with strife,

(When theft occurs, justice seeks rife.)

2

The multiverse houses countless universes in its scope,

(Our realm nested within its eternal envelope.)

Infinity strides in ceaseless progression,

(For mental digestion, read with reflection.)

New universes birthed at an unceasing pace,

(Destined to fade, occupy their space.)

Multiverse numbers, an endless cascade,

(How long have we dwelled within its parade?)

Origins and roots, both elusive and grand,

(Where it began, the path that was planned.)

An explanation I offer, a lyrical thread,

(Enjoy this tale as it's skillfully spread.)

The Author isn't necessarily all-knowing, it's clear,

(Still, this eBook's insights are sincere.)

Holism, the philosophy we unravel,

(Realizations aplenty to enlighten and travel.)

Infinity's embrace, where God's knowledge extends,

(Kneel to the Lord, where wisdom transcends.)

Sacred and miraculous, in everything they reside,

(Dualism's law, the universe's guide.)

Nonexistence and existence entwine,

(Components of our infinite design.)

'Holism' speaks to 'whole' and 'holy,'

(Slowly repeat, to grasp the insight solely.)

Brain hemispheres, right and left,

(Like sun and rain, a dance deft.)

Linked to female and male, they twine,

(Sail with me as truth's beacon shines.)

Dualism is the divine design

(It is all about the circle and the line)

LGBTQ, where do they align?

(In this cosmic design, where stars entwine.)

The right hemisphere for LGBTQ's grace,

(The left for the straight's embrace.)

Potential and absolute, their forms defined,

(In diversity's tapestry entwined.)

Women too in the right hemisphere exist,

(Unity in diversity, this truth persists.)

Can potential and absolute love merge as one?

(Mother and father in harmony spun.)

Can love unite through shared philosophy?

(Explore the depths of this theosophy?)

Another diversity, in gender's light,

(Rural and city in life's grand flight.)

Breadwinner and homemaker, roles tried and true,

(Icebreaker for talks, perspectives anew.)

Potentials can be reversed, roles interchanged,

(Balance found, no side estranged.)

Life's trio: animals, humans, and deities stand,

(Vertical unity, a cosmic hand.)

From simple to complex, the spectrum unfurls,

(Gender's tapestry woven with swirls.)

Humans, neutral within the trio's range,

(Divine design, not left to chance's change.)

Roots, trunks, branches, and leaves align,

(Cycle of life, in forms intertwined.)

Legs, torso, head in living's guise,

(Nature's grace in each step that flies.)

Trio of life, united as One,

(Book's mission, this truth to stun.)

Potentials' complexity, deities' realm brims,

(Eternity's vastness where potential hymns.)

Absolute's simplicity aligns with animals' sphere,

(Don't underestimate, their worth is clear.)

Gender's hues for divine beings range wide,

(Potentials blossoming with each stride.)

Animals rest in dual gender's embrace,

(Duality's realm extends beyond its base.)

Humans as neutral, a bridge's embrace,

(Complexity in deities, their roles interlace.)

This is how Dualism embraces LGBTQ

(Gender is an array of color with many hues)

Gender, as colors of blue and red, might you view,

(From life's dualities, a unique clue.)

Warm and cool tones in deities blend,

(Worth a treasure, should it money spend?)

Masculine, feminine, a spectrum bright,

(Dual components merge in Creation's light.)

Equilibrium, where inequality and equality bind,

(Joyfully spoken, a balance of mind.)

Together they forge equilibrium's domain,

(Next millennium's promise, a world's transformation.)

Unity thrives amid great diversity's sway,

(A future of peace, in which we'll convey.)

3

Two pathways beckon, this verse's course unfolds,

(Guided by rhymes, these stories to be told.)

One: The planets in their cosmic dance arise,

(A journey through knowledge, a realm that's wise.)

Two: God's origin, Creation's first rhyme,

(A cosmic vibration, Om's sublime time?)

Earth, our school in planetary guise,

(A playground for souls, where wisdom flies.)

Students grow, embracing godly sway,

(Infinite potential, life's vibrant display.)

Graduation heralds divine community,

(Growing as gods, a path to unity.)

Child to adult, a life's design,

(Human to god, the cosmic intertwine.)

Life beyond death, a journey's breath,

(Endless cycles, beyond what meets death.)

Reincarnation, a tale retold,

(Stations of existence, stories unfold.)

Life's seed sprouts anew, renewal's art,
(A cycle's beginning, every life to restart.)

Soul departs, to birth returns,
(Across lifetimes, lessons one discerns.)
Deity turns human, the cycle intertwines,
(The tapestry woven, time's cosmic lines.)

Day and night entwine in nature's dance,
(Our reality is a dream.)
Awake, matter's grasp takes hold,
(Spirit in slumber, stories untold.)
Dreams awaken in wakeful light,
(A grand cosmic rhythm, the day and night.)

Dreams as matter, in slumber they unfold,
(Material realm, dreams' tales retold.)
Awake, as spirits, realms come alive,
(Life's interplay, as we strive to thrive.)
Perspective shifts, the dance takes hold,
(Bridging duality, a story to be told.)

Life's cycle thrives in threefold might,

(A concept to ponder, day and night.)

Afterlife's realm, familiar and near,

(While eternity's path remains clear.)

Divine self, a realm beyond the soul,

(Onward to eternity, life's journey's goal.)

Within, the deity's self you'll find,

(Ponder, place back on the shelf of mind.)

Inner god or goddess, true self's embrace,

(The soul's affirmation, in divine grace.)

Deeper self, the inner deity's voice,

(Revelation's question, omni-choice.)

More than one soul, the divine can weave,

(Mystery's thread, stories to believe.)

Best friends, soulmates, an eternal bond,

(Through a god, connections beyond.)

Connected through a deity's embrace,

(A truth to unveil, in time's sweet pace.)

Ninety years, a human's span of life,
(The grander plan, beyond mere strife.)

Zodiac's cycle, a cosmic equation,
(Ninety cycles, a soul's reincarnation.)

God's lifetime spans in millions they grow,
(Eternal existence, a river's endless flow.)

Zodiac's wheel, ages twelve in turn,
(Through the ages, ancient wisdom burn.)

From Aries to Leo's fiery blaze,
(The zodiac's dance, through time's maze.)

Deity to human, the cycle retold,
(Eternity's ship, a cosmic journey bold.)

Mono, poly, none, they blend and align,
(In this theosophy, connections intertwine.)

Monotheistic Light, our guiding flame,
(Positivity's symbol, Creation's aim.)

Polytheistic essence in divinity's tapestry,
(Aspects united, in cosmic harmony.)

Duality's dance, 'whole' and 'part' unite,

(Truth resonates, in hearts takes flight.)

Monotheistic God, unity's expanse,

(Connecting all souls in a cosmic dance.)

Polytheistic fragments within, we find,

(United in diversity, a tapestry intertwined.)

Atheism's role, a part of the grand scheme,

(An aspect's role in Creation's dream.)

Did God birth nature, or vice versa's stride?

(The Big Bang's symphony, where galaxies ride.)

Math is the origin , the genesis of all,

(To creation's fabric, it stands tall.)

Math and consciousness, a cosmic dance,

(Calculations at play, in Creation's trance.)

Science, art, all in math find a home,

(Alliances woven, knowledge's tome.)

Occult arts, their forces aligned,

(Balance of spirits, destinies defined.)

4

Turning towards another path's design,
(What sparked the Universe, so grand and fine?)
God's nature, the origin of all we see,
(A cycle's rhythm, from winter to spring free.)
Begin with Dualism's realm of thought,
(Then delve into Creationism, as we ought.)

Existence and nonexistence, intertwined,
(Dualism's essence, for all things designed.)
Like legs that steady and hold the stance,
(Strolling through eternity, in cosmic dance.)
Nonexistence, a foundation's role to play,
(Space-object ties, in symphony's array.)

Space and objects in relationship's embrace,
(For leisure or work, in varied pace.)
Choose to abstain or consume with zest,
(Different than victory's triumph or defeat's test.)
Meditation's canvas, nothingness as base,
(Mind's brush erasing, thoughts interlace.)

Dualism as "God," a complex notion stands,

(A nod to its role, by wisdom's hands.)

Spiritual deities, with forms sublime,

(Their creation's work, beyond space and time.)

A Creator stands, and Creators bloom,

(The world's theatre staged, in a divine room.)

5

In days of old, when time's inception dawned,

(Origin point of the cosmic wand.)

Nothingness reigned, a vast void's reign,

(Minimal existence, a space to gain.)

Abyss of suffering, a painful void's abyss,

(A state far removed from heavenly bliss.)

Pain thrived, in absence's stark domain,

(Exploration's call, a realm to regain.)

From nothingness, a spark did ignite,

(Something emerging from the void's night.)

Born from the abyss, abstract and grand,

(A mysterious creation, its essence planned.)

Numbers arose, an abstract dance unfurled,

(Forming patterns, in a numerical world.)

Pure abstractions, without concrete weight,

(No measure yet, no speed, size, nor fate.)

Momentous calculations, a momentum's rise,

(Miraculous spark, beneath cosmic skies.)

Like water's boil, reaching a climax's embrace,

(Number's journey, within time and space.)

Momentum surged, a limit they did find,

(Event's culmination, a cosmic bind.)

Numbers birthed Consciousness, transformation grand,

(God's origin, creation's cosmic strand.)

Consciousness stirred, creativity's embrace,

(Tool of invention, cosmic dreams to chase.)

Language and logic, by consciousness designed,

(Tools for understanding, reality to find.)

"If ____ then ____," the statement was born,

(Pen's might, through thought's journey sworn.)

6

Is 'The Consciousness' akin to 'The Light'?

(Questions sprout wings, taking intellectual flight.)

Connected yet distinct, their essence abides,

(In stages of Creation, where wonder resides.)

In the era of Consciousness, the world lay in wait,

(Only thoughts existed, in anticipation of fate.)

'The Consciousness' fulfilled its sacred role,

(Creation's logic, a masterpiece to extol.)

Transformed, it became pluralistic and female,

(Many entities, with linguistic tales to unveil.)

Interconnected dialogues they wove,

(To make stories symbolized by a dove.)

Beings conversed about the need for tales,

(Across normal exchanges, not heated trails.)

The purpose of existence, stories hold,

(Without narratives, a different tale unfolds.)

A realm of joyous tales these beings did decree,

(Sagacious architects, crafting destiny.)

Yet, recognizing a requisite base,
(Everything envisioned, including life's chase.)

Negativity and crises must share the stage,
(Positivity born from struggle's cage.)

To shape a realm of ecstatic glee,
(A crisis designed, a key decree.)

In the tapestry woven by these minds,
(Stories unfolding in myriad binds.)

Godchildren graced Earth's sphere,
(Death's passage, rebirth, and afterlife clear.)

To deities, matured and strong they'd ascend,
(Destiny's whisper, a course to transcend.)

A trajectory toward the multiverse unfurled,
(Destination uncertain, a complex world.)

Pluralistic femininity converged to male singularity,
(Infinity's birth, unfolding with clarity.)

This being chose sacrifice for the cosmic expanse,
(Masterful act, the universe's dance.)

In infinite agony, this being submerged,

(Creation's envoy, willingly purged.)

From torment to brilliance, He arose,

(Only truth in these lines flows.)

As the radiant Light, He assumed the role,

(Creator's mantle, an everlasting soul.)

7

Within the tale's embrace, we reside,
(Eternal narrative, forever side by side.)
Society, economy, environment in strife,
(Pisces to Aquarius, transforming life.)

Crises guide toward a brighter fate,
(A world united, free from hate.)

Suffering's presence, a question profound,
(Here's the answer, its essence unbound.)

Oneness' concept, in suffering's veil,
(Utopia's promise, beyond pain's trail.)

Collective divinity, we all share,
(Growth, healing, in love's open air.)

Beyond unity's call, division finds its place,
(Nether realms woven, in distinct space.)

Individuality, values we've shown,
(Dystopian echoes, in power's throne.)

Suffering divides, we stand apart,
(Competition's fire, in every heart.)

Division holds value, lessons to glean,
(Potent suffering, within life's scene.)

Creator and Creation, kept apart,
(Bound by suffering, a cosmic chart.)
Unity and division, balance's dance,
(Violence's hold, in destiny's trance.)

Being of sacrifice, in infinite flow,
(For all, the seeds of freedom to sow.)

Heaven on Earth, creation's aim,
(A curse followed, in sorrow's claim.)
Failure followed the quest's demand,
(A pathway forward, a guiding hand.)

God's dominion over all, a right divine,
(King of the cosmos, stars that shine.)
Found in love for self, Divine's grace,
(This tome's wisdom, your heart embrace.)

Likewise, self-love, your soul's wealth to swell,
(Spirit's treasure, life's story to tell.)

Chapter 2: The Infinite and the Finite

1

Given God's sacrifice, our worship we give,
(Prayer and meditation, through which we live.)

Pre-meal reverence to the heavens above,
(Divine glory's presence, a symbol of love.)

Any food is God itself, or God's body,
(When we eat it is God, not meant to be baudy.)

Human suffering, a profound theme,
(A marvel in life's complex scheme.)

Significant for us, it might seem,
(Challenges faced, life's vivid dream.)

Yet God's sacrifice holds infinite space,
(Enduring coldness, a cosmic embrace.)

2

Let's explore the bond of infinity and the soul,

(Math's universal, no part's left in the cold.)

Infinity in math connects with sets' theme,

(A cheerful rhyme, to keep ideas in stream.)

A set, it's said, holds elements diverse,

(Though sentiments may vary, facts converse.)

An element, often number or variable known,

(Math's realm, a humble path I've sown.)

For instance, set A, with a, b, c bound,

(Stay with me, wonders yet to be found.)

$A = \{a, b, c\}$ —elements three in plain sight,

(Be patient, insights will soon take flight.)

Here comes the notion of cardinality's quest,

(Stay afloat, you'll be amply impressed.)

$\text{Card}(A)$ equals three, the notation's grace,

(Float on this knowledge, let your mind chase.)

We will gain a new perspective on infinity

(That it has an unbreakable link to spirituality)

What of sets with natural numbers in line?

(The conclusion nears, revelation's shine.)

From zero to infinity, the sequence extends,

(Like a cosmic journey, where no path ends.)

$N = \{0, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, \dots\}$ some symbols drawn,

(Infinity's dance, a concept to dawn.)

"..." implies infinity, a boundless state,

(No limit can curb, no boundary dictate.)

Greater than a google, this set's expanse,

(You've got a chance.)

Infinity's might, unassailable it seems,

(Logic's realm, a land of dreams.)

Sets equivalent, their cardinality aligns,

(Our journey continues, among cosmic signs.)

Elements' count, the criteria to share,

(Math's elegance, a truth rare.)

$A = \{a, b, c\}$, $B = \{x, y, z\}$, they say,

(Equivalent sets, in this cosmic play.)

Card(A) equals 3, card(B) the same,
(Equivalence preserved, in number's name.)

How of infinite sets, the equivalence vast?
(Stay tuned, for revelations unsurpassed.)

Infinity dwells where natural numbers reside,
(Math's link to wonders, where realms collide.)

Even numbers' set, another cosmic tale,
(Beyond this point, the answer shall unveil.)

$N = \{0, 1, 2, 3, \dots\}$ and on it extends,
(Even numbers, the tale amends.)

$E = \{2, 4, 6, \dots\}$ the list maintains,
(Equivalent they stand, where math explains.)

Card(N) equals card(E), equivalence at play,
(Infinity's dance, as night turns to day.)

Whole, rational, prime numbers all to find,
(Infinity's unity, in nature enshrined.)

All in harmony, equivalent sets they enthrall,
(Infinity's symphony, in the grand cosmic hall.)

3

Let's explore numbers, both real and rare,

(Math's language universal, crossing every square.)

Real numbers' realm encompasses them all,

(Historical logic, this chapter to enthrall.)

Irrational, refusing fraction's grasp,

(Math's dance, a poetic, logical clasp.)

Square roots stand irrational and true,

(Why this focus? Answers will ensue.)

An irrational's digits, a limitless spree,

(Math's realm, beyond sight's decree.)

Infinity follows the decimal's lead,

(To significance's depth, let's pay heed.)

Infinite decimals, a story profound,

(Where math and spirit's threads are bound.)

Infinite numbers' vast, infinite pride,

(Math's language, across cosmos ride.)

Between integers, like 0 and 1's span,

(Our journey's near its cosmic plan.)

0.12341234...

0.123456789876543212345678987654321...

0.555555...

Between 0 and 1, a plethora takes space,

(Infinite's vista, in numbers' embrace.)

Cardinality's infinite, a story to rehearse,

(Number's journey, the universe traverse.)

A focal point, the heart of our discussion,

(Pause for insight, let it make percussion.)

The grand truth of math's dimension,

(Cardinality's the essence of this mention.)

The set 'twixt 0 and 1's realms so fine,

(A champion, transcending natural's line.)

Infinite, both, yet differing streams,

(Infinity's kinship, in math's dreams.)

Mathematically, the proof resides,

(Impacts of the numbers, like tides.)

All the possible numbers between 0 and 1,

(Are a greater cardinality than set N, they won.)

A female infinity and a male infinity,

(The universe shows us that the greater is femininity.)

Number line and space in a dance unite,

(Space and numbers, in tandem's flight.)

Between 0 and 1, a universe in-between,

(An epiphany shared, a cosmic screen.)

Potential to zoom in or out, it seems,

(Infinity's voyage, the realm of dreams.)

These realms so deep, assumptions we make,

(Leaping to the cosmic river's wake.)

The universe's threads, to others connect,

(These insights, the cosmos reflect.)

Linking worlds, dimensions spiritual and grand,

(Extensions boundless, cosmos' command.)

4

Another notion to weave math with soul,
(Science and God entwined, making us whole.)

For infinity, Hebrew's 'alef' often resides,
(But simplicity's key, to understanding's guides.)

Instead, infinity's symbol, clear and free,
(Through rhyme and reason, a deeper decree.)

∞

$\text{Card}(\mathbb{N}) = \infty$

In math, infinity and infinity converge,
(Rhyme's rhythm, let's beautifully urge.)

Infinity plus finite equals the same song,
(Math's dance, flowing steadily along.)

But subtract from itself? Not allowed,
(Math's realm, in wisdom it's endowed.)

$\infty + \infty = \infty$

$$\infty + 1 = \infty$$

$$\infty - \infty = 0$$

Subtraction, mathematicians admit,

(Math's rules, even infinity cannot omit.)

A paradox lies in this equation's game,

(A mystery, worthy of more than just a name.)

Equation's sides, math's truth to unveil,

(A journey where logic and numbers sail.)

$$1 + 1 = 2$$

$$1 + 1 + 1 = 2 + 1$$

$$a + b = c$$

$$a + b - d = c - d$$

$$1 + \infty = \infty$$

$$1 + (\infty - \infty) = (\infty - \infty)$$

$$1 + 0 = 0$$

$$1 = 0$$

**Infinity subtracted from itself, you may find,

(If this knowledge intrigues, keep it in mind.)

Does it hint at existence's dance with void?
(Spirit's embrace, by logic's rules not destroyed.)

A glimpse of spiritual reality's hue,
(Through numbers' lens, a mystical view.)

5

Infinity, and finite's distinction,

(From the roots of truth, seeking extension.)

Infinity, its value remains unaltered,

(We grow and thrive, our paths unsaltered.)

Between human and God, infinite divide,

(To this realization, we harmoniously bide.)

God's suffering, boundless pain divine,

(Above our sorrows, His/Her suffering does shine.)

Ours finite, constrained by time's grasp,

(Even amid trials, our strength does clasp.)

God's agony surpasses mortal scope,

(Through His/Her suffering, Creation finds its hope.)

Infinite pain, God's unique domain,

(From finite's cycle, we find relief again.)

Once roots are nurtured, souls ascend,

(To spiritual heights where sorrows mend.)

Guarded from boundless torment's array,

(After our trials, blessings pave the way.)

Roots grown strong through life's array,

(Steps we've taken along our way.)

Transcending trials as time unwinds,

(Each played a part in life's grand designs.)

Now, the time for sprouting's grace,

(As we enter the third phase' embrace.)

Infinity quantified, a measure's face,

(Suffering endures without a trace.)

Quantity and quality stand entwined,

(Together, their dance intertwines.)

The Abyss's suffering, its unique tale,

(Experiences unmeasured, in a realm of pale.)

Duality's embrace, the Circle and Line,

(Concepts fascinating, intertwine.)

The Line as quantity, the Circle's grace,

(Quality and quantity find their place.)

East and West their roles do take,

(Like bride and groom, a union does make.)

Abyss's essence, quality's hold,

(Beyond quantification, a tale is told.)

A realm unmeasured, pure in form,

(Outside existence's norm.)

How mysterious that it has no number,

(Since there is nothing in this abysmal slumber.)

6

Human beings, as god-children, stand,
(Like houses built, growth spans the land.)
Earth, a school, where wisdom's found,
(Great lessons taught, on sacred ground.)
For the divine self, an eternal quest,
(In the flow of time, we are put to the test.)

Seven divine types we portray,
(First through seventh, a vibrant array.)
Play, compete, virtue, learn, achieve, journey, rest,
(Choose your path, which suits you best.)
The author, a competitor's fire in the heart,
(Martial deity's spirit, in us, to compete as an art.)

Humanity in wars, a tale so long,
(Counting dimes and who's strong.)
Dystopia seeds Utopia's light,
(Visionary journey, day into night.)
Martial deities descend to compete,
(In games of life, battles to meet.)

Spirits diverse and deities unseen,
(Guiding us through challenges unforeseen.)

Wars forge roots within our soul,
(Growth through strife, a vital role.)

These divisions strong, pain's alchemy,
(Pulled apart for growth's decree.)

Oneness requires division's embrace,
(Differentiating for diverse grace.)

Only through rifts can we be whole,
(Balanced in unity, each soul.)

Utopia, a haven of friends anew,
(In rebirth, a harmonious view.)

Rootless fall into endless pain,
(Drenched in sorrow's ceaseless rain.)

Finite is the choice amid infinity's scope,
(Choosing well, the reason we hope.)

The Reverse Path we tread with care,
(Seeking redemption, to repair.)

Winning, losing, life's twist of fate,

(In destiny's hands, we navigate.)

Balance, stand, relationships mend,

(On the tightrope of life, we ascend.)

Standing on others, a reverse chore,

(An ego-driven dance, a tragic score.)

Reverse world's Tree, relationships bind,

(Entangling lives, fate's intricate design.)

Utopia's Garden, unity's embrace,

(A haven of love, every race.)

Past to future, one plant, one seed,

(A cosmic cycle, all souls freed.)

Tree to Garden, cycles we follow,

(From sorrow's depth to a brighter morrow.)

Roots to fruit, life's grand pursuit,

(A journey of growth, life's tribute.)

The Reverse Path's swing from pain to glee,

(A rollercoaster of destiny.)

Pendulum's dance, back and forth,
(A journey of gain and loss, south to north.)

Equilibrium sought through each turn,
(Lessons of life, wisdom to earn.)

Justifications found for pleasure's sight,
(In life's complex dance of light.)

Darkness and light, in equal measure,
(Balance within life's vast treasure.)

The Reverse Path, origin of all we know,
(The genesis, a cosmic show.)

Abyss's suffering, a darkened space,
(A realm of struggle, in time and space.)

Transition's phase, we journey through,
(From the old to the fresh, a new view.)

From roots, we sprout, to skies ascend,
(Leaving the past, wounds mend.)

Sing "Hallelujah" with heart so light,
(Celebrate the journey, it is the end of our fight.)

7

A single god or goddess's form, let's explore,

(Diverse beliefs, let's not ignore.)

Faces of races blended into unity's grace,

(Human and divine traits interlace.)

Oneness represented by their being,

(Intelligence far beyond what we're seeing.)

Human traits and conditions they don,

(A spectrum of emotions, every sun.)

Subhuman aspects, a weave of life,

(In Holism's tapestry, where all are rife.)

Divine uniqueness, traits they weave,

(In your beliefs, your heart must believe.)

Androgynous in nature's pure light,

(Wisdom transcending day and night.)

Ageless beyond mortal span,

(Readers' perspectives, let's understand.)

World-creators, shaping realms anew,
(The infinite canvas, colors and hue.)

Human endeavors form corporate space,
(Creation's dance, the human race.)

Gods and goddesses as cosmic pioneers,
(Sculpting worlds through cosmic years.)

Infinite domains where they thrive,
(Legends written in the cosmic archive.)

Existence in dimensions beyond the norm,
(A world outside what we can perform.)

God-children to continue the plan,
(Creation's cycle in the grand.)

New worlds woven, or join those existing,
(Destiny's web, always persisting.)

Chapter 3: Spiritual Cleansing

1

Following the 9/11 attack, my transformation begun,

(A presence, perhaps angelic, with whom I hung.)

I found myself ensnared by panic's grip,

(As if malevolent forces had caused my soul to slip.)

This affliction plagued me for unrelenting years,

(Now I find solace in meditation, quelling my fears.)

Later, I came to understand that spirits were the cause,

(Feel free to re-read that line, take a pause.)

A decade elapsed before I sought a shaman's aid,

(Not a mere novice, but a seasoned guide displayed.)

He unveiled a connection to a "star of injury" so profound,

(In response to my query, its meaning unbound.)

This star rendered me susceptible to malevolent entities,

(A notion that might seem medieval, defying modern sensibilities.)

My anguish, it seems, was a spiritual purification,

(If you too face turmoil, this insight offers elucidation.)

Deeds of yore beckoned a cleansing of my core,

(Perhaps faith in eventual relief can pain restore.)

(The cleansing unfurls the soul's luminescent light,)

Allowing life's brilliance to take flight.

(With a purified soul, happiness can reprise,)

This journey applies to both women and guys.

(Through rebirth's intricate dance, cycles replay,)

Nourishing the roots, paving the way.

A rhythm of triumphs and losses we tread,

(For a destined culmination, where our efforts are spread.)

A design to foster roots of growth and might,

(Explaining the conflicts that mar our sight.)

Equally apportioned for each mortal heart,

(Inequality perceived due to biases that subtly impart.)

2

With marijuana, panic surged and crept,

(My mind's serenity far from adept.)

Under its influence, I graced the piano keys,

(Music's devotee, aiming to appease.)

Abruptly, awareness dawned, left-handedness unveiled,

(A moment when inner peace was derailed.)

Perplexing it may be to understand,

(Why not continue the concert as planned?)

Shock's torment led me astray,

(Others sensed turmoil, come what may.)

Reality's shift, a twist, a turn,

(Stress coiled 'til my spirit did burn.)

Handedness became obsession's tether,

(My honesty I offer here, unfettered.)

Dualism's realm did I unearth,

(New Age Nirvana, granting rebirth.)

Mind and body's mysterious liaison,

(A kinship that felt like an incision.)

The Circle and Line's wisdom I perceived,

(Though emotionally, I hardly believed.)

Duality's dance: Love and Compassion, intertwined,

(Unveiled supernaturally in realms undefined.)

From dimensions beyond the tangible,

(Real indeed, though deemed intangible.)

Eventually, a list took shape within my grasp,

(Aided, I sensed, by an angelic clasp.)

Attributes of consciousness, revealed with care,

(Solicited enlightenment beyond compare.)

Bilateral body's symphony, loudly played,

(Dualism's knowledge, more than a shade.)

The Line and Circle, symbols profound,

(Revelation arrived, unbound.)

As my thoughts seemed to align and mesh,

(Though my brain wove each intricate mesh.)

In this cosmic revelation, I'm led to believe,

(Though unasked, this wisdom the universe did weave.)

The brain, its hemispheres, caught my fascination,

(Toward this focus, my mind's navigation.)

One, creative; the other, analytical prowess,

(Acceptance versus critique, in its clearest dress.)

Left side's energy surged, the right seemed shy,

(Dominant vision in my left eye.)

In one's body, their energy resides,

(Dominance and sidedness, where insight hides.)

Childhood's scales tipped, favoring right's might,

(A left-handed history denied in full sight.)

Adults coerced right-handedness in me to stay,

(Rights snatched away, a theft in broad day.)

Could this have been Buddha's narrative, too?

(Published now, leaving doubt in the rearview.)

In Buddhism's teachings, echoes say,

(Originally on the brain, this author conveys.)

Compassion, loftier than Love in its creed,

(A balance sought, where neither concedes.)

3

Because left-handers are naturally inclined towards their
left hand,

(Though both arms might be needed for tasks quite grand)

Forcing them to switch to their right,

(Is a flawed notion, ascribing dark and light)

It may lead to an awkward twist,

(Many pseudo-right-handers might be on this list)

For a right-handed person, using the right hand to hold a
pencil is customary,

(Exploring Dualism's philosophy, thoughts can become
quite visionary)

Likewise, a left-handed individual is naturally inclined
towards the left,

(Disrupting this flow could leave a sense of imbalance,
bereft)

The two manifestations of handedness are akin to the
duality found in sexes,

(Within the brain's complex domains, dominance subtly
flexes)

The imbalance that manifests itself exists in the world as a macrocosm,

(Similar to a left-handed child, the twist affecting him)

The left side is representative of the natural,

(Attempting to 'fix' a left-handed child's writing is external, almost surreal)

The right side represents the realm of human creation,

(Where your personal endeavor blends with your environment's foundation)

The power to craft from nature,

(Puts capitalist elites in positions to sway legislature)

The channels of production,

(Have encountered a form of abduction)

As they're controlled by the upper echelon,

(Where intellectual property shields their dawn.)

Here lies the elevated left side,

(Perhaps equilibrium would be a nobler guide)

In response, the right side descends,

(Where lives are tied to wealth that amends)

Yet people grapple with financial strain,

(Struggling to make substantial gains)

The brain's two hemispheres, an imbalance that's clear,
(Requiring a remedy, perhaps dance therapy to hold dear)

Just as varying levels of control take their stance,
(Which hemisphere guides the path to advance?)
Amidst business and government, the balance in flux,
(Imperfections in this scenario should come as no shock)

Reflecting on the genesis of my spiritual cleanse,
(My brain's hemispheres engaged in a fencing offense)
Amidst my personal chaos, a choice did arise,
(To simply maintain order may have been wise.)

But amidst my panic, I rushed to a corner as musician,
(Gaining admission to a musical academy, I began my
mission.)

My mission lacked wholesomeness,
(Though the future held promise, not sadness)
It wasn't about music or connecting with others,
(But to elevate my talent to the steeple's high druthers)

Driven by personal gains, especially the allure of glory,
(I persisted in practice, through panic and worry)

I envisioned intoxicating others in my quest,
(Believing false glory was destined to invest)
Aiming for people's subservience, to bow at my call,
(Prioritizing it even above a college degree's thrall)
Yearning to don the cloak of a god, a deceptive illusion,
(Recognizing now that such delusions lack vision.)

I failed to view it as a service to others' needs,
(In my fantasy, my fans would fulfill my ego's feeds)
Nevertheless, I honed my piano skills with intensity,
(My mind, often overcast, a train of rain's consistency)
Driven by a misguided notion, the Prince of Darkness to be,
(Thankful it remained a fantasy, avoiding unpleasant glee)

Contrarily, my suffering only grew,
(Panic and worry were constants, it's true)
The flames of distress raged higher,
(Returning to normalcy became an arduous mire)

Compounded by personal struggles, an oil-fueled blend,
(The inferno of madness, a turmoil hard to mend)

The question of suffering looms, profound and wide,
(Allow me to present an argument that I've espied)
If God's omnipotence reigns, why's suffering's plight?
(Natural as gravity's pull, a fire that ignites)
To simplify, escape isn't always the course,
(Leaving room for doubt, a challenging force)

Suffering sometimes finds necessity's embrace,
(Like wings enabling flight, it's a part of life's space)
Suffering and wrongdoing, akin to roots of a tree,
(Our path given to us by nature's decree)
Roots, contrary to blooms, forge their own way,
(In our Utopian future, gifts will shower like day)

The roots' growth mirrors human psyche's scheme,
(Marrying consciousness and plant biology, a curious
dream)
Fulfilling desires recklessly, a hazardous stride,

(Crimes born from passions, where boundaries collide)

Yet one can sprout anew, amend their path's rays,

(Perhaps finding fulfillment not through drugs but through
prayer's blaze)

This pattern echoes within human civilization's scope,

(Bringing an end to wars, birthing a tranquil hope)

Our roots have spread, shaping our path's contour,

(As we emerge, we'll stand firm, our aspirations to secure)

The present is ripe for spiritual ascendancy to bloom,

(Progressing towards Utopia, a future that will groom)

No more wars to mar our days,

(Fun shows might light up our ways)

Peace and order shall reign supreme,

(In the absolute grasp of God's benevolent dream)

A paramount message to transcend,

(The root's growth, a passage to amend)

Without exception, every soul holds a shade,

(Some parts of us may be rated R, displayed)

A touch of darkness weaves within,
(But only slight, ensuring joy's grin)
This trait extends even to gods in human form,
(As we root and rise, a destiny to transform)

Commonly noted as five, plant germination's stages are
laid,

(But I propose six, with a seventh as end's shade)
Roots begin their venture in the second phase,
(Like a story progressing, as each page displays)

Roots, if linked to humanity's darker side, account for one-seventh,
(Enabling a rebound, propelling us upward to life's heaven)

We are primarily inclined towards good, not pure evil's
veil,

(Political turmoil could be an embodiment of roots' trail)
Leaders often project 100% virtue with care,
(Presenting ideas for acceptance, intentions laid bare)
Yet, every soul has had their share of errors,
(Prioritize animal welfare, advocate for kind fares)

Much like saints and sages through the ages,
(They've experienced the phase of making mistakes)

They might embody great virtues, it's true,
(But like trees, we're all formed from wood's debut)

And what if the virtuous possess a 'wicked' sense of mirth,
(Balancing wants and needs, part of life's global girth)

Hope needn't vanish, nor negativity consume,
(Though influential agendas might stir worry's gloom)

The notion that Love holds paramount sway,
(Can translate to everything being Love, some say)

Roots themselves might be love's opposite course,
(Growing in tandem, an optimistic force)

A fraction, one-seventh in its embrace,
(Not the sliver of one-eleventh's space)

Deemed as the healthy body fat degree,
(Explains the battle we constantly see)

In a wholesome being, roots may align,
(For humor, pleasure, they intertwine)

Returning to this book's opening page,
(And the journey to enlightenment I engage)

A deity of Goodness and radiant Light,
(Amid a world of debates and fights)

Holds dominion over all that's shadowy and demonic,
(Darkness won't conquer, so no need to be frantic)

Satan's grasp lacks eternal life's hold,
(Order guides, not randomness untold)

God and His/Her offspring, eternal in their flight,
(A source of serenity, shining so bright)

This inequity weighs heavy on the Devil's stance,
(Propelling him to acts of darkness and malevolent dance)

Sympathy for the Devil isn't owed,
(No obligation in that direction flowed)

No need for fear, worship, or bow,
(For the God of Light holds infinite might's glow)

The Devil, a mere tool in this realm's accord,
(I ponder if you share this perspective's chord)

Those cast in the role of sacrifice's mold,
(Like subjects in experiments, mice or guinea pigs bold)
Frequently fade into oblivion, left behind,
(Used and then forgotten, their fate unkind)
This encapsulates evil's core, a dark practice ensnaring,
(Much like war's captives, their flesh grievously tearing)

We enact this malevolence onto the Devil's stage,
(Then cast it aside, ascending to higher engage)
Yet, deemed justifiable, as if a mechanical device,
(Or a compound intoxicant, like caffeine's entice)
It operates per its programming's code,
(Only to be discarded, like an unsightly load)

The notion of evil at just fifteen percent may seem fine,
(Stress accumulation demands release, a vent we assign)
Or it can lend an air of 'cool' to moral heights,
(A pleasant touch, akin to a lagoon with corals' lights)
Yet, in the Reverse Path, its influence might swell,
(Abyssal depths where its grip could compel us to dwell)

The age of roots often with competition's flame,

(Tied to accomplishments and status, its claim)

But let's hold hope close and dear,

(Entering an era where roots are quelled, it's clear)

We're on the cusp of growth's triumphant end,

(A future where laughter is pure, no shadows to mend)

4

After experiencing persistent symptoms without reprieve,

(Emergency number's aid I had to retrieve)

Suddenly, symptoms of seizures did arise,

(Halting daily routines, casting uncertainty's guise)

One fateful day, collapsed and to the hospital borne,

(A significant issue, I felt rather torn)

Later, a shaman's words were revealed,

(Before journeying to equatorial lands unconcealed)

I had skirted death's edge so near,

(Breathing on the precipice, with mortality clear)

But a holy spirit intervened, saved my thread of life,

(Suffering, it seemed, had been rife)

Did the Universe lead me to edge's domain?

(To foster reliance on God's benevolent reign)

To embrace spiritual truths profound,

(To write a book, spread wisdom around)

For the youth to grasp these truths' helm,

(Feeling like I've slumbered in REM)

In a time when my sanity seemed to elude,
(A moment when I felt I'd gone blind and subdued)
There were glimpses of my childhood, now and then,
(Memories resurfaced, vivid as if picked by a pen)
I recalled a chapter from my nursery school days,
(Naptime, a quiet corner where rules seemed in a haze)

As an American citizen I stand,
(Guided by Eastern philosophies, Zen's strand)
Raised in Japan, land of the rising sun,
(An almost nation-less existence, like Peter Pan's run)
In a town named Ikoma, this tale unfolds,
(Recollections emerged, as if in a dream, it holds)

The journey initiated with automatic script,
(Observers perhaps didn't find it crypt)
The child I was felt surprise unfurl,
(A memory now treasured, like a gem, a pearl)
Repeatedly sketching a certain emblem's trace,
(With my child's hand, a symbol's grace)

Following, during naptime, I awoke to a voice's cue,
(The other children were asleep, in quiet they grew)
Distinct from the teacher or my classmates near,
(Still young, my age yet to reach eight years clear)
It proclaimed to be the symbol I'd drawn with my hand,
(Urging me outside, as if part of a cosmic plan)

“Maruchon” is what the symbol's name became,
(Encountering it again, as time's current I'd tame)
"Maru" signifies circle, its essence profound,
(I recall the sky beyond, a tranquil blue all around)
"Chon," akin to an apostrophe's subtle touch,
(A symbol of God and Dualism, all within its clutch)

The voice expressed a desire for a conversation,
(No inclination in me for hasty evasion)
Guiding me outdoors, without physical form or shape,
(Only a voice, a presence with no bodily cape)
In the open, the voice spoke for a fleeting span,
(A gentle tone, an aura of calm's hand)

The voice engaged me in diverse discourse,
(Speaking of the Internet's upcoming course)
Maruchon symbol, it claimed, embodies Dualism's stance,
(Delivered in a calm, straightforward cadence)

Duality, like sexes or whole and part,
(The episode's entirety doesn't stay in my heart)

Curious children seek the origin of life's start,
(The voice touched upon topics, widening the chart)
Then God Himself shared the knowledge of intercourse's
trace,
(A realization dawned that the voice was a divine embrace)

It likened the act to seed-planting's course,
(A pleasurable deed, yielding life's source)

The Lord expounded, the libido is a psychic thread,
(An explanation clear, without riddles bred)
Through meditation, its energy can transmute,
(A cleansing process, as minds can pollute)
Assured we'd meet once more in meditation's realm,

(Now I meditate daily, a practice that's my helm)

The voice offered an insight, society akin to a tree,

(Illuminating that for some, freedom's not free)

Money's ascent, nutrition into fruit's weave,

(Below's plight, trampled beneath the higher's heave)

With the Lord's voice concluded, naptime resumed,

(Realizing now, this encounter wasn't just assumed)

The symbol embodies the Lord's grandeur and grace,

(An arrow, urging minds towards God's embrace)

A Light encompassing all that existence claims,

(The Lord's presence reverberates, eternal flames)

Religions, distinct psychic pathways to Truth,

(Across diverse cultures, custom's refined couth)

Chapter 4: The Dualism of the Circle and Line

1

Dualism's blueprint shapes existence, so true,

(Through instruction, it's formed anew)

Two halves entwined, a unified dance,

(As rhyming puns help me to advance)

Commonly Yin and Yang, its oriental name,

(Time's dawn, a cosmic birth, they claim)

Dualism echoes in the sexes' duality,

(Rising to theosophy's cosmic locality)

Orient's mystique, Occident's guide,

(Intertwined destinies, none denied)

Brain's hemispheres, a realm to explore,

(A bounty of knowledge, it holds in its core)

A book not about Daoism's path,

(Originality's quest, avoiding copycat swath)

Dualism's perspective here sought anew,

(Rhymes might stray from being overly true)

Symbols beckon your glance,

(Print's stature, perhaps more than a thimble's chance)



A pair elegantly plain,

(Bestowed by celestial inspiration's reign)

Circle and Line in its grasp,

(Belonging to all, not within one's clasp)

Femininity, within the Circle does confide,

(Masculinity's essence, within Line's stride)

One, Unseen; the other, Seen,

(Unlike dirt and cleanliness's sheen)

Circle embodies curvature's grace,

(In furniture and forms, its presence takes space)

Line in angles finds its stride,

(Logic clear, not entwined or too wide)

Circle and Line, omnipresent theme,
(Within all content, their hues gleam)

Shapes' composition, their touch leaves a trace,
(Even within nerves, a subtle embrace)

Nature's canvas, life's every scene,
(In cars we drive, their forms convene)

The symbols, reminiscent of forms so bold,
(Respectful connotation, not crude nor cold)

Cylindrical shapes, within or outside,
(Sexes' Dualism, a mystic tide)

Both Circle and Line, for women and men,
(Inscribing a tale with ink of a pen)

Androgynous essence, within us all does dwell,
(Erroneous or not, the truths tell)

For now, the division's view let's glean,
(Based on symbols that in vision convene)

Circle, feminine; Line, masculinity's kin,
(A balance struck, where neither loses nor wins)

2

Circle and Line in daily views abide,

(Manifesting in ways far and wide)

Line implies progression, forward's march,

(Professional journey, personal arc)

Target's aim or a clear intention,

(Moving forth with sought-after extension)

Circle, on the other hand, takes in the whole,

(Comprising a multitude within its role)

All that surrounds purpose or aims,

(Differing from polarities of magnet's claims)

Meditation binds object and ambiance as one,

(Not mere dalliance, but a practice begun)

Focusing on a task, the Line's guide,

(An example, like mask worn with pride)

Yet Circle's reach encompasses all,

(Silence or ruckus, in its thrall)

Before, during, after, it claims in a span,

(Even a stranger's laughter can make a stand)

Livelihood's essence, Circle's domain,

(Your life's whole scope, a comprehensive reign)

Line's the task within this instance's play,

(Symbols coalesce, enacting life's ballet)

Traverse anywhere, and Line forms in wake,

(Cycles forming, as tasks' pathways we undertake)

Television's glow, Line's path to tread,

(Broadcast schedule's threads in the head)

Traffic's hum, from the street afar,

(As you dive into National Geographic, a star)

One, the Line; the other, Circle's sphere,

(Conscious and subconscious, coexist near)

Life's essence, two strands interlace,

(Social facets, each with its grace)

Business and personal, distinct terrain,

(Social interactions with separate gain)

Home's the Circle, work's the Line's verse,

(Clerk, or more, every role's converse)

In the work domain, perhaps giving a talk,

(Imagine a teacher, chalk in hand, leading the flock)

Construction underway, building a house's frame,

(Or oil painting, an artist's journey and acclaim)

These tasks form objectives, Line's array,

(Just like shooting a ball through a hoop's sway)

Preparation, often hidden from view,

(Actors crafting roles, to performances they accrue)

On screen, a play's polished form you see,

(This echoes an afterlife's reality, all a dream.)

Rehearsals and practices, out of the limelight's glow,

(Not the performance, a separate current they flow)

A carpenter's hammer, a linguist's grammar's range,

(Tools shaping ideas, a spectrum of change)

But what if the hammer's origin lay beyond the sea?

(A past hidden, yet vital, in history's decree)

An unknown link, Circle's mystery to prove,

(Just as a diner savors soup, not the culinary groove)

The cosmos itself, in its grand sweep, is Circle's domain,

(Unseen wonders, like miracles in life's grand train)

Line's realm consists of parts, their place, their stay,

(Each piece in Creation's dance, in sunlight's ray)

Part and Whole's duality holds significance true,

(Note, neither God nor serpent, but dimensions anew)

3

A painting boasts its foreground and backdrop,
(Dualism's rule, its dimensions unlocked)
Foreground might unveil a house's nook,
(With man, spouse, and a mouse that took)
Background a beach, tranquil, serene,
(No leeches await, as waves' embrace convene)

In music's realm, Dualism does command,
(Two facets, distinct, as life's finest strand)
Foreground, lead guitar and vocals rise,
(Other notes harmonize, like twinkling skies)
Drums, bass, in the background they stand,
(Forming a foundation for the song's grand)

Orchestral symphony echoes Dualism's way,
(Within the universe, its tenets sway)
Main theme resplendent, at its core,
(Order's rule, as chaos it does implore)
Accompanying instruments weave, embrace,
(Audience enthralled, melodies in grace)

New Age music, a realm of ambiance's hold,

(Balancing states within, a tale untold)

Circle's touch, sounds meld in perfect accord,

(Whisking listeners to a tranquil, harmonious board)

Embracing meditation's serene invitation,

(A journey, Liberation's aspiration)

Storytelling weaves Circle and Line's dance,

(Duality divine, in a harmonious stance)

Linear progression, scenario's path,

(Possibly passion in a novel's aftermath)

Entwining knowledge, creating intrigue's inception,

(Ushering readers towards chapter's revelation)

Preparation paves event's grand way,

(Pisces, an usher to Aquarian sway)

Every event, a stepping stone to the next,

(Even a simple text, a friendship's context)

Time's progression: before, present, and what follows,

(Sorrows and laughter in cycles that wallow)

Music, a potent analogy, let it shine,

(No fallacy in this reasoning of mine)

Growth's tale, from a seed to anew,

(New beginnings sprout as old ones bid adieu)

Infinity's melody, it never does cease,

(A tune engaging, devoid of dullness, or peace)

4

Another symbol unveiled, let its purpose fuse,

(Symbols, their significance, ever accrues)

Circle and Line, known well by now,

(Perhaps for a shrine, these symbols may bow)

Infinity, this new emblem's embrace,

(Maybe you recognized it, its form and grace)



Masculinity and Femininity converge, Infinity born,

(Can these symbols as a trinity be adorned?)

Circle, origin to end, finds unity's place,

(A New Age dawns, my oracle's embrace)

Direction, like Line's path, is the way,

(Leading up to the numeral, just before nine's day)

Origin and end, if you gently cleave,

(A bend emerges, a form to perceive)

Crafting the shape of a graceful 'S',

(A motion chess can't replicate, no less)

Resembling Line more, in its elegant lore,

(Duality's message, neither rich nor poor)

Life's cycle unveiled, in infinity's embrace,

(An understandable concept, requiring no swift pace)

Centered on God and existence's grace,

(Hoping these words don't invoke resistance to face)

Yet another idea, their fusion anew,

(Original thoughts, like pearls in morning's dew)

10

From a certain source, knowledge was earned,

(Yearning for wisdom, a fire that's burned)

Chinese characters for ten, in ink they glide,

(Both vertically and horizontally, side by side)

They depict Dualism, from another side's view,

(Efficient and distinct, presenting life's hues)

+

Vertical, horizontal, dual in their frame,

(Dualism's essence, not four fold's claim)

Representing Fire and Water's flow,

(Hot and cool, elements that nature bestow)

A blend of these yields Light so bright,

(Fire's day, Water's night, like day's fading light)

All languages knit by the Creator's thread,

(Equal and connected, none raised overhead)

In Japanese, 'ten' sounds akin to 'the heavens' above,

(Number of completions, beyond the power of eleven's
trove)

In Japan's tongue, did a plan divine take form?

(Similarities, linguistic gems, amid the norm)

天

Japan, the land where the Sun first rise,

(Equality, a truth, no matter our worldly ties)

The Sun, a symbol of spirituality's flame,

(Central in Japan, it claims no name)

The birthplace of New Age's spiritual quest,
(Not implying others fare worse, or Japan's blessed)

Amaterasu, the Shinto sun-goddess' name,

(My expertise is not this, I proclaim)

Banished to a cave, darkness did prevail,

(A walk in the park, an impossible trail)

Yet from that abyss, she emerged with light,

(New Age's symbols, mirroring this myth's sight)

The sun-goddess's liberation, a ray of peace,

(In New Age's dawn, may struggles cease)

Symbolic of the Movement's emergence,

(A paradigm shift, a better existence's convergence)

The 1960s, a pivotal stage,

(Ascension's start, new chapters on the page)

Era of transformation, not war's woe,

(Global connections, unity's seeds to sow)

Time to illuminate, not to dread,

(Courage in hearts, no shadows to spread)

Season to sprout, flourish, and thrive,
(With joyous faces, let's keep hope alive)

5

Once upon a distant time, unity did flow,
(Friendships not fractures, as history would show)

The Pangea Hypothesis, possibly right,
(History's lens, perhaps not perfectly in sight)

Linguo-cultures branched, world's story vast,
(A diverse tapestry, present and past)

Cultures, each with strengths and special chime,
(Tuned to unique frequencies, a dance in time)

In equilibrium, humans and creatures stand,
(In the vast world, like fish in an aquarium)

Computer Age dawning, world reunites its stage,
(New act unfolding, like a theatrical page)

Globalization, good or ill, a query in mind,
(Does it bring harmony or disparities bind?)

Inequality can sprout from its embrace,
(New Age's call, fairness and global grace)

Global governance could hold the key,
(UN's might, perhaps for global unity)

Economic globalization, it leads the way,
(A body without head, the world's display)

Inequity stems from political might,
(Treason, some may say, to global sight)

Political globalization, a need to behold,
(A global order, a story yet untold)

6

Returning to the main theme's embrace,

(A notion of unity, a global dream's grace)

The symbols, two-fold, hold meanings profound,

(Not binary judgments, nor dirt on the ground)

Circle, the bedrock, where all things start,

(Foundation of existence, not a fragment apart)

Whole, the cornerstone, from which Part stems,

(An intuitive truth, not requiring a multitude of gems)

Without the universe's whole, planets can't form,

(A universal understanding, not just a norm)

Space, essential, for objects to take place,

(A framework of coexistence, where respect finds space)

The Earth's round shape, a fact well-known,

(A universal truth that's steadily grown)

On its surface, for everyone's delight,

(A common ground, where dreams take flight)

Above, the heavens, below, the Earth's core,

(Together they weave existence's lore)

Between the Circle and the Line, importance is a balance,

(Not an angelic stance versus a serpent's prance)

Equilibrium they share, a truth untamed,

(No delusion, their unity proclaimed)

Here's a list of their traits, side by side,

(Embracing duality, their nature opens wide)

The Circle's essence, wholeness it conveys,

(A unity, embracing all in its bays)

Inclusivity, boundaries it can blend,

(Expansive reach, a message it sends)

The Line's vigor, direction it knows,

(A purposeful stride, where clarity grows)

Aspects to the Two Sides of Dualism

<u>CIRCLE</u>	<u>LINE</u>
<u>Right Brain</u>	<u>Left Brain</u>
<u>Holistic</u>	<u>Linear</u>
<u>Feminine</u>	<u>Masculine</u>
<u>Mysticism</u>	<u>Romanticism</u>
<u>Thrill</u>	<u>Joy</u>
<u>Internal</u>	<u>External</u>
<u>Centripetal</u>	<u>Centrifugal</u>
<u>Intuition</u>	<u>Logic</u>
<u>Quality</u>	<u>Quantity</u>
<u>Unity</u>	<u>Division</u>
<u>Concrete</u>	<u>Abstract</u>
<u>Ability of Others</u>	<u>Self Ability</u>
<u>Change</u>	<u>Sameness</u>
<u>Randomness</u>	<u>Order</u>

<u>Indefinite</u>	<u>Definite</u>
<u>Dream</u>	<u>Reality</u>
<u>Harmony</u>	<u>Competition</u>
<u>Compassion</u>	<u>Love</u>
<u>Infinite</u>	<u>Finite</u>
<u>Law of Nature</u>	<u>Human Law</u>
<u>Poly</u>	<u>Mono</u>
<u>Complex</u>	<u>Simple</u>

This list, divined through spiritual intuition,
 (The spark that ignited my book-writing mission)
 Channeling, a phenomenon not quite of this plane,
 (Emerging as the New Age dawned again)
 It had been a preoccupation in my mind's sight,
 (Fueling my fervor as I embarked on this book-writing
 flight)

Chapter 5: The Holistic and Linear Modes of Consciousness

1

The holistic mode of consciousness, free and boundless,

(The feminine side organizations can have a foundress.)

Resembles the number zero, akin to the Circle's grace,

(Reflections like images gazing into a cosmic space)

It's a realm of thought in the realm of nothingness,

(A mystery woven with progress's finesse)

In this realm, thoughts arise,

(Though 'nothingness' is where it flies)

Thinking unfolds non-verbally,

(A dance where logic's lines curve spirally)

Its nature's texture, oh, so concrete,

(An enigma, where abstraction takes a backseat)

"Zero" in Chinese, a symbol to heed,
(Its form and essence, let's indeed)
Resembles "spirit," not identical, but akin,
(A connection in meaning, let's delve in)
In Japanese, "rei" is its voiced sound,
(An important linkage, I expound)

零 (zero)

靈 (spirit)

How spiritual, then, is the holistic mode
(Its depth of connection, like a secret code)
People strong in this, who create and express
(Through art or philosophy, they impress)
They might attune to cosmic will or guardian's grace
(Creativity, then, gets a mystical embrace)

Geniuses inspired by inner flame
(Driven to success in their chosen aim)

Could be receiving from beyond their sphere
(Their minds alight, divine whispers clear)

It's a facet of their holistic insight
(Metaphysical elements taking flight)

Think of Beethoven, though he lost his hearing
(Still he composed, his mind never fearing)

His notes flowed with genius might
(Deafness didn't dim his creative light)

Perhaps unseen forces lent a hand
(His connection to realms beyond the land)

With linear mode, points A, B, C,
(Connecting them sequentially, you'd agree)

Thoughts resemble lines from point to point,
(Just like joints in our body, each connected joint)
But in holistic mode, they're one, "ABC,"
(Convergence of concepts, simultaneously set free)

In linear consciousness, words are the key,
(Logic prevails when answers are to decree)

For instance, “ball” is a word, a sign,

(Leading to thoughts that intertwine)

In holistic mode, it's the round thing you throw,

(Sensory experience in its own flow)

"A is B. B is C. Therefore, A is C."

(A logical structure, as you'd probably foresee)

This thinking style in linear minds takes root,

(While Einstein's thoughts went in another route)

Logic's foundation is quite stable,

(And there's deeper meaning if you're able)

The left hemisphere sorts into categories,

(Classification's needed to handle life's vagaries)

"True and False," or "Good and Bad,"

("Genus and Species," "Happy and sad.")

This hemisphere's not negative, even a tad,

(Both hemispheres together make the mind glad)

2

Territorialism stems from ego's domain,
(Do we really need to cause each other such pain?)
Conclusions can become territories too,
(We inhabit them like an idea's own zoo)
Claiming territory heightens living,
(Shifting from taking to giving)

Hence, the competition for space is a contest for life,
(Ego often fuels tension and strife)
Discussing ethics may lead to clashes,
(A sensitive topic, it might cause some dashes)
Ideals are there, but ego can override,
(Consider this chapter, but don't let it hide)

Declaring oneself ethical can breed blame,
(A toxic weapon, causing much shame)
Blame and pity poison the mental well,
(Blaming others, our connections often swell)
Blame is a weapon and it injures,

(It can lead to ruining relationships, this I'm sure.)

The one who guides comprehension,

(Making sense, not just empty intention)

Guiding others to "get it" through heart and mind,

(A shared experience for humankind)

Triumphs in this discourse's fray,

(Cultivating bonds as night turns into day)

Yet a paradox brews in ethical exchange,

(Slight consequences it might arrange)

It's akin to devouring the other's ground,

(Even in good intent, they might be found)

Linked to instinctual ways we inherited,

(Does ego's grasp need to be remitted?)

Blame wields a weapon, pain it can convey,

(Leaving emotional residue, come what may)

To bridge this gap, the right brain we require,

(Blame could ruin bonds we deeply admire)

Intuition and imagery pave the road,

(Change is underway, a path newly showed)

In unity of mind, division may fade,

(The world, a tapestry, where discord won't pervade)

Guided toward truth, not deception's veil,

(Without global governance, order could fail)

Globalization's power fuels the holistic domain,

(Hopefully slowing climate change's reign)

Buddha's teachings illuminate the path we take,

(To guide us, our behavior's ripples at stake)

Don't disturb the balance of others, is what Buddha said,

(All humans, in unity, must bury the hate)

A psychological dance, connection's or disarray's cue,

(To engage or detach, both internal and external view)

Utopia's dream, where equality reigns,

(No one above, no more power games)

A world where prejudice finds no place,

(Not based on origin or a regional space)

Essence of Utopia, a harmonious whole,

(A garden of unity, where all souls console)

In the Reverse Path, a downward slide,

(A world where conditions can't easily hide)

A hierarchical structure loom overhead,

(As roots delve deep, they draw from those ahead)

Terrifying outcomes in this descent can brew,

(Balance becomes vital, like carrying a tray askew)

Managing negativity, a skill of its own,

(Joking at others, like seeds sown)

Energy flowing upward from sacrifice,

(A sprinkle of stress, enough to entice)

Distress can creep to the one below,

(A smile and a wince, emotions in tow)

In truth, all hold equal worth and space,

(Zero difference between any face)

Equilibrium's embrace holds us in its sway,

(This is also true between you and the meat you ate today)

Manifesting in Utopia, this truth shall find its berth,

(Where harmony reigns, a haven for all on Earth)

3

The duality of left and right brain's essence,

(Not the duality of sanity's defense)

Does indeed mirror the Orient and Occident's twine,

(Shared characteristics aren't just by design)

Examples abound, so let's explore,

(Several instances to dig into, galore)

Western and Japanese cartoons differ in style,

(Chopsticks vs. spoons, but that's not the entire file)

One leans toward the part, you see,

(Drawing's an art form, as creative as can be)

The other towards the whole, it's fair to say,

(Dualism explained in a linguistic way)

Beauty too showcases this dualistic trend,

(Comprehending Dualism, I'll always attend)

In Western aesthetics, beauty's seen in parts,

(A face dissected into its alluring arts)

Asian beauty, holistic in view,

(Wholeness and Part – in language too).

So, the connection between hemispheres and lands,

(A connection not guided by mere hands)

The difference in thinking aligns just so,

(Without taking sides, both aspects can glow)

Western thought is individuality's domain,

(Not one being right, the other insane)

Eastern mindset often embraces the collective,

(Diversity and purism, as you introspect)

Government systems in the East, they do,

(For a harmonious world, my words I construe)

Register the nuclear family as a unit tight,

(Cultural preferences guiding them to the light)

In the West, individuals stand on their own,

(With rituals and customs, they've long known)

Uniting in the family's embrace,

(Whatever path you choose, find your space)

Calling others by their family name,

(In the West the last name tends to be reserved for fame)

While addressing someone by their first name is clear,

(The balance of cultures, both far and near)

The truth of equilibrium and harmony,

(Not mere milk and honey, but a vision to see)

The growth of the right hemisphere's embrace,

(Shifting minds from fear to a peaceful space)

Perception transformed, then the world too will shift,

(A book of hope's contents, a powerful gift)

In the universe, top merges with the base,

(Like the seasons rotating, their embrace)

The far left meets the far right,

(As space forms a circle in its flight)

A point in space equals any other,

(To mysteries the universe's skies do smother)

To deem higher or lower as absolute,

(Can lead to trampling the lower, to dispute)

A left-brain trait, this activity,

(The right-hemisphere's passivity)

It gives rise to the idea of ranks,
(Where gratitude accompanies those on higher planks)

The holistic and linear modes, distinct,

(Together form a realm to think)

Occident and Orient, East and West,

(An exploration through this text)

Medicine from each sphere, diverse,

(To the curious, a universe)

One addresses specific parts with precision,

(Perceived as a scientific decision)

The other treats the whole, as a whole,

(Hoping the effects take a lasting toll)

Natural healing gets a boost,

(Eastern and Western, a combined roost)

Acupuncture, moxibustion, energies enhance,

(Can they spark vitality's dance?)

Chinese herbal wisdom, too, unfolds,

(The ages have wisdom to be told)

Eastern medicine finds its global stride,
(As New Age ideals take a worldwide ride)

Prevention's key, a strategy bright,
(To stave off ailments, keep them out of sight)

Lifestyle choices, wisdom's guide,
(For a healthier life, let's all decide)

Preparation for tomorrows yet unseen,
(Age with grace, with vigor glean)

The Circle's realm, holistic thought,
(A treasure trove the book has brought)

The Line for linear minds to explore,
(Dualism's essence at its core)

Fascinating fact, Asian and Western brains,
(A difference that curious minds entertain)

4

Both sexes, dual minds within,
(Androgynous aspects, a truth to begin)

The corpus callosum is a bridge that divides,
(Though small, its impact really abides)

Women's rich connection, nerves aflame,
(A gift in their brain's intricate game)

Dual tasks, women deftly manage,
(Their versatile minds a gift to acknowledge)

Men's specialization, focused might,
(Their minds honed to targets with insight)

Part and whole, in brain's complex dance,
(The seat of consciousness, thought's expanse)

Peripherals for women, wide and aware,
(Vision beyond the focal stare)

Men's tunnel vision, precise and narrow,
(In the hunt, their minds move like an arrow)

Refrigerator navigation, women take the lead,
(Quickly finding all they need, indeed)

Maps and paths, they surely show,
(How different ways of thinking may glow)

Men's linear minds in navigation shine,
(Reaching goals in a purposeful line)

Yet wholistic minds can grasp the broader view,
(Navigating by the stars and seeing it through)

Languages too, their nature reflects,
(The way thought's form each language directs)

Asian tongues, a Circle's embrace,
(Expressing wholeness and deeper grace)
European tongues, a Line's flow,
(Step by step, ideas they sow)

Grammar rules, revealing the trend,
(How thought and language around each other bend)

English, a linear structure does convey,
(With subjects and objects that hold their sway)
While Asian tongues dance with a broader flair,
(Their wholistic essence evident in the air)

In languages where unity is key,

(Forms of expression are seen differently)

Japanese phrases, simplicity refined,

(A single word contains thoughts entwined)

"I will go now," becomes a single phrase,

(No need for excess in linguistic ways)

Existence and non-existence intertwined,

(In languages, this duality is defined)

Chinese and Japanese, sounds are united,

(Consonants and vowels in harmony cited)

Perfect languages, each in its own grace,

(Reflecting duality in linguistic space)

In these languages, letters sing as one,

(Unity of sound, the composition spun)

English divides with consonants and vowels,

(A different symphony where each sound prows)

Yet perfection in each tongue is found,

(In unity and division, languages astound)

Unity and division, dance side by side,
(Dualism's rhythm in language does abide)
As you reflect on these thoughts and words,
(In the realm of understanding, your mind unfurls)
From unity to division, and back anew,
(Keep exploring the duality that continues to accrue)

Kanji and Chinese characters are indeed a whole,
(Their strokes and meanings intermingle, a tale to unroll)
In English, letters form linear streams,
(A code of meaning woven through our dreams)
Consider the example, observe it with care,
(Dualism's dance illustrated, floating in the air)

TREASURE

宝

The English word "treasure" spans a linear line,
(Each letter aligned, in order they entwine)
While the Chinese character, a unity it contains,
(Whole and part together, like blood in our veins)

Indeed, it's a testament to Dualism's play,
(In language, symbols, and thoughts that sway)

5

Consider this English sentence, slightly rearranged,

(Have the Circle and Line left you unchanged?)

Its spelling shuffled in a random dance,

(For linear minds, a challenging trance.)

Yet right-hemispheric thinkers flow with ease,

(For them, understanding comes as a breeze.)

Gergyyo enwt to the soter and gto some gegs.

For the left-hemispheric thinker, this may be a struggle,

(Perhaps it seems like the words are in a jumble.)

They view words as a linear chain,

(Where correct alignment is key to gain.)

Seeing the whole can be quite a task,

(Understanding Dualism is what we'd like to unmask.)

Gregory went to the store and got some eggs.

This sentence is also quite unique,
(Does it make your linguistic curiosity pique?)
Vowels removed, it's like a code,
(A challenge for linear thinkers to decode.)
Semitic languages, like Hebrew and Arabic,
(Have a similar approach that's quite specific.)

Grgry wnt t th str nd gt sm ggs.

In Hebrew, the word is "קְבֵל" (Kibel),
(The intricacies of language are truly quite stable)
It represents receiving, taking in with grace,
(Through Dualism's lens, we can see its embrace)
This language, like the right hemisphere's sway,
(Blends Circle and Line in a balanced display.)

קְבֵל

Unity of consonant and vowel,
(In language's dance, these forms intertwine)
Circle and Line, both brought together,

(In words and thoughts, their union is clever)

As "kibel" embodies a synergy of parts,

(Wholeness and detail, like two beating hearts.)

The last letter stands as a consonant alone,

(Dualism's essence, an eternal tone)

East and West in its essence merge,

(Culture's facets expand beyond a simple verge)

Neutral, it resides at the geographical midpoint,

(A cosmic riddle unraveled, as it's aptly fit)

Another path through which the Circle unfolds in Hebrew,

(From the Universe's teachings, this insight I drew)

Lies in sentences devoid of the verb "be,"

(I'd love to share this knowledge, open and free)

Instead of "This is a pen," it becomes "This pen,"

Chapter 6: Other Aspects of Dualism

1

The Circle lays the foundation, strong and sound,
(If you find value here, perhaps support can be found)

The Line is built upon it, reaching high,
(Just like a tower that touches the sky)

This principle extends to the duality of concrete and
abstract,
(New-Agers, this book may attract.)

Understanding often begins with the concrete side,
(A thirst for knowledge is a powerful guide)

The abstract follows, a tandem of thought,
(A topic that, in discussions, is often sought)
Definitions, they matter, clear and precise,
(Refer to the last dictionary, where they suffice)

Concrete is rooted in our senses five,

(Our senses often help us survive)

Yet there exist senses beyond this known scope,

(Are there senses that allow us to elope?)

Each of us possesses these senses wide,

(They shape our perceptions and become our guide)

The concept of seven chakras we all have heard,

(A topic as majestic as a soaring bird)

Seven, a mystical number, holds its place,

(Just like the beauty of a starlit space)

It graces the week, the rainbow's arc, and music's tune,

(An idea that perhaps we should explore soon)

As for the abstract's definition to explore,

(Perhaps I could give a speech, an audience to implore)

It's often tied to the term "symbolic," you see,

(Not necessarily associated with negativity)

Symbols tell stories, a language of their own,

(Through them, understanding is sown)

In the Oxford dictionary, a definition shine,

(Let's craft a rhyme that smoothly combines)

"Existing in thought or idea, without physical form,"

(With persistence, in these words, I'll perform)

Abstract, sometimes linked to the conceptual,

(Yet "symbolic" resonates, becoming more exceptional)

Consider the word "justice," a concept in view,

(A mental workout, like cognitive exercises do)

Is it an act to correct a wrongdoing's course?

(Pursuing the notion that all's part of a divine force)

If you paint a mental picture, that's concrete, indeed,

(This book, my original work, no outside notes to heed)

Imagine the wrongdoing, let's say it's theft,

("Good and bad" distinct from "right and left")

Visualize it clearly, without a doubt,

(Theft might be seen as a misguided clout)

Now if justice means imprisonment, that's also concrete,

(Once finished with this book, from the beginning do
repeat.)

Within these pages, words fill the space,

(Like a forest where birds find a resting place)

But the author's initial journey for comprehension's gate,

(Were thoughts soaring high like a plane's fate)

Using the concrete side of consciousness' gleam,

(Seeing energies and colors in a stress-induced dream)

Experiencing energy often, with hues so vivid,

(Spirits seemed to beckon like a voice amid)

Translating to thought-concepts with a flight of mind,

(Landing my thoughts, a comet's path defined)

Crafting this book from those concepts newfound,

(Read it with depth, don't just skim the ground)

The right brain's the concrete, a realm unbounded,

(Our modes of greeting in words and gestures sounded)

As this hemisphere develops in the span of years,

(Our fixation on money may wane, our priorities shift
gears)

A transformation awaits, a world reborn,

(Harmony prevailing, hearts no longer torn)

"Ball" in four letters, as simple as can be,

(Taste's concrete, like bitterness, you'll agree)

On the other hand, the abstract angle takes its place,

(Dualism's guiding light, in life's intricate embrace)

Neither stronger nor weaker, this duality stands,

(Strength in understanding, held by balanced hands)

Even words themselves can solidly adhere,

(On walls with glue, their meaning crystal clear)

Sound carries them, and their letters form a shape,

(In Dualism's dance, meanings intertwine and drape)

Ink and paper, too, with tangible grace,

(A concrete sensation, the scent you can trace)

Certain words may feel more abstract than the rest,

(Languages connect, like a woven tapestry's best)

What of "ethics" or "value," concepts to explore?

(When dining abroad, such words you might implore)

Then there's "warm" or "itchy," tactile and plain,

(Visualizing Tai Chi's motions, a dance to attain)

2

In our concrete world, like an "apple" we see,
(A word isn't something we can taste for our glee)
Speaking of ethics can make one appear moral,
(But its mere discussion might be rather temporal)
Concrete is the act of talking away,
(Blocking energies, turning bright skies to gray)

The abstract should find its limit, it's true,
(Preachers might feel pride as they impart a view)
Visualizing ethics, a practice to embrace,
(Wisdom in this approach, a steady grace)
Here's an aside about saintly lore,
(An encounter with cosmic forces at its core)

I heard from a seer with cosmic insight,
(Whose visions merged with the stars' gentle light)
Saints like Buddha or Moses, renowned,
(With hearts as gentle as rose petals unbound)
Generosity dwelled within their noble heart,
(Their mission, compassion, they'd never depart)

Their acts of aiding others, I'm told,
(Open pathways in the mind, as if it's gold)
The key to their wisdom, genius, and might,
(A sacred connection with a cosmic light)
Generosity unfurls potential within,
(Through giving, a higher state we begin)

Unlocking miracles and psychic might,
(Minds soaring tall, reaching celestial height)
May involve enhancing brain connectivity,
(Through certain practices, unlocking creativity)
In this way, saints found their spiritual grace,
(Moral nobility in their heart's embrace)

With the blossoming right hemisphere's rise,
(As it opens its eyes)
We'll adopt a sharing, caring thought,
(Compassion and kindness in actions sought)
This sets the stage for encounters unknown,
(With extraterrestrial beings, in a realm of its own)

3

In the Circle/Line alignment, we find

(Whose guidance led to wisdom's bind)

The Orient embodies the feminine grace,

(Truthfully revealed in this sacred space)

While the Occident stands as the masculine force,

(No hierarchy, no victory in this discourse)

In the Occident, larger bodies often reside,

(New Age movement's ongoing stride)

Seemingly evidence of masculinity's trait,

(Gender concepts, let's contemplate)

Yet, they, too, can embrace feminine with hues,

(If you're Western, hugging is more common for you.)

In the Orient, smaller physiques take form,

(Strength measured in a unique norm)

Appearing as evidence of feminine flow,

(Dualism's dance, as above, so below)

But stoic discipline, East's defining stand,

(The whole design's bound by Dualism's hand)

Equal in value, both sides stand tall,
(Everything in life, from large to small)

Genders, cultures, differences wide,
(Equilibrium's harmony, where we reside)
United we stand, as one family's race,
(In love's embrace, let prejudice erase)

A ninja can exude a feminine strength,
(A comparison, where gender's length)
Compared to bulkier soldiers with weapons grand,
(Contrasting the warfare forms that stand)
Strength, a masculine force, technique, a feminine grace,
(Gender lines, a complex embrace)

Muscle training methods do diverge,
(Exercise routines to reshape and urge)
Push-ups for power, a masculine feat,
(Afterwards, maybe a retreat)
Asana poses, endurance's call,
(Improving your body's overall thrall)

Remember, the Circle's foundation is key,
(Building toward the Line, setting intentions free)

The push-up position, strength's initiation,
(Conditioning your muscles, a transformation)

A prerequisite, as you reach the summit's peak,
(Hydrate, replenish, water to seek)

Asana poses, inner strength it unveils,
(A meditative journey, the soul's sails)

Exercise's dual nature, inner and outer meet,
(Reflecting the holistic and linear beat)

In the duality of Circle and Line, we find,
(Unity and diversity, body and mind)

Men's muscles often showcase might,
(Women's endurance, an equal sight)

Their ability to endure labor's pain,
(A symbol, the brain's dualistic terrain)

The Eastern stoic stance, a strength they display,
(Reflecting the Circle's calm array)

God endured boundless suffering for Creation's birth,

(A cosmic endeavor, the heavens and earth)

A concept of self-consuming, divine embrace,

(Like consuming oneself, a spiritual chase)

This echoes the animal kingdom's behavior,

(Preys eaten by predators with no savior.)

Gods in oneness stand, a celestial blend,

(Gods and Goddesses, guidance they lend)

Beyond age, race, and gender's grasp,

(Experiencing existence, time's infinite clasp)

Oneness they embody, while humans tend to split,

(Elevated beings, where enlightenment is lit)

Strength and technique, a boxing's comparison,

(In the ring of sports, a rhythmic recital)

Left-handed pugilists, more often technique align,

(Strategy and skill, their ring's design)

Right-handed boxers, force they wield,

(Their blows a testament, their power revealed)

Military strategies mark historical might,

(Across time, in battles' light)

The Mongols, a vast empire they once did own,

(Ancient warfare, where steel and stone)

Their military strategy was Yin rather than Yang,

(Two halves, opposites in which they're swayed)

In lieu of brute force, mindful steps they took,

(A strategy profound, not a by-the-book)

Using a decoy to lull their foes,

(A ploy so cunning, their tactics arose)

With enemy troops encircled tight,

(A strategic dance, in the heat of the fight)

No armor clads their agile frames,

(No metal weight, no heavy claims)

For speed was their ally, swift and keen,

(Their strategy deliberates, their actions unseen)

Silk shirts adorned, light as air,

(Enhancing their swiftness, beyond compare)

4

To become a master of the violin's grace,

(From technique to melody, in every case)

Begin with the chin's placement, steady and sure,

(Then practice, practice, to make your skills mature)

The quantity and quality of practice, embrace,

(With each note and rhythm, you'll set your pace)

Quality is the essence, the Circle's grace,

(To master your craft and find your place)

While quantity, the Line, sets the pace,

(With hours and effort, you'll reach the race)

For the violin's melody to unfold,

(With practice, your skills will surely be bold)

But the question remains, how many hours to invest?

(To stand with the best, amongst the rest)

Could it be 10,000 hours, the golden rule,

(Or another path, a different school?)

Perhaps you've chosen the singing bowl's toll,

(With its soothing notes, capturing the soul)

But the crux lies in the quality of your quest,

(Attentive practice brings out your best)

Young virtuosos don't merely coast,

(Their dedication makes them stand out the most)

"How" and "what" are the key to unfold,

(Pay attention, and the mysteries will be bold)

What about when you're in the realm of sales,

(Where success requires fine-tuned details)

Both quality and quantity are your friends,

(With strategies that align and blend)

Your pitch's brilliance and the numbers in your queue,

(They shape the trajectory your sales career will pursue)

If your quality yields a 10% success rate,

(Through 100 presentations, you negotiate)

You'd likely secure 10 closings in view,

(With your well-crafted sales pitch, it's true)

But if your presentation falls flat in its stride,

(No clients may come with you side by side)

All things encompass both quality and quantity,
(A universal truth, whether in the country or the city)

From military maneuvers to theater's art,
(Or practicing disciplines that stretch mind and heart)

Perhaps in business you seek quality customers,
(While overcoming laziness for lofty ventures)

If you're a musician or a magician,
(Engaging in creative expression with a passion),
Would you prefer a large audience to entertain?
(For an energetic experience that leaves a lasting gain),
Or a smaller crowd that deeply responds,
(Where connections form and your art correspond)?

5

Centripetal force pulls from the outer sphere,

(As we embark on this chapter, let's make it clear)

Centrifugal, in contrast, pushes from within,

(Reflecting Dualism's spiritual kinship, let's begin)

This duality takes yet another form,

(Indeed, in our exploration, let's inform)

When thinking of private parts

(Sorry, should I change the topic to the arts?)

It appears males enter, females do receive,

(Philosophically, we discuss gender, let's perceive)

Attraction's centripetal, love's centrifugal in its grace,

(Love, it's more profound than an online search's pace)

These forces, in harmony, they intertwine,

(No preference for sex, it's not a competition line)

Perhaps women lean towards one, men the other,

(Avoiding sexism, we're sisters and brothers)

Is it that women often allure, men the first step take?

(A complex dance of pride and worth, let's not mistake)

In conversation, women often draw from the other's well,

(Now lost in rhymes, a poetic spell I dwell)

Men project, unaware of the enchanting weave,

(Dualism of Line and Circle, let's conceive)

This interplay seems quite logical and neat,

(Exploring these dynamics, it's truly a treat)

In every scene, an environment does unfold,

(A judge in court, where judgments are told)

When a clown's antics play, a vivid scene,

(Imagine his expressions, what does it mean?)

The setting likely resembles a circus grand,

(To amaze and amuse, the clown's command)

Workplaces beckon laborers near,

(A hotel banquet, a caterer's career)

Stores entice customers to explore,

(Open year-round, their offerings galore)

Homes welcome dwellers with warmth and care,

(Wine bottles find their place in cellars down there)

Should the right brain hemisphere globally thrive,

(Awakening the Circle's senses, it'd revive)

Could it enhance centripetal force's sway?

(Exploring this eBook, no dullness in the way)

With more creativity, business owners could soar,

(Might there be more lenders and loaners galore?)

This shift could signal a management rearrange,

(Advocating for higher minimum wage, for change)

Embracing a bottom-up approach, we'd aspire,

(For a better world, let's all say "yup," set higher)

Less focus solely on the top's dictation,

(Flattening hierarchies, a fresh foundation)

With holistic consciousness in the mix,

(No more enslaving those who do the bricks)

Involving all in a broader perspective's light,

(Challenging inequality, a noble fight)

World change, driven by consciousness's sway,

(Through the mind, it shapes business's way)

During job interviews in Western lands,
(Exploring East and West, where understanding expands)

Responses start from the core, fundamental and clear,
(Let's delve deeper with this example here)

Details unfold as the conversation sails,
(East or West, neither side prevails)

In Eastern cultures, a different approach you may see,
(Many cultures worldwide, diverse as can be)

Answers often begin with intricate facts,
(Is there gender variance in these conversational acts?)
Gradually winding towards the conclusion's abode,
(Both approaches valid, no need to decode)

Now, division among people, let's discuss,
(Spirits and the supernatural, it's more than a fuss)

Roles shift between guest and host with grace,
(Observe this at your next sunny picnic place)

This division, subtle, impacts who toasts the most,
(The neutral point found where guest and host coast)

The psychological neutral zone, as a matter of fact,

(Ghosts in the literal sense, just to be exact)

No pun intended, but take it literally,

(Ghosts we are, just behaving more freely)

When roles fade, and spirits unite in the end,

(Children embody this, from spirits they descend)

No, it's not about dying, I'm no tale-spinner,

(Ghosts exist, a truth that's no beginner)

It's about role-playing in life's grand host,

(Next time you gather, make this concept your boast)

Remember this formula: "guest" plus "host" equals "ghost,"

(Rethink your toasts, let the idea engross)

Imagine a party scene, vibrant and hearty,

(Be punctual, don't let tardiness be a party)

The host in the kitchen, culinary preparations engage,

(Guest-host dynamics, a universal stage)

Guests converse in the guestroom, sharing thoughts in jest,

(Perhaps pondering on how to be their very best)

Centripetal and centrifugal forces, in this scene unfold,

(Chef finishes, and the meal's aroma takes hold)

One side sets the stage, the Seen takes its cue,

(The relationship mirrors the Seen and Unseen, it's true)

The other enters, like patrons at a restaurant they partake,

(Exploring the balance, as the connection we make)

What if excessive role-playing wears down our core?

(Guests and hosts strive, maybe trying too much galore)

A touch of "ghost-mindedness" might be the key,

(Bridging roles, fostering connection, you see)

Through meditation, embrace a spirit's station,

(Begin without hesitation, nurture your foundation)

6

In the Dualism explored within this eBook's sphere,
(As revelations of truth unfold, readers might draw near)
The Circle, foundational, supports the Line's design,
(It serves as the primary aspect, a concept so fine)
Unity embodies the Circle, division its counterpart,
(But remember, the right brain's talents aren't just an art)

Ghost-mindedness signifies unity, neutrality's name,
(Is it a sinistral exploration of the "other side," a game?)
In the dance of guest and host, two forces in play,
(Relevant even in the Facebook world, I must say)
Unity and division form the Dualism's chart,
(A concept that resonates, even in atheism's heart)

Children possess more ghost-mindedness, it's true,
(Let's not blame them, it's their perspective's debut)
They often speak their minds, without much hesitating,
(Sometimes our understanding of their view needs
elevating)
This leads adults to guide them, to act more polite,
(As grown-ups, we strive to set things right)

Imagine a seminar, a speaker's voice commanding,
(A child's perspective, similar to a specter's understanding)

An innocent child approaches the whiteboard, so keen,
(Their innocent freedom, a sight to be seen)

Drawing pictures, without a care or doubt,
(While most adults would have their concerns laid out)

Ghost-mindedness in the child brings a grin,
(It's a reason for smiles, from deep within)

They think beyond roles, embracing free thought,
(Guests and hosts wonder, "Who's paying?" a lot)

The role-playing of guest and host, here's the gist,
(Has a midpoint known as "ghost," not to be missed)

A ghost may behave in a similar way,
(A guest thinking, "How long should I stay?")

Perhaps in a bar, it crosses the counter line,
(With the Unseen, this eBook's concepts align)

Or ventures wherever, no role to obey,
(Revealing the secrets of our actions today)

Thus, a child's mindset is free and quite random,

(Revealing a phantom-like way, to fandom)

While adults seek order, structure's their aim,

(Maturity, a path where they stake their claim)

The transition occurs as the years turn the page,

(More intriguing topics will surface, we engage)

Should adults nurture their inner child's delight?

(It's alright, as long as it's done with insight)

What if a dash of ghost-mindedness we allow?

(Neutral-mindedness, meditators do endow)

Excessive role-playing, stress it may provoke,

(Guest-host division, even in how we cloak)

The right brain hemisphere holds its importance high,

(An infant's state, perhaps under the sky)

Make time for art and nature, they hold the key,

(In our world, intriguing creatures you'll see)

Free yourself, embrace the spirit within,

(In front or behind the bar, let the journey begin)

7

In this eBook's exploration of Dualism's play,
(Seeking balance and equilibrium in our way)
Unity and division, macro and micro, they rhyme,
(Thinking about Dualism, it's quite the pastime)
Like branches from a tree, large to small they extend,
(The right hemisphere and left, a duality to comprehend)

The right brain unifies, the left tends to dissect,
(Exploring Dualism, this concept we respect)
In debates, people often separate and defend,
(Little hugging in arguments, it seems a common trend)
Competing and harmonizing, these dual forces converse,
(Each with its place, neither better, neither worse)

History tells tales of nations, divided, then one,
(Based on beliefs, loyalties sought, and battles won)
Globalization draws us toward a more unified day,
(As a true global community, we find our way)
Intercultural interactions promote harmony, it's clear,
(Acts of war are errors we should not repeat, we fear)

Cross-language communication makes us more composed,

(If you enjoy this eBook, share it through a post)

The non-verbal mind expands, emotions it shall sow,

(Focusing on feeling, not just what we know)

This shift births compassionate generations ahead,

(Unity's promise, as we turn the pages spread)

The right brain's growth, empathy's gentle flow,

(Changing the social fabric, as we continue to grow)

May lead to salvation, a future more bright,

(Hopeful hearts wish for a world without spite)

So perhaps learn a language and visit a country foreign,

Just make sure not to go someplace barren.

International law today is mainly for show,

(Policing is essential, this fact we all know)

A global police force, a distant dream it seems,

(But world government, we may yet realize our dreams)

Toward a world government, let's take a leap,

(Does the idea of it make you ponder deep?)

Perhaps, in God's plan, it's a crucial theme,
(To find legal common ground, become a team)

Divinity guides, we humans are subjects, true,
(To achieve Oneness, connections we must pursue)

Let us sprout toward a unified world,
(Compassion and the right brain will allow the path to
unfold.)

Law is a pillar, upholding society's frame,
(It dictates conduct, in which way we aim)
A shared global legal system, if we agree,
(With a global business ecosystem, it's not too hard to
foresee)

A collective pillar, to build our world's stage,
(Let's stop harming each other, let love be the gauge)

Albert Einstein, a voice of wisdom indeed,
(Speaks of global government, a crucial need)
Wars persist when divisions draw lines,
(Let's teach children world maps, in Geography's confines)
The abundance of nuclear arms, a stark warning sign,
(Peace or destruction, the choice is ours to define)

Atheism, monotheism, and polytheism coexist,

(As systems of belief, they persist)

In a design of "none, one, and many," they reside,

(We can befriend even those on the other side)

Statelessness, patriotism, cosmopolitanism in a blend,

(You don't have to choose, in harmony they can transcend)

Embrace statelessness, love nature as is,

(Nature's pure, not his or hers, not a quiz)

Nature's omnipresent, it's all around,

(A common sight, all around it can be found)

Be a citizen of heavens and Earth's grace,

(Nature's beauty, abundant and worth the chase)

Love your country, be a patriot in stride,

(Existence and Non-existence, the chariot's ride)

And be a cosmopolitan, appreciate the many,

(Variety enriches, let's not forget any)

Different things, together, harmoniously play,

(Travel destinations, choose one for the day)

As the right brain expands, a new norm it bestows,

(Consciousness shifts, as the river of time flows)

The right hemisphere, a realm of pluralism,

(Balancing power, not falling into fascism's schism)

The pluralistic mind crafts a world anew,

(Age of promise, the New Age, as it breaks through)

Polytheism, a part of our spiritual domain,

(Diversity adds richness, in this thought we remain)

The pluralistic mind of the future, embracing it all,

(Monotheists, challenging, but they won't fall)

Monotheism, norm till now, held its sway,

(Hindus worship many Gods, revere cows, they say)

In Hebrew, God's name is Elohim, you see,

(As we explore "none, one, and many," our journey spree)

The suffix "im" implies the plural in its use,

(A concept not flawed, just semantics we deduce)

Was the original meaning "Gods"? We ponder this clue,

(Interpretations evolve, perspectives change too)

Love and compassion, what sets them apart?

(Spirituality here takes a different start)

Imagine a number line, negative to positive displayed,

(This eBook explains concepts, let's not evade)

Both move toward the positive, a similar direction,

(Rhymes flow freely, without undue reflection)

Compassion neutralizes, from minus to zero's embrace,

(From pain to nothingness, like an arrow's race)

Love moves from zero to the positive side,

(A positive force, forever our guide)

Forgiveness and healing, compassion's sweet act,

(Dealing with negativity, but not subtract)

The right brain, the realm of imagination and flexibility,

(Stress dissolves, meditative tranquility's ability)

Empathy, a creation of the right brain's style,

(Its importance clear, let's ponder awhile)

Forgiveness, too, requires a flexible heart,

(More on this journey, as we play our part)

The right brain, holistic in its view,
(And mysticism's realm, it passes through)
Compassion, akin to encompassment's role,
(From East to West, let's keep our goal)
Encompassment's essence, embracing the whole,
(A way to allow, not control)

Love, it tends to a part, a specific focus,
(Affectionate and intimate, it hocus-pocus)
That's why we often love someone or something,
(In partnership, as queen or king)
Not everything or everyone, you see,
(Choosing a solitary path, a monk's decree)

The left brain, competitive, desires victory,
(Rhyming, we continue, with some repetitiveness to see)
Whom do you want to win, in this or that game?
(Does favoritism in competition have a name?)
Desiring a friend's victory, a form of love indeed,
(Defending in tough times, in their need)

In Buddhism, it's said that love suits most folks' needs,
(Are religions real, or do they plant different seeds?)

 Compassion, higher, Buddha's love it's called,
(A hierarchy of love, within which they're enthralled)
 Love and compassion, equal in worth's domain,
(With more compassion, heaven on Earth we attain)

But what occurs when love overshadows compassion's
light?

(When preferences shift, and compassion fades away from
sight

 The whole is forgotten, a part is all that remains,
(Love becomes private, with limited domains)
 Caring only for those personally known,
(The New Age, where the right brain's growth is shown)

Connecting private and public, a bond we embrace,
(Can compassion lead us toward a global space?)

 Micro and macroeconomics, side by side,
(New Age Psychonomics, an intriguing ride)
With the right brain's growth, the whole stays in sight,
(Preserving the environment, no longer out of sight)

Compassion, guided by the right brain's decree,
(Shifting from predator and prey, setting all beings free)

With patriotism, universal love combines,
(Solving global issues, where the heart aligns)

It's the Circle's foundation, as we dare,
(Become a unified nation with collective care)

8

Sameness and change, a duality so profound,
(Within an endless cycle, their dance is unbound)

The four seasons, in consistent exchange,
(God's design, an unchanging range)

Yet the cycle itself remains ever the same,
(Exploring Dualism, our goal in this game)

As age progresses, from young to old we evolve,
(Seasons shift, from warm to cold, problems we solve)

But the process of aging, a shared journey for all,
(We start as tiny beings, then grow big and tall)

The Circle signifies change in direction, contrasted to the
Line,
(These aspects intertwined, in Dualism they entwine)

How does music blend sameness and change, you might
wonder,
(In tunes fast or slow, both lightning and thunder)

In standard jazz, a theme's set in place,
(Imagine a bassist playing, the rhythm's pace)

Then comes improvisation, more free and random,
(To keep things intriguing, no boredom's tandem)

Consider Ravel's "Bolero," a musical sensation,
(Words for rhyming can be quite a limitation)
A prime example of this duality's sensation,
(Discover it online, enjoy it with elation)

The theme remains constant, with ever-changing sensation,
(Its dominant motif, a masterpiece foundation)

Comedy, too, embraces this dualistic stride,
(Humor's usually casual, with formality cast aside)

Comedy's realm is often marked by the new,
(Hoping for laughter, not an awkward spew)

While traditions and rituals tend to uphold the old,
(Jokes aren't told in such settings, as we've been told)

Rituals, like sutra readings, hold a sacred stance,
(In meditation, hands in mudras enhance)
Or Catholic communion, solemn and high,
(To disrupt is seen as barbarism, oh my)

Jokes don't find a place within these moments,
(We know how to behave in such components)

Comedy often leans toward the random and quick,
(The brain's hemispheres, like handedness, a pick)
A tendency to be right-hemispheric, you'll find,
(Satire and wit, comedy's favored kind)

People connect with the concrete, it's true,
(Laughter, a sweet relief, bringing joy to the crew)

Facial expressions, motion, vocalization play,
(Humor's irreplaceable in its own unique way)

Concrete elements often mingle with comedy's grace,
(Distinct from the solemn, the tragic's sober face)
Cultural differences may bridge East and West,
(In times of stress, we all cherish a jest)

Are your routines growing old and stale?
(Does society seem like a repetitive trail?)
Sameness lends structure, that's true to its core,
(But too much of it can make your mind sore)

A sprinkle of change, of novelty and delight,
(Balance in our neural code, it feels just right)

9

Let's explore 他力 (tā lì) and 自力 (zì lì) with care,

(Not the end of this eBook, there's more to share)

Ta Li, the power of others, in focus we bring,

(When you're ill, it's often the doctor who'll help you
swing)

Zi Li, the power of self, within it we find,

(Knowledge, a precious wealth, in the depths of the mind)

Indeed, Ta Li and Zi Li forever intertwined,

(Not solely you, though your efforts may be well-defined)

Your actions shaped by the world you're in,

(Without others' support, a world of chagrin)

Ta Li connects us all, we're part of a larger scheme,

(Bringing forth possibilities, like a vast, flowing stream)

Gratitude to Ta Li, let's express it with heart,

(Apples on trees, just a small part)

Writing this manuscript, thanks to my PC's grace,

(An environment enabling words to take their place)

Companies offering tools for our work to proceed,

(Online orders, a delivery at your need)

Together, Ta Li and Zi Li find their dance,
(A symphony of life, their sweet romance)

Interdependence, a core revelation,
(Dualism's essence, a profound sensation)

As I write, inspiration from the cosmos does descend,
(Inspiring these verses, from beginning to end)

Ta Li, encompassing all, the grand whole,
(Does this truth resonate deep in your soul?)

Work and livelihood, our daily gain,
(Ta Li's reflection, like a soothing rain)

Workplaces unite us, interwoven lines,
(Ta Li is the Circle, Zi Li, the Line's confines)

Like organs in a body, each plays its role,
(A symphony of life, an intricate stroll)

Industries, too, in this grand design,
(A call for compassion, my closing line)

Our society, a body, and we are cells so fine,
(Cellular health, when we all shine)

Ta Li, Nature's gift, essential and true,

(With gratitude, life's colors renew)

Oxygen, a vital breath we all share,

(Nurture and protect, show Nature you care)

Gratitude, a treasure, let's not ignore,

(Wealthy or not, its value we adore)

If the right hemisphere of humanity's brain took flight,

(We'd embrace the Universe, in its cosmic light)

Our mindset would shift from Zi Li to Ta Li's grace,

(Gratitude and thankfulness in every place)

More gratitude would bloom, like a fragrant flower,

(Positivity's nourishment, a spiritual bower)

Ta Li is all-encompassing, everything it includes,

(In the realm of holism, where spirit intrudes)

Zi Li, some say, is but a dream we've invented,

(With Ta Li as foundation, dreams reinvented)

A world of dreams, if we dare to believe it,

(The right mindset, our reality, we'd greet)

On the Circle side, thrill takes its place,

(An apology to those who free will embrace)

On the Line side, joy finds its way,

(A conclusion: eating soy, not meat, we convey)

Ta Li and Zi Li, their dance in view,

(Continue reading, the connection will accrue)

10

Life as a human is akin to the night's embrace,

(In slumber we dwell, within the Light's space)

When we depart, to another world we'll glide,

(In a realm beyond, where age and youth coincide)

Daylight awaits, where spirits soar free,

(From our dream, awakening to what will be)

Our current world, it may seem physical and firm,

(But as a dream, its mystical nature we discern)

Material reality, just a mirage, it seems,

(In the spiritual realm, we're all part of the same dreams)

True reality, spirituality's embrace,

(Souls in this design, are they bound or have grace?)

With purity, one's soul may ascend high,

(For the impure, a cleansing nearby)

Past-life misdeeds can obscure the soul's light,

(Suffering as the purifier, it cleanses the night)

A spiritual cleanse, to purify and refine,

(Through trials and pain, we cleanse the soul's shrine)

Virtuous deeds, an investment, it's said,
(The Law of Karma, where destinies are spread)
Best done in private, these virtuous ways,
(For even small deeds bring brightened days)
Take virtuous actions, for your own soul's sake,
(The gift of giving, a treasure to partake)

Balance selflessness with a hint of selfishness, wise,
(Leave room for donations, as your compassion flies)
Like two legs, they stand and together walk,
(Good deeds as you talk, with each step you stalk)
Toward a brighter future, a path of good karma,
(Wisdom guides you, as you follow dharma)

The word "god" holds a profound glow,
(God's presence, universally we know)
Add the Circle, and it turns to "good" in plain view,
(Living in truth, falsehood is not for you)
Insert the Line, and it becomes "gold" with grace,
(Divine order, a celestial embrace)

In the Reverse Path, gold often takes the lead,

(For wealth and success, many fervently plead)

Our mindsets evolve as we grow and advance,

(A certainty, without a shadow of chance)

God → Good → Gold, this path is the truth,

(Aligned with divine will, a fountain of pure sooth)

In the Reverse Path, the foundation we've laid,

(Wars between nations, a divided crusade)

A cornerstone for the future, a Utopian dream,

(The future shines bright, this eBook, an overture's gleam)

To succeed, first believe, then be good, and then strive,

(Whatever your role, even a humble clerk's hive)

In the growth phases of plants, roots come first,

(Rising above the past, like footsteps rehearsed)

We enter Phase 3, a Garden we'll unfold,

(Leaving the Tree's shadow, into light we'll be bold)

We're about to sprout, like a tender sprig,

(Light within, darkness without, as we dance and jig)

11

The Circle, a foundation for the Line we find,
(As a glass holds wine, so does nothingness entwine)
Existence and non-existence, they intertwine and persist,
(Together, they form the tapestry of existence's twist)

Consider what not to do, a wise contemplation,
(Let your actions flow naturally, like a river's foundation)

Before embarking on virtuous deeds with grace,
(First, remove the unvirtuous, make some space)

Wise it is to avoid unvirtuous things, you see,
(For the Law of Karma holds the power of destiny)

Refrain from blame and pity, they are venomous and dire,
(Reckless blame, a heinous act that sets hearts on fire)

Let's not poison one another's hearts and minds,
(Saying it's too hard, why bother? A false bind)

Blame may arise when rules are enforced, it's true,
(Striking with force can turn someone into a mule, too)

Reserve force as a last resort, for self-defense,
(Watch your words, for a mistake's consequence)

As the right brain unfolds its gentle wing,

(Forgiveness may bloom, while blame takes a sting)

We'll feel more than we merely think,

(Blame's shrinking power, into oblivion will it sink)

With intuition, we'll balance our scales,

(Towards a forgiving world, where peace prevails)

Embrace the notion of equality in all life's forms,

(Speaking candidly, no need for eloquent norms)

Gods, Humans, Beasts, a trinity we find,

(Can animals, too, have an afterlife in kind?)

Values and worth in equilibrium reside,

(Animals may not rent condos, but in their hearts, they
stride)

Equilibrium, a complex form of equality,

(A novel concept in the realm of reality)

Why should animals be considered less than we?

(We don't pray to dogs and say "amen," that's plain to see)

Perhaps their experience of life is grander still,

(Their emotions, their fulfillment, a divine skill)

Smaller life forms often have hearts that race,

(A different perspective in the grand life's race)

What if, in their smaller worlds, their experiences are
strong?

(A peasant nobler than a conqueror, where they belong)

In this unique view, the king could be an amoeba small,
(Not teasing, just pondering, a perspective for all)

Ta Li, holistic, Zi Li, more partial in scope,

Balance effort and chance, let's find a new hope)

Zi Li embodies your will, Ta Li offers a chance,

(Not all's free will or effort, in this cosmic dance)

Will propels us towards success and our goals,

(Invest in goodness for future lives and souls)

Have you heard of the Law of Attraction's art?

(A spiritual dance where actions play a part)

Companies that treat people well profit and thrive,

(This trend will continue as we collectively strive)

With God → Good → Gold, we can all unfold,

(In a harmonious world, where dreams are bold)

12

Speaking of ethics, it's a delicate ground,
(Too much theory can turn things around)

Practice is vital, that much is clear,
(Let's not dampen spirits or sow fear)

This stanza, perhaps, is a contradiction to see,
(Exploring these nuances with you and me)

Communication and interaction are two separate lanes,
(Avoid monopolizing ethics; it only restrains)

Psychological territories we often tread,
(As authors, our words can be like a thread)

Ownership claims over ideas and thought,
(A prison indeed, if overdone and overwrought)

Conclusions can be territorial as well,
(Self-explanatory, as many can tell)

Speaking of something, akin to a claim,
(The idea becomes a chair in a mental game)
"I own it, you don't," can sow division,
(But this often happens without decision)

Conscience and desire, a balance to attain,

(Our inner workings, a complex domain)

Two souls within, sometimes in agreement,

(Other times, they clash, causing a predicament)

Balance is key, a desirable trait,

(To harmonize these forces, it's not too late)

Freedom and order, in a dance they sway,

(Spirituality's essence in the light of day)

The heart seeks freedom, the mind craves order,

(Both essential for life's harmony at the border)

Ghost mindset, a path to balance and restriction,

(Spiritual beings' existence, not mere fiction)

Ghost divides into guest and host with ease,

(My thoughts flowing with psychic intuition's breeze)

Invitations extended, delighted or not,

(These roles, sometimes rigid, are not easily forgot)

Temporary roles, though they may seem real,

(Contemplate this notion, let it appeal)

Keep your ghost mentality, neutralize guest and host,
(Allowing behavior's separation to be what you boast)

Children, they're naturally ghost-minded, it's true,
(Their magic shines like fairies' dew)

At a restaurant, a child may wander in,
(Their desire to help, pure as a baby's skin)

Role-playing is external, deep within, the soul,
(Seeking meditation, finding the ultimate goal)

Spirits within us, children, they know,
(Why setting limits on their adventures may glow)

Spatial relations, the ghost, host, and guest,
(Behavior's division, put to the test)

Ownership rights, who holds the key,
(Guests and hosts, a dance of roles to see)

Guests might ask to use the bathroom in grace,
(Hosts move freely, setting their own pace)

It's Dualism's dance, the Circle and Line,
(A journey from the divine, this knowledge is thine)

Retain your ghost mind, play your role with flair,

(Subconsciously, we all these roles wear)

Balance order and freedom, it's plain to see,

(A dance of dualism, in life's grand decree)

Ghost mindset, perhaps, is linked to Ta Li,

(Nature's embrace, a path to be free)

Chapter 7: Making Connections

1

In the New Age, education may take a different form,

(Let's observe the changes, welcome the reform)

Transitioning from division to unity's embrace,

(Revisit this writing, let these concepts retrace)

Holistic Education, much like Rudolf Steiner's way,

(Will it bring forth changes, will it have its say?)

Examinations may seem to gauge intelligence's scope,

(But pure rote learning can turn minds into a trope)

Transforming young learners into mere machines,

(Their eyes glued to screens, stuck in the routine)

Yet nurturing a child's soul, let it shine,

(How can learning and the heart intertwine?)

Holistic Education, it's learning with the heart,

(No bombardment with tests right from the start)

Literacy's importance, it should not be dismissed,

(It shapes future opportunities, lives it can lift)

But let there be no chains upon the heart's art,

(Is intelligence the sole end, a flawed chart?)

Teachers' connections with students, a vital part,

(Respectful education, let us not depart)

Not solely based on academics in a strict fashion,

(How can we nurture the child's innate compassion?)

But holistic, aiming to nurture the whole,

(How can schools promote a unified goal?)

Many holistic education theorists proclaim,

(Reflecting on how young hearts can reclaim)

That a school is more than just academic discipline,

(How to raise citizens who genuinely chime in)

It's a community, fostering unity and care,

(Through schools, can we bridge the divides we wear?)

For a school to be a genuine community space,

(Where equal opportunities take their place)

It must be safe, a haven for young minds,

(Can teachers within each other's arms find?)

How do we combat bullying, a cruel act?

(Should there be protective measures, that's a fact?)

Compassion is a crucial element to infuse,

(How can teachers inspire obedience without abuse?)

So, the right hemisphere, less often in the spotlight,

(Carrying the banner of unity, shining bright)

Holds potential for holistic, artistic embrace,

(Perhaps it's time to reshape education's base)

Creating unity within the school's domain,

(Nurturing children, society's precious gain)

Rethinking grade levels, breaking ageist molds,

(Aging should not restrict how knowledge unfolds)

Allowing children to mix freely, regardless of years,

(It doesn't mean the school will succumb to fears)

How could this work, you may wonder with thought?

(Students will be diligent, responsibilities sought)

Encouraging independent learning, education benign,

(Each student follows their passions, a sign)

Freeing them to discover what sets their hearts on fire,

(Inspiring a love for learning, their ultimate desire)

Let's explore various facets of education's domain,

(The bedrock of any nation's lasting reign)

Within the framework of the Circle and the Line,

(These concepts of Dualism, truly divine)

For instance, how can education be holistic,

(Moving away from rigidity, becoming more artistic?)

2

In holistic schools, a student is more than just a name,

(There's room for play, and lessons in life's game)

They're encouraged to express their inner wholeness,

(Each one unique, a soul with its own expressiveness)

While still being a part of the larger community,

(Growing to adapt to their environment with unity)

One Circle aspect is "pluralistic" in its grace,

(The foundation of our philosophy, its embrace)

Here, individuals can have identities more than one,

(They are diverse, and their journeys have just begun)

Many educational theorists find this to be true,

(The school a nurturing home where spirits accrue)

Meditation as part of the curriculum, a wise inclusion,

(A topic viewed through a spectrum of opinion)

Allows students to observe their inner divisions,

(And in this spiritual community, find inner revisions)

Connecting with the soul, a journey to the inside,

(Aligned with a higher purpose, in God's love they'll
confide)

3

External and internal, like paternal and maternal, they pair,

(Consider them the forces that guide and care)

Often, motivation for acing exams comes from the outside,

(But relying solely on that can be a rough ride)

Extrinsic motivators like "punishment and reward" they employ,

(Once the task is done, they might no longer be a joy)

In the ideals of New Age educational philosophy's art,

(Steiner theosophy shares a similar heart)

There's little need for standardized tests to attest,

(With intrinsic motivation, students naturally invest)

Their hearts and minds in the learning that's created,

(No need for manipulation, their passion unabated)

Learning's a lifelong journey, a marvelous quest,

(An adventure that brings us all our best)

A school should nurture this love deep within,

(For when you love learning, it's a lifelong win)

Instead of forcefully cramming knowledge day and night,

(Encourage the love, and students' futures will be bright)

4

Diplomas and GPAs, symbolic abstractions, it's true,
(But do they truly gauge knowledge and growth, or
misconstrue?)
They exist outside, yet the journey is within,
(Connect with your inner self through meditation to begin)
You could even teach children the duality of concrete and
abstract,
(And do visualizations to have their inner growth backed.)

Growth isn't always about thinking, but feeling's key,
(Emotions shouldn't shrink; they should roam wild and
free)
Young ones should frolic in nature, outside they'll mature,
(Nature's wisdom and wonder, they'll naturally secure)
Nurturing wisdom is essential, that's our goal,
(In a purely academic setting, wisdom can take its toll)

Education often centers on self-actualization,
(We can teach it alongside academic foundation)
Grades and high-paying jobs seem like the only aim,

(But should kids obsess over their test score's claim?)

Balancing "selfish" and "selfless," that's the key,

(Being mindful of borders, setting others free)

Learn to love learning, and you'll grow wise,

(Political concerns will be seen through discerning eyes)

Love everything, not just the one you're cherishing,

(That's how we can save the world from perishing)

Too much studying making people antisocial, you say?

(Schools aren't disposable; let's find a better way)

Some work in the curriculum, like farming, we could add,

(Instill enthusiasm for work in the young, don't leave them
sad)

Working together, under the sun's warm rays,

(Sing songs, have fun while working; those are the good
days)

Writing essays about work's essence is a fine idea,

(What are the duties of a clerk? Let's make it clear)

Essays on love and marriage, they should also explore,

(Truthfully, some paths can lead to sorrow's door)

School prepares for life, where work and love will play a
part,

(Train the young to be resilient, with strong minds and
heart)

How about “What is love?” for an essay topic?

(It can be romantic or philanthropic)

5

As time flows onward in our world's embrace,

(With every birth and the lines on every face)

Consciousness in people evolves and shifts,

(Perspectives change, and our empathy uplifts)

Minds will inevitably grow more pluralistic,

(A shift in what's deemed realistic, not fatalistic)

This progression might lead to polyamory's bloom,

(Not seeking flattery, just imagining room)

Perhaps plural marriages will find their embrace,

(Are you feeling a shock, a heart-pounding race?)

How does the author of this eBook regard this stance?

(Concerned with respect and a thoughtful dance)

In our theosophy, we acknowledge three truths,

(Babe Ruth, I'm swinging for knowledge in sleuths)

Polytheism, Monotheism, Atheism in a blend,

(No need for division; they can all comprehend)

Many, One, and None, in a harmonious trinity,

(A way for diverse beliefs to coexist in serenity)

This framework aligns with a broader vision,

(Of how to coexist in a diverse human condition)

Love many cultures as a cosmopolitan soul,

(While being a patriot with national pride as your goal)

Cherish the Earth, protect nature, preserve,

(Legislation can protect what we all must conserve)

Even if love's absence leaves your heart feeling sore,

(Self-love and discipline are worth more and more)

Or if you've found your one, your partner in life,

(No need for additional bonds, no need for more strife)

You may be fond of quite a few,

(But in one, you may find a love that's most true)

You can tread the path of celibacy, serene,

(Meditate, become vegetarian, live clean)

Or embrace monogamous love, tried and true,

(No pressure here to change if it doesn't suit you)

Or explore plural love's artistic domain,

(Just remember, God's watching above, to your gain)

These truths may intermingle, coexist in one's life,

(One, none, or many, the choices are rife)

Different lifestyles, different souls intertwined,

(But even in a relationship, adjustments to find)

Plural marriage may find its place, but know,

(Monogamists, your choices we won't overthrow)

Concerns about too many children we can address,

(Balance between genders, find a way to impress)

In the New Age, balance will be the guide,

(Monk-like minimalists will restraint not hide)

Thanking God for the small things, never complain,

(Avoiding greed and practicing self-restraint is the aim)

In a meditation class, I once did learn,

(That sexual energy can, in consciousness, burn)

For a meditation practitioner, sex can be a waste,

(Better to hold back than to hurry in haste)

Let me clarify, plural marriage's essence,

(It's not just about passion and indulgence)

In the New Age, minds will unify,
(With each reincarnation, they'll reach for the sky)

Conscience and desire, no longer in divide,
(Two distinct souls, a new inner guide)

Merge them together, experience passion anew,
(An awakened mind's miracle, a love that's true)

Society's not quite ready for such pluralism's bloom,
(It might disrupt the established societal room)

No rush to legalize, let understanding first grow,
(Revelations of this kind take time to fully know)

This eBook aims not to incite a swift movement's flight,
(But to spark thoughtful reflection in the gentle light)

Just as there was a time when flight seemed a dream,
(No planes yet in sight, no birds in the sky's gleam)

Someone may have said, "Someday we will soar,"
(But progress comes gradually, one step, then one more)
Society evolves, one page at a time,
(History's unfolding, in rhythm and rhyme)

6

"Plural" extends beyond unions of people's fate,

(No need to break laws, let's not agitate)

It encompasses diverse life facets and identities,

(You can choose serenity, follow your own mentalities)

With compassion, allow partners to live their own tale,

(Hobbies can flourish, within love's gentle gale)

As the right brain expands its mighty capacity,

(We approach Buddha's wisdom, a lofty audacity)

Compassion and Love will stand hand in hand,

(The divine's plan above, a spiritual strand)

Freeing partners rather than claiming them as owned,

(We'll sprout and grow, in wisdom we'll be honed)

Concrete right hemisphere, less abstract in its role,

(Monogamists' hearts, we won't belittle or cajole)

This will reshape how we perceive relationships' dance,

(Greed's demise, we'll enhance our romance)

Words will matter less, feelings the connection's glue,

(In a multitude of dealings, this insight will be true)

As women's roles expand in society's grand scope,
(Solar chargers, yes, we'll have more hope)

The term "husband" may lose some of its old meaning,
(For partners not just in house-cleaning intervening)
It won't be about words, but psychic connectivity,
(Harmony in relationships, the shared proclivity)

Marriage, more than a piece of paper, it's true,
(Trust's the glue, preventing vapor's debut)
The paper serves a purpose, but doesn't control the mind,
(Friends and spouses, on the same path, aligned)
Unconditional love, a legacy to uphold,
(Passing down tradition, love's story unfolds)

Circle, infinite, Line, finite by design,
(Love's spectrum, where both ends do shine)
How does love persist when it's not infinite,
(Realism speaks, please don't incriminate)
A new consciousness in the Age of the New,
(Yogic practices, fasting, love to renew)

The trend against paper, relinquishing control,

(Soulful connections taking a central role)

Not just in unions, but in citizenship's embrace,

(A world where we all stand on common ground, in grace)

Equal denizens of Earth and cosmos we'll become,

(And with that, dear reader, we reach our chapter's sum.)

7

What more can we relate to the Circle and Line?

(Perhaps religions, where truths and myths entwine)

Consider companies and government in this light,

(Our covenant: to sprout a world that shines bright)

These realms reflect the duality of "private" and "public,"

(Let's trade wars for global festivities, a change that's not
cubic)

Let's delve into existence and non-existence, you'll see,

(Like embracing and keeping distance, a vast sea)

When they merge like Circle and Line, thoughts may
unfurl,

(And our minds might create miracles, a beautiful swirl)

Now ponder the duality of anarchy and governance,

(Feel free to read aloud and enjoy the resonance)

Anarchy here doesn't mean chaos or plight,

(It's about self-direction, one's own guiding light)

To decentralize and create individualized farming,

(In a world without weapons, where peace is alarming)

Contrast it with centralized agriculture, chemicals in the mix,

(Animal cruelty persists; surely this should be fixed.)

The right hemisphere, where creativity finds its reign,

(Nullifying negativity, alleviating mental pain)

Creating independent order on one side of the plane,

(While on the other, rules that in society sustain)

Humanity as a community, sisters and brothers bound,

(Together in compassion, making a harmonious sound)

Economics often splits into macro and micro,

(Macro as the foundation for the micro to grow.)

Macroeconomics hints at harmonious collaboration,

(Seeking salvation from poverty, a shared aspiration)

Microeconomics tells a tale of competition's sway,

(Perhaps my rhymes here do sway, in a repetitive display)

8

With more compassion, we could indeed raise wages,

(Seeking changes in a world with various stages)

Without compassion, capitalists may disregard the plight,

(Are we conditioned to work with all our might?)

What's the link between higher, middle, and lower,

(Do we need currency if we were all food growers?)

The middle class thrives in a robust economy,

(Desiring personal autonomy, we seek harmony)

It acts as the heart, pumping funds to circulate,

(The economy, akin to a body, we elucidate)

Open gateways to the middle class wide,

(Without them, our economic health might subside)

One way to do this is by avoiding a destitute lower class,

(To unlock opportunities for every social class)

According to massage therapists, feet are a "second heart,"

(Ensuring a working class free from financial depart)

I advocate for a healthy minimum wage,

(Hoping we've reached a more equitable stage)

When regular folks have enough to get by,

(And living conditions are far from squalid and dry)

The economy can flourish and truly thrive,

(For this goal, together we should all strive)

It's a relationship, micro and macro combined,

(Your bookstores need not tuck this book behind)

As mentioned earlier, the Circle's foundational grasp,

(Recalling this aspect, I dare to unclasp)

First macroeconomically, then microeconomically, let's all
thrive,

(Enabling financial survival for everyone to arrive)

Now comes the question: happiness or money?

(A query both significant and somewhat funny)

In the nation of Bhutan, a remarkable plan unfolds,

(Where Gross Domestic Happiness in their culture holds)

Alongside GDP, they measure GDH with care,

(For these people, I advocate, fully aware)

Gross Domestic Happiness, not just flashiness or excess,

(Embracing contentment, not just financial success)

Chapter 8: Purpose and Vanity

1

What constitutes purpose, you might wonder,

(Perhaps providing a service, not torn asunder)

What defines vanity, where lines can blur,

(Avoiding profanity, and confusion to deter)

The distinction between serious business and play,

(Allow me to present a different duality to convey)

What is art? What defines a story's grace?

(This existence, wrapped in God's glorious embrace)

It's the fusion of purpose and the vanity we see,

(As we journey toward a world with less inhumanity)

A serious expression, yet interwoven with play,

(We follow God's wisdom, guiding our way)

Everything is written, our stories are penned,

(Setting us apart from a kitten, it's safe to contend)

Humanity's narrative, history, skillfully curated,
(Recognizing it's all storytelling, one might feel elated)
Every facet of our world is an intricate art,
(As we harmoniously play our part)

2

Where we journey post-death is the astral plane,

(Its proximity grows as we age, a spiritual terrain)

In this astral realm, thoughts intertwine,

(An existence where the boundaries blur, a design)

In contrast, our world is defined by material matter,

(Excessive indulgence might indeed make you fatter)

Spirituality may resemble a reverie or a dream,

(Rich and profound, like cream in a stream)

But this dream is our true reality, it's real,

(Not an anomaly, but a profound reveal)

And our material existence, despite what it may seem,

(Can be challenging to grasp within reason, it would seem)

This world we inhabit is akin to a grand theater,

(Where every line and scene is meticulously meter)

Practiced and hearsed in the astral domain,

(As I was told by a deity, whom I shall not disdain)

Practice perfects the act,

(That's why everything falls in place, that's a fact)

The spiritual realms, an embodiment of the Circle's dance,

(Infinite possibilities, like an ethereal trance)

Like a movie studio where scenes are created,

(Where the final moment of truth is narrated)

The sequences unfold without chronological borders,

(Are there boundaries between these worlds, these orders?)

In the astral realm, it remains the same,

(Where there's no matter, does pain stake a claim?)

Randomness reigns, much like in a studio's art,

(Recording every moment, sound, and part)

A duality of "preparation" and the grand "event,"

(In a world where everything's set, be content)

Swap those words for "practice" and "performance" anew,

(Through this New Age thinking, will our consciousness
accrue?)

This duality finds expression East and West,

(We're all hosts and guests in this world, it's the best)

One, a culture of diligent practice, the other, performance's
grace,

(Both hold equal importance, in life's complex embrace)

Does life exist for the sake of a defined goal?

(Does this understanding console your heart and soul?)

Or do goals exist to lend meaning to life's expanse?

(Gratitude can be elusive, especially amidst life's dance)

Both perspectives hold truth, both are correct,

(Together, they form a harmony that we should protect)

Recall the film "Rocky," a man not so stocky,

(A natural talent, not just muscles, was his key)

Where the practice was brimming with drama and grace,

(Leading to a result that none could efface)

Almost as significant as the climactic event,

(Kudos to those who such brilliance invent)

What holds more weight, striving or reaching the end goal?

(Striving is spiritual, a connection to the soul's bright scroll)

The latter often follows from the former's vigorous endeavor,

(Creating the order in life that binds us all together)

But significance can shift with culture's unique view,

(Cultural disparities can appear quite askew)

3

You can envision the progress of growth as a figure 8,

(A path shaped by fate's intricate state)

It relates to the five stages of plant life's track,

(A connection to humans and civilizations, a vibrant stack)

In this eBook, we extend those stages to seven,

(The seventh, death, where we ascend to heaven)

Phase 1 marks the age of unity's embrace,

(When harmony reigns in the community's space)

Phase 2 brings division and discord's bloom,

(Conflicts arise, perspectives facing their doom)

Phase 3, a return to union, or "reunion" if you will,

(A reflection of Pangea, nature's grand skill)

We started as one, in a world united,

(Though this eBook nears its end, please stay delighted)

Then divisions grew, conflicts fostered enmity,

(But rebirth awaits, where equity can set humanity free)

Now, with the internet and globalization, Oneness takes flight,

(Together, let's celebrate, with a glass of wine so bright)

The first phase, spiritual, devoid of material gain,

(No wrongdoing, laws, or oaths to restrain)

Then a loss of spiritual truth with technology's rise,

(What is history? Should we trust archaeology's guise?)

In phase 3, technology and spiritual truth unite,

(Phase 2 saw a corrupted world, lost in its fight)

Much like a person's growth from youth to maturity,

(This narrative isn't born from obscurity)

Society finds responsible members in the fray,

(Sobriety often follows a drug-induced foray)

Our planet, too, enters cosmic society's realm,

(The universe, indeed, has a vast spectrum to overwhelm)

We're now in the transition between two and three,

(The world may have felt like a prison, but soon we'll be
free)

This transition, I believe, will span a thousand years,

(A time for jubilation, shedding tears)

By 3000 AD, our world shall reach Utopia's shore,

(Ever since history began in Ethiopia, we've yearned for
more)

Scientists, I'm sure, will uncover particles grand,
(And in their discovery, they'll take a courageous stand)
Pure mind, they'll find, not bound by matter's tether,
(A revelation so profound, philosophical roots may wither)
Astrons and spiritons, they may be named,
(Transcending protons and electrons, a whole new game)

More spiritual awakenings will surely occur,
(A better world, we hope, they will help spur)
More psychics and New Age yogis will rise,
(As we turn another page in our cosmic prize)
The sixth sense will awaken, our awareness will bloom,
(No longer imprisoned by dollars and cents' gloom)

As cosmic civilization comes into our sight,
(Earth unifies as a nation, bathed in cosmic light)
We'll realize we're part of a grand interplanetary whole,
(Time's fruits, we'll savor and extol)
Earth transforms into a country, then a village, a cell,
(Overcoming the survival's battle, where darkness once did
dwell)

No intergalactic battles, but harmony's song,

(Writing this, on an island near Seattle, it's where I belong)

Interplanetary unity takes its grand stance,

(Possibly interplanetary banks, where currencies advance)

As the New Age dawns, worldly issues shall dissolve,

(We'll survive, continue to evolve, problems we'll resolve)

4

Our socioeconomic structure resembles a Tree,

(Beneath, a prison, above, freedom's decree)

A system that funnels resources upward, it's true,

(While blame and poison cascade downward to ensue)

But in the future Garden, resources will flow from the base,

(Like leaves in autumn, they'll find their rightful place)

From the base, growth shall arise,

(In Utopia, no curses, no lies)

No more treading upon one another,

(For in this unity, we're all sisters and brothers)

No parasitic endeavors shall persist,

(No captivity in relationships, we'll resist)

The Tree's rule is simple and clear,

(These insights are essential, so let's lend an ear)

Ascending, it becomes more like a Garden,

(Where hearts remain open, love's sweet pardon)

Descending, it turns more like a Tree,

(A cold, heartless world where empathy can't be)

To solve world problems, a path we must carve,

(Toward purification, we certainly starve)

Negative psychic activity, we must dispel,

(Emotional captivity, we'll bid farewell)

Evil spirits and their havoc on our mood,

(We'll overcome, in God's light, we'll be renewed)

Many psychological conditions that we face,

(Can make our lives feel like a daunting race),

Like schizophrenia and major depression so deep,

(Can steal our joy and our peaceful sleep),

Sometimes, they're linked to unseen forces that may swirl,

(Leaving us feeling like we're in another world),

Remarkably, beyond Phase 3, there are phases 4 and 5,

(It's worth the journey, let's strive to thrive)

The fifth phase, climactic, a culmination's delight,

(The second phase was for growth, a courageous flight)

And the seventh phase, a time to find rest,

(If you're suffering, remember, it's a divine test)

When Phase 5 dawns, we'll graduate indeed,

(From godchildren to gods, we'll proceed)

This great cycle of growth and transformation,

(Shall lead us to a higher destination)

Tied to the growth of plants, it unfolds,

(To heaven, even the humblest of ants' souls)

Plants, like us, go through phases, as you've seen,

(In a harmonious world, a New Age, we'll convene)

Roots and branches, markers of growth's expression,

(In Eden's city, let's find our procession)

Downward roots symbolize our past,

(With war and division, a history vast)

But roots serve as the foundation for a brighter age,

(This wisdom I share as your humble sage)

Globalization will awaken the right hemisphere's might,

(No need to fear as we move toward the light)

Our compassion will flourish more each day,

(With more vegan activists showing us the way)

The growth of a planetary civilization is akin to a plant,

(This, dear friend, is indeed God's divine plan)

An individual's growth reflects this grand scheme,

(As we seek a better world, a shared dream)

A human life unfolds over 15 years or so,

(Around the time when young adults let go)

Between 0 and 15, unity and innocence abound,

(With growth ahead, let's stand on solid ground)

Between 15 and 30, we learn to divide and discern,

(With God as our guide, we'll yearn to discern)

Roots growing strong, a vital foundation,

(This eBook's knowledge offers illumination)

Around 20, desires burn bright and fierce,

(Like hearts set ablaze, without a pierce)

And competitiveness may take the reins,

(With appetites for success that surge in our veins)

By age 30, life-altering decisions we may make,

(Settling down, futures we'll shape, for goodness' sake)

As responsible members of society, we'll find our way,

(Past tragedies, we'll journey toward a brighter day)

The mind becomes whole, a newfound completeness,

(From roots that seemed to eat us, we find our completeness)

And much like our journey, Earth too shall unite,

(With peace and prosperity, we'll embrace the light)

Branches arrive, between ages 45 and 60, they appear,

(Continuous learning, let's embrace each year)

Retirement age follows, the golden years' sweet embrace,

(To dispel our troubles, to seek God's grace)

These years resemble the bearing of fruit, a blossoming season,

(Where even former foes may offer love without reason)

A wealth of experiences and cherished memories we amass,

(Though centuries away, in this future, we'll encompass)

To recall and share over coffee or tea,

(The anticipation builds, what a world it will be)

Indeed, we all have something to look forward to,

(A magnificent breakthrough awaits, for me and for you)

The sixth phase beckons, a time for rest and release,
(In the seventh phase, our earthly journey shall cease)

From this world, we'll enter another, as spirits, we'll soar,
(With the promise of golden shores, we'll explore)

As we prepare for this transition, our minds will change,
(Growth and transformation, within God's range)

The shift will be from division to unity's embrace,
(No longer lost, wandering in a bewildering maze)

Diverse ways we compartmentalize experiences may blur,
(Our bonds as a community, we'll foster and ensure)

States of enjoyment and serious attention will find a middle
ground,

(With balance achieved, serenity will be found)

The neutral mind, meditators often seek to attain,
(A journey within, where inner calm reigns)

In Zen, it's likened to a harp string's perfect tune,
(Not too loose, nor too tight, like a midday sun's boon)

Balanced and harmonious, a note in life's grand score,
(Perfection, perhaps, where our spirits will soar)

Work and play, too, shall discover common ground,

(As our minds become round and profound)

Relationships, less defined by mere words' confines,

(As the Phases of life bring forth new signs)

With an increase in ghost-mindedness and understanding,

(We'll embrace the changes God's plan is commanding)

5

Once, a psychic fortune-teller, bathed in red booth's glow,

(His words like ancient wizardry did flow)

Spoke of a realm beyond the black hole's tether,

(He called it "chaos," the cosmic cauldron's breather)

A mixture of space, time, energy, and matter,

(Ingredients of cosmic order, in swirling splatter)

This, he claimed, was the primordial foundation,

(Of the universe, life's grand orchestration)

Crafted by the Lord of the cosmic expanse,

(Will we traverse it someday, take that chance?)

These elements, chaotic in their dance,

(Set the stage for existence's grand entrance)

"Chaos" he dubbed as the Circle's embrace,

(Where science and miracles find their place)

While linear order, in the cosmos it's true,

(Keeps everything working, in balance, too)

Much like children molding clay anew,

(Learning through play, a path they pursue)

In this universe, there's a dual dance in play,
(Freedom's randomness and order's structured display)
Freedom, this author insisted, isn't necessarily destructive,
(It can be constructive, quite instructive)

Mentally, freedom nurtures creativity's spark,
(No need to harm; compassion can embark)

Transitioning from structure to randomness may seem
severe,

(A process that often fills hearts with fear)
Yet, destruction serves as nature's way,
(Recycling and renewing, in every day)

But transitioning from ingredients to creation's inception,
(Is the essence of divine, our human connection)

Each of us possesses consciousness and the subconscious
mind,
(The latter, vast and complex, in a labyrinthine bind)

Consciousness leans toward structure, well-defined,
(And in this eBook, belief in God does shine)
Subconsciousness, in contrast, often runs askew,
(Busy, swirling, its depths not easy to construe)

The belief in many universes, some insist,

(Is a concept that's hard to resist)

Interconnected through the chaos's embrace,

(A realm where physics may shift, change its pace)

Similarly, we too share a collective goal

(In our subconscious minds, we're linked together as a
whole)

Sound itself can be both random and organized,

(It's often the most organized minds that have truly prized)

In infancy, we're surrounded by random sound,

(A developing mind, full of mysteries profound)

Many things in life, from chaos to order, they're bound,

(Perhaps, a rhyme's sweet rhythm can be found)

Chapter 9 – Conclusion

Evil has unfolded, a test for growing roots, Stand firm,
(let not our resolve be affirmed.)

In the dance where Light reigns over Shadow,
(Our river flows towards a brighter tomorrow.)

Embrace vegetarianism, a gentle stance,
(For cruelty to animals echoes a dark dance.)

In the cosmic expanse, God is radiant Light,
(A beacon that guides, even in the deepest night.)

The multiverse stretches to infinity,
(Our shared world, a cosmic affinity.)

At life's trinity, humans hold the central thread,
(In this book, wisdom's bounty is spread.)

Earth, a school where cycles unfold,
(Sprouting wisdom, lessons manifold.)

Deity plays the lead, you the character,
(In a world where specters may gather.)

A religion embracing many a prism,
(No room for prejudice, not even ageism.)

Dualism's dance, Circle and Line entwine,
(Figure-eight's embrace, all in a cosmic design.)
In the abyss, mathematics took its primal breath,
(No sympathy for the Devil, a warning, not a jest.)

God's birth echoed through diverse phases,
(Roots' fiery blaze, where our shared story raises.)

In Oneness, roots birthed a world of division,
(Unity's dance with division, life's grand mission.)
God loves Himself, and in ourselves, love we find,
(Reread this book, wisdom of a cosmic kind.)
Before each meal, worship the Heavens above,
(God's glory real, a reminder to love.)

God's boundless pain meets our finite strife,
(Eating meat, a choice with a karmic life.)
Seven spirits divine in a cosmic dance,
(Clearing roots, find harmony's sweet trance.)

Play, Compete, Virtue, Learn, Achieve, Journey, Rest,
(A balanced state, where comparison takes no jest.)

A martial deity's journey, roots to sprout,
(Towards Utopia, where doubts take route.)
From a Tree, we evolve to a blooming Garden,
(Past hardships may have our hearts hardened.)
Gods and Goddesses, real in the realm's duality,
(Centrality of beings—animals, gods, and humanity.)

The Lord spoke to a child with a comforting tone,
(Teaching wisdom, making divine knowledge known.)

In this book, the Circle and Line unfold,
(Worship the sky, let your spirit be bold.)
Read daily, tread the spiritual path with dedication,
(Blend with meditation, a divine combination.)

The Circle, the Unseen envelops as the Line, the Seen
penetrates,
(Feminist theology, a theme that resonates.)
Masculinity and Femininity, a divine affinity,

(Sip your tea, enjoy the book's divinity.)

From unity to division, and back to balance in this
globalization age,

(A time of harmonization, turn the spiritual page.)

Reread the features of Circle and Line,

(Matter is energy, consciousness divine.)

The right hemisphere awakens in a conscious revolution,

(Exploring dreams, subconscious, a spiritual evolution.)

From territorialism and ego, shift to sharing and
connecting,

(Forgiveness blooms, roots' role, protective and affecting.)

Be aware of balance, in harmony with others,

(No standing on siblings, we're sisters and brothers.)

Contemplate the duality of part and whole,

(Understanding everything, our common goal.)

Are relationships a pyramid or a sphere?

(The sphere grants flexibility, so have no fear.)

Languages unite us, part of the divine,

(God's knowledge vast, a cosmic design.)

Concrete thoughts awaken the sixth sense,

(Roots grown for defense, a natural defense.)

Neutralize division between guest and host,

(Spiritual beings, in essence, just ghosts.)

Towards a future with a global order true,

(Cooperation and respect, let it imbue.)

Ease on behaviors that are predatory,

(Shifting from negativity to positivity, our story.)

No blame or pity, but understanding each other,

(Replace poison with nutrition, like a brother.)

Speaking of ethics, yet with control on the other hand,

(Might unveil that pride, like stolen sand.)

Our stories unfold in a masterpiece of art,

(Realms where no end or start.)

Returning to the astral plane, a rehearsal in the play,

(Born into a world with crises to slay.)

Entering the third phase of growth, a truth I declare,

(Swear an oath, for honesty we bear.)

Let us sprout, leave behind our pasts,

(Explore vast possibilities, break free from casts.)

Have faith, hold hope, a collective triumph,

(Yearning for a spiritual alliance.)