

Just Like Music

Part I

"Dreams of you//

Are so fine...

As the day of parallel opposites frame an array of complex simplicities, bold accents paint the surroundings I'm caught drifted in. Like a paintbrush whose fine hairs know not which way the color takes them, I play a small part in a much bigger picture. I'm unsure of which direction to take, as I remind myself of a floetry that drifts as fluid as the passing river. It is in sync with the activity around it and finally harmonizes within. Imagine a HueMan understanding that's meant to be just as simple, yet somehow we so easily complicate it by our behavior.

It seems like clashes between understanding and behavior suddenly interrupt an algorithm as simple as the numbers we see; the same numbers that make up the river's sacred geometry. It's in 3/4 time, wouldn't you think? ONE-two-three, TWO-two-three... Just waltzing to the peaceful sounds of such harmony. But the beat is not so black and white. The rests are not long enough for us to prepare those single and half notes that we'll come writing in,



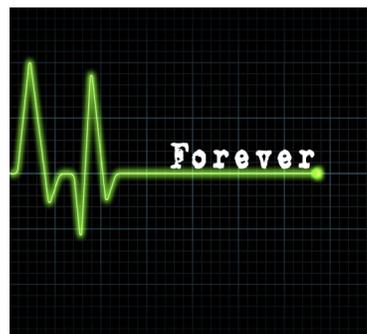
Those notes are like steps on a whimsical stairwell of intricacies patterned by action vs. reaction. Up the down staircase where Every Good Boy Does Fine, we rise to the occasion with a noble purple heart, only to descend to a place where the look of our FACE is the last chance we have to prove our net worth.



A *Whole Note does not understand black and white principles like these any more. They no longer have a place in the melting pot which we exist in today.

We are a symphony of so many colorful sounds. Why interrupt such beautiful music?

Yet, blood sheds at the hands of those who are trained to kill, out of touch with their humanity in that split second where the power of decision lies deepest in their hands. The scales teeter on whether or not to **stop** a heart from beating



*Whole Note: The world (or "note") as a "whole". ∴ Whole Note = Whole World

A rock skips down the river, fracturing that very fraction of a harmonic second when that surge of what is perhaps power, fear, and a robotic-like motion pair with the assumption of one's authority and free will in a quick-n-split moment. No rest to picture one's *own* child being beaten by their brother or shot by their "protector" that even a place beyond the pines should quiver for, as Mother Earth trembles in sadness with every drop of innocent blood that soaks into her soil.

Monochromatics getting sharp.
The music gets deep.
The fruit becomes strange...
The shivering trees weep.

There is the scent of violence in the air, sometimes falling flat in a sad conclusion of how this symphony might end. A reminder that God sees and feels every action we commit amongst one another are the teardrops that fall from Heaven, as God replenishes us with clean water for another chance at life.

Meanwhile, S/He cries for the child in a draught, not meaning to leave them without. But each moment we allow global warming to take over or fail to protect another stolen drop of blood God cries for is another reckless day closer that God is tired for. Every neighborhood, tribe, community, tree, animal, we slaughter in an act of greed and selfishness...

When will the madness end? S/He wonders.

Think back to the Dalai Lama's message that

"Although there is a limit to what we as individuals can do, there is no limit to what a Universal response might achieve."

In other words, the power remains in our hands to make the difference until the Universe chooses to no longer co-operate with our ways. We must preserve what little Ozone layer we have left and the good faith S/He's invested in us. Care for the few good angels left walking amongst us to have a chance at Heaven on Earth. God could run out of teardrops for us soon, yet every waking hour is a chance at life. S/He just has to know that we care enough to want that.

But the time is NOW.

...Since I woke up//

So is my state of mind" - Marvin Gaye

From the Ashes,
CharliZero
7:55PM
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