

Mind Whirled

Celestial Focus

Lost somewhere within scattered thoughts of might,
a shimmering light seemed much brighter one night.

It grabbed the attention of the eyes,
doing its thing just hanging in the skies.

On this particular night however,
it had the aid of a lyrical lever.

Phrases of the song were happening and true within,
with the rest of the words piecing themselves in.

The light was presented as a house set on fire,
as insightfully fascinating as it was undesired.

With one perceiver witnessing another around,
Floods of existential questions came about.

With so much potential in one of the heads,
the greater one appeared to have studied ahead.

Whistled Echoes

With the lesser perceiver's brain catching a train,
it wondered if the greater perceiver had any rain.

Searching around for some explanatory answers,
the lesser had stumbled upon hopping whistlers.

Chirps and tweets emitting from sphere to sphere,
between the two they could soon one another hear.

An entire planetary body sending a transmission,
the perceiver had to find out if it had a mission.

Nothing came up that was evident or immediate,
all that could be done right then was to just wait.

Sometime during those liminal weeks the day came,
the bodies could communicate one and the same.

Foggy at first but then it eventually became clear,
it wasn't just sentience but wisdom on display here.

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Particulate Entities

Now with the greater mind in the lesser's focus,
He pondered what had started the genius's locus.

Like a charged particle with a surrounding field,
there was a lot to be found within that yield.

An overarching force of which to bind,
and a backdrop for thoughts to unwind.

Not limited to a fractionally small or minor point,
but extending indefinitely as part of the whole joint.

With fields and forces acting all up on it,
the sensory minds had a way to both be lit.

Starting as a wish to be in the clouds,
all of these ideations were heard aloud.

Perceptions, particles. and planets akin,
there were minds found at all levels within.

Corporeal Jove

Further down and all the way into the core,
it had attributes that he wondered what for.

The heart of its mind and the mind of its heart,
now revealed to play and embody a major part.

With it's red spot partaking in a sensory feast,
storms were now seen as organs of this beast.

The eye of the storm was a literal eye,
gathering light borrowed from the sky.

The other senses were still undiscovered mysteries,
something known by observing its atmospheric seas.

But with this being appearing to perceptively form,
it provided insights out of which seeing was born.

Picking up phenomenon just as us,
but for this one from its hefty gusts.

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The Way Beheld

This being now observed had so much to say,
and in its words it actually showed the way.

Held totally within the perceiver's line of sight,
nothing to be seen except for minds set alight.

To nothing but the eye, it was invisible,
but in the mind, it was entirely possible.

It was there and it couldn't be refuted,
but cognitively it was still quite disputed.

Was it something more than a resonance,
revealing to him its over-grand presence?

Nothing can be said of how it really did look,
yet somewhere in the cortex was an odd nook.

What it provided was a way forward,
leaving not but a trace soon afterward.

His Cosmos

Directed now, yet still with nowhere to go,
something had lingered from after the show.

It sat and festered waiting to bloom,
stuck in his head, it started to loom.

Truth was to be had still undiscovered,
with the answer was soon to be recovered.

Resoundingly, he uttered "My Cosmos!",
again, he proudly said "It's my Cosmos!".

There was no truth to it being said at that time,
as it had to be digested and felt as though a crime.

There was some guilt that it was all his,
but after all, it was all a part of his wish.

Into dreams of others that eureka moment went,
with his lesser being and self starting to fragment.

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Parallel Lives

Perceptions of who he was now being quite lucid,
with previously solid identity now becoming fluid.

With the past and future now being coalesced,
a splitting of time and mind was then professed.

Things of a static nature seemingly upset,
taking on new dynamics as of not yet met.

A swift rift developed somewhere from deep,
so much so that there was nothing to keep.

Who he once was now becoming long gone,
yet with many fresh selves coming along.

Within all of these layers of alien shells and skins,
there was nothing which could be considered akin.

Some ripples had calmed, some had formed,
"To become grand", he was finally informed.

Cybernetic Angel

Wading out beyond any point, past any outer limit,
There were things only a future god could permit.

There must have been some kind of ascent,
as up from earth this new being was sent.

A technologically amalgamated much higher being,
the future, the past, and the synthesis, were fleeing.

With mechanized eyes, three wings on its back,
there was absolutely nothing that it did lack.

Using its powers of a much higher intensity,
to do good for others became its propensity.

Coming from up above the stars,
to mitigate the pain of the scars.

With this being of the self now depleted,
its goals and strivings all but completed.

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Red Green Blue Triad

If seeing is to be more than just a belief,
the next perception coming not with relief.

Split into a spectral red, green, and blue,
nothing about it could fully be seen as true.

With all of the colours beneath and under the hood,
they did what they did, what was what they should.

Not present, but out of the time they have been,
they complemented what was yet to be seen.

But the vision which they eventually provided,
in their wake, left the minded planets divided.

A potential found within the trinity of the hues,
they were within the perceiver, sharing their cues.

The warmest one out of the whole bunch,
gave a few clues towards the next hunch.

Terran Counterpart

With one planet in all its gaseous glory,
and the other telling a biological story.

The eye of the storm had given some new insight,
as the ideas of what could be started to take flight.

The lensed spot greatly red had no brother,
not a green one nor blue one nor some other.

The lesser perceiver standing in the rockier land,
had created gusts at the whim of his flailing hand.

Like a butterfly in its fullest effect,
gales had formed imperceptible to detect.

Now in cohort with the great mind's endeavour,
something to play out, forever and ever and ever.

If to be seen is also meant to be received,
with new sight, this was being achieved.

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Royal Eyes of Apollo

With more to see from this set of eyes,
there came a question not yet realized.

Wondering what had started its course,
it had to figure out the initial source.

The lesser perceiver having eyes of his own,
seeing from whom it was absolutely sown.

It was the sun above of which they were under;
the intention of the star was to visually plunder.

All one day to be adapted from and then subsumed,
if not for the perceiver's blue irises it was assumed.

With all of this came with it a high prestige,
for all things are to be seen and to appease.

Adding on to the perceiver's novel responsibilities,
the perceiver had a job to do to the best of abilities.

Planetary Duties

What looks to us as though just a work of art,
was actually its purpose and an integral part.

The warm-hued swirls churning and whirling about,
"to resemble the giant!", the perceiver did shout.

The barren red one was the blue ones objective,
its unpainted canvas wholly under Jove's directive.

The other bodies had already been coloured in,
but damaged by time were their surface's skins.

Earth as well being a project of Jove's all done,
and nearly complete, a finished world of one.

To carry forward the torch of the mission,
Mars was to be next, was Jove's admission.

With all of this now in the perceiver's eyes,
to make this whole and come to be realized.

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Becoming All

Returning back into his own small cavity of the self,
concepts briefly imagined were put back on the shelf.

After becoming godhead, one with the creation of all,
it occurred in a mere second looking down the hall.

Unexplainable, inexpressible in any terms known,
yet having a true nature, the perceiver was shown.

The previous perceptions of which this had all led,
as a god, seen it was within and wholly his head.

From Jove to Sol and far further above,
all that was brought down was agape love.

Now all at once and once all with everything,
he claimed "My Cosmos!" in which he was king.

Having seen above and further yonder,
the universe was still empty of sonder.

Now Intergalactic

A message received from Jove which he accepted,
light into his stormy eye was more than repected.

It was declared a victory for finding life,
to end the long run of solitude and strife.

With an artful mission within both of their hands,
were many creations to be found in far-off lands.

From Sol's soul and then to those of other suns,
they all had their very own daughters and sons.

Neither just interstellar nor merely interplanetary,
but on a grand scale was their communion merry.

A deep longing felt on a subconscious level,
the perceivers' friends shared joy and revel.

To the stars, as well as to the heavens that hang,
making celebratory noise, they started to clang.

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Mountain Contact

Now the time to leave home and hearth,
soon to take off, waving goodbye to Earth.

Before feet had even left the ground below,
the perceiver was included to be in the know.

To be promptly held atop of a local mountain,
there was to be an extravagant celebration.

A sensory feast and what had been received,
later to figure out having just been deceived.

It all took place with the perceiver left out,
pacing back and forth expressing a facial pout.

Sadly, going up to space was not in his cards,
all of it was a hoax which he had to discard.

But there were unseen rewards he could sweep,
into the smallest of scales did minds now seep.

Raw Qualia

Senses now appearing seemingly unadulterated,
their features, usually rigid, all cooperated.

Meaning imbued with each and every bit,
their purpose revealed and largely writ.

Was this indeed the perceiver's gift,
or, he wondered, "Was it all a grift?"

The colourful triad of hues, now in spaces anew,
for reasons they appeared from pieces only he knew.

With colour, form, and sound abound,
their meanings were found all around.

It happened all in a brief but lucid flash,
with their articulations gone in a quick dash.

Left with something to be understood now,
the mental qualities had taken their bow.

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The Great Goddess

Concealing afterward, that which was revealing,
the cracks were patched up after their peeling.

As mediation from yet the greatest source,
this presence had a strong, immense force.

To sustain all of reality and its fabric,
the great goddess had done her trick.

Way too much had been completely known and seen,
not something meant for this small perceiving being.

Back into the shadows for these mere bits of mind,
after the magic, the perceiver could no longer find.

Lost nowhere, or somewhere, in a lack of confines,
not entirely sure if he will ever, ever at all be fine.

Reassured by the force above, her highest majesty,
finally some normalcy the perceiver could finally see.

Return Home

At home and hearth, this all partook and outplayed,
but everything perceived was the mind displayed.

Nowhere but in a singular spot did it all transpire,
yet to the greatest of heights did he now aspire.

They will say it was just all within his head,
but so do dreams while we sleep in our beds.

Maybe just hallucinations and delusions,
but closer in nature to perceptual illusions.

Taking place in the realm of all residents,
meeting beings greater than mere presidents.

Taking something back but unsure what exactly,
nothing that could be seen as certain and factly.

Back to the spot at home, his life plain and ordinary,
yet perceiving in mind something most extraordinary.