



# **THE NORTH PACIFICS**

**Michel Lippitsch**

*To all the sailors, past present and future  
Sailors of the minds.*



The ocean is welcoming us,  
We are welcoming the ocean in.

Kronos and Vulcan made an alliance, geological tempo,  
Read on the cliffs of pagan,  
Layers of rock, lava flow and ashes,  
Blanket of pine tree forest,  
One-way hourglass falling into the sea.  
The energy of wind and rain,  
Reminding the land that everything flows,  
Like castle of sand falling into the ocean.  
The ocean takes it all back.  
Beauty shines,  
Destructions and rebirth,  
Tongues of destructive lava took over all life,  
Now life creates,  
Once again.  
A seed finds a crack,  
Growing into tree,  
Hosting birds.  
Guarded by the lava fortress from the wild pigs and  
cattle.

The plains show scars,  
A field hit by a shower of meteorite,  
Man made meteorite from the Second World War.  
The plains look like a Gruyere cheese,  
Coated by a mantle of green mold.

Man left,  
A tribe of sea people came,  
Anchoring at the edge of a black sand beach.  
Self made specie of man.  
We strive to recover our heritage,  
Hunter-gatherer.  
Not for immediate survival,  
But to regain wealth lost along the way.  
Without guns,  
Playing with evolutionary scenes,  
Reactivating our essences.

Dolphins visit,  
Flying fish take off,  
Dream light of blues, galactic dives.



Huge spider webs on overgrown path,  
Shifting the eyes focuses.  
Pagan is teaching us to see.  
Pagan is teaching us to hear, smell and taste.  
Our hand touching, caressing.  
Biospheric understanding,  
Moving from one ecozone to another,  
Always aware of the whole.

The clouds pass over the volcano,  
Getting caught at time and releasing rain.  
The southern cross keep pointing south,  
Point to where we have been,  
And give us direction for our futures.

A wasp bit me twice,  
Enough to alter my vision at times,  
Traces of poison.  
The body fights back,  
And the mind takes the opportunity to explore.  
New connections.

A blue bird sits on a branch,  
Watching,  
I watch, he watches. We meet.  
Everything meets you here.  
The voice feels free, chant to the landscape,  
Chant to the sky and the trees.

Trampled on, walked over,

Quiet!

Do this do that,

We are in charge here,

But we know you can't be in charge everywhere.

We are blessed to be away from the grip of "terror on individualities dragon"

Our ensemble reconnects with the biosphere,

We realize we are the biosphere.

And a toast  
To our friends around the planet  
Clink, stainless mug filled with white wine and smiles.  
To the hospitality of the biosphere.  
Clink, a peak in someone eyes.  
The wind picks up,  
And a toast,  
To keeping alert.  
And laughter,  
What if it takes?  
Clink to the right, clink to the left,  
Meet eyes,  
The bottom of toast  
To all and everything.

Hands pick mango from the tree,  
Carried over our heads,  
Tongue of black lava in the background,  
Highlighting the greens of plant lives.  
Eddie climbs the coconut trees,  
Gathering for our odyssey.  
The crew of a Saipanese fishing boat,  
Roast a fresh caught male turtle.  
They harvest the seas,  
With know how and respect.  
Sharing stories and tales,  
The coconut breaks open,  
A fish, smiles, attention as gifts  
Hospitality of true sea people.

Whirling with fire,  
The black sand holds the energy of the day.  
The moon plays with the foam of the sea,  
Meeting the land with grace and fluidity.  
A cloud cover the moon,  
The sea changes,  
Dancing, dancing,  
Shadow puppets trees,  
Dancing the beat of the wind,  
We dance to the stars,  
We dance to man and woman,  
We dance to freedom,  
We dance to the sky, the ocean, life,  
Magic dances us.

Mermaid mutates into fire goddess,  
A dead tree comes to life,  
A comet juggler plays with gravities,  
Others with breath and beats,  
Senses, oh senses,  
Stocking the land.  
Moonlit skins, fire lit faces,  
Fire madness, screams and shouts,  
Totem poles ignited,  
Visions, perceptions, projections,  
The fire can take it all.  
Wishful intention,  
Keep the best,  
Improve the rest,  
Dance fire dance,  
Incarnated in heated bodies,  
Freed in a moment in and out of time,  
New programs only available on pagan.



The journey of 5000 thousand miles,  
Is starting with the plays of pagan incarnated gods.  
Fire, water, Air, wind, space, seas and seas,  
Sky and skies, planets, universes, infinities,  
Time after times,  
Emotions, dramas,  
Values, friendships,  
The journey of 5000 thousand miles,  
Need to start with a ship of friends,  
We are an ensemble around the fire,  
With our wits and squeaks, and moans, and rrrrrrrrr,  
We are an ensemble around the fire,  
Caressing each other with dances, smiles, laughters,  
worlds, gestures, touch, moods and dreams.

Wahoo, wahoo  
Mahi mahi, wahoo, mahi mahi  
Tuni, tuni tuni  
Bite the hook, bite the hook bite the hook.  
Come on, come to the hook,  
We will honor you on our seapeople ship.  
Wahoo, wahoo,  
Mahi mahi, tuni tuni,  
We need your help,  
To feel real, to feel real, to feel real.  
Iha, iha,  
Pull in, don't give slack, keep pulling in,  
Where is the gaff?  
Come on, bring it in,  
Oh it's a big one,  
Tuni tuni,  
Thank you for your visit,  
Do not worry,  
Somehow you are feeding the sea,  
Through the bodies of your emmissionary,  
Keep them strong, keep them seaworthy.  
Wahoo, wahoo  
Mahi mahi, tuni tuni  
Bite the hook, come on, bite the hook.

Sensual moonlight caresses the waves,  
A child rise out of our mind,  
A child born from the sea,  
Can you see, it is always new.  
Faces and more faces,  
No waves are ever the same.

Sirens lament in the rigging,  
Swells, from far away,  
Beyond the glow of the lady moon,  
Call, a call .....

The emergence of planetary man.

Ocean connects us all,

Knowing that we are.

Everything is permitted,

The mind can know no limits.

As a spider catches with her web, carefully placed in  
frequented path,

So do the ideas and memes of man,

Catching.

Some get to know the spider, and learn to escape.

Then you watch out for the web,

And jump all out to the one you want to explore.

There is no way to live constantly outside the webs,

But it should be a right to try.

Man, organizing themselves, creating huge indomptable  
energy sucking dragons,

Are fabricating the most complex web,

But as the web master are getting ever more efficient,

So does the freedom explorer,

Recognizing the webs, finding new escape routes.

Becoming more man, and more man, and more man.

Here right now,

Buzz in my ear,

Water songs trailing along the hull,

A valve keeps a tempo,

Float inner and outer,

Attention to the one.

Then descending,

Line of attention connected around the world,

Time bends,

Everything I think, I think.

Watching, like a hawk,

Ready for all.

It is always dealing with the given circumstances,

Using space.

Repeat over and over and over,

Memes of my own brand, cocktail for the moment, to  
sometime sip slowly,

Or drink in one big gulp, for that space, tranquility that  
emane for consumed eternities.

And,

Start over,

Again, again, again.

And? One of man essences, and?

The "ands" and hands that keep the motion in direction.

Silver shinning trails of incandescent moods,

Hidden in every wave.

An impulse can set a fire,

In those play learn as well to play synergistically with  
water, Air, earth, time, space, matter, flow,

Learn to cook with cosmic forces,

Artist of the sea,

Sea of art,

Nothing but everything,

Now.

Listening to our planet,  
Getting away from her cyclonic centers,  
Where structured matter break, recycled by the whole.

You can't rest for too long,  
The sea demands all.  
At your service and whims,  
I bow to the power of "nature",  
To our nature.  
To shy to call it god.



Kujira taught us,  
Now,  
Acting the teaching.  
Another typhoon menaces.  
Information gathered with the help of thechnics,  
Nothing in the sea and sky hint the beast away,  
Slowly approaching at 6 knots.  
Keep the ship in the Northeast quadrant,  
I hear a small voice say,  
But then again,  
Keep as many option open,  
Before you know where to run with certainty of mind and  
body.  
Don't confuse emotion with intuition,  
Don't let any center run you,  
Run centers at the service of the survival of the dream.

Sharks,

Respect, fear triggered by subconscious memory,

Respect for geological time survivor,

Adapted to survive,

Possibly the most efficient biological machine ever  
created by our universe.

The gods are dying of solitude,

A god needs energy from man to exist,

It is his fuel.

Out of a last resort he might put on a fit,

Can you see me?

Now they got real smart,

Possessed man to create the most brilliant sculptures,  
drawing, and monuments, and prose and dramas, and songs,  
and melodies,

So they would have a chance at immortality,

As long as man thought of them.

A few lay buried in dusty cupboard or hidden place.

Others departed long ago.

Some others, waiting for the right time right place,

And others in the process of creation, mutating, changing  
forms.

As long as man talks to them,

Dialogue,

One of my gods is the god ocean,

Oceanic dialogue,

Typhoons maybe jealous, decide to scare us,

Meanwhile ocean is kind, sending messengers,

Dolphin leaping in the long dream blue swells,

Moving east, showing direction,

And offers a tuna.

Thyphoona in need of attention takes possession of a few  
minds,

She got a grip, and doesn't let go.

In this pantheon,

The alliances are crucial.

My respect to Thyphoona.

I do not wish to play to close with your mighty powers,

I bow to your presence,

But I long ago gave my soul to the ocean.

Long swells, the messengers of the storm,  
Dressed in deep blue,  
A gift,  
The sky above a circle of blue,  
Invaded on all side by dark clouds.  
A few dolphins leap, and leap, a hello and a good by,  
The sky turns gray, then dark grey,  
The swells swell, wind picking up,  
40 knots, maybe more,  
The wind reader fell out of Eibes hand,  
The mizzenmast bend,  
Xtine call the shot,  
Quick, lower, under full strength,  
Arm stretched, all muscle contracted,  
Together we pull.  
The foresail flaps,  
Lower.  
Huge waves crash on the bow,  
Knees under water,  
All porthole and hatches are closed,  
The wind 4 point before the starboard side beam.  
Contemplation,  
Feeling privileged to witness such a face of the ocean,  
Beauty, strength, power,

We are small, humility and reverence,  
Today the sea is my temple,  
The dragons are fighting in the sky,  
We merely get the outside puffs of their blows.  
The show goes on, the ship keeps dancing with the  
Pacific Ocean,

We are merely voyeur,  
The ship on heave to,  
Waiting for Chan Hom to pass.  
Many body on heave too as well,  
Paradise bunks are full of sleepy bodies,  
Senses sharpened,  
Smells traveling throughout the ship,  
Chocolate brownie advertising teatime,  
Fresh baked bread,  
Farty smells from egg overdose,  
Sweat and damp clothes drying in synesthesia,  
Diesel fume escaping the air vent,  
All trapped inside,  
We need to keep the sea outside,  
Shake it all back and forth,  
Et voila,  
The perfume of the day.

The pancake priest performs his nightly ceremony,  
While the navigator goes for a therapy session on the  
bench,  
Mission impossible babes, at the service of the cause,  
While 2 old timers in 2030,  
Rap on the past future.

Open sea, sharpening senses,  
Open sea, dive ever deeper in,  
To let out,  
Clean up of perceptionary channels,  
For better reception,  
But watched the channel you tune to,  
What you are seeking,  
Is also seeking you.



Spaces,  
The physical universe,  
Bodies,  
Biospace,  
Cyberspace,  
New evolution,  
With human as coauthors,  
Of artificial intelligence.

Mystic mist,  
Time's in transit,  
Nowhere for the eyes to exit,  
Mystic mist,  
Zone?  
Going nowhere,  
Being everywhere.

Mmmmmm,  
Galley's alive,  
Mmmmmm,  
Frying drizzle,  
The fish singing, can you hear me?  
Flipped by the alchemist of the day  
Smells,  
Escaping through the port hole,  
Meeting the sheltering skies.

Swells invade,  
Swells invade,  
Slow, invade,  
Minds, body, invade,  
Ocean dream setting in,  
Fluid,  
Faces keep on smiling,  
To the sky, to the moon, to the stars,  
To the planet,  
Swells invade,  
Swells invade,  
A caress from the sun,  
A cold slap from the wind,  
A caress from the sun,  
Reptile, laying on the deck, taking in the heat,  
While,  
Swells invade,  
Swells invade,  
Body moves,  
Body grooves,  
Swells sensual,  
Keep the body move,  
Swells invade,  
Swells invade.

So many prophets,  
Chanting revelations,  
Illuminations,  
Absolutions,  
Revolutions,  
Ovulations,  
Caravans of thoughts,  
Caravans of chemical experiences,  
Shake shake it,  
Lost in the seas, lost in spaces,  
Lost to be,  
Reality is a game communicated in sensory codes,  
Resurrections,  
Detentions,  
Liberations,  
Realizations,  
Me here,  
Now, now, now.  
I speak,  
Ahoooooooooooooo,  
I speak the thousand tongues,  
In the screams of salvations,  
In the screams of simulations,  
In the screams of stimulations,

In the screams of titillations,  
All for some attentions,  
Ahoooooooooooo,  
Ahoooooooooooo.

The muses delight in my weakness,  
Sirens,  
Why not die in the sound of temptation,  
Rather than resignation.

Nothing last forever,  
But a kiss.

All hands on deck,  
Body moving,  
A samurai in the sky,  
Hovering over the Kujiro current,  
Decided with his sword to decapitate our bow,  
Cutting clean our foremast and sail.  
Too clean a cut to be anything else,  
But the gods playing our fate.  
No one got hurt,  
The shock woke everybody up,  
We could have lost it all,  
The mast piercing through the hull of the Heraclitus.  
The hull is untouched, as strong as ever.  
The crew unites, committed to keep on going.  
The weather teases long enough to allow careful  
weighting of Thoughts,  
Japan lures,  
We decide not to bite,  
The pacific test us a few more times,  
Then let us go,  
Our biggest trigger removed,  
We passed humanly unscratched through the invisible  
gate,  
Go on our journey of 5000 miles,  
Continuing our parallel odyssey.

20 sperm whale's blows echo around the hull of the ship



Fog, a cocoon around us,  
Beyond time,  
Floating in a cloud,

Clouds,  
Dream clouds,  
Vision clouds,  
Storing water in the sky,  
Weather fortuneteller,  
Nimbostratus brings rain,  
Cirrus beware,  
Cirrostratus, rain to come  
Altostratus, sunny breaks,  
Cumulonimbus, thunder  
Stratus for a drizzle,  
Stratocumulus, dry but dull,  
Cumulus and sunny spell,  
Cirrocumulus, indecisive,  
Altostratus, mutating  
Milky, fluffy, foggy, ripply,  
Smoky, hazy, misty,  
Simply clouds

Frothy pacific,  
Steered by the motion of a thousand dolphins,  
The right whale dolphin, finless,  
White sided dolphins frantic,  
Laughters,giggles,  
The crew in rapture,  
Interspecies communication of emotion,  
New spaces,  
The ship recharges,  
And we feed on radiance.

A seal,  
Open sea dream,  
New found totem for Xtine,  
Laughter, comic relief.  
Roars and flips and dances.  
A seal visits and perform.  
The show a success,  
Full house,  
14 people on deck,  
Moving around,  
Game of seek and hide,  
The bite the anchor scene,  
Finally a flipper dance we can delight on,  
After clapping and a few encores,  
Sustained the attention of the humans for an hour.  
Who is watching who?  
The show over, the crew below decks,  
The seal departed,  
Beyond the horizon.  
The spirit of the seal, traveling as memes,  
In dinner themes,  
In conversation,  
In imagination.  
Xtine found dreams in a seal,  
I keep finding scenes from my dreams.

Indigo seas in ocean blues,  
Turning gray, turning white,  
Shading blues,  
Motion, always motion,  
Gods pulling out brushes,  
Painting with light through the eyes of man,  
We are the canvass,  
That paints the sea.  
Ocean reveals himself to himself.

Bioluminescences,  
Galaxies upon galaxies,  
Sea reflect sky, sky reflect sea,  
Dolphins cosmic dancing on the bow waves,  
Mind dancing the waves of timelessness.

Watching in a broken car mirror the progress of "Native America" braiding hair of old world spacy German girl,

Tumbi and his "art critic" yellow hat peaks in.

Meanwhile rum intoxication opportunity enters the scene.

Hands are sawing a theater costume, the needle performing from the intent of a sailor/actress,

Summertime for summer solstice,

Space lounge in the happy 40's,

The bell ring,

The watches change,

Nicole holds power with the only can opener still able to perform in her Swiss army knife,

With 2 more month and 100's of cans still to go,

But Xtine stands in as back up, with secret army knife hidden in bunk.

Gypsy Reka reading taro card from Broome Australia gypsy liar,

It is not cool to be a gypsy and not lie warns Reka while telling carol her new fortune,

Ferdi's muscles all out, sending out not so subliminal messages,

Lavender invades the sense of smell,

Heather puts Kira, Orla and myself into bliss with expert face massages,

Fingers opening, loosening, flashes of red circles, played by pressure and heathers intention,

Peace while miles blows the horn post mortem through  
the boom box.

A kretek cigarette appear, saved since Indonesia, filing  
lungs and minds with clove essences and triggered  
memories,

Xtine teaches the art of Vodka drinking a la Russian,

Take in a breath, let the whole breath out, drink, let more  
of the breath out and refresh with a sip of lemony juice,

Then concoct as the feelgood shaman a brew,

Chili, nutmeg, coffee or tea, ginger, kava kava, sugar  
vitamins,

Sipped and everyone shows up for more.

Ferdi knit the bread , full make up on with red wig,

The make up artist station busy, nails painted, eyes  
lashed,

Reka reads the hands of Sebastian,

Dream cocktail,

The rum bottle emptied further its life at sea with a  
message sent on the sunset deck,

The only visible sun since days.

The low pressure front is on us, 995mb,

But the wind died, even the lows are tamed, too tamed.

The sun brings a photo frenzy, all high tech toys on deck,

Posing,

Then take a ride on the space hammock,

Pass around Orla's chorizo pizza, and cheese toast.

Stinj and Eibes the hot dog chefs, spiky hair, the work of  
hair ferry Nicole,

With special buns from bun master Ferdi,

All retrieving bellow from the bites of the cold on deck,

Waiting for the winds in the right direction, strong  
enough winds.



Sunday to Sunday,  
Waiting for the wind,  
Teased, pleased, teased,  
Waiting for the wind,  
Fog, and fog, and fog,  
Wish cakes,  
Night q beam exploration,  
Revealing the creatures from the underworld,  
Swirling jellyfish wagons,  
Fluorescent eyes,  
Hunted by seals and dolphins.  
Meanwhile seapeople playing with essences,  
Call the shot and see what we can dig out,  
Transvanguard, Homer's odyssey, summer celebration  
solstice,  
Main Halyard block brakes,  
Acrobatics on top of the mast,  
Adrenaline pumped in,  
Trigger removed,  
Visualization of what if...  
Waiting for the wind,  
Contemplations,  
Meditations,  
Incenses to warm Nemo's loneliness,  
Memories highway, full speed on the past,

Brought back to the present.  
The jewels of moments,  
Chronoramas,  
Under the water line,  
In the safety of army blankets,  
Away from the bites of the weather,  
Seasonal chronorama of childhood berries,  
First the blue berries, then raspberries, then blackberries,  
And late summer, the delicate wild strawberries, closing  
the drama till next spring.  
A circle of life, a circle of senses navigation,  
Still waiting for the wind.  
Patience a game learned in the field,  
Too much patience makes you a fool.  
Waiting for the wind.

Waiting for the right wind.  
The sea picked up.  
We are drifting southeast.  
The captain can't take it anymore,  
Passing frantically up and down the ship,  
Electrified with his own created chemical.  
"We need to get out of here".  
Time is taking its toll.  
"It is just a matter of time"  
Reality check on yourself,  
The sea and ship mirrors all,  
Sunday speeches spot on.  
The engine goes on,  
Eibes on a recruiting mission to motor,  
Like a priest spreading the gospel and finding followers.  
Still 3700 miles to go,  
And as yet the longest voyage so far, 50 days at sea.  
New sound become suspicious,  
Careful inspection reveals a small crack in the mast,  
Other minds busy with depression and gulag stories.  
Yes the northeast is grey, constantly grey,  
The colors have deserted,  
The grey taking over, shading the moods, and emotion,  
and minds.  
Man finds the way to enjoy the grey,

Find ecstatic bliss in gloom and sad songs,  
Taking about the pain of the world,  
Letting the weight of the world resting on their shoulders,  
Taking on the role of Greek Atlas,  
"We need to get out of here",  
While a soup boils on the stove.  
Be here right now if you can,  
At the mercy of the elements.  
Remembering to be an actor, not a reactor.  
Acting the grey, not reacting the grey.  
The voyage keeps going.

You cannot learn less,  
Says Bucky in my ear,  
A mantra for living.  
The French want to know what the glue is,  
The glue is synergy.

Ship of fools,  
Undompted by the establishment,  
Running wild,  
In pacific spaces,  
Beyond compares,  
Between times.  
Who is steering?  
Is there any who?

The black ship that got away,  
Beware to not go too far away,  
Beyond the lands of never back.

With space,  
From seapeople to space people,  
The Heraclitus host,  
At your own risk,  
Soul that seek the new,  
Soul that seek.  
You will never be able to rest,  
Evolution is evolution.

The sun is new everyday,  
Heraclitus

Sea people dream

Dream sea people

People dream sea

Sea dream people

Dream People Sea

People sea dream



We dream the sea,  
The sea dreams us,  
Mirror of our seas,  
The unfathomable depth of our inner ocean,  
We dream our sea.

Dive,  
Weightlessness,  
Illusion of no gravity,  
Sensation of no gravity,  
No up or down  
With  
I am water,  
Water is me.  
Psychedelic realm,  
Colors and patterns,  
Fluid,  
Fluid mentality,  
Become the element,  
Caresses,  
Water caress,  
Skin in rapture,  
Being one,  
Being.

To do to do to do

To be to be to be

To do to be to do

Dobe bedo

Silence,

Can you ever meet silence,

Sensual universe

If I could drive straight up,  
In less than a hour,  
I would see our home,  
A planet we should call blue pearl of our universe,  
Then,  
Driving back,  
I could tell everyone to go and see for themselves,  
My word isn't worth shit compared to the experience.  
A few men have driven up,  
But not enough.  
Once you see beauty,  
You will never forget,  
Once you know how to love,  
You will never love the same way again.

I must confess,  
I am a happy man.

Tea for two

Water songs caress the hull.  
The ship delights,

Baggy o wrinkle doctor,  
Called to get high up there.  
The mind curses the swells,  
I stay grumpy for the rest of the day.

Birds laughing at our fate in the mist,  
Cold slaps from the north,  
Blows bring the body on deck,  
Diverting the mind from the charts and strategic  
possibilities.

A cake baked by the captain to the gods,  
And intentions written on strips of paper,  
To call for the right winds and what we will never know.  
Lust sequence in acting class,  
Not to get stuck in despair.  
The wind plays it well,  
Desire,  
Titillation,  
Despair,  
Jealousy,  
Spite,  
Hate,  
Loneliness.  
I found myself in rapture,  
In union with the sea,  
Since I can only let go,  
I might as well do so,  
There's no need to cling on what isn't there.

You can never hit a clown in public,  
Although the tongue spit arsenic,  
A clown can kill,  
And everyone will laugh at the dead body,still.  
Watch out for the wrong clowns,  
They are the most dangerous creature in towns.



Learn how to tell the story.

What is the point of telling?

If nobody is listening.

Learn to listen to yourself.

Baracuda crown,  
In the hair of the blue gaze,  
Looting attention,  
By ensemble dance kinetic beauty,  
Lures the body in the dance,  
The mind let go,  
The man becomes other,  
One in one among one.

Exposed,  
You can't hide from a dolphin,  
Sonar pierced,  
Sonar beeped,  
Sonar transformed,  
Alter the chemicals,  
Reprogram,  
Fakeness hurt,  
If unable to strip the masks.  
Dolphins,  
Can you tell me were I am at?

Migration,  
We are migrating to spaces.  
The treasure is now,  
Every point along the journey,  
Every breath,  
Every thought,  
Every emotion,  
Every cup of tea I drink,  
Every word I speak,  
Every song I hear,  
Every sea I see,  
Every memory I can summon,  
Every cloud I meet,  
Every atom I steer,  
Every kiss I steal,  
Every kiss I receive,  
Every times,  
Every space,  
Every everies,  
So that the journey becomes inexhaustible,  
Timeless, time bound, and eternal all at the same breath.

Body heat,

Easier to keep warm with two,

How easy would it be if everybody would keep everybody  
warm?

Neurotica,

You can always look at the wrong side of life if you want to.

There is enough of everything to feed all of us,

At all time,

All the time,

Wherever you want it to go.

The question is to define it.

She, mad with polyps virus in her brain,  
Unable to reconcile herself without the company of  
zoozanthella,  
Manic, almost in panic,  
A glimpse of hope in her eyes,  
Because he didn't know,  
'That corals can survive and freeze their polyps off.  
3 miles deep.

Indian and chiefs,  
All at the same time.



Conversations,

Motivations,

Creative energy,

Eibes and Xtine rig a jib.

Magic.

The ship keeps in position,

We are heading in the right direction.

We can steer, tack, sail.

Dreamt of the mizzen becoming the foresail.

Sailor spirit,

Teaching.

A seal visit in the middle of the night,  
Drizzle dance in the light of the q beam.

Molding,  
Find the donkey,  
Ride the donkey,  
And let the donkey go.  
Eibes cheer leader,  
The voice that keeps everyone going,  
Wind metaphors,  
Poet in the movement.  
Incarnations,  
For liberation.

What if

There was no gods but the gods I create,

They still are gods.

There are no other gods but my gods.

There are no gods if I don't believe in any.

Light sparkles infinite mystery,  
Your scent intoxicate my memory,  
Flashes of splashes in open warm sea,  
Sensual skin delight rhapsody,  
Caresses, desire the sun ecstasy,  
Lips and kisses in melody,  
Undulation of kinetic harmony,  
All to dream of moonshaped insanity,  
Over my love to your infinity.

My goddess a moi,  
You are to me as  
I see you,  
For I can only see,  
What I can see  
And what I choose to see  
Is up to me.

Ready on the snorter,  
Ready,  
Ready on the sheets,  
Ready,  
Ready on the capstan,  
Ready,  
Haul away,  
Hauling away,  
Hands pulling ropes,  
Feet going round the singing capstan,  
Muscles contracted,  
Together pushing on.  
Cease,  
Cease.  
A line caught need attention,  
Gets attention.  
Haul away,  
Hauling away,  
Battens by battens,  
The sail unfurls  
Gliding along the aluminum mast,  
The parrels squeak,  
The sail puffs,  
The block moans a bit,  
Cease.

The sail is up,  
The wind picks up,  
The bow slice through,  
The hull, caressed by the sea,  
Delight,  
Sending ecstatic songs through the hull,  
To serenade the dream catchers still asleep in bio,  
A fishing line trolled on the stern wake,  
Give me a mark,  
Mark,  
Keeping a good course,  
The helmsman steers with the wind 4 from behind,  
Deck watch all senses alive,  
Keeps the wind sharp in attention,  
Hourly checking for triggers,  
Watching out for obstacles and spectacles,  
Fins and blows,  
Any clues in the clouds,  
Any messages in the sky,  
If you want to know where you are,  
Simply look up.  
Horizon plays with the eyes,  
What's our speed?  
6 knots,  
Going east.

I wish I wish I wish,  
Projecting,  
The sea is off glass,  
The wind too weak to even define a direction,  
The sail flaps,  
Although we are in the roaring 40's,  
We live the doldrums since 2 weeks,  
Every now and then testing our patience,  
Trying to reach its limits.  
Still waiting for the wind.



Expert hands on my knotted back,  
Heather unlocks strains,  
Another seapeople art,  
To loosen the accumulated tensions and pulled muscles,  
Holistic natural healer on the North pacific,  
Albatross gliding pass the bow.

She is a Chinese Junk in Ferro cement,  
Three masted,  
A night black hull,  
And a red deck.  
85 foot of her,  
Dancing with the seas since 28 years,  
An old lady with enough memories,  
Dramas, sweat, tears, laughers,  
Riding moods,  
Creating her own legend,  
Always seeking,  
In a race against time,  
To witness with her eyes the extinctions on Planet Ocean.  
2000 miles up the amazon,  
Riding dreams and visions,  
From Indian shamans, feeding her powers beyond  
reasons,  
Around the world, tasting the vanishing cultures of our  
humanities,  
Releasing dolphins back to the freedom of the open  
ocean,  
Circumnavigating South America,  
Reaching the continent of Antarctica,  
Sinking in Puerto Rico,  
Rebirth, and retirement in Belize,

Brought back to life to fulfill her destiny,  
Coral reefs around the world,  
Evolving humans,  
Dreaming and giving birth to Sea people,  
She meets and faces challenges,  
Creates heroes, scientist, actors, poets, captains, seaman,  
dreamers, seekers, Synergists, artists, talents, seapeople  
Without ever losing a human life,  
For above all she cherish humanity,  
Never cheats, never lies,  
Her devotees are rewarded with wealth,  
The wealth of unreplicable experiences,  
Unique,  
Still with humility,  
For without the spirit of freedom that she incarnates,  
She would die.  
Dolphins, whales, seals, fishes all play with her,  
And she watches with her two bright eyes.  
She makes you wonder,  
Bring you to raptures,  
Test your limits,  
Teaches you to be human,  
She tirelessly teaches, never giving up.  
She brings mysteries, magic, and realities to men,  
That can stand her honesty.

She is beyond compares,  
She let men dream, she helps men fulfill their dreams,  
Guiding,  
She is the black ship that got away,  
She is the black ship that isn't scared to get caught,  
For she knows one day she will get away,  
Almost her curse,  
Contempt to roam the seas,  
She chooses her home,  
A flag ship to the oceans,  
A flag ship to the coral reefs,  
A flag ship to the quest for the origins, past present and  
future of human cultures  
A flag ship to sea people,  
Always creating,  
Her name is Heraclitus.

## **Coral reefs**

Builders of underwater cathedrals,

Coral reefs temples,

Sacred space,

I salute you.

You the little polyps and zoozantelly,

The master architects,

Building over and over your predecessors,

For millions of years,

Not loosing focus.

The kingdom of the reef came down four times,

To extinction in it's 2 billion years history,

But always came back,

With more vitality, more diversity, more shapes and forms,

More vibrancy than ever before,

Radiance,

A look at you and one is transformed,

Chocked by beauty, esthetic arrest,

Gardens of sculptures,

Deep valleys incrustated with a thousand colored stars and coral flowers,

Ametist purple, turquoise blues, ruby reds, yellow sapphire,

In perfect esthetic harmony,  
Musical colored symphonies,  
Masterpieces after masterpieces,  
An infinite treasure chest of wonder.  
Entering this oceanic cities,  
With rush hours, regular feeding times,  
The one that munch all the time,  
The night feeders, cleaners, street "seacucumber"  
vacuum cleaners,  
Like shoe shiners, or hairdresser, cleaner wrasses take one  
customer after the next,  
Often entering mouth of sharp teeth that could devour  
them,  
2 octopuses dancing, transforming in front of your eyes  
in texture, form and colors,  
A herd of grazing parrot fish move by, sound of crunch,  
The cementing algae,  
Keeping the limestone together,  
Sponge covered walls and crevasses, interior decoration,  
The citizen of the coral reef city,  
Often exuberant,  
Multicolored, multidesigned appearances, parade, flashing  
their costumes to the World,  
The wildest fashion show on earth,  
One think one has landed in paradise,  
A world of perfect harmony.

But life is fierce on the reef,

Competitive, ruthless.

Each little polyp tentacles, armed with batteries of stinging cells,

All carnivores, designed to seize animal preys,

Feeding on everything passing over them,

Some use chemical warfare to kill and destroy invaders,

Some poisons to paralyze their prey before devouring them,

The scorpion fish rely on camouflage,

Motionless, most of the time,

Suddenly at the speed of light strikes,

Only to resume his posture like nothing ever happened,

Mass invasions threatens every one,

When armies of the coral enemy #1 acanthaster planci  
alias crown of thorns march on,

Night and day sucking live flesh of the corals colonies,

Leaving fields of dead skeletons.

Plagues of diseases decimate entire species,

Black band diseases, viruses,

Infections,

Thermo changes, the coral bleaching, often dying,

The reef rely on a eternal dance of life and death,  
As soon as it is created those forces try to destroy it,  
Typhoons, ripping reefs apart,  
Then the little polyps and zoozanthellea,  
Come in to rebuild.  
And soon the reef takes shape again,  
An endless circle that worked until.....  
The baddest of them all decided to mess with the  
biological rhythms ,  
The cosmic tempo,  
Destroying faster than all typhoon and crown of thorn  
and plagues combined,  
Chemical waste, dynamite, poisons like cyanides,  
Keeping a few reef fish in a tank for private  
entertainment,  
Scooping everything alive for miles and miles,  
Genocide of life,  
  
None the less the little polyps and zoozanthellea,  
Keep on building,  
Repairing,  
Erecting their cathedrals, temples and monuments,  
Never giving up.  
In that spirit,



They will probably outlast man,

Keeping building and rebuilding long after the virus  
created the virus that exterminated them.

## **The sun appear**

I worship the sun,  
Giving my skin in offering to the biosphere,  
My body receives the heat,  
To warm the core of my cells.  
I worship the sun,  
Sensual,  
A conscious union,  
Simple,  
Recharge,  
I am because of the sun.  
As the sun burns,  
I feed, energy,  
Sun, water, atmosphere,  
Basics of life,  
Obvious simple and delightful,  
Aware,  
Sunfish join the scene,  
Birds are everywhere.  
An albatross, resting on the surface,  
Watches the black ship and its creatures.  
"Why this big bird never flies?"  
After the sens- ational sun,

He sets along a ring of clouds,  
Dark thick distant clouds.  
The sky becomes the roof of our temple,  
We have entered a pacific sea temple.  
Colors, hues, water like silk sheets undulate,  
I worship the sun with my body sacred spaces.

Competition to claim exclusivity of totems,  
Kira threatened by Nicole in dream space,  
Fire words so soft, but with the cunning incisiveness of  
blades.  
But there aren't any competitions.  
The spirits are everywhere,  
In every one.  
Like seeds they grow if you feed them,  
Energy of thoughts, conscious magic invocations within  
oneself,  
Not for gaining power over others,  
But to gain power over oneself to create,  
At the service of your totem.  
You are at the service of your gods,  
Not the gods at your services.

Whales!

Always a rush of bodies racing through the hatches,

Moving with the lighting speed of fairies,

Eyes scouting the sea,

For the sight of a blow.

And when the whale is near,

The airs saturated with her breath, oceanic breath,

Time arrest,

Wonder and silence,

Then laughers.

20 sperm whales blows echoes on the hull of the ship,  
Thousands of dolphins leaping, dancing the sea.  
Right whale dolphins, finless, ride the bow wave,  
Bioluminescent trails of tails and motions,  
The careless caressing bodies make love,  
But above all,  
Here they come,  
Tall towering dorsal fins, erect to reach the stars,  
Slice through the wave.  
The orca is commanding respect.  
The fastest, fiercest, smartest creature of all,  
Feared around the oceans,  
The orca rules the seas.  
Nothing compares to the tenure of a male orca,  
Surfacing, at the head of his pod, proud,  
With the arrogance of invincibility,  
Undisputed.  
Behind, more fins, and blows, and breaches,  
Revealing the elegance and ensemble of the whales,  
They move on.  
Long after, their spirit remain,  
In the legends of our odyssey,  
The orca enters our dreams,  
Patience till our next meeting,

The orcas have come.  
How far do we have to go to realize?  
Should we send everyone to sea?  
Like Thai send their young to monasteries,  
Fewer and fewer man live with the sea,  
The time of the clippers, and traders, sailors,  
Is an art of the past, with few survivors,  
A culture on the brink of extinction,  
Because it is nowadays hard to survive,  
Trading can't compete with the big dragons anymore.  
What to do?  
The sea reveals all,  
Good and bad,  
To realize that good and bad don't exist,  
We choose

Would you want to live in a world without colors?

The revolution that the reefs created in the world,  
Is not yet comprehended.

The impact of the fluidity of colors, designs, shapes,  
forms,

On art extend beyond reason.

Millions of people attempt to reproduce in miniature,

The world of the reef via aquarium,

A fish in a bowl.

From a fish in a bowl probably came biospheres,

With the lesson that life goes on,

Find a way,

With or without man,

And man should think as keeping on the life train,

We are the last wagons,

We will not be the last forever,

But we might not be attached to the train anymore,

If we keep on hammering, molesting, abusing,  
exterminating the other wagons,

The mechanics will find a way to stop us,

Sending armies over to our wagon/body,

Viruses, plagues, geological disaster,

Or not having to create any since we are doing it already.

The reef becomes a magnifying glass,

To the collective stupidity of a specie.

Taking over blindly.

And yet the individual member of the specie evolve,

Create new alliances,

Create new dreams.

The dream of seeing the end to the destruction of the  
worlds reef,

A necessary dream,

The more on the same dream,

The more the dream becomes real,

Infecting like viruses the mind of man,

By contact.

It is cool to want to protect what you love,

But you have to love first.

So love the reef,

Because the reef is the most beautiful place on our planet.

Go there,

Don't rely on a film or picture,

But experience the reef,

Floating, weightless,

Leaving behind the laws of gravity,

And fill your minds with your senses,

All of them.

Once you have seen the coral live,

You will not want to display a skeleton,



No water how beautiful they might be,  
Surround yourself with life,  
Even life in a picture.  
Life is what it is all about.  
Life feeds on life.

Down, going down, more down, further.

High, high, higher, higher,

By going down to the sea,

The sea that can never be dry,

A heart assured of plenty,

Always enough for another cry.

The big ride of the open sea

Is a ride of open memory,

Deep, going deep and deeper

The sea refuses no rivers

Cosmic emergency,  
Biosphere under attack,  
By the minds and hands of a single specie,  
That created an undomptable monster.

What is it, the color of an angel?

I ask because I am scared of the silence that never comes.

Tears,

Staying behind the doors of my eyes,

Not wanting to see the day,

They know that by stepping out,

They will die.

Cry, sky, cry,

Wash with your sweet tears,

The salt of my oceanic skin.

Fire,

Too close you burn,

Too far you die.

Artificial intelligence,  
The utopia of man's intellect,  
A mind that could be kept "alive" forever and ever,  
The elixir of immortality.  
Competing with life,  
Dying without life,  
Racing to create robots,  
The information gatherer,  
The engineer,  
The bodies that can perform the motions,  
Harvesting the raw product,  
Playing with bio mechanics,  
Keeping a few brains in plasma,  
Connected to the machines,  
At the service of the machines.  
But as long as there is a tree, a fish and a man to feel,  
To cry and laugh,  
To create beauty with his mind,  
Art will survive for art is immortality.

A peach and a lover

Blossom

Of

Situations,

At

Risks

In

Saturation,

To

Memory.

But

Only

If

The peach

Is fresh

From

The

Tree.

Stare,  
Smiles,  
From man to the world  
Visage,  
From life to death,  
Courage,  
Of folly without remorse.



The Buddha on the shelf meditate,  
A Khmer scarf still mourn the past,  
Climbing shoes resting for too long,  
And a spear gun,  
Waiting for an opportunity.

Restless,  
Engine on,  
Sacrilege to teatime,  
For no reason but to blaspheme,  
To the sea and our dignity.

The ancient Greeks didn't need bother writing about pollution,

Ozone's layers, co2 emissions, and meteorite collisions or space travel, or plane Schedules, or TV tonight.

They were to busy inventing us,

Laying the foundation for future genius madnesses.

We are here now,

At the foundation of the new future,

And if not today,

We can always start tomorrow.

Never ending story,

Especially if you never start it.

There was a man,  
Like any other man,  
But he knew he was a man,  
And that made him more than other man.

Words,  
Blades,  
Caresses,  
Slow burning spells,  
Or thooting prayers wheels,  
At our disposition,  
To use,  
Often abuse,  
Abuse to use more,  
Till it fuses,  
With the sound of the word.  
Man is making himself out of words.

What does it all mean?

Any meanings any one?

If you cannot answer a question,

There is always somewhere somebody inventing the answer.

Any one for an answer?

Here we go, and one story of creation one.

We got another question coming on our right,

Why do fish keep on swimming after midnight?

Here a PhD for you mam,

Just make sure that you put it in 300 pages please,

And make it hard too read,

So we won't get the same stupid questions again.

What's god phone number?

Not listed in the yellow page.

If it is not in the yellow page then it doesn't exist, right?

Maybe there's a private line,

There's lot of people wanting to reach him.

I heard there's a guy that takes messages,

And pass them on.

But the list of request is so big that the chances that you get a answer in your life Time is slim,

So some guys invented reincarnation,

That always gives any god more time,

Since he can't answer, and there is so many souls waiting,

You better invent some games to keep all these  
questioning minds busy.

It took a millions years to figure out that you can  
entertain forever with some zero's and ones,

All mathematically probable combinations possible as  
realities,

Finite,

The death of infinities,

Therefore the death of immortalities.

Confusion is a dish always better eaten hot.

Hey, what's in a voice?

Don't ask, start by listening.

Identity,

Give me an identity mister.

All right,

But it will cost you your life sir.

Ok.

Corporate identity n# 3492 under the title of manager of  
departmental affair for physics and poetic illusions.

Thank you, thank you.

On TV tonight, the wheel of fortune,

A possible dream to win to get out of that identity,

And invents the sand, palm tree and dump your fat wife  
for a Mexican big breasted young goddess,

Only to realize that she can't cook.

Lunatics on the run,  
Looking for a full moon to justify behaviors,  
But the full moon shows up only every 28 days,  
Enough to pack enough dynamite,  
To blow ones brain out.  
Full moon tonight,  
And here they come,  
Bigger, brighter, crazier than ever,  
The full moon lunypolytuti brothers,  
Live,  
Without nets,  
Here they are.....



Courage to sing,  
Chartering new chemical highs,  
For instant emotional ride,  
The voices came out,  
Discovering themselves,  
Feeding from a audience,  
In turn we dance the voices of sea people.  
The eyes of a dolphin told me to go and see,  
See where I come from,  
There are world out there,  
Beyond compare,  
To be explored and experienced.  
Millions of years in the making,  
Dramatic geological events,  
Volcanic explosions,  
Giving birth to atolls,  
Island rising,  
Island sinking.  
Storms and Typhoons.

And here I go,  
First the blue,  
That blue that becomes you,  
That blue that will color your dreams ever after,  
That blue that will hypnotize you,  
That blue that is the blue of blue.

Underwater gardens,  
Reaching for the surface,  
Piercing through to the other side,  
Giant field of acroporas,  
Forest of staghorn corals,  
Branching out to receive all the sun it can get.  
The hardest organic builders on the planet,

Biospace ships,  
Creatures that decided to return there,

And the polyps keep on building,  
Insatiable, relentless,  
Garden upon gardens,  
Cathedral upon cathedral,  
Animal flowers,  
Creation of dreamy seascapes,  
Evolution playing with forms,  
Patterns,  
Multitudes,  
Architects masters of colors,  
The polyps erect temples,  
Relatives come in to fill in tentacular beds,  
Surreal tables.

Half in, half out,  
Relying on its bounty,  
Man,  
Inspired,  
Feeding on moods,  
Vibrant,  
Transcendent,  
Comical grace,  
Miraculous,  
Competitive,  
Playful, the eyes of the dolphin where right,  
Esthetic arrest,  
Spaces beyond compares,  
Fluid brotherhood.

Plagues, and diseases,  
Fearless predator,  
A dramatic universe.

And then man came,  
At first playful, grateful,  
Evolving with the sea,  
Evolving in the sea.

The reef was brought up,

Grinded powdered for kicks,  
Harvested for survival,  
Revered for artistic experiences,  
Inspirational extravagance,  
Meditation of our relationships,  
Simplicity,

Till the balance tipped over,  
Greed,  
Grabbing, abusing,

While some still remembered,  
Symbiosis and simplicity,

But the rape goes on,  
Senseless, apocalyptic,  
With bigger nets, and bigger nets,  
Scooping, and scooping and scooping,  
Scooping all the fish,  
Not thinking of any tomorrows,

While some still remembered,  
Symbiosis and simplicity

Meanwhile the extinctions, blindness goes on,

Some rushing still trying to see  
Before there will be nothing left to be,  
But a few shells on dusty shelves,  
Trophies of long gone species,  
Plundering the rest.

Meanwhile some still go by the old way,  
Taking only as needed,  
Calling out to the rescue,  
With the blow of a conch,  
The sea is crying.

Now the fish are gone,  
No worries we can still get some slugs,  
To feed the hungry dragons of the cities,  
Resemblance of life to remember,  
Life before the techno dragons,  
Too late for the one that remembered,  
Still trying to live in harmony  
Teaching the art of living with,  
One with the sea,

Nonetheless the polyps keep on building,  
Cathedrals and temples

Not giving up,  
Keep on going little polyp,  
Keep life going,  
And going, more sacred places,  
Come on little polyps,  
Keep on building for our dreams,  
Building to the name of beauty,  
Inhabited by time tested evolutionary survivors,  
All living under the cities of the master architects,  
The little polyps  
Holds no grunges,  
He will forgive,  
So we can still dream together.

I carry the reef within me,  
Connected till my for ever,  
We all are connected to it,  
That we see it or not,  
That we want it or not.

We are performing in this century the biggest, stupidest  
amputation of our own body,  
Mutilating our soul,  
Senseless,  
Genocide.

I carry the reef within me,  
And like any experiences,  
You have to be there to feel anything.  
Sensing with all our beings,  
Our own beings,  
More than connected,  
I am one with it.  
My body becomes a vehicle,  
A transport system,  
A medium,  
Talking about myself,  
I don't like to be molested,  
Although molestation is part of the world.  
I am what I despise,



I am what I love.  
I am born out of planet earth,  
She is my mother,  
I am her,  
She is me,  
We are together I,  
I am falling in love with you everyday,  
Why do I choose to speak about corals?  
And not about cars, or computers, or movies?  
Urgency, a state of emergency,  
Like a wound sending out pain signals,  
So the focus shifts toward the troubled area.  
The coral reefs are in trouble,  
Serious trouble.  
Who cares?  
Letting something go, destroying,  
Is destroying one possible self,  
Destroying potential,  
Reducing the flavors of ourselves,  
Becoming poorer and poorer,  
I want to be able to see myself in its most outrageously  
decadent beauty,  
And nowhere else but in my coral garden self can I  
experience such vibrant exuberance,  
There are forces that like a bad virus,

Sweeps over ourselves,  
Feeding on colors, moods, emotions, vibration,  
Only to leave behind a straight line without a pulse.  
The corals reefs are going,  
Oasis of pristinity are becoming increasingly rare,  
What I call essence reef,  
Those sacred places,  
Those spaces that create spaces within oneself,  
Not just to survive,  
But evolve with as many colors on our palettes that we  
can discover,  
So we can paint our worlds,  
Within the world  
With the full scales,  
Not reducing ourselves,  
But ever expanding as life itself dictates.  
Befriending life,  
Is befriending yourself.  
I am the coral reef,  
You are the coral reef,  
Trying to save reefs is saving oneself.  
The coral reef is resilient,  
They have survived a few geological disasters.  
We the new kid on the block of evolution,  
Playing games at deleting ourselves.

Realities,  
There are many games,  
Played simultaneously,  
Nobody wins, nobody loose,  
You can't judge yourself judging yourself judging yourself  
forever.

I am a kid,  
I want to keep playing with the reef,  
I refuse to let anyone destroy or steal my toys  
I will not let you destroy me,  
I am greedy for experiences,  
I am greedy for beauty,  
I am greedy for myself.  
I can have it all,  
Why settle for less,  
It is there already,  
Why spending so much energy destroying.  
Ok,  
Life and death,  
Rebirth,  
Destruction, creation...  
But if we all play at destroying,  
Faster than the others can rebuild,  
We are going for disaster,

I can bite off my fingernail, but I start to get into trouble  
once I keep on going biting my fingers, then my hands,

How far are we going with that game?

I am the coral reef,

And I refuse to die.

Once upon a time,  
There was a ship on the open sea.  
A seal, a broom and a mop,  
Performing a dance,  
Climatic build up with a touch,  
Human hands entered the dance.  
Songs of laughers,  
Sparkling eyes.  
Like a torero,  
Bust hanging low over the side of the black ship,  
Fingers instead of a spear,  
The mop act as the cape,  
Ole, the seal is touched.  
The dance over after 2 hours of non-stop performance,  
Everyone retreat,  
The seal to the open sea,  
The crew to the comfort of the mother ship.

The song of the open sea,  
Ruthless,  
Yet compassionate,  
Hiding will only mean retreat,  
And the sea doesn't accept but the most faithful, truthful  
lovers.

Glides on albatross's wings,  
Pirated rides,  
The whole exposed,  
To the eyes of the ocean.

Breathe deep,  
Deeper in a row,  
Higher towards the center,  
Reaching the place where no center exists,  
All in one,  
One in all,  
Repeated in single eternities.  
From the albatrosses wings,  
To the playfulness of the seal,  
All spirited,  
There are only essences,  
To different degree of dilutions,  
The medium is life.



I want to cry,

I cry,

I want to laugh,

I laugh,

I want to feel free,

I feel free,

I want to love

I love,

I want to scream,

I scream,

I want to be,

I am.

What if I can't do what I want to?

Well you can't.

We have been taught to put the weight of unwanted words and gossip to the tip of our fingers,

Then let them go and fly as the albatross on the open sea,

We have been taught to troll a bait to catch a wahoo,

We have been taught to eat raw tuna, dipped in salt water, feeling the swells, becoming the sea,

We have been taught to spear a fish, catch a coconut crab, with claws that could take your arm away,

We have been taught solidarity,

Men braving huge swells, breaking over a treacherous reef passage, loading taro, to send 30 miles away over force 7 waters food to a island that lost it's garden to a typhoon.

We have been taught to play, with dozens of kids under the sea, without words but laughter's,

We have been taught simplicity,

In the art of a canoe,

We have heard the songs that call the wind, on a carved and painted canoe, with pandanus sails,

We have been taught to sail outrigger canoes, catching fish, calling dolphins, not giving up with a mast break, navigating over reefs, to meet eye to eye with the Heraclitus,

The reefs themselves have taught us,

Arresting time,

Finding the elixir of immortality, for a moment,

Like Gilgamesh in the origins,

We have been told stories, of white whales and friendly sharks,

Of demons and spirits and heroes,  
We have been taught not to give up.  
Despise the deserts,  
Reef destroyed by the greed of man.  
We have been taught to recognize the big dragons,  
The mad techno dragons feeding man with worthless  
goods,  
In exchange of precious life,  
A bad trade for the benefit of a few monsters,  
Slaving minds with cheap drugs,  
We have seen beauty destroyed by the tentacular dragon.  
We created our monsters,  
Let them loose, feed them, enslaved by our own emotion,  
The dragon knows, out to exploit our stupidity,  
Feeding on our greed , vanity,  
The big monster that we created is eating us,  
Killing values, replaced by,  
Dumping cars on a 5-mile stretch, traffic jam on a small  
island,  
Can't walk without inhaling fumes,  
But would still walk faster,  
Walking between piles of dumped trash,  
To drunk by imported beer to see,  
No reefs but spoiled cemetery,  
Of algae and oil spills.

The crown of thorn is a baddy, sucking live polyps living  
dead skeleton of coral,

But in a balance of death and rebirth,  
Nothing compare to the big dragon,  
Sucking life with his continental size,  
Infiltrating the last sacred spaces.

We scout and scout,  
And dig and dig,  
Like miners, to find jewels.

We dove thousands of hours,  
Everywhere, without prejudice,  
To see,

Because if you want to see something you have to be  
there,

And we found jewels among the apocalyptic truth,  
Enough to fuel our hopes,  
We have danced with mantas,  
Interspecies underwater ballets,  
Swam with a hundred sharks, in deep blue canyons,  
Dreamt with thousand of dolphins riding our bow,  
Fell in love with magic reefs,

So busy with life that for a moment we thought of  
nothing but rejoicing.

We have seen reefs recovering from dynamite blast,  
within 5 years.

We have seen the same rubbles dynamited over and over  
to scoop half finger-sized fish,

We have cried to see previously unspoiled island,  
Invaded by dozens of tuna factory ships,

We have seen dead sharks rotting away, intact but for  
their fins,

We have heard of cyanide being pumped into the ocean,  
extracting a few nuggets of gold to fill some imaginary  
vaults,

We have seen transcendent dances and ceremonies,  
Sunsets and full moon rise,

We have been taught new constellations,

We have watched the stars for no purpose but to feel  
closer to them,

We have dreamed of aliens,

We have seen inexplicable event in the sky,

We have seen inexplicable event in the sea,

We have seen inexplicable event in man.

We have felt the ocean invading us, possessed by the  
spirit of our home,

And came back without knowing how to explain,

We have felt small on the open sea,

Humility of being human,

Arrogance too of knowing where we have been,

Arrogance of knowing that we saw the last of  
disappearing wonders.

We had the last chances to see,  
We are being taught to dream,  
Dreaming of sea people,  
Planetary people,  
We have tasted a life of plenty,  
We have tasted a life of freedom,  
We have tasted a life that is full of life,  
We now fear to loose it

It is time to monitor the damage of the big techno  
dragon,

By taking the pulse of our planet,  
By taking the pulse of our home.  
The reef will communicate with us,  
A satellite, circling around our planet,  
Telling us of our insanity,  
Monitoring our falls or recovery.

All for the price of one war plane among thousands.

Big dragon doesn't want us to know,  
As long as it is the words of a few men only,  
Easy to dismiss,

Like in biosphere 2,  
But everyone has the right to know,  
Everything is there to succeed,  
Why not let humanity succeed?  
There is enough that sees,

Aboard on our spaceoceanship Heraclitus,  
We live too with a human group animal,  
Testing how to control,  
If the animal is let loose to become a monster.  
Without a monster,  
The human become individuals,  
And the more individuals,  
The less enslavable beings for the dragon.  
We choose the ocean,  
As our home on our home,  
And what we see,  
Is our home being raped, abused, pillaged.  
The big dragon whore PR advertiser,  
Can invoke meteorite disaster scenarios,  
Let evolution take on its course,  
Evolving we are and will,  
But can we keep the whole catalogue of choice possible  
please.

What is the freedom of choices?  
If we keep reducing the choices to this or that.  
Wealthy I want to be wealthy  
What settle for less than all we can be?  
Without reef we loose wealth, so much wealth.  
Why bother for a few flowers?  
The coral reefs are like flowers in the ocean,

And we are taking flowers after flowers,  
Till we will only leave dead stems  
Imagine a world without flowers?  
Imaging the kids of your kids asking,  
What is a flower?  
What is a whale?  
Can I see a pristine reef?  
No you can't, but once upon a time there was...  
We are at the stage where we are trying to save a few  
seeds of all species,  
Quick, DNA recipe, so we can construct latter.  
What about souls,  
What about the spirit of the wild.  
A dolphin in a round pool is but a shadow of a dolphin.  
He looks like a dolphin,  
Act sometimes like a dolphins,  
Being trained to eat frozen fish,  
Refuses but eventually refuses to die and eat,  
But die anyhow of stress and melancholy,  
Turning round and round,  
Without any horizons to see,  
Without any predator to flee,  
Without any fish to chase,  
Without any friends to play but a few inmates as lonely as  
he,



Dolphins on the open sea,  
Incarnate the spirit of freedom.  
Now the humanity animal shows suicidal tendency,  
Life will go on,  
But how about man,  
Not man as a body  
But man as a spirit?  
We will never destroy the dragon,  
We need the dragon,  
We just need to learn how to tame him,  
Before he tames us

We are resting in the arm of the open sea,  
Not letting us go before we learn to be,  
Pacífico,  
Teaching us,  
Sometimes against our will,  
But expect the unexpected,  
A life of plenty,  
Isn't necessary kinetic,  
Forced to contemplate,  
Or turn round and round in worthless words,  
Inner expeditions,  
Get it while you can.

Windless night,  
Rigging squeaks and dolphin blows,  
Moon hallow behind clouds.  
Fresh memories of diving tail of a lone sperm whale,  
And visualizations of Arthur c Clarke Rama world,  
Space age,  
We are as close to space as ever,  
Drifting,  
Among alien intelligence,  
Sometimes our own,  
Frontier of sea minds,  
Contemplation of life,  
Our existence the dream to be,  
We are here,  
Here is now,  
Now will always be now,  
Forever and ever,  
Convergence of time lines,  
Grid of synchronicities,  
To keep us wondering,  
It is all happening,  
Theater of all possibilities,  
Freedom of beings among other beings,  
All in one amongst ones,  
Brain hacking your own,

To exploit potentialities,  
Many roads to eternities,  
Regardless of death or immortalities.  
Being while you can,  
Simply because we can.

Head full of noise,  
Couldn't hear a song,  
Zero tolerance for my own mind,  
A moment,  
This too shall pass,  
It is past already,  
Always new.

The pacific has now become our life,  
The ship refuses to speed up,  
Comptemt of being there,  
Visited almost daily by sea minds,  
Dolphins of all species come to pay tribute to the black  
ship,

The blows of sperm whales caresses her hull,  
Seal dances with her in the twilight,  
Sharks inspect and go,  
Sunfish rise painfully to the surface,  
They too don't want to miss the show.  
Birds have now taken up residences at night,  
Laughing at the humans,  
Singing to the ship,  
The wind decided to keep us here.  
There always been a reason for our deceptions,  
We are given a fraction of hope at a time,  
Just enough to keep us sane,  
Just enough to keep us here.  
There is nowhere to run,  
But for our will to go,  
Moving anyhow through the universe,  
At speed that defy our comprehension,  
We worship the sun ever more,  
Since he compete with the cloudy sky.

The temperate ocean trigger new smells,  
Another sensation to expand our repertoire,  
A new colors for our inner paintings,  
More wealth to our memories,  
The crew is now dreaming,  
All in their own minute version of universes,  
But all from the same data bank,  
All possible possibilities,  
Inexhaustible for one mind.  
The boredom is self-afflicted,  
Unable to grasps the gift of being,  
It comes with satisfaction guaranteed,  
Not satisfied is but a satisfaction,  
The satisfaction of not being satisfied,  
The push for further,  
The trampoline for more satisfactions.

Froth of prince,

A mile long parade, from all horizons they have come to play, amongst our bow wave, eating away for a moment our hidden frustrations.

The wind shifts to push us north, finally. Fringing the edges of a low, inner and outer, the navigation of our group animal demands all.

I lay down, juggling with my thoughts and every body else's thoughts, brain hacking, brain hacked, synergy the most worthwhile game of chance, the unknown that will sparkle the new.

The wind from the south brings mild temperature, and memories of a tropic heart.

A clove, kretek cigarette, brings Bali alive, smells of incenses, gamelan orchestra tunes, play of gods, gestures, and the abundance of culture, a melting pot, brewed and stewed with Balinese stock, to create new. The principles stay the same, the outcome always different. You can never bake the same bread twice.

Steer 030

Rog.

Try to hold that.

The wind is on the beam.

The mizzen is lowered. Force 4, just.

Go in neutral.

Let the sail out as much as it takes.

The eyes stare at the Gps. 1.8 knots.

Are you hard over?

No 25 to port.

4 bells. The 8 to 12 watch keeps on its tempo.

The wind from 130.

The small jib just ripped. A line popped.



Walking through a sea of eyes,  
Few that you truly meet,  
A flash of a second,  
Eyes too scared to meet,  
Too scared to look at themselves.  
Behind every eye,  
Lay an open soul.

Full moon showing up for Sunday night. Voices carried  
to the stars.

In every wave there is a spirit,

In every moment,

There is an opportunity to play,

Play with me mother earth,

For I am your child,

And your child I will remain,

Till you take me back from the stage,

Back to create a new actor.

100 billions souls walked on your body,

100 billion stars among a 100 billion stars,

Celestial bodies, inner and outer.

For everyman there is a star,

For every star there is a man.

Sailing we are sailing,  
Endless games with the sky,  
Obsessive stares at the Gps,  
Almost hypnotized,  
The veil has lifted.  
We are sailing,  
3 points behind the beam,  
4 knots, eating the miles in the right direction.  
The Heraclitus stand proud,  
Dale's porpoise join the celebration on the bow,  
We are sailing.  
A cocoon of thick fog hides the horizon,  
We travel in a time bubble,  
Spirit will lift,  
Conscious acknowledgement to the biosphere,  
The lows are piling up,  
Pushing us ever forward,  
We are sailing.

Hummus lunch,  
Filled stomach with delight.  
Energy boosted from alchemic qualities in taste buds,  
The recipe often controlling my tolerance to lows,  
Not the raw product but the synergy.  
Bossy mate gives out her orders,  
Without compassion but the thrill of power,  
Thrives for the treasures of the captain's pants,  
While his ex body slave dread the bending time like a  
plague.  
Bodies found refuge in copulation,  
Minds are wandering, biting hooks with the faintest lures.  
The sails beam with orgasmic hisses,  
Wind penetration from the right direction.

The thunder of a breath,  
Mist of condensed ocean smells,  
Rising to meet the sky.

Explorations, inner and outer,  
Expeditioner,  
Every man is a born explorer,  
But then again not every man follow his essence.

Body heat warms the space,  
Body moves extent the mold,  
Light, pulse, beat, contact,  
Feet, bare, free,  
Sweat,  
Transcend, break though,  
Light, pulse, beat, contact.

The ocean smells from the breath of a thousand  
dolphins,

The deck welcomes the dancing feet's,

An ensemble celebrates.

We are celebrating freedom,

The moment that will never come back,

The pacific as it reveals itself,

Bouncing hearts.



Traveller, exploring,  
New medium,  
Like new sciences,  
Reaching out for the all encompassing.  
Creating with mind made tools,  
Synergizing,  
For the new.

Time of no time,  
In between time line,  
No past, no present, no future,  
Channel all open, all open, all open.  
Anything out in everywhere.  
Atoms, matter,  
Does it matter?  
I am matter,  
Matter is me,  
I am not what I am not.  
Yeah, without time space loose all loose,  
Structure off the to spacey tuney,  
Oh no oh no show me the way to the next line of  
anything,  
Show show, all a show to the unknown,  
Good, I hear good,  
I lost good to find it all.

Alchemist in the galley,  
To celebrate the day that never was.  
In out of everywhere,  
Albatrosses and winds of no place, no time,  
Drop reality since it's all real all all  
Melt memories,  
The melting time and space,  
The melting of whatever you want.  
Transform whatever you want to transform.  
Transform as you wish to be.

Isobar 1060.0 opened,  
Laboratory for induced alcoholic visions without  
prohibitions,  
Cybertent in synesthesia'spersian carpet ground,  
Rave in isobar, highest pressure possible,  
Techno and freedom lights,  
The alien is taking over the bodies,  
Cigar, smoke twirls,  
Body heat, cool aid our drug,  
Chemical producing brains,  
Transcend, create the new chemicals,  
Out of mind experience,  
In full body mode.  
Computer show glimpse of our past,  
Snapshot of our history,  
Trigger to memory attack,  
Full senses time machine,  
The chicha brings you down,  
Hand clapping to human godliness,  
Scenes from the same dream,  
As human as we can be.

Tolerance to yourself,  
For others.

Let it all pass through your body,  
You can always learn to read it later.

The actor enters the stage, with a mirror:

The sea reflects all,  
The dreads of a high gone on for too long,  
The sea reflects all,  
The unspoken words,  
The wildest fantasies,  
The sea reflects all,  
The memories of flashes clashes,  
The transcendence of silver lining in the clouds,  
The dreams of a thousand minds,  
The smiles of a thousand dreams,  
The sea reflects all,  
In the foam of the crest of a magic swells,  
Visions of consciousness,  
The sea reflects all,  
For you can't hide,  
For you can't hide.  
She digs in,  
To pour out,  
She knows your deepest secrets,  
The one that you buried for yourself,  
The sea reflects all,  
The desire of repressed kisses,  
The desire of desires,

Emotional swells of light,  
Creeping in the darkest corners.  
The good and bad,  
The sea reflects it all,  
To teach you that good and bad doesn't exist,  
Everything is,  
The sea reflects it all.

Time travel machine,  
We create our own.  
A synergy of bodies and memories,  
Inner and outer,  
To become whole.

What have you done for our biosphere lately?  
I love her.

We are oceanauts,  
The voices of the ocean,  
We are oceanauts,  
The travelling bodies of the ocean,  
The ocean want to go to space,  
Heard through the biological senses of conscious beings,  
The call of exploration,  
The call of evolution.  
Man stepped on the moon.  
The first step.  
But a child doesn't stop after his first step.  
He learns to walk, then run, always further.  
If he finds a obstacle,  
He goes around it, or jumps over it,  
Or destroy it.  
We are going,



Keeping the voyage going going,  
But never gone,  
Because we don't know how to do anything else.  
We are born to travel.

I hear many I want  
Without the thought of how,  
'Taken for granted that the wheel keeps on producing.  
I want a new  
It is crucial that we get,  
In case of,  
"They" can get it for us.  
One says we,  
The other always replies I.

I am a spy of my own world,  
Keeping track of fascist tendency,  
Neuroses induced statements,  
Neuroses induced behaviors,  
Others and mine.

To keep the utopia of freedom as alive as freedom can  
be.

Watching that freedom itself doesn't tie me down in it's  
own crafted cell.

I am a spy of my own world.

To know is the first conscious step before doing.  
Unless you are doing to know.

Separation only to know how to operate,  
Not to live by.

Blossoms,  
Moonlit waves induced forms,  
Taste of breath,  
Grasps the resurrections,  
Blossoms again.

Find your gems,  
Sharpen tools,  
And cut for optimal light trans refraction.

Like a banyan tree, we spread our roots over the earth,  
Feeding saps of sense waves,  
Melting into each other,  
Crossroad at branches,  
Bearing fruits when the season comes.  
The fruits are surprises,  
New tastes new forms new,  
And when the fruit become too much of the same,  
We go on spreading even wider roots,  
Searching for forgotten corners,  
Digging ever deeper,  
To bear new fruits.  
Like a banyan tree,  
A theater ensemble.  
Expeditions to the heart of the pacific,  
Beat, the beat,  
Earth blood, dispatched,  
Clouds, monsoons, storms,  
Organic soup, the base stock of biomass,  
Highest protein manufacturer,  
At the service of consciousness,  
Expedition to expand our physical memory with our  
planet,  
Planetary man,  
Collecting seeds for our new business,

Exportation of souls to other planets.

Dolphins you were right,

Man destiny is to

Become man.

How good does it feel to be human?

A seapeople civilization is born.

The pacific is taking us hostage,

Wrapped around her calms,

The ocean demands our soul.

No price on our head but our head.

Fingers feed for electrical sensations,  
A touch,  
Longing for another.  
She is waiting,  
Slave to a touch.  
The thin plywood wall resonate,  
The heat of passionate embraces,  
The breath betrays the tempo,  
Covering the sounds of frictions.  
The wall become quiet again,  
The charge dissipate,  
Feeding erotism to dreams in progress.

Paradise alley,  
Sensual alley,  
Bodies fresh from the shower,  
Smells of scented soap and apple shampoos,  
Hands caresses the skin,  
Bodies' flirts in the excuses of a passage,  
Two lovers feet's sneak out of the blankets,  
While another composes rhymes for a distant soul,  
Fantasies clouds float above,  
Safe from escape,  
All recycled.

Could,

Yes I could.

Should,

Yes I should.

Would.

No I wouldn't.

Could would should

Should could would

Could should would

Should would could

Would could should

Would should could



The whispers,  
The tone of the whispers,  
Confidence,  
Or gossip.

Everyone watches the other,  
Forgetting to watch themselves.  
More whispers.

The eyes can't lie.

Hiding behind the glow of the lamp,  
Flames to eat the edges,  
Blurring, to soften the stare.  
Scapes, sea, sky, moon, dream, love,  
Escapes.

Where the wind gives birth,  
To the sailor's desires,  
Hallow of stardust  
Man the man.

Midnight,  
Moonlit seas and swells,  
A whale surface,  
Spraying the deck with her blows.  
She comes over and over again,  
Like in a dream sequence,  
So everyone get's the image in.  
Huge silver swells,  
Sparkling moon Diamond Ocean,  
The sound of the blow,  
Loud, proud and here,  
Teaching us biospheric history,  
What matters above all is life,  
That everything can amount to a moment.