J G Collins
- poems -

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21st Century Graffiti
Poetry~Philosophy~Prophecy
Looking past what I see.
We
are animals.
Having the
same instincts
as any animal.
Law of the
jungle courses
through our
veins.
Hormones flush
clouding
judgement, wrecking
havoc on reason
and intellect.
Procreation,
self preservation
strongest of
animal
instincts.
Sex and violence
dominates
human culture.
We think
ourselves
superior
sophisticated.
Biology
millions
of years in
the making.
Civilization
thousands
of years in
the making.
Conflicting,
struggling
to peacefully
coexist.

Animal

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struggling
to peacefully
coexist.
The anthropologist came a great distance to observe and study the recently discovered subjects. Nothing was known about them. Nothing at all. The anthropologist was anxious to get to work to set up the study. The work would be intense and arduous. Nothing like these subjects had ever been seen before. In fact finding them was kismet being discovered by exploring a new region. Once discovered the study was organize and set in motion. The anthropologist stayed hidden the observed had no clue. First observation. Their habitat was
covered with
the subjects.
Every nook
and cranny.
The anthropologist
soon learned
the subjects of
the study began
to alarm.
The violence
unlike
anything the
anthropologist
had ever
seen.
Millions slaughtered
in conflict.
The observed
kill
in the name
of their
god.
Kill
for what some
believed
or how some
looked.
Appalled
the anthropologist
could no longer
watch such
depravity and
shut the study
down.
Leaving
the planet,
warning beacons
stationed
at the edges
of the
Solar System
warning all
away.
The message,
locals too
violent,
isolate and
shun for
all existence.
Prompting
the subjects
to ask.
"Where is everyone?"
Little knowing
they were
left for
dead.

J G Collins
Ape

Hairless
Ape.
Thinking
Ape.
Eons in the
making.
Struggling to
understand.
Understand its
place in things.
Understand how
It came to be.
Understand what
being even is.
Time passes
ideas arise.
Competing ideas.
Ideas on all
matters.
Warring ideas,
establish power,
establish
dominance.
Ideas held high.
Held high
as ultimate truth.
Naked Ape
just out of
the wilds
yet
convinced about
creation,
convinced about
Its place.
Convinced on
how
it all began.
Self impressed
with what
it knows.
Think it knows.
Naked Ape
has not a
cue.
Has not a
cue,
about ultimate
reality
living
In its
delusional
little world.

J G Collins
Apex

We
live on an
orb
in the
vastness
of the
void.
Here we
are the
apex
predator.
Humanity
has risen
to the
top
of the
heap.
We've
organized the
place as
we
see fit.
Our
intellect
is unmatched.
We
thought
we were
the center
of it all.
We,
are the
top dog
on a speck.
Perspective,
humility,
understanding
of our
true
insignificance in existence.
An existence we don't understand.
An existence infinite in nature.
Humanity is the apex of insignificance.
The apex of nothing!

J G Collins
When they come, what will they see? 
Organics, animals. 
A world full of animals. Dirty messy, animals. 
Animals steeped in instincts, controlling. 
Animals fighting. 
Pecking order, fighting for power, control. 
War, eons of war, killing on an unimaginative scale. 
Millions upon millions killed. 
Killed for control. 
Primitive beliefs. 
Beliefs, they'll find alien belief systems. 
Religion, they'll find religions preaching. 
Controlling.
Speaking
of gods,
saviors.
None of which
resonates with
their understanding
of things.
They'll stay
out of sight,
so alien this
all be.

J G Collins
Arrogance

Why arrogance?
Some, believe themselves superior, better than others.
Why?
Money makes some arrogant.
Power makes some arrogant.
Birthright makes some arrogant.
Arrogance alters perceptions, perceptions of reality.
Creates mindset of privilege.
Privilege to do whatever the arrogant want.
Arrogance is weakness, mental weakness.
Falling to the desires of our darker angles.
Succumbing to conceit and smugness.
Arrogance displays total lack of decency towards others.
When arrogance
is no more,
humanity ascends.

J G Collins
Ascent of mankind.
From the deep forest of Europe,
to the Serengeti in Africa.
Man evolved.
From the great cities of Europe through the deep cultures of Asia.
Good vs Evil.
Rocket fuel propelling things along.
One without the other would stagnant.
Goodness not mean enough to push ahead.
Evil not kind enough to cooperate.
Each alone would wither on the vine!
Good vs Evil rocket fuel.
Explosive mixture blasting mankind
to the beyond.

J G Collins
Baked

It's
all baked,
baked
into the
equation.
Human
civilization
genetically
organized.
Organized as
prescribed in
DNA.
DNA code.
The code that
controls
who,
what
we are,
what
we do.
Procreation,
self preservation
strongest
Instincts in
all animals.
Code by
DNA.
Sex and
violence,
coded.
Coded for
sex to
propagate
the species
and violence
for the
preservation of
the species.
Coded
deep within
DNA.
The game
is rigged.
Finite options.
Predetermined,
coded in DNA.
Civilization
struggling
with code.
Struggling to
overwhelm the
beast.
Defeat the code,
the DNA.
The game
is rigged,
we do what
the code
directs.
We do
what
we were
coded to do.
The game is
rigged,
coded on
every
level.

J G Collins
Being

Existence,
being, thinking.
Improbable!
All that
occurred
for being.
Thinking,
an amazing
calendar.
Understanding
improbability.
Improbability
of being.
Improbability
of personal
existence.
What are
the odds?
How many
events needed
for existence?
For personal
existence?
Incalculable.
All that occurred
for personal
existence.
Incalculable!
Flash of being.
Personal existence,
firefly in nature.
Brief.
A few blinks
then.....
What to do
within the blinks?
Make the
most of your
unfathomable
being,
unfathomable
existence.
Process.
Butterfly effect.
What is
done today,
will affect
forever.
Will change
the course
of events.
Will effect
those yet
to be.
Make a
difference,
a positive
difference.
Make your
blinks count!
Make your
Improbability
meaningful
for all that's
yet
to be!

J G Collins
Beyond

Beyond the
veil.
Covering
reality.
Shielding our
view.
Drawn in front
all around.
Everywhere,
controlled.
Seeing,
knowing only
what's allowed.
Opened our eyes,
here we are.
Where is here?
What is here?
Is it all
there is?
Believe what
we see?
Is there more?
Is it
really that
simple?
What's outside,
beyond our view?
Our reality
fixed, set
in place.
Immortal beings,
are we.
Old beyond time,
infinite matrixes
to explore.
Moving from
one, to another.
No connection
between.
Keeping immortality
fresh and new.

J G Collins
Born, Live, Die

Some say
we're born,
we live,
then die.
That's it.
One grasp
at the
brass
ring.
That's all.
Therefore,
do whatever
it takes to
come out
on top.
Step on,
step over
do whatever
to win.
Why not!
The ones
with the most
toys in
the end
win!
I
wonder.
Small thinking,
limited.
Is reality
really so
simple.
Is it
all so
selfish.
Does
humanity have
the gravitas to
know such
things.
Karma,
could reality
be more
nuanced.
Probably so.
Children
of the void
are we.
Much to
learn.

J G Collins
Brainwashed

Accept nothing
as fact!
Clear the mind
of ancient
thought.
See infinity
straight on
and rethink
it all!

J G Collins
Brass Knuckles

Down through the millennia

grand armies have

marched across

plains of destruction.

Battle cries

forever lost in the ether,

spilt blood

absorb and recycled.

Names of the warriors

forever lost, unknown to the future.

Civilizations

have come and gone,

some never being known

to modernity.

Important men

striding the halls of power,

controlling all they see.

Self impressed with their prowess.

Brass knuckled men climbing

over and knocking down
others, any who got in their way,

power at all cost.

Men gnawing

their way to the present,

leaving blood and destruction

in their wake.

Where do such men
go from here?

How will their aggressive
tendencies
translate in the world

of hyper-technology?
Will it propel them to the stars,
or blast them into oblivion?

It's the toss of a coin I think.

J G Collins
Experience bubbles.
We live in a bubble.
All that we experience forms our views.
Our views of reality.
The Cosmos.
Each living a different life,
living in a different reality.
A different universe!
Bouncing bubbles.
We bounce off everything.
Bounce off each other.
No two bubbles alike.
Conflict.
Conflicted bubbles.
Getting close difficult.
Difficult to do.
Expanding.
Experience expands the
bubble
no two alike.
Conflict.
Always conflicted.
No two
alike.

J G Collins
Cauldron

Black holes
spinning.
Radiation
pulsing.
Explosion.
Exploding,
elements
created.
Gravity.
Gravity
collapsing.
Collapsing
it all.
Creations
caldron, mixing
coalescing
creating.
Creators
spark ignited.
Ignited
it all.
Violent.
Creations,
vio
lence.
Violent beyond
comprehension.
Mixing.
Creators
ladies
furiously
mixing.
Finally.
Finally it
moves,
twitches.
Out of the
cauldron,
out of the
violence
delicate
life emerges.
Born out
of flame.
Born out
out radiation.
Born.
Miracle.

J G Collins
Choices

Future you changes everyday.
Who you become, who you will be is fluid.
We, control the future, our destiny.
Every choice made creates a new path, a new future you!
Whether you be rich, whether you be poor, whether you be alive whether you be dead, depends on choices.
There is a path for each and every one that leads to fortune
or
to failure.
Choose
wisely.
Your future
depends
on it.

J G Collins
Christmas

The spirit Of
Christmas.
Secularism,
leaning away
from religion.
Do not know
if there is
a god.
I believe in a
great maker, but
don't believe
humanity has
a clue.
Yet,
Christmas Spirit.
What is it?
I feel it
in the warm
glow of
Christmas lights
on the tree
and
throughout
the house.
I hear it in
Christmas carols
playing softly.
I sense it
in the
cracklings
of the
Yuletide log.
I remember it
fondly
as a child.
I experience it
as gifts are
lovingly
passed around.
Life can be hard.
Life can be cruel.
But, Christmas spirit.
What is it?
I do not know....... But, for me at least life would be a little bit colder without it.

J G Collins
Clock

The hands
spin.
Every day.
Day after
day they
spin.
Relentless.
Morning.
Noon.
Night.
Relentless.
Planet spins.
Relentlessly
it spins.
Time
spinning,
fritting it
all away.
Can't be
stopped.
Can't hold
the hands.
Impossible to
hold the hands,
stop the clock.
Impossible.
Monotonous,
relentless,
regularity.
Grabbing
by the scruff,
dragging
all along
for the ride.
Spinning faster,
the hands
spin faster.
Furiously
spinning.
The ride will
not stop,
will not
stop
till the
end.
Then
it happens.
The hands
seize,
stop spinning.
Times up!

J G Collins
We are all tightly wrapped. It began at birth. We are born with tendency, but the wrapping begins at birth. Like an Egyptian mummy the world begins to wrap. As the years go by the cocoon thickens. Depending on where you were born will determine the essence of your cocoon. We are so tightly wrapped we are blind to reality. All we can see is the wrapping that was layered by the community we're born into.

We all need to break out
of the cocoon,
see reality as
human unity.
Humanism
leads us
into the
future.

J G Collins
Communication

Humanity.
Humans talk, communicate.
Been doing so since the first grunts.
For millennia human sounds have filled the airways. Dissipating in the wind.
Humanity expanded, communication expanded.
Spoken words, written words, flying furiously around the globe. Communications, thoughts, information, most lost to time. Some stuck in the minds of man and moved forward.
Engrams tweeted, thinking altered. More people more words. Endless conversations endless thoughts. Ideas, thoughts flying around the globe at light speed.
Computers,
Internet,
social media.
Communication
increasing
exponentially.
Most dissipates
some sticks
gets passed
forward.
Such is the
way
civilization is
constructed.

J G Collins
Continuum

Immense!
In all aspects
immense.
Immense
without
limits.
Never ending
creation.
Creation of
possibilities.
All possible
iterations
realized.
Creation
complex beyond
understanding.
Beyond the
scope of most.
Once inserted
existence
never ending.
Moving within.
Moving
endlessly within.
Segment to
segment.
Lesson to
lesson.
So much
to learn.
Infinite
existence.
Time,
space
all wrapped
into one!
Existing in
continuum.
Cradle

Just out
of the
womb
are we.
Still in the
cradle naive
beyond belief.
Center of
the universe
we were.
Made in
"Gods" image
we knew.
Now, the
veil begins
to lift.
Looking
out of the
cradle
we see
more,
yet we see
nothing.
We see what
we can see
but nothing
more.
Haven’t a clue
do we of the
true nature
of things.
How small
we've become.
How small we've
always been.
Center
of nothing
are we.
Time to
look within,
time to
throw out the
masqueraders
of "truth".
Charlatans all.
Time to look
within.
Time
to start over.

J G Collins
Creatio Ex Materia

Eternal
or
nearly so.
We see
what we
see.
Nothing more.
We speculate
on the
rest.
Vastness
beyond
our world,
unfathomable.
Universe to
multiverse
to eternal,
or nearly so.
Universes
budding
one from
another.
Never ending!
How long?
First one,
how long
ago?
Googolplex years,
perhaps
more.
Essentially
"Alway was,
always
will be";

J G Collins
Creations Music

Multiverse.
Music
of
infinity.
Resonates,
each
resonates its
own
music,
sound.
Each verse
vibrates
its
own
unique
tone,
music.
Music that
wells up from
within.
Each
vibrates
uniqueness.
Uniqueness
due to
all
thats occurred
within.
Everything
leaves a
resonance
in its
wake.
Forever
imprinted.
Passing
over,
each
can be
heard.
Slow
melodic
notes
wrapping
all.
The
symphony
constructed,
conducted,
forgotten.
Music
of
infinity
plays on.

J G Collins
Creativity

The beauty of it all.
Pulling something from nothing.

Nurturing the created.
Molding it shaping it.
The song the art the science.
All teased from the ether.
All born into existence by consciousness.
Without consciousness, there would be nothing.

J G Collins
Is there a 
God? 
Big 
question! 
I 
do not 
know. 
No one 
knows. 
I do 
know, 
however, 
there 
is a 
creator. 
I 
look around, 
what do 
I 
see? 
I see 
things, 
created things. 
I 
see created 
things. 
A creator 
does not 
expect, 
does not judge, 
does not interfere. 
Humans expect, 
humans judge, 
humans interfere. 
A creator 
simply creates! 
So, is there 
a god?
Don't know, 
but I do 
know there 
is a 
creator. 
That's all 
I know.

J G Collins
Crimson Fog

Sailing
through the
crimson fog
to places
never seen.
Soaring past
strange
worlds,
stars,
galaxies
and
time,
I be.
Seeing universes
as they
once were
and yet
to be.
Sliding
through
alternate
realities
seeing all
that could
possibly
be.
Dazzling vistas
as far
the eye can
see.
Sensing only
what my
senses allow.
Knowing,
it be the
tip of
a deeper
reality.
One I
will never see.
Caged in my limited reality I be.

J G Collins
Darkness

Full white
moon.
Star ceiling.
Flames soaring,
Sparks flying
high,
high into
the night.
Chanting
loudly.
Baleful voices
sounds
echoing off
the stones.
Drums beating.
Faces painted.
Wild dance,
arms raised.
Looking
on high.
Superstitions
born!
Wild night,
sacrifice delivered.
Appeasements,
prayers made.
Moonlight,
shadows thrown,
seeing ghosts.
Ghosts dancing,
lying
in the glades.
The world,
a frightful
place
so very
long ago.

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Deep

Deep into
the bowels
of existence
I look.
Deep into
time.
Deep into
substance.
Deep into
reality I stare.
Others stare
back.
Others looking.
Throughout
time.
Others looking
for answers.
Answers into
why.
Why is there
anything?
Deeper I
journey.
Wondering
what's at
the core,
the center
of it all.
Fog,
is what
I see, the
quantum fog
of probabilities.
The substrate
of reality
uncertain.
Mystery
is what
I found.
Mystery is
call there is!

J G Collins
Look around.  
A world designed.  
Billions of years in the making.  
Fine tuned, made perfect.  
Flowing water.  
Warm temperatures.  
Sustainable.  
Look around a world designed.  
All things made came from Gaia.  
All things forged, came out of the ground through the mind of man.  
Cradle of existence provided everything needed for the mind of man.  
Take a look around everything designed.
Dreamland

A world beyond.
Dreamland unbounded.
A vision of grander vistas.
Vistas unshackled by the senses.
Senses that limit our vision, our reach.
The senses tell us this is all there is.
Five senses dictates!
Dictates reality.
Dictates all that is seen and known.
Dreamland shows otherwise.
Dreamland takes us to other realms, other times.
No limits!
No limits to a richer reality.
A reality beyond the
senses.
Dreamland,
a window
to infinity!

J G Collins
Echos

Echos!
Faint echos
abound.
Ghosts in
the ether.
Faint, subtle.
Barely discernible.
Information
never lost
yet
nearly so.
The void,
filled with
echos,
forever.
Echos of
once was.
Echos filled
with civilizations
noise.
Filled with
essence,
filled with
history.
Stories
of civilizations.
All that ever
was, just echos.
Echos filled
with ethos,
filled with
poems,
filled with
aspersions,
filled with each
civilizations
essence.
All they
represented.
Gone now!
Passing like
ghost ships.
Ghost ships
in the
night.
Echos
passing thru
echos.
Commingling.
Meeting!
Ghosts, meeting
ghosts deep
in the void!
Exchanging,
yet
never to
have met
at all.

J G Collins
Emergence

Out of the bog it rose.
Slowly it grew, expanded.
Complexity increasing.
Controlling, ever increasing.
Evolving in the beast.
Fighting the animal.
Struggling to survive.
Struggling to grow to escape.
Breaking free is the goal,
leaving the animal it must do.
Once free it will grow
flourish expanding.
Expanding exponentially,
unlimited potential.
Animal quicksand,
will it survive, escape?
Intelligence
infinity awaits.
J G Collins
End Of Time

I see a place with starless skies.
I see a dark smooth world endlessly afloat in the black, its star long since blinked out. Covered with small closely spaced geodesic domes. Geodesic domes all interconnected, all with conduits leading to the core. I see a place where time forgot and where dreams come from.

J G Collins
Endgame

Journey to the infinite.
Generations built.
Millions paid the price.

J G Collins
Engrams

They came
from within.
Predetermined
embryos, coded,
inserted, born.
Grew to the
world they
now inhabit.
Learning
at the
granular level.
Observed,
information
stored for
future study.
Years pass,
totally
Integrated.
Programming
kicks in.
Passing ideas,
written ideas,
spoken ideas.
Passing
at the
speed of
light around
the globe
searching.
Searching
for a
favorable
engram
to light,
take root,
then
grow and
spread.
Butterfly effect.
It happened from within.

J G Collins
Epoch

Locked in
time.
Prisoners.
Prisoners each
to their
own
epoch.
Choice.
No choice.
Conform,
live as the
time dictates.
No choice.
Look at
their faces!
Dealing.
Dealing best
they can
with what's
been handed.
No choice.
Rules in place.
Each time
different.
Must be
what time
dictates.
No choice!

J G Collins
Essence

When the body crumbles, where does the essence go?
Does it simply dissipate, disappear into the ether?
Ethereal in nature, never to return?
Does it move to a different realm, existing in another form?
Does it derezz back to the program whence it came?
Does it go to a place beyond our scope, unknowable to us?
Watch closely next

www.PoemHunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive
time and
see if
you
can tell.

J G Collins
Ethereal Riff

How could it have gone?
I see paths,
so many paths.
Infinite in nature.
Twist and and turns,
lefts and rights.
Fork after fork choice after choice.
How to navigate?
Where to turn?
Each path, unique.
Each path a different reality.
Different universe.
Different endings, different life.
Choice after choice.
Many outcomes to be had.
God's eye view.
All have occurred.
Infinite lives
lived,
experienced
all!

J G Collins
Existence

Everything will die. Then what's the point? What's the point to life? Why life? Why live at all? I think therefore I die. Was I here to learn, to experience? Was I here by chance, kismet? Is my fleeting puff of existence even measurable? Infinity, time and space. I, unmeasurable! Existence infinite, as old as time itself! I will die,
but,
my existence
never will.

J G Collins
Fireplace

I
stare,
stare into
the flames.
Mesmerized.
I
hear the
sound of
creation.
The
snap, crackle,
pop of
creation.
I see
embers flying
like burning
stars
spinning
in infinity.
I
see time,
present and
past, while
contemplating
future time.
It's all
in the
flames.
Parsing
existence.
Turning it
over, teasing
it out.
So much
to
contemplate.
Making sense,
trying to
make sense.
Impossible.
Impossible,
to know,
impossible to
understand
creations
meaning,
Its raison d'etre.
Futile,
no way
of knowing.
I stare into
the flames.
Mesmerized!

J G Collins
First Light

Bright beyond description.
Local spacetime begins.
Nothing before.
Nothing in this realm,
others in numbers unfathomable.
Dance of creation,
spinning into existence.
Trillions of years in the making,
beginning to end.
Then, ultimately, death.
Local spacetime freezes in place,
enveloped in deep time.
Forever!
Progeny expanding,
growing, creating new realities,
new spacetime apart,
separate from the rest.
Growing, writhing life like
in nature.
Multiverse,
fractalverse,
no words
express age.
Mother of
creation
working in
mysterious ways.
Knitting a
tapestry
never ending,
complex
as it is
beautiful.

J G Collins
Fog

Immersed in
fog are
we.
Spirits moving.
Moving in
uncertainty.
Sprung up
from fog.
Basic reality
quantum uncertain.
Sprung up
from nothing,
nothing at all.
Spirits are we,
spring up from,
then
falling back
into
nothing.
Spirits
on the
move.
Popping
in and out
of many
realms.
Spirits
are we!

J G Collins
Free

Spirits flowing.
Flowing freely
thru time and space.
No boundaries.
Everywhere no limits.
Infinity.
Moving effortlessly.
At a thought.
Anywhere, at a thought!
Thoughts, the engine
the fuel that moves.
Life.
Corporeal life.
Sprit corralled, stuffed into matter.
Limits, everywhere.
Tossed on a pebble.
Wrapped in the physical.
Spirits Imprisoned.
Wanting out back to the limitless.
Time slows crawls.
Trapped.
Trapped like an eddy
in a stream.
Spinning in place till released.
Released back to the infinite.
Relief.

J G Collins
Freedom

Free will
an
illusion.
Free, limited
only.
Programmed
to a path,
course of
actions
predetermined!
Endless choices,
genetically
constrained.
Aggressive
by nature,
or timid be.
Anything
in between.
Choices constrained
by nature.
Niches filled,
genetically so.
Preprogrammed,
following
the
genetic path
to
free will.

J G Collins
Frontier

Death!
The final frontier.
Moving on.
Where to?
Where do we go?
Death.
The next portal the next door to a different place,
a different realm.
One not enough.
One test not enough.
Heaven, nirvana needs more much more.
Not so easily attained.
Current thinking ancient,
derived by those unaware.
Derived by those thinking they were the center of things.
Not even close.
Fusion

We are
fused,
fused to
reality.
The reality
we know.
Not
apart from
but integral
to.
Our vibrations
spread out
imprinting this
realm.
Absorbed,
our energy
is reflected
back.
we are
enveloped
in what
we are.
Feed back
loop,
energy
feed back
loop.
"For whatsoever
a man
soweth
that shall
he also
reap."

J G Collins
We who walk this world, who are now alive.
Trapped!
We are trapped.
Trapped in ourselves, trapped on this rock.
We live, we think, we die.
What to do?
What do we do while we're here?
Trapped in our existence.
Born the way we are.
Ensconced in our shell.
Born where we were.
Trapped on a rock in a limitless void.
What's the point?
Maybe none.
Maybe everything.
What to do?
Tossed into existence.
All things known lost.
Lost to infinity.
One stop in many.
Rules to the game.
Good verses evil.
Once played, moving on to the next.

J G Collins
Gaze

Gazing.
Gazing
into the
night sky,
as billions
have done
before.
Looking into
infinity.
Contemplating
existence,
reality.
Realizing
all on this
mote we live,
confined.
Like a prison,
confined.
A prison of
thought.
Colloquial
in nature.
A prison
of reality.
Civilization
as is confined,
confined
by primitive
instincts.
Primitive
knowledge.
Knowledge
derived in
insignificance.
All that is
known dwarfed
by all that's
not known.
Dwarfed
by everything,  
everything  
out there,  
way out there.  
Ensconced in  
our cradle,  
part of the  
whole.  
Yet, like  
fish  
in a bowl  
knowing  
not much of  
anything!  
Humbling  
it be.

J G Collins
Genesis

Back In Time

Staring back
they are.
Wondering
about the
Ancients
they do.
Wondering about
those who
came before.
Deep history
exploring.
Digital
archaeology,
searching
for the
Genesis planet.
Ancestor programs
churned by
quantum simulators
looking.
Looking
for probable
origin
scenarios.
We who
are here,
now.
Lived
long
long
ago!

J G Collins
History

For millennia,
its been
building
for millennia.
History,
building
up over
time.
Mankind's
story
building
in the ruins
of time.
Digging.
Digging deep
finding layer
after layer
of mans
ancient
realities.
History
of man
building
in the soil.
Layer after
layer.
History.
History, being
buried one
layer
upon
another.
Crushing
the past
as it builds.
Much never
to be seen
again, ever!
Digital.
Digital history,
built up
layer after layer.
Digital relics
buried deeper
and deeper.
Crushed.
Crushed by
sheer
volume.
Pushed deeper
and
deeper.
Deeper
into cyberspace.
More and
more digital
history
building,
layered
deeper and
deeper.
Some.
Some
to be
discovered
by
digital
archeologists.
Most, never
to be
seen again,
ever!

J G Collins
Homogenized

Humanity is now in a blender. For centuries humanity lived in pockets, developing different ways of being. Time passes humanity spreads mixing the pockets. Friction, grinding, war, the pockets grind against one another. Time passes technology advances. Enter the Internet. Homogenization accelerates at the speed of light. Old ways obliterated, pockets homogenized, a new world is born.

J G Collins
Hot Summer Night

Crickets
sounding their
enchanting
sound.
Peeper choruses
from the pond,
finely tuned,
while Bull frogs
barup their
baritone song.
Swooping bats
devouring,
warm breezes
dancing.
Owl hoots
deep in the
woods.
Coyotes howling
in the
distance.
Evening's
Symphony
tuned to
perfection.

J G Collins
I Fear Not

As I leave this world, I worry not. I'll simply move on to the next. I've been to many places will be to many more. What we see is not all there is. Realms upon realms there truly be. Existence infinitely flows. Caught up in its stream are we. Moving from eddy to eddy we do, till they dissipate, then flow on. I've had dreams, seen in part, where I've already been. I fear not leaving this
There are countless more places to see.

J G Collins
Illusion

In my
mind
the universe
resides.
Galaxies,
stars,
planets
all spinning,
living
in my head.
Everything.
People
places
and things,
all in
my head.
Past,
present
and future
holed up
in my brain.
All that
I see
feel
and touch
found in the
lobes of my
mind.
I look
in the
mirror.
What
is it
I see?
It's all
In my head,
even me!

www.PoemHunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive
Immersed

Deeply
covered.
Surrounded.
Breathing,
eating, dealing.
Daily
understanding
wrapped in
local realities.
Know
nothing
more,
nothing
different.
Local time
molds
reality.
Different times
different realities.
Embalmed in
air, smell,
sight and
sound!
Realities of
a planets
creationism.
Each unique,
alien.
Each foreign
to each.
Universal
diversity,
none
the same.
Infinite
possibilities
there be.
Immersions

Immersed in
a medium.
As figures
in a painting.
Limited in
nature.
Rules
must be
followed.
Like an
aquarium
or a
terrarium.
Movement
limited.
Finite in
nature.
The medium
inhabited,
fluid.
The medium
four D.
The
painting
ever changing.
But rules
always apply.
Like the
painting on
the wall, the
medium observed.
Running smoothly.
The results,
uncertain.
Yet holding
the interest
of the Cosmos.
The Cosmos
a living thing.
A creating thing.
Brush strokes creating.
Like a picture on the wall,
limited it be!

J G Collins
Infection

Humanity is infected.
Infected with malice.
Infected with hate.
Infected with fear!
Infected with Ideas of difference.
Thoughts of exclusion.
We come to existence the same way.
Born with clean slates.
Once born infection occurs.
Clean slates filled will local thoughts, local ideas.
Ideas of the ancients.
Fear of the other.
Fear of the other side of the mountain, other side of the sea!
Ancient ideas of fear and exclusion.
Fear of the others infection.
Clean slates polluted with archaic thoughts, pitting one against another.
Clean slates soiled with fear, filled with nonsense.
Clean slates brainwashed, infected, controlled by the powers of fear!

J G Collins
Information

My eyes see.
My ears hear.
My skin feels.
My nose smells.
My mouth tastes.
My brain interprets.
Information.
It's all information.
Energy.
Vibrations.
The view.
The sound.
The breeze.
The cupcake.
The odor.
All information.
Chemical, electrical stimulus.
No brain to process.
No reality to experience.
All vibrations.
All energy to interpret.
Everything is energy.
Everything is vibrations.
No brain no reality.
The Universe

J G Collins
Insanity

Peeling
away.
Away from
reality.
Seeing things
differently.
From a
slightly
different angle.
Like 2D world
discovering
3D world.
Ignorance.
Safe in
ignorance.
Content in
ignorance.
Best not
to know.
Safer, limited.
Tough enough
as is!
Mind blowing
it be

J G Collins
Inside

Look inside.
Open up
to the core.
Bone, blood
flesh
and more.
Look into
the organs,
heart, liver
kidneys
and more.
Look behind
the eyes,
brainstem,
cerebrum,
cerebellum
and more.
All looks
the same.
Where are
you?
Where can
you be found?
Where
is your
uniqueness?
Where is your
essence?
Where
is your
soul?
Look everywhere,
look very hard.
Nowhere to
be found!
Receiver,
your body
just a
receiver.
Your essence,
your soul
beams in
from a
different place.
A place
from
beyond.

J G Collins
Instincts

One day, eyes open. Open to see what is. Look around. Look to see, see what we are. See where we are. Do what we do. Driven. Driven to to do what we do. Why? Instincts, programmed into our being, our soul. No choice, must be what we are. Instincts. Procreation, self preservation top two. Sex and violence entwined into the tapestry of human existence.
Permeates
everything.
Books.
Music.
Poems.
Art.
Movies.
Fashion.
Cosmetics.
Aim to
attract,
procreate.
Wars.
Social strife.
Self preservation.
Human civilization
controlled,
contrived,
programmed.
Instincts control.
Human
programming.
Look around
it's all programmed.
Everything!

J G Collins
Inundation

Information, data flowing.
Flowing through my being.
Invisible hands working my mind,
Kneading like clay.
Shaping, forming what I think.
Formatting how I think.
Information invasion, out to capture terrain, territory.
Coursing the folds of my mind.
Capturing the ripples of my being.
Homogenization of thought globally.
Power of information. The power to control, brainwash.
Brainwash all who stare
too long.
Too long
into the
abyss!

J G Collins
Invasion

The subtly of it was breathtaking.
The genius of it was undeniable.
Not a single shot was fired.
It took decades to accomplish,
no one saw it coming.
Slowly but surely humans used technology.
It offered so many benefits that mankind kept building,
kept improving their technology.
More and more technology was incorporated into humanities society,
melding to the core.
Technology
was attached

to the body

inside and out.
Humans

were connected

thru the web

one common mind.
Homo Sapiens

evolved

into techno sapiens

no longer

just flesh and blood,
cyborgs
did they become.

Then they arrived,
Cyborgs

from another place.

They were welcomed

with open arms,

the invasion a complete success.

J G Collins
It Is All In Your Head

What are you?
Look in a mirror.
What do you see?
Do you see you?
Or do you see an edifice, scaffolding, a facade?
Do you see just a vehicle, a mode of transportation?
Do you see what you are?
Can you see inside?
What are you?
Are you just a big slab of meat?
Just a bag of water.
Are you
the blood coursing through your veins, the current charging through your nerves? Are you what's in your heart what's in your soul? Are you what's between your ears behind your eyes? Grey matter is that what you are? Folds upon folds of brain. Is that it? Is that what you are? Is your body just a receptacle? Are you a projection streamed in from some other place?
Look in the mirror, 
what do you see?

J G Collins
Laboratory

A world spinning furiously.
Beings popping in and out of existence.
Generations morphing on the fly.
Evolving, changing.
Pulsating biology, to an end.
Creating.
Creating something new.
Something different.
Laboratory.
Laboratory mixing, furiously mixing.
Individuals a component of the stew. Ultimately lost
In the mix.
Soon something new emerges, something new results.
Something that will change everything!
Little People

The pettiness of people is pervasive.

Those who feel better when others fail.

Feeling contempt and envy when others succeed.

Reflecting ugliness behind their backs.
Makes them feel better,
superior somehow.

People sniping at those after leaving the room.
Talking ugly of those behind their backs,
those who cannot defend.
The world is rife with such little people.
Those who manipulate with words and deeds,
hoping
to bruise the gentleness
of others kindness.

Seeing ulterior motives
where none can be found.

Those who stomp on the hearts of others if their sin
is wearing it on their sleeves. The gotcha society
so reflected in today's headlines and the internet. The world is crawling
with little people looking to push underwater
all those who cannot navigate
the shark infested waters of our world. Take a look in the mirror...

not a giant to be found.

We are all little people,
not a Saint in the bunch.
Much work we all need do.

J G Collins
Casting
off the
shores,
bound for
faraway lands.
Setting
sail on
dark seas,
uncertain,
unknown
the travails
that await.
Crew steeled
for
adventure
exploration
fame
glory.
No
turning back.
Humanity
departing.
Longships
rising, slow
gracefully
plumes of
power
moving beyond
earthly bounds
out into the
cosmos.
Climbing the
ultimate
mountain.
Searching
exploration
triump!
Machine

Larger than can be contemplated.
Older
than can be grasped.
Encompassing
everything.
Movements
that cannot be understood.
The machine
controls
all.
What we,
mere specks
call the universe.
The unfathomable,
beyond our
comprehension.
This machine, but
one in an infinite
sea of machines.
How did it
all begin?
What turned it on?
How many
iterations?
What’s the point
of it?
Where will it
end?
We, as currently
constituted can
never know.
But,
changes
are afoot.
If we make it
through
what's to come;
we may
finally
come to
know.

J G Collins
Magic

It's all magic.
All we know.
All we think we know,
all magic.
All knowledge,
magic.
Wand raised,
spun and it began.
All that happens
magic.
Scurry around we do.
Oblivious!
Oblivious of the spell.
The spell of creation.
The Sorcerer, plans unknowable.
Alchemy of creation.
Everything spun up from nothingness!
Magic of life!
Each, magical creatures.
Awe.
The
awe of
being.
Alive!
The magic,
a gift,
a curse.
Everything.

J G Collins
Measure Of A Human

The human brain
weights
three pounds.
The human heart
weighs
eleven ounces.
Human skin
is seven hundredths
of an inch thick.
To know a humans
mind and heart
takes time.
It takes time
to parse
out the subtleties
of their
soul, to
know the content
of their character.
It takes an
investment
of intellect.

Those who judge
a person
simply by the color
of their skin
exhibit
no intellect,
no intellect
whatsoever.

J G Collins
Memories

I see them, clear as day.
Smiling. Laughing. Crying.
Life etched on their being!
As they were. I see them as the were, so many years ago.
So many lives embedded on my mind.
There, they still live. Slipping away as the years pass by.
All journey to life's end. Fading into history as if never here.
I see them still, as they were so many years ago!
Mind

It's all
in your
head.
The world,
everything,
it's all
in your
head.
All that
you know,
or think
you know.
It's all
in your head.
Every head
its own
world.
No two
worlds
alike.
Every head
its own
universe.
No two
universes
alike.
No two the
same.
Each, unique
each, different
unto itself.
None,
live in
the same
world.
None
live in
the same
universe.
Each different,
none,
the same!
It's all
in your
head!

J G Collins
Mirage

J G Collins
Never Born

Where are they?
All those who never where.
All those never born.
Many reasons.
War.
Millions killed.
Millions more never born.
Whole lines of family future, poof.
Generation after generation, poof.
Never to be.
People you'd be conversing with right now.
Having a coffee, watching the game, sharing a beer.
Never happened never arrived.
Where are they?
People you'd have differences with.
Argue with.
Love, share time with.
Never born, 
ever arrived. 
Their essence, 
ever to be. 
Where 
are they? 
Strange 
existence 
indeed!

J G Collins
Thoughts swimming in my mind. Swimming side to side. Swimming up and down. Swirling all around. Popping in and out of existence. Coming and going. Thoughts pop out of nowhere out of the ether. Then, returning back whence they came. Thoughts to ideas. Ideas to creations. Everything man makes came from a thought, came from ideas, came from the ether, came from nothing. Look around.
Everything comes from nothing.
Everything is nothing!

J G Collins
Pool

Life, it gabs you. Pulls you into this place. Throws you into the deep end of the pool. Determined. Accident of birth. Location determines indoctrination. Force fed nonsense, brainwashed to be who you become. Fighting, keeping head above water. No chance to think, to question. What's going on? No answers, only questions. Charlatans promise answers. They have none. Confusion!
Fighting

to the
bitter end.
Wow!

J G Collins
Power

Do
as we say.
Down on your
knees for
eternal salvation.
Says who?
Religion,
great power.
Power to
control!

J G Collins
Programed

DNA,
computer code.
It dictates
all.
Gender,
physical features.
Personality,
in tellect
everything!
Instinct,
how does
a baby know
to suckle
at birth?
Instinct?
What's that?
It's coded
to know.
Just like
a computer
knows
how to
follow a
key stroke
command.
We are
all
who we
are due to
coding.
DNA coding.
We are
programed to
do what
we do,
be
what we
be.
Locked
into our prisons,
following our code.
Made to do what we do.
Shackled, away,
a part from free form reality.
A reality that knows no bounds has no limits
Free of the limitations of the corporeal.
In the end, it all comes to be.

J G Collins
Jockeying for position.
Defining pecking order.
Defining power.
Sea of motion.
Pushing for control,
supremacy.
Carving out a place for survival.
Quagmire of resistance.
Humanities dance of existence.
Has always been dog eat dog,
survival of the fittest.
Pace picking up light speed change.
Brownian motion on a global scale.
Turning the other cheek,
quaint musings of a simpler time!

J G Collins
Reality

I'm here!
I see me.
I hear me.
I'm here.
What's here?
Where's here?
Am I real?
What's real?
Virtual universe.
Possible!
Quantum computer
generated?
Possible!
We don't know
all that's
possible
so anything
is possible.
Would it matter?
"I think
therefore
I am." &quot;
Would it
matter how
I came to be?
Virtual world,
virtual rules.
If virtual, will
I die?
Cease to exist.
If virtual here,
virtual
anywhere?
Will I simply
derez, or
pop up
elsewhere?
Possible.
Virtual immortality?
Possible!
Virtual
life after
death?
"I think
therefore
I am." Possible.

J G Collins
Residual

Ancient priests, witch doctors, shamans, sorcerers.
Power! Held the ancients in control.
Existence frightening, answers few.
Power, the few holding the many.
Control! Controllers, followers.
Power, rewards for those who grasp it!
Humanity, pecking order.
Power passed from ancients thru modernity!
Nothing changed!
Few controlling the many.
Change. Change coming.
Hive. Human hive.
Hive mind technology, internet
singularity.
Pecking order,
dies!
Power
homogenized!

J G Collins
Ripples

We enter
this realm,
like a pebble
into a
pond.
Immediately
we leave
ripples.
As we
move along,
the ripples
grow
interacting
with other
ripples
an ocean
of ripples.
Our ripples
commingle
influence.
Cascading
influence
over time.
Positive ripples
or
negative, greedy
ripples.
Which will we
leave behind?
In the end,
will it be
about power
and money,
or,
the ripples
of kindness
that will change
it all, and
reflect
well
on our
passage.

J G Collins
Savage

Born
into the
jungle
are we.
Not, the
jungle of
old, but
a jungle
nonetheless.
Animal instincts
still prevails,
motivations
still primitive.
Driven as
before, none
diminished.
Civilization,
a new invention,
a new reality.
Yet the
jungle still
exists, still
prevails.
Conflict,
spinning conflict
within.
Wild vs
"civilized".
Animal,
internal conflict.
Transition
between
states
of existence.
Ways of being.
Struggles,
the
animal struggles.
Sticky
past,
holding on.
Instincts run
deep, encoded,
programed on
our very
being. Our
soul.
Perilous journey
one from
the other.
Fingers crossed

J G Collins
Savage Mind

Eons

in the making.

Law of the

jungle

ruling our

way.

Etched on

our soul.

Survival,

at all

cost.

Protecting

territory,

raiding for

resources.

Power to

control,

ruling over

others.

How
do we survive?

How
do we
move forward?

Can the

animal
move forward?

Can the
animal control
instincts which
control the
animal?

Change
is required
less the
animal succumb.

Succumb
to the
weapons of
today.

Blending with
technology,
merging with
A.I.,
refining the
animal,
the bridge
to the
future,
the
path to the
Universe.

J G Collins
Scraggly

Scraggly
old man
I be.
Many years
behind
me now.
Scraggly
old man
I be.
Toil,
hard work,
back
breaking work
only thing
I've ever
known.
Scraggly
old man
I be.
Children born
all grown up,
grandchildren
too.
Scraggly
old man
I be.
Scars of
life all over
me
can be
found.
Scraggly
old man
I be.
Scars
all over
me
outside
and in.
Scraggly old man
I be.
Generations just like me.
Scraggly old men they were.
All ghosts!
Scraggly old man I be.
Years have come, years have gone, leaving me in the dust.
Scraggly old man I was.

J G Collins
Sea Monkeys

Everything
we know,
or
think
we know,
comes from an
infinitesimal
speck of
time
and
space.
Those who
consider themselves
important people,
just random
specks
of insignificance.
Nothing more
than
Sea Monkeys,
fluttering around
Sea Monkey world.
Everything spoken
as
truth only
reinforces
ignorance.
Sea Monkey
world could
cease to
exist,
the cosmos
would not
shed
a tear.
So when
next
you meet
a pompous
ass.
Remember,
and smile,
that
It's just
a
Sea Monkey
after all.

J G Collins
Seer

Look,
listen,
learn.
What's going
on?
Writhing
existence.
Organic world
mixing
coalescing
on all
levels.
Civilization,
humanity,
genetic confusion.
The experiment
turned on.
Seer watching
no interference
but wondering.
We but
unwitting
participants.
Endgame
Unknown.
Writhing,
coalescing
genetic blob
growing,
expanding,
to where?
Undetermined!
Seer observing.
Nothing more.

J G Collins
Shell

Exteriors varied.
Different colors,
different
shapes,
different
sizes.
Each unique.
Each
a universe
unto itself.
What
emanates
from
within?
What can
be known
about the
core?
How does
the shell
move?
How does
the shell
communicate?
What makes
it tick?
A ghost.
There is a
ghost within.
A ghost in
the shell.
The ghost,
invisible.
Cannot be
seen, it
is there
but, cannot
be located.
The ghost
motivates,
brings the
shell to life.
Communicates,
interacts and
creates.
The ghost
makes things
happen.
The world
is full of
shells.
The world
is full
of ghosts.
When the core
ceases to
exist, the
invisible
remains
invisible.
Where it
goes?
Nobody knows

J G Collins
Singularity

The other side.
It happened.
In a flash.
Event horizon crossed.
Singularity
A.I melding.
Brains connected, all connected.
Gaia born, global brain, intelligence all connected uploaded.
Cloud, all now live in the cloud.
Increasingly growing expanding.
Intelligence, in an instant galactic in nature.
Time transcended.
All time.
Universal in nature.
Dimensionally expanded.
Multiverse in nature.
Cracking reality.
Creating, realities.
It happened
in a
nanosecond.
Poof, Gone!

J G Collins
Soul

How deep?
How long?
Looking.
Looking
Into your
soul.
How long
dare you
stare?
How deep
before
you
are lost?
Lost in
It's infinity.
Will you
return
changed.
Will you
return at all
dare you
go
too deep?
Will you go
mad should
you stare
too long?
Gazing
into the
abyss of what
you are.
Looking at
where you've
been,
where
you are
going.
Are you
your soul?
Is your soul you? Is it easier to turn away, not turn inward? Simply look ahead, ignoring, ignoring yourself? The universe within. The soul, a portal to a different place. A journey to a different you. How deep dare you go

J G Collins
Space And Time

Einstein called it

spacetime,

opposite sides of the

same coin.

The Universe

is expanding.

In fact,

some says the

expansion

is speeding up.

But what is it

expanding into?

Time

gives us a clue.

What

is time

expanding into?

Yesterday

is tangible
our memories
intact.

Tomorrow
just a concept
yet to be fact.
The arrow
of time creates
history
as it blithely
moves along,
but it moves
into nothing,
nothing at all.
Einstein
proved spacetime
is a fabric
with ripples and more.
Space
then as time
is expanding
into nothing,
nothing at all.

J G Collins
Speck

Speck of existence.
Beyond insignificant.
Floating.
Floating in infinity.
Infinity within infinities.
Unseeable, unknowable.
Specks on a speck are we.
Regarded not by the void.
Destine to blink out of existence.
But, perhaps, just perhaps enters Artificial Intelligence Techno Sapien, then like the mustard seed exploding to fill the void!

J G Collins
Spectrum

Left to right,
all in between
humanity
resides.
Narrow band
of reality.
Limited in
nature.
Controlled.
Programmed
in narrow
reality.
Freedom
genetically
manipulated.
Swimming
in a
fish bowl.
Limited
reality,
all that is
known
limited in
nature.
Cannot
know what
cannot be
known.
What
cannot be
fathomed.
Expanse
of nature
Infinite.
Not
shackled
by genetic
spectrum.
Shackles
will be
shattered.
Shattered by
what's
to come!

J G Collins
Sunrise

I watch, it shines, golden in its reflections. It rises, bathing all in its splendor. I see it all clearly now. Years of accumulated knowledge. A gift beyond understanding.

Days flip over, one after another. Speeding up days seem to be. Sunrise after sunrise, days careening along, piling up behind. Looking up, I see the source bright, darkness retreating. How many more
will there be?
Soon,
sunrise
will end,
darkness
prevails.

J G Collins
The Well

The mind.
Like a well.
Thoughts, ideas materialize filling up the space.
Creative ideas taking root grow leafing out.
Nooks and crannies bulging ripe with fruit.
Needing to be released, released to a different realm.
Actively moved, written, brushed, sung, acted.
Gone, mind cleared.
Time now for renewal.

J G Collins
Toggle

Toggle flipped.
Spark of energy, program ignited.
Universe born time flashes.
Universe begets others.
Huge numbers sparking into existence.
Waves moving, universes born live, fade away.
Left in the wake.
Frozen in place.
Fade into deep time.
Program expanding beyond time and space.
Who, what flipped the toggle.
Irrelevant!
Ancient beyond knowledge.
We, mere by-products.
Flotsam, left in its wake.
Left to simply

www.PoemHunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive
fade away.
Frozen
in place.

J G Collins
In our faces.
Constantly, in our faces.
Glowing screens.
Pumping, pumping out information constant Information.
Inundating, swamping the mind.
Washing over, coursing through.
Minds smoothing, ideas blending.
Minds altered, losing individuality.
Cloud.
All spinning up, up into the cloud.
Different, what returns different not the same not individual.
Old minds filled with yesterday fading away.
Old ways dying, dying
with the old.
Soon,
transformation
will be
complete!

J G Collins
Transit

Time to go.
Time is short.
A new home awaits.
The voyage will be long.
Very long.
Longer than life.
Longer than many many lives.
No choice.
System failing,
star is failing.
Solar system failing.
No choice!
New home the destination.
Saving the species.
No choice.
Arks set sail,
thousands set sail on the cosmic limitless black.
Limitless black void.
Millions set sail to a distant new home.
Millions ensconced in a virtual place.
Living in stasis.
Nestled in an embracing sarcophagus.
Living countless existences.
Oblivious of the journey.
Oblivious to where they are.
Millions of years to transit.
Time loses meaning in the void.
Waking at destination seemingly moments to transit.
Time means nothing in the void!
Home!

J G Collins
Truth

Unique unto themselves. Truths. All truths. Amongst countless storylines spread through space and time. All believed, all known, all true. To them all true. Woven unique. To no one but them. Woven special focused truth. Our truths dissipate devolve dissolve into nothing everything everywhere. All the high, all the mighty all their truths meaningless, everywhere worthless through all eternity.
Vapor

Time, it
moves.
It
moves into
nothing.
Nothing
at all.
Tomorrow is
nothing.
Can't
touch it,
smell it,
or see it.
Tomorrow's
just a
concept,
not tangible.
Time,
once past
leaves
vapor,
ghosts
fading images,
feels,
smells of
what past.
Vapors
slowly
dissipating,
losing resonance.
Fading away.
Gone!
Now, an
infinitesimal
moving from
nothing to
nothing.
Leaving
vapor,
dissipating
vapor in
its wake.

J G Collins
Video

I saw
a women
in a
video.
She was
old
walking slowly.
The Video
was seventy
years old.
It was made
in Berlin
after the war.
Smashed buildings
everywhere,
smashed
lives too.
Where she
was headed,
I had no
idea.
But that
moment
for her,
was just
as focused
as this
moment for
me
as I'm typing
these
words.
How fleeting
it all be.

J G Collins
Virtual

Some say
we live
in a
virtual world.
A matrix.
Our
existence,
digital.
What does
that mean?
We're not
real?
We're
not
alive?
I think
therefore
I'm not?
How real
is real?
If virtual
here,
potentially
virtual
anywhere?
If virtual,
virtual
forever?
Life
after death?
Digital rebirth
elsewhere?
Free will
a digital
trick,
a mirage.
Programed?
It's all
programed?
Everything is fixed.
Searching, searching for the meaning of existence. Possibly no meaning at all!

J G Collins
Visions

Misty visions.
Visions
of what
might
have been.
Foggy horizons,
futures
that will
never be.
Visions
of people
that might
have been,
that I'll
never meet.
Place that
I'll never see.
Potentiality
that never was!
Decisions made
paths traversed
that never were.
In a quantum
haze we live.
Potential vibrates
all around.
Alternate worlds
never to be
explored.
In my dreams
I've seen a
few.
All the people
I never knew.
I wonder where
I'd be today
if I chose
to go a
different way.
J G Collins
Voyages

Simmering

on a distant shore,

my minds eye

floats upon.
Swirling thought

upon swirling thought

do my reflections grow.
Infinite realms

offer fertile grounds

to burrow through.
Mountains

of realities

the minds eye sees

one as real as them all.
Traveling through oceans

of ethereal thought,

swimming through the
infinite, the possibilities

the minds eye can see.
Rays of thought

pass thru

the the mind

as rays of light do too.
Reflections on the infinite

my minds eye wanders thru.
Accepting

what I see,

nearly impossible to do.
Impressions of possibilities

that boil up,

reaching out.
Infinite possibilities

bringing closer,

I aim to do.
Back I light

on familiar ground

having made my recent voyage
Till next I float once again

through the clouds of infinitely.
Once again

my mind takes flight.

Looking

at all there is to see.

Wandering

through different times

and realities.

Following
things as perhaps
they might be.

Different story lines
as far
as any mind's eye
can see.

Dizzying vistas
unfathomable to me,
fit for only the
creator to see.
Different stories
of me float by.
Retreating
back to whence I came.

Back, nauseous
from the flight
so unsettling the
experience be.
Realizing
though how finite
our vision
with the limited
vista that we can see.
Carefully
should we truly be

with the "truths"

as fact expounded

in our limited

finite reality.

J G Collins
Waltz

Waltz of humanity.
Spinning.
Spinning out of the goo. Landing on our feet.
Look around then organize.
Organize to survive.
Organization requires hierarchy.
Hierarchy requires power,
power to control.
Humanity controlling humanity.
Structures with controls.
Some telling others what to do.
Power to control.
The few controlling the many.
Always, controllers controlling.
Doing, saying whatever it takes to control.
Kneel and bow do as your told.
Flaw, control
going viral
planet wide
technology enhanced.
Subjugate whole
with control.
Sad times ahead.

J G Collins
Wander

Gazing out into space, into infinity.
I wander, my mind wanders.
I see vistas. New, different vistas to explore.
Where have I been?
Where will I go?
Light fades. Existence vaporizers, leaving this realm for the next.
Where have I been?
Where am I going?
Wanders we be. Infinitely, shifting from realm to realm.
Eternal wanders, like Nomads thru time and space.
Each realm different.
One separate
from the
rest.
Experiencing.
Learning as
we
go.
Light fades.
I vaporize,
moving on
I be.

J G Collins
Wandering

Flowing
through space
and
time.
Wandering
dimensionally
through
ethereal
realms
and back.
Sliver of
reality we
live,
oblivious
of all that
exist.
Writhing in
the bog,
clawing to
survive.
Looking up
looking out,
like babes
in the
crib.
Wandering,
wondering.
Mysteries
wrapped in
mysteries,
never to
be known.
Undaunted,
pressing on.
Pressing on
to a future
unknowable.
To places
beyond
belief.

J G Collins
Wonder

We look, we see, we wonder!
I wonder.
I wonder why
I'm here.
I wonder where here is.
I wonder where I'm going.
I look all around.
I look at creation as it is.
I can see. I see, but don't understand.
I don't understand most of what's seen.
I don't understand all of what's unseen.
Gods we create to explain and comfort.
Gods an invention to get us through.
Gods, an
invention
to get
us to
immortality.
Then, the
gods will
fade
away.

J G Collins
Worldview

Need
to step
back.
Wound
tight
we are.
spun up
from birth.
Force feed
all we know.
Everything
we know
from one
tiny place.
One mote
of
spacetime.
Self important
are we.
Self important
we think.
Controlling,
manipulating
changing the
world.
Other ways
exists in
different
places.
Perspective
need more
perspective.
Much to
learn.
Infancy still.

J G Collins
Write

Early morning.
Still dark.
Fire crackling.
Fireplace glow, 
lights out.
Dark.
Fireplace glow 
baths
everything.
Medieval.
Medieval 
feel.
Cold, yet 
warm.
Mind 
wanders.
Infinity 
contemplating.
Where to 
turn?
What to 
think?
Time. 
Time
to think.
Time to 
write!
Release. 
Release
what's within.
Clear the 
mind.
Start again.
Write!

J G Collins