

I took down the christmas tree,
the tinsel and the star,
And then I saw what seemed to me,
a thing more beautiful by far.

A tree does not need our things
to improve upon its grace,
As a beautiful girl needs no rings,
or make-up on her face.

The ornaments of red & gold,
with all their twinkling splendor,
all to soon will fade and mold,
when the days pass December.

For Real beauty last forever,
true and pure to the letter,
and no matter how so clever,
you cannot add to make it
better.

THE CITY LIGHTS HAVE LOST THEIR POWER
AND I AM CAST IN NIGHT
TO THE BLACKNESS I MUST COWER
STUMBLING FOR A LIGHT

I CURSE THE TINY FLAME I'VE LIT
THAT SHEDS 5 WATTS OF LIGHT
I'VE COME TO THE END OF MY WIT...
MURKY MIDNIGHT LAUGHS WITH SPIE

And then outside I'm finally drawn
Like a little moth to fire
To bathe in the crystal glow
of a light that can't expire.

~~I look with eyes of magnitude
and gaze at the sky~~
WITH MECHANICAL EYES OF MAGNITUDE
I SCAN THE RESTLESS SKY
and adjust the focus to the altitude
where an opal moon floats by

with steady pace and determination
~~it slices through~~ each cloud it slices through
But who can say it's destination?
I wish I only knew

Perhaps it's only purpose there
~~is~~ while coasting through the night
is to weave the sky together
with silver moon beams bright

At times it wanders from my view
and the heavens turn to gray
Till cloudy edges brightly herald it
Bursting with glowing display

GONE is the mystic sensation
of a moon with vital force
holding complete fascination
by its never ending course

At last I look with my own eyes
at a much smaller ball
Have my glasses told me lies?
The moon has not moved at all.

IV Banishment of Pipich

a. Ivan decides to rebuild Janhu to retain balance of power