

Whatever you think, it's fine

Calling out to sailors of the skies
I captain oh captain for thee
What will you find across the pines?
The story book romances and the vines?
Where does your spigot take you?
And sextant lead?
Will you follow willingly, or fight the feelings within?
Are we all aboreal?
Or do we search for a foreign coast?
A new plane of being.
A new way of seeing.
Beyond the seas we know.
I wish to catch some stardust.
Hold it in my hand.
And run my fingers through it.
And become a better man.

An Ode To My Father

The revolving signature of spheres crossing the celestial plane
Stretching across revolution within revolution within revolution
A time piece carries forward this trudging as an analogy -
We are all the same, regardless of our size.
Turtles all the way down.
But on this day, in this time, I remark on the anniversary of revolutions past,
and the placement of my life, with respect to my time spent with my father.
I remember him this day and all he has done for me.
To raise someone else, to be that selfless, is a mysterious thing to those yet to
experience it.
And I don't personally know the pain of that purpose, though I do know the
weight of purpose generally.

Children are difficult. And require time and care. And your patients must be endless.

And I was certainly more difficult than some.

But he raised me well. And I am in some ways, the best of him. He strove for excellence. And at my best, I am a reflection of that.

Achievement is not measured in seconds, it's measured in months, years. And on that scale, on the scale of revolutions I have achieved. And so has my father.

I honor him through good works. And attempts at success.

The greatest gift he ever gave me was curiosity. That is the central requirement to success, not drive, not desire, but the ability to, in an unbiased way exclaim, I don't know, but I would like to.

If you can do that, keep looking without ego or presumption and with a healthy dose of skepticism towards any given answer, until the genuine article presents itself, then you can know the joy of truth.

And the pursuit of truth, something immovable, that is absolute within a given context and setting, is beauty materialized.

It is to know the nature of things, and thus to know the nature of the universe. And by extension the will of the creator.

This is the power of knowledge. The power of truth. You can try to bend the world towards lies and falsehoods. But truth is power beyond power. There is no undoing truth, try as you might. You can spend money on lies. You can constantly reinforce lies. You can, with emotions try to contradict truth. But truth always wins, eventually, regardless of how hard you try.

This is what my father taught me. And so I honor him by remembering the pursuit of truth is worthy.

I miss you dad.

I love you dad.

These are my fundamental truths.

I know them every time I think of him, because my chest hurts. On the left side, right where my heart is. Because he is gone. And I will never get to hug him again.