

Everyone has certain artistic abilities. The secret is hidden, to be found within. A writer, a painter, scientist, philosopher, musician, or whatever drum you may beat—the individual is the thing. You are you, you know it's true. What are you made of? How can you express yourself? Do you dare show your greatness to the crowd?

## You

*The revolving system of the Universe,  
 . . . day/night, month-end, year gone.  
 Sweet passionate earth keeps rolling on!*

*Resting in the sky with a bed of stars,  
 Yourself a star and sun,  
 with one moonbeam too!*

*Sweet lady earth, you bedazzle me  
 Your hills and mountains,  
 Fields and streams,  
 oceans, rivers and lakes,  
 A vast mass of creation to see!*

*Sweet passionate earth  
 swirling in the mass void  
 Expressing yourself as Mother Nature,  
 an endless womb of reproduction,  
 give and take, ebb & flow.*

## Sweet Passionate Earth

## The Womb of Deliverance

Nature beholds a worldly perspective of people and history. The sacredness of the mass of this finite earth, is the time/space of Her infinite proportions. She rotates in a universal system of creation, forever bringing the seasons of environment. Time passes. Time moves on. The reproductive cycles are forever creating something new. Nature is the womb that encompasses existence. Daily life is the deliverance.

## Searching

*The soul is form  
 The form is soul,  
 an emanating formless whole . . .*

## A brief word from the Author:

“I can never get enough of nature. Every day, amongst the elements, is so raw and real. The outdoors has been a setting for much of the inspiration in this pamphlet series. I welcome you, my reader, to a future growth. My words, hopefully, will challenge you to think about the richness and diversity of life.”

—Wordsworth  
 “Come forth into the light of things,  
 Let Nature be your teacher.”

Note: *Penseses is the Latin word for - "Thoughts"*

We all have the power of capacity for inward and outward growth. An evolution is inevitable. The search is for sure. Breathing and seeing and hearing—thinking, talking, eating and sleeping. Life is a process encapsulated in time. Space is the environment that time captures. Delicate imprints magnetize on the mind . . .

The masses of humankind lead lives of a most quiet desperation, because so much self & soul is never explored. Man—him or her—with most infinite self-actualizing capabilities—rarely, if ever, realizes the attainment of certain possibilities.

## Mortal Penseses

Man kind, right down the line of human beings, are all sons and daughters of Adam—Admites so to speak. Each generation in a family, produces offspring, to carry on the chainlink of perpetuity. Each person has ancestors. Each of us descended from the genes and traits of two others. In Adam—the Creator creates! Now humanity perpetuates!

Roots sown & withered, but then a Flowering Regrowth

## Poetry and Prose of

# SEED



# ROOTS

by

The Bohemian

Human Planet