

The Light That Cannot Be Seen

We see images without the necessity of a visible light in dreams and in imaginations, although that light must exist. It has to exist though we cannot see it. Because we see images quite often without the benefit of observable light knowing how the images are seen, but we cannot see the source of the light that makes them appear. It is dark, but we see visions that can be sensed not with our eyes but by our minds.

We all dream although those dreams are quickly forgotten, if they are remembered at all, except in our subconsciousness. We all imagine. Some of us just see things that aren't physically there except in their own minds. Some babble on streetcorners urging us to see what they see. We see without the benefit of a known source of those electromagnetic energy waves traditionally called light that we see with our eyes.

There is a sort of light that cannot be seen with eyes but only in the minds of dreamers, daydreamers, and the impossibly psychotic. There has to be a light that only exists in our minds for how else can we see them, however fleetingly.

The images that we see while sleeping are things that are not be seen with eyes. But in our minds. To see there must be a light in our minds to reveal images for how else can we dream or imagine them? The light in the mind must exist.

But we cannot see it.

I prepared this magazine from imagining scenes that could not exist in our world but could without the benefit of light.

Femininity, purity and innocence. A gift given to young women. It is given in infancy to all women and must be cherished by them while young. Aren't the squeals of innocent delight of young girls at play remarkable As time passes living gets in the way of those gifts. Unless those gifts remain sacrosanct they may devolve into greed, envy and, ultimately, despair.



Queen Anne's Lace With Tangerine



Stele of Narmer-Sin - Akkadian 2200
BCE
Victory over Elam

Forced relocations of defeated peoples throughout history, from the Akkadians in 2200 BCE to the present, have always created refugee crises; dispersed persons in new lands are unlikely to conduct uprisings. But, throughout history, each such relocation always created desperation in the refugees.

Studies of suicide and suicide ideation are sparse and results vary widely, which, I suppose, may be due to the manner in which displaced persons are treated either in refugee camps or by acceptance in the communities to which they were relocated. Suicide rates among the displaced have ranged between 3.4% to 34%. (PLoS One, 2022).

Historical Creators of Refugee Crises: Assyrians, Akkadians, Babylonians, Egyptians, Greeks, The "Sea People", Romans, Huns, England, Germany, Soviet Union, Serbia, United States.

Current Refugee Crises: Ukraine, Syria, Rohingya, Venezuela, Mexico, Sudan, Afghanistan, Central African Republic, Yemen, Eritrea, Congo, and Somalia.



Desperate Refugee

In the 14th Century a Genoese trading colony on the Black Sea in Kaffa was under siege by Mongols from the East. The Genoese fortifications successfully repelled Mongol invasions. But during the invasion Mongols were getting sick from an unknown disease and dying. Mongols, as a last resort, catapulted the dead and dying into the Genoese city leading the Genoans to flee if they still lived. They brought the disease with them eventually the Black Death and Bubonic plagues spread throughout Europe.

Both the American and British were accused of using smallpox in the American Revolutionary War, The Germans used anthrax in both the First and Second World Wars. Current accusations have charged that the Chinese and North Koreans have developed or are developing new strains of viruses equal to or exceeding the virulence of COVID-19.

Despite worldwide condemnation of the use of biological weapons, can any nation truthfully claim that laboratories that create strains of biological agents do not exist within its borders? Can there ever be assurances that private, evil entities aren't in the process of developing such weapons?



COVID-25 Factory

Lighthouses are built to protect ships from dangerous shoals and rocky cliffs. Until mocked and attacked by strange, imaginary airships. What does the keeper do when he is no longer the protector but must seek protection for himself?



Cape Florida Lighthouse

*Goosey goosey gander
Whither shall I wander
Upstairs and downstairs
And in my lady's chamber
There I met an old man
Who wouldn't say his
prayers
So I took him by his left leg
And threw him down the
stairs*

- Various 1784



Tree House



Witches' Sabbath by Francisco de Goya
1789

He's just a boy. To be left notwithstanding temptation. The boy is fascinated with you, Cernunnos, but leave him be.

No witches to be seen in the basilica. It's a public place, witches not permitted.



Cernunnos with Boy

For the rural poor, time is stopped. Change passes them by. Too old to adapt to change, they are rooted in their circumstances by daily, weekly, monthly routines. They actually don't want anything from us other than to be left alone.

The change is behind them is a storm, a hurricane, and is ignored.



Poor House

“Kino deftly slipped his knife into the edge of the shell. Through the knife he could feel the muscle tighten hard. He worked the blade lever-wise and the closing muscle parted and the shell fell apart. The lip-like flesh writhed up and then subsided. Kino lifted the flesh, and there it lay the great pearl, perfect as the moon. It captured the light and refined it and gave it back in silver incandescence. It was as large as a sea-gull's egg. It was the greatest pearl in the world.”

John Steinbeck - The Pearl



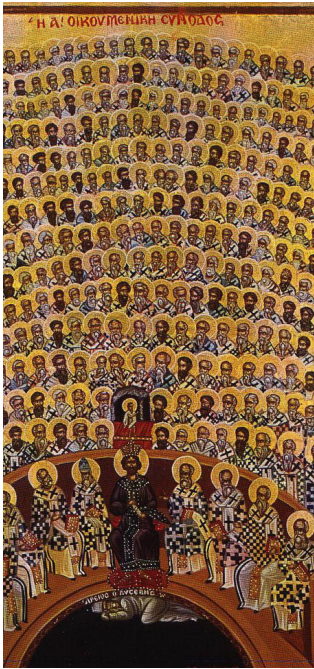
The Big Pearl

One minute, forty seconds. The time remaining on the Doomsday Clock for the Earth to remain the Earth. That was in 2020.

If one were to know that the Doomsday Clock was on one millisecond before midnight, wouldn't one want to see the end from a pleasant viewing spot like the beach. Bring a bottle of wine. Might as well, nothing to lose anymore.



An Eruption of Time



Council of Nicea

“I believe in one God, the Father, the Almighty, maker of heaven and earth, of all that is seen and unseen.

I believe in one Lord, Jesus Christ, the only Son of God, eternally begotten of the Father. Light from Light, true God from true God, begotten, not made, one in being with the Father. Through Him all things were made.

For us men and for our salvation He came down from heaven: by the power of the Holy Spirit He was born of the Virgin Mary, and became man.

For our sake He was crucified under Pontius Pilate; He suffered, died, and was buried. On the third day He rose again in fulfillment of the Scriptures; He ascended into heaven and is seated at the right of the Father.

He will come again in glory to judge the living and the dead, and His kingdom will have no end.

I believe in the Holy Spirit, the Lord, the giver of life, who proceeds from the Father [and the Son].

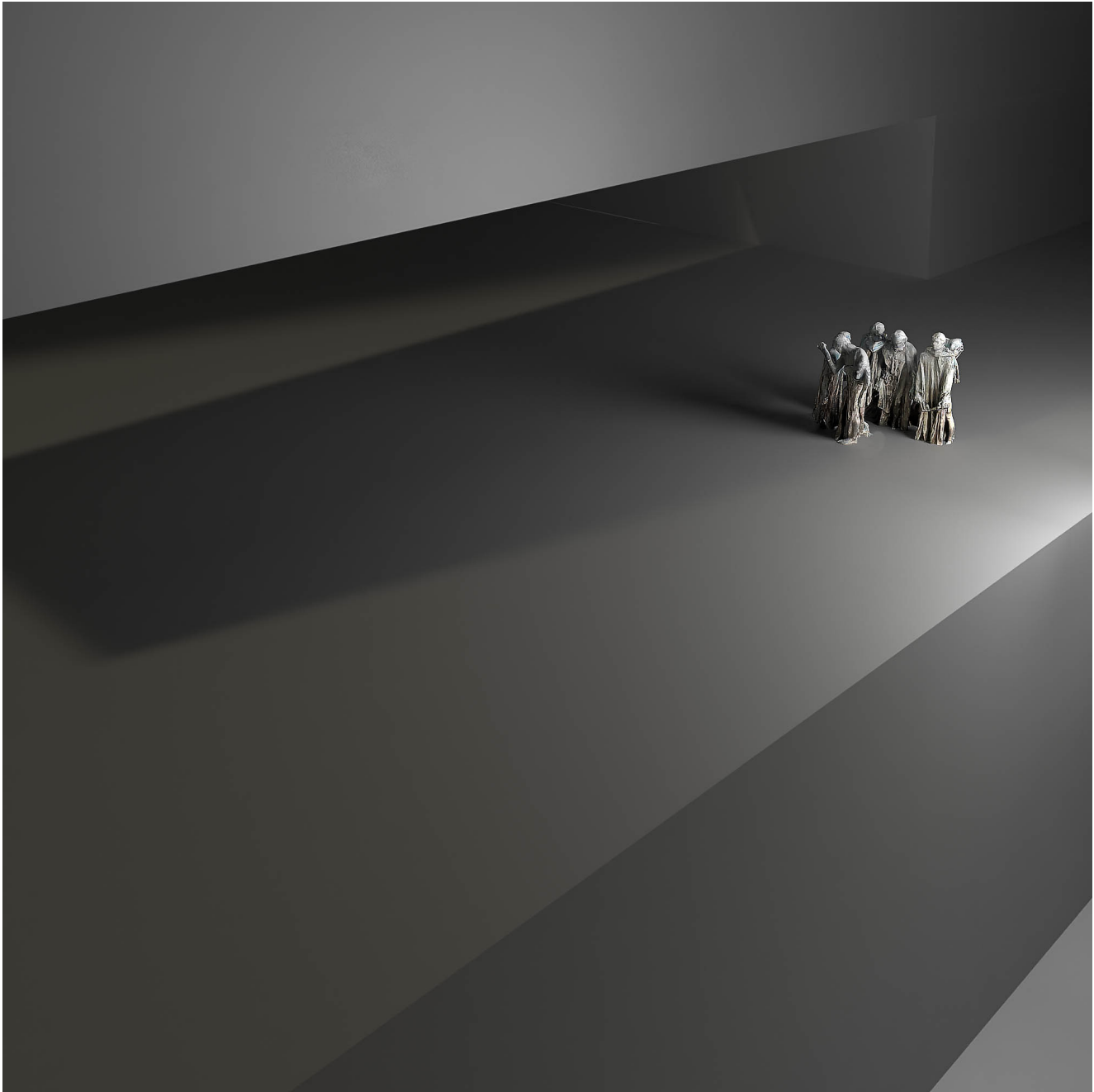
With the Father and the Son He is worshipped and glorified. He has spoken through the Prophets.

I believe in one, holy, catholic, and apostolic Church.

I acknowledge one baptism for the forgiveness of sins. I look for the resurrection of the dead, and the life of the world to come. Amen.”

Nicene Creed

But Bishop Arias From Alexandria had a different opinion and for that St. Nicholas punched him in the face.
Merry Xmas.



The First Council of Nicea



Out of Africa, 70,000 years ago, so it is said. Human migration, tribes on the move for hunting and gathering. Always moving back then. And changing. And adapting. Becoming, eventually, us.



Out of Africa

“What can we do when there's no one else? When we've tried to sustain fully on our own? What do we do when we're always alone? When there's no one else, ever? What does life mean then? Does it mean anything? What is a day then? A week? A year? A lifetime? What is a lifetime? It all means something else. We have to choose another way, another option. The only other option.

It's not that we can't accept and acknowledge love, and empathy, not that we can't experience it. But with whom? When there is no one? So we come back to the decision, the question. It's the same one. In the end, it's up to us all. What do we decide to do? Continue or not. Go on? Or?”

- Iain Reid, I'm Thinking of Ending Things



The Last Man

Freedom is a spectrum. Its isn't and can't be the same for all peoples throughout our planet. Freedom is a state of mind in which the oppressed can find solace, strength and a sense of purpose regardless of imposed mental and physical constraints. Like Socrates as a gadfly, Mandela, Gandhi as social activists, and beseiged persons fighting hopelessly against what most of us perceive as freedom.



A Version of Freedom

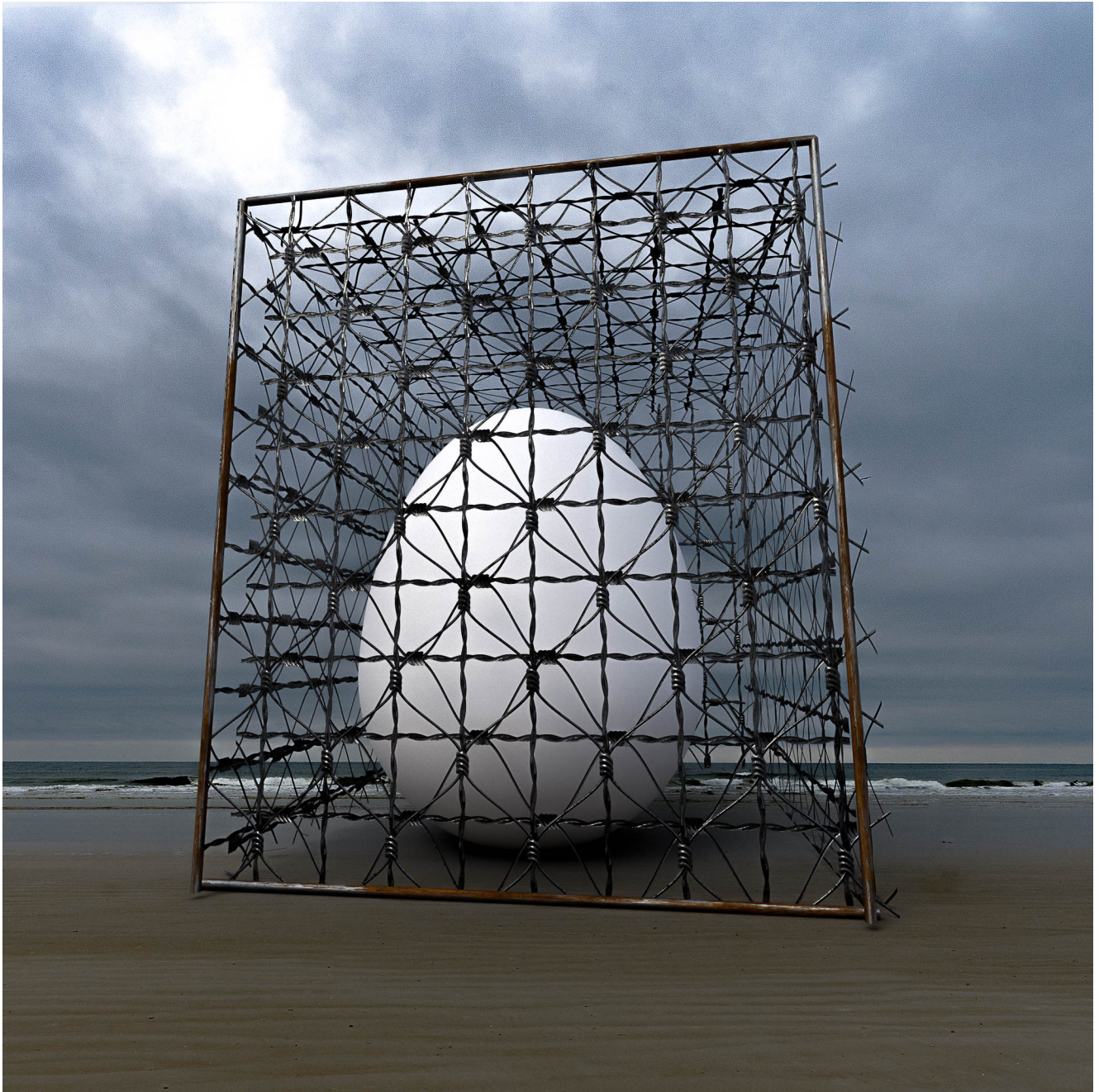
In Shadows Bound

*Confined from birth, a life in chains,
Restrictions and rules, the captive remains.
Dreams flutter, trapped in a cage,
Yearning for freedom, trapped on life's stage.*

*Society molds, creativity suppressed,
Expectations and duties, the soul feels oppressed.
Love's embrace, yet still confined,
Passion flickers, but never fully aligned.*

*Years pass, walls closing in,
Time's relentless march, captivity within.
Till death's release, the spirit takes flight,
no longer confined, soaring into eternal light.*

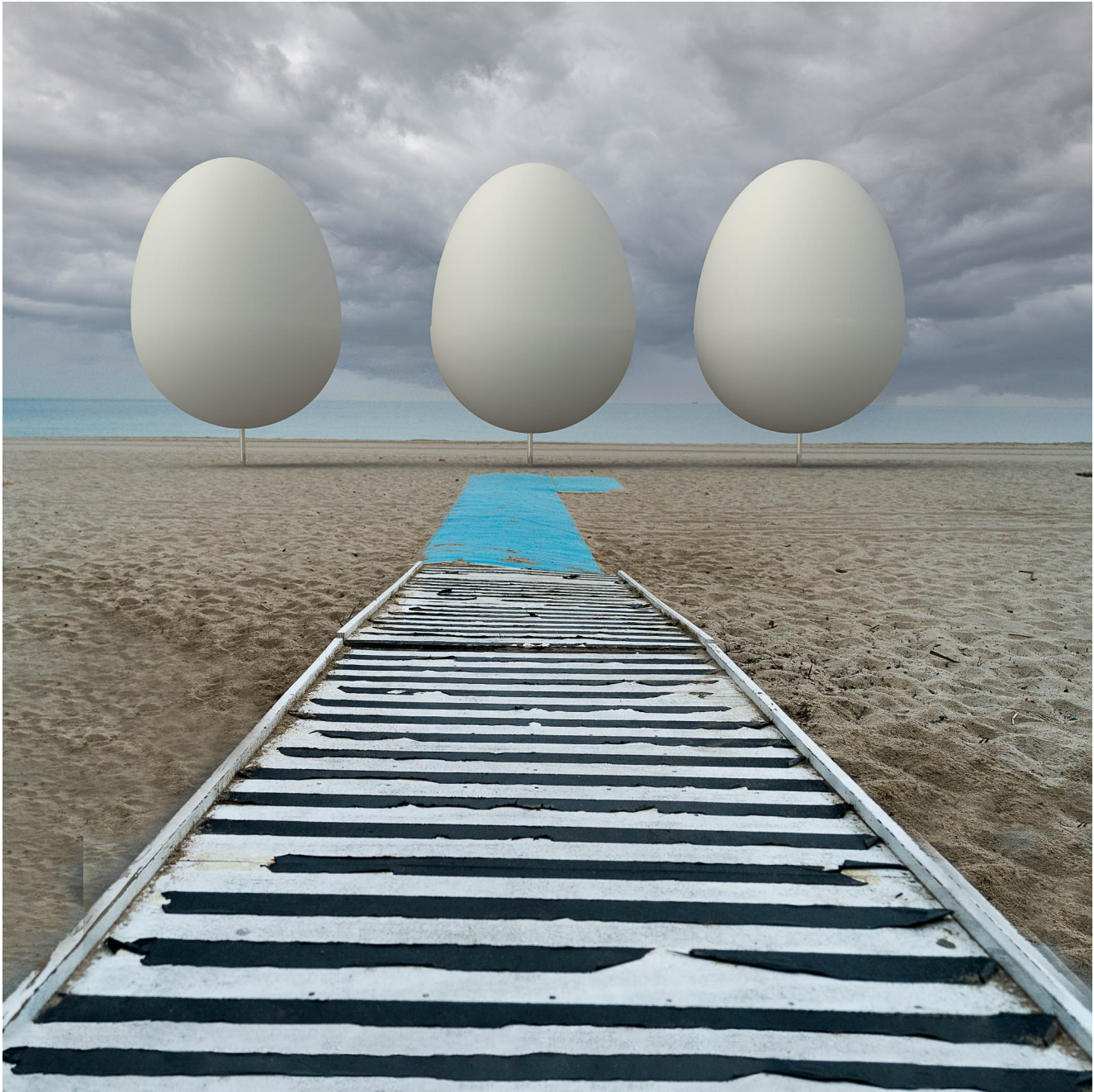
- Michael Burris 2023



From Birth to Death

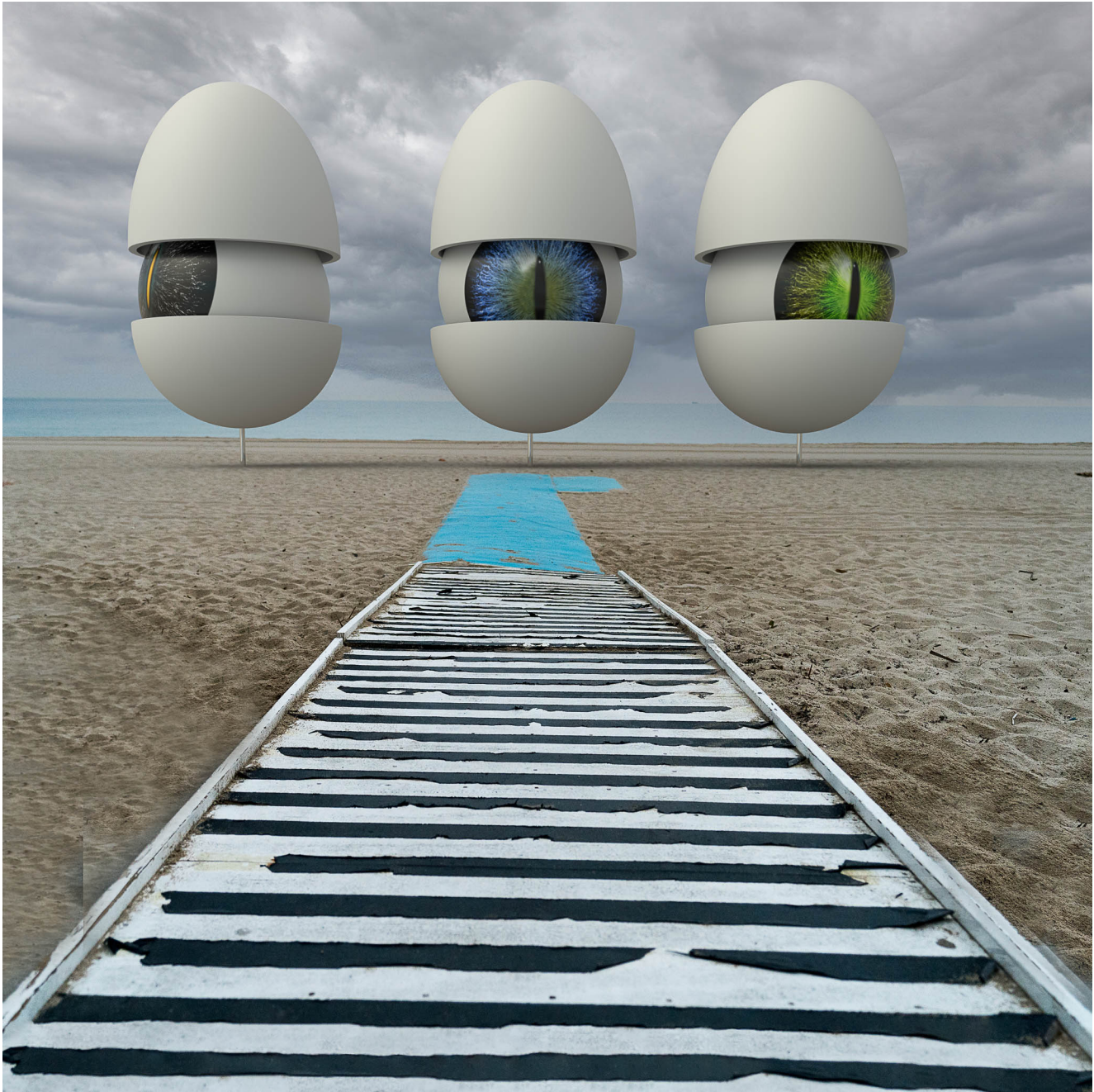
These shells, by the sea, perched like birds yet to be hatched on impossibly thin supports. Are they poisonous, will they react to my touch? I cannot take my eyes off of them. will they hatch? What will they look like when hatched? Will they be docile or dangerous? What sort of animal left these eggs? Bird? Reptile? Or an enormous insect?

They are too strange for me to know or guess what they are. Perhaps an ornithologist from the university will know. Should I approach them? I am too curious not to see what they are. Yes!



Sea Shells

Ah. I see now. They are shells that can see. Surveying the beach.
Looking at me. What can they do to us? Who are they protecting? Or
what nastiness is in store?



See Shells

There is a history of immaculate conceptions.

Rhea, one of the Vestal Virgins was visited by the Roman god Mars in a grove dedicated to him and conceived Romulus and Remus. It was stated in mythology that King Amulius ordered them killed but both were saved by Tiberinus and placed in a wicker basket to float down the Tibus River to what would become Rome.

A few pagan gods, Zeus and Poseidon, are often portrayed with having sex with mortals. Zeus, in particular was an amorous sort having sex with other gods and mortals alike. Notably, Perseus was Zeus' son with mortal Danae, daughter of King Acrisius. Zeus attracted Danae with a golden shower. Poseidon conceived five children with Canace.

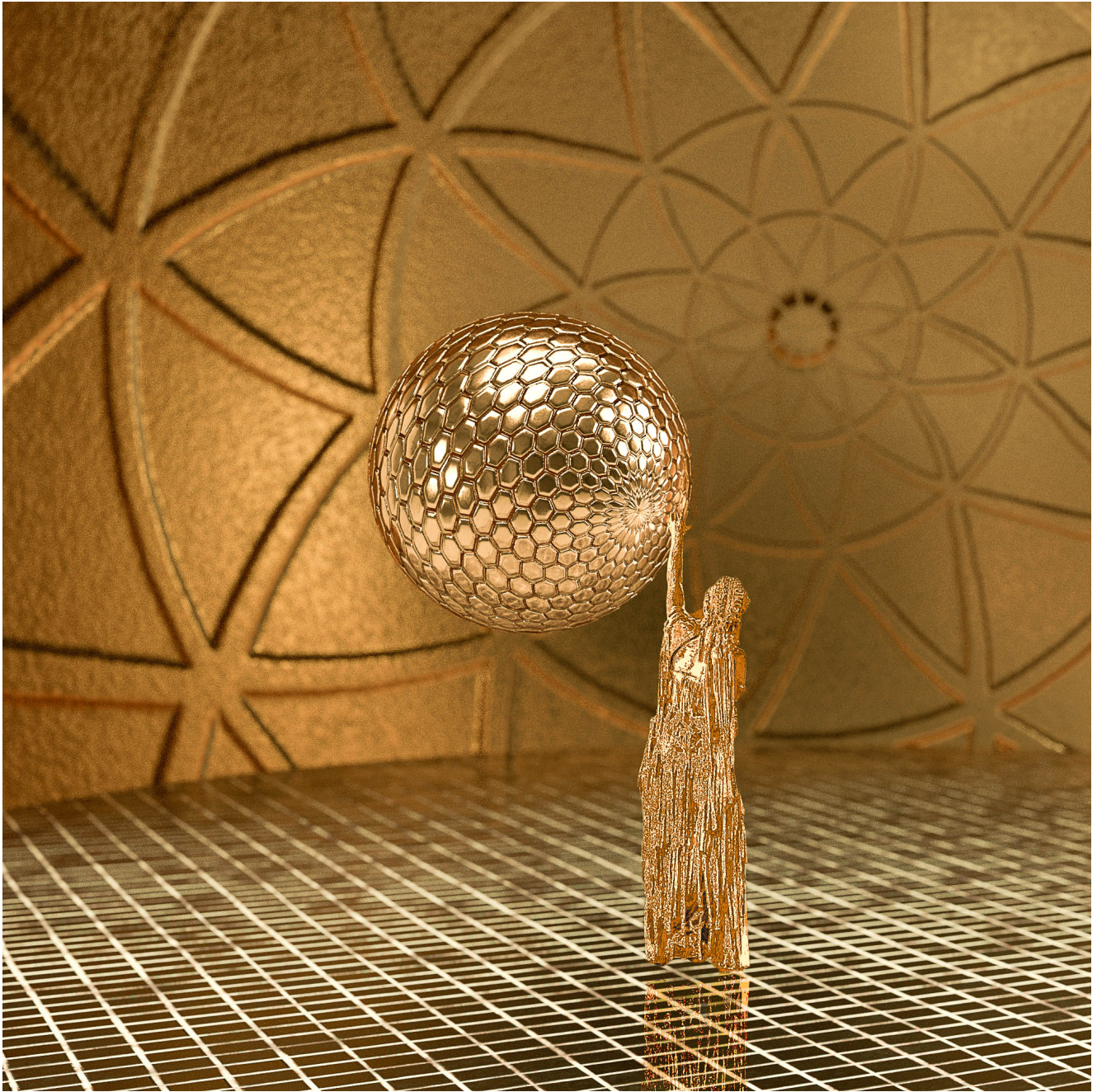
Irish pagan literature talks about Olathair (Dagda) siring children with mortals producing Oengus Mac Og, Cermait, Bobd Derg and many, many others.



An Immaculate Conception

He had the gift from Dionyssus from a favor returned.

Now he can turn everything to gold. A table, a carpet, a lamp, the orb of his sceptre. And his daughter who hugged him.



Queen Dionysia

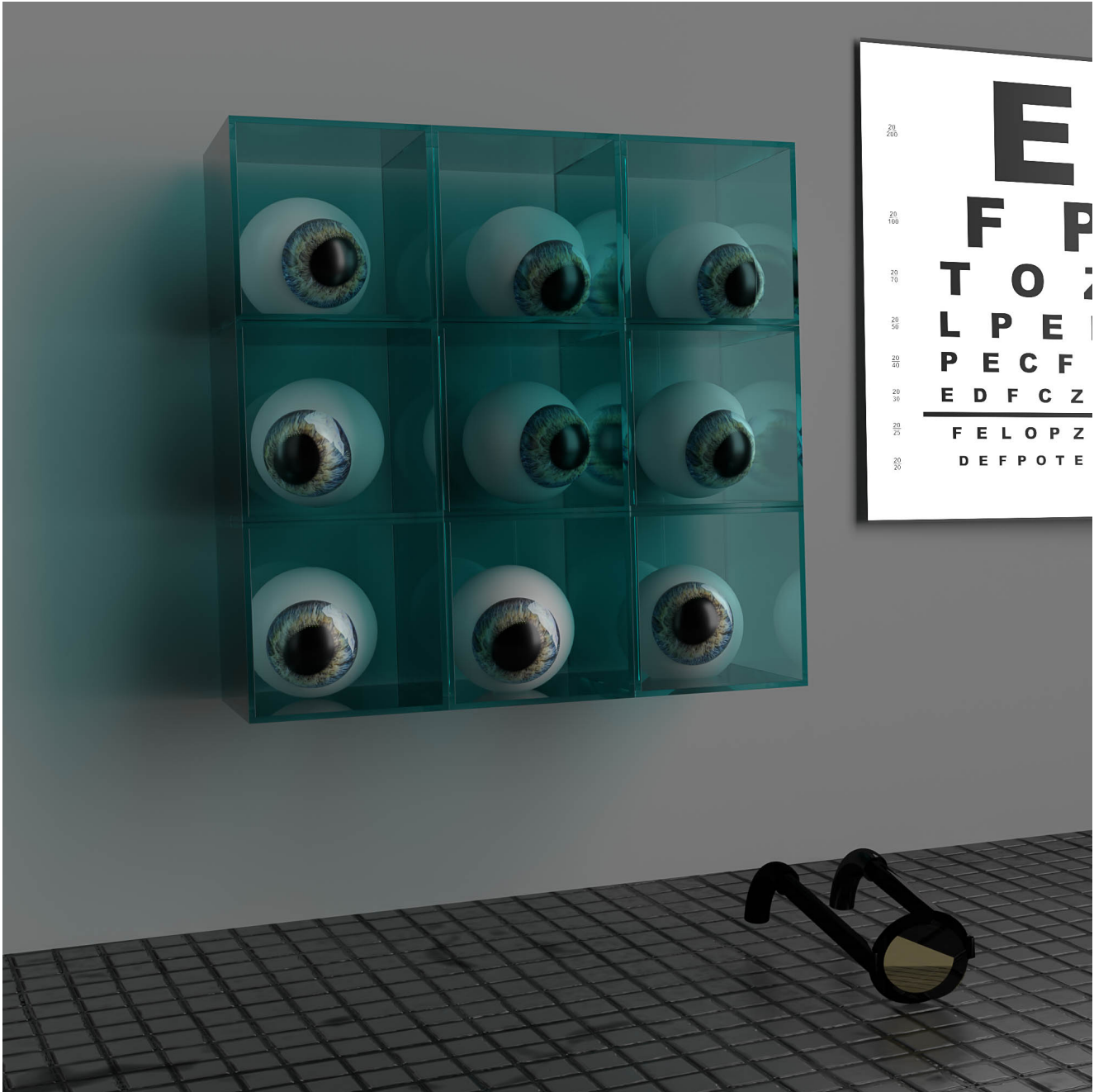
The stares were relentless, piercing through her as though her clothing was not there. She felt as though every move that she made was being scrutinized, studied, evaluated. What number was assigned to her by the owner of those eyes? She didn't think that she was a "10". Her face and body were not that classically formed. Did it matter to her what the owner of those eyes thought of her?

Other than those eyes, she was alone on the beach for a walk before dawn. No one was ever there before at that time. And today she was being ogled like a Victoria Secrets model but she was no Victoria Secrets model and didn't want to be. Especially to be thought of by the owner of those eyes.



An Uncomfortable Stare

Polyphemus's optomotrist. Business is good in Sicily.



Optometrist's Office

“And if he had judged her harshly? If her life were a simple rosary of hours, her life simple and strange as a bird’s life, gay in the morning, restless all day, tired at sundown? Her heart simple and wilful as a bird’s heart?”

- James Joyce, Portrait of an Artist as a Young Man



Restless All Day

What might be your reaction if you saw a figure in a self portrait spring to life and the artist is sitting on a bench in front of the painting? Fear, wonderment, awe, magical, thrilling. Fear of such an unknown would seem normal, for a normal human, in normal situations.

What would be the artist's reaction be if she saw herself in the painting become a person, a twin, a clone, and artifact of herself?



Self Portrait of Beatrix

“The point now is that I found a home -- or a hole in the ground, as you will. Now don't jump to the conclusion that because I call my home a "hole" it is damp and cold like a grave; there are cold holes and warm holes. Mine is a warm hole. And remember, a bear retires to his hole for the winter and lives until spring; then he comes strolling out like the Easter chick breaking from its shell. I say all this to assure you that it is incorrect to assume that, because I'm invisible and live in a hole, I am dead. I am neither dead nor in a state of suspended animation. Call me Jack-the-Bear, for I am in a state of hibernation.

My hole is warm and full of light. Yes, full of light. I doubt if there is a brighter spot in all New York than this hole of mine, and I do not exclude Broadway. Or the Empire State Building on a photographer's dream night.”

The Invisible Man - Ralph Ellison



Griffin's Retirement

Dear Boss,
I keep hearing the police have caught me but they wont fix me just yet. I have laughed when they look so clever and talk about being on the right track. That joke about Leather Apron gave me real fits. I am down on whores and I shant quit ripping them till I do get buckled. Grand work the last job was. I gave the lady no time to squeal.

How can they catch me now. I love my work and want to start again. You will soon hear of me with my funny little games. I saved some of the proper red stuff in a ginger beer bottle over the last job to write with but it went thick like glue and I cant use it. Red ink is fit enough I hope ha ha. The next job I do I shall clip the lady's ears off and send it to the police officers just for jolly wouldn't you. Keep this letter back till I do a bit more work, then give it out straight.

My knife's so nice and sharp. I want to get to work right away if I get a chance.

Good Luck.

Yours Truly

Jack the Ripper

Dont mind me giving the trade name. Wasnt good enough to post this before I got all the red ink off my handa curse it. No luck yet. They say I'm a doctor now. ha ha"

Dear Boss 25 Sept. 1888.
I keep on hearing the police have caught me but they wont fix me just yet. I have laughed when they look so clever and talk about being on the right track. That joke about Leather Apron gave me real fits. I am down on whores and I shant quit ripping them till I do get buckled. Grand work the last job was. I gave the lady no time to squeal. How can they catch me now. I love my work and want to start again. You will soon hear of me with my funny little games. I saved some of the proper red stuff in a ginger beer bottle over the last job to write with but it went thick like glue and I cant use it. Red ink is fit enough I hope ha ha. The next job I do I shall clip the lady's ears off and send to the

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yours truly
Jack the Ripper
Dont mind me giving the trade name

wont get enough to post this before I got all the red ink off my handa curse it. No luck yet. They say I'm a doctor now. ha ha"



Run!

The Fisherman's Wife

*I stand here and I wait, willing for his safe return
Once again to hold me, my heart for him does yearn
Many days have passed since I've seen his face
I long for him to hold me and feel his warm embrace*

*My children keep me busy, my mind on other things
My focus is on each new day and whatever challenge it brings
But at night when it's quiet, you are there on my mind
I hope you often think of me, our memories intertwined*

*The danger you put yourself in, to ensure that we live
Is something I am grateful for, and in return I give
My all for your return, by caring for family and home
I will be here, waiting for you, wherever you may roam*

*So now, as I watch the waves crash upon the harbour wall
I wait for you and your boat as it brings in it's heavy trawl
You are the one who endangers his life, each and every day
Earning a wage this way for now until we find a better way*

- Victoria Welton. 14th June 2017



Fisherman's Wife

Was it?

*Finally I wrote this for you
It's a bit of a storm but it's not so blue...*

*Ghastly is the sound of my tone
Addressing you
Hideous is the appeal of my reflection
The locution of a dying creature
My entire existence is having a seizure
And my hands these palms can't let go
They just keep pressing on to my face...*

*Raynolds in the far south he prays
That his days be less gloom and more gay
A fractured mind and hopeless sensations
His misery exalts all the way to the 9th cloud*

*Meaningless batter-have days gone by
As if sailing a paper boat above rain
I've wondered for a time now
Ever since I started writing this
Was this supposed to be
A love poem*

- Poetcrae



Introvert

What happens when you don't look into a mirror? Does the mirror look back at you? How do you know? Without looking into the mirror, how do you know what the mirror sees?

Like Schrödinger's cat which was placed in a box then sealed with lethal substances, one doesn't know whether the cat is alive or dead until the box is opened. Briefly, nothing exists until it is observed.



A Mirror's Image



Why was I born of this age, in this place?
It's just not fair, whatever fairness means.
A place of filth for me while down the
beach another is born to pristine sands
and waters.

I am surprised by the ugliness of this
place. I have no memory of what came of
before I entered this world. Bad luck? Or
destiny?

Is this the world that I must live in until I
die? Certainly it seems an injustice. An
injustice that I may be given strength to
overcome by the parents that I haven't met
yet. Or may never meet.

Or perhaps my parents succumbed to the
injustice of a world that neither could
overcome.

What is to come of me? Or this world I
was born to?



Why Here? Why Now? Why Me?

Never, ever ride in a taxi driven by a baby in San Miguel de Allende.



Taxi in San Miguel de Allende

Other than her comfortable room she had her thoughts and ideas. Sometimes these ideas flash, like all people's thoughts do. The haloes worn by Christian saints which are, by all accounts, permanent, haloes began with Apollo (who of course was a Roman god and not a saint; he was first to be pictured as haloed).

Halo flashes of ideas emanate from all people. The idea flashes by a regular person are not permanent. They are fleeting, so short in duration that they can never be seen and exist only in Planck time. At this scale of time, the laws of physics break down and the flashes, as real as they are, cannot be perceived as such.

It's only by the reaction of a person after the flash do we know that a person had a thought.



Flash of an Idea

