

Logbook of an Explorer

Picture Book II

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Introduction

The following poems were written during a period of my life when I was living in an RV park in Mineola, Texas, in and around 2021 and 2022. During this time of seclusion and meditation I took thousands of lines of notes but was never able to go back and do anything with them because the volume of material was so great. So I started pulling out the good ones as I would write them down and then I would find photographs from my life's travels that seemed to give context and enhance the meaning of the words. So, the photographs in this book were taken over the last twenty or so years but the words are more current.

Chronologically speaking, the poems in this book were written and attached to pictures prior to the publication of "Logbook of an Explorer II." But this book was not put together and published until after.

I hope you enjoy these pages. ~

~ -My Mission-

The reason for my work is to introduce concepts that could be used by others to not only prove that spirit is real but also better define the formulas that define it. So let me be the first to tell you that my work should not be believed on its own merit. My work is simply an early attempt to identify relationships and principles of spirit from my perspective.

I hear it all the time from people when they talk about love, compassion, trust and even hate. They talk about these things as if they were objects that did not really fit into the same categories as tables, bodies and cars. And when they talk about these things dealing with emotions, mind and spirit their voices seem to change as if the speakers are convinced that these "things" don't really exist.

Well, I believe they do exist. But please don't take my word for it.

We all know that love can change a person's life so why don't we treat love with the same respect that we treat the chairs in which we sit? Why should love be something that only exists in a Valentine's card and is never included in any mathematical formulas of accounting and prediction?

I want to change that. I want to open a new realm of knowledge that makes science, astronomy and physics no more real than love, sadness and joy. I want to give physicists the tools to begin to see the objects that are now only theorized. ~

Being

Let It Go

Death is sleep and pain is a jellyfish.
Worry is futile and shells become sand.
Faith is a bridge into tomorrow
and love is the destination.

~



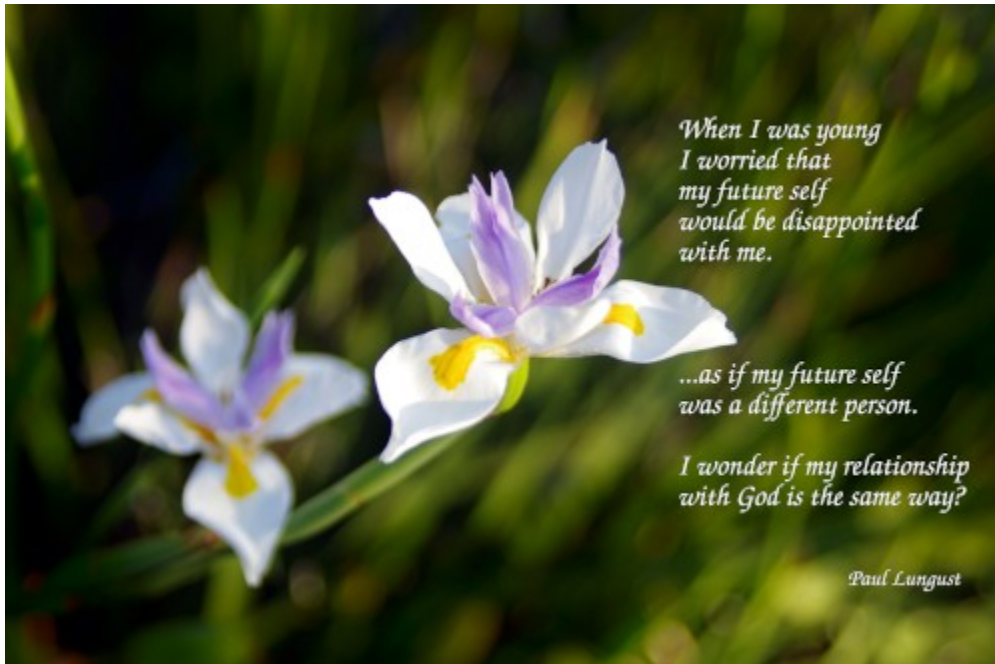
Photograph: Jalama Beach, California (Jalama Beach County Park) – 02/2013.

This photograph was one of those quick turn-around-and-shoot shots that turned out perfect.

Disappointed

When I was young
I worried that my future self
would be disappointed
with me.
...as if my future self
was a different person.
I wonder if my relationship
with God is the same way?

~



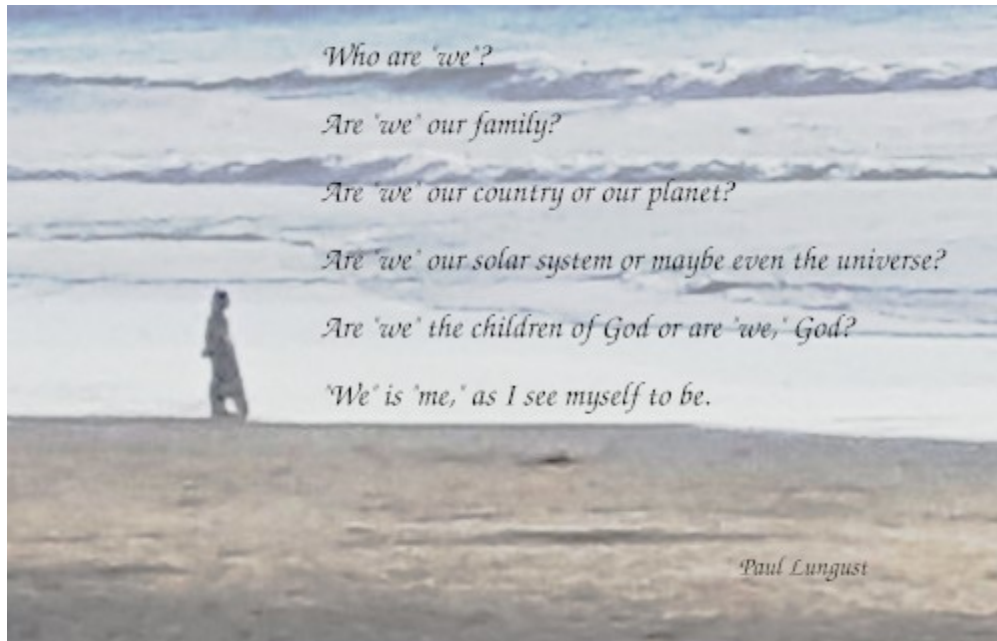
Photograph: San Diego, California – back yard – Summer, 2013

I almost didn't use this photo because I noticed that the flower had a bad place on one of its petals, but I'm glad I did.

We

Who are "we"?
Are "we" our family?
Are "we" our country or our planet?
Are "we" our solar system or maybe even the universe?
Are "we" the children of God or are "we" God?
"We" is "me," as I see myself to be.

~



Photograph: Powerhouse Park – Del Mar, California – Thursday, November 26, 2020

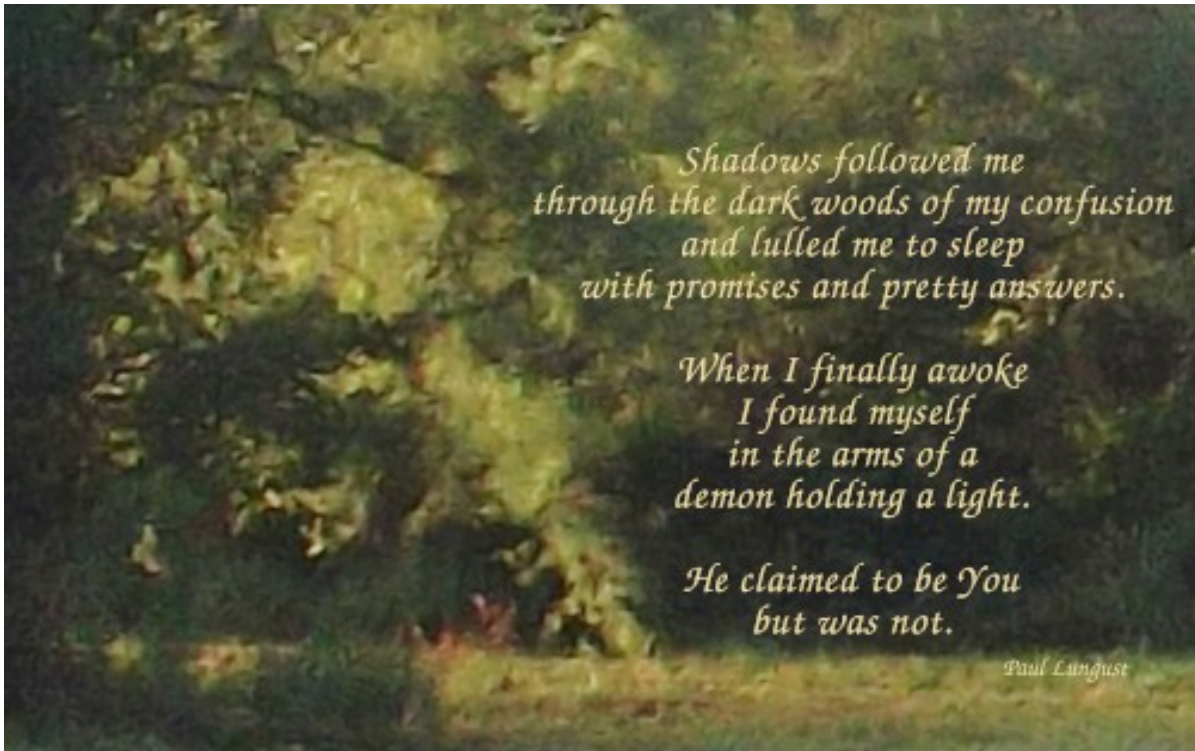
A special Thanksgiving Day on the beach.

Demon Shadows

Shadows followed me
through the dark woods of my confusion
and lulled me to sleep
with promises and pretty answers.

When I awoke
I found myself
in the arms of a
demon holding a light.
He claimed to be You
but was not.

~



Photograph: Mineola Nature Preserve – Mineola, Texas – November, 2022

Fall colors in East Texas.

God's Hand

God's hand is obscure
and has many faces.
God's hand tilts the table
and gives wind its will.

~



Photograph: American Girl Mine – Yuma, Arizona – March, 2020

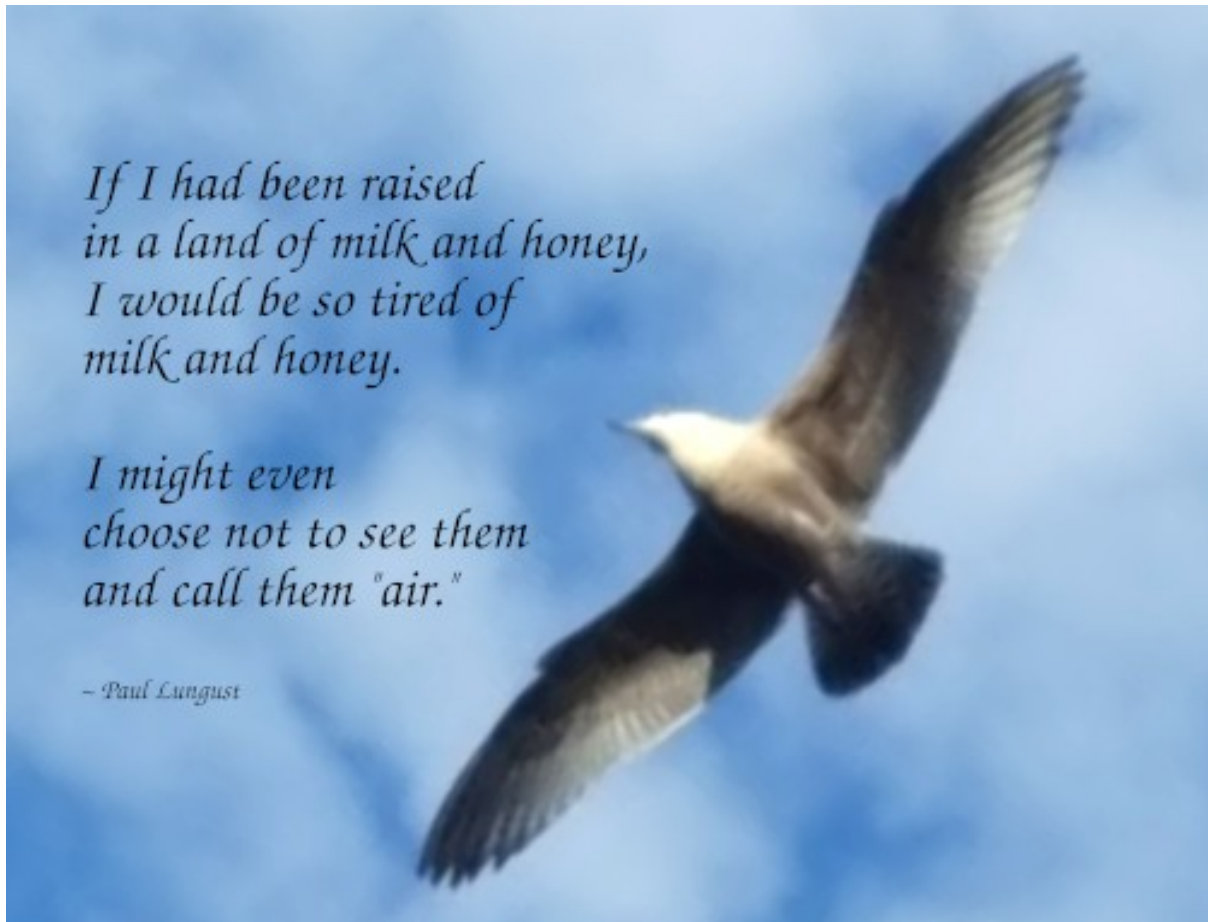
A storm in the desert shows it's true colors.

Land of Milk and Honey

If I had been raised
in a land of milk and honey,
I would be so tired of milk and honey.

I might even
choose not to see them
and call them air.

~



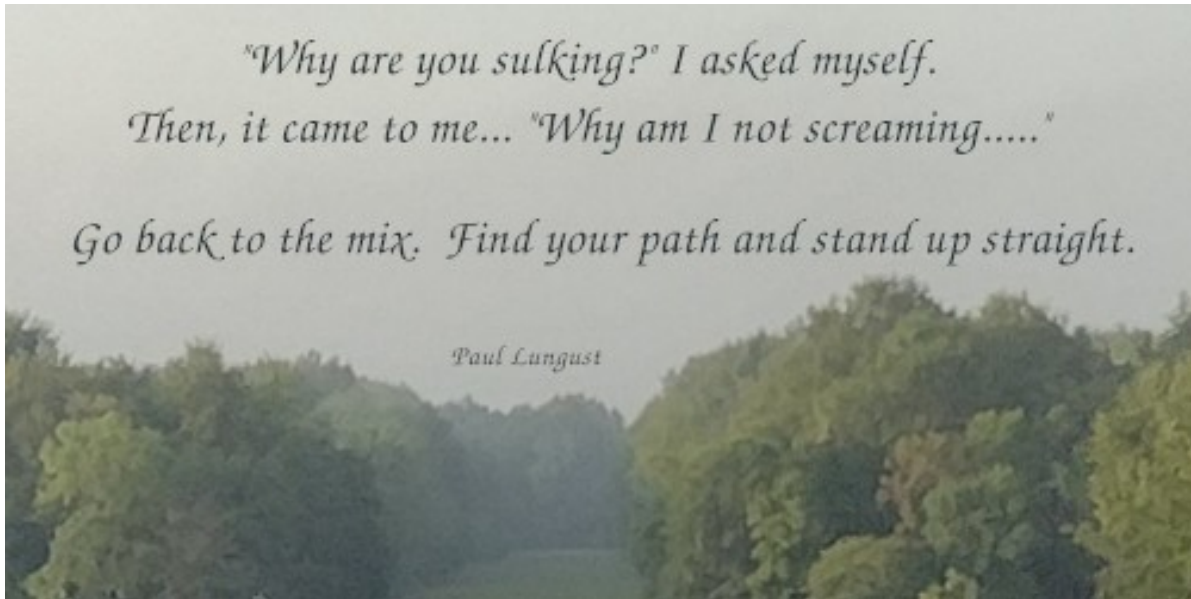
Photograph: Lake Miramar – San Diego, California – 2016

Thank you, God, for the air we breathe.

Back To The Mix

“Why are you sulking?” I asked myself.
Then, it came to me... “Why am I not screaming.....”
Go back to the mix. Find your path and stand up straight.

~



Photograph: Mineola Nature Preserve, Mineola, Texas – October, 2022

I was told that after clearing the trees many snakes were seen trying to cross to the other side.

Being Here

“How can people see the whole of their reality when their lives are so complex and their frequencies are so high?” I asked myself.

Just then a crane swooped down, almost relieving me of my hat, and said,

“Ask the tortoise to tell you about the hare.”

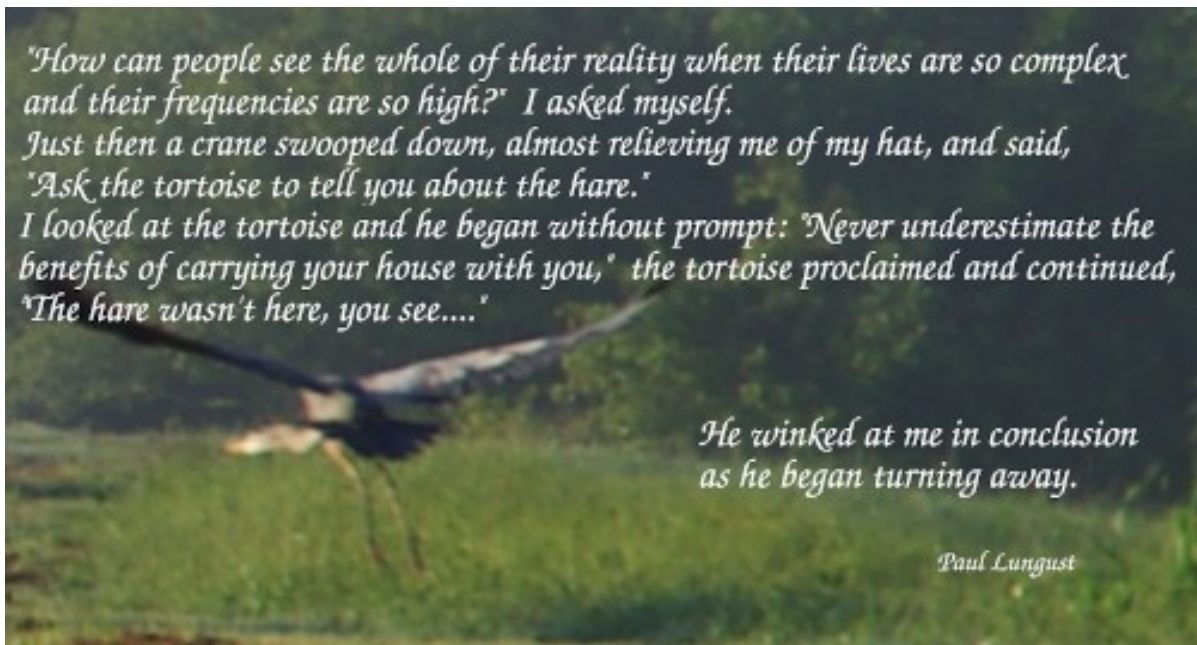
I looked at the tortoise and he began without prompt: “Never underestimate the benefits of carrying your house with you,” the tortoise proclaimed and continued,

“The hare wasn’t here, you see....”

He winked at me in conclusion

as he began turning away.

~



Photograph: Mineola Nature Preserve – 09/2022

It seems to make more sense if put in the context of the more famous story of the tortoise and the hare, but might also stand alone.

What Does It All Mean?

“Some cows seek dominance
when dominance is not needed.
‘Strengthen your will muscle of silence
and let control go,’ mother told me.”
“Tortoise once told me to,
‘be here,’ as if I wasn’t here already.”
~



Photograph: Mineola Nature Preserve, Mineola, Texas – 09/2022

My camera was accidentally set to “cartoon” mode, which sort of makes this picture even more appropriate.

Innocence And The King

A king sat down at a peasant girl's table, a dirty chess set between them in play.
The chair was too small but he squeezed. "What is your name?" he asked.

"Innocence," the girl said without looking to see who he was.

"What are you playing?" he then asked.

Innocence now gazed up at him, and said, "It is called, 'Companions'."

"May I play?" the king questioned, timidly.

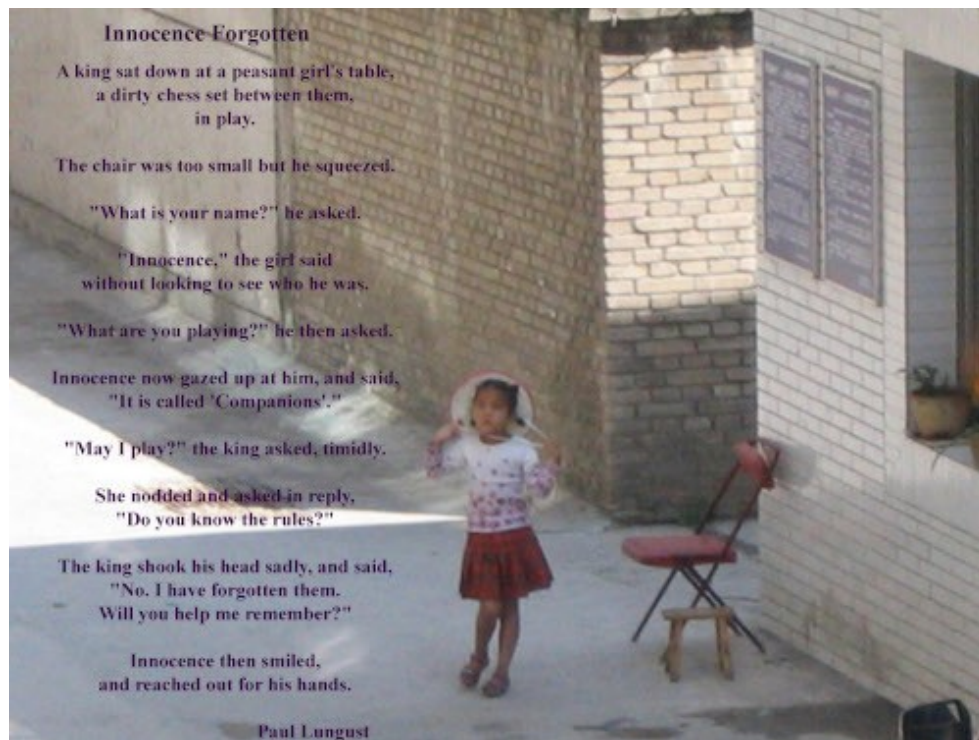
She nodded and asked in reply, "Do you know the rules?"

The king shook his head sadly, and said,

"No, I have forgotten them. Will you help me remember?"

Innocence then smiled and reached out for his hands.

~



Photograph: Bijie City, Guizhou province, China – Fall, 2005

This girl's mother was the community guard who lived on-site. I would often see the girl playing in the courtyard by herself. I could only imagine what places she would visit in her mind.

Angel of Faith

The demon of doubt
hides behind the angel of faith
and awaits your attention.

~



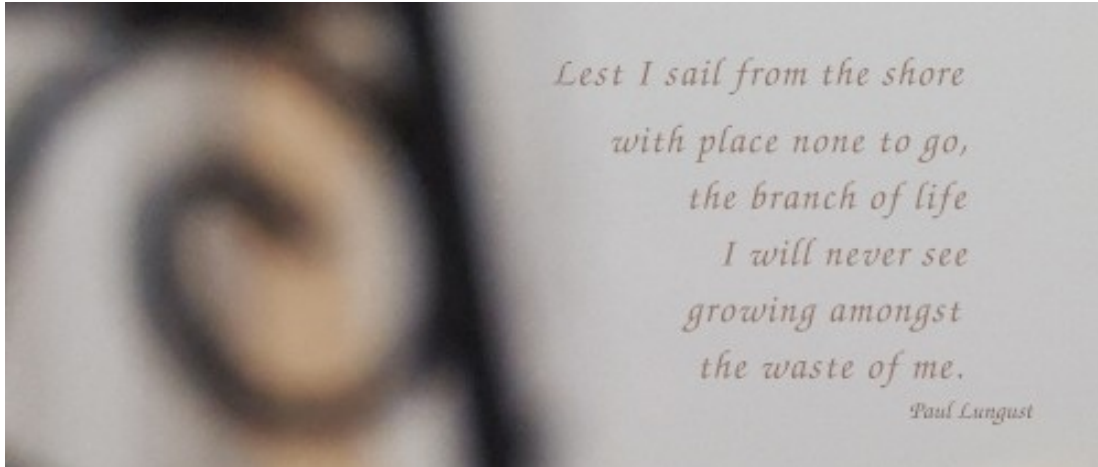
Photograph: San Diego, California – “The Kissing Statue” – December, 2016

Our capacity to love far exceeds any force calling us to hate. But unlike hate, love requires faith.

Bon Voyage

Lest I sail from the shore
with place none to go,
the branch of life
I will never see
growing amongst
the waste of me.

~



Photograph: San Diego, California – Summer, 2018

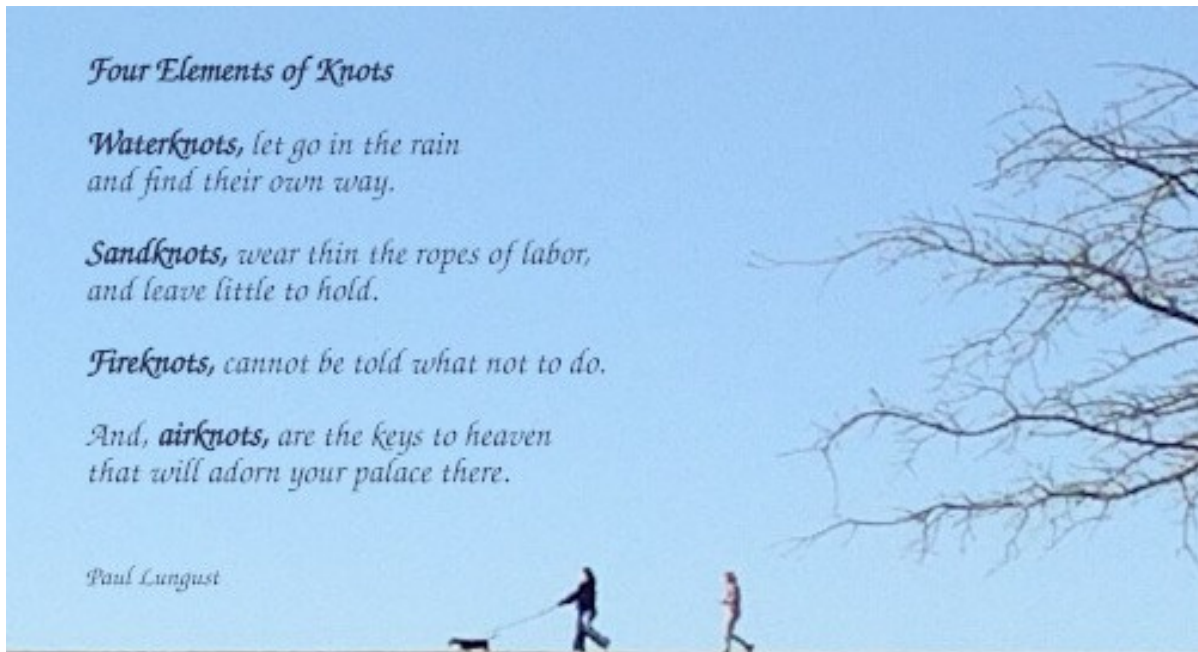
The times in my life when I have felt most at peace were the times when I had all my worldly possessions packed in my truck or under my arms and was heading to places unknown with no time limits for getting there or people waiting to see me.

This photograph is of the back of a wrought iron bar stool.

Four Elements of Knots

Waterknots, let go in the rain
and find their own way.
Sandknots, wear thin the ropes of labor,
and leave little to hold.
Fireknots, cannot be told what not to do.
And, airknots, are the keys to heaven
that will adorn you palace there.”

~



Photograph: Mineola Nature Preserve, Mineola, Texas – Winter, 2021

This couple happened to be walking along a path at the crest of this hill when I took the picture. After seeing the juxtaposition of the space, the couple and the tree branches I cropped the photograph to capture its power.

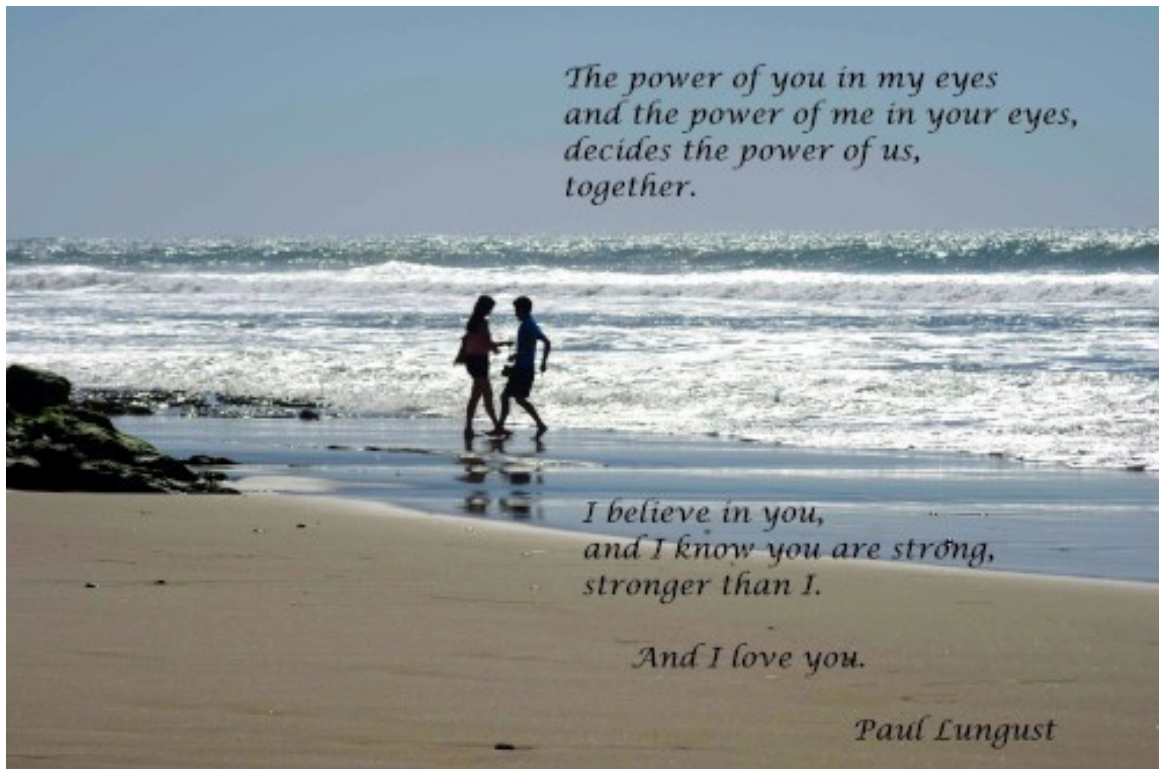
This poem was the first time I used the word "knot" in this way. The words just came to me and I wrote them down. It took total of about ten minutes to write it. At first I didn't fully understand its meaning. It just came to me as if it already existed.

The Power of Us

The power of you in my eyes
and the power of me in your eyes,
decides the power of us,
together.

I believe in you,
and I know you are strong,
stronger than I.
And I love you.

~



Photograph: Jalama Beach, California (Jalama Beach County Park) – 02/2013.

This couple was so filled with light and love I couldn't help but watch them. I took several photos before I realized that they were a mother and son. So special. You can see that she is holding his sneakers by the laces.

I was saving this picture for some very special poem. Then this poem came alone.

Dimensions are Strangers

My driver was late and I was already behind. Now, I was fuming inside....

My car finally pulled up and I got in.

My driver right away started to explain, "I'm sorry, sir. I'm late because..."

I cut him off in half-sentence, "Don't worry about it," I said. "Let it be."

But I wanted to say more.

I tried to go back into my world and focus on my meeting. I was late getting that started, too. My mind hadn't been on point recently, so I was trying to figure out how to get caught up, when my driver started to speak again. I tried to deflect his presence and listened with only half an ear. He was saying something about his wife, la de da.... His ramblings were costing my my mind, which I needed right then to solve my own problems.

As I reached across the car for a glass, air from beneath my shirt was squeezed out and her scent filled my nostrils. My driver continued to speak but I didn't hear him.

"...my wife, sir; she was lying dead on the kitchen floor...."

~

Dimensions Are Strangers

*My driver was late and I was already behind. Now, I was fuming inside....
My car finally pulled up and I got in.*

*My driver right away started to explain, "I'm sorry, sir. I'm late because..."
I cut him off in half-sentence, "Don't worry about it," I said. "Let it be."
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*As I reached across the car for a glass, air from beneath my shirt was squeezed out and her scent
filled my nostrils. My driver continued to speak but I didn't hear him.
"...my wife, sir; she was lying dead on the kitchen floor...."*

Paul Lungust

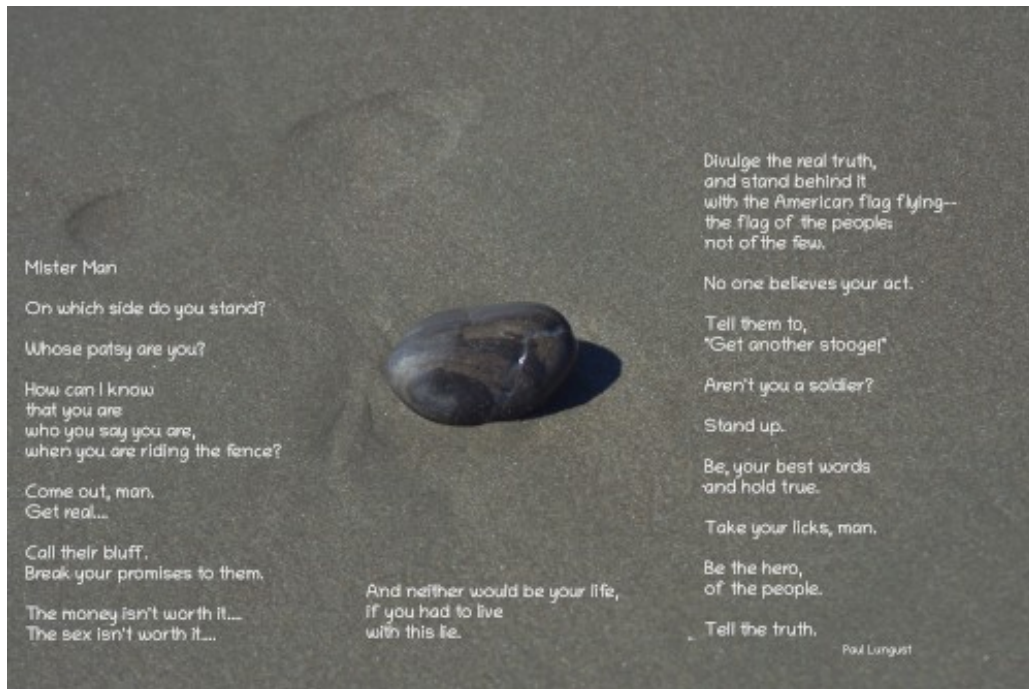
Photograph: Mineola Nature Preserve, Mineola, Texas – October, 2022 (Sun through distant leaves)

This fictional perspective is just an example of how we can get lost in the dimensions of our personal lives.

Mister Man

On which side do you stand? Whose patsy are you?
How can I know you are who you say you are,
when you are riding the fence?
Come out, man. Get real.... Call their bluff.
Break your promises to them.
The money isn't worth it.... The sex isn't worth it....
And neither would be your life if you had to live with this lie.
Divulge the real truth, and stand behind it
with the American flag flying...the flag of the people not the few.
Tell them to, "Get another stooge!" Aren't you a soldier?
Stand up. Be your best words and hold true.
Take your licks, man. Be the hero, of the people.
Tell the truth.

~



Photograph: Jalama Beach, California (Jalama Beach County Park) – 02/2013.

This poem was written with a particular politician in mind. But politicians are not the only ones who can't seem to tell the truth. Phone companies, pharmaceutical companies, and advertisers of most companies all seem to have difficulty telling the whole truth. If we the people can't believe what we hear advertised on TV and on the internet then how can we believe anyone?

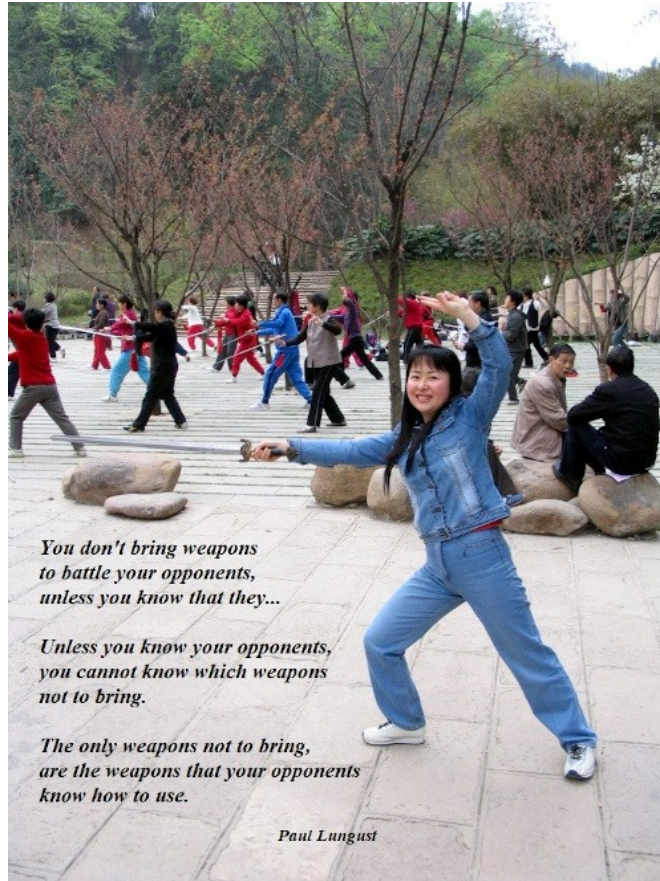
What Not to Bring

You don't bring weapons to battle your opponents....

Unless you know your opponents,
you cannot know which weapons not to bring.

The only weapons not to bring,
are the weapons that your opponents
know how to use.

~

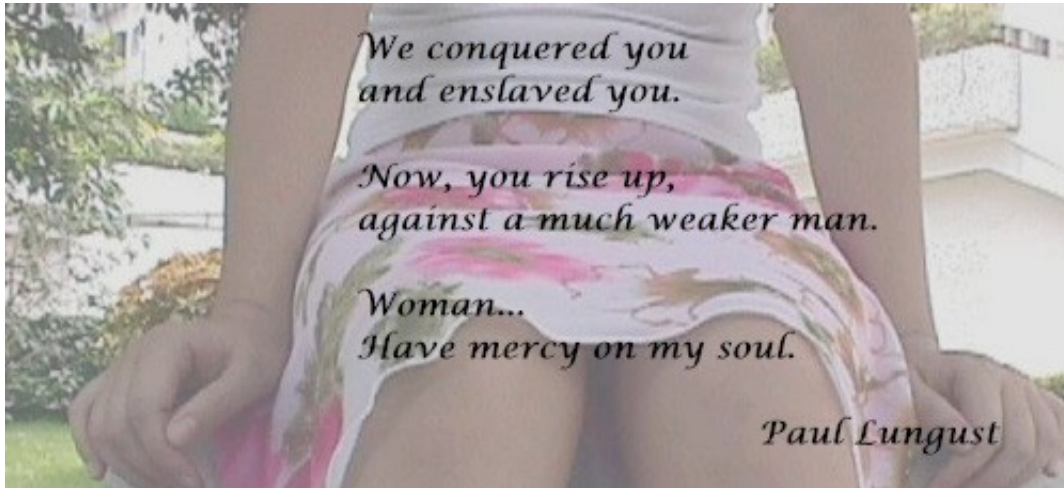


Photograph: Qianling Mountain Park, Guiyang, Guizhou, China – Winter, 2005.

Model: Angela – A friend and fellow English teacher at the Happy Language School where we were working.

Woman

We conquered you and enslaved you.
Now, you rise up,
against a much weaker man.
Woman...
Have mercy on my soul.
~



Photograph: Zhuhai, Guangdong, China – October, 2001.

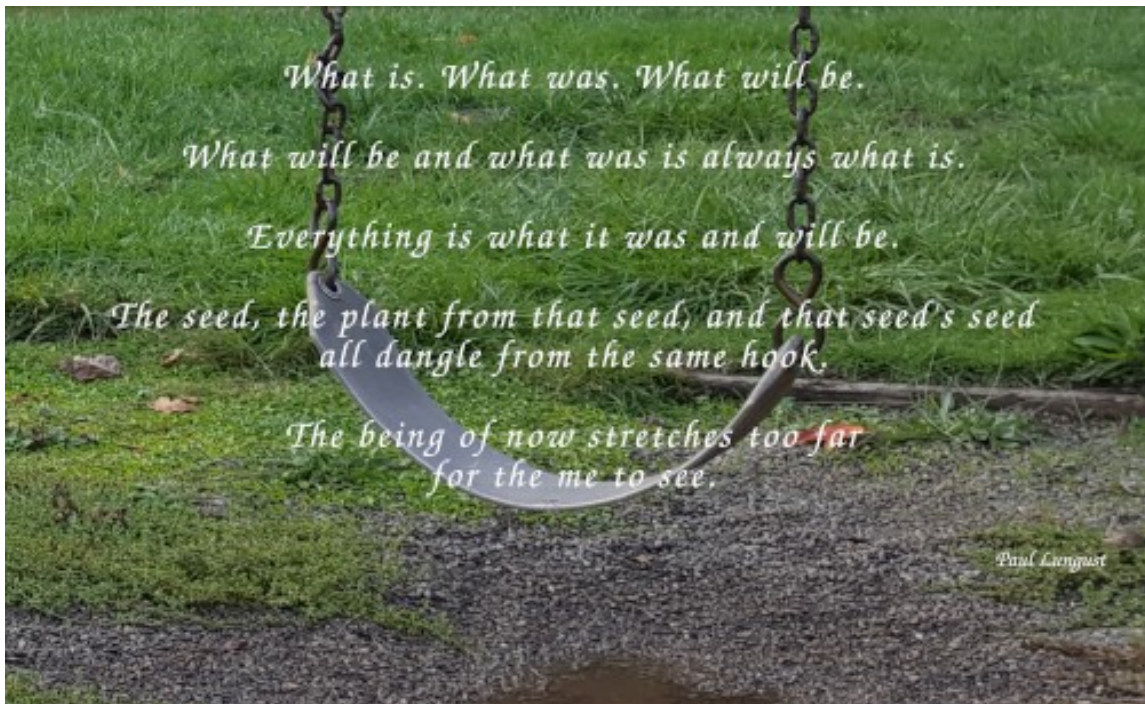
Model: Helena – A teaching assistant at the Global Language Village school where I got my ESL teaching certificate.

The words are heartfelt and though the picture was not taken with that same deeply sorrowful sentiment it did seem to lend itself nicely to the implied perspective of kneeling before the allure and innocence of "Woman."

What Is

What is. What was. What will be.
What will be and what was is always what is.
Everything is what it was and will be.
The seed, the plant from that seed, and that seed's seed
all dangle from the same hook.
The being of now stretches too far
for the me to see.

~



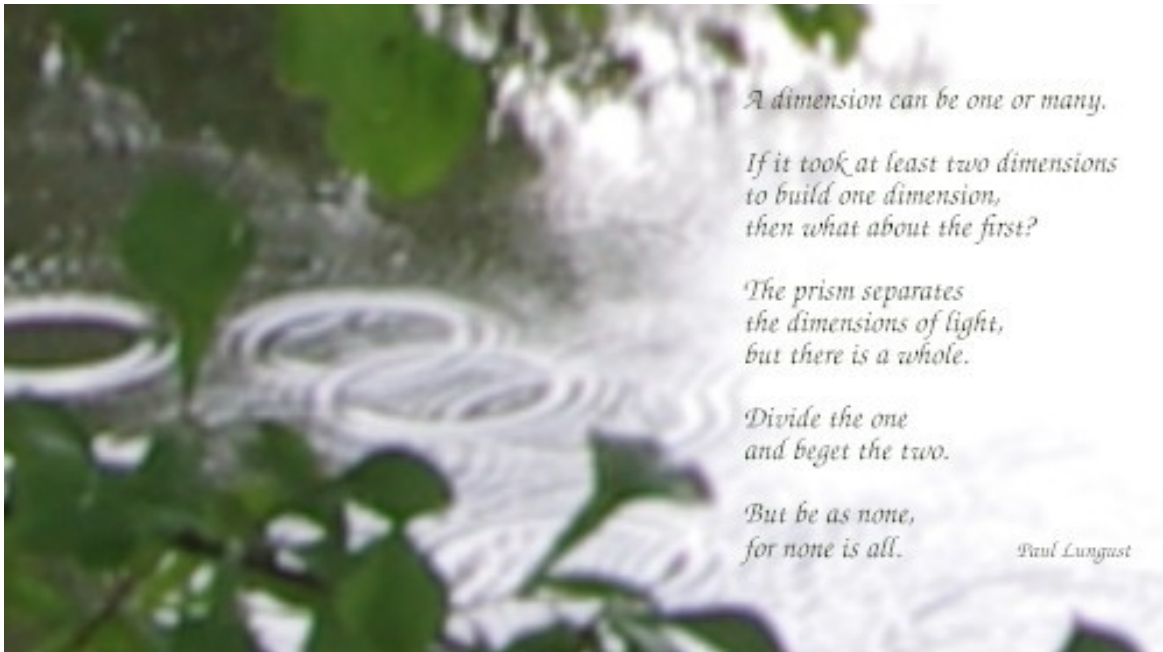
Photograph: Pass Creek County Park and campground – South of Cottage Grove, Oregon – November 2019

Notice the knot in the chain. That is a good example to keep in mind when reading this.

Prism

A dimension can be one or many.
If it took at least two dimensions to build one dimension,
then what about the first?
The prism separates the dimensions of light,
but there is a whole.
Divide the one and beget the two.
But be as none,
for none is all.

~



Photograph: Mineola Nature Preserve, Mineola, Texas – Summer 2022

Your Move

The things you create
are the things that get created.
It's your move.

~



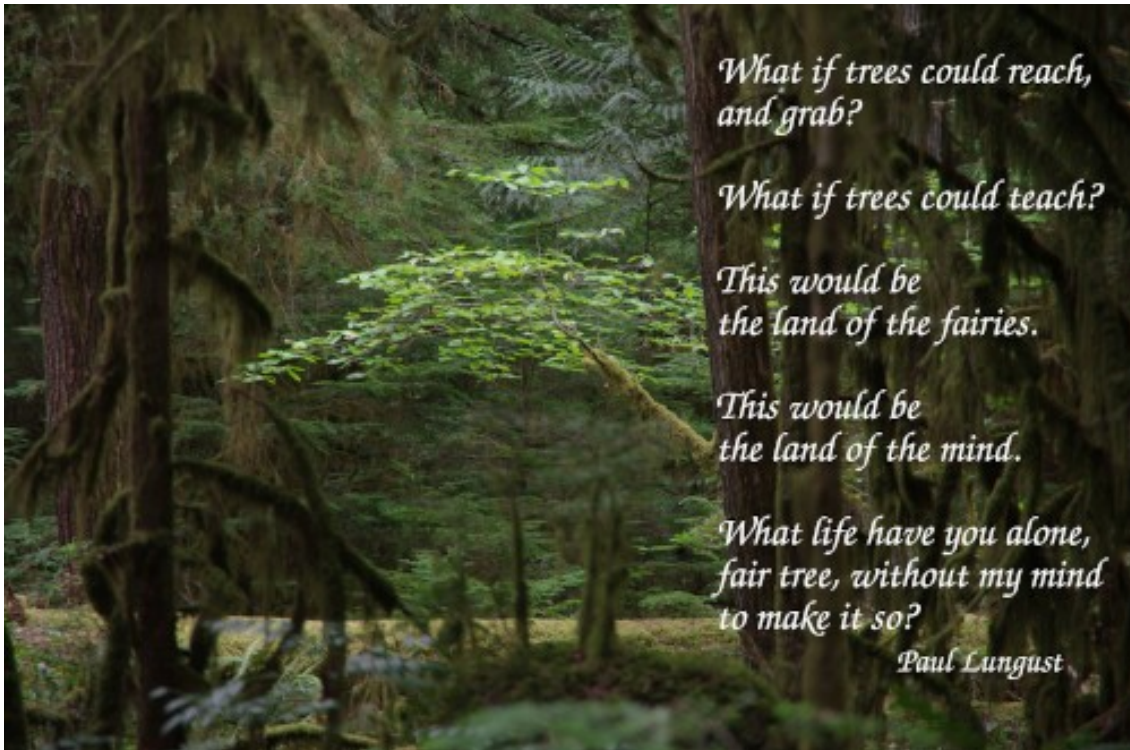
Photograph: Mineola Nature Preserve, Mineola, Texas – Summer 2022

This picture is a combination of reflections and pond weeds.

Fair Tree

What if trees could reach,
and grab?
What if trees could teach?
This would be the land of the fairies.
This would be the land of the mind.
What life have you alone,
fair tree, without my mind
to make it so?

~



Photograph: La Wis Wis Campground, Gifford Pinchot National Forest, Randle, Washington – Summer 2019

In this forest the sun had a way of breaking through the heavy foliage in shafts of bright light that animated what was withing it. This delicate little tree seemed to be especially animated by the grace of the sun's light.

Heavenly Feather

A feather from an angel's wing once fell to Earth.

"I am a feather," it told me.

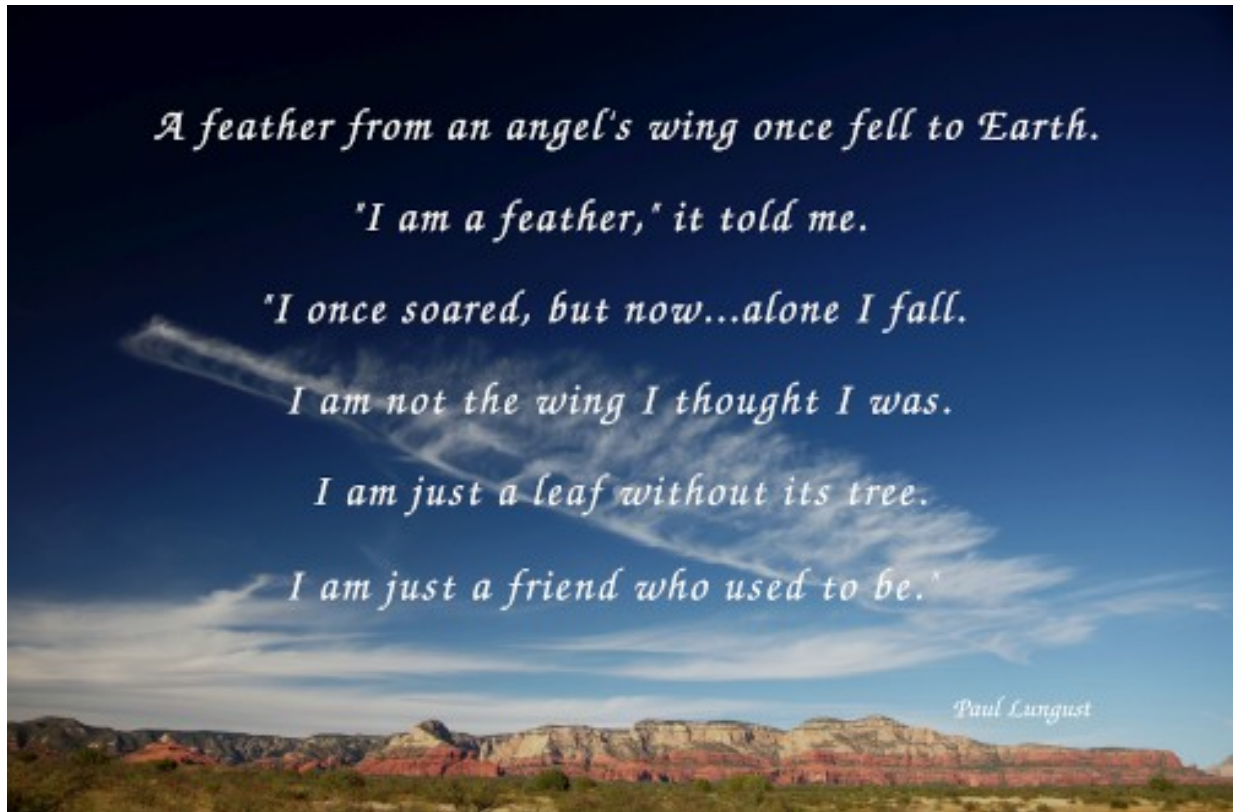
"I once soared, but now...alone I fall.

I am not the wing I thought I was.

I am just a leaf without its tree.

I am just a friend who used to be."

~



Photograph: Forest Rd 525. Fifteen miles west of Arizona 89a, Five miles south of Sedona, Arizona – Sept, 2019

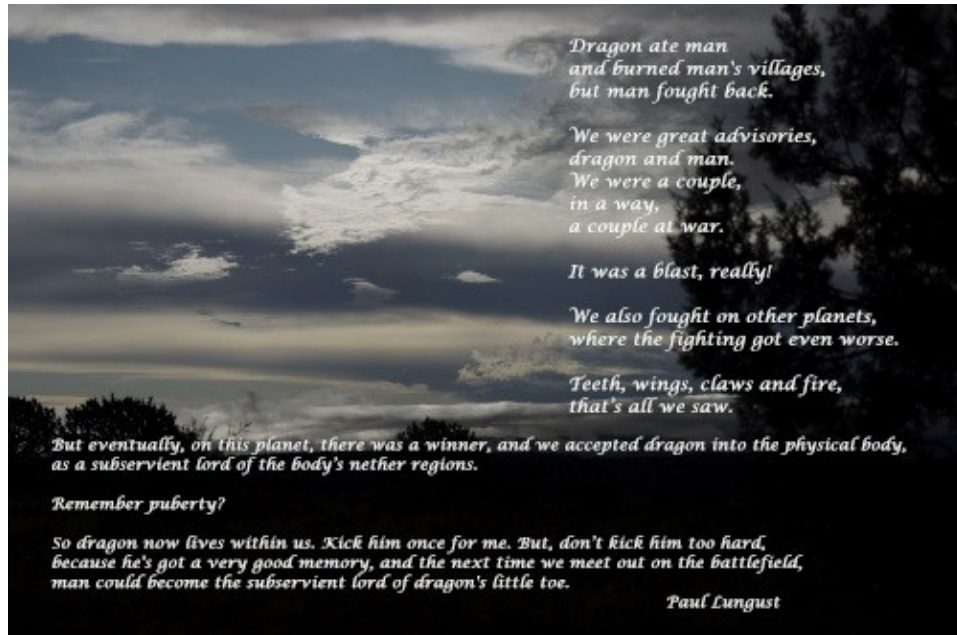
There was spirit all around me...and tarantulas. Even the clouds had their shorties to tell.

I felt a strong Native American spirit, which was very angry. The noise and dust from the ATVs felt like a herd of elephants trampling through a church. I stayed in this area for two weeks, sleeping in my camper van.

Dragon Ate Man

Dragon ate men and burned man's villages, but man fought back.
We were great advisories, dragon and man.
We were a couple, in a way, a couple at war. It was a blast, really!
We also fought on other planets, where the fighting got even worse.
Teeth, wings, claws and fire, that's all we saw.
But eventually, on this planet, there was a winner,
and we accepted dragon into the physical body,
as a subservient lord of the body's nether regions.
Remember puberty? So dragon now lives within us.
Kick him once for me.
But don't kick him too hard because he's got a very good memory
and the next time we meet out on the battlefield
man could become the subservient lord of dragon's little toe.

~



Photograph: Forest Rd 525. Fifteen miles west of Arizona 89a, Five miles south of Sedona, Arizona – Sept, 2019

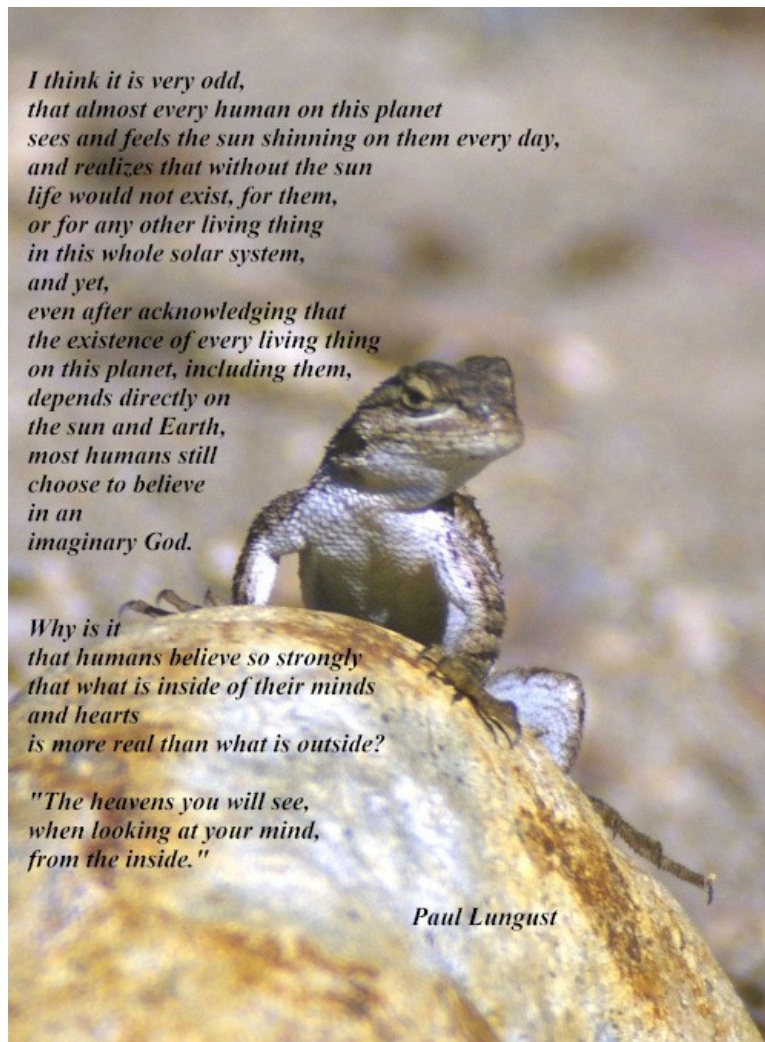
Sedona is a magical place with spirits in the air.

One evening when I was turning in for the night I heard scratching noises on the outside of my van. I'm telling you it was dark out there and nothing should have been anywhere around me. I got my stick and my flash light and jumped outside making as much noise as I could. I saw nothing. I believe that was my first encounter with tarantulas. I eventually learned tricks to keep them off my van.

Of Mind and Matter

I think it is very odd, that almost every human on this planet
sees and feels the sun shinning on them every day,
and realizes that without the sun life would not exist, for them,
or for any other living thing in this whole solar system,
and yet, even after acknowledging that the existence of every living thing
on this planet, including them, depends directly on the sun and Earth,
most humans still choose to believe in an imaginary God.

Why is it that humans believe so strongly
that what is inside of their minds and hearts is more real that what is outside?
"The heavens you will see, when looking at your mind, from the inside."



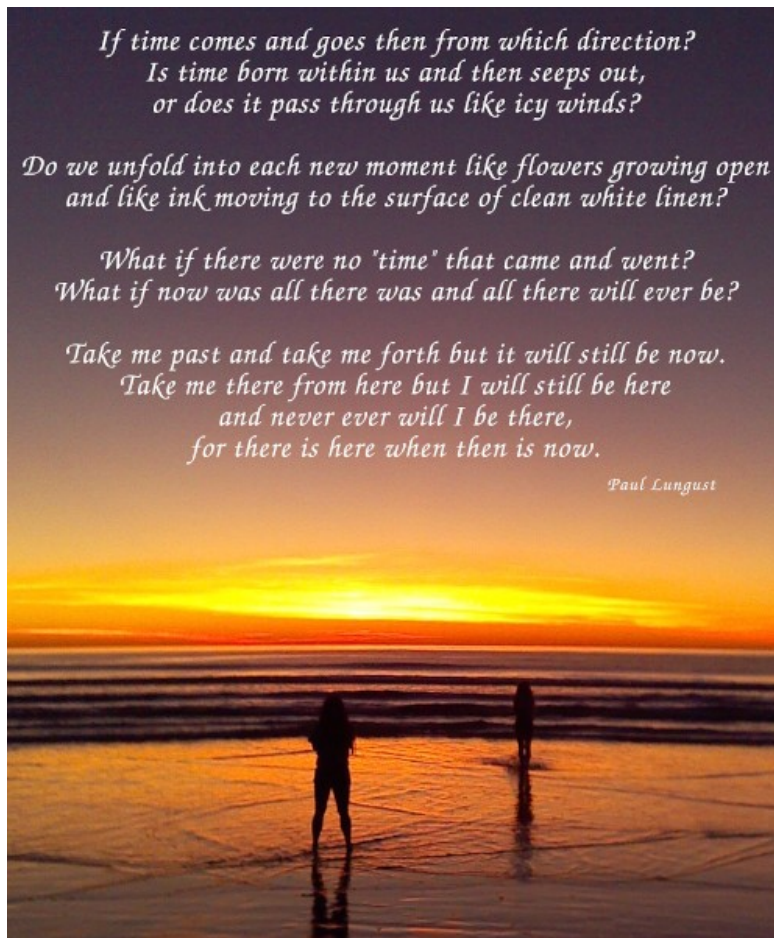
Photograph: San Diego, California – back yard – Summer, 2016

Who is looking at who?

The Time is Now

If time comes and goes then from which direction?
Is time born within us and then seeps out,
or does it pass through us like icy winds?
Do we unfold into each new moment like flowers growing open
and like ink moving to the surface of clean white linen?
What if there were no "time" that came and went?
What if now was all there was and all there will ever be?
Take me past and take me forth but it will still be now.
Take me there from here but I will still be here
and never ever will I be there,
for there is here when then is now.

~



Photograph: Torrey Pines State Beach, Del Mar, California – Thanksgiving day, 2014

This was another one of those point-and-shoot miracles of perfection.

*** Ghosts ***

This last section is dedicated to a few of the spirits I have encountered.

Spirits are real.

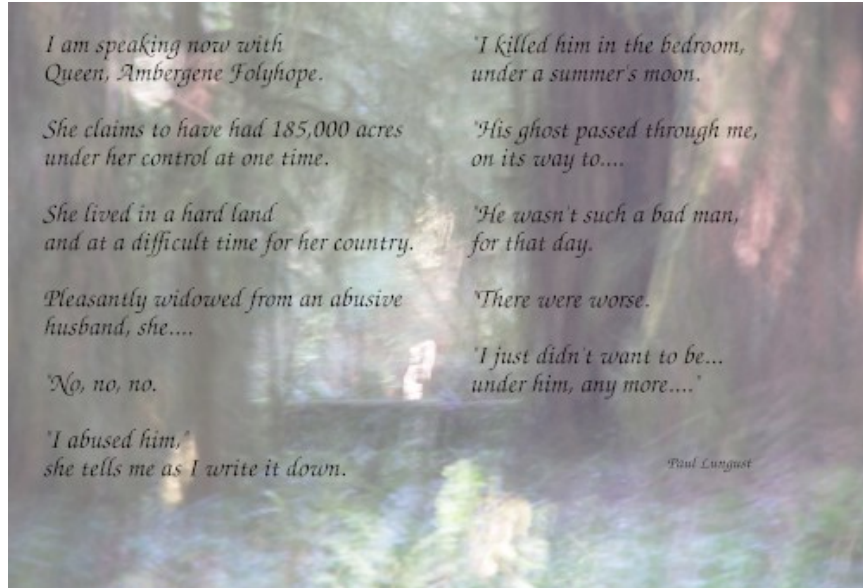
God is real.

And you are real beyond the reality of your body.

Queen, Ambergene Folyhope

I am speaking now with Queen, Ambergene Folyhope.
She claims to have had 185,000 acres
under her control at one time.
She lived in a hard land and at a difficult time for her country.
Pleasantly widowed from an abusive husband, she....
 “No, no, no. I abused him,”
 she tells me as I write it down.
“I killed him in the bedroom, under a summer’s moon.
His ghost passed through me, on its way to....
He wasn’t such a bad man, for that day.
There were worse.
I just didn’t want to be...under him, any more....”

~



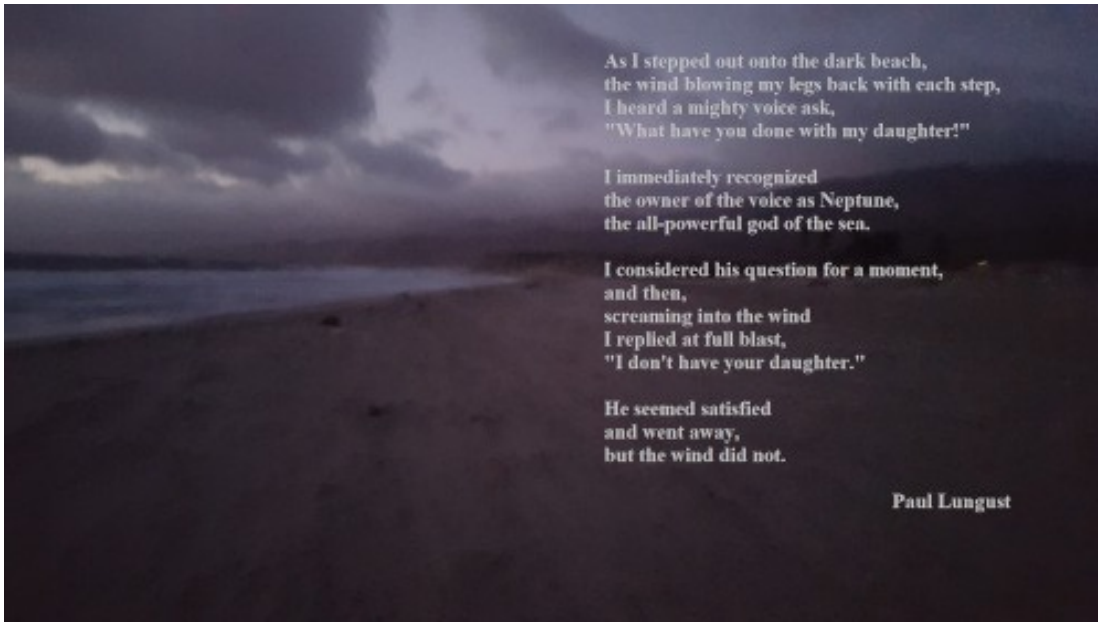
Photograph: La Wis Wis Campground, Gifford Pinchot National Forest, Randle, Washington – Summer 2019

She had a very strong spirit. I heard her words very clearly.

Neptune's Daughter

As I stepped out onto the dark beach,
the wind blowing my legs back with each step,
I heard a mighty voice ask,
"What have you done with my daughter!"
I immediately recognized the owner of the voice as Neptune,
the all-powerful god of the sea.
I considered his question for a moment,
and then, screaming into the wind
I replied at full blast,
"I don't have your daughter."
He seemed satisfied
and went away,
but the wind did not.

~



Photograph: Jalama Beach, California (Jalama Beach County Park) – 10/2019.

This photograph was taken within two minutes of my encounter with the voice. Nothing was changed or added.

Amber (Rosie) Flame

The following is the
personal account of Amber (Rosie) Flame.

She died in an auto accident
and wants to share her story:

“My attention was ahead and I didn’t see them
swerve into my lane.

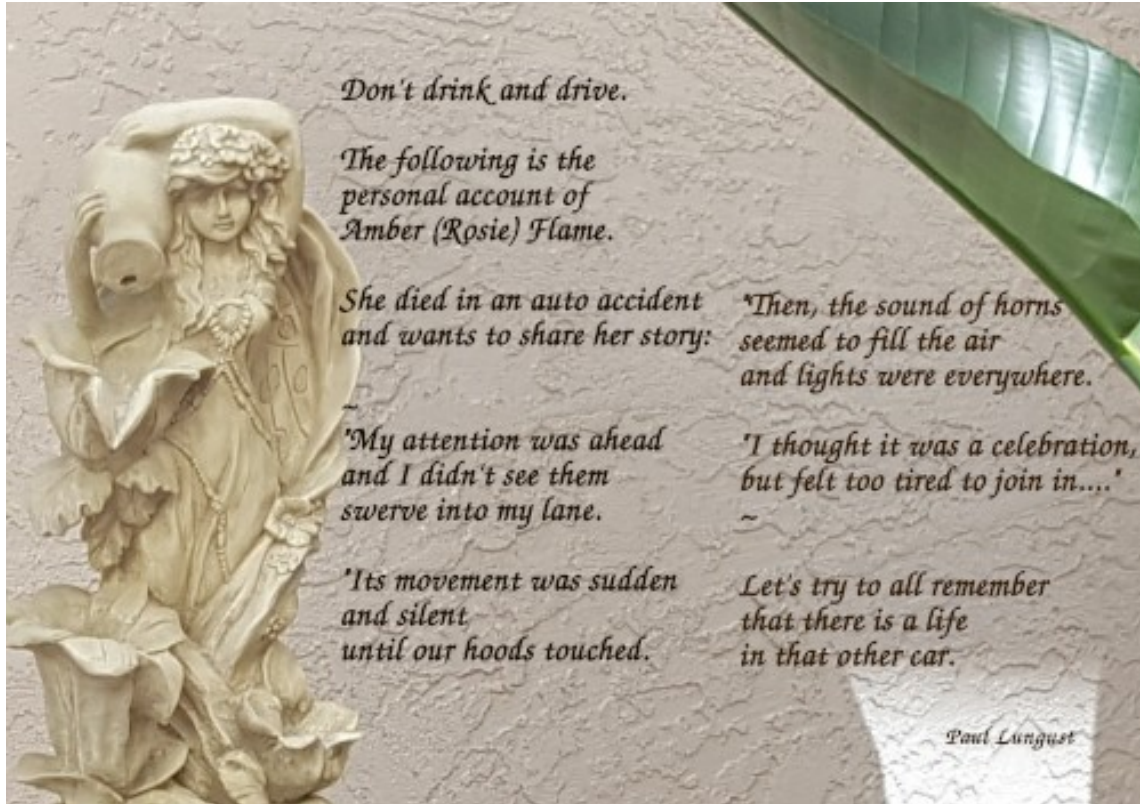
Its movement was sudden and silent until our hoods touched.

Then, the sounds of horns seemed to fill the air
and lights were everywhere.

I thought it was a celebration, but felt too tired to join in....”

Let’s try to all remember
that there is a life in that other car.

~



Photograph: San Diego, California, back yard – Spring, 2020

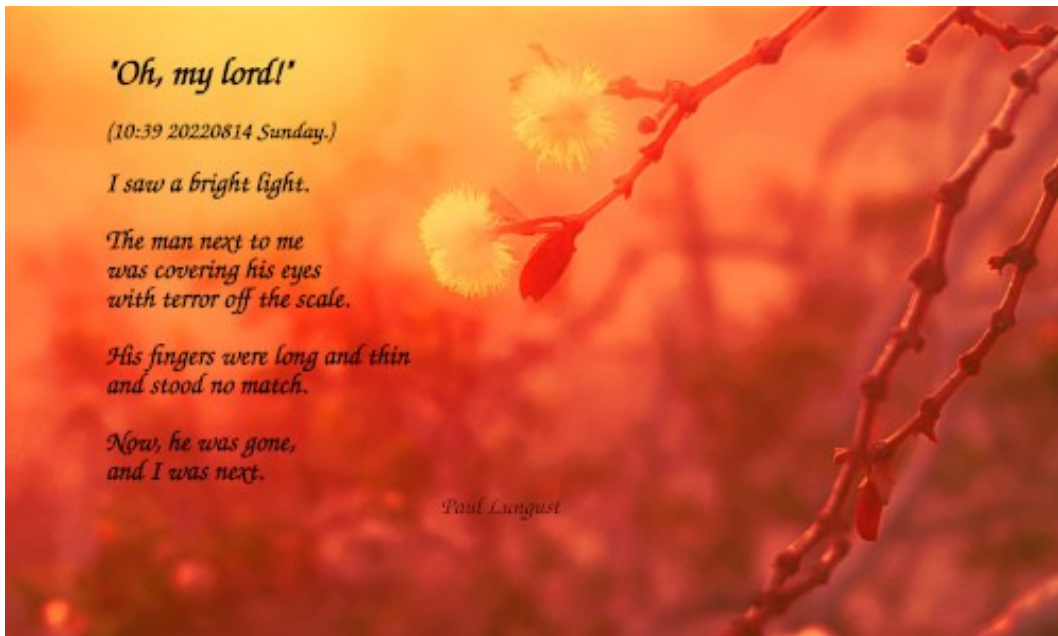
She was a very caring and tender spirit who just wanted to help others by telling her story.

A Vision of War

(10:39 20220814 Sunday.)

I saw a bright light.
The man next to me
was covering his eyes
with terror off the scale.
His fingers were long and thin
and stood no match.
Now he was gone,
and I was next.

~



Photograph: American Girl Mine – Yuma, Arizona – Winter, 2019 (Red hue was added.)

This was a still vision, permanently etched in the mind of the universe, and was filled with background, meaning, emotions, and judgment.

From the vision's perspective I saw a man, who had been standing nearby, be consumed by a large and fiery blast.

The time between when the explosion was ignited and when the force hit the man felt like seconds to me instead of milliseconds.

I believe this vision was floating around the universe and I picked it up. It is just another testament to the horrors that Earthlings bring upon themselves. Our fate is in the balance and we keep killing each other.

Angelette and Tommy



Photograph: Mineola, Texas – September, 2022

Hint: Tommy's face is just above the orange circle and his arm is outstretched toward the words on the left. Angelette's face is far right, center. She is touching her hair and gazing downward.

I took this picture because of the way the shadows of the trees created an interesting shape around the terracotta bird bath. Then, when I blurred the image to enhance the shape of the shadows, the two ghosts appeared. I did not hear their voices until later.

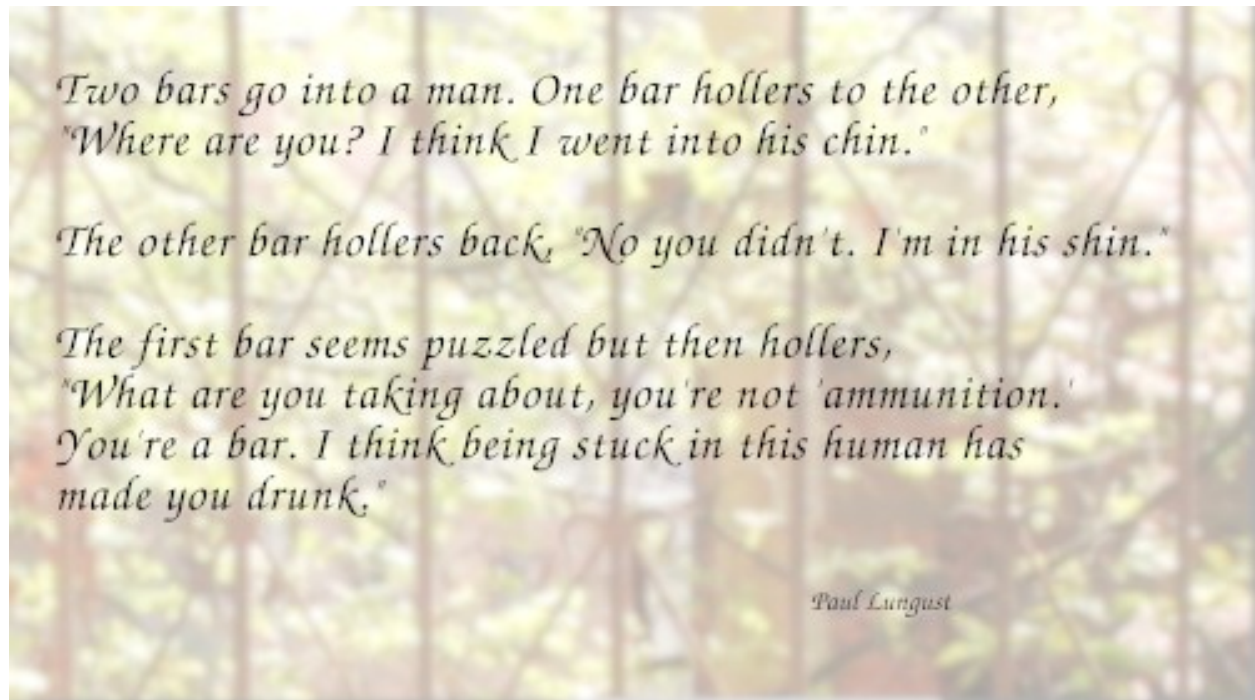
Original Photo



Just Another Bar Joke

Two bars go into a man. One bar hollers to the other,
“Where are you? I think I went into his chin.”
The other bar hollers back, “No you didn’t. I’m in his shin.”
The first bar seems puzzled but then hollers,
“What are you talking about, you’re not ‘ammunition.’
You’re a bar. I think being stuck in this human has
made you drunk.”

~



Photograph: from my bedroom window in Guiyang, China, Summer 2010

About the Author

In my early childhood and before my father's death our family went to church every Sunday. Church was a big part of our lives especially since my parents thought I would die soon.

I remember one Sunday on our way to church my father mentioned that he had heard someone say that God was dead. My father was driving and I was sitting behind my mother. We had just rolled up to a stop sign across the street from the church. I remember feeling suddenly angry and saying, "How can anyone lie about something as important as that?"

I am disgusted by dishonesty. Dishonesty defeats all efforts of progress.

In college I was trained in experimental psychology. I was taught to use statistics to test the empirical results of hypothesized theories. I was taught to put the real truth above my own beliefs, goals and desires.

Science without truth is not science. Without truth knowledge cannot build on itself.

In 1978, while working in the home office of an oil exploration company as an electronics technician on their computer-aided logging trucks, I was told by my supervisor to always face a new problem by assuming nothing. He told me to always face a new problem as if I were the first person to look at it.

That is because supposition cannot sustain development. And guesses, no matter how good they may sound, are only suppositions until substantiated from the perspectives of other brains. ~