Secrets to the Universe Volume 1





Secrets to the Universe

Volume I

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Volume I

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Wít

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Secrets to the Universe Volume I by Wít

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PREFACE

Haiku [hI-koo] is a traditional Japanese verse form of seventeen syllables, divided into units of five, seven, five syllables. The inspiration is drawn from careful observation of nature at a given moment.

Traditionally, Haiku presents a pair of contrasting images working together to invoke a mood or emotion allowing the reader to discover a powerful element of truth.

A Senryu [sen-rE-oo] is a verse form that also follows the same five, seven, five syllables, but instead of nature, it addresses the human condition.

The Haiku and Senryu poems in this book are not translations or imitations of Japanese Haiku. They are snapshots of my Universe at that infinite moment in time. I follow the syllable requirements, but in some of my Haiku, I do not follow the rule that the observer should not appear in the Haiku. In doing so, I acknowledge the fact that I am a part of the Universe I am observing. I have found that many of my readers can identify with this style. I believe this has led to the popularity my Haiku over the years.

The last chapter in this book titled, "And the Wind Whispers", contains observations I have made throughout my life. Although, not as poetic as the Haiku or Senryu they still offer a thought-provoking snapshot of my Universe.

Enjoy!

Have a Great Day, Wit

PREFACE

To read more of Wit's Secrets to the Universe online, go to

http://www.iwit.biz/Wits_Art/Secrets_to_the_Universe_ List.html

For Teachers see Wit's Haiku In School Project. Bringing The Benefits Of Haiku To Students at http://www.iwit.biz/Wits_Art/Wit's_Haiku_in_School_P roject.html

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

To my wife, Brenda, thank you for sharing life with me.

To my mother, Lotte, thank you for believing in me.

To my son, Robert, go for it. I believe in you. To my mother-in-law, Martha, thank you for showing me compassion and infinite patience. To my nephew, Aaron, thank you for the help and support.

To my friends, thank you for the conversations and infinite support.

To my readers, thank you for encouraging me to write.

To my enemies', thank you for showing me my strengths and what not to become.

Observing the Observer

Hello Reader,

It is 8am Wednesday morning. A mug of coffee is warming my hands. I see the steam rising from the hot drink to play in the newly harvested sunlight. I am standing on my front porch as the church bells begin to chime, hearing around them the birds singing, and I can smell the sweet scent of morning. I pause just long enough to soak the experience in, feeling from my allotment of senses every ounce of the moment at hand.

It is from here, from my "Wit Moment", that I wish to begin.

It is moments like these that I am most reminded of my good friend, Wit, a patient and attentive man, whose years as my friend have been the most creative I have ever experienced. I say this briefly to introduce you to the guide whose book you hold now in your hands.

Reader, this is Wit. Wit, this is your Reader.

Introductions aside, I should tell you some things about this man that may help you to understand the direction he is coming from and the journey that awaits you.

Wit was just another cog in "the machine" when I met him. There was nothing flashy or exceptional about our meeting, but as the weeks unfolded Wit proved to be an extraordinary observer. He was filled with a questioning and challenging nature that encouraged me to look directly at the world as it lay in front of me, to see

beyond *the life* and experience the reality of living, through what would become the cleverly coined, "Wit Moment".

Wit, like so many people you may know, felt bogged down by the simple ritual of existing. While sitting in a board meeting, surrounded by the stern faces of "Power Figures", Wit alone wore a smile. He sat with a pencil in hand and scribbled his first of many Haiku poems on the stationery before him. It was in this moment that Wit's spirit broke free.

And so began Wit's journey.

It wouldn't be long before he began to share the wonders that he had found. Loosely following the Haiku and Senryu styles of poetry, Wit crafted a new art form, a melding of these two classic forms into a shape without structure. This proved to many that Wit would no longer be held within the lines of conformity. His raison de etre became that of "epiphany", and Wit would blaze a new trail for those curious enough to follow.

I have spent the last eight years observing this Observer. I am truly one of his greatest champions. I do not say that to promote myself, rather I say it to promote you, dear Reader, into following his footsteps.

Wit's writings have produced a unique vision of life's surroundings. As you read, you will notice that Wit's ability to alter his expressions is seemingly limitless. As you follow his evolution across the emotional spectrum, you will feel a tangible authenticity and power in the moments he is trying to share.

"Secrets to the Universe" is not a modern psychological "Self-Help" guide, nor is it a "User's Manual". By definition, "Secrets to the Universe" is an expression of Wit's separation from the mindless day-to-day existence we all experience to the exploration of the quiet, concentrated moments that give life its truest meaning.

That is pretty heavy stuff when you first look at it, but I assure you, dear Reader, it is as light as a feather and more comforting than making love in front of a warm fire on a cold winter night.

Look at me, telling you that this book has something to live up to; however, I am confident in its ability to give as well as its power to teach. "Secrets to the Universe" is the light by which you will see the path.

I could carry on with allusions and allegories about journeys and contemplation, about boundaries and evolution, or about progress and thresholds. I am not going to do that. All of those moments must be found and experienced by you, noted, marked, and used as signposts during your own travels. Understanding.... well, that comes when the time is right for you, dear Reader.

Your expression is the key by which all doors are unlocked.

"Secrets to the Universe" is a journey through Wit's unlocked door, one that will help open the preciousness of your own surroundings and give you an understanding that there is more to life in a single moment of expression than there is in a lifetime of existence.

It is my wish that by this book's end you find yourself a hopeful explorer that you move beyond being just "Reader" and become a "traveler without form". Take a pencil and find the light within you to chase the shadows away, for in their place the Secrets to the Universe are revealed.

-m-

Editors note: Matthew Gilbert is known for "Reviews By Matthew" a multi-topical review column he began in 1997

One can read his refreshing reviews at ReviewsByMatthew.com



Bírds chatter and dance Synchronízíng their movements Wíth each changing gust.

How does one slow tíme? Lísten to every second.... For ínfíníty.

The trunk, límbs, branches An ínvísíble partner Trees dance wíth the wínd.

Leaf darts in the wind The cat ducks, readies to pounce Is that a bird?.....NO! Outsíde the storm híts Trees sway, leaves dart, tumble, fly Insíde, warm musíc.

Stormy day remínds We are only the tenants And not the landlords

The song of a bírd Drowned out by cars, mowers, kíds Spríng ín the suburbs.

Playful cat grabs toy Falls off the couch with a look..... I meant to do that. Yawn, head butt, and stare The cat's sílent questíon of... Any food for me?

A purr, rub, and bow The cat hínts at my warm lap "It's tíme to sleep now"

The cat cleans, pauses Staring at my unused hand... "Going to pet me"?

Half purr, half meow The cat darts into the room "Look at me".....Runs out! If I was a worm Would I know my ímportance? Would I even care?

How to stay youthful See the true world, as ít ís Wonder as a chíld.

To understand joy One must accept the truth that... Greed causes sorrow.

When one contemplates All aspects of nothingness Then nothing exists. A tree filled with red Swaying in the gentle breeze House finches resting.

Outsíde, bírds chatter Flutter, jump and feast on seeds Insíde, the cat stares.

Startled by the cat The praying mantis stands tall Readies for battle.

On the road líes trash Put there by someone care-less The one questíon...Why? Happiness and joy Wonders, play, discovery When I was a child.

Hard raín pounds the roof For an ínfíníte moment A síp of hot tea.

Everlastíng fruít Melon, lemon, then butter A fíne Chardonnay.

The hypnotíc raín A startlíng pop and híss Jealous fíre speaks. A whístlíng wínd Our land's ancestors speakíng What are they sayíng?

Angry bee scares some An angry swarm fríghtens all Strength ín uníty.

All síngíng at once Sparrows, blackbírds, and cowbírds A feast for my ears.

The vísítíng bírds Tell me of theír adventures In a hígh pítched song. Dog comes to tattle On the míschíevous cat who-Is stealíng hís treats.

The sleeping dog wags His tail with every mention Of his name. Nitro.

Wíth a pantíng smíle Nítro leaníng on my síde We're buddíes for lífe.

I antícípate To look at the world anew Wíth every poem. Wíth ears back, eyes fíxed Two cats assert domínance Over each other.

Wíth each step I walk Wíth every thought I create Exístence awes me.

Wíth a retched stench The tomcat claíms our front door Hís terrítory.

Bírds fíll the backyard And begín my weekend wíth A morníng chorus. Scrutinize all things written and all things said. Be wary of anyone who tells you otherwise.

There are many experts, but no masters.

When one keeps anger, it holds one to that time. One will carry it around like an anchor.

Do not ask or wish for what you are not willing to give.

A clear mínd ís ready for the opportunítíes that present themselves.

The great equalizer. The higher one soars, the harder others try to pull one down.

If one breath were all I had left, where would I take ít? Where would you?

The answer is there. No, it is not there. It was there all along. There is no absolute good or absolute bad. Remember, something had to die for you to fill your belly.

There is no absolute right. There are positives and negatives in every decision. Know all of these and be wise.

The Universe, Nature, God, creates sounds and gives them to all. Humans take these sounds to create music and gives it back to the Universe, Nature, God, becoming one with the Creator, one with creation. Being religious is different from being spiritual. Being religious is as if one looks at a picture of the Grand Canyon from time to time. Being spiritual is going there.

The one that listens shows his wisdom. The one that speaks exposes his ignorance.

Wísdom ís the correct use or non-use of knowledge.

The louder I shout, the more you will believe. And The Wind Whispers

There is no detente when it comes to fighting cancer. Either you defeat it, or it will defeat you.

Are we spending our days so diligently trying to avoid death that we forget to live?

In all beginnings, there is an end. In all ends, there is a beginning. An Alpha and Omega.

Careful, if you deny your disease of it's existence. It may deny you of yours. Some people feel proud of their power they have when they make things suffer.

How does one control a society? Eliminate what they need, then make them pay to replenish its replacement. If they are really foolish they will help in the elimination of it.

Hatred's only function is to destroy.

Hatred destroys morality.

There is no truth in belief. There is no belief in truth.

War is evil. It always has been and always will be. There is no such thing as a, "Just War", "Righteous War", "Holy War". War turns ALL who participate, proliferate, and tolerate it, into devils. None is immune. None is forgiven.

We are puníshed by what we don't know or understand. When one does what one enjoys, there is no such thing as a long day. Just a good night sleep.

The Universe is the way it is. It does not care that you think it should be any different.

For some it is easier to just believe then to search for the truth.

Wíth every actíon or ínactíon you make a contract wíth your destíny. Read the fíne prínt. I am a Natíve Amerícan. I was born to thís land. It ís my mother. No one can change thís. No one can take thís away. I wíll defend her from all who would harm her.

A leader that judges every movement as a success or failure cripples his/her team into inaction.

One is not guaranteed the next breath One can be scared of this fact or enjoy it each breath. Choosing to be ignorant is no excuse for not being responsible for the damage, you cause.

Be wary when the hatred for our enemies is more powerful than the love of our children.

Rítuals and ceremony remínd us to take an actíve part ín lífe.

When you follow your purpose you are perfect.

Everyday lífe ís a dance.

Superstítions are a rídículous excuse for ones faílures.

If this were the last day of the world, would you still wage war?

Even those who rape the Earth owe their prosperity to her.

Morning Ritual Say to the one in the mirror. Do Something Great Today! If we are the dominant species on this planet, then is it not our responsibility to take care of it.

> Understand ít as íf ít were our chíld.

> > Not act as if it was some beast of burden that can be disposed of when we are through.

Every moment has 1000 choices. Every choice has 1000 destinies. Every destiny is a life. There are 10,000 life times in 10 moments.

Wíth-ín one heartbeat, I can: Help or hurt Let líve or kíll Fantasíze or líve this moment Laugh or cry Move or be still Speak out or be sílent Comprehend or be confused Care or not care Accept or discriminate Desíre or abstaín Thínk or be thoughtless Belíeve or not Be wise or foolish Speak the truth or lie Create or destroy Explaín or condescend Forgíve, regret, forget, or sear Wísh or do Congratulate or envy Love, líke, hate or be indifferent Be angry, resentful, or fearful Gíve or take Be proactíve, reactíve or inactíve Overcome or be overcome Be assertíve, aggressíve, or cower Be conceíted or be humble Be ríght, wrong or both Be impartial or be righteous Be kínd or cruel Lead, coerce, threaten, or manipulate Admít or deny Allow or control Follow my path or deviate from it With-in my lifetime, there will be many heartbeats.

- 1. Write in three lines a verse form of seventeen syllables.
- 2. Divide the three lines into units of five, seven, five syllables.
- 3. Traditionally, a Haiku has a season word.
- 4. Observe the potential of each moment. Capturing the special essence of it.
- 5. Experience each moment through your five senses as if it were the first time ever.
- 6. Savor each moment as if it were your last.
- 7. Find the sublime.
- 8. For added dimension use juxtaposition
- 9. Notice the inherent of humor in nature.
- 10. A Senryu is a verse form that also follows the same form of five, seven, five syllables, but instead of nature, it addresses the human condition.
- 11. Carry a notebook or tape recorder and record your observations.
- 12. Enjoy the moment.

Enjoy every moment, Have a great life,

Wit



Order Form

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What is the meaning of life?

To answer to that is easy. Look it up in the dictionary and you will know. What is the reason for your life? Now that's a question to ponder. Why do you live? Is it just to exist, waiting for the handful of milestones such as your 16th, 18th, 21st, 30th birthdays, retirement, and then death? Are you going to work on Mondays chanting the mantra, "I can't wait until Friday? If this is true, consider this, you only have 52 Fridays a year that you can look forward to. Is that all there is to life? If you imagine you life as a book, could you say you are reading every word, or are you skimming though it, having to go back at times saying to yourself, "what did I just miss?" So why Haiku poetry? In reading and writing Haiku poetry one must stop and look at the infinite of each moment. By doing so, you can savor each moment and when you savor each moment, there is more to life then just Fridays.

"Written by a man who stands like a Viking. Speaks with the heart of a knight and views the world with the eyes of a Samurai. Secrets to the Universe is an amazing collection of moments expressed in the tradition of those warrior poets who again stand among us in the renaissance. That man is Wit."

Turn the page to find A universe unfolding and know the beauty within -George "Walks In Power" Cassell

"A delight to read. Wit's collection of haiku poetry is always touching and causes one to take a moment and think. Lenjoy sharing the feelings they bring with friends". -Carlos Reyes

"Wit makes one realize your own past, present and future experiences. It causes the rebirth of these experiences long forgotten or those to come. I will read it over and over".

- Stephen J. Lynch, D.C.

"Wits Secrets to the Universe is a compendium of meditations, a manual for those of us who seek to look past what our world shows us, and who look inside to not so much to see what we are, but what we can attain. A must read for all." - S.M. Pelland

"Wirk's insight and intellect has led him on an incredible journey of curiosity, introspection and exploration. The incredible universe has always intrigued him. This book is a culmination to date of Wit's ongoing journey" – Ion Anderson

In this book you will discover:

A rich and fascinating new Universe that has been in front of you all along. The value of the smallest speck of time. The importance of your five senses. This manual of life has shown thousands a glimpse of what is out there. What are you waiting for?

Join Wit as he entices us all to open our eyes and ears to the "here an now" with remarkable insight from the Universe we have before us.

