

Parables and Myths

Welcome to Climbing Sun's *Parables & Myths*, a collection of verse and poetic prose pieces traversing Sun's extraordinary rendering of existence. You might want to prepare yourself before entering:

If you suffer with an insatiable lust that demands touching and feeling and responding to life, then get ready to drink the depths of sensual passion: "let us love like thunderstorms in a cage..." (*one flesh*).

If you're a nature-person, a devotee of our Mother Earth — in particular, one who worships water in its myriad guises and disguises — get ready for your soul to shatter as you tango with Sun's imagery, "lotuses often dream / about the rich indigo tint given off / by zealous muscles shuddering...in the summer surf" (*lotus inc*).

If you happen to have the soul of an architect/engineer, be prepared to have your unconscious urges exposed. The drive to create, to appreciate, to express passion, to touch, to give back more than you have taken: "an architect adept / enchanted to his flash point / by ideas of spheres and helixes and jagged spires..." (*the empty field theory*).

If you're an incurable mystic, delve into the depths of exploration through the intercourse of words with the essential power of creation, finding that "your very existence is the only gift in the pinata..." (*remember the question*).

If you are a rebel filled with righteous anger, you will find fuel to inspire your dreaming to the level of an uncompromising visionary troubadour: "...how easy peace can be especially in that instant / while the bullet they've marked for you still belongs to the sky" (*peace is almost too easy*).

And then there is the deep humor as if the gods themselves applaud this human drama, and the stomach-punching one-liners that will leave you reeling and exposed.

But the depth in Sun's offerings doesn't stop there. In fact, it only begins...

If you've dreamed of creating Universes, know you will enter a playing field from deep-space macro to the most organic earthy atomic level, breathing "across a tongue rich with symbols / through lips blistered with the spirits of orbit" (*the empty field theory*).

Oh yes, a Universe awaits within these pages...

And by way of a warning:

If you're satisfied to rest in your easy chair and be blithely entertained, prepare yourself to be

rocket launched into restiveness. Climbing Sun's revelations are a dauntless, driven, relentless pursuit of wonderment. They demand action.

If you have become jaded or afraid of your own magic, prepare yourself for rebirth of childlike wonderment, tenderness, an extraordinary reverence to the mystery of the darkness and the light – indeed, a celebration of the darkness *in* the light.

Don't be afraid to get your hands dirty... don't be afraid to feel, even to cry with these uncompromising expressions of love for our home, our Mother. "When we cry—whether in joy or in anguish – we dissolve into harmony with our essence." (*one tear*)

As with all great poetry, the messages in these pieces reveal their gifts slowly on multiple dimensions upon repeated engagements. To get started, open this book anywhere... knowing there is no way to be fully prepared...