

SkySongs: Reflections from the Stratosphere

My Friends,

I am writing to you from an aircraft at 31,000 feet. The air is calm as we jet southward to the Gulf of Mexico. Off my right shoulder the sun blazes into the western horizon. The color of orb and Sky is a blue-grey-gold; an odd color for all but the Sky. If all living things were not to exist, I must say that even still would this color and setting suggest vitality and contain the peace and Grace that it does.

Below me now is a wide river, with its finger tributaries. It stands in silence from up here, though I know that along its banks it sings the unique sounds of a waterway. You see, from the stratosphere the earth takes on a tiny curvature, it loses its individual mysteries and acquires a Wonder all its own--the wonder of unity. It can only be seen as a unit. There are no men fighting war from here; yet men fight wars. There are no romantics, musicians, or painters; yet verse, song, and image flow from Humankind.

From here the mind can acquire perspectives that illuminate the heart. From here reality can be seen in a more whole manner and one can begin to pierce into more significant realities--Humankind. "What is important is invisible to the eye," Antoine de Saint Exupéry wrote. What is invisible to the eye is felt in the heart--and there resides life. . . .

We often think ourselves defined by what we do; Yet I am not a bureaucrat, a student, a man. In Essence I Am, and We Are, Light. The Light that shines in my face now is pale compared to the flame that dwells in People. When this Inner Light shines we are indeed at our greatest. We Transcend from Human Race to HumanKind.

From this Sky Perspective I have felt the strength and simplicity of the Earth and its Sky-caretaker. We, as a species, must gain *Our Perspective* and learn to live, indeed to cherish life in all things.

*My Friend, I am descending
Again to earth.
Let me greet it with open arms
And kiss it tenderly--
For it is my home.*

W. C. Schulz, 1982

Reason

Reason, Master of Ages
Folds on the Brain
Like the Blocks of a City upon the Land.

Mind of Life, Intuition, Flees at Poured Concrete.
Lost is the Rolling Hill, the Flow of Brooks.

The Dream Dies.

Ordered Thought, Precision, Symmetry: Reason,
Father of the City,

Let Go!

Journey into Freedom--motions of Sky.

Seek for the Sky

The Concrete Maze Stretches for Miles;
Blocks upon Blocks of Humankind Huddle--
in Cubes.

Deadbolt, Bar, and Chain
Speak of Human Habitation--
in Mass.

Sorry Sky, Chilled Grey, Birdless:
Gasps for Life--
in Time.

Plastic Flower, Circle Lake, Fenced Forest:
Pretend Openness--
in the Center.

The Song, Drowned by Horns, Sirens, Screams. . . .
Is Lost . . .
In the Venues of the City.

Seek for the Sky!

Veil *

A Pale Haze Extends to All Corners:

Pristine Above -- in the Cirrus,
Pallor Below -- in the Circus.

The Tempest Awaits Offshore:

Mother Earth's Veil Conceals its Terror--
Its Cleansing Wash.

The Ants Beneath Continue to Soot the Sky:

The Veil Darkens and Chokes the Sun.

The Sky Trembles:

*its Cycles of Harmony Broken
in the Ashes of Mankind.*

Dolores, Song of the Sky

--man's Requiem.

*8/17/91 (Not narrated)

Wings

Wings, Dreams, Are Thoroughfares to Freedom.

Their Beauty Is Not to Be Found with the Eye Nor
Calculator; but in the Soul.

It Is Ideas That They Offer.

To See Existence
in a New and Sincere Way.

The Wings of an Aircraft Have a Technical Flair and
Grace of Form; Yet, like Total Reason and Efficiency,
They Are Not Where the Secrets of Flight Are to Be Found.

It Is the Flow of Air,

of Streams of Desire and Care

That Lead to the Heights.

Inner Sky

The Sky Sings of Freedom.

It Flows into the Terrains of All Lands.
Never the Same. Always.

It Is the Bringer of Life to Earth.

The Circulator of Water and Wind,
The Bringer of Sweet Winds.

The Sky Is Never Still; it Knows Not

Of the Many Inert Beliefs of Ground.

But Knows of Bitter Frosts upon the Northern Lands;

Of Dry Desert Gusts and of the
Different Wines That Are its Airs.

It Witnesses Men That Stare Deeply into it

To Discover Themselves---

to See as Eagles.

The Sky, as Mirror of the Universe, God,

Knows Of Love.

Look Deeply into its Ever Changing Face
And Seek Keys to Your Freedom.

And Know That the Sky Too Is a Reflection of Your

Inner Sky-self.

This Inner Sky Is the Source of Your Being.

It Is Outwardly Visible in the Sky You See, in the

Wind, Sand, and Stars:

in Each Human.

Creation of You and All.

Brilliance*

Clouds Rocket Skyward and Block the Sun;
Yet the Sun Need Not Quarrel with the Offenders.

Its Light Shines Always to Those Who See Beyond the
Reflection of Light.

Men Need Not Quarrel with Each Other.
Each Has His Own Light.

To Quarrel is to Change this Light from the Sun's
Brilliance ---
to a Small Candle's Flicker.
* (not narrated)

Overman

As We Fly Through the Clouds,
Rough Clouds;

Or Avoid the Turmoil,
I Think
That They Contain
the Overman.

Mighty Storm of Creation,
Taking the Resources of Life--
Wind, Water, and Fire,
and Boldly Splashing Them
Into the Fury:

The Wonder and Beauty of Sky Songs.

Wind, Water, Fire--rainbows.

Creation from Existence.
The Path of the Overman---

The Lesson of the Stormy Sky.

The Universe Laughs

The Patterns of Earth and Cloud Form the Silence of Being:
The Blue-black Mist Settles On the Mass
And it is Calmed.

A Teared Drop of Rain Falls from Above,
the Mass is Gone.
Left in the Phoenix
Of the Rising
Consciousness.
The Sun and Sky: Laugh.

The Consciousness is We.
There is No man That is Not of Man --
like the Clouds with No Sky.

The Mass is Man, the Cloud the Sky.
Take One from the Other and Both Perish.

The Superman is Here ---
Where Cloud Meets Man
and the Universe Laughs.

Bursting Through*

Bursting Through the Sky's veneer--it Arches upward!!

Seeking to Release its Captive Moisture
Onto The--fields Below.

Currents of Air Broil in Whiteness--
it Appears like a Mass of Soft Cotton.

Yet is Fire Within.
As it Soon Strikes . . .

And Breathes Life into Earth . . .Gaia's Balance.

*8/16/94 (not narrated)

Rain

Inner Sky, All the Universe,
Bears Great Gifts
Of Life.

Simplicity Is One Such Gift.

The Wind Blows and the Grasses Bend.
There Is No Resistance or Question.

The Rain Falls, Flowers Blossom
Fruit.

The Rain of Being is Your Life.

Enjoy Rain, Feel It,
Shower for Your Soul:

Sustenance to Humankind.

Prism*

An Emerald Mist, Touched by the Sun,
Softens the Chilled Air.

Lightness and Color...Merge into a Prism of Beauty.

The Light of Seeing...
The Color of Living...

The Prism of Knowing.

Neither Light Nor Mist Apart from the Essence;
Fleeting, Elusive.
Life's Charm.

Illumination.
Life's Gift.

*8/10/92 (no narration)

Sky Encounters Earth

Simplicity Is Harmony of Mind and Spirit.

This Harmony Can Be Seen:
Look Where the
Sky Encounters Earth.
See Life from Sky-screen:

The Rivers Flow from Mountains to Sea, Bringing Fertile
Soils to Their Banks.

Look at the Land That Stands Solid and Green.

It Is Central and Supports Being.

Its Harmony Is Existence with Sky and Water.
Together They Are Life for Earth.

White Feathers*

Azure Mist on Powder White Feathers,
Conceals Black Heavens.

Grey Cotton Hovers Below,
Blanket of Winter.

Chilling Air, Wind from Atop,
Brushes Her Face and Paints
Scarlet.

Wonderful Scarlet---warm Embrace of Life---

Breath Love.

Sand, Steel, and Brass

$$t' = \frac{t - v/c^2 X}{1 - v^2/c^2}$$

Or:

A Clock Ticks Through the 12 O'clock Hour,
Pouring its Soul, Time,
Into Our Minds and Hearts.

We Feel the Passing of Years,
In Many a Way.
At Once it Seems That They Are Both Seconds
and Centuries.

The Clock Presses Forward: Sand, Steel, and Brass.
Except for Time
It Is Always This:
Sand, Steel, and Brass.

But What Are We; Timeless Beings, Flesh, or Soul?

We Think Time Passes, but We Are Always Born--
at Once with the Moment.
At Once with Each Other. . . .

And We Forgot to Wind the Clock Up.
To Follow the Years.
It Stands Idle.
Its Soul Still.

And We See Ourselves as We Appear
Forever Young and Old.

Two Suns

Two Suns Shine,

Cloud Reveals the One,

Mind, the Other --- in Reality.

Whisk through the Cloud. . . .

And a Sun Is Gone.

Which One?

Each Sun

The Sun Bleeds a Fiery Red Each Eve as it
Passes from Life.

It Hears the Change and Seeks to Understand,
Through Restful Gazing at the Heavens Above: Twinkle.

The Passing of a Sunset Is the Sky's Lesson
To Humankind.

Accept Change and Flow,
as Bounty of the Universe. . . .

Across Time, at the Instant,
Each Morning the Sun Awakens and Experiences
the Joy of Re-birth.

As it Lifts into the Sky, Each Sun Dazzles and
Tells All of the Glorious Event Called
Birth and Death.

The Sunrise and Sunset, Each Is the Same.
We Return Always to the One We Love ---
Life and Death---all Become Light.

A Rose . . .

Night Prevails, and it is Dark. Where is the
Light Between the Suns?

Fear Not Darkness. Listen to Light;
for it Can Be Heard.

Our Vision is Diminished So Hearing
Might Be Heightened. Listen . . .

The Wind and Stars Whisper and Guide the
Wandering Spirit.

Quartz Beacons of Eternity.

Each Light, a Love.

A Rose

First Step

One must Always Take the First Step for Life:

Unmask Your Love,

It is Freedom---

Love is the Light by Which All are Attracted,
Because it is

Home.

*Furtive Light **

The Moon Rose atop a Wind-blown Stretch of Sand,

The White-ness in Grains Reflecting the Furtive Light.
Into the Eyes of Them.

Stars, Far Beyond, Called Forth by the Night,
Gave Way to the New Radiance . . . The Nearness.

And the Heat-driven Winds Scattered the Moisture of Their
Eyes Amongst the Sea-oats, and Mixed Scents of
Salt, Sand, and Sweat.

The Rising Moon Lingers near the Zenith,
Portent of Now.

A Loud Cry from Seagulls High Above.
A Loud Cry from Them Below . . .
Nature's Force.

In the East, a New Ray of Red-green Dawn . . .

Never Before, Never Exactly Again. . . . Purity of
Nature and Time . . .
The Gift of Life.

The Renewing Day, Shadows Appear in the Sands,
and They are Gone. . . . Back to the Concrete Civil Life.

Apart from the Sky, Sea, and Earth . . .

Yet Not Quite Forgotten.

Not Quite Forever.

Crystalline Drop

It was May. The May of Sun and Dry;
of Thirst in the Land.

Pleasant Days Passed,
unnoticed for Their Likeness.

Dim Recollections of One Another.

While the Verdant Spring Lay Dormant.
Growth Without Care, Celadon.

And the Missing Element Remained Locked in
Azure Skies. Tear-like Clouds.
Wisps of Wishes.

Beauty Is in Knowing Life;
Of Feeling the Empty Sky
While Dreaming the Full . . .

Water.

The Element of Life,
Harvest of All Loving Skies.

Falls Where it Will, and
Kisses the Earth with
Vibrant Living.

And like

A Crystalline Drop of Water,
Whose Clearness and Refreshment
Whet the Soil and Foliage,

You Fall into Life. My Life.

In Falling, at a Time of Thirst,
You Become Radiant, a Beauty to Live.

And like

The Green Earth
I Give Support and Rejoice in
Your Being.

Whisper Fair Wind!

Whisper Fair Wind!

In Open Plains--among Unsullied Stallions

Apart from Vertical Landscapes.

Restless Pillar of Life,

Search for Open Hearts,

Finding Freedom in Light, Shape and Truth.

Fluid Motion, Transcendence Through Form,

Touch the Face of Men,

Painting Eyes.

Storm,

Fury,

Cool.

Smile,

Laugh,

Warm.

Telesma, Mirari.

Complete Wonder.

Embers

Outside it Snows a White Blanket,
Softening the Ridge of Street and Grass.
It Blends into One--harmony of Winter.

Inside, a Fire Glows:
its Embers Red and Dying in the Night.
Now Untended by Man--who Slumbers.

A Man Sleeps as the Snow Falls, Dreams of Red Embers.
He Seeks Harmony--smile of a Friend,
Touch of a Lover.

Harmony: Uniting of Souls, Love, and Care . . .
Does Not Exist Alone.

And the Man Sees the Snow Fall on the Embers.
Yet They Glow Still. The Gentle Flakes
Wisp into the Fire and Sparkle Clear--
Vanishing into the Sky
No Lower Apart from It.
One with All . . .
With You.

The Morning Sun Lights the Man's Face--a Smile.
A Smile for His Reflection . . .

Love Is the Flame, as We Are the Snow--

We Fall into the Embers, Aware of One,
and Rise Together -
Whole.

Expectation

A Mind Wanders, and Falls into Something.

Details, Details, Worry.

Something . . .

Something Is Bound with Expectation

Pride
Rope.

Release, Seek Nothing, No Thing,

All--
Sky
Song.

Nothing with All, Free from Full Mind.
Free to Seek,
Life, Love.

Winds Aloft

Travel Through Being,

As Winds Aloft.

Towards No End but Discovery;

Experience the Voyage,

the Journey Itself.

Quicken!

*Become Flight**

Wander among the Blue Skies of Life . . .

Feel the Freedom and Vastness of Love.

As Teardrops Hurry past Your Way.

A Burst of Moonlight

In the midst of Blue-grey Angle-hair Clouds.

Feel the Rising Joy.

Soar above All That Is Cold and Dreary.

Become the Flight and Feel as the Universe.

Be in Flight Always--with Trails of Icy Feathers

And the Sparkling Blue Beneath You.

And Toil Not of Consequence, for All Is Provided for

Your Flight . . . All That Is Essential Is Here:

People.

Love People.

* (not narrated)



SkySongs Poems

All poems written by William C. Schulz III from 1979 to 1995, the majority while aboard an airliner somewhere around 30,000 feet.

Poems narrated on the DVD by the author and recorded by Michael Sunter at Lawnchair Productions, Guilford, CT., USA, March 2006

SkySongs: Music & Video

All music composed by John Rich and copyrights for use in this work by permission from John Rich Music.

Music from John's previously released CD's is available at www.cdbaby.com

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