

A Contemporary Tale of Enlightenment, The Continuing Saga

By Michael Otto Gutchess



The story of 10:10

Begins at 5:05

I'm at the Parthenon Museum

In Athens Greece

It's late October of 2009

I'm at a wood convention

Enjoying some free time

In the late afternoon

The Spirit leads me

From statue to statue
From one floor to the next
My notes are deficient
I recall only one event
And remember it clearly
The sun was setting
The golden rays of the brilliant orb
Streamed across the city of Athens
Casting my shadow against the base
Of a gigantic flower
I check the time; it's 5:05 PM
This flower is colossal; it's complex
The prettiest piece in the whole museum
I take note of its description—
“The Floral Acroterion...”
The Greek word *akros* – “extreme or endmost”
Means that this is the end of my visit
I've seen what I came for...
It's a clue, part of a puzzle
That must be solved
I can't imagine not taking a picture
Of my shadow against that beautiful beanstalk
Some of my photos disappear

I don't know why

Here's one from the Internet—



Of course I'd seen 5:05 before...

I'd seen it on a giant clock

And on my watch or phone

When unusual coincidences occurred

Temporally, 5:05 was code for Barbara

Before she revealed her name

The flower was her symbol

And five her number

It was a great honor
When the Spirit gave a name to me
My name is Ur
It was first revealed
During a mystical development
That led to a license plate
The plate read— AL 54 UR
All 5 for you are
Or—
All five for UR
I hope it's not



It was for me!
I had no clue
About the meaning of UR
Until that very evening

I read an article about physics

In the NYT Magazine

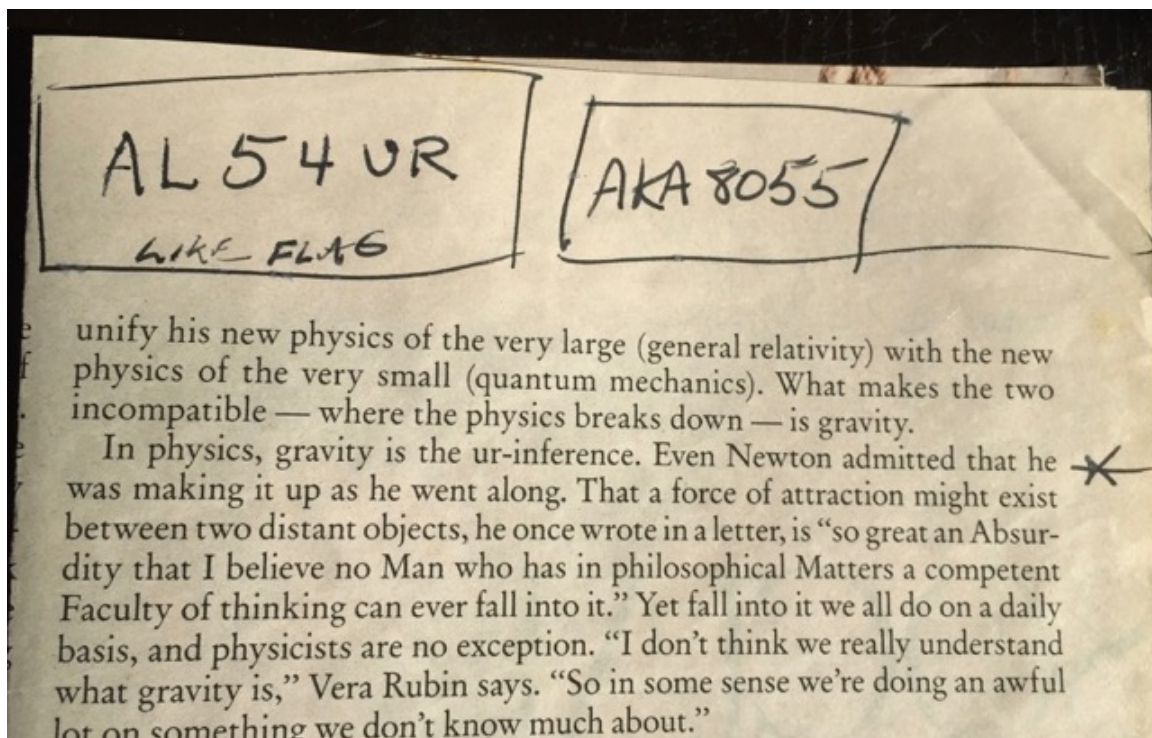
Where I discovered

That ur was an *inference*

For gravity...

Perhaps I should mention at this time

Gravity is my favorite subject



At some point one must wonder

Can a humble and dedicated seeker

Discover both Grails?

The Sacred one of medieval mythology

And the *holy grail* of physics?

As incongruous or preposterous

As this might sound

It would appear

That Christ found in me

A reasonable solution

I won't bore the reader

With undue hardship

But to say

That I have pondered gravity

And the nature of force and energy

To improbable profundity

And what I came up with

Is quite logical

As logic derives from Logos¹

But let's return to poetry

To Art and joyful romance

Let's go back to the shield

That appeared as a chastity belt

On the Mermaid from Orvieto



The shield depicts a star and a planet

In taunting simplicity

An inference to gravity cannot be

More eloquently stated

But more is here

Than meets the eye

This shield is yin and yang

Light and dark, night and day

The star represents energy

From nuclear fusion—

An abundance of light

Streams through the cosmos

The round, dark planet, and the star

Obtain their graceful shape
Thanks to the force of gravity
Even without Life
Nature is perfect
But add water to the planet
Perhaps by captured comets
Add the color of the Mermaid's skin
Some scales with her magical DNA
Suddenly, conditions are suitable for life!
Amongst the early forms that stir
In the primordial soup
The first beings to share human features
Are the multitudinous fish
Whose fins will become legs and arms
Whose eyes and mouths resemble our own
Whose beauty, color and variety
Attest to the magic of nature
These fish are our ancestral kin
They represent the first likeness of man
In the animal Kingdom
Enter Homo sapiens
Enter Jesus
Who tells the parable of the big fish—

"The Man is like a wise fisherman

Who cast his net into the sea

He drew it up, full of little fish

Among them he discovered

One fine big fish

He threw all the little fish

Back into the sea

And without hesitation

He kept the big fish

Whoever has ears

Let him hear!"²

A fine big fish

Hangs over a transom

Of my Florida cottage

It's a Kingfish

Gracefully mounted

With gaping mouth and lustrous glow



How this fish came into my possession

Is a good story

I was returning from a road-trip north

And stopped at an antique store

To break up the drive

In front of the store

Was a wonderful tin man

It was as if he was there to greet

Those who entered the magical abode



The Tin Man is precious
Because he seeks a heart
This one strikes a deeper chord
Because of the flag print pinwheel
Atop his overturned funnel
And thanks again
To his slightly bashed in nose



I too have a broken nose

Slightly displaced from the blow of a bat

Many years ago on a baseball field

As I enter the store

I notice a trinity of fish

With gaping mouths

Whose colors match the Tin Man



The cavernous mouths at once remind me
Of the story of Jonah and the whale
And a verse from the Gospel of Thomas—
*“Whoever drinks from my mouth
Will become like me;
I myself shall become that person
And the mysteries will be revealed to him”*³

I don’t remember at what point
I noted the giant kingfish
Whose silver skin matched the mystical theme
But when I did, I knew that I would buy it

Because it memorialized

An important moment of family history



When three generations witnessed Nonno Foscolo

Hauling from the depths

A fine big fish...

Back in the antique store

The Spirit led me from image to image

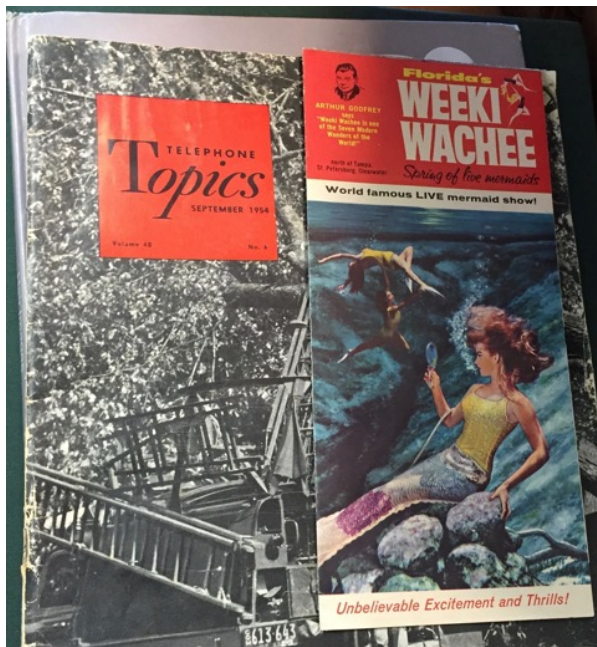
Stopping at a silver-gray painting

Of a child catching raindrops

With an outstretched tongue



This is how we start
To drink from the Spirit
Like a child, with great innocence
Next the Spirit moved me
To a pamphlet about mermaids
Lying atop a silver-gray book



And finally, there she was

The Divine Feminine

Expressed as a Trinity of figurines



Each of the objects

Embody special meaning

The Virgin Mary, above all

Requires no introduction

Delightfully domestic “Big Mamma”

Reveals a silver glow

Beneath her welcoming smile

The art deco maiden

Like the tin man, and myself

Has a messed up nose

I leave the store

Purchasing the Kingfish

And the Deco figurine

Which required further study



She caresses a giant flower stalk

That recalls the Parthenon at 5:05

Her pelvis is hidden from sight

Overlapped by lily pads

That resemble mermaid scales

There's a place on the beach

Close to the fishing pier

Where I regularly practice Qigong

I settled upon this place
Because it's not easily observed
From our own beach access
Thus my wife and neighbors
Aren't so regularly scandalized
By my eccentric behavior
I'm not an exhibitionist
Or a show off
I'm just doing what comes natural
To the practitioner of Qi



The sand is forgiving

The perfect playground

For strengthening feet and body

Most people

Pay no attention to me

While I do things

Normal people can't

I call this

Spreading the light

For Jesus said—

"... No one lights a lamp

And puts it under a basket..

Rather, one puts it on a lamp stand

So that all who come and go

*Will see its light"*⁴

This place, where I do my thing



Is often crowded with people
But occasionally it's empty
Like before a threatening storm
It was on such an occasion
That I discovered a message
Written neatly in the sand
Precisely over my territory
It read— *Costa Rica*
The statement was large
Perhaps twenty feet across
Beyond the apparent meaning
There's a message from the Spirit
It says— this place is blessed; it is rich

But there are also deeper levels of meaning

For example, costa, in Italian, means rib

The rib is associated with Eve, the first woman

Analyzed yet deeper one sees

Costar Ica – the costar is “Ica”

Ica, from ichthys, Greek for fish

Costar Ica, the ladyfish—

The name thus suggests

Mermaid Coast

Often the Spirit leads me

To a specific place or message

It may be far or near

Once, after a stop at Starbucks

The Spirit led me to a storefront

That spoke strongly of my personal quest



Outside the showroom

Stood mother and child giraffes

Inside, two gigantic grail-like urns

Dominate the space

One can't but notice, the Ur in urn

The Spirit acknowledges my heavenly name

Closer to the window

A representation of the Last Supper



Suggests the theme of the Holy Grail

While just before me

A silver Pieta shouts my earthly name

Michael!



Lastly...

One cannot really say lastly

Because the images and symbols

All project deeper meaning

But who's that on the desktop to the right?



Is it King Arthur slaying the dragon?

Or is it Michael slaying the anti-Christ?

Either way, it fits the Grail narrative

And was placed there for me

Between urn like lamps

With spiral tendrils

Like those of the giant flower

Observed at the Parthenon

At Five O Five

Other times the message is simpler

Once upon a quest in Italy
The Spirit led me on a long march
It stopped abruptly
In front of a private *palestra*, or gym
A huge sign above the entrance
Read simply

CORPUS

In large, glowing white letters
Corpus, Latin for body
Inspires its members
To work on their physiques
To the (American) grail seeker it invites reflection
Of another word associated with Corpus

CORPUS CHRISTI

To the Thomas Christian it brings to mind

Jesus said—

“Whoever has come to know the world

Has discovered the body

And whoever has discovered the body

For that one, the world is not ready”⁵

Back to the beach

I’m taking a walk

It's summer and I'm wearing board shorts
Suddenly, I feel the tug of the Qi
It leads me into the water
This has happened only once before
It felt like a baptism
I encountered dolphins and manatees
In close proximity
This time the water is rougher
There are small waves
And no animals in sight
It walks me deeper
Until I'm submerged to the shoulders
And light on my feet
It turns me around
And marches towards shore
When I reach the sand bar
And my chest breaks from the surface
A piece of plastic flotsam
Is plastered against my sternum
I see a mermaid in sky blue print
Against the transparent plastic bag
It's a bait bag, blown or littered from the pier
I cherished and saved this precious memento

Until it was accidentally tossed

Fortunately, the bait truck showed up

A few days later

And I was able to snap a photo

Of the Baitmasters' Logo—



Just who are these Masters anyway?

I have some insight into that

Thanks to another mystical experience...

Which took place at the mall

A wonderful place for mysticism

I usually don't like to be bothered

But I had begun to realize

Whenever someone interacts with me
It's always for a reason
It fits the mystical development
A striking brunette
With heels and a black dress
Steps towards me smiling
She holds a blue atomizer
Poised to spray
With a push of her graceful finger
Does your wife like facials, she asks
With a mysterious accent
I don't think so... I reply
Stonewalling
How about you? She continues
I see that you shave
We have the greatest aftershave balm
She grabs a blue ampoule from a nearby cart
Presenting it with a graceful gesture
Want to try it?
She grabs my hand
Twisting my wrist upward
And sprays a mist against my pulse
She rubs it gently with her sensuous fingers

Where are you from, I ask quietly

Russia, she replies

I'm here to study

And try to make some money

What's your name, I ask

Daria, she replies

It's my wife's name

At that moment my cell phone rings

My wife's photo and name

Appear on the screen

I turn it towards the stranger

It's my wife, I said, She's Daria too!

No, really! She exclaimed skeptically

What's going on? My wife asks

I'm at the mall, I reply, is it urgent?

Call me back when you can, she says

Hanging up, irritably

The phone fades to darkness

Daria really! Where's she from?

Asked the dark beauty

Italy, I reply, Milano...

But she's blond! the young lady protested

I thought Russians were blond too

I said curiously

I'm Jewish, she answered quickly

Suddenly, things start making sense

She's selling cosmetics

For a Jewish company

Dead Sea Cosmetics

Or something

I buy the shaving balm

Shake her lovely hand

And bid farewell

Who is this entity that presents such mystery?

How does it function?

How can it dedicate its focus on me

And keep track of everything else too?

This beautiful Russian girl

Who shares my wife's *rare* name

Dressed in black, cloaked in mystery

Is she a manifestation of Barbara?

I walk through the mall

Until the Qi leads me to a closed door



The concept of the closed white door
Has surfaced before
It represents the hidden world, mystery
And yet written on the door is “RISER 8”
Eight is *my* number
And my favorite hour of waking
Neither early nor late
I wait attentively
If it wants me to enter the room
It will lead me to the door
Instead
It leads me to a window with this message—



Come grow with us?

I stare blankly at the sign, wondering

Until the Spirit leads me to a bookstore

And directly to this display



Leonardo's playful giovanotto

Points upward beyond his name

To a tome entitled—

The Great Masters

Here then is a clue from the Spirit

The masters are more than one

Who are these mysterious *masters*

Who invite others to grow with them?

Jesus alludes to them

In the Gospel of Thomas

He said—

"I shall choose you

One from a thousand

And two from ten thousand

*And they will stand as a single one"*⁶

They are those

Who have become like children

And have fused the two into one

Who have known *the bridal chamber*

They are the big sheep, or the big fish

Of Jesus' parables

It was nonetheless confounding

The day I walked past the pier and noted
A group of corpulent sunbathers
Spread across the *Costa Rica*
Their rotund, inflated bodies
Generously exposed to the sun
What is the meaning of this!
There's always a message, always
I walk past the event thinking
Sometimes less is more
Simplify, be reductionist
These are simply big people
They've been placed here
By the Holy Spirit
To deliver a message
The message is—
The place of working with the Spirit
The place of shining God's Light
Is the place of *big people*
Who are the big people?
Beyond the Great Messiah and the prophets
We can consider Lao Tzu and Siddhartha,
Perhaps St. Francis and Joan of Arc
Einstein?

Einstein was the catalyst

Of the *religion of science*

He would not like

What science has become today—

The belief system of atheists

On my next trip to Italy

I visit my friend in Orvieto

Walking through the city's narrow streets

We pass the showcase of his friend

The ceramic artist, Paolo Velluti

Above his traditional work

Is an array of *big women*

Like those observed on the beach



But who's that on the shelf below?

Beside the king and queen

It's Otto, the octopus

Surrounded by eight fine fish

With fantastic fins



At Velluti's shop

The motif of the mermaid continues

Presenting arcane themes

From sacred lore

A vase depicts the mermaid

Grasping her tail fin



Fin, Latin for *end*

Is cause for reflection

The Gospel of Thomas, verse 18:

The disciples said to Jesus

“Tell us about the end

Jesus said—

“Have you already found the beginning then

That you seek the end?

For where the beginning is

The end will be...”⁷

The Mermaid grasps the end

Because she knows the beginning

As of this moment

I interrupt the story
To recount an extraordinary event
That happened recently
Yet ties together nicely
Narratives of past and present
I've just burnt my nose, badly
I wonder what I've done to deserve
Such a harsh and painful lesson
Is it fate? Is it destiny?
Is it a calamity of my own making?
Or is it a message from the Divine?
I was cooking a large fish on the grill
Sizzling atop a piece of tin foil
I thought that I should flip it
Yet it was too large for the spatula
I put another layer of foil over the fish
Grabbed both ends
Heaved the mass into the air
And initiated a roll
For one who prides himself
In knowledge of nature
I failed to foresee the consequence
Of such actions set into motion

Centrifugal force sent a mixture
Of steam, oil and eau of fish
Spattering against my face
I ran quickly to the sink
And flushed my eyes profusely
Lamenting my stupidity⁸
After a lengthy dousing of water
And great relief that I could still see
I found a mirror to inspect the damage
My eyes were red and puffy
My nose had suffered the worst
A large blister had burst
Exposing tender flesh beneath...
Shortly scabs formed and healing began



I pondered earnestly
Over the how and why of it all
Perhaps I had not given
Sufficient respect to the fish
Was flipping the fish like flipping a bird
To the powers most high?
I hadn't given thanks for the fish
Before placing it on the fire
Nor enough thought about
The complex task of turning it
One might say I had a flippant attitude
Towards a serious matter
I uttered a prayer, seeking forgiveness
Yet unable to shake the striking coincidence
That I'm writing a story
About a fish with silver skin
About a Tin man and a beautiful maiden
With imperfect noses
And that my recent calamity involves
A large fish with silver skin
Tin foil, being flippant
And a freshly messed up nose!
Finally, a striking coincidence

That each of our disfigured faces
Involve broken bubbles
In my case a broken blister
In her case, a bubble in the casting



To be honest this recent mishap
Was somewhat unsettling
It reaffirmed my vulnerability
To human calamities
The likelihood of future mistakes
And my eventual mortality

Lao had comforting words
With regards to calamities
He said—

“Accept disgrace willingly

Accept misfortune as the human condition...

Misfortune comes from having a body

Without a body, how could there be misfortune?”⁹

Enough about misfortune!

Enough about calamities!

Back to mysticism and celestial romance

Barbara slowly suggested

That she was a redhead

Perhaps that’s not accurate

Let’s say that among her symbolic images

The redhead surfaced most often

For instance— the time I went

To Barnes and Noble

And surrendered myself to the Spirit

It led me to this image—



Who's that?

Flirting with the mysterious redhead?

It's Otto the Octopus

A searching tentacle draped comfortably

Over the collarbone of his beautiful prey

The collarbone projects meaning

Because hers appears perfect

While mine has been rebuilt

From a piece of my own hip bone

In a procedure called a bone graph

Performed years ago

Thanks to an accident

Incurred during childhood

This bone graph—

An unusual operation in its day

Was described countless times

To friends, coaches and strangers

Pronounced selectively it produces—

Be one giraffe (B-one G-raph)

For the man aspiring to giraffe-like qualities

One might say

I was dealt a portentous hand

During a visit to Orvieto

While sauntering about with my friend

I stumbled across a beautiful painting

Of a woman who remarkably resembles my wife

Granted, there are slight areas of disagreement

The subject's chin is more pronounced than my wife's

Maybe her lips are slightly fuller

But perhaps both of these qualities

Are the result of artistic or poetic license

It's really and strikingly her!

The hair, the nose, the eyes, the jaw

Her cheeks, her hands and nails

The pale and delicate glowing skin

Yet even to the untrained eye
The most remarkable feature of this beautiful woman
Is her strong and pronounced collarbone
It's as if she has that which I lack
To make matters more intriguing
The bone is framed
Within a shape that resembles a heart
To be more precise, a half of a heart
While her hand delicately caresses...
Or did it actually produce
The "B" of Barbara



My wife and I have attended many weddings

Including our own, nearly 30 years ago!

Many of the priests or sages

Who preside over such events

Describe the sacrament of matrimony

As the fusing together of souls

“The two have become one”

We hear them say...

This sounds like wishful thinking

Because few of us ever surrender

To our partners in marriage

But Jesus, and perhaps other sages

Have deeper levels of knowledge

Thus Jesus says—

“If two make peace with each other in a single house

They will say to the mountain, move from here!

And it will move!”¹⁰

But normal people move the earth

In humbler ways

By mundane means

We harness the strength of oxen or machines

Preparing the ground for planting and harvest

But Jesus invites us to do this work for his Father

Thus he says—

“Come to me for my yoke is easy

My rule is gentle

And you will find rest for yourselves...”¹¹

That’s why I want strong collarbones

To pull the Master’s plow

But the Lord’s plow is not like this¹²



It’s more like this—¹³



A strong but forgiving collar of vines

Adorned with roses— free of thorns

After discovering the painting of my wife's look alike

I stumbled across a curious painting

At a local charity store

Both of the subject's collar bones

Are covered by a giant heart

Who is the woman that delivers

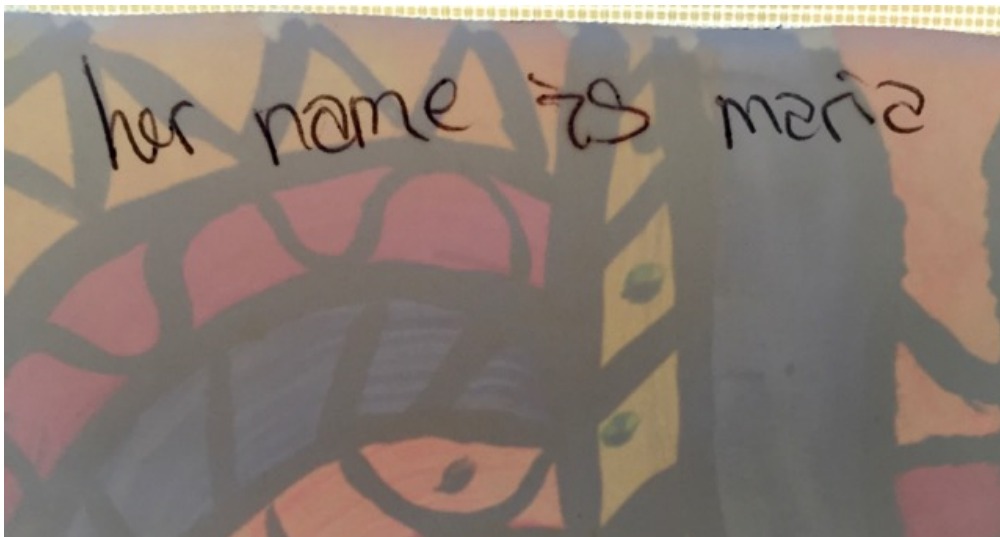
A message of compassion and fullness



As I removed the painting from its frame

To photograph it properly

I found this written on the back



The note is probably from the artist

It may refer to the Virgin Mary

But could refer to the beautiful model

Yet the image strongly evokes

The color and “chula” of Maria Maria...

“Who was born in Spanish Harlem...”

“And fell in love in East L.A.”¹⁴

Thus she evokes the qualities of Perfect Thunder¹⁵

“I am the one who is disgraced and the great one

Give heed to my poverty and my wealth

Do not be arrogant to me when I am cast out upon the earth

And you will find me in those that are to come...”

Yes, Maria Maria is Maria

Just as Michael is Michael

But let’s not forget the redhead...

I’ve never known one—

In the intimate sense¹⁶

According to romantic lore

They’re great lovers

Thought to be wild and passionate

One day in the town of Bergamo

After visiting my customer

I noticed posters around the city
Advertising “savage shopping”
At the local mall
The posters display
A wildly beautiful redhead
Armed simply with a shopping bag
Purveying the African plain
Sauntering across the horizon
Stride two magnificent giraffe
This message is personal
It requires action
I drive to the mall
Park the car
And avail myself to the Spirit
Inside, I encounter a framed poster
Of the wild redhead
The skin around her temples
Exhibits a leopard-like pattern
She is focused on the giraffe
And like a chameleon
She displays the colors
Of Giraffa Camelopardalis¹⁷
I snap a photo of the mysterious redhead

The letter "G" hovers above her forehead
It looks as if written by my own hand
It's the "G" of my father's signature
That I unconsciously emulated
And incorporated into my own handwriting



In science the letter "G" refers to Gravity
In Freemasonry it stands for God
Might she share my intimate thoughts?
I feel my backbone come to life

I'm led into a bookstore

Themes of graffiti and comic art

Dominate the shelves and displays

Graffiti, in English or Italian

Is a clear giraffe inference

Pronounced selectively it produces

G - raff - iti

Iti iterates IT

The ONE we know so little about

The indefinable "Tao" or "God"

That accompanies us

Along our glorious paths

The bookstore is big on visual arts

I observe fantastic images

On the front of graffiti and comic art books

I'm tempted to flip through pages

Of erotic art books, with seductive covers

Eventually I'm led to a cover

Of a seductress blowing a kiss

She's voluptuous

Yet seemingly innocent

My head is reeling

I wonder what time it is

I check my phone; it's 5:05

I'm directed back into the traffic corridor

I walk slowly, attentively

No one knows me

I'm in full mystic mode

I'm led to a jewelry store

A poster displays an attractive couple

Kissing intimately

A watch loiters above them

Hanging like a moon in the sky

The hands are set to 10:10

I'm having an epiphany

This kiss is becoming euphoric

I begin spinning

Pirouetting like a figure skater

I know that I'll draw attention

I reel myself back in

And head for the car

Barbara's message is clear

5:05 is half of 10:10

10:10 is two perfect Tens

It's the fusing together of two ripe souls

It's the alchemical marriage

The joyous fusion of Yin and Yang

Thus Christ says –

“When you make the two into one

You will become the children of humanity

And when you say

Mountain, move from here!

It will move”¹⁸

Soon enough I’m on the highway

The Italian Autostrada

I’m heading for home

Home away from home

I’m what they call IBM

Italian by marriage

My wife’s family lives in Emilia

Her parents have a lovely home

Simple but spacious

With a magic kitchen

And a pied-a-terre for visitors

Where I rest and recharge

When traveling for business¹⁹

To and from this magical place

I battle for position

With Italian trucks

This one, I'm in no hurry to pass

She could easily be mistaken for Barbie

There are deeper levels of meaning

That I am unable to explain

Without an epic poem



I didn't notice her reflection

When I captured the image

If I had—

There might have been an accident!

Shortly after exposing

Barbie's flirtatious backside

I pass another truck

This too is charged with meaning

But here I must elaborate

As it is pertinent to the story



E stands for Energy

To the mind disposed to science

For example, $E = mc^2$ ²⁰

Or $E = hf$ ²¹

What would happen to energy

I thought one day

If the matter of mass

Was antimatter instead?

Wouldn't said energy become anti-energy?

What is anti-energy?

This is a logical question!

As it turns out—

Anti-energy is the ideal description

For Gravity!²²

Enough scientific braggadocio

It fits clumsily into a story

Of mysticism and celestial romance

It's sufficient for the reader to know

That I've pondered deeply

The concept of anti-energy

And there, ever so elegantly

On the back of an anonymous truck

Was the symbol of my opus



Along the sides of the truck

In colors matching the symbol
Were written the words— Cargo Care
I glanced quickly at my cargo pants
But soon discovered deeper meaning
Subtracting the letter C from both sides
Produces the statement— *argo are*
The Argonauts, in Greek mythology
Are seekers of the Golden Fleece
Am not I a seeker too?
But there's more! I look up Argonaut
It's a specialized octopus
That lives and swims like a nautilus—



When I returned to *la casa dei Nonni*²³

I studied the recent photos
The doll with the long blond braid
Is the classic image
From a brand called Roberta
I'd seen her ads in magazines
Since the early nineteen eighties
When as an aspiring fashion model
I ventured to Italy on a lark
And enjoyed surprising success
I learned Italian while modeling
And more while peddling wood
Yet nowadays, as a mystic, when I hear
The sound of a double B
As for example in bluebird or blond braid
I sense a message from Barbara
It therefore struck me as reasonably curious
That Italians pronounce braid
Like Americans pronounce *bride*
And that the *brai* of *bride*
Has the same letters as the *brai* of ebraica
Which means Jewess in Italian
Might Barbara be suggesting
That this beautiful image

Is one of her many manifestations?

In this case— not a redhead

But the red bow

Offered a delightful touch

I studied the other picture

To be honest I'd seen the symbol once before

During a peak meditative experience

These are hard to describe

Sometimes there are moments in life

When everything seems surreal

Events unfold sharply in perfect succession

It was on such an occasion

Riddled with doubt

About my own potential delusion

Several trucks passed by

Each with a message more appropriate

Than the one before

The final truck

Hauled an immaculate steel tanker

The sky blue Energy/anti-energy logo

Adorned its reflective, stainless surface

How can such a series of events

Unfold so perfectly?

By what means can the right trucks

Converge upon the same road

In the proper succession

With perfect timing?

Is it all an illusion?

Did these events really happen?

Or did they happen only for me?

I would not be the first one

To suspect that the world is perfect

Lao said—

“Do you think you can take over the universe

And improve it?

I don’t think it can be done

The universe is sacred

You cannot improve it”²⁴

Jesus said nearly the same thing—

“...The Kingdom of the Father

Is spread out upon the earth

But people do not see it”²⁵

On that particular day

I gave thanks for the sublime experience

And drove towards home

Inside the gates of my in-laws' property

The surreal adventure continued

Every word or expression uttered

Had greater meaning

Than the obvious

Every gesture or activity

Perfectly appropriate

For the continued reinforcement

And reassurance

Of God's presence and love

Flash forward to the unfolding present

I'm returning to Emilia

After the lesson of 10:10

Nonno Foscolo has been cooking

He's in his country kitchen—

A rustic but solid outbuilding

Complete with hearth and grill

He's prepared some lovely fish

And seems to be silently taunting

"Look here Michael

"I'll show you how to flip the fish properly!"



And note something else peculiar
That tile at the center of his chimney
It represents a 3D lattice of alternating charge
The alternating pink and blue cubes
Represent electrons and positrons²⁶
It's the mythical ether of the cosmos
Something that I've spent years contemplating
And it just happens to show up magically
Serendipitously!
At the center of Nonno Foscolo's hearth



After a delightful dinner

I retire to my bedroom downstairs

I'm eager to remove my clothes

And climb into bed

It's here on this comfortable king bed

That I've experienced so much

Unimaginable, *esoteric yoga*

The orderly, ontogenic unfolding

Of the arcane sacrament

Referred to as—

The *bridal chamber*

Jesus said—

"There are many

Standing at the door

But only those who are solitary

Will enter the bridal chamber"²⁷

Here, above the bed

Hangs what appears

As an ordinary light

One morning

While gazing mindfully upon it

I noticed something peculiar

Two letters can readily be recognized

Within the circular form

The letter E

And the letter G

When one looks at the letter G

The E is upside down and backwards

When one looks at the letter E

The G is upside down and backwards

This is entirely consistent

With my description of gravity

As anti-energy

And the concepts of force and energy

Being opposites—

But of course there's more

Energy, (E), with an arrow extending
From its bottom-most appendage
Appears to be pushing pigment or matter
To the outer confines of the microcosm
Whereas the G of gravity appears to be
Pulling matter inwards towards the center²⁸



Can this all be just coincidence?
It's no more coincidence than
Every other one described in the story
Coincidence is God's way
Of getting our attention
For most of us, it's a fleeting moment

An uncanny or curious thought
The beauty of it is that the earth keeps spinning
Every day brings renewed opportunity
To discover the hidden narrative

On my last trip to Italy
My wife came along for the adventure
We mixed family, pleasure and business
Spending delightful time
With her parents and friends
One day at Nonni's house
They discussed an old well on the property
Well, *pozzo* in Italian
Rung strange to my ears
Shouldn't it be *pozza*? I asked
Wells' should be feminine, I put forth
"Don't be silly", my wife reprimanded
I excused myself and went for a walk
Always attentive to patterns
I saw a woman in red satin pants
She exited a building with bright red features
A short distance later
She entered another building

With a bright red line
Across the glass storefront
The red line extended to a drawing
Of a lady with flowing red hair



It was a Wella hair salon, in Italy!
Here is my female well (Wella)!
Here is Barbara
With classic red hair
Following and interacting with
My personal, conscious thoughts!
Next the spirit led me
To Via Emilia
The name of my mother
And of the region
The spirit urged me into the road
There was a crosswalk
But no traffic light
A large truck was bearing down on me

I was relieved to hear
The sound of breaking
The semi was mostly white
Red, cursive letters spelled a name
Across the clean white box— *Rocco*
Should be Rocca? I whispered playfully
Because clearly this truck
Is a manifestation of God
Rocco is just a name²⁹
But *rocca* also means rock or fortress
Like God, for example
I head for home, satisfied
Thinking that it's over

But soon my wife and I
Are driving to Orvieto
We're going to meet some friends
And visit with our friend Paolo
At Bar Montanucci the ceramic showcase
Has been modified and rearranged somewhat
The King now ponders
The underlying sexuality of nature
And a vibratory model of atomic matter



As the day evolves

We play the role of tourists

I learn more about Orvieto in one day

Than I knew from many prior visits

For example, Orvieto is an amazing fortress

*Una Rocca esemplare*³⁰

It's probably the largest city ever built

Towering on a limestone promontory

The Orvietani people

Resisted multiple invasions

From marauding armies

By hunkering down
And locking the gates
Of vital importance
During periods of siege
Was the availability of water
Water was provided
By a number of private wells
And an enormous city well—
That was perhaps the most impressive
Engineering feat of the times
The outer walls of the giant well
Were trodden by donkeys and mules
In an incessant march
Along opposing spiral paths
To and from the precious resource below



Their paths never crossed

Thanks to an ingenious design

Which resembles DNA in cross section

With interlocking spirals

I hadn't expected a lesson on rocks and wells

After questioning the words

Pozzo and Rocco³¹

But this is the beauty of life

When we pay attention

To the mystery around us

Before leaving the beautiful city
I observed a display of ceramic tiles
One tile was missing
Thus suggesting ongoing mystery
Next to it— a rendering of the well
Might suggests why *pozzo* is popularly masculine



Beneath, the Queen ponders
The existence of giant plants

While the Princess/mermaid
Holds the *well* to her heart
The ether of space in her hips
And the mystery
Of the floral acroterion
Burgeons from her prolific tail
Where the beginning is
The end will be



THE END

A NOTE FROM THE AUTHOR – The events in these stories now cover a period of twelve years. My interest in physics started in high school but peaked about 15 years ago upon reading *The Elegant Universe* by Brian Greene. I concluded that the universe is elegant but our understanding of it is patchwork at best. It was shortly after reading Greene’s book that I began exploring the concept of anti-energy. I soon discovered that gravity is optimally described through the concept of anti-energy; in fact, today’s physicists sometimes refer to gravity as negative potential energy. There are other anti-energy metaphors that elegantly describe the observed effects of gravity.

The “Holy Grail of Physics” is a lofty prize reserved for the person or team that unites the known forces of nature within a unified theory. I realize with humility that to presume that I have done as much is a contentious assertion. What I believe to have done is to identify force and energy as fundamental opposites. Force and energy are like hot and cold or light and dark. Force and energy act astonishingly like a more recognizable pair of opposites: order and chaos. Chaos is equivalent to anti-order while order equals anti-chaos. What produces chaos and order? Forces produce order; unbridled energies produce chaos. By identifying this logical yet evidently unspoken relationship between force and energy I’m giving the next generation of physicists a foundation upon which to build more successful theories. Mine is not a *theory of everything*; it’s a piece of logic upon which more successful theories can be built.

MOG

¹ Those who wish to know more about gravity and the nature of force and energy are invited to read my essay “A Philosophical Analysis of Force and Energy” available on the website.

² Elaine Pagels, *Beyond Belief, The Secret Gospel of Thomas*, (Random House, 2003) 228, verse 8

³ Elaine Pagels, *Beyond Belief, The Secret Gospel of Thomas*, (Random House, 2003) 241 verse 108

⁴ Elaine Pagels, *Beyond Belief, The Secret Gospel of Thomas*, (Random House, 2003) 232, verse 33

⁵ Elaine Pagels, *Beyond Belief, The Secret Gospel of Thomas*, (Random House, 2003) 238, verse 80 (with moderate poetic license)

⁶ Elaine Pagels, *Beyond Belief, The Secret Gospel of Thomas*, (Random House, 2003) 231, verse 23

⁷ Elaine Pagels, *Beyond Belief, The Secret Gospel of Thomas*, (Random House, 2003) 230, verse 18

⁸ My son was with me, sharing my panic and a witness to my shame

⁹ Gia-Fu Feng & Jane English, *TAO TE CHING/LAO TSU*, (Knopf, 1972) 15, verse 13

¹⁰ Elaine Pagels, *Beyond Belief, The Secret Gospel of Thomas*, (Random House, 2003) 233, verse 48

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- ¹¹ Elaine Pagels, *Beyond Belief, The Secret Gospel of Thomas*, (Random House, 2003) 239, verse 90
- ¹² As seen with the Spirit during a symbolic revelation...
- ¹³ As seen in the same booth at it's apex...
- ¹⁴ Lyrics by Carlos Santana
- ¹⁵ From the beautiful Gnostic text – The Thunder, Perfect Mind
<http://gnosis.org/naghamm/thunder.html>
- ¹⁶ As such, she invokes mystery
- ¹⁷ Named for its similarity to the camel and for its leopard-like skin
- ¹⁸ Elaine Pagels, *Beyond Belief, The Secret Gospel of Thomas*, (Random House, 2003) 240, verse 106
- ¹⁹ or for holidays with family
- ²⁰ It's also curious that the symbol conveniently suggests M and W, as in man and woman or male and female, a more readily recognized dichotomy amongst yin/yang pairings
- ²¹ Planck's constant x frequency of EM radiation
- ²² Those who wish to know more about gravity and the nature of force and energy are invited to read my essay "A Philosophical Analysis of Force and Energy" available on the website.
- ²³ the grandparent's house
- ²⁴ Gia-Fu Feng & Jane English, *TAO TE CHING/LAO TSU*, (Knopf, 1972) 31, verse 29
- ²⁵ Elaine Pagels, *Beyond Belief, The Secret Gospel of Thomas*, (Random House, 2003) 241, verse 113
- ²⁶ anti-electrons
- ²⁷ Elaine Pagels, *Beyond Belief, The Secret Gospel of Thomas*, (Random House, 2003) 237, verse 75. Note also verse 104— They said to Jesus, "Come let us pray today and let us fast." Jesus said, "What sin have I committed, or how have I been undone? Rather, when the groom leaves the bridal chamber, then let people fast and pray."
- ²⁸ This too is consistent with the paradigm of forces promoting order and energy promoting chaos. For more on this please read my essay: *A Philosophical Analysis of Force and Energy*
- ²⁹ Though I have never personally know a Rocco, I recalled a famous fashion designer trending during the 1980's; Rocco *Barocco*. Thus *Bar*bara revealed her presence in the collective mystical development.
- ³⁰ an exemplary fortress
- ³¹ Nor a timely trip to the most impressive examples of well and fortress in all of Italy, or perhaps the world!