

Academic Poetry Mix - by Ben Huot  
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## For More Information

For more books and information, visit me on the web at  
<http://benjamin-newton.com/>

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I even enjoy constructive criticism

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## Introductory Essays

# Fixing Problems

I need to remind myself daily that I am not responsible for fixing the world's problems. I have a profound motivation to do so because of some of the influences both at school and from extended family.

I guess a lot of people think that Americans who are intelligent and capable hold some special responsibility for fixing the world's problems. Maybe that is why so much of the world doesn't like Americans.

Maybe I just need to accept emotionally that I am not responsible for anyone else's happiness or solving anyone else's problems. There are plenty of my own problems that I need God's and other's help with like my mental illness.

I just wish to contribute something of value to the world (beyond just ideas about mental illness) and this makes me feel better about my place in this world and gives me peace that I have done what I can. We are all somewhat responsible for the mess we are in.

It is looking like any way the world goes now that it will be increasingly difficult and dangerous to write about what we believe even in America. I think we are beginning to see

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American powers that be getting nervous about the level of dissent and division in America.

We are close to a tipping point where speaking about almost anything could be a threat to someone. It can come from the unlikeliest places. The Department of Defense has now officially admitted that Internet crime is a bigger threat to national security than terrorism.

It seems a world run by peasants isn't such a good idea after all. Public hangings were always very popular. Ironically, it is only in the modern and civilized world that people do not want to be famous. Jealousy can be very ugly.

I am so glad I am so unimportant. We are all susceptible to basic problems like illness, misfortune, and poor decisions making. Being too important just increases the number of threats to your well being. Boring times in our lives are often some of the happiest.

## Some Technical History

My first attempt at poetry post high school was while in the military, where I ended up writing some romantic poetry for a girl I liked while in high school. I ended up burning it during my paranoid episode (along with my plan for a Christian nation in modern Lebanon to protect Christians during the End of Times), because I believed that possible future romantic relationships (girlfriend or wife) would prefer that I not keep them. I had my paranoid episode and diagnosis of Paranoid Schizophrenia in December of 1999.

I kind of regretted this later on (both those creations I destroyed) and it was a big reason for my push to create and distribute my last 20 years of writings. I ended up writing a set of poetry between when I came back from the military in August 1997 and the summer before 9/11 and put it together and decided to move on into programming. I changed my mind after 9/11 and realized I had more to say. I realized over time that programming was not as essential for the Internet/future society as original content, especially free content.

At the end of my time at college, I ended up taking some electives that really stuck with me. I just took them at the time as I failed, got no passes, or withdrawals for a number of

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classes at the time. These included several classes in Chinese Literature, Existentialism, Ecofeminism, and the famous feminist Beauvoir. All these as studied in this classes were primarily or largely philosophy based. These were some of the few As and Bs I got at the time.

I felt like I had failed at this time in both the military and in college as I never completed with one, until I became mentally ill. I tried a number of times to go back to college or take courses at the local community college, Bible college, and public university. By around the years 2006-2007, I had accumulated enough writing for my first series of books. I published these after learning LaTeX and used print on demand technology where another company actually printed the books I designed.

These were harder than just printing them out at the local store because they were professionally bound and the entire printing process was automated and so the PDFs had to be well structured and of a higher grade than you get from desktop publishing programs. I could order them in quantities as little as 1 copy and they cost about double the cost of an average book or the same cost as I sold them at cost.

I quickly learned that people preferred them printed out if I met them in person and digitally if they found my website online and never met me. At one time I converted each e-book

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into as many as 20 different file formats. I finally consolidated it to the 4 different file formats I have them in today. I distributed these with my website which I could not find a permanent name for, so ended up titling it the same as my name - first and middle as no one could spell my last name correct.

Over these last 20 years, I tried many different ways of making a website but never ended up using Javascript or third party designs very often after I was able to design my own things. I spent a lot of time supporting as many browsers as possible because early on I saw the importance of security and did not want to run a computer with Windows and so could not test on any version of Internet Explorer. I feel the same way about Google Chrome today.

Internet Explorer and its incompatibilities are a thing of the past because of a combination of open source software like Firefox (Mozilla), Wordpress, and LibreOffice, and companies like Apple, Google and Amazon. Very few people now use Internet Explorer especially in China and Microsoft is now officially basing its new browser on Google Chrome or some variation on that.

Today, the dominant computing platform is no longer PCs - it is smartphones. People of younger generations have known this for some time. What many people don't realize is the

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scale of this. There are 10 times as many Android phones as there are Windows PCs and most of the world got online on their own device first on smartphones.

We are currently half way through another transition of devices which are 10 times the scale of smartphones. This is what we in tech call Internet of Things and this includes smart devices like Apple watches, Amazon smart speakers, voice assistants, wireless routers, and the like.

If you are making a website today, it is only a matter of time before you will need to support the Internet of Things as the primary platform your users will be using. Javascript is likely to be on the way out because of its complexity, unreliability, security problems, poor performance, rate of change, and the killer is its not necessary for many projects. This may be unwise, but current projects plan to merge Javascript and CSS.

I still do not know why people still develop mobile apps. The one beauty of the web is my website I started back in 1998 would still work even on an iPhone or even low end Android today and probably be much better for users than how most websites are designed now. My sister proudly doesn't use any mobile apps. Without just one big player in social networking anymore, this area will become less important over time.



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No one develops new projects for Windows anymore and almost anything you needed Windows to run runs on Linux and Linux is being merged with Windows at Microsoft. There will no longer be any new versions or users of Internet Explorer and even SQL Server is running on Linux as well. If you don't ask for something specific for your website, for any hosting company, it will run-on Linux.

Microsoft is where IBM was in the 1990s. We will be using Microsoft software until the end of time, but Microsoft may not be around or if so recognizable 20 years from now. Microsoft lost because they fought smartphones and internet of things for decades and then could not and did not want to move into that area. Fighting the future rarely works and the Internet and open source changed everything.

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## Mission / Philosophy

# Why This Life is Hard

In this world we live  
Life has always been difficult  
We think we have it made in America  
But how many Americans are happy  
What does it take to satisfy us  
When will we have enough  
Immorality destroys life  
Sin results in complete death  
How do we stop chasing our tails  
How do Christians take a stand  
Start with a look in the mirror  
Maybe it is more important  
What takes place in the Church  
Than in society  
May the Lord make us blind  
That we may truly see  
The consequences of apathy  
And why unbelievers are so cynical  
Sometimes the world is so cold  
And our hearts are even colder  
We fight against institutional evil  
But the source is within us  
Sometimes we give the devil  
Too much credit

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Where does evil come from  
It is the one thing people created  
It is a living entity  
Much like cancer or a virus  
It is a parasite and an enemy  
It resides within our will  
We need not cast out evil  
From the world  
We need to cast it out from  
The bottom of our hearts  
Why do good people do bad things  
Why do we never defeat evil  
Do we not care enough  
Does the world not punish us enough  
The human heart deceives even itself  
The soul turn dark  
And the mind loses focus  
How can you be strong enough  
To break free  
When you know you cannot do it alone  
It is this paradox that traps us  
In what modern medicine calls addiction  
We are so critical of everyone else  
We need to more careful with our minds  
We need to walk hand and hand with God  
When you step forward  
You need to do so in faith

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When you fight  
You must use all your resources  
You need to have a broken heart  
And breathe in the Holy Spirit  
Addiction is driven by desire  
We need to stop the beast within  
From taking over our lives  
We need to make a line in the sand  
And not let anything cross  
But to do so we need to do the work  
We need to fight every battle together  
We must be convinced it will stop  
When we fall down  
We need to get right up again  
We need to realize  
Our fight will never truly end  
Until the Lord returns  
Or our hearts fail us  
Let God's Kingdom come now  
Let things happen according to His will  
Pray that Christ comes back now  
That He will reign uncontested  
In the desire of our hearts  
Fight on  
Fight the good fight  
Onward Christian soldiers  
We have bigger battles

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Not for our country or our planet  
But for eternity

# Different Frontiers

The European obsession with logic and debate  
The American obsession with forced smiles and empty  
confidence  
In the tradition of the great entrepreneurs, the Dutch  
And co-opted by the British and passed to the Americans

The modern world with international trade  
With cheap labor and materials from poor countries  
And European based industry and manufacturing  
The money only went one way

A time where all were literally dirty  
In a country filled with fish and forest  
Eerily empty of those who tended its flora and fauna  
Once tended by those we wiped out with our armies  
Then wiped out the wealth of the land with our big machines

An empire from one ocean to another ocean  
An entire continent for one people  
A nation of immigrants from every other nation  
To a land freed up by genocide  
And a country started to avoid paying taxes  
By wealthy people belonging to a secret society

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Founded on work so hard it beat you down  
A time when most people were still farmers  
Your insurance was free land you could farm and game  
In exchange you and your shotgun were the police

People lined up by the thousand  
Everyone from several counties  
Under a giant tent crammed full  
One sermon and a thousand saved

Then almost 3 world wars later  
And a great transfer of power  
The factories are destroyed  
And the poor people rebel  
A new world system is created

Now we need not remember anything  
Nothing but our phones  
We ask our oracle idol Google  
To pray for anything we need  
We are moving more and more  
To this world of magic  
That no one really understands  
Everything is free  
The only thing businessmen want  
Is every little private detail about us  
We get millions of songs



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For the price of one meal a month  
When we need to buy something  
We type words and hit a button  
These phones are made from parts  
Sourced throughout the entire world  
Our greatest trading partners are our rival empires  
One in a great desert  
In which springs up from the sands  
The power that runs our society  
The other manufacturers tens of millions of phones  
As they have billions of people more than us  
All on the other side of the world  
We are still the ones that do the harder work  
And make most of the money off of the trade  
We have a giant mercenary army and navy  
That enforces this  
But this is bankrupting us

A world run by magic energy  
A world economy trading magic portals  
A world entertained by stories about magic

Maybe an all-powerful God doesn't sound strange enough  
Except that He pulled off the greatest trick  
He became one of us and defeated death

We live in a society in which we

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Elected in both a world economy and world police state  
By our own free will  
We trade private information for free trinkets  
We do anything we can to make money  
Participating in fraud and the sex industry  
We will do anything to stand out  
We are drowning in our own trash  
We want to do nothing but play games and be entertained

We never ask questions as to how things happen  
We are weirdly concerned that the rich and powerful  
To have an extra easy time redistributing our money to them

Who again is the more rational: Society or God?  
What is the more advanced society?

## No Silver Bullet

Not all problems have a simple solution  
Sometimes technology causes more problems than it solves  
It is hard to change the world  
If we will not really change ourselves  
How can we expect our children to be responsible  
If we cannot reign in our own desires to match our beliefs  
What is the value of peace  
Is it worth holding our tongues  
Why do we have to agree on everything before we move  
forward  
Why do we feel the need to understand all the mysteries of  
life before we do what we already know is right  
What will it take for us to accept that we are all part of the  
problem  
What are we willing to sacrifice to solve our problems  
When will we both as individuals and as a group that at least  
some our ideologies are the source of the problem  
When will we accept that doing what is right is generally not  
very popular or easy  
It may seem politically incorrect to say, but our problems are  
not as surprising for a society run by peasants who want to  
live like kings

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How do we think our leaders will solve these problems when  
we know many are criminals  
And most of us vote the lesser of two evils  
I'm scare for the future of our country because either  
direction we go in, I am not going to be welcome here  
At least I did serve in the military and there still is a lot of  
guilt people feel because of their cowardice to vote for  
candidates that voted for the war and were too much of a  
coward to enlist themselves in the military

# What is the Point? (in Studying Philosophy)

Philosophy can be the basis for an entire civilization. Along with literature, art, music, theatre, religion, history and related studies these make up what is called the humanities. This is the basis of high culture across most civilizations, especially traditional and Asian ones.

In philosophy, nothing is a given; every point must be fought for. There is no set definition for philosophy either. Philosophy does not have teams. No one has your back. You must crawl on your stomach, to avoid getting hit by the fallout of unintended consequences.

You don't memorize philosophy or learn how it works. Before you can even have comprehension level understanding you are forced to think and in different ways than you are used to. Most education is a ritual or propaganda. Philosophy gives you the tools to create your own branches of knowledge.

No philosophy is original - Platonism, Zoroastrianism, Hinduism, Buddhism, Taoism, and Confucianism are all unoriginal. If philosophy had a beginning, it started at least in

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900 BC or before. The good part is if you are considered unimportant in your lifetime, you have a better chance of being significant later on. If you are important after your death, people will care for you many thousands of years later.

Philosophers also have the greatest responsibility of all academics. They don't just follow ethics; they create both ethics and the metaphysics it is based on. Science came out of Aristotle and Enlightenment philosophies and both theology and psychology are a subset of philosophy.

The world only needs a handful of philosophers, at any given time. Philosophy is bad if: you care what other people think of you, you are trying to make money off of it, you are trying to become famous, you need outside motivation to work on a project for years, or you are unwilling to spend many years or even decades on it. You need to be ok with having much more uncertainty in your life.

If you are religious and want to keep your religion, be careful what you study. I would recommended those who want to avoid studying things unacceptable for Christians stay away from study of things that are outside the major world religions and philosophies. I also recommend staying away from paganism, animism, and shamanism. I also would stay away from anything that is done in secret or seems scary. Fear can save you from many bad situations.

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Answering your own questions  
Is worth a lifetime of study  
Digging deeper than a criminal profiler  
Stretching farther back than recorded history  
Spanning beyond this universe  
Smaller than a sub-atomic particle  
More life changing than a life lived in the third world  
Worth more than the fortune of a billionaire  
More dangerous than all religions combined  
More powerful than a supermassive black hole  
As subtle as the difference between colors to a designer  
As flexible as a Shaolin Kung Fu master  
As intelligent as a sage  
As active as a soldier in war  
As brilliant as a perfect diamond

I can only do so much  
In one lifetime  
If I write about technology  
It will be useful for a few years  
If I write about philosophy  
It will be useful ten thousand years later

Philosophy is worth studying  
Because it gives you a life worth living  
Because you only have a one life

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Even though you will live forever

We do not need more solutions

We do need to ask different questions

We do not need new answers

We need to change the way we think

This will change who we are



# The Source of All Knowledge

Everything is but a branch of knowledge  
From the Tree of Life

The foundation of this world  
And the world to come  
Is the Lord my God

With each step we take  
As a people and as a person  
It gets more obvious  
God never goes further  
Than the door to our heart  
We cannot transcend our own minds  
We cannot travel beyond our Savior

He doesn't just provide a net to catch us  
The world rests in His hands  
Whether the earth is flat or hollow  
Hell cannot defeat us

God is more powerful than any problem  
God is not limited by any obstacle we face  
He pulled off the greatest magic  
He came to earth to live like us

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He stole the keys to hell  
And forever broke the hold  
The devil had on our hearts

We have a debt we cannot pay  
But God only wants love in return  
The powers of evil want to destroy  
God wants you to live forever in hope

Destroy every thought of despair  
With the living entity and weapon  
We simply call the Bible  
This sword penetrates our souls  
And breaks through confusion  
And leaves nothing but wisdom  
It transforms the coal into diamonds

If we can stand in the hurricane  
That is our future  
We need a rock that cannot be turned  
We need a fire that cannot be quenched  
Pray that your heart will never go cold  
That the flame will emit a brilliant light  
That comes from the Light of the World  
Reflected within who we are  
And what we do

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We start our journey in the cold of night  
Where everything is above our head  
Let us break through to the summit  
So we can rest a little on the high plateau  
That we can again seek the knowledge of the Lord  
And give out our last shiny trinkets  
That others might merely live  
And that we might live forever

Christ is not just a branch  
He is the entire tree  
He is the cure to the venom  
We consume each day  
When we do not walk under His will  
When we get lost in the dark

Like a flare out of a lonely boat  
We launch a prayer for salvation  
That we may be brought forth  
From a single island  
In a sea as big as the universe

He knows our exact coordinates  
He know how to get to the root  
Of what really causes our problems  
There is nothing you can do  
That will surprise Him any bit

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You may run forever from His Love  
Which is true futility  
Our entire universe  
Is to God a hamster cage  
And our attempts to escape without Him  
Are like running really fast on the wheel

If God can create something from nothing  
And then die in to save us  
What greater saving power  
Can He make alive with His words  
He can truly heal your heart  
Just as His broke  
As He died on the cross  
Defeating not just Hell but suffering as well

# Prince of Peace

I kneel down to pray  
I pray for a sign  
Expecting a bolt of lightening  
I am surprised I see nothing

Meanwhile a storm builds  
From the other side of the globe  
A desert receives much needed rain

I then see flower after flower appear  
Butterflies and lady bugs come out of nowhere

I pray then for rain  
God appears to do nothing

Meanwhile we have a record harvest  
Because none of the produce spoils this year

I pray that I may receive healing  
I am not healed

A cure for cancer appears out of nowhere  
Cancer is stamped out forever

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I pray that I may simply survive the war  
The violence continues

A priest in the middle of a jungle  
Gets the entire village to pray for God's return

The decades long war ends  
And the peace holds for decades more

We think artists are creative  
We think soldiers are strong  
But the power of faith  
Combined with the reality of God  
Breaks all curses  
Destroys all binds  
The chains break  
The cuffs rust away

People are impressed with acts of power  
People are impressed by special effects  
God wins our hearts one at a time  
By making us blind  
And making food come out of nowhere

God is subtle and God is patient  
Because He is strong and we are weak  
We need to accept a solution

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That will solve more than just our problem  
We need to think bigger in what we ask for

We want to win a war  
God wants to make it impossible to wage war  
We want to not be in pain  
God wants us to overcome the causes of suffering

It is easy to blow things up  
It is hard to build new things  
It is easy to write a drama  
It is hard to write a comedy

# God is Real

Some people believe in God  
Because they find Him in the Bible  
I find God in the Bible  
Because I believe in God

In some circles  
People debate endlessly  
About which god is real

To me, the answer is simple  
The Lord is the real name for God  
I know this more surely  
Than I know my own name

It is not that I just sometimes  
Feel close to God  
I have doubted many things  
And will continue  
Until this world ends for me  
But about God being the Christian God  
Or the Bible being God's instructions  
This is not something I stay awake  
Or wake up early wondering about



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As surely as I breathe in  
I can almost see God's face  
Before I ever was slightly mentally ill  
And even when people doubt I am mentally ill

There is a sense to the universe  
That leads many to God  
But for me God was always there  
I did not need to find God  
God was always in me  
I can literally feel the Holy Spirit  
In my very soul

I have read the original texts  
Of all the great world religions  
All the most talked about philosophies  
I considered them on their own terms  
I was open to the possibility  
That I may find different words to describe God  
But I never thought any other religious text  
Was written by God

Sometimes to truly understand someone's point of view  
You need to suspend belief in that subject  
But my faith in Christ goes deeper than belief  
I cannot deny God exists  
As it makes no more sense

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Than to say I do not exist  
I have less assurance in my own thoughts  
And in my own feelings  
Than I am in the reality of the Christian God

I have a hard time understanding  
Why some people have more faith  
In themselves than they do in God  
I have failed myself and God many times  
But He is always there  
At times I have been angry at God  
Or feel He would never intervene  
No matter how hard things were

But there are things in my life  
That cannot be rationally explained  
Without factoring in divine intervention  
None of this was necessary for me to believe  
Because we live in a life that seldom makes sense  
If you want to be an optimist

Two things are obvious to me now  
People are stupid, evil, and have poor impulse control  
The only thing that explains why we are still here  
Is direct divine intervention

And I still cannot understand how people think

# Academic Poetry Mix - by Ben Huot

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That it makes more sense or is easier  
To believe that something comes out of nothing  
Than to believe that God created us  
We know evil is very real  
And we know that most our problems lead back to us  
Why do we still believe God is responsible for suffering

What is there to have pride in from what we do  
God is the only one truly creative and original  
God created me, therefore I am  
If we are going to debate God's existence  
Doesn't it make more sense to doubt ourselves  
I believe in God because I am alive

Everything has a beginning and an end  
What comes before and after?  
Life is never easy and we will continue to suffer  
But a perfectly good God still exists

Look within yourself for blame  
This is where I am now

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## Imagery & Symbolism / Psychology

# A Single Door, No More - Part

## 1

A door to nowhere  
A light shining through  
The corners and gaps  
A very deliberate knock  
Steady and full of commitment  
A knock with no answer  
A journey that never takes place  
An option that is not available  
A noise that is not annoying  
A presence that is not there  
Is it worth the cost of losing control  
To let the knocking continue  
And accept that I may never know  
Why this door appears out of nowhere  
Or why the knocking stops as soon as it begins  
How do I know to answer  
If I do not know who knocks  
Where will this option lead  
And why can I not accept the uncertainty of the journey  
Or choose just not to respond for now  
Sometimes it seems the door will open on its own  
And this is really my one fear

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We constantly fight for control  
And will accept nothing less  
How can we really be the ones choosing our future  
When we do not even know what we really want

It is easy to spend all your money  
When you go to the mall  
And get inspired when you see a movie  
But it is when you are really all alone  
That you can be sure of anything  
Or make any important decision

The thing to remember is that we are never really alone  
Everything we do matters and everyone already knows  
You cannot lie to yourself  
And expect to sleep well at night  
You cannot claim credit for what you create  
When you know the only true muse is the Holy Spirit

We think as Christians that it does not matter whether there  
are aliens out there  
But we are really the aliens of this world

We cannot accept the popular ideologies  
And still call ourselves separate from the world  
We cannot still count on our money and our wits

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And still call ourselves people of faith

If we pay more attention to how we talk about others

Than we do about who we vote for

Maybe we could hang our heads a little higher

When we meet Jesus face to face

# A Single Door, No More - Part 2

What is a door to nowhere  
Appearing out of nowhere  
A portal to another world  
The great outdoors

Don't leave the door open  
To those you don't know  
A door that is unopened  
A chance encounter  
Ears burning to others conversation

A Christian cannot compromise  
On the ten commandments  
The images we seek  
Are our modern idolatry  
Each time we accept a compromise  
With how the world works  
Just to make things easier  
Or even to spread the gospel  
We mix hot and cold water  
And end up with something  
No one wants or can accept



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There is a certain poetry  
To even the ten commandments  
There is a subtle repetition  
To the Apostle's letters

There is hope in prophecy  
Even within the judgement  
Of our own world empire

There is a sense of imagery  
That awakens our senses  
And softens the brutal honesty

How can you memorize  
What you can barely put into words  
What is it like to never die  
And how long is forever

As evil seems more real each day  
God still softly speaks in our minds  
And hope takes unforeseeable forms

Sometimes Scripture even condemns  
And even this can bring hope  
We need to read again and again  
If we are to find God in our world

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He never leaves it  
But often we answer the wrong knock  
On the wrong door

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## More Doors

A million doors in a row  
Each like a bathroom stall  
But well ventilated  
And perfumed sufficiently  
Dancing under the door frames  
Looking through each one  
Like a portrait of a window  
When does a door become a window  
When does a way of life  
Become an answer to a question  
But when I close my eyes  
I never see the doors  
The direction of the doors  
Continue to rotate counterclockwise  
As I ponder each choice I have made  
I may consider bowing this one out  
A temporary exemption from decisions  
But this is not life  
There are no insignificant actions  
Or inconsequential thoughts  
Thought is transformed into action  
As quickly as we open our front door  
Each morning we head out

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When does our purpose  
Determine our ethical choices  
When does God become the Lord of our life  
We submit to our fears and the laws  
But when do submit to the will of God  
We constantly listen to music  
And it is very real to us  
Why do we have such a hard time  
Believing in God  
Or following the whispers of the Holy Spirit  
You would think that evil would scare us  
And doing the wrong thing  
A painful consequence in and of itself  
It is not that God is being let down  
When we make poor choices  
it is just that we add unnecessary pain  
When we do what we do not want to do  
Do we ever consider the sources of our problems  
Tends to be our own black hearts  
How can you speak good  
While listening to darkness  
When we get old we remember how to read  
And we learn a few things from this  
As each decade passes  
But do we ever learn wisdom  
From any book alone  
If only the crystal clear sound of modern music

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Would echo in our mind  
With the pulsating rhythm of our Creator  
And that being part of his family  
Would be sufficient to make us happy

# Secret Words

Locks can break  
Doors have seams  
Deadbolts are no failsafe  
Nothing is entirely secure  
Things are often secured  
By putting smaller things in bigger things  
For every self defense move  
There is a counter move  
An arms race is by definition two sided  
There is never a permanent solution  
When fixing problems is too hard  
And doing bad things is too easy  
Maybe it is time to redo the entire system  
At some point you have to replace a machine  
No matter how well you maintain it  
Everything has limits  
Societies do not last forever  
Even the Earth and our entire universe will end  
Sometimes bad decisions hurt other people  
Some things are entirely out of our control

Do not be famous  
And you can avoid the worst possibilities  
The best protection is having nothing worth protecting

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The best way to protect secrets is to not have any secrets  
One level of protection might be enough  
But three or four is much better  
Expect everything to fail all at once  
If it can break, plan on it happening  
At the worst possible time  
The best way to adapt is to constantly learn  
If you practice daily  
You will get better as the criminals get better  
Pray to God continually  
And always realize there is always someone smarter, faster,  
richer, and the like than you  
You will only be perfectly safe in Heaven  
Never depend on someone else to solve your problems  
Businesses are too cheap to do their jobs properly

# Eyes Everywhere

Some people only feel safe in a police station  
To some fear is a kind of drug  
I try to avoid being paranoid  
As this is a painful system of my mental illness  
I remember constantly being afraid in the army  
It was very tiring and painful  
Everyday I awake  
I learn of more people watching each other  
Everyone wants to know what their neighbor does  
Why do you think consumers buy drones  
Most companies don't care if you buy something  
Or even if you see their ads  
What they really want to know is  
What are your bathroom habits  
And what is in your bedroom drawers  
They want to know everything you do  
Even where you are in your house  
They follow you around the neighborhood  
And keep track of everything you buy anywhere  
They want your face, voice, and fingerprints  
What is so valuable about this information  
For legitimate purposes  
Ads and crime are merging more and more  
As government and business already have



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What will happen when companies  
Have to administrate punishments  
Why is everyone watching everyone  
Nobody trust anyone anymore  
It is just easier to make money through fraud  
Then through honest means  
Just like it is easier to fight a war  
When you don't have to serve on the front lines

## Winter Sunrise

I open the door  
And the night is still upon us  
The stars are especially bright  
And the sky is black as oil  
The entire moon is fully visible  
And hangs too low in the sky  
The sky is turning navy blue  
Fading in color to the best shade of blue  
The air has a bite to it  
And the cold works its way into my bones  
Some of my best memories  
Are in the cold and dark

Walking through bushes at scout summer camp  
To get to the bathrooms  
Getting on the bus to go to a speech tournament  
And listening to Depeche Mode  
Staying up all night at a Model UN conference  
My first time with no sleep for 72 hours  
A field trip to Portland  
For a political club I started  
A cheerleading Christmas party  
I was the secret Santa for the one I later asked out  
The night of my high school graduation

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Not walking home until the next morning

The long walk home with rifle ready

From basic training field training exercises

My one time at a strip club

With friends while in Army training

The Valentine's Day (Night) I arrived in Hawaii for my assigned unit

We went to a Navy beach the next day

The biggest church on Honolulu

We went out for a kind of young adults group date

I walked across town

Because I thought I had missed the last bus

Walking home from Linux club meeting

A few months before my diagnosis

And walking back from a music concert

I volunteered at in town, in the rain

Many times walking home from movies

Like at the local avant grade theater

# When I am weak, You are strong

Dribbles of chocolate  
Many drops of honey  
The tongue has a mind of its own  
Our tastes are too much for us  
Sometimes extreme is too much  
And vanilla ice cream taste much better  
How do I find my way back  
When I am lost in countless tunnels  
I cannot escape the incense  
The siren calls like a drill sergeant  
That which seems good and true  
Can be nothing but a soul trap  
Why do our minds wander  
Even when we read scripture  
Each step gets harder  
Two step forward and one back  
It is like a difficult dance move  
And I cannot even count to 8  
It is hard to do a counter move  
When you have no rhythm  
Each move of the game  
Is driven too often by dice

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If you cannot understand no  
And overextend yourself  
Your back gets sore  
And your muscles cramp  
How do we move forward  
When we are paralyzed with fear  
The fear that captivates our imagination  
The fear that completes the sentence  
Weak words and profound actions  
How do I get back  
To a new page and blank stare  
Where chanting breaks into melody  
And the beat breaks its own rhythm  
What is the key to salvation  
When we are deep in dreaming  
Break dancing seems out of place  
For a kind of martial art  
But stranger things make sense  
When you can never really relax  
How can you feel safe alone  
When you cannot trust your own mind  
Unsuccessfully killing time is dangerous  
When you cannot stop counting cards  
But so is losing control in your dreams  
And waking without inspiration  
Everything is worth pursuing  
Until these things start pursuing you

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Strength is usually relative  
And the right way is often covered in fog  
Each step of writing is worth repeating  
Only when there is no other way  
Emotions are always tricky  
When you are out of your mind

# Maybe a Screw is Loose

Time is not eternal  
But now is forever  
In each shift in light  
Our digital future is uncertain  
Sunrise to annoying alarm  
I laugh in my soul  
I cry in my heart  
Sometimes things are so clear  
Other times light and dark  
All blur together  
Be always alert  
We are all under the watchful eye  
Better than a wandering eye  
Rolling off the bed  
A loud cracking sound  
My head always hurts  
When I try to think  
In each step off the bed  
I stumble less every day  
Is sleep better in darkness  
Is silence better than laughter  
Why can't that buzzing stop  
Pops all around  
I flip over in place

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I switch my position  
Like a politician  
In each step I grow bigger  
Now I have giant feet  
I pull the fleece over my eyes  
As learn how to escape the nightmares  
With glee and stubborn determination  
I awake to the sunset  
Where did the day go?  
Chasing darkness all my life  
I can only stand so much light  
Laughter burns in my ears  
I can barely stand  
If my life depended on it  
How do I sort through my fears  
How do I open the door  
My keys are lost in my wallet  
I listen to the grass grow  
And watch the paint peel off the wall  
Sometimes time disappears  
The clock breaks all the time  
Sometimes the pain is too great  
To break the beat of the drums  
Exercise can be painful  
Only when you are there  
For the wrong reasons  
I make it across the yard



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Dodging toy soldiers and silly string  
I cannot stop the silence  
When will it be gone  
They all say go home boy  
All in unison  
A choir motivated by fear  
A really great conductor  
That can't stop talking  
And the music just sounds louder now  
I can dance on my toes  
But only when you scratch my belly  
It just seems weird  
When I cannot hear the sound of my voice  
Over the incessant mowing of the lawn  
It is like a constant war  
I just cannot find my jungle boots  
I put my pants on  
As I go through one belt and another  
I forgot to take a shower  
What is deodorant for  
I am now stuck to the glue  
Spilled all over my coach  
Stop playing with paper airplanes  
Until the paint dries  
I take a turn at breakfast  
Until I drop eggs on the stove  
The fumes are hard to take

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I play a song for children  
And cannot stop the music  
The most terrifying thing  
Is how loud the color of red was  
We mix and match cheeses  
As the plate turns in circles  
I point forward to the future  
The only future I can see  
Is building a fort in the living room  
We need to invest in defense somehow  
Its not like the ants will ever stop  
Their loud rock music  
Besides the neighbors will rejoice  
Until the ants become really smart  
Why are there so many holes in my wall  
If I have such a hard time being heard  
I can barely see out my windows  
Maybe they are painted shut  
If only I could sell the painting  
Off the front of my door

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## Bible and God / Religion

## One and Many

My weapon is singular  
My defenses many  
I only wish to defeat my own desires  
The best weapon is the Bible  
I seek defenses from everything  
Threats are everywhere  
Misfortune, decisions, other people  
Sartre says Hell is other people  
Camus says futility is Heaven  
As the world becomes increasingly absurd  
Sometimes your best move  
Is to be more creative in your responses  
If only hand grenades were really just pineapples  
And knives were only used for preparing food  
It seems that fear now takes many forms  
It seems peace only comes from One Source  
We suffer from many bad decisions  
Ours and others  
But we can be delivered  
With just one decision  
We make not only one time  
But also throughout our one lifetime  
We can gain perspective  
Through reading, reflecting, and experiences

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But perspective does not make it hurt less  
The ends never justify the means  
But also it is not enough to mean well  
Every decision has spiritual consequences  
Our bad choices hurt others  
Putting your self first is an illusion  
We are creations, not creators  
We serve either God or money  
We are not the ones in control  
We are only pawns for the devil  
But God wants to crown us  
With eternal life  
There are no other lives for us  
But the life after death never ends  
All will receive judgment  
Luckily mercy over rules justice  
Unlike in human society  
God is not here to judge us  
He is here to liberate us  
God understands us  
Because God is also Mind, Body, and Soul  
Except He is greater than any problems

## On Deciding

What do you really want  
A life of extremes  
An all or nothing existence  
Where there is no happy middle  
What do you really want  
Do you want a life free from pain  
Be unimportant and boring  
Do you want to not have to fight  
Just to survive life

Moderation in everything  
This is the key  
Pace yourself as in a run  
Take each day as it comes  
This is not a present day moderation  
Where moderation is only one addiction  
This is a moderation in style of the mystics  
Avoiding both pain and luxury  
Which would today  
Make you appear as a monk  
Buddhism looks severe  
But it is called the middle path  
Because it is a life of moderation

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Serve God or serve your addiction  
If you are going to serve anyway  
Serve in a way that is productive  
Serve in a way that is you  
Serve like it is your only job  
Live your life like it is your only one  
Even though you will live forever  
It does not matter what the world thinks of you  
It really matters what God thinks of you  
It is not that we will ever earn eternity  
The point is to accept reality  
That we always need help  
We need to be humble enough  
To not live our life only for ourselves  
Or only on our own

If you are going to suffer anyway  
Why not accept God's help  
We do not get points for what we do  
We are here to improve who we are  
God does not promise no pain in this life  
God does promise eternity without pain  
He created us and so knows us  
Unlike anyone else  
God has lived a life full of suffering  
As one of us among us

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There is no instruction manual to life  
But we have access to our Creator  
Why try to reverse engineer life  
Why try to make sense of existence  
With improper documentation  
We cannot even give good instructions  
To the simple things we make  
How can we claim to fix the human mind  
When we cannot even control ours

Even human solutions have rules  
You will never avoid the ten commandments  
We must have at least thousands of laws  
Even Buddhism has hundreds  
You will never get past serving others  
Even the world police state  
Does not have absolute control  
Neither does the world economy  
Control all that is bought and sold

Every creation from the smallest to the largest  
From within an atom to the biggest galaxies  
Even black holes and quantum mechanics  
Have predictability and constant behavior  
Only the human creation find it demeaning  
To follow even the kindest of leaders  
Or even how God lived when on earth



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Our lives were never our own  
We get to choose everything now  
But we never get to be happy  
Just by paying someone or earning something  
Happiness only comes from changing who we are  
And we only change who we are  
By changing what we do  
We cannot say one thing and do another  
We cannot really believe if we fail to act  
Is there enough evidence to convict you  
Of following the laws of God  
You do not really believe  
If you do not change who you are

Consider every decision in your life  
As always important spiritually  
How you live your life is important  
Because you will never really die  
You are important  
Because God fights for you  
Accept His help  
And you never need to live alone

# Time and Morality

Continuity across time  
Stretching back thousands of years  
Maybe a million before  
Advanced in different ways  
Or like our current science fiction  
Great thinkers argue with history  
Prophets predict history creatively  
We only had the Bible for a few thousand years  
But our God has never not existed  
Most of history people did not deny God  
To most people the spiritual world is real  
In each generation we have different problems  
But most these involve sex and money  
We live in a time of great evil  
Most great traditions are in agreement  
Can we do more than chant God's name  
As the Eastern Orthodox church does  
Or do something as great as pray  
Which every Christian should  
We need to see past our own lives  
To see what is really going on  
We want to watch every detail of what happens  
What do we think of being watched by others  
We think we have free reign over the world

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Do we even have free reign over our own minds  
We only see our problems skin deep  
The solution is not in our minds but Gods  
All it takes is steady faith in what we ask for  
All it takes is to ask for something legitimate  
We are busy traversing the entirety of the planet  
And ask everything to our idols in silicon valley  
We learn about everything under the sun  
But only get useful answers to insignificant things  
Even when we think of doing something of value  
We miss the point of life  
We think we can get beyond cause and effect  
Or redesign our own minds  
We will never get greater technology  
Without greater cost  
Why is it that we dive ahead with science  
Without question or disagreement  
But cannot decide if ethics are even important  
We seem to think the only things that matter  
Can be done with computers better than we can do  
Maybe we will just outsource our own lives  
If everyone writes poetry but we cannot read  
Who is going to read it  
The only things we can agree on  
Is we want freedom to follow our idols  
In Hollywood and the race tracks  
How about freedom to do what is right

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We think we can transcend our lifetimes  
Through science and technology  
Except that we poorly understand even these  
Science is like magic in many ways  
We have little understanding of either  
It is ironic that God made people blind  
So that they can see better  
And healed people while doing something even greater  
Because only God can forgive immorality  
Even the greatest sage could not earn eternity  
Even the smartest person cannot learn how to live forever  
Generations grow and fade away  
And this may go on for a million more years  
Maybe when we are poor enough  
We won't be able to afford more wars  
Why are we so creative legally  
And so stupid and limited in problem-solving  
We can argue why we should get our way  
But cannot find a way to stop the wars  
It is hard to trust God when we cannot trust others  
Except that He has both earned and deserves our trust

# Thank God for Christianity

I wish I never stopped running  
I wish I never stopped reading the Bible  
I wish I would have prayed before every decision  
I wish I never would have sinned  
I am thankful God will never leave me  
I am thankful He always watches over me  
I am thankful He holds the world in His hands  
I am thankful He prevents so much suffering

Buddhism says that suffering comes from desire  
And the path to fix this involves following hundreds of rules  
I am glad that for God mercy takes precedence over justice  
I am glad that the path to salvation is only one step  
It is not that Christianity is ever easy  
But no religion or lifetime has before or will ever  
The words of God provide answers and support  
To help get us through life's tragedies and boredom

It seems as if the world is crashing down  
Or nothing is happening  
But as we build patience and faith  
Through our life experiences  
Life spins like a top  
But when it stops what do you do

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There is no instruction book to being human  
There is no set of steps to follow to make your life easy  
You will be stabbed in the back  
After giving years of good service  
You will be given the greatest gift  
Just when you never thought it would happen  
You will work hard every day of your life  
And fight the good fight faithfully  
You will get sick and walk slower  
You will want to give up time and time again  
Sometimes God will literally carry you  
When you would have to walk over coals without Him

There is a Russian proverb that says  
Anything that does not kill you makes you stronger  
Christianity is not about being strong  
It is about admitting you are weak  
The victory has already been won  
Long before we were even born  
But there sure are many more battles to fight  
Each day of our lives

Sometimes we battle things we cannot see  
Sometimes we battle things that only we can see  
Sometimes we battle against reason  
Sometimes we battle against our feelings

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We just need to remember to ask God to fight in our defense  
The only weapon we have to use is the word of God  
Spending time with God is spiritual warfare

It is not through subduing our passions  
That we will achieve victory  
But through humbling our spirits  
And submitting our body and life  
To He who created all that exists, could exist, or He can  
imagine

We are not promised that we will be free from persecution  
But we are promised paradise forever after we die  
It is worth it to make it to a city  
Where gems and gold are used for street stones  
And there is never any pain, thirst, disease, or hunger  
Where everyone will get along  
Even the wolves and the sheep will see each other as a family

Where we will never cry again except for joy  
Ten thousand years will be a day  
Nothing ever born will ever really die  
You cannot escape death  
But you can escape eternal spiritual death

Sometimes it is enough  
To simply praise God and thank Him

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Even when we do not know what to pray

The answer to suffering is not a simple sentence  
All creation, the Bible, Christ, and eternal life are all much  
better answers

We look to the Bible for rules  
And it gives us history of God's people  
We look to the Bible for punishments  
And get stories of real people  
We look to the Bible for a deal with God  
And we are given God on earth

Aim higher than the greatest philosophers  
Look to that which cannot be contained by the entire universe  
But still looks like us and lived in the way we do  
We live as if on a stage  
In full view of all creation  
So let us look past the limits of the modern world  
And into the eyes of Jesus Christ

Life may signify nothing  
But through God all things are possible  
He can even defeat your ego  
If you really want Him too  
We all give up sometimes  
God never does and never will



# Academic Poetry Mix - by Ben Huot

[www.benjamin-newton.com](http://www.benjamin-newton.com)

# A Kind of Understanding

I can easily wrap my mind around  
The hard things about religion  
I can understand why we have to follow laws  
I can understand why we suffer  
It is no wonder that fame and fortune are fleeting  
That morality is more important than wealth  
That we struggle in vain for so much  
Which we cannot bring with us after death  
The struggle to do what is right  
The temptation to follow half measures  
Religion as created by people has wisdom in it  
But this kind of religion also brings division  
This kind of religion is the source of many wars  
It is not hard to accept that we will be judged  
It is not hard to accept that we deserve punishment  
We can see clearly the results of our own immorality  
We can see clearly that the spiritual world is real  
That intention is what matters spiritually  
Whereas in the physical world action matters  
We can explain the world through cause and effect  
We can trace all suffering to our selfishness  
Not all people know the literal definition of sin  
But all really understand why it is so bad  
The evil of the world is very real

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And the utter corruption of our own hearts  
Requires no imagination to accept  
Reality is brutal in the natural world  
But it is many times worse in the world of humanity  
We can see the innocence of animals  
And that God is not responsible for anything bad  
The hard things to understand  
Is what is worth saving in our souls  
God is completely rational in all His actions  
With a perfectly balanced blend of emotions  
So why does He decide to be so merciful  
Why does He truly care  
Can you give any good reason for Him to suffer  
For Him to bail us out and take our place  
The one good source of news today is prophecy  
Only the Bible really gives encouraging news today  
With each step as a person  
He struggled from birth into a cold, heartless world  
He followed every law and made no mistakes  
He had no lapse in judgement  
He then preached a message so revolutionary  
That no one can go beyond Him in message  
We just cannot accept how bad things became  
We cannot accept we are really in over our heads  
We are literally creating Hell on earth  
We willingly and enthusiastically enslave ourselves  
In creating a brutal New World Order

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Where business and police are one and the same  
But God broke the power of death and evil  
We see war after war in every dimension of life  
But the real war has already been one  
The End Times only has one battle  
Who is this God who created us knowing what we would do  
Then submit Himself infinitely below His existence  
Just to suffer for eternity for our sake  
To be mocked for centuries and be misunderstood  
By most of His followers and enemies alike  
We are just too stupid to see the truth  
We see all the pieces but cannot put the puzzle together  
We need to fundamentally change the way we think  
The most important thing in life is God  
The biggest goal we can have  
Is to love God and His creations  
We think that we run the world  
Or give that credit to the devil  
Hollywood understands Scripture  
In a way the Church does not  
We hear song after song and see movie after movie  
Where romantic love is what brings purpose to life  
The only problem with this is this is the wrong kind of love  
And it is the wrong individual and relationship  
Every love song is written for God  
All our good creations are authored by God  
If only God can make us blind to the world

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And only able to see His face  
He is perfectly recognizable to us  
As we were designed to be like Him  
Body, Mind, and Soul  
Jesus Christ, God the Father, and the Holy Spirit  
He is already in many of our hearts  
Why can we still see anything else

# God and People

From ever to ever  
God stretches out through time  
Like we stretch out in the morning  
He fills the universe  
Like we fill an exploding soda bottle  
God is not just all powerful and all good  
He is an artist and a poet

We blow our minds trying to link together Scripture  
That God radically simplified to put in our languages  
We fight war after war to enjoy a palace for half our lives  
God created a perfect city that we can live in forever for free  
We try to understand prophecy to predict the future  
God spoke that to give us hope for the future  
We see Scripture as a set of beloved quotations  
But the word of God is a spiritual entity  
More powerful than the greatest powers in every reality  
We draw pictures of animals and landscapes  
God created the animals and landscape out of clay  
We dance and eat when we celebrate  
God's celebration is the creation of an entire universe  
Each day we face the same challenges  
God suffers forever for the defeat of our egos  
We can barely make it through each day

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God sees past ten thousand years in the blink of an eye  
We struggle to remember the names of our coworkers  
God knows exactly how many atoms make up each person  
When we fight, we use a heavy metal equipment weighing  
thousands of pounds  
God whispers and His enemies shake in fear  
We think we our powerful because we have nuclear weapons  
God perfectly balanced the laws of physics so gravity works  
Fire and flight are only possible on a few planets  
But Christ is worshipped across the entire universe  
We think God needs us for company  
But He is perfectly complete in His at least tri-part nature  
We think we are smart because we can travel to the moon  
God has no need to go anywhere as He is bigger than every  
reality  
We think we are humble if we fast for thirty days  
God coming to earth was a bigger drop than for us to live as  
micro-organisms  
We can barely control ourselves enough to run a society  
God has an intellect that is perfectly in harmony with His  
emotions  
We barely take care of our families  
God has created us, bails us out, suffers forever for stupid  
things we do, and made paradise for us  
Our greatest civilizations can be reduced down to a list of  
rules

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The Bible has never been even barely understood by the  
brightest minds even though it uses much simpler language  
Our greatest minds invented computers and the Internet  
God created the laws of the universe we use, all the materials  
we use, gave us all the mental capacity to do so, and the  
wisdom to solve the problems we created with it  
When we want to fix something, we take years to make  
complex laws  
God fixes things by telling creation to do something  
We have the responsibility and authority over all animals  
Only because God gave this to us  
We hold God responsible for evil  
The one thing we created by ourselves is evil  
We may be afraid when reading Revelations in America  
In Africa, Revelations is the best and most hopeful book (of  
the Bible)



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More Poetry

# Seeing and Doing

Selfish is the mirror  
When we cannot see past it  
Selfish are the legs  
When we cannot move past what we see  
When the obstacles are many  
And the options few  
Everyday we become more blind  
And there is less to write  
There is less to see  
As more and more dies  
There is an end to our story  
But can it be a happy one  
The day has come  
For us to rejoice in boredom  
And focus on what we are doing  
Having enough to eat  
Is like finding a good paying job  
Having time for fun is only necessary for the laborer  
For those with means  
Or ample funding  
Creation is its own reward  
As joy appears at the beginning of each page  
A job is essential to eat  
A purpose is a way of life

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# Why I Don't Watch Science Fiction Anymore

Political refugees fight evil doctors who gave girl  
Schizophrenia

While transporting things for for evil people and barely  
escaping with their lives

The original vampires constantly torturing members of their  
own family

And compelling people and other vampires to do their bidding

Earth taken over by giant cockroaches  
That tried to turn the kids into ones as well

A world where electricity is all gone  
Cruel dictator after cruel dictator commit increasingly evil  
genocides against the populations

A future world where we colonize asteroid belt and mars  
And first alien life used to turn kids into monsters

A future paradise for the rich run by corporations that lets  
regular people fend for themselves

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Poor women sell themselves as consorts who managers can do anything to relieve stress

Kids sent to back to earth to see if it is inhabitable  
People constantly in pain fighting for the last patch of green

A alien race conquering earth  
The representative looks like a stereotypical devil

People constantly try to stop apocalypse but never succeed  
Realize that evil person who unleashed this plague is their son

A modern day pagan version of CS Lewis's Narnia  
Where they start to have interesting adventures until  
another horrible tragedy sets them back

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