

*End of Year, Start of Year Wishes & Poems*

*Eric Verhulst*

*Wishes for 1992*

Last year I witnessed  
The unreason  
For Guarding old walls.  
Since Mandelbrot  
We know  
That crumbled stones  
Have a fractal beauty,  
Just as the cost of England.  
Fortresses are just a mirage.  
Amid the chaos there is light.  
The human species  
Just witnessed another blip  
On its lifeline.

E.V. December 1991.

## *Star spotting in 1997*

*All over the intergalactic  
Network space  
Comets astonish the mind  
Coming from nowhere  
Shooting off to nowhere.*

*I sit on a hill  
Looking over the digital valley.  
The art of spotting the stars  
Before they turn  
From around a corner.  
Becoming a meaningful signal.*

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### **Credo in unum mundum**

Mankind's horizon is expanding  
But the masters live in yesterday.  
Workers all over the world, unite !

Nations defend borders  
Like dogs marking trees  
But now we ride the wires  
Looking beyond the walls.  
In the virtual single universe  
There are no trees to bark at.

Mind space over body space  
No more body counts.  
Minds all over the world, unite !

1998, a tick closer to reality.

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### *A numbers game*

As far as we know, it took less time than we can measure to start the universe.  
Ten to the power minus forty three seconds, but that's now fifteen billion years ago  
Still we wonder about what was before and what will be beyond.

So when Julius came, another star was born and we started counting again  
So they say we are now two thousand years later.  
Some of our friends say we are in the year five thousand seven hundred and sixty.

Some thousand years ago, people's memories became confused and  
They went to battle in the friction zone where the star was born  
Not so long ago, people were killed in that same battle.

In ten minutes a plane is leaving that was delayed for sixty minutes  
I am getting closer to the center of the friction zone  
Selling the Virtue of context switches measured in nanoseconds.

Next year they say, the world will start spinning at hyperspeed velocity.  
Traveling the wires at increasing speed, is what keeps us ticking  
Filling the friction gap in human memory in the year two thousand.

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***Wishes for the Fishes in 2000***

The God of Pure Logic  
Did he foresee the lack of reason in big numbers ?  
The new Millennium started as a big number,  
But when the bubble burst  
False eyes stared in the face.  
Ten silver coins,  
Ten million chickens,  
Ten million dollars,  
In the name of the Golden Calf.  
No prisoners are taken  
While the Pharisee counts his metal,  
Pilate washes his hands in innocence.  
The prophets are doomed,  
The return after the city has been burned.  
How to be or how to be not.  
At the end of times, that is the only question.



***Wishes for the Eagles in 2001***

It is said that climbing a mountain is a difficult feat.  
The simpletons try to walk in a straight line  
And crash in mid-air.  
Others believe they only need to walk the stairs,  
The brave ones know the path is with many pitfalls  
And only perseverance will reach the peak.  
As I stand now, we have left the pond  
And reached the first hill.  
The Valley that looked within distance  
Has become a ridge with many mountains to reach.  
Looking back, I see the red mud of a previous battle.  
Stained by the blows of beating the wind,  
There is no future in the past  
And I take the jump off the cliff.  
Carried by the wind of tomorrow  
I reach for new heights  
and master the world on the ground.  
The Eagle flies again.

[eric.verhulst@eonic.com](mailto:eric.verhulst@eonic.com), December 2000

*The noise of times*

Nothing is so difficult as not deceiving yourself,  
Said Wittgenstein and the world started shivering,  
Deadly were the ripples.

Is this the battle for rightness or for forgiveness ?  
Is this the battle of reason or of instinct ?

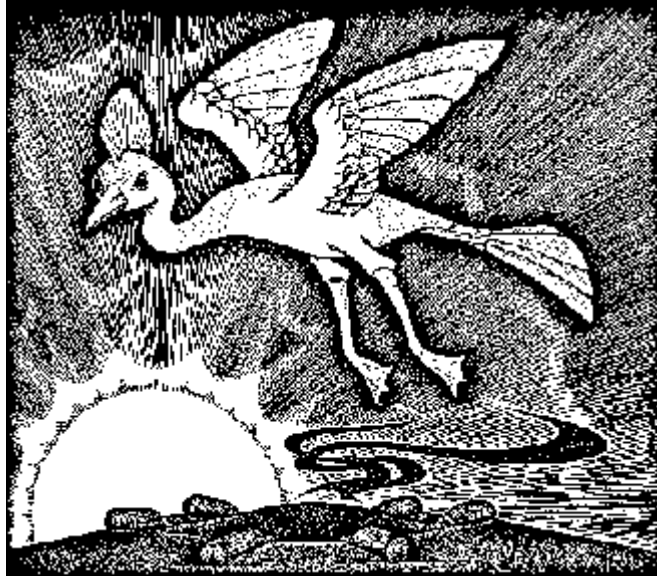
Bridging the millennia musters a new balance,  
A struggle to keep the animal at bay.

I see three girls singing and dancing.  
I see in them a past I know well,  
Yet sometimes they know the future better.

When the green leaves turn red,  
I know the Wahnwitz has taken hold.  
Those who mistrust the future  
Are known to be left behind.

Le Grand V est mort, vive le Grand A !

[Eric.Verhulst@eonic.com](mailto:Eric.Verhulst@eonic.com), December 2001,



*The Phoenix Rises Again*

*Red is the color of the sun at its daily birth.  
Red is the color of the sun when it goes into hiding.  
Light and darkness, two ways of living.  
Life and death, two ways of being.  
Red is the color of the stone on the mountain I am climbing  
It's inner fire reminding me of Dante's visions.  
The hell of things is inside.  
I wonder how man keeps climbing betrayed so often by his lack of reason.  
It is said the red bird will be born again whenever the madness has taken hold.  
I watch as its flaming body arches on a sky of white stripes.  
Its killers left behind turned into pillars of salt.  
I get up and take the next step.  
At the horizon the red sun is rising.*

*Our best wishes for a better New Year*



*And then came 2004*

I have no words for the past year,  
having been where I never have been before.

Cold is the winter,  
cold can be the human mind  
rattling in its cage  
trying to escape  
from an aggressive past.

There's only a small margin  
Between being and not-being  
a human with a human mind.  
Where's the hidden code  
buried in the billion years old program ?

The Beauty and the Beast.  
If evil could be chased from our dreams  
we would all be human.

[eric.verhulst@lancelot.be](mailto:eric.verhulst@lancelot.be), December 2003

*A drop of water in the sea of Asov  
where could it be?  
A brick in the wall, did it make any change?  
Life itself is telling otherwise,  
not all bricks are equal.  
Just like the butterfly can create a storm,  
flapping its wings  
and people can get killed for it.*

*Freedom of speech  
Freedom of thought  
Freedom of work  
Freedom to work  
Freedom to exist  
Freedom to be.*

*Velvet is the revolution, orange its color.  
The step is small and the road is long.  
It did make a change, nobody got hurt  
and people started dreaming again.*

*Best wishes for 2005 and beyond*

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Wishes with a picture





### **Freedom of speech in 2005**

Ugly fish is looking around  
It's head in the sand.  
A crooked smile showing greedy teeth  
But where's the substance?

< claiming democracy, grabbing in the bag >

Leave us alone, someone else will sweat the bill.  
Someone said as deficits come on their own,  
They will go on their own.  
Obviously nothing could be less true,  
And grabbing with tricks,  
the balance got patched.

Meanwhile the forest got smoked,  
Leaving the tar pits behind,  
the birds gasping for air.

I claim the right to be,  
I claim the right to speak,  
I claim the right to work.

Words are not meant to hurt,  
Words are meant to think.

Solidarity can be an ugly word.  
F as in Freedom to give and accept  
Not as in Freedom to take and force.

I grant the right to work,  
I grant the right to speak,  
I grant the right to be.

*Wishes for a better 2006, [eric.verhulst@workforall.org](mailto:eric.verhulst@workforall.org)*

## *Wishes for the workers anno 2007*

Some say we are a loner,  
after all the world isn't black.  
It looks like black because some paint it black.

Some say there's no logic,  
after all the world isn't for loonies.  
It looks like that because some like to take it all.

A Möbius strip is the ultimate time warp machine.  
It hits you in the face if you don't follow its thread.  
Unless you posses the fifth dimension.

There ain't no sugar cubes unless there's some logic in the squares.  
Atom to atom, link to link. Even with Schrödinger's cat, sugar is.

Gentle is the breeze, moist is the air. I see a sea of grains.  
None are equal but they create a silvering beach.

From every node, I see a line of thought.  
Some will reach for the stars,  
Some will only reach the beach,  
But the essence is, they reach.

What would music be if we just played the tones?  
After all harmonics make up the sound.  
What would a forest be if we cut it short?  
After all blossoms make up the color.

No man is equal, it better be.  
All I want is equal opportunity,  
It better be.

[eric.verhulst@workforall.org](mailto:eric.verhulst@workforall.org) anno 2007

*Looking beyond makes you dream.  
Looking back makes you wonder why.*