



**THE
BOOK
OF
LIFE
BY**

G. H. BALAZS

1943 TILL DEATH

I am the Life,
I am man.

I have walked this earth
From the very dawn of time.
For 2000 years

I have been in search
Of the answer.
Yet my question is answered
By the very question itself.

I have been to the depths
Of Heaven
And the very heights
Of Hell.

I have seen fear and love,
But mostly I have seen
Hate.

As the magnetic circle moves
Closer to its center,
So destination draws near.

For I am the Life,
I am man.

THE YEARS

1970 AND
1971.
PAST.

Life's coffin moves slowly
Through the country side.
Looking out the window
I see trees and grass.
The people I touch
Are but a brief shadow,
As I am to them.
They stop, smile, speak softly
And move on
To their own grave yard.

The silence, the jet.
The madness of it all.
The futility,
The rage.
How does it end,
Where does it end,
When does it end
This thing called life.

To be brave
And to risk all for a dream.
To cast away all uncertainties
And to strike out
For something better;
For the past
Can never be relived,
And what is future now
Is past tomorrow,
What is dreamed for now
Is lost if not acted upon.
It is not easy to risk all;
But be sure,
It is harder to sit
In complacency
And never have tried.

Tick, Tock, Tick, Tock,
The face of time keeps saying.
Destination draws near
As old folks start their praying:
"Give us this day,
Our daily bread,
For tomorrow may never come."
Eat, drink and be merry.
But not too much.

Tick, Tock, Tick, Tock,
The Keeper of Time
Marches on to another sunrise.
On to another breaking dawn.
Green grass,
Glistening dew drops,
Sweet chirping lyrics
And to the cry
As unseen missiles
Pierce gods creatures.
They fall,
They bleed,
They die.
Death, Swift and silent
To the beholder.
"And he died bravely"
They will say,
As Mother weeps softly.

Tick, Tock, Tick, Tock,
She screams.
And the sun sets.
Darkness, "Ah darkness"
All is hidden,
All is covered,
With dirt.

Tick, Tock, Tick, Tock,
The great equalizer moves on.

There is a strange story
That must be told
About a small ship
That shinned like gold.
She sailed south
Across the sea
To unlock life's misteries
For a dog, my wife and me.

True and straight
Her proud masts would stand,
As she held her course
For that far distant land.

And if this dream
Should ever come true
I leave the story
To be finished by you.

July 13, 1971

The immortality of life can only be achieved when the life's dreams of man are attempted and accomplished. The recognition of this fact is elementary to the very reality of facing one's life. The endless void of life long conscienceness is, to say the least, dull. Daily trials and tribulations to fellow men becomes, perhaps always has been since birth, a repeating event that has no meaning. The formulation of values is a learned affair. Whether these are in the natural realm of the Universe is of little consequence to civilization. If meaning is to be obtained one must resolve certain spherical and physical problems. If not accomplished early in life, all is lost. The flesh bearing robot is externally programed and set to play till death. The solution to these inter problems of the mind are basically the same yet tactically different for all men.

It is not conceivable to at once enter one's own mind and say "I shall resolve". Rather one sets out on a path which is gradual and consistent. As the grade steepens, so has the mind sharpened to meet the challenge. Only one path can be followed. Remember this and life's catacombs will be simplified. Enter the path, stay to it and disregard all external interferences. Accomplish the solution, fulfill the goal and you shall have life's immortality.

SOMEWHERE

BETWEEN

1965 AND

1969.

ONLY GOD

KNOWS WHERE.

Islands at Darkness

SKIES burn with innumerable fire
Against stretches of time unending,
As shimmering beams of desire
THAT lurk about her told beauty.

Seas lift forth their mighty sceptre
Only to end on creatures countless;
Destruction is but a deceptor
For life is fed by the devil.

Oft' jewels on velvet are stunned
And vastness lets down her tears.
Upon faded foliage they run;
Thus returned from whence come.

Blow mighty sister of the sea!
Howl for ancestors long departed
While limb bends softly on close Urutree.
Comfort lies near the children.

Palm's stretch forth their glory
As if reaching for the flames.
Long dreamed and read in story,
SHADOWS outline many a claim.

Lively told and greatly sought
Are the joys of pure creation;
But much contained by thought
CANNOT endure the face of fact.

Many times Rejected;
MANY times Consoled.
The HELL that finally appears to some
To some men's eyes
Lives only AS A HEAVEN in my soul.

If Only I Were Born Of You

To walk your flowered roads
And gaze upon your beautiful children.
To feel your warm dark soil
Pressing up gently on my feet.

To swim your crystal waters
While waves pound sweetly at your reef.
To let your warm sun shine down
On this white body of mine.

Otahiti,
If only I were born of you.

Te Uru

Te Uru, take me back
To the land of your birth.

Countless miles a century ago,
A few mere hours today.
Te Uru, why are you cast here in hell
While your sisters grow so far away?

The valleys, they are green
And the mountains, they are tall.
The sea, ~~is~~ a beautiful color.
But still we know that
This place be not your true mother.

Your form here is slender,
Your leaves do not shine.
Small fruit your sad arms bear
For that home left far behind.

Te Uru, take me back
To the land of your birth.

Islands at Darkness

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Against stretches of time unending,
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Many times rejected,
Many times consoled.
The hell that finally appears ~~to some~~
^{To some} Men's eyes
Lives only as a Heaven in my soul.

A CAT, its ears pulled back,
Moved slowly toward the street.
For a brief instant
My Heart did cease to beat.

"Step back! Step back!"
I said inside my mind.
"Have you not the knowledge
To understand the greatness of man's crime?"