

HOLISM, A POEM

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When we do math, or physics, or chemistry,
or on the other hand, we write poetry
or a musical ditty,
we're acknowledging we're parts of the 'whole'.

And the 'whole' is greater than the sum of its parts.
All the math-ing, physics-ing, chemistry-ing,
All Arts, painting, and sculpting, musicing and poesing,
'Couldn't put Humpty together again'.

Why so?
What's the problem?
Lack of 'hobgoblins' of our soul?
Probably so.

So what to do?
Pray for inspiration
from above?
Find the answer in love?

I say look inward for inspiration.
Our physiology's got the answer.
Every cell inscribed with conscience,
aspires, perspires and sweats out the Truth.