

Here we sit, cosmic toddlers,
clutching our screens like security blankets,
mistaking pixelated constellations
or the real fires burning in Boötes.

Will we ever soar beyond our petty bonds,
and discover the truths Arcturians know?

We crawl through gravity's thick honey
while advanced aliens phase between dimensions,
their thoughts self-luminous supernovas.

Why do most humans linger earthbound in mute silence,
while stars beckon us to higher dimensions?

Can we shed the skin of flesh and time?
and unfurl our consciousness like solar sails,
on the stellar winds from the Arcturian deep?

Must we be stuck forever in the flatness
of narrow space and time?

Transcendence is not abandoning this blue marble
but with seeing it through alien eyes—
recognizing the divine mathematics
hidden in each seashell's spiral
or the flutter in each leaf in the wind.

If we look closely, the heavens are close,
their ancient light carrying
encrypted messages from civilizations
that learned to dance with infinity.

Are we ready to learn their steps?

Beg.: 2001 Nagoya ☆ Rev. 2025 Shizuoka