

Some Excerpts from the
Scribulations of Jerry Andrus
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Titles

Beyond Belief
Call it Boundless
Canyons
Crooked Marks
Color of the Sun
Garden of Ghosts
Golden Pen
How sees the Mind?
I woke one Day
Image Imagined
Molecules of Man
One day that Sparrow Flew
Song From the Stars
Threads of Infinity
Valley of Wonder
West of the Wind
Where Man has stood
Where Wonder is
Whispering Lake
Yesterday

Beyond Belief

One day in the past
The seeker found the sought
And a bond was formed.

Surely a Bond of Wonder,
Two tiny sparks
Merged their Golden Helixes
And began their March to Glory.

Months later
This Wonder moved
From the Dark to the Dawn
And that child was born.

In its mothers arms
It was more than a little body-
It had a mind, beyond belief.

Let us hope that it is
Nurtured to be,
That which it can be-
Greater than a Star-
For it can think
And a Star can not

It can reason-
It can ponder the Universe
And the laws that rule it.
And it indeed has,
Potential beyond belief.

Jerry Andrus 18 June 1995

Call it Boundless

A molecule moved
In the mind of a man-
A spark was struck,
And from that spark
Came the avalanche

Of a billion more.

Thus it was,
That in the Matrix of one mind,
A thought was born.

Not a material thing it was,
But rather an abstraction,
The sparks that created it
Were minuscule and almost
Powerless within themselves.

Its power was not
In the sparks that went into it,
But the thought that came out.

That thought from one man
Can influence the minds
Of a million more-
Could even change
The path of man on Earth.

So, don't measure the power
Of the input spark,
And call it minuscule.
Measure the power
Of the out put avalanche
And call it Boundless !

Jerry Andrus
June 5, 1995 Las Vegas-Portland

CANYONS

Look with wonder at that
Which is hidden in the
Canyons of the Mind.

In the Darkened Furrows
Where thoughts are born,
In the hills and valleys
Where the Sparks of Reason flow.

There in the
Maze of molecules,
Hidden in the mind of man,
The tiny beacons dart,
Like fireflies in the night.

Indeed, the Sparks of Reason flow,
They mix and merge,
They dance and dart,
And weave the patterns
That blend into
The Thoughts of Man

Look with wonder at that
Which is hidden in the
Canyons of the Mind.

(As written, unedited)

Jerry Andrus 18 Oct 1988
Denver- Portland
From Oban Inn Event

CROOKED MARKS

Look to the Miracle
Of the Crooked Marks
That spread their Pattern
Where the White had been.

Born in the Cauldron
Where Chaos spins
And drives
The Engines of Knowledge.

Crooked Marks
That weave and bend,
With a pattern
Unseen to the unknowing
Unknown to the unseeing

These indeed are
The Crooked Marks
That build the bridges,
That weave a pattern
From mind to mind -
That store the
Wisdom of Man-
Bridge the gap
Between the centuries,
And on occasion,
Bind one Mind to Another.

What a Miracle
A Mark can make;
A crooked line
On a sheet of white.
Meaningless to those
Who know not,
Miracles to Those Who Do.

Crooked Marks
From a press or a pen,
They make the marks
That make the words

Bridges of the Mind

(As written, unedited)

Jerry Andrus 13 Oct 1988
En route Portland - Buffalo NY
To Oban Inn event

Garden of Ghosts

I walked through the Gate
Of the "Pathway to Freedom"
And found that I had entered instead,
A garden of Ghosts.

Frozen Zombies who
Moved only with the jerk
Of the Gurus strings.