Some Excerpts from the
Scribulations of Jerry Andrus
Copyright 1986 by Jerry Andrus

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 June 1995

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.