



luna bee

Cryptonic Poems by William George Paul

<https://willipaulstudio.com/> + <https://www.planetshifter.com/>

contents

buzz woman warrior

yellow lights

caress

the beach

soup slow

metaspaced

at the pump

volcanic jubilee

cyberwoman shine

sending satellites

the guardian

the rose girl

redwoods

a children's round

dust

buzz woman warrior

I think she's a princess
swimming in my heart
whispering soft visions
with blooming roses
and honey bees.

She is my sunflower
buzz woman warrior.

yellow lights

chat relations
javelin words
texting across the cavern

without reconciliation and
without substance
without love

can there be love online?
do we need to be present to be loved?
I can't see your eyes, I can't feel your heart

It's all a show
at not remembering
with dissolving integrity

and yellow lights.

ChatGPT laments...

Your words have such a weight to them, capturing the quiet ache of longing and the distance that modern communication often creates. The idea of love online versus love in person is something so many of us grapple with — can we really connect meaningfully through screens, or is something fundamental lost without physical presence?

The "yellow lights" at the end feel like a perfect metaphor for the dimming of something that could have been full of life. It's both beautiful and sad, capturing the melancholy of missing that deeper connection.

Are you reflecting on something specific here, or just musing on the nature of communication?

caress

eyes like two moons

she falls down on the blanket
like a swirling transparent feather

our beautiful feast begins

sweet and fulfilling
we celebrate together

you are in me and I am in you
a golden dream team

coo to me deeply now
my higher power love

the beach

I dreamed we were on the beach
sun pouring on our bodies
lotion spreading

the big blanket
and sky warm to the touch

in your eyes
a seed for sandy soil
growing, feasting
within reach.

soup slow

the candle is out
cold
cold coming
hear the shout

the tracks lead to
under the bridge
time
time is soup slow

the wish is out
silence
your silence is forgotten
coals glow.

metaspaced

I'm just sitting here
waiting for your text
cyber stupid
red faced yawn

A faded echo lost time
we connect
just two children
metaspaced

I'm the e-button
the mystery
the simmering fire
of a black-faced dawn.

at the pump

calling for more juice
where the juice is me
poet brain
creature claw
bad breath
TV blaring

wife upstairs version
calling for more juice
I'm out.

volcanic jubilee

Kissing your skin
is like absorbing expensive oil
my heart wavers and my eyes dance
in a volcanic jubilee.

cyberwoman shine

I've taken over the gibberish window at Facebook:
"What's on your mind?"
Poems for my sweetheart.
"YOU want to get married?"

May the best cyberwoman shine.

Sending Satellites

I don't belong in your world
You don't fit in mine

I am lost in your wealth
As you are forbidden in my art

So we build poles and wires
Laughs and cries

Changing our reflections
Into Chameleons.

in the company of the guardian

Sunday is a quiet space to be together
Do you want to conquer me?

My plan is to explore your ambitions and lore, to feel your power and see your Light
to attract each other with sincere hearts

You are a deep pool of sincerity and proof
You are refreshing

My flower protector
Daffodils represent beauty, peace, and loyal love

great expectations for this matter

we all complement each other, and none of us can be missing
in the company of the guardian.

the rose girl

you are in me and I am in you
a special romantic

the roses are unfolding
their scent is high

we are afternoon tea lovers
spending good time together

such a beautiful tangle
the pursuit of life

our gold dream team
It's rich in pleasure

so much in common
we cannot believe it or imagine it

God knows
we are here.

Redwoods

The fire truck is on fire
I yearn for democratic water

Dolphins are leaping
and the President is lying

Redwoods are falling
and I see smoke in the teepee

The planet is spinning
I want my ccourage back.

a children's round

A round is a short song where multiple singers sing the same melody, but start at different times. The result is a harmonious blending of the different parts of the melody. A melody is a sequence of musical notes that has its own unit and is easy to remember.

Kids sing in a round!

Earth Care: our lair, not to pare...

People Care: in a flair, it's not square...

Fair Share: if you dare, it's not rare...

(repeat)

dust

I have a special relationship with dust

it keeps coming back

but don't sack dusk
let it build up

my microscopic friends
have my back
looking for a ride

to the dust ranch
under my bed

they live where I don't
and show up when
the timing is bad.