

**THE PAPER SHIP**  
**Ron Lynch Chalice Summer 1968, Revised 5-15-86**

PROLOGUE

Where the paper ship flies  
It must fly very high  
So as not to become  
Full of water

PART I

THE YELLOW STORYBOOK

As if it were an axe, enormously heated  
it split, and forced its way  
into the mass of pigment, once black  
now fading to a liquid blue, tufted  
with sterile white puffs of magic

Great and yellow rose the sun  
sheathed in crimson and radiating lavenders galore  
bright with myriad colours, stands the silent sky  
the man's eyes were pried, forced open by gentle rays  
awake --- light is upon the world, today

The blanket of warmth, surging with the end of the darkness  
sieves, grasps, soothes, his dead cold toes  
impatiently rushing to fill his body with life  
and though the deathlike cold set it's resistance  
the barrier was breached  
heat, life giving heat, unscathed  
pressed into the mind of the reclining man, today

Thought upon thought seeped through  
into his unconscious mind  
forcing, levering, prying the brain to wakefulness  
daylight is upon the soil, the pathways beg  
beg to be walked

finally the sleeper musters enough of his precious energy  
to raise his body from the ground  
partake of food, for both body and mind  
bread, just a slice, wine to slake the thirst  
and a tiny capsule

now it is time, the trek is to begin  
the sun-god now casts pure light earthward  
a sphere, large and lemon yellow  
hangs suspended in the sky  
by who knows what

the man only knows it is his guide  
along the path he is to follow the sun  
a circle in the sky

perhaps an opening to .....

ah, but no more thoughts, there is a job to do  
a journey which must be taken  
trace the path of the sun, follow the solar star  
without rest, until the end of the day  
for Solus has no destination

under the color of yellow the wandered treads  
weariness is far, far away  
the day has just begun, Solus gives him energy  
direction and perseverance, his goal must be reached  
it is expected of him

failure, degradation, synonymous  
no matter how the game is played,  
win, can't afford to lose, nor even compromise  
does the end truly justify the means  
ten thousand die, why  
so a thousand others won't be without comfort

more thousands die, why, they made a mistake  
a serious mistake, they chose parents  
of the wrong colour  
millions are murdered, for what reason  
they do not practice the 'right' method of worship

and also one dies, raped, beaten, murdered  
view by scores who did not desire to become involved  
another dies, although by his own hand  
twelve months in a cage for doing his head  
while the drunken killer of two Sisters of God  
is placed on probation

thoughts that ramble through the journeyman's head  
as the travel continues  
nothing present but a path, blue sky of all blue skies  
and the sphere, suspended, burning yellow  
leading the vagabond to eternity

## PART II

### THE GREEN STORYBOOK

Still, the sun's faithful disciple follows  
nothing to be seen, nothing but pure true light  
emanating from the lone star ahead

the journey is young, funny, it seems so long  
it's only been a few thousand years  
treading the crystalline path, where does it lead, who knows  
from where does it come is even harder to answer

the voice of the vagabond utters and answer  
"to where the path leads, I care not  
where it has been, I cannot remember  
no matter how far the journey nor it's destination  
only one step can be taken at one time"

again he is silent, his energy must be reserved  
there is a long journey ahead,  
the mind of the wanderer tires  
ah, but to see something new in his environment  
just a speck

no use, he travels through a wasteland  
containing nothing except the crystalline pathway  
and the overpowering heat and light of the star above him  
and the radioactive waste  
left from the holocaust a century before

life had been smothered,  
almost entirely snuffed out of existence  
people were greedy, they made bombs  
confident that they would never be used  
until, it was over in a matter of hours

not only was mankind destroyed once,  
it was destroyed many times over, someone wanted to make sure  
though most of humanity was killed seven times over  
some, were killed only three times over  
others, fifteen and twenty times over  
this overlap left some still alive,  
a dreadful error

those who survived had banded together  
colonies were formed, resources were pooled  
some managed to maintain their existence  
others, well what else can be said  
as the traveler thought, he scanned the horizon  
for a trace of green, some lands were still fertile  
they were few

nothing was to be seen, and so  
step by weary step, the trek continued  
midday approached, the sun-star shone high  
stop, rest, draught of wine  
bite of bread

deep breath, stand, the journey continues  
how many miles, how many years  
to visit, to speak with a person, to see a living thing  
dream, pray  
nothing, miles behind him,  
emptiness of heart, soul, mind

the wind comes, from where, west  
it carries a tiny passenger, a leaf, alive, moist  
scan the horizon, any thing to see  
a city (maybe)..no, a town(maybe)..sorry  
a village (perhaps)..no again  
forget... the leaf doesn't exist, hallucination

walk again, endless journey, forget, forget to think  
just exist, what else is there?  
an odor, crushed green leaves, meat cooking over an open fire  
simply more mind tricks, no people real people  
they smile, talk...talk or explode

eat, they ask, please drink, please  
drink and dine, fill up with food for the stomach  
companionship for the mind  
rejoice

watch, friendly people...maybe... arguments begin  
greed shows his vile countenance  
look, jealousy is here too  
"friendly people don't fight!"  
go away, this is our affair

the friendly green fades,  
darkens, enters, crawling to devour the earth  
bid farewell to failing sunlight  
sunset begins

## PART III

### THE RED STORYBOOK

sunset, light is dying to an ember-like glow  
the once blue sky, seized by darkening crimson  
blood red

a few more moments, then day is gone  
the night comes like death  
cool, damp, dark, shroud, total

within minutes, darkness is complete  
no light at all breaks the night sky  
the moon, gone, forced out of its orbit  
by the nuclear holocaust  
no stars shine through the radiation blanket  
which enshrouds the earth  
wind through trees creates death knell

what was the reason, the purpose behind the suicide of mankind  
perhaps someday we will know, someday  
if so perhaps it could be prevented in the next society  
perhaps the people of the next society  
will reach a mental age higher than six

perhaps man will not answer violence with more violence  
perhaps mankind will mature enough  
to abolish violence all together  
perhaps people will find it possible  
to truly love more than one person...maybe

perhaps people will lose prejudices, greed, jealousy  
perhaps they will be able to communicate peacefully  
perhaps children will be able to retain  
their purity of thought  
forget that there is more than one race of human beings

perhaps people will take others for what they are  
not force changes, remember that a man is a man  
whether he is black, white, yellow, green or even gold  
perhaps all of this might happen in a century  
half a century, within a decade, a year

perhaps if it's not too late  
it can happen with the sunrise  
tomorrow