

The Master of Things & More

by [Søren Sørensen](#) (December 2024)



Christina's World (Andrew Wyeth, 1948)

The Master of Things

(Inspired by a painting by the Polish artist Dawid Figielek)

The fragile figure of a solitary man
somberly observes the vast Creation.
He is brave enough to stand there alone
and challenge the darkness of the oblivion.
He knows he has the resolve, the command
to tame the vagaries of all constellations.

His stance is solid, his thoughts are deep.
In fact, he is the master of things,
all things that constitute the cosmic terrain.
He knows the Truth,

has the key to the consecrated cage
that hides the secrets of heavens and hell.

His calm is startling,
his silence is like a growling thunderstorm,
he realizes his supremacy over all things 'round.
Maybe the universe is nothing at all,
just the reflection of his perception,
the embodiment of his contemplation.

All quiet now
till the slim figure of human being
makes a decision to move his finger.
Then darkness and light will mix together,
matter will collide with antimatter,
the universe will meet its annihilation.

All things will vanish in an enormous blast,
the black holes will be converted to light,
supernovas will yield to red giants, white dwarfs,
new planets will form from hot cosmic dust,
the human will rise above supernature,
will prevail again as the master of conception of things.

Christina's World

My world changed forever
the moment I saw Christina's world,
the image of that woman of inexplicable charms
with a delicate complexion and so flimsy arms,
glued to the ground and struggling to meander,
to haul her body inch by inch, uphill,
staring intensely at the drab farmhouse,
so close and so far, standing over yonder.

Her pink dress contrasts the barren grassland.
The overcast sky provides meager light,
yet her thin body and her shining black hair
reflect ample light, like coming from inside.
The fragility of a desolate woman
in an unhospitable, a hostile terrain
and her grit to defy the odds of her misfortune
and reach her aim are just blowing your brain.

It stuns you when you learn that Christina Olson,
that despairing woman with a weak body but
astounding resolve, was a real person
who refused all aids and embraced freedom.
Although her attempts to walk were all in vain,
she relied on herself, despite all the pain,
despite life's cruelty, she was determined to strive,
then the artist came along and gave her eternal life.

Wildflower

Rambling to check the mail
a hundred yards away
I noticed something peculiar
on the side of the trail.
It was a tiny little wildflower
or, you may say, weed, or unwanted plant.
Its mauve color, so tender and so bright,
made me slow down and come to a stand.

Squeezed between the curb
and the grass densely grown,
the flower looked so innocent
and so desperately lone.
Why do people kill weed, I thought,

while cultivating grass?
Grass does not have flowers
while the weed certainly does.

Three Palm Trees

There are three palm trees bent to the blue sea,
stems like fairy's waist, fronds like malachite,
softly conversing with the rolling waves,
touching the ripples, swaying with the breeze.
The sapphire ripples turn into white froth as they hit the
rocks.
As they hit the rocks, myriad tiny drops disperse in a splash.
The sunlight tickles myriad tiny drops converting the splash
into a rainbow.
Countless rainbows flush and disappear before the next wave
comes to hit the rocks.

Black shadows of trees climb the high mountain when the sun
descends.
The chameleon sky changes its colors from azure to stale,
mauve to lavender.
Purple, flint clouds, hung over the sea, wear bracelets of
bright silver and gold.
The fireball sun sets the sky in flames, paints the horizon
with burning scarlet red.
Beautiful Eos, blushing with passion, falls into Pontus's
hospitable arms.
Their fervent embrace emits a glare, the heavens explode like
molten lava,
the sun submerges into deep waters,
all shades disappear, the longings subside, the fury declines.

A calming zephyr craftily heralds the reign of twilight.

The night comes slowly, courteously tiptoes the darkening sky,
sprinkles the heavens with sparkling jewels.
Little sparkling jewels pierce the night's curtains, reach the
tranquil sea.
Wakened by starlight, three palm trees become lovely
Hesperides with dusky blue eyes.
Their dusky blue eyes skim the starry sky, searching for the
moon.
The moon appears from behind the clouds, completes the ether's
nocturnal glamour.
Indolent waters mirror lunar charm, celestial splendor,
million dazzling stars.

Million dazzling stars go insane again when one suddenly falls
into the sea.
A brilliant stellar war instantly breaks out.
Luminous arrows sent by Orion reach the golden Ram, while
valiant Perseus fights Sagittarius.
Shimmering sparkles cross the firmament until the battle
ceases by morning.
Lovely Hesperides' hypnotizing songs overwhelm the scene.
Tireless ocean's waves slowly wash the shore, catching up with
the mesmerizing tunes.
Beautiful Eos sends auroral rays from the pointy tops of
glorious mountains.
Comely ocean-nymphs with dusky blue eyes conclude the fair,
whisper farewells, become three palm trees bent to the blue
sea.

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Søren Sørensen is a full-time physics professor and an
occasional poet with a mind of a scientist and a heart of an
artist. He uses the pen name Søren Sørensen because his

philosophy is like that of Søren Kierkegaard, the Danish poet and philosopher, and the founder of existentialism (and his real first name sounds like his).

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