



Family, my communities, and circumstance
crafted me, one of their herd.

Much of my experience can stay, but some
parts just aren't in tune.

These poems are new tales we tell ourselves,
and then begin to live.

The analyzer and dreamer in me work in union.

Eight realms, eight ways to be aware; into one I
go!



She was once flesh and blood, and today lives
as hero in legend.

Her contribution made society a more loving
and safe place.

He solved a problem others were too delusional
to face.

His sacrifice made space for future innovations.

I honor my examples, my sacred kin, for
showing me how to thrive.



See greatness out there.

Isolate successful traits.

Then, upgrade my Ego!



Inner Allies, champions of my eight Virtues, I
call you now!

Reveal yourselves! My practice, these hymns,
are your beacon.

My and your fates entwine as deeply as I can
embody our Virtue.

Let your example etch its pattern into my inner
map.

Sustaining you through imitation sustains me
with success!



Long dead are the days I could trust every man
in charge.

Their failures are urges to seek, alone and
uninformed.

Or old traditions have led to heights unmatched
in your forays to date.

Don't buy into the dream of a Golden Age!

Examples enrich from now, then, and days to
come, be loyal to all useful ones.



Hear your Ego, dear Psyche, that we may stand
in union!

Out of Chaos, we know our realm, our virtue's
champion, our shadow, and our helpers.

May my actions ever match these aspirations.

May other bearers of these virtues ally in
common goals.

May this knowledge and action move me ever
closer to my Ideal Self!



I bless myself for my efforts on this sacred path.

I bless the Order of Book Builders, sticking
apart with me in stride!

Joy from the future I KNOW I manifest by
magnetizing virtues, fills me now!

My life, my actions, when channeled through
virtues, give strength to my communities.

Grow in wisdom and compassion.