

## 1.0 -- Paintings on Cave Walls



*Once upon a time ...*  
There was a group of islands  
So rich and so beautiful  
It was called the  
*Perla del Mar de Oriente,*  
Pearl of the Orient Seas.

The land and the sea were  
Teeming with the 'bird and the bees  
The flowers and the trees',  
The air was clean and healthy  
And the waters fit to drink and plenty.

The Island People – the Perlas –  
were happy.  
Money they hardly had any,  
Their only currency was harmony,  
With friends and family.

They worked only a few hours a day,  
 And spent the rest of the moments at play  
 Together with fellow creatures of the planet,  
 To play, to sing, and to laugh,  
 Under the care of Mother Nature  
 They all knew the human art of nurture.

In sum, they did not forget the meaning of  
 Life  
 That it is all about moments  
 Moments of peace, of friendship, of  
 meaning,  
 Of the joy of being free,  
 And the feel of being happy.

<p><i>'The wise man goes to          the mountain,          The happy man goes to          the sea'.</i></p>
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### ***Invasion of the Mind***

One day, pale men from faraway lands  
 Came in big boats,  
 In clothes and weapons of steel,  
 And with a cross of a different god.

They cut down the trees for wood  
 Trees that gave air, shade, and food,  
 They fished the sea empty,  
 Dumped their junk and made it dirty.

Not content,  
 They scraped the life off the soil  
 For black water they called oil,  
 Then threw out all the land as dirt into the river,  
 All for a few pieces of shiny silver.

And then they called it progress!

Before long, the waters and the air became dirty  
 Unfit to drink and breathe for both man and beast,  
 The life-giving soil could be planted no more.  
 And everyone had to buy food from the store.

That is progress.  
 Then these men from foreign lands told the native *Perlas*  
 This is the source of your happiness  
 It is called development and progress.  
 It means taking more and more and more and more,  
 Even if it makes your home a bore.  
 Even if it drills a hole into your head.  
 So that you will all end up dead.

That is called progress.

### ***Cave Walls***

One man was so disheartened  
By the decay and destruction  
All in the name of progress,

So he said:  
"I must leave,  
Alone I shall live,  
For my sorrows  
I have the company of sparrows"  
So up the mountain he went  
Found and then lived in a cave.  
Until it later became his grave.

Years on, children went up the  
mountain camping  
They discovered the cave of the  
hermit's painting.  
On the left wall of the cave the  
children were delighted to see,  
Magnificent pictures of sun,  
sand, and sea



### ***GDP***

In the innermost part of the cave  
Where it was dark and dirty  
There, pictures of the present were so ugly,  
But this is what progress calls pretty:  
GDP -  
Great Disaster for the Planet

On the right side of the cave walls,  
Near its mouth where there was light,  
There, sketches, outlines and unfinished drawings were  
Depicting, and predicting,  
Perhaps hoping for a future painting  
Of what tomorrow will be ...

My friends, we have seen the past  
Today we see the present  
If the future is a continuation of today.  
It is not going to be a beauty  
A place where we want our children to be.

We cannot tell the future,  
 No one can, and no one will.  
 We only know that we cannot paint the future  
 Using the same old and worn-out paint brushes  
 That we used to paint pictures of the past and of the present.

Thoughts are human paint brushes,  
 Words are our medium,  
 Our lives are the canvass  
 Of the Art of Life.

A wise man once said,  
 Be careful with your thoughts  
 Because they will become your words.  
 Be careful with your words,  
 Because they will become your destiny.

Our destiny of past and present  
 And that of tomorrow  
 Are all the making  
 Of our thinking.  
 But thoughts are unseen,  
 They show themselves only in  
 The World of Words.

