

## SLEEPING BABIES

Humans live in a three-dimensional world  
Because that's all they can Perceive.

They call space-time the fourth dimension.  
**Space** is infinite, which is incomprehensible.  
The **concept of time** is dependent on a self-consciousness  
Which can notice the endless, repetitious dance of galaxies.  
They call that movement "time."



Humans have drawn a mathematical circle  
Determined by the limits of their sensory interpretation,  
And called it The Universe.

With a bow to their ignorance,  
A tip of the hat to their lust for power,  
A donation to charity, and  
Denial of their insignificance,  
Humans strut and pomp like Masters Of The Universe.

And they **are**.  
But the Universe they've mastered is defined  
By the miniscule circle they've drawn  
Inside their heads.

Even so, within the tiny space of their mind,  
Invisible, unseen, unlimited, unbounded, and unknown,  
Exists the entire Cosmos, waiting for them to wake up.

All it takes to evaporate a human's complacency, Baby Love,  
Is to experience the presence of Star Travelers  
Walking unseen among them,  
Checking on the sleeping babies.