



Photo: Lucy Durack

Sweetheart Deal

Romance Poems by William George Paul

<https://willipaulstudio.com/> + <https://www.planetshifter.com/>

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Willi Paul's spiritual journey centers on integrating permaculture, mythology, and community-building, expressing a deep commitment to spiritual resilience, environmental regeneration, and collective creativity. He draws from Quaker beliefs in the divine spark within each person and combines this with principles of permaculture to encourage personal and communal growth. Paul's work fosters new mythologies and symbolic frameworks for navigating modern ecological and societal transitions.

New Mythology and Transition

Paul advocates for the creation and sharing of new myths as essential tools for cultural transition. He sees the generation of modern mythology as a community act—responding to crisis, cultivating resilience, and rewarding creative effort. These myths connect individuals to nature, encourage a regenerative approach to living, and frame challenges as opportunities for transformation.

Archetypes and Symbolism

Central to Paul's vision are archetypes and symbolic storytelling. He utilizes archetypal patterns—such as the Hero's Journey and Rites of Passage—to help people interpret their spiritual and ecological experiences. Through mythic frameworks and symbolic acts, Paul encourages personal and collective growth, as well as spiritual inquiry grounded in ritual, meditation, and ceremony.

Community and Resilience

Community forms the heart of Paul's spiritual philosophy. He promotes values like peace, equality, simplicity, and integrity—rooted both in Quaker tradition and permaculture ethics. His projects often aim to strengthen ties between individuals and their environments, developing practical actions such as the Resilient Communities Project, which blends care for nature with spiritual service and social innovation.

The Chaos Era and Artistic Collaboration

In his work with The Chaos Era, Paul fosters virtual, collaborative projects that unite artists around archetypal, mythic, and environmental themes. He sees artistic soundscapes and storytelling as spiritual acts that support personal transformation and cultural change.

Willi Paul's journey is one of continual spiritual exploration, using archetypes, new myths, and community engagement to help people and nature regenerate together.

Willi's Bio is here:

https://willipaulstudio.com/pdf/William_Paul_Bio.pdf

"unguarded, untamed"

I lean into the present
yet the future presses against my chest
like a tide refusing silence
the soft unraveling of words
I do not mean to keep

I scatter them into the air
unguarded, untamed
as if breath itself were enough
to be heard

Smoke gathers
where lungs once carried certainty
and I exhale it slowly
watching it form the shapes
I cannot hold.

"no door"

hands reach inward
nothing to hold
fog spreads
body forgets its name
Moon escapes its shadows

empty for all to see
naked with no recourse
trapped with no door
shaking under the roof
my soul is sandy soil

"orbit"

you are the bright spot
the true orbit

here I come
hitching my love

to your sweet aura.

4 Hannah

"secret shells"

Looking for lost souls
beachcombing for small treasure
shells our secret home

Sea salt lingers in your steps
pebbles mark the trail to love
our hands sift through the tide

Searching for gold in your ocean
the coastal wave beats steady
in our hearts and minds.

"virtual love"

Smart drinks are poured in digital rooms
where no one ever touches the glass
an imaginary voyage continues 24/7
sailing through currents of desire and illusion

Boyish hopes linger in chat boxes
endless varieties of promises unfold
each one sharper, softer, stranger than the last

Virtual girls drift across glowing screens
secret looks and pixels
finger gestures caught in triple lens

Crypto promises stack in encrypted air
like tokens of trust that dissolve with time
red panties sculpted as intimacy
skin mistakes blurred by filters.

"steady ground"

Sometimes survival
is the first investment
Sometimes a stake in tomorrow
is given shape by trust

We walk through open doors
counting not only debts
but the weight of hands
the silence of risk
the stubborn pace of hope

A factory floor
machines paused mid-motion
numbers flicker
but lives move quietly beneath them

A company breathes again
its value grows
its people remember
what steady ground feels like

For them, a lifeline
For us, a foundation.

"beginning to fold"

Cobwebs are the corners of my thoughts
a melt-down waits behind the curtain
sometimes tragic, sometimes absurd
like the unnoticed heart
echoing through an empty room

I am not aging well
some mornings young
other nights impossibly old

between collapse and radiance
still dreaming, still producing, creating
in a hoodie of a semi-retired life

I do with less
it does not make me poor
I keep a few good books
their spines cracked the way
mine is beginning to fold

I am still here.

"home"

can we be the middle?
meet there with eyes
wide open?

is there a chance
for your voice
to be mine?

walking 10K miles
sliding into
home.

"clutching extinction"

walking out loud
into the noise of the mainstream
where the question burns
what is my job
when the earth is dissolving
and extinction waits at the door

rising is not silent
against trump, against fear
against the masters of ambition
who would turn fire into gold
while the people stand hungry

between socialism and capitalism
I see a river splitting
two banks eroding
while voices build bridges of resilience
a network of hopeful communities
not yet broken

ending the end
to begin again
a new world without the profit-takers
clutching their stolen intellectual property
as if it were breath.

"the cracked earth"

Repulse spreads like ash in the lungs
Green versus black
like soldiers wrestling shadows in a burning field

Civil war is not fought for soil
but for the hollow canyon between us and them
a trench dug in bankrupt emotions
empty coffers echoing with rage

Godless heathens
wear the same skin as saints
yet both crawl across the cracked earth
toward an end
where the world folds in on itself
too tired to choose
who was ever right.

"re-souling"

I am the beach sand between your toes

You are the warm morning sun in our hearts

I am the cool wind blowing through your hair

You are the Goddess re-souling the Earth.

"passing love"

press send

upload

fire

propel

transfer

bite

carve

light

launch

gather-up

transfer

heat-up

reach-out

take.

"Gathering fragments"

The storm scatters voices

across broken streets

a thousand threads torn loose

from a fabric too thin to hold

Still, hands reach

through the noise and ash

gathering fragments

to weave something unbroken

Resilience does not silence the storm

it listens, steadies

and builds a language

out of the trembling ground.

"8:09 am"

how many questions
does it take to love me?
as the laughter spills
and four eyes blink

you and I quietly challenge the status quo
move ahead without answers
uncaring about the future
just listening to our hearts beat

as One.

"The Goddess of Miami"

Out of darkness,
her smile ignites the shoreline
the Goddess of Miami
wrapped in ocean light

Out of love
she steadies the restless waves
her touch a promise
of warmth that never fades

Out of each day
her beauty is conveyed
a radiant sun
guiding hearts that pray

She is the breath of twilight
the fire in dawn's embrace
the Goddess of Miami
eternal in grace.

"love beyond the screen"

I need to see my poems
come alive
your hand in my hand

eyes searching and connecting
breaths shared

no video calls yet
just little voice files

the magic needs to be engineered
we are the cross roads
in the mindset of love

the distance is far
but the time is near

this is my human text appeal.

for Tessa

"something vast"

I had a dream
where I was my authentic self

moving through marvels
surrounded by radiant people

a convergence of ideas
an electricity of purpose
a quiet alchemy shaping the air

Together, we built something vast
without border
without fracture

One world
and in its glow
I realized
I am the dream
carved into existence for us.

"carry the dust"

The first note trembles
a breath before sound becomes shape
like the glance that stirs two strangers
into orbit

We step onto the road with open eyes
weightless, almost infinite
and return carrying the dust, the echoes
the knowing of how far we've gone

Every origin leans toward its conclusion
every conclusion bends back to a seed
Light and shadow share the same curve
each completing the other's truth

At the end, silence folds itself closed
not absence, but the residue of harmony
as when hands let go
yet warmth lingers on the skin.

"without you"

I get up without you
I go down without you
I spin around and around
without you

just a picture show
endless shots
one frame
without you

smell
taste
crawl
touch

I get up without you
I go down without you
I spin around and around
with you.



Willi