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Heaven is a place with many plusses

and the plusses blow in the wind.
Plusses are roses with giant teeth,
minuses are leaves on the ground.
Minuses help us remember people
blown in and out by the close wind.
Heaven is crowded with open windows
and plusses blow in and out of them.
Wind and people are open windows
and minuses blow out of open minds.

Socrates

Socrates hated fish.
Socrates is the best philosopher.
Fish cannot do philosophy.
Fish cannot do calculations either.
One begins to wonder
what fish can do.

Can fish swim backwards?
Socrates could swim backwards.
Socrates could swim every which way.

Can fish reupholster an old chair?
Fish cannot reupholster an old chair.
Fish do not have hands.
That means fish cannot wave goodbye.

Socrates could reupholster an old chair.
Socrates could wave goodbye
to hundreds of people all at once.

The souls of fish are immortal.
This is something I have heard
but which I do not understand.

Doctors tell you not to do this
but I scratch my ear canal with a pencil
when I hear something I do not understand.

It is a good thing that
not too many people want to be doctors.
We have enough doctors already.

Socrates could not sail proficiently
but he made up for his poor navigational skills
by navigating the mind.

The mind is an ocean. The mind is also
not an ocean. If you do not understand this
do not put a pencil in your ear. I love you
and I would not want to see you get hurt.

If you have ever been under water
you will understand this:

Fish sense everything through their souls.
Doctors sense everything through their practices
because they do not have souls.

I am forever wandering into new gardens.
It's only a phrase, but the wind blows phrases, too.

Every time he saw a garden
Socrates struggled to contain himself.

It was very uncommon for ancient thinkers
to be unable to contain themselves.

I feel like an uncommon ancient thinker
when I look at you. You are covered in roses.

There is an ocean of orange all over you.