
CONTEMPLUM

POETRY BY MATTHEW D. HUTCHESON
VOLUME I



EDITED BY KIRSTEN SWENSON MARTINEAU

CONTEMPLUM

VOLUME I

POETRY BY MATTHEW D. HUTCHESON

MACH 6 PRESS



CONTEMPLUM

POETRY BY MATTHEW D. HUTCHESON
VOLUME I

EDITED BY KIRSTEN SWENSON MARTINEAU



9 781387 779314

ALSO BY MATTHEW D. HUTCHESON

Hero

Capitalism vs. Socialism

In Defense of America

Friendship

The Experience

Something to Think About

Something to Think About: Book 2

True American

Why America is Great!

Quinny

CONTEMPLUM

POETRY BY MATTHEW D. HUTCHESON

VOLUME I



EDITED BY KIRSTEN SWENSON MARTINEAU

This book resides in the following BISAC category:

Poetry / General



BelloHutch

For more about Matthew D. Hutcheson and other writings, visit www.bellohutch.com

In Latin, *bello* means “fight for.”
BelloHutch@gmail.com



Mach 6 Press

mach6llc@gmail.com

Edited by Kirsten Swenson Martineau

Copyright © 2022 by Matthew D. Hutcheson

All rights reserved

ISBN: 978-1-387-77931-4

Printed in the United States of America

To my beloved mother, Carol M. Hutcheson

CONTENTS

What is, is Not	1
Crush	1
I Sink	2
You Matter	2
The Unexpected	3
Eyes	4
For Certain	4
Confidence	5
I Am Pro	6
I Am in Park	7
Secret Song	7
Duty	8
Listen	8
Your Brother	9
Smile	9
Niceness	10
Everybody is Watching	10
Now You Know	11
Quiet Self	11
Joy	12
Fragrant Flowers	12
Triumph	13
Defeat You	13
Activation	14
Triumph	14

Feelings Up	15
Quiet People	15
Start Over	15
Thoughts Talk	16
Relationships	16
What I Found	16
The Difference	17
Try Mercy	17
Always	18
Say Good Morning	19
Tell Her	19
Mystery in Chief	20
The Sum of Philosophy	20
Little Bird	21
A Perfect Life?	21
When We're Together	21
Genesis	22
Greatness	23
Unexplainable Sense	26
Simple Sublimity	27
Conflict	27
Life Explained	28
Poetry is Intimacy	28
Flowers are Kisses	29
Dignity is a Right	29
A Win	30
Obligatory	30

Sympathy Shift	31
Fear	32
Finish Strong	32
Mr. Miyagi	33
For Matt	33
Joy Knocks	35
Chart Your Course	35
I've Got You	36
All Roads End	37
Venerable Mother	38
Daydreaming	38
Remember	39
Kiss in the Rain	39
Little Café	40
Seasons and Reasons	41
Forest Stream	41
Our First Date	42
Down the Alley	43
You Never Knew	44
It Might Matter	44
The Secret of Success	45
That July Day	45
Flower by a Window	46
Little Birds	47
The Lonely Bench	48
The Same	48
My Kitty	49

Hydrangea	50
Annette	50
Mansions	51
Fading Light	53
Beginning	53
Far Away	54
The Portal	55
A Little is a Lot	56
Fat Cat Daddy	56
Imaginary Imaginations	57
She Fights for Her Son	58
Farewell to Anger	59
Worlds	60
Cosmos	60
Things People Sell	61
Victor	62
Right and Light	62
Happiness	63
All Tragedies End	63
Profound Comprehensions	64
We are Seeds	64
Big Bang Theory	65
The Truck	65
My Place in This Place	66
The Way Things Are	67
There is Always Poetry	68
People Who Talk	68

Forgiveness	69
Water	70
The Subject	70
Propinquity	71
Be the Hero	71
Contemplum	72
From a Seed	73

This volume of poetry was written by
Matthew D. Hutcheson while he was
in solitary confinement or otherwise
incarcerated at one of eight federal prisons
between 2013 and 2022.

What is, is Not

Soon you will
Begin to see
That what
Most think is
Is not

Crush

Crush
And flush
Negative talk
And thought

I Sink

I sink
Therefore
I swam

You Matter

If you matter
A little
You matter
A lot
Focus on
What is
Instead of
What is
Not

The Unexpected

Human beings
Find interest, fascination
And humor, in opposites, contrasts
And the unexpected
Humans like to be asked
Whether the side
Of a swimming snake
Is convex or concave
Or why a fire
Is unable to burn itself
Or how a pirate came
To wear an eye patch

Eyes

Speak with
Your eyes
And not
Your mouth
People prefer
To listen
To eyes

For Certain

What do you
Know for certain
About another person
That just
Ain't so?

Confidence

Confidence is
Not reckless
And
Fear is
Not prudence

I Am Pro

Humanity
Kindness
Innovation
Entrepreneurialism
Responsibility
Heaven
Earth
Science
Philosophy
Spirituality
Forgiveness
Repentance
Laughter
Tears
Authenticity
Try to do better

I Am in Park

I need to
Get my Carcass
Out of Parkass

Secret Song

Poetry is
The Secret
Song of
The Heart
It Draws
Together Those
Who Are
Apart

Duty

It is
Our duty
To create
Beauty

Listen

Listen
Not talk
Lock arms
And walk

Your Brother

Be proud
Of one another
Never spite
Your brother

Smile

Bring it
Way, way down
Smile
Not frown

Niceness

Contribute to
The global
Niceness need
Others will
Follow your
Lead

Everybody is Watching

Character is revealed
In what one does
While nobody is watching
But it is especially revealed
When one corrects his mistakes
While everybody is watching

Now You Know

Do not talk
Too much
Do not talk
Too soon
Do not talk
Too loud
Take it easy
Take it slow
Say it softly
Now you know

Quiet Self

Quiet wisdom
Builds quiet wealth
Quiet understanding
Yields quiet self

Joy

Goodbye

Sadness

Goodbye

Storm

Hello

Gladness

Joy

Is

Born

Fragrant Flowers

Let me spend

Hours upon hours

With fragrant flowers

Triumph

You must triumph
Nothing less
Than full triumph
Will do

Defeat You

I am sorry
Solitary confinement
But I must
Defeat you now

Activation

Nothing can
Stop me now
All of my
Virtues
Have been
Awakened
And
Activated

Triumph

I shall
Triumph
Over all
Of this
In fact
I already
Have

Feelings Up

Writing your
Feelings down
Will bring
Your feelings up

Quiet People

People quietly
Thank
Quiet People

Start Over

Start over
More frequently

Thoughts Talk

Listen to
What your
Thoughts have
To say

Relationships

Acquaintances many
Friendships few
Allies rare

What I Found

Beauty, beauty
All around
It's what I sought
It's what I found

The Difference

The difference
Between people
Is not
The problem ...
Indifference is

Try Mercy

Try mercy
See what
It can do

Always

I have always
Loved you
Wanted you
Needed you
Been thankful for you
Been proud of you
Been happy with you
Felt your goodness
Sensed your greatness
Felt pride in your accomplishments
Felt joy in your successes
And sorrow in your disappointments
Known you are special
Held you as my treasure
Always

Say Good Morning

Remember to laugh
Remember to sing
Write that letter
Say good morning

Tell Her

They say it is in
The eye of the beholder
Your views changed
As you grew older
What once was dull
Now bright and full
If only you had told her

Mystery in Chief

Let me be brief
While I share
Life's mystery in chief
Deep down you know
This life is a nursery
You are an embryo
The progeny of Glory
Living in an incubator
Sailing through space
Your life's true story

The Sum of Philosophy

The sum of
Philosophy is this:
Live a simple life
Devoid of strife

Little Bird

Much can be learned
From a little bird
Truth discerned
And beauty heard

A Perfect Life?

Is there such a thing
As a 'perfect life,'
Void of sting
Or frictionous strife?

When We're Together

Whether it's foul
Or fair weather
Life is great
When we're together

Genesis

The cosmos
Great and grand
Compared to cognos
A grain of sand
Homines sunt mysterium
Not the expanse so great
Facit scientifica delirium
Infinite worlds mere fate?
A 'big bang' genesis?
Or a celestial transition
From what came before this?
We are not the first
And certainly not the last
Seminibus in infinitum dispersit
Homines sunt causa
Inspiratione galacticast

Greatness

I am only interested
In that which is truly great
Greatness is not size
It is meaning and significance
Sometimes greatness is small
In form or stature
Many times greatness is simple
Though it always expresses simplicity
We strain to see
That which we think is great
But that which is not great
Is always obscure and demanding
Greatness is clear and commanding
But only to the same extent
We possess an equal portion
Of greatness from which to reflect
We resist the greatness in others
When we fear greatness
Is absent within ourselves
'Ungreatness' focuses on itself
If greatness is in you
I will see it like the noonday sun
You do not need to tell me

Greatness silently emanates outward
I do not believe in a God
Who lacks the power
To save all His creations
Such would not be omnipotent
When I am sick
And need a physician
I need to be certain
He will heal me
My God is omnipotent
And exercises His power to save all
Except those who refuse
That is true greatness
Little birds are great
Mothers are great
Children are great
Allies are great
Art is great
Quietude is great
A warm fire is great
A good book is great
Are we enough as we are?
Or should we strive for greatness?
Society is depressed
And sliding backward
Due to thoughts

That nobody is great
And that nobody should try to be
Or that some human
Or political party will save us
Such thinking infects
Young and old
A mentally strained population
Once embraced the joy of accomplishment
Now consumed with
Anxiety, depression, anger, hate
Unbecoming of one
Who possesses within
In embryo form
The powers of eternity
The eye captures truth
The ear gathers emotion
Truth and emotion move the mind
The mind moves the body
The body moves heaven and earth
To achieve greatness
Ones greatness is not about
Others' lack thereof
Greatness is about
Lifting others up
And holding them high
That is greatness

Unexplainable Sense

Some feelings make
Unexplainable sense
Virtually everyone knows
What this means
Leaves change
Autumn sweet
Leaves fall
A cycle complete
My heart changed
Like the leaves
That fell to your feet

Simple Sublimity

Let me at thy beauty stare
May my trembling heart dare
 To look upon you
With fresh courage anew
Let my deaf senses hear
Thy emanations sincere
Until utterly overcome
By your simple sublimity
More beautiful than eternity

Conflict

Not all conflict
Should be resolved
Sometimes conflict
Should be starved

Life Explained

Poetry is the medium
Through which life
Wishes to be explained

Poetry is Intimacy

Poetry
First shared
Is human intimacy
Bared

Flowers are Kisses

Flowers
Are the soft expression
Of God's powers
It is how He
Kisses His Children
On the cheek

Dignity is a Right

You are a treasure
Your dignity is a right
Troubles come in varying measure
But usually last for a night

A Win

A win for
One you love
Is a win for
All you love

Obligatory

It was necessary
And I thank you
But there were others
Who would have
Gladly done the same
My complaint is that
You did it grudgingly
And but for an obligation
Upon which your image depended
You would not have assisted
Thus you felt effectively compelled
And you still resent us for it
Be it counted unto you

As though you retained the gift
At least you are honest
About how you feel
Now it is my turn to be honest
I will not pretend to respect you
Although it pains me to admit it
My children no longer love
Or respect you
And that pains me even more
Which is the worst part by far
Do not pretend to respect me
You have broken my heart

Sympathy Shift

Let not the aggrieved
Become villains
Nor the perpetrators
Become victims

Fear

I stared down fear
And what did I see?
Terror in its eyes
Fear was afraid of me!

Finish Strong

Always finish strong
Even if it means crawling
Always stay strong
Even if you are bawling

Mr. Miyagi

Mr. Miyagi, 2020
'Mask on, Mask off.'

For Matt

(A poem about Matthew D. Hutcheson,
written by his mother, Carol Hutcheson)

The darkness hangs heavy in prison
Gray, cold, oppressive, threatening, hopeless
Filled with fear, dominated with doubt
Dank with despair
A congregation of convicted
—druggies, deviates, deceivers
Somewhere someone curses God
One bullies his buddy
Another wastes away
But not so for my son Matt
Despite being falsely framed
Politically punished
Repeatedly rejected

He's a brave beacon
Blocking the black
From the darkness he sends updates
Memorializes memories
Authors novels
Sometimes on a paper pad
With the floppy inside of ballpoint pen
Sometimes at an aged typewriter
Or a down-level computer
He prepares legal motions for freedom
He writes about people he's met
He testifies about faith in his Savior
He sends letters which multiply love
Amidst ignorance, he teaches knowledge
Amidst despair, he offers hope
Against fear, he commands courage
In darkness, he radiates light

© 2019 Carol M. Hutcheson

Joy Knocks

Let there be no doubt
Life is full of possibility
There is always a way
There is always a door or window
There is always a solution
The sun will rise
Light will come
Hope will return
Happiness awaits
Joy knocks and asks to be let in

Chart Your Course

Let not the actions
Or words of others
Determine your direction
With YOUR mind
And heart
As YOUR source
Resolutely find
And chart YOUR course.

I've Got You

He's got me
And I've got you
Precariously dangling
Over life's precipice
You've got him
And he's got her
A chain so vast it becomes a blur
So whatever you do
Never ever let go
Soon the pain will pass
Because He's got me
And I've got you
All will be well at last

All Roads End

He went towards 'who knows what'
And finally came to the end
Nobody waited there
And he lowered his heavy head
'Surely, I must be lost,' he said
My relationships I must mend
The lad took the easy path
Unlike Mr. Frost
Thinking friends mean
More than blood
But discovered sadness
And oh, at such a cost!
Where one's heart is
There will their treasure be
Only one path leads there—
Eternity with one's family

Venerable Mother

Venerable mother
Unlike any other
Our family treasure
Soft as a feather
Yet strong as
Nature herself
Her presence
Is our wealth

Daydreaming

I am daydreaming
About you again
Leaves fall
At the height
Of their beauty
Somehow you
Remain eternally in
The height of yours

Remember

Do you Remember
Those words
You whispered
In my ears?
I survived on
Them for years

Kiss in the Rain

Would you complain
If I kissed you
In the rain?
The thought is
Thrilling to me
Like all eternity

Little Café

At a little café
Across the water from
A small quiet town
Lights illuminated every window
And also your eyes and skin
The heat of the bricks
The soft evening breeze
Of ocean air
Carrying a wisp
Of boiling cioppino
Calmed me in a special way

Seasons and Reasons

The seasons
Give us reasons
To strive
and thrive
And grow
And let go
To begin again
Is always
the reason

Forest Stream

That forest stream
Always comforted me
Its rippling gleam
And soft symphony
Was pure communion
More than mere seeing
That stream existed
For my being

Our First Date

Our first date
Made me feel alive
I have never stopped
Thinking about it
In fact I daydream
About that moment
Every day
Thinking about it
Means I'm thinking
About you

Down the Alley

Was it still raining?
We no longer noticed
Not complaining
Something smote us
Affection unfeigning
Winter looming
Hearts racing
Passion blooming
As we walked
Through puddles
For amāre's sake
Down the alley
By the lake

You Never Knew

You never knew
How much I
Loved you
Words were
Never enough
Nor my smile
Or even
My touch
Oh, if you
Only knew

It Might Matter

It may not matter
Or it might
Because of the latter
Do what is right

The Secret of Success

The secret of success
Is easy to express
To fail and fail and fail again
Only less and less and less
(inspired by Piet Hein)

That July Day

Your hair was still wet
From your shower
Soon to be taken away
I shall never forget
That final hour
Have many felt this?
Or only just a few?
Nothing can explain
As I started to cry
That last kiss
I gave you
On that day in July

Flower by a Window

It is cold through the glass
But the sun's rays are warm
The flower watches
Life outside
Quietly with dignity
Decorum is taught by florum
The supreme contradiction
Grace and elegance
A petal that tears and withers
Yet is as the immutable mountain
Unmoved
Unswayed
Unbowed
Unafraid
The earthly observer
It sees all
It walks silently tall
And keeps every secret

Little Birds

The diagnosis
Was bad news
I cried all night
With everything to lose
The following day
In snowy February
The little birds played
In the barren winterberry
The little bird and I
In a moment of connection
Caught each other's eye
Causing instant introspection
A message came into me
Into my innermost soul
From deep within eternity
'I love the little birds,' He said
Suddenly I was whole

The Lonely Bench

The lonely bench
In the frozen park
Mid-winter explains
Human existence
Better than books
To be happy
One Must
Serve others
Neither the bench
Nor human souls
Will accept
Or give Service
If either is cold

The Same

Everyone has a story
Of defeat and glory
Whether obscurity or fame
I want ours to be the same

My Kitty

Cats are furry
They chase and scurry
Making us laugh each day
Lovey and cuddly
Until they get bored
And simply walk away
The comforting purr
The soft velvety fur
And love so freely given
My pretty kitty
Its personality so witty
Brings joy into my livin'

Hydrangea

Look to the sky
Through a hydrangea
It will bring tears to your eyes
Oh, the ways it will change ya

Annette

I have never
Been able to
Fully express
Now or ever
How I truly
Feel about you
So I tell you now
Before every nation
That our children
May know
The greatness of
The instrument
Of their creation

Mansions

Does seeing this fill you with wonder?
The cosmos seems unfathomably immense
More than something to merely ponder
What mind has probed it since?
Comprehension of its mysterious glory
Seeing with natural eyes inspires awe
Yet, physical vision is only half the story
What one knows seldom results
From what one saw
Can you feel it?
A supernal adventure lay ahead
What is really going on
Behind this colorful curtain?
What if space is actually
Teaming with life instead?
Surely there must be
Something greater and certain
Discern it with feeling
Let your soul begin soaring
Sentiments, discernment
And the higher realms of thought
Truth seeking can sometimes be uncertain,
and boring

But soon you will begin to see
That what most think is, is not
All things either act or are acted upon
If the cosmos is the latter
Who is the former?
Upon this discovery find your new dawn
Keep searching, you are getting warmer
The stuff of the cosmos discovered through
intellectual leaps
Dark energy. Dark matter. Regular matter.
Radiation. Neutrinos
Yet our blood contains matter
From a star that sleeps
Most humans may not understand,
But I bet a new tree knows
Are your eyes still closed?
Or are you beginning to see?
Go back to the question I posed
It is not what 'man' is now
But what he is going to be
Time is so nimble and fleet.
Is your mind experiencing rapid expansions?
The fabric of space is the street.
'The galactic systems are its 'mansions.'

Fading Light

A gentle passing
From day to night
Upon your lap
I lay my head
And wonder-gaze
At the fading light
As the sky its
Glowing skin sheds

Beginning

Space is the beginning
Beginning, a point in time
Time, a point in light
That catalyzed 'primordial slime'
Light inherent in matter
Matter inherent in space
Light and matter squared
Puts energy in its place
But whence cometh intelligence?
Now we begin to see

Organization within chaos
Reveals Divine Creativity
Intelligence enables intellect
Intellect enables communication
Without such none of this
Would have any explanation
Organization yields symbiosis
Where all things dance 'the dance'
The elegant celestial choreography
The homeostasis non-happenstance
Something lifts us upward
To supernal spheres 'a spinning'
An inexplicable elevation
Transcendent new beginning

Far Away

The future always
Seems so far away
Humans fear what
Comes Between
Now and then
That the masses
Fear 'between'

Is almost a
Certainty 'now'
Yet ironically
In retrospect
Most seem
To cherish
Between 'then'
No matter what
Came before
The future
Came so fast
Far away is today

The Portal

A portal
For 'one'
Begins to close
Shockwaves in time
Life undone
A portal
For 'two'
Begins to open
Union Sublime
Life renewed

A Little is A Lot

Giving a little
To one who has not
When little is
All you have
Explains the
Ancient riddle
Little is more
Than a lot
To receivers of
Your salve

Fat Cat Daddy

‘Mozart?’
Asked the fat cat daddy
From Cincinnati
‘Bach,’
Responded the sassie little lassie
From Tallahassee

Imaginary Imaginations

That you cannot let be
An imaginary imagination
You insist is me
A me that
Has never been
Your duplicity
Will not allow
If it was not then
It cannot be so now
A vaporous fabrication
Of the long-passed past
It is your self-image
That was never true
That false image
You insist is me
Is ironically
The actual
Image of you

She Fights for Her Son

Day after day
She fights
And hopes
And cries
Unspeakably exhausted
Few understand
A mother who
Fights for her son
Unstoppable until
The war is won
She is a hero undescribed
His place gladly swaps
She will not be denied
Or be deterred
She will not stop
Until freedom conferred
The weight of eternity
She is willing to
Carry for him
That is why she will win
She fights for her son

Farewell to Anger

I did not realize
Without agreement
Or compromise
Anger was invited
Mind and heart divided
Anger came and stayed
Heavy on soul it weighed
Until autumn park at night
With soft comforting light
Your hand, your smell
A growing sense that all is well
A subtle yellow glow
It is all too clear, now I know
Farewell to anger

Worlds

Worlds within the world
Each within its own
Colliding with the others
As if existence was unknown
Distinguished only by
Secrets layered deep
The 'truth' is just a lie
And reality is asleep

Cosmos

The stuff of the cosmos
Discovered through intellectual leaps
Dark energy
Dark matter
Regular matter
Radiation
Neutrinos
Yet our blood contains matter
From a star that sleeps
Most humans may not understand
But I bet a new tree knows

Things People Sell

As far as I can tell
There will always be things people sell
Ignorance, anger, heaven or hell
Time, opinion, ideas as well
Nourishment, health, pills, just swell
Stories, status, wealth, lies to tell
Bodies, souls, minds, places we dwell
'Knowledge,' beliefs, illusions to quell
Justice, liberty, and 'innocence' as well
These are all things people sell

Victor

One may be a victim
Without feeling like one
Or thinking like one
Or behaving like one
One may be victimized
Without playing the 'victim's role'
Expression of 'survivorship'
Is not 'victim mentality'
It is 'victor mentality'
It is a proclamation of triumph

Right and Light

Learn what is right
And then do what is right
Yearn for the light
And then be true to the light

Happiness

Little birds
Flowers
Poems
And kind
Smiling eyes
Tend to make
People happy

All Tragedies End

Everything will be ok
That much I am certain
As night turns to day
I have seen behind the curtain
Be at peace as time will show
Though difficult to comprehend
Ultimate triumph shall be so
All tragedies eventually end
Ask me how I know

Profound Comprehensions

Uncharted depths explored
A frequent cosmic chord
For 'ages' I patiently waited
For knowledge unabated
Mysteries revealed
Histories unconcealed
Magna et magnifica anticipated
Stretched to new dimensions
By profound comprehensions

We Are Seeds

We are seeds
You and me
Buried deep in earth
Waiting for birth
Let there be no doubt
We have yet to sprout
Too blind to see
We think we are trees

Big Bang Theory

The 'big bang' theory
Creates pang and weary
And confusions by the dozen
'The earth is flat' is its cousin
A microscopic speck
Exploded on my deck
And packed my grill
With burgers to the gill

The Truck

You take the car
I'll take the truck
You fry the gar
I'll bake the duck
Travel by the star
With a little luck
I'll make it far
And you'll get stuck

My Place in This Place

My place in this place
You are here too
We occupy space in space
Together, us two
Is the world chaos or grace?
Spinning, arcing, flying through
At a staggering pace
Living, breathing, thriving too
Will it all go to hell?
Cradles or caskets?
Too early to tell?
Sometimes handbaskets
Carry things to heaven as well
A 'foot stool' to one
Is a 'stepping stone' to another
And when you are done
Lift your brother
As we float in space
Somehow in balance abiding
The 'happiness chase'
Until supernality residing
Disquietude during ebb
Propinquity of goodwill

Repose during flow
Statum harmonium skill
Produces a persistent glow
Somehow I belong
And somehow do not
It burns and churns
Yet peacefully hot

The Way Things Are

The way things are
Is not because of
The way 'they' are
But because of
The way 'we' are.

There is Always Poetry

If a wife won't put a man in his place,
 who will?
If a man's wife cannot help him, who can?
Prison takes a man places where no one
 can follow
If freedom is not an option, there is
 always poetry

(inspired by 'Poldark')

People Who Talk

He deleted 'that' social media account
When complete 'strangers' would not
 Stop complaining about his 'friends'
Who were also strangers to those 'strangers'
 You know what is said about
 People who talk about people

Forgiveness

Forgiveness does not
Exclusively benefit the aggrieved
Just as repentance does not
Exclusively benefit the offender
Repentance (change of heart, mind, and
behavior)
And forgiveness (softening of heart, mind,
and attitude towards others)
Are as much for innocent
And objective observers
A contemporaneous witness
Of either in action
Is a vision of Divinity itself
And a renewal of hope that
Humanity may yet attain
Propinquity with eternity's gift
One is for one
And the other for the other
Yet both are for all to see
Marvel, and remember

Water

Water spends some time
On the Mountain peak as ice
In the low valley as a stream
In the vast sea drifting around
In currents it cannot control
And in air as vapor
Human beings are much the same
High, low, cold, hot, drifting, floating
But sometimes we are in a glass
That another drinks to survive

The Subject

The person taking the action
is the 'subject'
The one being acted upon
is the 'object'
One is I
The other is me
First I try
And then I succeed

Propinquity

I have a proclivity
To put myself
In the proximity
Of propinquity

Be the Hero

In adversity never bow
Such are heroic moments
Show them how through
Your Supernal bestowments
To triumph with grace
To be their hero
It is your rightly place

Contemplum

Think about the
Majesty of being
No life is too lowly
Or insignificant
To deeply
Contemplate upon
What has been
Attained here
Shall be
Preserved there
Fully activated
Radiating glory
Life inherent within
A continuation
Of lives in the
Dominions to come
Magnifica contemplum

From a Seed

If the oak
Is the acorn's way
Of making more acorns
Then what is 'The Actor-Knower's' way
Of making more 'actor-knowers'?
The universe itself sprang
From a seed, not a bang
So did you



Matthew D. Hutcheson spent just under ten years in prison and house arrest from 2012 to 2022¹. He is a hero to thousands of prisoners and their families (and even prison officers) for setting a good example and promoting peace and harmony in a place that rarely sees such things. While in prison, Matthew wrote thirteen books, eight of which are now published and available on Amazon, Lulu, and HutchesonPhilosophy.com. Those books include *Quinny, Hero: The Rod Blagojevich Story*, *Why America is Great!*, *Something to Think About*, *Something to Think About: Book 2*, *In Defense of America*, *Capitalism vs. Socialism*, and more on the way, edited and published by Kirsten Swenson Martineau, President of Mach 6 Press™. In addition to his books, inspiring presentations and quotes containing “The Philosophy of Hutch™” can be found on the @philosophyofhutch YouTube and Instagram channels.

¹ What ever happened to Matt Hutcheson Part 1: <https://www.theamericanreporter.com/what-ever-happened-to-matt-hutcheson-part-1/>

What ever happened to Matt Hutcheson Part 2: <https://www.theamericanreporter.com/whatever-happened-to-matt-hutcheson-part-2/>

Who is Matt Hutcheson?: <http://bellohutch.com/about-hutch-matthew-d-hutcheson/>

