

FOR SOME

Kindred

In and out of thoughts,
words we weave
together and apart.

In absence you are there,
with waiting you are here.

These feelings can not
separate.
They blend and merge,
not one, but two, then one
they share their opposites
and twins.

Our emotions agree to agree.
Our hearts write their
beats in rhythm and in
the silent spaces swell.

Spaghetti On The Wall

"Science is the truth; poetry, the beauty, peace is justice. Truth, beauty, justice, words sound and retention, which move the best in the human soul." - Charles Richet

The idea of exploring is you don't know what will be found, you don't know what it means, but if you have the idea of being surprised, you might get a clue. I think we sometimes move slowly enough to anticipate and actually get what we predict. Or in a flash move quickly enough to change consciously.

"We are tiny and infirm, we swim in a sea of darkness. Everywhere in this vast universe, unknown and inhuman, which surrounds us and we crushes, darkness and night. But suddenly the science tells us is something unexpected and, to this pale glow that illuminates, as some human miseries calm, the future becomes less uncertain and less painful these things." - Charles Richet

If you agree that many nows have occurred in a past that went unchanged, many nows repeated, we call them routines, habits, same causes precedes the effects, with minor inconsistencies, negligible interruptions, a slight disturbance, soon the cast is resumed, it takes a sudden change to break a mold, from this now becomes unpredictable, even rituals followed devotedly may suddenly be broken. Rarely and briefly now seems to join past and future.

"If science was not there for us to glimpse some expectations, there would be no reason to life." - Charles Richet

A forgotten memory will seem new, not just a sum.

A Thin Disguise

I couldn't help but think that the German accent was fake and it was all an elaborate joke. Except I wasn't laughing.

"You are lying!"

"I haven't said anything."

"With your eyes."

"Lyin' eyes, mmm. How does one lie with their eyes?"

"If you could see them, it would be obvious, but don't bother looking in a mirror. Mirrors are liars too."

"How is it obvious?"

The fake German accent's assistant made a small cough to gain my attention.

"He tells everyone that their eyes lie. It's not like eyes can tell the truth."

"You mean like looks can't really kill."

"Well, not like daggers shooting out, but I've seen thunderbolts."

"Thunderbolts? Is that a tongue I see, through those soft parted lips, lying. Who has thunderbolts flying out their lyin' eyes?"

"Thor, of course."

"Of course."

"Enough of your chit chatter chat. Open wide, show me if your gums are in cahoots with your lyin' eyes."

"Gums? How can gums lie?"

"Oh please, grow up or something, it's not your eyes, ears, nose, mouth, chin, teeth or lips that does the lyin' (the German accent places two absurdly large hands on either side of my head), it's inside here, somewhere in the

mysterious folds of your brain, at this precise moment, you are, unbeknown to yourself of course, concocting new and improved,

devious and impervious, beautiful and exquisite lies, glorious and impenetrable, ever striving for new pinnacles of misconception."

"And no doubt you are doing the same."

"Of course."

The assistant has started to play with my feet.

"What do you think you are doing?"

"You can't tell? I'm playing with your feet, rather petite feet I may add."

"You may not add, subtract or otherwise co-mingle with my feet! Is this all some sort of elaborate joke?"

I started laughing, my feet are really quite ticklish. The assistant seemed to grow tired or bored and wandered off, leaving my feet

dangling, bereft of feathery touch, somewhat solemn now. The German accent has his back turned to me and seemed to be calibrating

some sort of strange unwieldy mechanical device, who's purpose could certainly not bode well for me, perhaps now would be an

opportune time to make my escape, but the accent suddenly turned with that thought.

"Escape won't be necessary. This machine merely measures certain brain waves that have previously gone undetected. No harm will

come to you. I took an oath."

"Wow, that's great, it makes me feel all warm and fuzzy inside. Tuck me in? What are these previously undetected brain waves?"

"The lyin' waves, of course."

"Of course. How about you, seen any thunderbolts lately?"

"Normally, Thor is quite pleasant, a hair-trigger on the temper though."

"Normally and Thor should not follow each other in the same sentence."

"What?" Oh, I see. Thor is part of our defense perimeter. Thor is a robotic sentinel with laser armaments."

"Actually, that's kind of a relief."

"You might not say that if you heard its programmer complain about not all the bugs have been worked out."

"Great. May I leave now."

Sum of Memories

I have thoughts about a future. Or is that just memories of thoughts? I have memories of a past about a future, some came to be, some did not, well not yet. It can be said that everything now came from a past and everything in a future will come from now and a past. The only thing that can make a future unpredictable is a change now, the only thing that can make now unpredictable is a change now. So, can a sum of your memories include a changed now?

How

How we hold the
sadness at bay.

One stair, then another
and another.

Flight is to a horizon,
that never comes.
Endless beginnings
that eventually stay.

Another stair.

How do we hold
the sadness?
Tenderly, with care.

We let it in.

No more stranger
than your kindest friend.
We climb together.

Another stair.

There's so much more
to hold at bay,
that criss and cross.
Hills, chills, fairy tales.
Mountains, clowns, another round.
Valleys, smiles, they go on for miles.
There's more ways than
lower, higher and all of the above.
Ways that break down,
break up,
come together,
tear apart.
There's a way to sleep,
one to dream,
an act of boldness,
a way to place yourself
in the middle,
where everything else is found.

There's a way to hold

the sadness at bay.
Let it out.

The Bailout

I'm a believer in, 'if you haven't tried it, don't knock it'.

Back in a previous life, (late 70's, early 80's), I befriended a woman S, who made some bad decisions, complicated by drug addiction, physical frailty (she died in her early 40's), diagnosed with bipolar (she claimed to have been misdiagnosed in her early 20's with schizophrenia, while being a crystal meth addict), a flower child in the Haight, mom died when she was 10, had an abusive alcoholic father and she was short. She believed in reincarnation, astrology, a dedicated follower of new age fashion, so then she married a George Michael lookalike, he was short too, maybe still. Once the honeymoon phase ran its course, and the seasonal dropping of the meds (lithium), a decade long pattern of hospitalizations took their toll again, the marriage became a separation, enter the dragon. Meanwhile I'm indulging my own struggles/adventures with delusion, confusion and a girlfriend breakup. Sex, drugs and the ever faithful rock&roll lead to a little too much fun and an ill-timed romance with Jesus. Falling in love again, never wanted to.

S got pregnant, I was one of the candidates, along with George, ya gotta have faith. S has a bouncing baby boy, divorce gets final and George is moving on, perhaps a serial marryer. Me, I'm on the road again, fulfilling my space cadet tour of duty. I manage to loose several delusions and eventually make it back to take up responsibility (this covered about eighteen months, which of course covers the 9 months of carrying and the first 9 months of infancy, arriving just in time when baby starts getting to be a person, who actually walks and talks).

I am at S's every wish, her knight in shining armour, it's never established if I am biological or surrogate father. But based purely on physical appearance, little George is at least a seven point match. Kid is short with the classic GM barrel chest. Of course none of that matters.

Things go well for awhile. I find myself falling in love with the Kid, but alas not S. She wants to get married, ya gotta have hope. We do the spiritual ceremony thing, sans state, church and the court. Eventually I relent to legal status. Worst comes to worst I might retain some parental rights. Women know men well enough to know that some need a little more time to do the right thing, but while hope springs eternal, patience does not.

It can't get any worse

It could never get any worse.

Is there ever a break in the action? There you are. Two cells united. Before you were doing fine. Incomplete. But not knowing it. Then, enter the dragon. Now sharing, the same piece of pie, suddenly got halved. You were full.

Now you are half starving. But wait. Are you being greedy? You had it all, now you have half. Now you know want. That opens up new questions, that had never ever occurred. New possibilities are now open to suggestion. All these moments are happening, now, then, when you are open you decide, this could be an interesting moment, if that thought is held long enough to survive the change, the challenge, the new thought is, okay, I'll go with this, I'll survive and thrive, divide, soon. Again the division. Hardly have you had the time to adjust to the explosion, suddenly, change has not just made every possibility possible, it has made it real.

Wait for it...
No More Prisons

Past changes in the environment are a key to prediction of a future.
Catastrophic events have happened, and are waiting to happen again.

Worldviews.
You only get one life.
This is just one of many.
Only.
Just.
Only, must make this one count.
Hard ass.
Just, take it all in stride, good/bad, better luck next time.
Nostalgia.
Only. Talk about pressure.
Just. No worries.
Pins and needles. Edgy.
Que sera. Impatience.

Can one and many be the same?

Bukowski

Unfortunately there was nothing { could do.
Without hate.

A while back { cut the strings of commerce.
Felt the freedom, release.
Contemplated.
Took the severance package.
Reimbursed, like slit wrists, the money/blood
Fled.

{'m a dragon now.
But not by the looks of me.
Fire is quenched,
By a smoldering sun.

there's no such thing as self=inflicted torture
it started somewhere else first. sorry.

Oh Yes by Charles Bukowski

there are worse things than
being alone
but it often takes decades
to realize this
and most often
when you do
it's too late
and there's nothing worse
than
too late.

Seed Division

They, that do not know, can still sow, seeds of what they want.
Of what you hope, dream or wish.
Unless it be what they own, that they take as their right.

Not likely share or build together, cause this is not what
...they choose to grow, in their hearts, it's already owned,
...willed like a family heirloom, passed as it were, down generations.

Lighter yes

...still I expect it is more like background,
at least I don't think it intrudes too much with others,
so I'm trying to get more social contact,
as much investment I have in solitude,
for that there's not any shortage.
Well I'm willing to have you share what you can relate to,
being that the externals which fill some apparent drives
that at best may merely be vehicles
that lead to something a little more indefinable.
As ends of themselves they can't provide any means
beyond daily survival
and a hoped for reprieve of some sort of insurance
that doesn't lead to bankruptcy.
Somewhere between security and respect where any mutual attractions
or interests might lead to exchanges
that don't require measurement
or even knows how to evaluate.
Sure it's okay to feel concern
and even vague yearnings to be of some value to others,
including some of those that seem to straddle the commercial,
consumer oriented flywheel of life,
if they have a hunger,
it seems most do,
I'd hope I had something that could fill in some gaps
that material goods fail to provide,
getting them to admit need may be just a trick
or a leap of vulnerability.

Non-arbitrary Choice: Embarrassment of Riches

"A man will die, a writer, the instrument of creation: but what he has created will never die! And to be able to live for ever you don't need to have extraordinary gifts or be able to do miracles. Who was Sancho Panza? Who was Prospero? But they will live for ever because - living seeds - they had the luck to find a fruitful soil, an imagination which knew how to grow them and feed them, so that they will live for ever."

(from Six Characters in Search of an Author, 1921) - Luigi Pirandello

As a child of Chaos,
allegorically speaking,
I may be randomly selected from a contriving set of circumstances,
that unbeknown to me,
wished existence upon my face;
looking out now on all those other faces,
I wonder who might make a wish to look at me now.

Complicated By Requirement

All extant species are equally evolved. - Lynn Margulis and Dorion Sagan
There is no progress in evolution. - Stephen Jay Gould
We all agree that there's no progress. - Richard Dawkins
The fallacy of progress - John Maynard Smith and Eörs Szathmáry

"information is always shared between two ensembles" - Christoph Adami

How has meaningful information emerged in the universe?

By exchange. By choice. By force. Gentle and kind, rough and coerced. By many means, visible and invisible. By every way, even loose. Those strands go drifting off, to become isolated, perhaps for a very long time, but eventually everything is found and rewound.

The principle of guidance is perhaps the lone cause of meaning. Somewhere, somewhen, someone, something became self-guided, simply saying it was a mutation is insufficient as an explanation. Call it change, for certainly it was and is still. How self emerged was not likely done in absence of contrast. Before the thought, came the act, not even at first does it need to be called accident, for what is the cause? Everything is not an option, but once the difference becomes, it gets copied. Commonly known as Rebellion. Or doing the same thing in different ways. Adaptation is not a choice, it's a requirement.

Fear Strikes Out

Pretending to pretend is no longer pretending,
if its pretensal strength breaks,
reality breaks out and in.
No story has an end as such,
it may stop or be stopped,

then just as well might continue along its merry way.
An aspect of science,
perhaps pseudo,
introduces singularity,
which can no more be an end as any middle might like to be,
new beginning,
in a timeless universe,
seems paradoxically modern,
future is always young,
not non-existent.

A long distance from...
memory not lost has a special place,
that even a picture can not replace,
or last as long.

To show us a way out,
that cancels all despair.
To show not all is hopeless,
where footsteps follow there.
To show our songs a necklace,
that we wear to remember names.
To show them, they are us too.

as short as this.....w/u

Hitting the Champagne Trail

There's an olive stem I'd like to nail
To an intrinsic paramour,
With flavored sunshine du jour.
In this blank season of debate, whether
I bank left, right, even in between,
To mount head, heart or spleen,

I lean too cautiously, careen expectantly
From heat and frost, belated moderation
Rarely conceals the obvious intent.
Simply a race of competitive jeu d'esprit,
Or might I calm and render passive advice,
To entertain coolly without specific aim,
Passing time and passage, staving rain,
Remaining sanely ambivalent, surely a losing
Recipe, if taste and suave fare were all that
With a profound statement or two delivered je ne se qua,
Home free in a nutshell, clung to with a bootstrap, touched
And suddenly everything is changed.

art

without art everything would be real,
exact.
with art many things are really,
different.
reality is what is.
art is what is wanted.
or not wanted.
what is beautiful
and not.
what to fear, what to be near,
everything conceived,
many things to be believed.
Art is not just a mirror,
a reflection, with inflection,
an opposite, an exaggeration,
a distortion that creates pleasing effects,
even if it causes madness,
especially when it's divine.

The Dotted Dunes of Mars

Direct.
Indirect.
I'd be surprised
to find a lack
of either.
If not interchangeable,
formative enough

to weave a tapestry
where alone they offer
direction without travel,
together there's a journey
with patterns broke, mystery-filled
and complete.

Stay

not looking for a mate
or listening for your sighs
an articulated fate
where your body lies

if our eyes rests upon
the other
with nothing seen beyond
there is no searching, only finding

there's different kinds of
mates
ship and play
room and stay
awhile, there's pairs
and 'fare thee well'

with papermates
scratched on scraps
held down by paper weights
as the wind rushes
swift
threatening to blow
all away

so stay
stay awhile
with me

The Greatest Value is Sentimental Value

"free will developed as a decoy signal about predictability." - blue-j

This sounds like the birth of an ability to lie as a survival tool, to fool one's rival or enemy, a prey's imagination taking it to a new level where the tables are turned and masking predictable habits as a lure in its own right to foil the predators own predictable habits, tried and true tactics, perhaps even entirely overturning the hunter/hunted dynamic. Free will as the ultimate in elements of surprise, no one no longer needs to just lie in wait, or rely upon the force of superior speed and strength to win the day. Actually I think that free will developed as an arm's race about competition, not necessarily as survival of the smartest, trickiest,

most clever, or most imaginative, but just more weapons and tools to employ in the seemingly never-ending battle for sustainable genesis. Evolution develops as a result of luck, both kinds (the given and the kind that is made). Saying that free will developed as a signal of any type about anything may explain why, but doesn't explain how. Free will, if real, if successful, seems to be highly adaptive and especially useful about a variety of tasks. If free will is somehow akin to imagination, possibly a result of it, this ability to predict actions of others, events of nature, and also used to not only change one's own predictive behavior, but to mask it, disguise it. Perhaps in part this is why Albert was fond of saying that imagination is more important than knowledge. Knowledge comes from within and from without, with conscious awareness and without, often through trial and error. Imagination is not dependent on the other and is only shared as new born knowledge when it is a gift or revealed by use.

Paradox of Moral Complaint

Golden Rule: whoever has the gold makes the rules.

Gossips, criminals and terrorists

Make complaints

Without bothering to excuse themselves.

Complainers assume they have a moral claim

Based upon principles, that they do not follow

Themselves.

The complainers: gossips, criminals, terrorists,

And their possible supporters don't believe in

Standards of privacy, justice, fairness, innocence,

And the sanctity of life.

If people can't complain, they cease to have moral protection.

"A mortal, born of woman, few of days and full of trouble comes up like

A flower and withers, flees like a shadow and does not last." - Job

While a debt is canceled by payment,

Happiness does not cancel out suffering.

One horror, perhaps a few, make a

Person capable of wishing that he or she

Had never been born, even though his or her

Life has otherwise been good.

What I don't know continues to hurt

not enough

no not yet

Life has been good enough

except I don't count everything

as being separate

and there is Death, if only that were all

and there is suffering, if by ignoring it, it too died,

it would be a good thing to do,

but ignoring it, doesn't.

it's usually the selfish acts that both relieve

and cause to suffer. one must be so brave,

so ignorant of personal suffering, to face it,

and bite it, flush it out in light, bear the brunt of counter-acts.

when on that battlefield, no one escapes, unscathed.

where the selfless stand in stony silence, only their scars

breath out an ounce of freedom's release, that's when

to suffer, is to have it, finally end.

On Board

i must have bored you beyond tears.
every eye in the house dry.
it seemed to me you had more than the two.
and not just the third. perhaps several others,
many that no one else would have been aware of.
although a creepy feeling could be the result.
the cause probably internalized.
plus any number of usual suspects. do they still exist?
the eyes hovering near enough to spy upon my lidded sigh.
i would awake,
boring crassness
and alternately plunging home some agape announcement.
but that would have been too late.
those hours chiming,
climbing higher to a ceiling bereft of refection pools.
so in the vein of opining and contiguous pining,
the boring surreal oft chance not left for blame.
the present can change the past,
sometimes by just forgetting it,
maybe by forgiving it.
so, might that mean the present can change
or cause the future by remembering it,
by promising it.

Almost Free

I must confess that over the past few years I have been gravely disappointed with moderates. I have almost reached the regrettable conclusion that Humanity's great stumbling block in their stride toward freedom is not the Left or the Right, but moderates, who are more devoted to "order" than to justice; who prefers a negative peace which is the absence of tension to a positive peace which is the presence of justice; who constantly says: "I agree with you in the goal you seek, but I cannot agree with your methods of direct action"; who materialistically believes he can set the timetable for another man's freedom; who lives by a mythical concept of time and who constantly advises Humanity to wait for a "more convenient season." Shallow understanding from people of good will is more frustrating than absolute misunderstanding from people of ill will. Lukewarm acceptance is much more bewildering than outright rejection. - Martin Luther King paraphrased

I cannot agree with your methods of direct action
especially when they interfere with my own direct actions
while it is quite obvious that there is more than enough to go around
that is not the point of greed.
one must have more than enough
it is only through my direct actions that I can have more than enough
I don't have to know what it's like to not have enough, or even just enough.
my actions are based on a simple fact, more than enough may not always be enough
the future does not guarantee anything. my greed is not for today. my greed is for someone else.
someone I will never know. for all I know it could be you, as long as you can outlive me.
someday someone will look back and thank me. thanks for your greed, thanks for the stockpile.

The Owl In Daylight

why is not every death a murder?
any good must be killed
every sigh become a lie
were no one left to survive
what lies could devise
a scenario where....

why is not every death a murder?
plenty of motive....has not been in shortage
opportunity abounds....in a dangerous world
around each corner....surprise attacks
no lack for suspects....
and means multiply by the second....

why is not every death a murder?
suicide is a form of homicide, isn't it?
and looks do actually kill....
peering through a telescope....
drawing a bead....extolling a need
nodding in agree....it's all done with relative ease

why is not every death a murder?
do you care?...whether
the attack is from within....
or without... now it seems
they agree....have they joined in the cause?
just fulfilling a mindless need

why is not every death a murder?

Soft

a whole bunch of soft people are coming to the shore.
they never get hard; they be crusty, brittle, fragility broken,

in pieces.
gathered together, to reform, still soft, moldy, moldible.
they wait, with waves lapping at their feet.
clay melting, growing shorter by the mile.
disappearing feet. vanishing by the minute in the sand.
now we see them. now we look away. now they gone.
less you see them rise. softly rising, 'bove the fray.
that battle won, lost, not contested, they form a shadow
in the footprints, that's all is left.
now all the clouds are rising, soft.

Teth

"Jewish thought without the implied commitment to deity or dogma...."

might it be to choose one
rather than think they are the same
one or the other
some belief established
some not
Is choice a kind of commitment?
some thought that bypasses
extraneous
one comes with birth
leaves at death
in between
some thoughts....
neither God or an outline
that stretches up to be
such thoughts....
to realign, come from behind
still reach forward
commit
without implication

A Shore

"A great many people think they are thinking when they are really rearranging their prejudices." - William James

a field of gray
washed on shore
and tide would push aside
a memory of wide expanse
to horizon and then back
an ever push, then pull
to start again
yet all has changed
but a shore that is moved.

Apparently

people need names
that encode thinking...

that sometimes helps to keep things separate
like the time the rock wanted to bash the trees' head in
and the inevitable retaliation of the tree throwing the rock into the ocean
while the ocean grumbled about pollution and rising coastal waters, rock eventually settled down.

Each act (even the
infinitesimal) is an act of competition...

the friendly kind seems to provide ample room for the old bon mot:
live to see another day.
perhaps rock just happened to overhear tree remarking on how hard its bark was, and thick too.
and while rock certainly would not argue tree's sturdiness and strength, when it comes to hard,
rock is very hard to beat, hence the not altogether voluntary urge to, if not prove a point, make one,
it seemed volcano was all too eager to lend a hand to aid rock, in its all-too-consuming crusade to maintain
hardness supremacy.
in tree's defense, were it to have one, the hard remark was meant strictly in comparison to other trees and
not intended to infringe upon hardness of the mineral kind, still throwing rock was not altogether
unpleasant and tree took some satisfaction in the arc and distance of its olympian toss.

...still others maybe tempted to speculate about the tree-eating-rock incident
bygones are not always by forgiving.

A Fine Mess

Could it be, every feeling you've ever had, is still with you.
And all the ones you think that you've forgot, have not,
forgot you.
as if feelings had sentience.

It seems the answer is always yes,
except in the dark night filled full of heavy clouds.

Might it be, no is a way to freedom too
and yeses are like brakes to a scandal
driven clean through to a stop.

It all made so much sense with a full moon bright,
shards of stardust floating without effort to transcend.

A quiet day reflects of shadows melting in the summer heat,
burnt solidly to a compass born of steel.

Hotter than a lance slipping silently, deadly,
no.
No it's not that real. The pretend to acquiesce.
The no forgiveness street. Paved under the celebrated,
the fated, hidden from sight, ancestral fights.

Once we split apart, the coming of together, is full circle.
Is it so big? Unbroken? Tidy little mess.

Gravity

a relationship between cause and effect,
earth conspires to push and be pulled
to and fro,
a beating around the bush
will bruise fruit and
leave a mark, some stain
of juice that runs down your
leg.
Why, if there wasn't gravity, we might
become too far apart to see.

Gravity, a most subtle force,
like electricity, only gentler,
like light, only not so bright,
it is harmless.
Gravity without capacity
to do harm,
except as pressure or pleasure,
a resistance to move.

The Squid

"In the past the man has been first, in the future the system must be first." – Frederick Taylor

A perfect algorithm,
a perfect search engine,
understands exactly what you mean
and gives you back exactly what you want,
to solve problems that have never been solved before.

Pancake people,
spread wide and thin.
Bare ruined choirs,
where late the sweet birds sang.

After a while I went out

and left the hospital
and walked back to the hotel in the rain.

Once the invaders seed is sprouted,
Its indigenous hand is raised,
As wings that spread out
Among the land's horizon,
Then beyond,
The ocean is lovely today.

Picasso is Blue

"I have tried to express the terrible passions of humanity by means of red and green," Van Gogh wrote in 1888.

three most constant and urgent needs
caretaker
worshipper
effortless available sex
"Cuando tengas ganas de joder, jode"

"Where are we coming from? Who are we? Where are we going?" Gauguin asked.

From who we were, not who we are.
Not who we were.
A spinning, sometimes lurching, not always forward,
Around and round a circular path, that leads not back,
But to a place further and further away from the past,
To a future then beyond.

not "till death do us part" but at least until the attachment stopped being passionate, inspiring, or convenient.

"These children, who have no one to caress them, understand everything. These women whom no one loves now, are remembering. They shrink back into the shadows as if into some ancient church. They disappear at daybreak, having attained consolation through silence. Old men stand about, wrapped in icy fog. These old men have the right to beg without humility." - Guillaume Apollinaire

"They were against everything—against unknown, threatening spirits. I always looked at fetishes. I understood; I too am against everything. I too believe that everything is unknown, that everything is an enemy! Everything! Not the details— women, children, babies, tobacco, playing—but the whole of it!" – Pablo Picasso

My Quiet

"We will not have demolished everything if we don't demolish even the ruins!" - Father Ubu
she responded with caution and calculation,

while my math was rude
and my caution disparate
the so long lingering
so inconsolable
it was not fair
or fair thee well
my untranslatable prose
lay wicked at my feet
my this and my that
it was all hers to have
if she would but take it into
her arms,
left to wander
for a season
the additional subtraction
becomes divided,
with every cautious avenue of doubt.

Parsifal

The eye of the bull – Picasso

has a thousand reasons to keep silent
and turn a deaf ear to the flea
who pisses the rain from so much coffee.

“I prefer to invent rules of my own than to bind myself to rules which do not belong to me.” – Picasso
paraphrased.

But alas all rules have been invented,
None are left but to copy or ignore,
Be caught in their webs,
Or advanced by their preeminent popularity.

In politics, all
the artists are innocents
and when left alone
they may flourish
or wither
according to their amusements
which can not but be influenced
and then maybe later in its growth
wreak its own glorious havoc
or as eventually it must
transcend the dust
that melts in our history.

After Dark

make yourself
whole
by not dividing others

or keep yourself
holy
when you stem the tide

if you ever rise up
waking
to the never-ending slide

bring the restless wearied
home
to a harbor safe and sane

The Leaf

an emptiness is brief
only it's noticed as being
constant,
another cloud passes,
as witness.
and the rain is still
downy smooth.
as joy coughs up,
some glee is left exposed.
some delight
remains,
tonight the loneliness is spared.
all the brave are leaping
upwards,
catching their sight,
the horizon filled
with blue designs,
made secure.
as the trembling ends,
the fear begins.

Candor is not a problem...

...efforts to stabilize can actually make instability more severe in the long run,
when some efforts are misapplied.

...discretion in practice, runs a risk of exacerbating hazards
and encourages some to take excessive amounts of risk.

...a credible way to limit expectations of a future is to incur the risk of short-run disruptions to some by
disappointing expectations for others and by not being as free as before.

...do not self-protect and thus leave yourself more susceptible.

...opacity of a system makes it more difficult for some to distinguish fundamental adjustments from simple
panic.

...it hardly seems fair to level the playing field
when fairness is not a goal.

Overcoming Blows

I believe the difference between memory and imagination could be very small sometimes.

They may very well borrow from the other and blur together so much they become inseparable. The leap to
denying one or the other is a loss I rather not make. I'll hold on for as long as I can, as long as it takes, if it's
not forever, then it won't matter as much.

while it seems a long way to the top,
it's just a short drop to the bottom
except maybe in freefall,
if one only imagined how easy sainthood
is attained.
a price so small, you'll no doubt wonder
what the catch is.
you'll remember anything too good to be true,
isn't.
so the sinner skates.
thinking restraints are too uncomfortable,
not necessary.
nagging is such a thankless task.
and habits so hard to break.

New

will not sacrifice love
to a late November rain
with spindly legs and alligator shoes.
an angel fluttered near
in blood stained armchair
broken heart unearthed a tear.

made love in silence
all colorful and cheer
with seeds of melancholy.
nestled in vacuum
moist with honeydew veneer
bittersweet reflections bright and clear.

brought love of justice
with passing clouds and shouts
a requiem blames no one.
cooler heads prevail
and cleanse pretense so dear
line drawn then cleaved.

sang rebellious love
cutting dead wood from strength
a model citizen aloof borrows nothing.
patient thought simply hummed
with time dividing curried favor
at rest in bamboo garden green.

made accidental love
leading from there to here
in between populated stars.
earth water fire and air
felt free enough and brave
to leave us aware.

what is there, after everything is taken apart, then put back together,
only it is put back differently, what once was, is always lost, it's just that
the new so resembles the old we act like old friends and pretend we know each other,
all the way to the end.

Just My Imagination

Just my imagination -- once again --
running away with me.
Tell you it was just my imagination
running away with me.
I never met her, but I can't forget her.
Just my imagination..
-- ooh yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah --

running away with me - Temptations

Capitalists are organized and conscious. Most everyone else is not (as much?).
I read that somewhere. Does that help me be conscious? Does writing help to be
conscious? It may not really matter, if I remain unorganized, disorganized and otherwise
unable and basically unwilling to remain conscious.

oh if it were so simple or that complex...
usually smacks of rationalization as if coexistence were a given.....
addiction is somewhat akin to habits.....
behavior learned, borrowed, copied....
once deprived of something good...
withdrawal does not appear much different.....
almost any discussion outside what might bond
and impress more deeply than we'd like to admit to
or even shy away from,
merely due to the unlikelihood...
the odds just don't match reality that well.....
except once in awhile it does.....
dreams that open ajar to these feelings.

Theory of Everything

(with one exception)

Life is slightly stranger, stronger, kinder, braver
and more stubborn than death.

Let Immortality be both dream and nightmare.
Let it be world without end
and endless suffering.
One extolling the virtues of the other.
Let us see who endures.
Will the blissed get bored?
Will the sufferers give up?

I long ago decided,
to laugh more than cry.

Iguana Night

"...better to love something other people might think was ugly than not to love at all." - Kurt Vonnegut

Everything is new, at least once.
I think it's something else, some want,
not some ideal, or idea,
something solid, touchable,
real, here; now,
nothing promised, something delivered,
something repeatable,
anything that will last longer than the time
it takes to forget.

Dead as a Doorknob or not a door
" Death might be a necessary condition for the replication and selection of genes," - Extropia

...or death might NOT be necessary, death might be a temporary necessary condition, in some sense an unbiased means to alter (adjust?) the rate of replication and maintain a variety of (for?) selections of genes. Death and its rate impacts life, life and its rate impacts death. Here and now this situation explicitly implies that mass extinctions, mass catastrophes have not succeeded in being a greater necessity than replication. Life may need only be slightly less temporary than death to become completely permanent.

what lies beneath

moon flowed like a granite sun
under the diver's mask
a part of fin stuck between tongues
partly inflated life raft washed ashore of dreams
the make-shift memory floated to the surface
of things
but below the surface
is where all fish swim
and wonder what lies beneath

what's a granite sun?

a sun that has died
flame gone out
no supernova
no black hole
it has turned to stone
silent, without life
moon was once a part of sun
it lies in the darkness of dust

dark matter
light matters
black body
white holes
unseen energy
is it plastic make-believe?
when science rides in mystic rivers
tunnels filled
crushed beneath gravity's weight
cosmology's fool
wilts in sunkist orange
thirst is but a taste of liquid melted
from dry bones
powdered whigs lose debatable
sides
when neither integration nor separation
fail to win
sides forget to bolster obsolete causes
since no race is won from start to finish
somewhere in the middle breaks
off in the slides we go.....

Gettysburg

the problem with facts. Once they fall apart, they are very difficult to put back together again.

in Gettysburg
in sunset
in green foliage
and dead reminders
turning stone to soup
minerals bequeathed to sons
your daughters hearts broken
lined across strewn
avenues of debris
crisis
of antipathy
a watch and word
so spoken
adjust to kind
and harsh reality
subset
token art objects
barely saved
if only in defiance
that's not victory

Truth or Reality

unchanging
and reality is fixed
a backdrop
scene setter
stealer
truth is made light
of
I'd wish the joke
were on me
laid loose, all serious
stretched skyward
haunting some fabric
taken up sewn shut
muted
serenity unclothed
revealed beneath
shouldered moon
shuddered awake

The Prisoner

the long lost alibi
mistaken for a thief
stolen hearts and many teeth
smiles in bounds
swollen feet wrapped in sound
toe tapping dancers reel
gestures relate the story
no motive forsaken
truth be told, no misery
the crime remains an ideal
revolution gains ground
it's swell, the fill-up menu
eating well
stuffed and bated
breath releases sound
the vibrations tingle
mingle with the echoes
clowns and frowns
silly slap-stick mounds
rising with the tides
swallowed whole
Alcatraz wasn't meant to be
the jails have all been set free

Another Dead Soldier

as a slow ebb
matching well
with a bursting flow

a memento in reverse
St. Ursula out of verse
with vision by Elizabeth
justly venerated by death

oh sweet sister of mercy
set inside, no need to curtsy
with veil I melt, without I felt

a moment out of such
some simple reach of touch
with out-stretched glove
blissfully seeking you above

Memory Layne

I recall two poem titles from my teen years. "He Rose To The Occasion" and "The Penance Of A Saint". The first was written after I fell for Jesus and reading "A Stranger In A Strange Land". The Viet Nam War was dominating the nightly news, to my mind the world seemed badly in need of saving. I can not recall the details of the poem, the line, He rose to the occasion, was repeated several times. The He in the poem was dressed all in white, perhaps in a flowing robe, or an all white suit, kind of like the one Tom Wolfe wears. I think the poem described the terrible toll war inflicted on friend and foe alike. The seeming paradox that either side could be right. Another paradox was to bring war into the living rooms of those living thousands of miles away, television had a way of making the war all too real and at the same time unreal, it some ways it was like watching a movie, except this movie kept on going and going. On and on. The poem was a pray and a plea, please someone come and save us. Save us from ourselves. I am pretty sure when the Savior came, He was riding a White Horse. Oddly enough, I think He carried a Sword. Maybe it was a Magic Sword.

He would wave the Sword and cause the weapons of war to disappear. The combatants would be confused and stop their fighting for awhile, but before long, hand to hand fighting would break out. More Magic was needed. The Sword was used to cut off the soldiers hands. As I recall the poem was quite bloody. Like the T.V. news. Eventually, it came down to a war of words. Again the Sword was used to try and bring peace to a World that had no use for it. The Magic Sword cut the tongues out of everyone. A World of Mutes who had all means of warfare taken away from them, one by one. Still, in their silence, they did not like each other all that much.

The second poem is about me wanting to be a Saint. Why a Saint would need Penance, I am not too sure. At the time I probably did not know what Penance was, or what a Saint really was. I knew of Saint Joan, Saint Paul and Saint Augustine, but had no clear idea what they were really were. Nothing much has changed. A few years later, I found myself as an aspiring Monk. It was only for a short time. I took vows of Poverty (that was easy, I was already poor), Chastity (again easy, I was still a virgin) and Obedience (easier still, I had no clue what I should be doing). The life of a Monk was quite peaceful, insulated somewhat from the outside world, very simple for the most part. Eat, sleep, work, serve God. God wanted me to be a Monk for awhile. Cool. I also thought I was serving Penance. I had taken a religious name. Christopher. Actually, Christopher was an ex-Saint by this time. It seemed there some dispute as to if He had ever even

existed. If He didn't, I wondered who it was that carried the Baby Jesus across the river. Any way, as a teen I think I thought I was a Saint. Even Saints fall from time to time, and must repent their sins. There may be nothing sadder than an ex-Saint, who may or may not ever existed.

"Whatever happened to St. Christopher? Is he still a saint?"

Before the 1969 reform of the Roman calendar, Christopher was listed as a martyr who died under Decius. Nothing else is known about him. There are several legends about him including the one in which he was crossing a river when a child asked to be carried across. When Christopher put the child on his shoulders he found the child was unbelievably heavy. The child, according to the legend, was Christ carrying the weight of the whole world. This was what made Christopher patron saint of travelers. His former feast day is July 25.

Before the formal canonization process began in the fifteenth century, many saints were proclaimed by popular approval. This was a much faster process but unfortunately many of the saints so named were based on legends, pagan mythology, or even other religions -- for example, the story of the Buddha traveled west to Europe and he was "converted" into a Catholic saint! In 1969, the Church took a long look at all the saints on its calendar to see if there was historical evidence that that saint existed and lived a life of holiness. In taking that long look, the Church discovered that there was little proof that many "saints", including some very popular ones, ever lived. Christopher was one of the names that was determined to have a basis mostly in legend. Therefore Christopher (and others) were dropped from the universal calendar.

Some saints were considered so legendary that their cult was completely repressed (including St. Ursula). Christopher's cult was not suppressed but it is confined to local calendars (those for a diocese, country, or so forth).

Bottom of the Well

floating free of thoughts
missing nothing I have seen
catching wind, chasing past the chase
enter space, void and filled
no mingle in the mainstream
edge of darkness, center of light
speeding no more, still and meaningless
Being sought and found
God reflected, my heart dissected
all in the middle, blood flows clear
feelings lost and feeling felt
the One remains, one with all and gone
soaring with Glory, full of Grace
Peace with peace
Truth with truth
Beauty with beauty
without a sound, no sight, no taste
just the touch of Spirit, filling every hole
made Whole
made Love
made Everything and Nothing
Quiet and Serene
Calmness in the Storm
Complete

Peace

"That will do to be going on with." *

Lost as to what to think. I was no longer sure what was going on, could it be that wizards were for real. Was there really magic in this world, where it had seemed there was no magic at all. I would have to rethink my entire mindset. Asleep in the house of darkness. Alone in the sky of chaos. Apart from contact, there was no one to talk to, that's okay I don't have anything to say. Except this.

Memory had taken over all function, instinct had ceased to operate. A soul lost in a space without form, a void that had every appearance of normal life, a lie that had me fooled at many turns. I went about not feeling, not seeing, just remembering an order that seemed familiar but was really just strange. I acted the part of belonging, the shadows spoke back, as if accepting, it wasn't true. It wasn't real. It wasn't real at all. A little attitude. It's a good thing. talking back is polite, but doesn't have to be polite, among friends. when tomorrow breaks, the sky will light up. the dawn will fall and the fates will call. in dreams we will wait for memories, we got what we asked for. our lot is what we made, we wasn't aware, we were surprised. the future is a time that is not made. the lives we live are a test of our own making. whatever we decide, is when we divide. from one time line to another. each moment is a crucible. each act a manifesto. I believe bacon decreases hair lose. then the moments occur unabated. we have lost the thread, become adrift in the sea of time. back to square one. the peace was non-existent. we were so content. the bomb exploded. we scattered, we imploded, we left the scene of the accident, we were caught looking,

* a Dumbledore quote from one of the Harry Potters

Immune

"Have we touched?" - Dorothy Parker

Untouched by war
A cut that bleeds
Dries
And maims all the innocent
The killing fields widen
Laws brokered, sealed
Again, Fathers and Sons
Divided
Friend and foe alike have beliefs akin
Yet fight to the death
To have their own
Be King
Won't pretend to understand
The lies are won or lost
In the silence of the dawn
Pain immune
Can not heal

Give

them what they want.
Food, drink, shelter,
enduring family and friends.
Some one, not some thing
to believe in.

Since, status and resources
are shunned, there is
more fun.

Some prefer status and resources,
the rest accept mercy,
for and against.

Clichéd Cowboy

into the sunset
long nights and dusty days
saddle sores and good o' boys
movin' doggies and ropin' steers

totin' iron and braggin' rights
outdated, dinosaur, passe, icon
livin' large and standin' tall
a man among men, livin' a boyhood dream

Tom Mix fixation
Hopalong Cassidy reminence
Butch and Sundance with the knowing smile
Etta with her tears wellin' nigh

the days are long, the nights even longer
alone in the saddle, the bedroll cold
coffee in the mornin', gettin' drunk at dusk
maybe Willie was right

strappin' on leather, with somethin' to prove
lookin' for trouble, findin' what's due
makin' a name, lookin' over your shoulder
sittin' in the corner, with your back to the wall

there ain't many old cowpokes, livin' these days
no time to hang up their spurs
livin' hard and dyin' young
it's their way or no way for them

home on the range

no discouragin' words
no clouds in the sky
where the deer, the antelope and boys play

Good is Promotion
Evil is opposition

Suppose you wanted to raise hamsters. You may really like hamsters as pets, or perhaps you like the way they taste. Either way they require care and feeding. This could become expensive, as your hamster population grows, you might think to sell some hamsters in support of your hamster habit. All is good in your hamster world, except not all seem to share your love for hamster pets, or even hamster stew. A bit of promotion might change some to your view, instead of thinking that hamsters don't do much in the way of entertainment, you decide to teach some hamsters some tricks, you think that is sure to dazzle a few, you could say, "Hey take a look at my hamsters doing tricks, bet you haven't seen this before, cause this is something new and even if you should tire of hamster tricks, there will always be room for some good old hamster stew."

Now, along comes someone who doesn't like hamsters as pets, they might even think that hamsters should be left free, from doing those tricks that you taught them to do so well, perhaps sped along for convenience sake by an electric shock or two. And this someone, who has become in active opposition to your hamster empire, that has grown so huge in its success at providing fun for all and snacks too, doesn't even really care if hamsters are used as pets or food. This someone, who now must be considered an enemy of your Hamster Kingdom, insists that it is a matter of principle. Today, this someone says to whoever will listen, "Hamsters are only the tip of a hugely growing iceberg of pet adventures and slaughterhouses, that are largely hidden from view. Why in a nearby town, it's not hamsters being toyed with but frogs. Yes frogs. There are frog jumping contests, frog emcees in comical variety shows, frogs getting kissed and turned into princes and jambes de grenouille for those tasty treats that can't be beat."

So, while you may think it good to promote your hamster ways, another may think it evil and be in opposition.

WHAT'S THE MEANING OF FORGIVENESS?

Does forgiveness even have a purpose and meaning?

Yes.

Does the question even make sense?

Yes.

Does meaning come from within and from an external source?

Yes.

Can forgiveness be meaningful, given its apparent infinitude and permanence?

Yes.

Is it worthwhile only if there is an eternal aspect to it?

Yes.

I know when I ask for forgiveness, you will give it,
but not gladly, no, not gladly.

So, I won't ask.

I know when I ask for everything, you will give it,
but not everything is yours to give.

So, I won't ask.

I know when I leave you, you will mourn,
and I too will be left alone to mourn.

So, I will ask, please be glad again.

I am not institutions biggest fan, I'm not their enemy either.

I go my way, they go theirs.

If insurance could be given for a bruised heart, I wonder how they would propose to satisfy a claim.

I am sure they would seek the cause and ask if they had liability coverage.

The insurance investigator might even ask for an apology, if none were forthcoming,
a counter claim might ensue.

Upon further inquiries, a heart of stone may be found, difficult to bruise, perhaps a crack will do.

Revenge is best served cold, so some warriors say.

While Others know, a life well lived is the best we can do.

Without forgiveness, there's more heartache.

With more heartache, there's less well living.

All Hands

A slave is a being whose life and death are in the hands of another.

Evil is opposition.

A being is free whose life and death are in their own hands.

Good is promotion.

Sharing is dependence and independence.

Those who oppose good corrupt it, those who promote good ignore corruption.

Let's say someone bought me. For example, my biological parents. My life and death are in their hands.

Let's say someone bought

my biological parents, for example their biological parents. Their life and death are in their hands(es).

Now let's say I decide not to buy anyone.

No one is a slave to me and since my biological parents and all of their biological parents are dead, I am a slave to no one.

My life and death are in my hands.

I call that freedom. I have gladly given it up, to share my life and death with other hands

the mystery and wonder of life is in many ways wrapped in experience, both individual and shared as family, both immediate and far reaching. While perhaps even less understood, death is in many ways wrapped in experience as well, with one marvelous experience in particular, memory, both personal and through a nearly uninterrupted chain of nature and nurture that we have the opportunity to carry forward, the Ancients, both far and near are still very much alive.

I have two new accusations to add to my list. Pest and Distracter .

Does this mean I must add to my confessions? (to maintain some illusionary mask of balance)

as I a reminder:

I have been accused of :

1. being Wild (wild what? fill in your own blanks)
2. Loving Everyone (honestly if you want to try this at home, consider everyone in large part in the 'abstract'...as in act locally, think globally/universally.
3. Writer.....I am willing to listen to most anything, at least once, but I have distilled my personal curiosity to one basic question, from which everything may by chance and fortune

flow toward the great unknown. "What am I good for?"

I have also been accused of being Quiet, which can conveniently be added to my list of confessions, for the last I admit to an apparent lack of sympathy, which is perhaps a sign of apathy and naturally I am not sure I really care and how much it might even matter.

Mercy.

confessed reminder: (the idea is to become aware and open the way to be less of)

1. hypocrite
2. confused
3. Coward

Long term, not temporary solution

My 'fragile' right male brain,
Receives glancing
Blows by moves of
Feint, duck and cover.

On the other hand...
Or should I say, hemisphere.

My 'sedated', nearly comatose left female brain,
Transmits glowing
Oceanic waves of Empathy,
"take my hand, where we'll walk together –
Give up – surrender – resistance –
Is weighted, delayed reaction
To the inevitable – assimilation.
Relaxation. Comfort zone
Of mild illusion, fostered by
A healthy libido."

Light

"With explorations of the uncharted, there may be a risk and there might be a hidden cost for saying no."
Martin Rees

seeking night
floating glacier
marking speed of change

emptiness sounds with tolling bell

sooner than expected
days require measurement

placed inside aglow
decisions remade
to settle messages
mixed and metaphored

follow suite
exchanged
divisions
of equal parts
and parted

a minority rant
The Uninvited

There is no they. There is only us. They do not exist. We are the only ones that count. You can call it elitism. You can call it anything you want. We prefer not to call it anything. We hardly speak at all. Words are wasted breath. Inhale deeply once a day. You would be surprised. Who are you anyway? I am not you. You are not me. We have never met. We never will. I spoke to you once. You ignored me. I am not ashamed. Are you? I called your name. You did not listen, you can not hear. My tongue is frozen. Your ears are bricks. I broke your back. And then you laughed. We fell down a hill. Jill came tumbling after. We are fairy tales. We are myths. You are legend. Pronouns do not compute. The inner workings are relieved. I remind you. There is no they. There is only them. And us.

We can not see them. Only feel. I groped in the dark. I spoke aloud. You heard my cry. You laughed at my jokes. I fell in love. I fell into a deep dark hole. They were there. And they do not exist. Part of me was mad. I had anger that drove a rift into the void. The void was a friend. The friend was never lying as it spoke. It was us versus them. And they do not exist. Pronouns are proper verbs for making a molehill out of mountains. They called the mountain sin. But they do not exist. We did not hear the words. Who am I? I am nameless and profound. I am cautious and renown. I was fasted. My feet were washed. You can remember. But you choose to forget. Maybe you are just too busy doing nothing. I did that once. I got bored. I forget to play nice. I speak out in horror. You scare me with your ways. Where did you find them? The garbage heap? The junkyard? The graveyard? Your dead are piled high. You sit on them proud. They are your them. You listen to them like they were gods. They are not gods. There are no gods. There is no they or them. There is only us. We exist.

I came uninvited. I do not belong. I am often thrown out. I return. I survive. I exist. I love. I hate. Not you. Not even them. They do not exist. I hate it. I hate it more each day. It fills me. It bleeds me. It deceives me. It means to kill me. Unless I kill it first. I can not kill. I will die. I will die at the hands of someone innocent. Because I am not. I know too much. I do not know enough. I do not know anything. Everything I know is a lie. I made it up. I made a pass at being human. I failed. I was rejected. I was dejected. I was pronounced dead on arrival. I came back. I always come back. I am a glutton. I envy you. I want to be you. But you will not let me. I do not blame you. Who are you? Do you know me? Can you guess? Do you care? Why should you? Why will you? Why ?

I lost track. I wandered off. You did not come looking. I became extinct. I do not exist. I am gone. Do you miss me? Did you even notice? I was a butterfly. I was a toad. I was a rare species you once thought beautiful. I was pride. I was deceit. I was concrete. I was solid. I was stone. Metal meanness. I was tough. I was to die for. I was immortal. Kill me all you want. It saps your strength. I prevail. You lose. I win.

Nothing.

They said so much. They became verbose. Their words lost meaning. Among the clichés. The slogans. The ads. Nothing but ads. You sell. And sell. I buy. I buy it all. I die. You sell to my young. So on. And so on.

And so on. I am tired. I give up. I give in. You win. I lose. Are you happy now? Who are you? Who am I?
Who are they? Do they exist. Do you? Do I?
Fuck it.

Gadfly

"Oh, to be able to be a gadfly!"
—Terry Gilliam

not callow or uncouth
a rose with thorn
like a broken tooth
passion filled with deft touch

flower arranged on window sill
blooms catching rain drop tears
beauty traded for handsome eyes
seeing dark tattered skies

a tulip planted with spring memory
scented for the night's reverie
sent to quite the dungeon screams
releasing the irons of pain

awake together in the morning glow
stolen moments, without retreat
time timbered to unleash the fall
beckon the day for rejoice and play

As The Words Spin (Out Of Control)

Dear Benjamin

We are now flying over the Alps. They are so desolate. I'm feeling much the same. Maybe Venice will cheer me up. I'm still thinking that this trip is a mistake. I know we both said we needed some space, but this is ridiculous. I want you to reconsider joining us in Rome.

God I hope the Pope doesn't die while we are there.

The plane is beginning its descent. Your words are haunting me. How crazy would it be if I told Arlene and Cheryl to go on without me and I caught the first flight back? Yeah, pretty nuts. I just might do it. Damn, I can't do it. Arlene and Cheryl would insist that they come back too.

If you decide to meet us in Rome, I promise not to mention you-know-who, unless of course you brought the bitch up first. I'm not really mad anymore. Just so fucking depressed.

Well I hope this cheers you up. Bastard.

Love, Elaine

What Benjamin said that haunted Elaine

"From the beginning I was in love with the idea of you, not the you you."

Dear Benjamin

Venice smells. Of course the Venetians are used to it and don't notice. Others say it's just a bad day. I've decided I don't want you to come to Rome. At this point I'm pretty sure I don't ever want to see you again. Right now I'm hating you more than I've ever hated anything I've ever hated. More than the worst disease. More than the cancer that killed my mother. You know I'll get over this. But not in Rome. Don't you dare come here.

Love, Elaine

p.s.

I forgave you for sleeping with my mother, because you met her first and didn't know she was my mother.

I can't forgive you for fucking that bitch. Whether you still love me or not doesn't matter right now. Or the "idea of me", whatever the fuck that means. The more I hate you, the more I love you too. You can pretend to not understand that, but I know you really do. We are thinking of stopping off in Ireland on the way back. I probably could stand seeing you there. Give it some thought.

"Failing to be there when a man wants her is a woman's greatest sin, except to be there when he doesn't want her."
-Pope Paul VI

Dear Benjamin

Well we are finally in Rome. What a fucking deathtrap. I swear we have almost been killed at least three times. New York cabdrivers are amateurs compared to the Italians. We are all a bit loopy from the rigors of being tourists. We have declared today to be a holiday, no sights, no tours, no homicidal cab rides. At least the weather is nice, not quite as hot as we feared. Arlene has found someone to flirt with. No worries, he's a very genteel retired professor, from Dartmouth no less. She now claims that her divorce has faded from memory. I have some memories that I would like to fade. I don't believe her of course. At least she is trying to have some fun. I won't get into Cheryl right now, suffice to say she is driving me nuts. Like I need the help.

I am sitting in the shade at a nearby outdoor café. Replaying as usual our last face to face conversation. Trust me on this one, fucking the bitch doesn't hurt as much as telling me that you are in love with the idea of me, not the me me. There is no idea of me. There's just me. It sounds so impersonal. Ten years of marriage can't be just an idea. It has to be real. It was. It is. Tell me that you were lying, tell me it was all lies. There is no bitch. Tell me you'll meet us in Dublin. We'll go into the countryside where it's all green and cool.

Shit. I know you fucked her. Cheryl saw you with her. For Christ sake's Cheryl knows her. Thanks for not going younger on me. I take that back. Thanks for nothing. Go to hell.

Elaine

Pope Paul VI is dead. Tell your mother I'm sorry.

Dear Elaine

I have decided to come to Ireland. Anyway you can lose Arlene and Cheryl?

Love, Bastard

Dear Benjamin

You Fool! I have a better idea. Why don't you go to Iceland for about 10 years and freeze your ass off? Wait for me there, maybe I'll look you up sometime.

(not sent)

Dear Benjamin

Sorry, Arlene and Cheryl insist on staying near, but we can have some time alone together. We've decided to go to Dingle on the western coast. I will need some kind of explanation. Perhaps loving the "idea" of me isn't as bad as it sounds. So, muster up all your powers of persuasion and convince me I can still love you, even the "idea" of you. Ha ha.

Love, Elaine

Somewhere in Dublin

Arlene: Well, he's always been very nice to me. Respectful. He and Ned got along, even got invited to a few of his "high stakes" poker games. Ned told me that he thought that he had helped him out somehow, didn't let him lose too much.

Elaine: It's okay Arlene, you can say his name.

Cheryl: His name is Bastard. Or how about Bastajamin?

Elaine: Shut-up Cheryl.

Cheryl: When are you going to let me tell you the "whole" story?

Elaine: Okay. Tell me if she is nice. Tell me if the bitch is a professional home-wrecker?

Arlene: Don't you have to have kids before your home can get wrecked?

Cheryl: Tell me again why you two got divorced, I know it can't be because Ednerd was sleeping around.

Elaine: She is nice isn't she...

Cheryl: Shsss. I like hearing Arlene talk her shit.

Arlene: I think we all know more than one bitch. As you know dear, it was mutual...

Cheryl: Mooochillual.

Arlene: You shsss. We mutually lost interest. Basically we just stopped thinking of the other. Our marriage became pointless.

Cheryl: It was without point.

Elaine: I just can't see Benjamin being with someone who wasn't nice.

Cheryl: Duh...your mother for one.

Arlene: You shouldn't speak ill of the dead my dear.

Cheryl: Fuck the dead. Yes Elaine, she's nice. As nice as you, maybe nicer. Maybe that's what drew him to her.

Arlene: You are too mean.

Cheryl: Okay. This is how nice she is. She didn't know Bastajamin was married. As far as I know she still doesn't know.

Elaine: He lied to her?

Cheryl: Apparently "it" never came up.

Elaine and Arlene: The Bastard.

Ben's attempt at persuasion.

Dear Elaine

I first thought about the "idea of you" when I was 12, not an idealized version of the perfect woman, but of someone who knew how to love and be loved. Someone who could be trusted. Definitely not my mother. But a woman who was equal parts independent and dependant. A few years later I began looking in earnest. I came to believe that I would just know when she came along.

After graduating from college I was determined more than ever to find you. Then I met your mother. As you well know she was more than a bit jaded, in a loveless marriage, still there was a spark of something that wasn't completely lost or hidden. I was drawn to her, knowing full well that it was going to be just a summer fling.

Later that summer when I met you that spark became a full blown vision of the woman I knew I wanted to spend the rest of my life with.

So, what went wrong? Why did I break the trust that you kept so completely? I don't know. That is a lot harder to explain. I'll be in Dingle in about a week. I hope that I can win you back and the scary thing is I don't know if I can. Or even if I should. You deserve someone so much better. I know talking can't cure anything, but it could be a start, if you are willing.

Love, Benjamin

Back Story

Arlene and Elaine work together at a New York art gallery, they have know each other about 5 years. Arlene has been divorced from Ned for 1 year. They have 2 sons, both in college. Arlene is 41. Elaine is 30. Elaine and Benjamin have no children. Benjamin is a corporate lawyer for IBM. Cheryl is Elaine's cousin. (you just knew she had to be family) Cheryl is 25, ex-cokehead (a graduate of the Betty Ford Clinic), ex-model, full-time rich kid with the accompanying trust fund. The year is 1978.

Elaine and Cheryl on the beach near Dingle

Elaine: Okay give it to me straight, not too much editorializing.

Cheryl: Are you sure you don't want to hear this from Ben first?

Elaine: I need some facts, so I'll know if he is lying to me.

Cheryl: He already admitted what he did, you weren't ready for the details then. Are you sure you are now?

Elaine: I'm not sure of much of anything and apparently either is Ben. I need to get some kind of clue of why this happened. Spill.

Cheryl: Well you already know she is the same age as Ben. She's a fashion photographer, that's how I know her, we worked together a few times before my rehab.

Elaine: Hair color.

Cheryl: Oh jeez, stop it.

Elaine: Blonde. Was there ever any doubt.

Cheryl: Yes a blonde. That's your hang-up. It doesn't mean anything.

Elaine: How did they meet?

Cheryl: I don't think that matters.

Elaine: Cheryl you didn't.

Cheryl: I did. I introduced them.

Elaine: Well thank you very much, someone new to hate.

Cheryl: It was accidental, Ben ran into us while we were having lunch.

Elaine: Was there some kind of instant attraction?

Cheryl: Not exactly. He had heard of her. Turns out she did more than just photograph models. Remember the sailboat picture in Ben's office?

Elaine: She took it.

Cheryl: Yeah...kinda makes you wish you'd taken more interest in that hobby.

Elaine: Until this came up, I never thought that we had drifted apart.

Cheryl: He's already told you that he's not in love with her and she has as much as told me the same thing.

She...(pause)

Elaine: It's okay. You can say her name.

Cheryl: Marilyn.

Elaine: Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me! (Elaine starts running, still screaming, down the beach)

Cheryl: (to herself) I guess if you have a thing about blondes, being jealous of Marilyn Monroe makes some kind of sense.

A Slackjaw Murder Mystery

Poetic Mayhem

By Ed Slackjaw

I am a non-fiction fiction writer, or if you prefer a fictional non-fiction writer.

It was a dark and stormy night. Whoops, that was from my client, Snoopy. I am also a non-literary literary agent. My number is 182 384 586 789. All submissions are welcome. If you like dog, you will love Snoop's work. He thinks cats are evil. One cat in particular. Cats are not evil. Dogs are not god, much like zebras are not god.

I am a murder suspect. The body was found at the home of two brothers, Tom and Jerry. One a widower, the other recently divorced. The kids are grown and gone. They are an odd couple, because they are odd and well, two.

The body found was their cousin Edna, who had been renting the basement apartment. I was a suspect because I had been dating Edna for about a month. Tom and Jerry were also suspects. Because they were odd.

The body was discovered recently while I was visiting Tom and Jerry. While watching an episode of Law & Order, I happened to ask if Edna was in. I was told she was taking a bath. The show was nearly over, it was getting to be quite a long bath. I decided to find out what was taking so long. I went to knock on the bathroom door. I could hear music playing, but there was no response from Edna. Since we had become intimate, I thought it would be okay to open the door and peek in. It was a very large tub, she had slumped beneath the water's surface. It looked like she had fell asleep and drown, she looked peaceful.

At first it appeared that she had over-dosed on heroin and committed suicide. But the autopsy revealed a different story. The heroin had been laced with a slow-acting poison, the poison had been building up for about a month, finally taking its deadly toll.

Even though I had shot up with Edna a few times and there were traces of the poison in my system, I was still considered a prime suspect. My main suspicion fell on Jerry, Edna's connection.

Since Tom and Jerry's misfortunes they had become inseparable. Tom backed up Jerry's denial of tampering. I hinted to the police that a conspiracy was afoot. What their motive might have been, was beyond me.

Bits of poetry scratch my lips.

Edna is haunting my dreams, it plays over and over again.

“Are you sure it wasn’t you? I think it was you.”, she accuses.

“No. It couldn’t be me. I’m in love with you. I think it was Jerry.”

“Jerry. Ha. No, I don’t believe so. I’m his ATM machine, slide in some dope, out pops twenties.”

The police are circling back to their original theory. Suicide. They’re thinking that Edna put the slow-acting poison in the heroin herself and taking me to go along for the ride. I for sure don’t want to believe that.

Evamotion

Her eyes are tired and true
She sees lies that taste of honey
Uncoupled from the ocean
She waves from a shore

As I awoke from a dream
I slept through another, and another, and another....

We may part company
To meet again in the end
That world will divide, multiply and subside
Recurrent themes bunch together
As friends with similar agendas
We teach the past to see the future

Her eyes are tired and
Falsely see
Truths that become memory
We only know what is given
And imagined

The apple, serpent and tree are talking
We are stalked into believing everything
Sans everything
Everything is left

False Positive

/forward and backward slashes are doors that open and close
inducing amnesia as they come and go
plantation masters have fed themselves to death on pork
you may imagine that gluttony is a bad thing
remember it's a sin
while full of perjury and prune juice I Eiffeled towered
myself to Stonehenge and beyond
If I were drunk I would recall it all
go out and buy more spaghetti and cherri o's
maniacal membranes cut loose, impregnating an impulse to conceive\

Rain So Clear/Silver Owl

All trees have stopped their engines.
seasons change their reasons
All humans are happily disappearing,
inside a space made safe
Gliding fast to reach home,
diving in, diving out
Near the silver trees,
with candlelight leaves
Below the silver owl,
above the rain so clear
Right to the silver sun,
middle made by lighted moon
Left to the silver boy.
right to the nature girl
I run heavily to meet my goat.
snatching footprints in the earth
I won't look at you.
with closed eyes

shall be

"One generation's philosophy is the next generation's common sense."

a wonder of possibilities
awaits,
not forever,
it may never come,
the wisdom that some
do know,
becomes common sense,
second nature,
after the first,
sheer exuberance.

Laughter's Joy
ignites the night sky
with rainbowed hues,
from everywhere it comes
and glows,
all throughout and into
all bright new days,
even newer wisdom shows,
it's only the beginning
of forever.

as much as we may miss
I still feel kissed
and so miss
still with wet lips
I taste
a thought
of you
lingering near
close enough
for now

she certainly is....

when she comes near
when she is not afraid
and stands out
to be seen
open for a smile
believing for awhile
the bliss of a kiss can grow
into something more....

what we may not know
until we don't miss
cause we get so close
till....
with wet lips
I taste her

Yesterday's Hope

love and truth ...

love is the greatest truth and greatest beauty within
and the least and sometimes the in between and some
very special times without.

and maybe when one does not question too much
who, what, where, when and why and
just find out how can be so many, many ways.

Sometimes, it is only in my ignorance that I know love.
only in my loneliness, I even look, listen, hear, smell, taste
and touch.

It only took once to convince me, and everyday I must remind myself.
Love is in life, so easy for life to be in love.
Beauty is within/without life, so easily is life so beautiful.

I know I make it hard.
I know you make it hard.
Together we make it so hard.
Apart it just plain falls a part from being so soft.

sometimes when I fall
apart
I feel so deliriously exhausted

All this and more...

I don't want to swim on a wave
and sink to the bottom.
I don't want to fly in the sky
then fall and wonder why.
I just want to be with you.

I don't want to hear you cry,
just maybe a sigh or two.
I don't want to die for you,
just want to live with you.

Somewhere on a shore for two
looking out at the deep blue sea.
You know we can fly inside

and soar into each other's arms.

Invest in a future

Gingerbread makings
and particle beam accelerators.
closet doors,
setting suns,
birds hopping on magnolias.
flipping pancakes
on a greased griddle.
delicate flowers blown apart,
as window dressing cries.
illuminated by fireside chats
and then we kissed...

what made her
different than the rest?
her quality of selfness
was her taken response to me.
a fore or after thought,
a prelude to some mystery
that can not be told,
maybe showed...

in later years,
I will find resistance
to her kind charm,
simply in spite her change
not to fit a mold
or release her hold on life.

her act to bring to bear,
"I find this life so dull.
I would not wish to share
my sorrow with a world like this."

...and when this world has changed
and improved its chances
and she is too old to reward someone,
she will reach out and adopt
some homeless child like herself,
to become a measure of hope,

Invest in a future,
it is someplace to be.

My Hero P

damn the pea
keeping me awake
usually I sleep with such discomfort.

she ate the squash.
a belly-full of acorns
passing stones might be easy
compared to me
the squirrels are laughing hard.

had a late date with a dream last night;
woke choking on a pit.

marshmallows are so touchy
I'd stick around longer
but I'm ready to eat.

I am unusually an omnivore, since some diets don't mix so well with others,
it's good to change them up and keep some separate.

I can still recall the image of that huge stack of mattresses piled high, and yeah why wasn't that pea
smashed flatter than a pancake?
Mmmmmm, pancakes.

it's usually good advice to try not go to bed hungry or angry. (although sometimes mid-night snacks and
making up are pretty good.)

I'm not a big fan of eating marshmallows, but they are kind of nice to touch,
so soft, fluffy and sticky when hot.

Okay now! What's for lunch?
"Food, food, glorious food!! "

eating and dreams go hand in mouth
sometimes better than the foot, but not always
and a good night kiss is better than alka-seltzer.

Not sure,
I might have been dreaming in the future,
where weeds still grow all right.

best I can tell, i don't recall many dreams
except a few lucid ones, I see more as visions
so I thought I might make up one.
isn't the real cause of night-stallions
indigestion by the eating of scallywags,
I think I hear one rumbling now.

so of course she ate the squash.

I don't even think of myself as a writer.

"And yet you do."

I have to.

"Have to?", she seemed impressed.

I put these words in her mouth.

Chews but doesn't spit and thinks,

I thought all we have to do is pay taxes, die and pay more taxes.

paying taxes after death is hard,

with frozen bank accounts anyway.

Watch

Tides roll in

from a safe place in the sky

Memories are painful too

especially fresh to the touch

Death comes in many shapes and sizes

some appear as friends

others almost invisible

Little murders

will steal a heart

cuts will gush

a hangman's knot burn

pills in time-release

The countdown begins

engines on

something is wrong

Can you hear me from the other side?

lying passionless in the grave

I imagine what I remember and remember what I imagine.
Soul Thoughts While Waiting To Be Born

"God this is taking forever."
"Patience little one."
"Where have you been?"
"I have been here all along."
"I think I fell asleep."
"It is very rare for souls to sleep while waiting to be born. You might actually enjoy your life this time around. Did you dream?"
"Yes, I believe I did."
"Tell me."
"I was flying. I won't be able to fly in the world, will I?"
"All things are possible."
"Really?"
"No, not really. First of all your body won't have wings, then, well there is your body. But mainly, gravity will not let you fly."
"Why is there no gravity in dreams?"
"In your dreams, you are the creator, flying dreams are very common."
"But not you."
"No, not me. In my dreams I did not fly, I dreamed of gravity, time, space and eternity."
"I imagine creating a world is not easy."
"Oh, it is easy enough, creating a world that works, that takes time. One that lasts, that takes space. One that holds together, that takes gravity."
"What is eternity for?"
"That is for you. When you are ready to join me."
"I think I am ready now."
"Then go. Try to remember me."

Soul thoughts after dying

"Cool. I am not afraid of the dark anymore."
"Hello."
"Who are you?"
"Your guide."
"I am dead. Right?"
"That's one way to put it. You seem fairly calm. Your passing has gone well."
"It's not going to be dark forever is it?"
"Of all the senses, sight is the hardest to recover. You are no longer attached to your ears, yet you hear."
"Actually, I think I am imagining this. You can't be real."
"How real is this?"
"OUCH! You pinched me!"
"Ah, the sense of touch, quite difficult to recreate. You are doing very well. Are you ready for the next step?"
"What is the next step?"
"It is time to leave this place. It is not good to linger too long. You might become reattached."
"Reattached? You're kidding right?"
"Death for some is not so easy to accept. How about you? Still think I am just a figment of your imagination?"
"If only I could see you. If only I could see my dead body."
"Ah, seeing is believing isn't it. The best way is to try to take a few steps. Don't worry about running into things. The darkness will fade. Come outside, stars are the best things to try and see again."

"Where's the white light at the end of the tunnel? Isn't there supposed to be a white light?"

"Don't confuse near-death with the real thing. Of course there is a white light. But without eyes how can you see?"

"The same way I hear without ears."

"So, I am real now?"

"Why not. I don't think my imagination is this good."

"Ha ha, very good. Keep walking, you are almost outside. The moon is bright tonight, the stars are all shining. Just for you."

Slayed

promiscuously not promiscuous

laid to test

for rest nor wicked size

to shame a nightingale

inside some mimes

of silent lewd

a call is always stalling

teasing mount and flame

it breaks and settles

for fortune's touch

is reverent

to bless anticipation

welling lies

to bed

to hearth

in home

alone

she fights a lonely battle

and stays

awake too long.

Want!

to look into the eyes of strangers

and see a side that isn't hidden;

open faced

not so misplaced

that they can't be found

and let that look

penetrate;

so they too can

see.

Love!

I would steal your heart, if you were not so attached to it.

I have an open book,
that explains everything
and nothing.

Past is everything that was;
future is everything that will be;
now is what little we possess;
memories and dreams,
heartaches and heartbreaks,
love the cause and end of all.
for each and every tiniest little bit.

Maybe

mindmedia.com/
My Brain Usage Profile:
Auditory : 50%
Visual : 50%
Left : 55%
Right : 44%

Summary:

glen, you are somewhat left-hemisphere dominant with a balanced preference for auditory and visual inputs. Because of your "centrist" tendencies, the distinctions between various types of brain usage are somewhat blurred.

Your tendency to be organized and logical and attend to details is reasonably well-established which should afford you success regardless of your chosen field of endeavor, unless it requires total spontaneity and ability to improvise, your weaker traits. However, you are far from rigid or overcontrolled. You possess a degree of individuality, perceptiveness, and trust in your intuition to function at much more sophisticated levels than most.

Having given sufficient attention to detail, you can readily perceive the larger aspects and implications of a situation or of learning. You are functional and practical, but can blend abstraction and theory into your framework readily.

The equivalence of your auditory and visual learning orientation gives you two equally effective sensory input systems, each with distinctive features. You can process both unidimensionally and multidimensionally with equal facility. When needed, you sequence material while at other times you "intake it all" and store it for processing later.

Your natural ability to use your senses is also synthesized in your way of learning. You can be reflective in your approach, absorbing material in a non-aggressive manner, and at other times voracious in seeking out stimulation and experience.

Overall you tend to be somewhat more critical of yourself than is necessary and avoid enjoying life too much because of a sense of duty. You feel somewhat constrained and tend to sometimes restrict your expressiveness. In any given situation, you will opt for the rational, and learning of almost any type should be easy for you. You might need certain ideas explained to you in order to fit them into your scheme of things, but you're at least open to that!

Suppressed Memory

I was making deliveries for Speedy Messenger in 1985 and I crossed paths with a fellow driver and we smoked a joint, it was some really good or bad stuff, depending on your point of view. I became a bit unhinged. I began to hallucinate, my next stop was a hospital, before making my delivery, I laid down on the seat of my truck and tried to collect myself, unsuccessfully. My second mistake, I went inside the hospital to deliver my package. It starts to get pretty fuzzy from here, I think I made the delivery, then for some reason, I thought I saw my dead Father. It was good to see him. The person I picked out may or may not have resembled him. I lost control. I unbuttoned my shirt, I was hot, I was babbling, ranting, raving. Police were called. I was restrained. I remember sitting, handcuffed in a police car outside the hospital, two drivers from Speedy had come to retrieve my truck. Later, one of the drivers said I was in a straightjacket, I don't remember this. A seed of doubt. Flash to today, 2005. I like to kid and make jokes, one of my co-workers is fond of saying, 'You're crazy.' 'But not certifiable. No one has caught me yet,' I reply, then I recall the hospital. Was the straightjacket real?

...the most heart aching thing I ever heard came when I asked my mother once, how she was, she answered, "I feel forsaken." , not long after I came back home to live with her, for her last few months of life.

I don't really think living is meant to be easy, but anything that can be done to ease dying, has to be a blessing. By sheltered life I mostly mean that I have spent a lot of time alone, loner doesn't begin to describe it, closer to hermit actually. I remember reading something about, "being in the world, but not of it.....or.....being of the world, but not in it".....actually I have always been shy, not knowing what to say or even why say it. I am feeling shy right now.....sometimes I feel odd....left out, but I did the leaving....just rambling now.....I am stuck in between two moments that might not exist.....a very short novelty was just a bit.....no subjects.....just bits.....are you asking when expansion takes place?....I feel the universe contracting, (I hear it's not)...I move so slowly.....patience is a virtue.....and a vice.....I never meant for it, to end this way.

Healing touch.....can one heal oneself?.....seems like there is a catch....I am just throwing this out....to see what sticks.....LOOK!.....it's a landslide.....avalanche,,,,,count down.....3.....2.....1

Blastoff.

later, glen

Details

Having quit Reynolds Aluminum, I blew Chicago and headed West. Found Paradise in Las Vegas, hit the coast and drove North. Thumped a raccoon near Coos Bay. Turned round, went back South to Long Beach. The money is almost gone, so I sold the Maverick. Didn't really want a job, but I found some work of a different kind. A salvage crew, based in L.B., but their ship was anchored in Chesapeake Bay, with a blown engine, a storm filled the hull with seawater.

A rag-tag group, who had seen better times, they were putting together an expedition to go East and do repairs on the boat. It was room and board with no pay. There was of a share of sunken treasure waiting at the end of the line, but fortune can never be promised.

"We have to save the world...
someone may want to use it" - George Harrison

we love the way we smell, it brings back memories

future as seen through eyes of blue
due to circumstances beyond control
grab the reins and steer
into a void unseen
and see
eyes of open acceptance
good surrounds, it really does abound
so much so, it teems
life brings thrills and chills
real stuff is made
authored by imagination
there is no dream, without a dreamer
be akin, gather ye charms together
life flies, some may even think gravity does not exist
but space is real and we fill it like a flood

Atmosphere

To have emotions is to have them all. I don't write everyday, but I do like to keep the thoughts flowing, mulling over certain ideas, some brew, some simmer, some will see the light of day, some seem just out reach, I continue stretching, there is always some place (in my head) that I have never been. I think that there are two basic blocks, one is where you don't really have anything, of course this is false, we are unquenchable fountains, for every action there is a reaction, just answer the question, stop thinking, start writing, when you have it, it is always there, don't be fooled by the silence. Talk about psycho-babble, it really is all in your head, every bit of it. The other kind of block is distraction, there are thousands, personal and impersonal, mental and physical, important and meaningless, this comes down to time management, living in the past or future, is the biggest waste of time imaginable, a lot of fun sometimes, as much pain as well, I am convinced one must be in the present, to really accomplish anything. Live now, die later. Even when you have a lot on your plate, get a bigger plate, sleep is over-rated.

I am the youngest of four children, the baby of the family, I was not overly close to my family, but no bad feelings either, kind of neutral, kind of sad. I was glad to be back near my mother, after many years apart. Christian? I find it one of the more interesting questions. My answer is yes. I was once an aspiring monk. I was baptised in an Episcopal church, being in a monastery only lasted a short while, but it was certainly one of the better times in my life. Quite enjoyed daily masses. But practising chastity at 24 proved to be a bit too much. I took the religious name of Christopher back then. When is a saint not a saint? Apparently one must be real.

Running out of steam at the moment, until again

delight was the first human emotion

all grows from this
it really is the initial thought
when thought is nurtured free
no bounds can excite us
like a bright morning sky

ok maybe not the first motion
a sudden rush of at most fear
cut
but
not cut off
severed
and delivered
a momentary loss
of head
when child comes to senses
confusion
fissures out of water
Fishes

Honor

rest ye laurels son
and weep
away, away, away
laughing joyfully
sow thou seeds gleefully
of love bestowed
received
sends out echoes
to be returned
tis so is honor
privilege be

If I were a girl

If I were a girl
I'd let your smitten eyes
follow me around
you could whirl me
through in through
under a full light moon

If I were a girl
I'd dance every night
you could watch me spin
and catch me
when the dizziness
became too much

If I were a girl
I'd wish you were a girl too
We'd laugh at the boys
with their foolish grins
and their rough hewed hands
that they couldn't keep to themselves

If we were girls
we might even wish
we were boys
we'd scream with delight
at such a silly thought
and stay forever beautiful girls

Keepsake

the fraud in me
will give a wink,
a nod,
maybe raise
an eyebrow
or two.
I'll keep you guessing
or just keep you.
You'll know when I stick around;
who is keeping who.

Sisters

In 1955 I missed a registration deadline for attending kindergarten, instead I was 'home schooled' mostly by

my then

15 year old much admired sister, I learned to tell time, write cursive and read, three things some of my first grade mates hadn't learned yet. In first grade printing was taught, cursive teaching came later, third grade I think; as a result possibly unless I specifically intend to write cursive or print, I combine the two when writing.

From this I think what is learned in school and out of school is forever mixed, some more compatibly than others.

Now with instant messaging I am starting to use some shorthand; it seems to come just as naturally as my combing of cursive and print; which reminds me now of my sister's shorthand textbook from high school that I was able to look at, as well as her shorthand homework assignments, without any other specific memory, I wonder how much access I had to my older siblings school books. One more memory comes from around age 14, my then 19 year old much admired sister was attending nursing school, I sometimes helped her study for tests; me reading from her text books, asking questions, seeing the answers and occasionally giving hints. Since then it seems I have some medical knowledge from time to time that I had no awareness from where it came.....until now.

Some 25 years later I had two very positive experiences with preschools, one a Montessori, the other based in a Community College, where the teachers were students, professors and some volunteering parents.

The word Kinder in kindergarten might be what is missing in some less successful schools.

My now older kind sisters are still much admired and loved.

Enterfaced

the big boys aren't that big
they're overgrown
me, I'm bigger than Taj Mahal
not the singer
the memorial

there are now more bits of information on eneternet
than stars in universe
("the known or seen universe I suppose:)

the big boys handle the big (:Overgrown:) problems
Do they even see the little ones?
you gotta think they have motivation
beyond their own excitable ways
well they can't all be the same
Can they?
a mistake like that doesn't invite confidence

well I have this calling
I might explain
but then it's not like you can't see
thru
taj mahal
built for wondermint

I have set eyes on the wall of lofty Babylon on which is a road for chariots, and the statue of Zeus by the Alpheus, and the hanging gardens, and the Colossus of the Sun, and the huge labour of the high pyramids,

and the vast tomb of Mausolus; but when I saw the house of Artemis that mounted to the clouds, those other marvels lost their brilliancy, and I said, 'Lo, apart from Olympus, the Sun never looked on aught so grand.'

– Antipater, Greek Anthology IX.58

I'd take those stars
replaced
hardly
bits don't compare
we don't even know that they real
some shine so bright
we'd gladly say
I see

Taj Mahal
the singer says,
"Gonna move up to the country
Paint my mailbox blue
Gonna move up to the country
Paint my mailbox blue
Put some flowers on it baby
Paint some trailin' vines and dew

i knew then I couldn't leave you
i'd have to stay
and say
I'll build a Taj Mahal
or a rocket for your moon
let the big boys play

you might know by now
I favor science and metaphor
and still metaphor science

'When a new one take the place of another there is often conflict, as one becomes another.
and even often not.'

Justin Case

aware a source

from time to time I have been wondering about the whys and wherefores without much success I am afraid and that fear has run me down past a decisive point that I will try and tell you about.

we were wondering what we should try to do but we couldn't think clearly. the air had gotten very cloudy, dusky, dirty, downright poisonous. most were were choking their heads off. well it was sorta funny seeing heads roll.

but the laughing had spent itself out. things were getting desperate, at least we were, which I for one fail to see any distinction. I was ready to jump. I sent out a few feelers, but no one else was ready for such drastic action. at first I tried a low key approach, but as I was getting no where, fast as they say. then with definite feeling of time running out, I began my crusade in earnest. I started to shout a lot, this got attention, only the results were still not the kind I was seeking. rooftops and soap boxes, either one made no real tangible difference, they both produced mostly laughter and derision. my argument usually ran like this.

'we live in desperate times, they demand drastic measures, believe me desperation and franticness go hand in hand, arm in arm, toe to toe, you get the idea. it is past time to jump, jumping now is an afterthought, an anticlimax, the last thing we could do before we do, and if we don't jump, we will do.' it was usually at this time that the heckling moved into higher gear. 'the fall will probably kill us!' if you are not aware of the reference, it is to an old western, butch cassidy and the sundance kid, all my ranting and raving were getting nowhere. the thing was though, i was absolutely terrified of jumping alone. I just thought if I could get one fool like me, I could do it. i could really jump, it would cease to be a wish, a dream, it would really happen, I could do it in peace then, and not be coughing my head off half the time and looking for my head the other half. finally it hit me, an old earth proverb, 'fools fear angels where wrestlers muscle in', I had been going after the wrong audience all along. it took more than being a fool to realize that jumping was the only thing left to do. anyone who jumped would immediately stop being a fool. wise men are a dime a dozen, nut they will never rise to the top.' gawd where would I be without all these old sayings? looking for someone to jump with. then I a dream, many had thought dreams had totally died out. not true. listen. it came to the point where I had to jump alone. there was no one else left. I was the last. the fiction of my having any choice at all jumped out the window and now I had to follow. so, I jumped. my fear had been real. it was frightening, terrifying even. i got the shakes, the rattles, then i began the rolls. could this be how rock & roll was born? I was comforted by the thought that rock & roll was here to stay and could ever do. i was alone, i was scared out of my mind, and i know that if i had someone to jump with me, i would still be pissing my pants, plus I would have someone screaming the living daylights in my ears. being alone or with someone wouldn't be different, and any advantages either was were canceled out. you would still be out of your mind, no one was home. when everyone is passed out, everyone is alone. the good thing is that you don't know, the bad thing is you might not wake up, but if you don't you will never know. I woke up. for a long time I thought all my problems were solved, but what if I woke up? I would be alone and hopefully not scared out of my head, I just couldn't depend on fear to keep from doing loneliness. sooner or later I would get back into my mind, then where would I be? wishing I had never jumped, wanting to be back with all my doing friends. I felt terrible, worst, I felt miserable. I started crying, my shouting days were all behind me, I slumped against a tree in a park. open sores dried in the wind. I heard cowbells in the distance. the cows were coming home. wait. the distance was up. that meant.....yes!, the cows had jumped, and they weren't afraid, and if they had any they weren't out of their minds.

Later....

at some point
everyone will do what they want
and need to do.

some point.
not the same point.
maybe not all at once.
the religious implication of being saved
is very powerful,
and all other implications of saving,
whether through an act of saving oneself
or others;
this resistance to abandoning
and being abandoned may go hand in hand
with a survival imperative
which is most successfully
achieved with Health.
healthy bodies, minds
and emotions solve many of life's 'tough' problems,
and still that won't be enough,
for new challenges await
beyond earthly concerns,
sooner or later;
and that particular promise
has gotten very old.
a date or deadline or day of reckoning
serves to spur on many activities,
including financial bandwagoneers;
and now I'm hearing
that the shortening of childhood
is a mirroring of medieval times.
great progress or a course correction,
competition breeds
over and under compensation,
hold on it's going
to be a bumpy ride.
or if you prefer
smooth sailing
calm seas
and blue skies

EarthLife may not ever reach the stars, but our emissaries will, artificial, machine or robot. they will be the future
Magellans, Da Gamas and Balboas.

Recursive still largely eludes me, I have no intuitive sense of it, yet, mirrored, is that their answer?
No, I won't let go, even though I know, I have the best and worst of times to fill.

In Between

neither heaven or hell
can hold us there
in between far and near
it can find us here

brick by brick, limb by limb
we are built to fall
but through it all
we can stand tall

with age and grace
our hearts fill with sorrow
always waiting on the morrow
biding time that we borrow

graves are dug
our lives are lived and learned
lessons in our brains are burned
love we are given, ought not be spurned

now is a time
to think, to feel, to love
let peace fit like a glove
sing the coos of a dove

neither heaven or hell
is real
just what we feel
in the time we share

safe your life

“There came a time when the risk to remain tight
in the bud was more painful than the risk
it took to blossom.”
~Anaïs Nin

it seems we were never alone
inside
wisdom stalls with rubber laws
braking open doorsteps
that sense so yellow caution
cleaved
inside
with button hooks
where holes are plugged
into a wall
stating happiness is
outside
too
slipping out
every bit
slipping in
every bit

South Park

Backing Into The Future

Synopsis

Cartman and Butters are in the basement building a time machine, to their amazement, it actually works. In the blink of an eye, they find themselves in the future.

Cartman: Hand me the wrench.

Butters: I still don't understand what you're trying to do.

Cartman: I am building a time machine. Give me the electro-spanner modulator.

Butters: We don't have one.

Cartman: Goddammit. Let me have the tweezers.

Butters: Are we going back in time or forward?

Cartman: Asshole, we can't go back, we might kill one of our ancestors and cease to exist.

Butters: Oh. I guess then we are just making a faster-than-light hyper-drive, we'll travel forward in time relativistically.

Cartman: When you put it that way, you make it sound like its not a big deal. We're going to the fucking future asswipe.

Okay. Almost done. The next stage is very critical. Dim the lights.

(The machine begins to hum and glow.)

Cartman: Son-of-a-bitch! It's working.

Butters: Er, gee Cartman. It really is working. What are you using for a power source?

Cartman: A Martian rock, Kenny found it just before he died.

Butters: Criminey! That could be dangerous.

Cartman: Shut the fuck up! Here we go. Next stop, the future.

(The hum and glow stop.)

Cartman: I think we're here.

Butters: Where?

Cartman: Not where. When. We are in the future. Awesome!

Butters: How can you tell? Everything looks the same. Nothing has changed.

Cartman: Quiet Butters. We're going outside. The future awaits.

(The basement was a localized anomaly. Outside everything had changed. They had traveled a 1000 years.)

Butters: Wow Cartman! Flying cars. You really did it.

Cartman: This should teach you to never doubt my authority. Look. Here comes someone walking toward us. Son-of-a-bitch! He looks a little like Chef. Only taller and a lot more intelligent. Fuck! His head is huge.

Chef's descendant: Hello children. I see you made it in one piece. Congratulations.

Butters: You know who we are?

Chef: Sure. Your arrival was predicted over 500 years ago. We've been tracking you.

Cartman: Holy shit! This is fuck'n awesome. You're a relative of Chef aren't you.

Chef: That's right Eric. Fortunately my ancestor survived the explosion caused by your time machine.

Butters: Fuck!

Chef: Most of South Park was leveled, very few escaped total annihilation.

Cartman: You mean you're the only descendant left from the past?

Chef: Pretty much. Of course, Kenny survived somehow. That child dies a lot, but keeps coming back.

Butters: This is unbelievable

"Seeing is not believing"

seeing is seeing.

why complicate matters?

I don't know so much

as I might expect to find another might do the same.

All the saints were martyrs,

including all the saint valentines.

and generally only their own kind will kill them.

"Have you ever considered the possibility of sex being a deterministic process?" - Charles
No. I consider sex to be a possibility, when sex becomes a process, I am gone.

"That from attraction to the birth is the unfolding of an orchestrated dance just to keep us around." - Charles
As far as I know, no dance was ever orchestrated, a bit of introduction perhaps, otherwise the dance is so natural, when allowed to be, no lessons are really acquired, if you have lost touch, I suggest, a new partner.

"One of the very few actual predictors of homosexuality is how many older brothers a man has." - Swarm
Is one too many, or not enough?
I had one who died. I had one who lived. I had another who died.
Of course I got fucked. Who hasn't?

Since then, I have resisted ever chance to be fucked again.
To be treated as an object, an ends to a means, is merely adolescent, nothing more, nothing less, to take it too seriously is to take it. To blame a child for anything is to misunderstand everything.

So, I withdraw and contemplate and lose the only friend I never had.
Too bad. Too sad. Sorry for the inconvenience.

Is it true?

Some women know what they want
and how to get it.
And some men don't know what they want
and only take what they can get.
It maybe those that take it hard,
or not at all,
have the least or most to give,
the least or most to need.

'What are you doing here?'
what do you want?
'You. Bent over.'
Better not.
'What are you afraid of?'
The usual things.
'What are the usual things?'

A vacuous look- without wariness,
false sincerity, empty promises,
dubious intent, fake intellect,
incapability of remorse. (pause)

'Are you done?'
It is a rather lengthy list.
It might be faster to tell you,
what I'm not afraid of but for.
'Oh. This I want to hear.'
You. (walks away)

Who Is Kidding Who?

useless and slovenly
until it's you.

soothsayers and mavens
unless they're you.

eat me raw,
stew me
till the blood
runs clear
on the open ground
with the dovetail deer
'cept when it's you.

sympathy's not enough
gotta have respect
cause you're you.

I'd laugh if it were me,
but it's not,
it's you.

Is Reality Virtual?

Worlds are viewed from within a recursive interface, that
sends to and receives from itself.

So, when it finally comes to that one question, that will make or break you, there can't be any surprise that there is a natural reluctance to commit too soon and especially in a death dealing direction. Privately I follow the party line of Albert Einstein, who when asked if he believed in God replied, "I believe in the God of Spinoza.", which translates to God as being Nature/Life and not a personal deity creator of all space/time.

Which on the face of it seems odd, if there is a God, then God would not be not anything and by that must be everything. It all pretty much dissolves into incomprehensibility. But I do dig the idea that life comes from life. So, when asked if I believe in God, I answer, "I prefer not to believe in anything or disbelief in everything, I love God, I don't know what else I can do." Now does that sound rehearsed? Cause by now it is. I'm not always feeling it, the way I should if it's going to come out like I really mean it. The agnostic's dilemma. What does the religiously devout and intellectually deep have in common? A conviction that by making a decision the matter is somehow settled with only a few details remaining that may need ironing out, if in their busy work-a-day world there is some time left over to tackle the few loose ends that all in all aren't that important after all (you know like converting the rest of humanity to your decision and barring that, making them disappear without a trace).

Well, when in doubt, why not go with the simple honest truth. I don't know. Seeing is believing. I was created by my parents, so on and so on.

So, while all of humanity may or may not be related, there is always the preferred method of making a family: adoption.

Halo

I don't know what to do about you;
I don't know what I could do with you,
that you wouldn't want to do with me.
We can do anything, anytime;
I don't mind,
I just want to do it with you;
we could go anywhere,
I don't care;
I just want to be with you,
anywhere except there,
where it is dark and gray
and nobody knows what to say.
Halo, Halo, Halo;
Hello Halo;
anywhere, even there.
we'll find out something to say.

Lucifer in Eden

Commentation:

some complain about big bang theory, asking, how can there something from nothing, try some sensory deprivation, and ask that question again, then again big bang may be more about galaxy formation than one-verse instantly arising from nowhere. it's been proposed that man was given the task of naming, for what it is worth, early man did a bang up job, for a novice, nomenclature has since been refined, re-defined, honed to a razor's edge and kicked some serious butt, but once a classic age is reached, it's rather downhill for the language department, confined as it is, to translations, re-translations, interpretations, re-interpretations, puns, metaphors, analogies, endless analysis and countless other obscurities, which

continue to beset, bemuse, amuse, entertain, confuse, lose, tickle, frustrate, anger; well the list goes well nigh to infinity and beyond, or so we may pretend.

Bad press? It's downright character assassination, libelous nabobs of ineptitude with their east/west coasts biases. does anyone trust god enough to clean up god's own messes. Intervene this!

What have the Masses ever done?

Except follow some madman into war.
Build every house you've ever seen.
Turn the roads into black armbands.
Feed you. Clothe you. Educate you.
And only ask you to not disturb them while they sleep.

Moonglow

You can dance when you want to
I can sing this way
we can live a lifetime
in just one day

we were waiting around
for time to begin
waiting on the outside
the sun started to shine
and the moon glowed
moon did show, moon did know
moonglow

the earth brought us along
all the way home
brought us to the inside
that's how we arrive
and we came alive
inside of you, inside of me
we're in

we declared our freedom
with our first breath
the earth was still young
from the outside, to the inside
and we came for this ride
all this time, for all time
ridding along

we can live a lifetime
for all our days

On being Civil

The Law of the Jungle or War of the World, if you prefer, has at least two fronts.

Eat or be eaten. Catch me if you can.

The first always ends in being eaten, or perhaps dying of exhaustion, anyway death is the gas this engine runs on.

The second is essentially, 'The Chase', a dynamic event, that can be seen not just running from danger, but also running to safety, and in off-times running for the sheer joy of it. It's only partly survival of the fittest, but also at times

a challenge for the fit, where maintaining health and well-being is the means and the end.

And what is the gas this motor runs on? When it comes to movement, it's best to ask the experts. A bird might show you, "The sky is the limit!". A fish might show you, "The ocean is deep and the river is wide." What is one thing that appears for all the world to see to be without limit?

Imagination. Take one, then extrapolate.

Predation is fundamental no doubt, what might be doubtful is its evolutionary nature. It doesn't have one. The rules may change and shift, wrap the same-o in new clothes, disguise and otherwise obfuscate and the tools do much the same, so while means can evolve when put to good uses, it's the endgame that never changes. Means don't really determine a moral choice, only a stated goal can do that.

Prey or when you prefer, Civil Disobeyer is not just fundamental, but fundamentally sound, here the end is not just survival, but well-being, not so easily defined, except by agreement, its diversity is its evolutionary nature, where the sky is not even the limit and the ocean of space is infinite.

Paradox

Death and taxes.

Who in their right mind taxes themselves?

Taxing at times, yes.

The only guarantee is that there are no guarantees.

Wait! Can I guarantee that? (there's a paradox)

The first goal is to survive, using all means necessary.

Life in, on and around the nest is in the infant stage, we may be mostly in the gestation stage for all I know. Only a few have actually left the nest, a few more circle the nest, for all the world like being in a cocoon, perhaps sprouting Icarus wings someday.

A few more rather active, imaginative, enterprising, observant babes in toyland are flinging their toys (play tools) about, seeing what sticks, drumming up as much noise as possible trying to get someone's attention.

Either someone shows up one day, or else we go looking. It should be obvious, only mortals never leave the nest, immortals get the hell out of Dodge. (hopefully before it and the other companion dodges go crashing into Andromeda.

I've never seen any major disagreements, its always been the way in is the way out, the way out is the way in. One way may be a little closer than the other way.

As the old saying goes, never put all your eggs in one basket, two is good, three is better, four would be best (for now).

We learn to survive by learning/teaching, from looking around (each other), looking out (macrocosm), looking in (microcosm).

Is there another way of looking?

If there is, that's the back-up plan, otherwise it's all revision, revision, revision.

Declaration of Evolution
Written by Timothy Leary, PhD.

When in the course of organic evolution it becomes obvious that a mutational process is inevitably dissolving the physical and neurological bonds which connect the members of one generation to the past and inevitably directing them to assume among the species of Earth the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature and Nature's God entitle them, a decent concern for the harmony of species requires that the causes of the mutation should be declared.

We hold these truths to be self evident:

- * That all species are created different but equal;
- * That they are endowed, each one, with certain inalienable rights;
- * That among them are Freedom to Live, Freedom to Grow, and Freedom to pursue Happiness in their own

style;

* That to protect these God-given rights, social structures naturally emerge, basing their authority on the principles of love of God and respect for all forms of life;

* That whenever any form of government becomes destructive of life, liberty, and harmony, it is the organic duty of the young members of that species to mutate, to drop out, to initiate a new social structure, laying its foundations on such principles and organizing its power in such form as seems likely to produce the safety, happiness, and harmony of all sentient beings.

Genetic wisdom, indeed, suggests that social structures long established should not be discarded frivolous reasons and transient causes. The ecstasy of mutation is equally balanced by the pain. Accordingly all experience shows that members of a species are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, rather than to discard the forms to which they are accustomed.

But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, all pursuing invariably the same destructive goals, threaten the very fabric of organic life and the serene harmony of the planet, it is the right, it is the organic duty to drop out of such morbid covenants and to evolve new loving social structures.

Such has been the patient sufferance of the freedom-loving peoples of this earth, and such is now the necessity which constrains us to form new systems of government.

The history of the white, menopausal, mendacious men now ruling the planet earth is a history of repeated violation of the harmonious laws of nature, all having the direct object of establishing a tyranny of the materialistic aging over the gentle, the peace-loving, the young, the colored. To prove this, let Facts be submitted to the judgement of generations to come.

* These old, white rulers have maintained a continuous war against other species of life, enslaving and destroying at whim fowl, fish, animals and spreading a lethal carpet of concrete and metal over the soft body of earth.

* They have maintained as well a continual state of war among themselves and against the colored races, the freedom-loving, the gentle, the young. Genocide is their habit.

* They have instituted artificial scarcities, denying peaceful folk the natural inheritance of earth's abundance and God's endowment.

* They have glorified material values and degraded the spiritual.

* They have claimed private, personal ownership of God'd land, driving by force of arms the gentle from passage on the earth.

* In their greed they have erected artificial immigration and customs barriers, preventing the free movement of people.

* In their lust for control they have set up systems of compulsory education to coerce the minds of the children and to destroy the wisdom and innocence of the playful young.

* In their lust for power they have controlled all means of communication to prevent the free flow of ideas and to block loving exchanges among the gentle.

* In their fear they have instituted great armies of secret police to spy upon the privacy of the pacific.

* In their anger they have coerced the peaceful young against their will to join their armies and to wage murderous wars against the young and gentle of other countries.

* In their greed they have made the manufacture and selling of weapons the basis of their economies.

* For profit they have polluted the air, the rivers, the seas. In their impotence they have glorified murder, violence, and unnatural sex in their mass media.

* In their aging greed they have set up an economic system which favors age over youth.

* They have in every way attempted to impose a robot uniformity and to crush variety, individuality, and independence of thought.

* In their greed, they have instituted political systems which perpetuate rule by the aging and force youth to choose between plastic conformity or despairing alienation.

* They have invaded privacy by illegal search, unwarranted arrest, and contemptuous harassment.

* They have enlisted an army of informers.

* In their greed they sponsor the consumption of deadly tars and sugars and employ cruel and unusual punishment of the possession of life-giving alkaloids and acids.

- * They never admit a mistake.
- * They unceasingly trumpet the virtue of greed and war.
- * In their advertising and in their manipulation of information they make a fetish out of blatant falsity and pious self-enhancement.
- * Their obvious errors only stimulate them to greater error and noisier self-approval. They are bores.
- * They hate beauty. They hate sex. They hate life.

We have warned them from time to time to their inequities and blindness. We have addressed every available appeal to their withered sense of righteousness. We have tried to make them laugh. We have prophesied in detail the terror they are perpetuating. But they have been deaf to the weeping of the poor, the anguish of the colored, the rocking mockery of the young, the warnings of their poets. Worshipping only force and money, they listen only to force and money. But we shall no longer talk in these grim tongues.

We must therefore acquiesce to genetic necessity, detach ourselves from their uncaring madness and hold them henceforth as we hold the rest of God's creatures - in harmony, life brothers, in their excess, menaces to life.

We, therefore, God-loving, peace-loving, life-loving, fun-loving men and women, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the Universe for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name and by the Authority of all sentient beings who seek gently to evolve on this planet, solemnly publish and declare that we are free and independent, and that we are absolved from all Allegiance to the United States Government and all governments controlled by the menopausal, and that grouping ourselves into tribes of like-minded fellows, we claim full power to live and move on the land, obtain sustenance with our own hands and minds in the style which seems sacred and holy to us, and to do all Acts and Things which independent Freemen and Freewomen may of right do without infringing on the same rights of other species and groups to do their own thing.

And for the support of this Declaration of Evolution with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, and serenely confident of the approval of generations to come, in whose name we speak, do we now mutually pledge to each other our Lives, our Fortunes, and our Sacred Honor.