

POEMS – Theirs and mine

Contents

POEMS – Theirs and mine.....	1
POEMS - Theirs	3
Glory to Hong Kong.....	4
If I Must Die, by Reefat Alareer.....	5
The Soul of Wine, L'ame du vin, by Charles Baudelaire	6
Parable of the Old Man and the Young, by Wilfred Owen.....	7
Dover Beach, by Matthew Arnold	8
The Force That Through The Green Fuse Drives The Flower, by Dylan Thomas	9
One Art – Elizabeth Bishop.....	10
Ballad of the Hanged, by Francois Villon, 1431 - ?.....	11
To his coy mistress, by Andrew Marvell	12
I have a rendezvous with death – Alan Seeger.....	14
The ladies passing by – Les Passantes, by Antoine Pol,	15
Song for the Auvergnat, Chanson pour l’ Auvergnat, by Georges Brassens ..	18
Autumn Song, Chanson d'automne, by Paul Verlaine	20
Sermon on the Mount	21
I Can’t Make You Love Me	27
Amazing grace, by John Newton	28
Reach Out, I’ll Be There	29
POEMS – Mine	30
I Will Wake Again In Darkness	31
The Golden Rule, PeaceWorld Anthem	34
Peace Lords	37
Everyone is Noble	39
The People of the Sea, what mystery	40
Noble Virgins Raped	42

Blue energy water.....	48
What Is All this for?	51
No-one, everyone is to blame.....	54
The Hearths of Hiroshima and Nagasaki	55
In a Rush To Get High	56
We Are All the Grizzly Man	58
An Irish Airman Foresees His Death – W. B. Yeats.....	60
For the Kiddies Gunned Down.....	61
Pavane for a dead planet.....	65
Sleep with the enemy	72
How Rare, A “Great” Conservative	75
Where to?.....	79
Sorry	82
Come To Me, Eureka!	85
I Hate You	89
Nobody Is Blocking Peace	92
Ode To Truth and Non-Violence -	97
What does Putin want?	105
The Golden Rule.....	109
· Or the Other.....	110
Our Peace Aversion Training.....	111

POEMS - THEIRS

Glory to Hong Kong

We pledge No more tears on our land
In wrath, doubts dispell'd we make our stand
Arise! Ye who would not be slaves again:
For Hong Kong, may Freedom reign!

Though deep is the dread that lies ahead
Yet still, with our faith, on we tread
Let blood rage afield! Our voice grows evermore:
For Hong Kong, may Glory reign!

Stars may fade, as darkness fills the air
Through the mist a solitary trumpet flares:
Now, to arms! For Freedom,
We fight, with all might we strike!
With valour, wisdom both, we stride!
Break now the dawn, liberate our Hong Kong
In common breath: Revolution of our times!
May people reign, proud and free, now and evermore
Glory be to thee, Hong Kong!

<https://genius.com/Thomas-dgx-yhl-glory-to-hong-kong-official-lyrics-lyrics>

OTHER TRANSLATIONS:

<https://lyricstranslate.com/ar/gloire-hong-kong-glory-hong-kong.html>

If I Must Die, by Reefat Alareer

Born 23 September 1979, Gaza City
Killed 6 Decembre 2023. Gaza Strip

If I must die,
you must live
to tell my story
to sell my things
to buy a piece of cloth
and some strings,
(make it white with a long tail)
so that a child, somewhere in Gaza
while looking heaven in the eye
awaiting his dad who left in a blaze—
and bid no one farewell
not even to his flesh
not even to himself—
sees the kite, my kite you made, flying up above
and thinks for a moment an angel is there
bringing back love
If I must die
let it bring hope
let it be a tale

...

Respect, my brother

Q'ran 2-156

The Soul of Wine, L'ame du vin, by Charles Baudelaire

One night, wine's soul sang, deep in the bottle,
"My man, I belt out to you, O dear disowned,
From 'neath my prison glass and crimson seals,
A songful of light and brotherhood!

"I know what it takes, on a blazing hill,
Of pain and sweat and broiling sun,
To spark my life and give me soul;
But I'll not be thankless or spiteful,

"For I feel immense joy when I tumble down
The gullet of a man by toil worn down,
And down his hot chest is a sweet tomb
Nicer than down my chill cellars.

"Can you hear the thump-thump of Sunday refrains
And hope a-sizzle in my throbbing breast?
Your elbows on the table, your sleeves rolled up,
You'll glory be me and be happy;

"I'll light up the eyes of your ravished wife;
Restore your son's tone and vigor,
And be, for that frail athlete of life,
The oil that toughens wrestler fiber.

"Into you I'll fall, vegetal ambrosia,
The eternal Sower's precious sown grain,
That poetry may arise from our love,
And soar to God like a rare flower!"

Parable of the Old Man and the Young, by Wilfred Owen

So Abram rose, and clave the wood, and went,
And took the fire with him, and a knife.
And as they sojourned both of them together,
Isaac the first-born spake and said, My Father,
Behold the preparations, fire and iron,
But where is the lamb for this burnt-offering?
Then Abram bound the youth with belts and straps,
And builded parapets and trenches there,
And stretchèd forth the knife to slay his son.
When lo! an angel called him out of heaven,
Saying, Lay not thy hand upon the lad,
Neither do anything to him. Behold,
A ram, caught in a thicket by its horns;
Offer the Ram of Pride instead of him.
But the old man would not so, but slew his son,
And half the seed of Europe, one by one.

*Wilfred Owen died in battle in November 1918,
a week before the Armistice*

Dover Beach, by Matthew Arnold

The sea is calm to-night.
The tide is full, the moon lies fair
Upon the straits; on the French coast the light
Gleams and is gone; the cliffs of England stand;
Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.
Come to the window, sweet is the night-air!
Only, from the long line of spray
Where the sea meets the moon-blanch'd land,
Listen! you hear the grating roar
Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling,
At their return, up the high strand,
Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
The eternal note of sadness in.

Sophocles long ago
Heard it on the Aegean, and it brought
Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow
Of human misery; we
Find also in the sound a thought,
Hearing it by this distant northern sea.

The Sea of Faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled.
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
Retreating, to the breath
Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world.

Ah, love, let us be true
To one another! for the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

The Force That Through The Green Fuse Drives The Flower, by Dylan
Thomas

The force that through the green fuse drives the flower
Drives my green age; that blasts the roots of trees
Is my destroyer.
And I am dumb to tell the crooked rose
My youth is bent by the same wintry fever.

The force that drives the water through the rocks
Drives my red blood; that dries the mouthing streams
Turns mine to wax.
And I am dumb to mouth unto my veins
How at the mountain spring the same mouth sucks.

The hand that whirls the water in the pool
Stirs the quicksand; that ropes the blowing wind
Hauls my shroud sail.
And I am dumb to tell the hanging man
How of my clay is made the hangman's lime.

The lips of time leech to the fountainhead;
Love drips and gathers, but the fallen blood
Shall calm her sores.
And I am dumb to tell a weather's wind
How time has ticked a heaven round the stars.

And I am dumb to tell the lover's tomb
How at my sheet goes the same crooked worm.

One Art – Elizabeth Bishop

The art of losing isn't hard to master;
So many things seem filled with the intent
To be lost that their loss is no disaster.

Lose something every day. Accept the fluster
Of lost door keys, the hour badly spent.
The art of losing isn't hard to master.

Then practice losing farther, losing faster:
Places, and names, and where it was you meant
To travel. None of these will bring disaster.

I lost my mother's watch. And look! My last, or
Next-to-last, of three loved houses went.
The art of losing isn't hard to master.

I lost two cities, lovely ones. And, vaster,
Some realms I owned, two rivers, a continent.
I miss them, but it wasn't a disaster.

-- Even losing you (the joking voice, a gesture
I love) I shan't have lied. It's evident
The art of losing's not too hard to master
Though it may look like (Write it!) like disaster.

Ballad of the Hanged, by Francois Villon, 1431 - ?

Brother humans who after us subsist,
Don't harden your heart against us,
For if you took pity on poor folk like us,
God'd more likely grant you pardon.
You see us strung up here, five, six:
When the flesh we had overfed
Is long since devoured and rotted,
And we bones turn to powder and ash.
No-one laughs at our affliction,
But pray God all would forgive us!

We brothers beg you not to hold us in disdain
Though by Justice we've been slain.
Anyhow, you must ascertain
That all men do not good sense retain.
Forgive us, since we are well nigh on
To the Virgin Mary's Son;
May His grace not dry up on us,
Spare us hell's lightning.
We are dead, no souls vex us;
But pray God all would forgive us!!

Rain has streaked and washed us,
Sun's blackened and dried;
Magpies and crows have caved in our eyes,
And plucked our beard and brows.
Never again will we be still;
This way, that, as the winds will,
Twisted nonstop by their carry,
More fowl-pecked than a thimble.
Just don't fall in with our fraternity;
But pray God all would forgive us!

Prince Jheesus who over all holds mastery,
Guard lest Hell lord over us:
Don't let us deal or settle up.
Man, this here's no joke,
But pray God all would forgive us!

To his coy mistress, by Andrew Marvell

Had we but world enough, and time,
This coyness, Lady, were no crime.
We would sit down and think which way
To walk and pass our long love's day.
Thou by the Indian Ganges' side
Shouldst rubies find: I by the tide
Of Humber would complain. I would
Love you ten years before the Flood,
And you should, if you please, refuse
Till the conversion of the Jews.
My vegetable love should grow
Vaster than empires, and more slow;
An hundred years should go to praise
Thine eyes and on thy forehead gaze
Two hundred to adore each breast;
But thirty thousand to the rest;
An age at least to every part,
And the last age should show your heart;
For, Lady, you deserve this state,
Nor would I love at lower rate.
But at my back I always hear
Time's wingèd chariot hurrying near;
And yonder all before us lie
Deserts of vast eternity.
Thy beauty shall no more be found,
Nor, in thy marble vault, shall sound
My echoing song: then worms shall try
That long preserved virginity,
And your quaint honour turn to dust,
And into ashes all my lust:
The grave's a fine and private place,
But none, I think, do there embrace.
Now therefore, while the youthful hue
Sits on thy skin like morning dew,
And while thy willing soul transpires
At every pore with instant fires,
Now let us sport us while we may,
And now, like amorous birds of prey,
Rather at once our time devour
Than languish in his slow-chapt power.

Let us roll all our strength and all
Our sweetness up into one ball,
And tear our pleasures with rough strife
Through the iron gates of life:
Thus, though we cannot make our sun
Stand still, yet we will make him run.

I have a rendezvous with death – Alan Seeger

I have a rendezvous with Death
At some disputed barricade,
When Spring comes back with rustling shade
And apple-blossoms fill the air --
I have a rendezvous with Death
When Spring brings back blue days and fair.
It may be he shall take my hand
And lead me into his dark land
And close my eyes and quench my breath --
It may be I shall pass him still.
I have a rendezvous with Death
On some scarred slope of battered hill
When Spring comes round again this year
And the first meadow-flowers appear.

God knows 'twere better to be deep
Pillowed in silk and scented down,
Where Love throbs out in blissful sleep,
Pulse nigh to pulse, and breath to breath,
Where hushed awakenings are dear . . .
But I've a rendezvous with Death
At midnight in some flaming town,
When Spring trips north again this year,
And I to my pledged word am true,
I shall not fail that rendezvous.
KIA the 4th of July, 1916

The ladies passing by – Les Passantes, by Antoine Pol,

from Emotions poétiques written during the Great War. A week after Pol's death in 1972, George Brassens (the French Dylan) recorded it without having been able to meet him.

I dedicate this poem
To ladies we loved for a few secret moments
To those we hardly knew
Whose diverging fate pulled them away
Never found again.

To the one you see at her window for a second
Who, like a swift, passes on
But whose sleek silhouette so delicate and graceful
Gladdens you still.

To the lady traveler
Whose eyes, a charming landscape,
Made the trip seem short;
That which we alone could understand;
Yet you let her step off and away
Without grazing her hand

To those already taken
Who, abiding gray hours near someone too divergent
Let you, useless folly,
Glimpse the gloom of a hopeless future.

Precious images noted
Daylong hopes let down
Remembrance, forgetfulness tomorrow;
Should a little happiness befall
Such wayward episodes we rarely recall

But even if we've flunked out from life
We daydream, with but little spite
About all the heavens glimpsed
Kisses we dared not risk
Hearts that must wait for us
Eyes never seen again.

So that, by late night burnout,
While we people our solitude with ghostly memories
We grieve for absent lips
Of all the pretties who passed us by
We knew not how to retain

The Umbrella – Le Parapluie, by George Brassens

It was raining hard on the main road,
She was walking sans umbrella,
I had one, no doubt stolen that morning from a friend.

So rushing to her rescue, I offered her shelter.
Wiping the sky's wet from her face
She told me with a sweet air, "Yes."

A wee corner of umbrella for a corner of Paradise.
She had something of an angel.
For the corner of an umbrella, a wee corner of Paradise.
No shortfall there, fella!

Making our way along, how tenderly that went
To hear by twos the pretty tune
Heavens' water played on the roof of my umbrella!
I would rather, as during the Flood
Have seen the rain fall without end
To keep her under my shelter forty days and forty nights.

A wee corner of umbrella for a corner of Paradise.
She had something of an angel.
For the corner of an umbrella, a wee corner of Paradise.
No shortfall there, fella!

But foolishly, even in storm, the road leads to a country.
Hers soon drew a wall across the skyline of my folly!
As had to happen, she left me after saying thanks a lot
And I watched her grow very small
Happily headed to forget me.

A wee corner of umbrella for a corner of Paradise.
She had something of an angel.
For the corner of an umbrella, a wee corner of Paradise.
No shortfall there, fella!

Song for the Auvergnat, Chanson pour l'Auvergnat, by Georges Brassens

It's for you, this song
You, the Auvergnat who without more ado
Gave me four sticks of firewood
When there was frost in my life

You who gave me fire when
The crunchers and the crunchers' wife
All the people of good intent
Shut their door in my face.

It was nothing but a wood fire
But it warmed me to the core
And it burns yet in my soul
Like a fireworks display.

You, the Auvergnat, when you die
When the body bagger takes you away
Let him bring you across the sky
To Eternal Father

It's for you, this song
You, the hostess who without more ado
Gave me four bits of bread
When there was hunger in my life

You who opened your hutch when
The crunchers and the crunchers' wife
All the people of good intent
Watched me fast with glee.

It was nothing but a bit of bread
But it warmed me to the core
And it burns yet in my soul
Like a grand feast display

You, the hostess, when you die
When the body bagger takes you away
Let him bring you across the sky
To Eternal Father

It's for you, this song

You, the stranger who without more ado
Smiled sadly to me
When the cops caught me

You who didn't applaud when
The crunchers and the crunchers' wife
All the people of good intent
Saw me hauled away with glee

It was nothing but a little honey
But it warmed me to the core
And it burns yet in my soul
In a grand solar display

You, the stranger, when you die
When the body bagger takes you away
Let him bring you across the sky
To Eternal Father

Translated from <https://lyricstranslate.com> French version

Autumn Song, Chanson d'automne, by Paul Verlaine

The long low lowing
Of the bowing
Of Autumn

Maims my heart
With its slack start
Tedium.

All choked up
And pale, at the
Clock's tone.

I recall my
Olden days,
And I moan.

And I'm off
By foul winds blown,
Sent tumbling on

This way, that;
Like a
Dead leaf.

Sermon on the Mount

King James Bible, book of Matthew

Chapter 5

1 And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain: and when he was set, his disciples came unto him:

2 And he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying,

3. Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven..

4. Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted..

5. Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth..

6. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled..

7. Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

8 Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

9 Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

10 Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

11 Blessed are yee, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

12 Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

13 Yee are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost his savour, wherewith shall it be salted? it is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men.

14 Yee are the light of the world. A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid.

15 Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it give h light unto all that are in the house.

16 Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.

17 Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil.

18 For verily I say unto you, Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled.

19 Whosoever therefore shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven: but whosoever shall do and teach them, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven.

20 For I say unto you, That except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, yee shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven.

21 Yee have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not kill; and whosoever shall kill shall be in danger of the judgment:

22 But I say unto you, That whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause shall be in danger of the judgment: and whosoever shall say to his brother, Raca, shall be in danger of the council: but whosoever shall say, Thou fool, shall be in danger of hell fire.

23 Therefore if thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath ought against thee;

24 Leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift.

25 Agree with thine adversary quickly, whiles thou art in the way with him; lest at any time the adversary deliver thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the officer, and thou be cast into prison.

26

Ver ly I say unto thee, Thou shalt by no means come out thence, till thou hast paid the uttermost farthing.

27 Yee have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not commit adultery:

28 But I say unto you, That whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart.

29 And if thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee: for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell.

30 And if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off, and cast it from thee: for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell.

31 It hath been said, Whosoever shall put away his wife, let him give her a writing of divorcement:

32 But I say unto you, That whosoever shall put away his wife, saving for the cause of fornication, causeth her to commit adultery: and whosoever shall marry her that is divorced committeth adultery.

33 Again, yee have heard that it hath been said by them of old time, Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths:

34 ut I say unto you, Swear not at all; neither by heaven; for it is God's throne:

35 Nor by the earth; for it is his footstool: neither by Jerusalem; for it is the city of the great King.

36 Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black.

37 But let your communication be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay: for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil.

38 Yee have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth:

39 But I say unto you, That yee resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also.

40 And if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also.

41 And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain.

42 Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away.

43 Yee have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbour, and hate thine enemy.

44 But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you;

45 That yee may be the children of your Father which is in heaven: for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.

46

For if yee love them which love you, what reward have yee? do not even the publicans the same?

47 And if yee salute your brethren only, what do yee more than others? do not even the publicans so?

48 Be yee therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.

Matthew

Chapter 6

1 Take heed that yee do not your alms before men, to be seen of them: otherwise yee have no reward of your Father which is in heaven.

2 Therefore when thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the streets, that they may have glory of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward.

3 But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth:

4 That thine alms may be in secret: and thy Father which seeth in secret himself shall reward thee openly.

5 And when thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are: for they love to pray standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward.

6 But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly.

7 But when yee pray, use not vain repetitions, as the heathen do: for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking.

8 Be not yee therefore like unto them: for your Father knoweth what things yee have need of, before yee ask him.

9 After this manner therefore pray yee: Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name.

10 Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven.

11 Give us this day our daily bread.

12 And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.

13 And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen.

14 For if yee forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you:

15 But if yee forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses.

16 Moreover when yee fast, be not, as the hypocrites, of a sad countenance: for they disfigure their faces, that they may appear unto men to fast. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward.

17 But thou, when thou fastest, anoint thine head, and wash thy face;

18 That thou appear not unto men to fast, but unto thy Father which is in secret: and thy Father, which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly.

19 Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal:

20 But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal:

21 For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.

22 The light of the body is the eye: if therefore thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light.

23 But if thine eye be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness. If therefore the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!

24 No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Yee cannot serve God and mammon.

25 Therefore I say unto you, Take no thought for your life, what yee shall eat, or what yee shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?

26 Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet our heavenly Father feedeth them. Are yee not much better than they?

27 Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature?

28 And why take yee thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin:

29 And yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

30 Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to day is, and to morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O yee of little faith?

31 Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed?

32 (For after all these things do the Gentiles seek:) for your heavenly Father knoweth that yee have need of all these things.

33 But seek yee first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.

34 Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof

Matthew

Chapter 7

1 Judge not, that yee be not judged.

2 For with what judgment yee judge, yee shall be judged: and with what measure yee mete, it shall be measured to you again.

3 And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?

4 Or how wilt thou say to thy brother, Let me pull out the mote out of thine eye; and, behold, a beam is in thine own eye?

5 Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye.

6 Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast yee your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet, and turn again and rend you.

7 Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and yee shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you:

8 For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.

9 Or what man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone?

10 Or if he ask a fish, will he give him a serpent?

11 If yee then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him?

12 Therefore all things whatsoever yee would that men should do to you, do yee even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets.

13 Enter yee in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat:

14 Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.

15 Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves.

16 Yee shall know them by their fruits. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?

17 Even so every good tree bringeth forth good fruit; but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit.

18 A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit.

19 Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire.

20 Wherefore by their fruits yee shall know them.

21 Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven.

22 Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name have cast out devils? and in thy name done many wonderful works?

23 And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you: depart from me, yee that work iniquity.

24 Therefore whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock:

25 And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock.

26 And every one that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand:

27 And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell: and great was the fall of it.

28 And it came to pass, when Jesus had ended these sayings, the people were astonished at his doctrine:

29 For he taught them as one having authority, and not as the scribes.

I Can't Make You Love Me

The third song on Bonnie Raitt's Grammy-winning album from 1991, *Luck of the Draw*. Written by Mike Reid and Allen Shamblin. Why Bruce Hornsby is not in this frame, I don't know. Those are his chords and what I know of his sentiment.

Turn down the lights, turn down the bed
Turn down these voices inside my head
Lay down with me, tell me no lies
Just hold me close, don't patronize
Don't patronize me

[Chorus]

'Cause I can't make you love me if you don't
You can't make your heart feel somethin' it won't
Here in the dark, in these final hours
I will lay down my heart and I'll feel the power
But you won't, no you won't
'Cause I can't make you love me, if you don't

[Verse 2]

I'll close my eyes, then I won't see
The love you don't feel when you're holdin' me
Mornin' will come, and I'll do what's right
Just give me 'til then to give up this fight
And I will give up this fight

[Chorus]

'Cause I can't make you love me if you don't
You can't make your heart feel somethin' it won't
Here in the dark, in these final hours
I will lay down my heart and I'll feel the power
But you won't, no you won't
'Cause I can't make you love me, if you don't

[Instrumental Break]

[Outro]

Don't try baby
Ain't no use in you tryin', baby

Amazing grace, by John Newton

Amazing grace, How sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me.
I once was lost, but now I am found,
Was blind, but now I see.
'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved.
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed.
Through many dangers, toils and snares
I have already come,
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far
And grace will lead me home.
The Lord has promised good to me
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.
Yea, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease
I shall possess within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.
When we've been there ten thousand years
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we've first begun.
<https://www.songlyrics.com/amazing-grace/amazing-grace-lyrics/>

Reach Out, I'll Be There

The Four Tops

Track 1 on the Reach Out album

Producers

Holland-Dozier, Lamont Dozier & 1 more

[Verse 1]

(Yah!)

Now if you feel that you can't go on (Can't go on)
Because all of your hope is gone (All your hope is gone)
And your life is filled with much confusion (Much confusion)
Until happiness is just an illusion (Happiness is just an illusion)
And your world around is crumbling down, darlin'

[Chorus]

(Reach out) Come on, girl, reach on out for me
(Reach out) Reach out for me
Hah, I'll be there with a love that will shelter you
I'll be there with a love that will see you through

[Verse 2]

When you feel lost and about to give up (To give up)
'Cause your best just ain't good enough (Just ain't good enough)
And you feel the world has grown cold (Has grown cold)
And you're drifting out all on your own (Drifting out on your own)
And you need a hand to hold, darlin'

[Chorus]

(Reach out) Come on, girl, reach out for me
(Reach out) Reach out for me
Hah, I'll be there to love and comfort you
And I'll be there to cherish and care for you
(I'll be there to always see you through)
(I'll be there to love and comfort you)

[Verse 3]

I can tell the way you hang your head (Hang your head)
You're not in love now, now you're afraid (You're afraid)
And through your tears you look around (Look around)
But there's no peace of mind to be found (No peace of mind to be found)
I know what you're thinking - you're a loner, no love of your own
But darlin'

[Chorus]

(Reach out) Come on, girl, reach out for me
(Reach out) reach out, just look over your shoulder
I'll be there to give you all the love you need
And I'll be there, you can always depend on me
I'll be there, don't worry

POEMS – MINE

I Will Wake Again In Darkness

Water drips from an open faucet until your turn it up enough,
Then it phase shifts from drip to flow

One day, there is no COVID
The next, beware the world toboggan!

One day, we were more or less at peace
The next, not so much

Things change, they grow fade go flat die out
Phase shift is different

One day, the world was much as it had always been
From then on, things will diverge more and more

Will grow distant from recalled social mores
Into new folds and terrifying convolutions

Social structures lose their four-square solidity
Ceilings fray and the ground shifts underfoot

The world retains its axis of time in common
But the x, y, z axes drift from their bearings

Things no longer appear as they once seemed
For better or for worse.

Random phase shift can usually take us
To familiar, often haunted sites

To more and more poverty and injustice
Staging more and more lethal scenes

The next goose step of the thousand-year Reich
Its dead, its dying and it surviving hostage lovers

Long suffering, long enduring
Their children taught long suffering and long endurance.

Drudges pinned to coal pit classrooms

Never let go to fresh air recess on PeaceWorld.

Which often leads to reality refusal
Unfocussed dread and denial of common sense

When the steel deck slides into the sea at your feet
Elegance of thought flees your mind

The standard revolutionary response leads to
Its maximum effort up front, its easy opposition after

Counter-revolution almost always wins
It rots the revolution from within or kills it from without

Despite its sacrifice, party discipline,
police suppression, religious devotion

While counter-revolution is simple:
More or less well-shared greed

The current social construct is pointy side down unstable
Built to tumble down the rapids of war without end

Revolution just sharpens its urchin spines.
Otherwise, it is just as unstable as before. Whereas,

Phase shift anchors itself with lead
As hard to pull up as revolutionary straw was easy

Phase shift takes too much effort to counter
The counter-phase shift actors dissolve in their own illogic

Nothing and everything to resist: impossible resistance
No anchor or upside for weightlessness acrobats

A massive wakeup shared by everyone instead
Of prior dreams poorly held in common

I foretell the phase shift to PeaceWorld
As powerful as a whisper, as strong as a flood

No need to wake up to heaven on Earth
More excellence over perfection

A little bit closer by a whisper and a rush
We smile more often; we grieve per Mencius

Phase shift takes little effort to set off
Shared sighs of doubt, not the public roar of revolution

We fall asleep in the last twilight of WeaponWorld
And awaken to the first dawn of PeaceWorld.

The Golden Rule, PeaceWorld Anthem

On WeaponWorld, all alone in your faith
God's answers are easy to miss
Though they are other people's business, too
Unseen, unknown, from distant climes and times
Family, neighbors, priests, strangers in your face
Perhaps indifferent, hostile, lethal
They insinuate themselves without invite or permission
We don't hear that often enough, even indirectly

11. If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in Heaven give good things to them that ask him?

12. Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets. Matthew 7:11-12, King James Bible.

This should be the PeaceWorld anthem

The law of nations and of the people
Recited wideband as a public service every day
By every nation and media that permits it
Word will spread from those allowed to those forbidden
For PeaceWorld Learners ruled by (painful?) good conscience

Obey the Golden Rule when you can

Shut up alone, pray the Lord's Prayer
Your one-on-one appointment with God
The Lord's Prayer: maximum bandwidth two-way communion
Act of devotion, expression of naive faith
Hidden conversation and enlightenment
Expectation of miracle
Multiply this prayer by billions of converts
Free to worship anything else they please
In exchange for this short, easy prayer
In any language they speak, not just Jesus' Aramaic
Expect miracles of approval

In the toilet, it is easy to pray alone, emphasis on alone
The closet Jesus recommended to year zero Jewish peasants
Was the shitter, alone in reclusion
Praying thusly, shut up alone to take a shit
That is more respectful of Christ's intent
God loves your stink just as much as you
As I prefer my lover's fart to the perfume of other lovers

You think God respects silk robes?

Thousand-year conspiracies?
Candle-lit stone cliffs gilded with gold?

Disney worthy glass windows?
Billowing incense and empty ceremony?
More than your sorry monkey ass naked?
Offered up stinking to the Lord?
 But forget it if you're not nice to others
Nor pray as God tells you to
Those two: the law and the prophets
How much simpler can they be!
If you cannot find a closed room
Homeless, under surveillance, in prison or a desert
Pray quietly in your skull
The room most closed to other human beings
God understands and will listen anyway

 Oh, by the way.

Psychopaths, sociopaths, criminals against person or humanity
Generally horrible people: you know who you are
You have an open invitation to pray this way.
You may benefit from it more than most
Like me, what do you have to lose?

 Matthew 6:1-4.

Alms should be anonymous [in summary; well, duh! But difficult to do, these days].
King James Bible

5. And when thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are: for they love to pray standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen by men. Verily I say unto you, they have their reward.

6. But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly.

7. But when ye pray, use not vain repetitions as the heathen do: for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking.

8. Be ye not therefore like unto them, for your Father knoweth what things ye have need of, before ye ask him.

9. After this manner therefore pray ye: Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name.

10. Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven.

11. Give us this day our daily bread.

12. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.

13. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen.

Matthew 6: 1-13, King James Bible.

No need to recite by the numbers; Jesus didn't. "Forgive us our debts ... debtors" [I prefer "trespasses ... those who trespass against us." Then there is "our sins ... those who

sin against us;” or simply “Forgive us ... as we forgive.”] Take your pick or get creative in your own way. No need for religious perfection, prescription or persecution. No need for religious bureaucracy or morality police amateur and professional. No need for public religious devotion, loyalty or belief, especially not from officials. If confronted by those who impose on your belief, tell them exactly what they want to hear for as long as they want to hear it and get along with your quiet life. No call for martyrs

Your faith links you to God. Let no-one interfere with it for any reason.

Peace Lords

We have a long and flattering history of bloody warlords, a much briefer one for peacelords, who may have been much more frequent at local levels in ancient times, and no word for them in our weapon-heavy culture and vocabulary.

Generous in peace, lethal in war. Admired by their soldiers, feared by hostile enemies, admired by defeated and restored enemies. They forgive and restore the defeated; reward the deserving and punish those not. They reduce taxes and leave honest judges behind. They free the homeless (refugees, slaves, the poor) to return home where possible. By restore, I mean they claim the children of the defeated and their mothers as local nobility restored.

They have the best reconnaissance cavalry on Earth, in good number. They are too lightning fast in victory to go hungry, and unbelievably generous in victory. Their soldiers survive ten to one odds they magically defeat. Hungry prisoners are fed and recruited into the ranks or sent home grateful. They do not sack cities they defeat, but resupply them. Their potent secret service grows by recruiting the smartest local talent and their followers, by defeating tyrants and recruiting their liberated victims in turn. The usual gang of local psychopaths is easy to defeat and replace, if local opposition is properly supported with a few good troops.

Peacelords love learning, art and city graces; they work hard to support those. They hate violence, destruction and vandalism. They promote trade and police/recruit local bandits. They honor elders and protect the weak and humble, widows and orphans. They prize shrines, sanctuaries and archives; they spare their crews from taxes and corvées. They seek justice, equality and peace above all; but they apply unrelenting force (see recruit bandits) against dangerous transgressors. They build and cultivate cities; they bring water and foreign trade to cities and farm fields. They recruit the good everywhere and protect their families. The good respond with enthusiasm, brothers in arms no matter where they come from, rich or poor, north or south, promoted by merit and equally loyal to those above and below. They cannot be defeated as long as this brotherhood survives

Every race and nation has raised one or more of these leaders. They are born when and where most needed. Their loyal subordinates are born in droves in every clime and age (you?). They just wait for the master's call; gritting their teeth against ordinary tyranny, resisting alone against the extraordinary kind.

If your culture hero is not listed below, email me with your candidate. No overly bloody hands, please (David). Napoleon? Alexander? We don't need high body count heroes. Armed peacemakers, rather. There is a fine line between all-conquering benefactor and popular people-killer in large numbers for no good reason (Napoleon). Napoleon hated and

feared great talent approaching his own; peacelords seek them out, promote them, hear out their disagreements and accept their good advice.

It would be fun to tabulate them in history: each the proud parent of some people or nation. No doubt a thousand disappeared for every one successful.

Another chapter to write, peace martyrs: shorter-lived than peacelords, more empathic, more beloved and missed once gone; less forceful over the human economy, but deeper-reaching into the human spirit; more numerous and anonymous; very, very populous in realtime; Learners all. Peacelords recruit them.

We are all the potential victims of nuclear war or of climate change chaos, on cosmic reprieve for the moment.

Zhabdrung, Bután

Jayavarman II, Khmer, Cambodia

Ashoka, India

George Washington, USA

Lincoln, USA

Joan of Arc, France

DeGaule, France

Casimir III, Poland

King Arthur, Britain

Alexander? Checks some boxes but EPHEMERAL

Moses, the Hebrews

Abraham, the Hebrews

Mosheshwe, Lesotho

Edward the Great, England

The Yellow Emperor, China

Cyrus the Great, Persia

Peter the Great, Russia

Bolivar, Venezuela

Mohammed, the Umma

Name your culture hero in history: another peacelord.

There must be thousands of local Learner peacelords across the world, unemployed or imprisoned by WeaponWorld psycho-pathocrats. They must all unite and coordinate their leadership to produce PeaceWorld. There are billions of Learners of foremost talent once properly cultivated as kids. They must unite to Edenize the world.

PeaceWorld will have several nested government organizations: the usual, patriarchal, top-down government structures currently in practice; tiered councils of grandmothers with absolute veto power over stupid decisions those first produce at every level of governance; and peacelords to lead grandchild warriors and enforce their decrees.

Everyone is Noble

All of us,
Survivors of millennia of thousand-year Reich

All the children of slaves sooner or later
Murderous and cannibal if necessary, almost always orphaned slaves

One surviving child in ten
Of one surviving family in ten

Of one surviving local community in ten
Of one surviving greater commune in ten ...

And so on, repeat and rinse
Nearly always bad luck cancels those good odds.

Serving geologically stacked life sentences of fear, hunger and abandon
Starving for affection, for belonging

For any shared blood, love, food and trust
Often betrayed in series, savagely withdrawn or never there

Sinners and psychopaths roam among the worst kind
Efficiently merciless, incredibly wasteful and thoughtless

Hundreds of generations flushed down the shitter
Any less than perfect DNA swept away forever

Our body DNA has swum upstream of
This undersea volcano's milewide vortex chimney waterfall

A hundred billion Olympic swim meets, all won first place
Stacked in time and place and circumstances mostly sad.

We won. You won them all.
We are all noble beings; only elite DNA survived

The People of the Sea, what mystery

Think of humanity of as a giant class of sex-starved, heterosexual Commando applicants, male and female. They do not understand anything significant; they just get shuttled down inhuman corridors of military bureaucracy. Earth is their barrack, classroom and very lethal obstacle course. Every other sex orientation is free to come along for the ride. Death is an equal opportunity employer.

Even though each class can be whittled down to a few mating pairs (everyone else killed on the obstacle course); they will reproduce the next generation of Commando applicants. Do this for 50,000 years or more. Perhaps to total extinction from time to time, then re-seed human mating pairs. Do this (with intermittent civilizations) for millions of years or more. I presuppose the Commando school has a non-human command staff. Who else but those assholes would make such monstrous arrangements for humanity?

OK. Atlantis, Lemuria and Mu? The Younger Dryas ice floods drowned them and their Old World. And we forgot them. Simply, like the way we think.

Highland survivors eventually recovered on the Med. They evolved from primitive, Stone Age specialists into Bronze Age city dwellers and sophisticated maritime traders. An international network of nautical commerce slowly built up then flourished. It was based on copper, tin, and arsenic: worth their weight in gold if properly smelted into bronze, the weapon of mass destruction of the age. This arms race among Kings was supplemented by their trade in anything else: furs, timber, slaves, precious stones, gold and silver, amber, wine, olive oil; anything locally produced or value-added, but rare and more valuable elsewhere. No matter how backward he was, a tribal chief could trade naked slaves for beads and wine. Win-win: profits for all who did not get in the way; death for the others.

A powerful trade network extended from the Indian Ocean to the North Sea and perhaps beyond. It was a leaky, heterogenous cartel: often in violent competition or open warfare with itself, as long as profits accrue overall. Actually, it was much more coherent and focused than local kingdoms it had miraculously pacified, that depended on it for long-range trade and diplomacy. Think of those city-states as colonial entrepôts and Banana republics. The cartel preferred fortified island bases offshore. Pick an island in the Med and fortify it. It benefited from market monopoly, commerce management and law enforcement near and far. It had many merchant and naval vessels, fortified ports and harbors, marine units to practice piracy against competitors and defend from such. It's commercial agents were honored guests in every port.

Merchant oar fleets required a yearly infusion of thousands of new oarsmen slaves. Thus, tens of millions of slaves would be kidnapped from Med coastlines and towns for the next few thousand years. From Africa and Europe to China: almost everyone caught up by "civilization" became a slave.

The next series of eco-catastrophes triggered the collapse of Med trade. Most likely widespread drought and famine: easy enough to tabulate from Mediterranean tree rings. Or volcanic winters, or shotgun blasts of asteroids, or commerce-spread plague, or earthquake tsunami, or intermittent, soul-destroying combinations thereof.

When dependent economies collapsed from the catastrophes listed above, what happened to this sophisticated trade network? No-one just rolled over and died, if they could help it. The cartel switched from mixed barter to pure piracy to feed its shriveling bottom line. The same assets that promoted trade were transformed into those that ripped off anything not nailed down, killed or recruited every local who got in the way. Nothing much needed to be invented. There were boats in plenty; a very hungry population to recruit as officers, marines and row-boat slaves; intelligence agents to spy out military weakness and exploit local Quislings. No-one and nothing was safe from the cartel's grasp.

The Sea Peoples did not come from one country, race or city-state; they came from every source of peaceful trade. Cartel marines were big (called Giants) because they were hand-picked from fearsome warriors along those shores, similarly equipped and uniformed as corporate-sponsored marines. No disaster-weakened State could resist their assault landings (almost always raids; almost never invasions). Cartel agents within city walls would open the gates by night and let the marines slip in quietly to kill, sack and burn. They left nothing standing, once embarked for their next target. If any town repopulated itself and rebuilt, they came back and knocked it down until the peace of death reigned.

Such economic cannibalism cannot long endure. As coastal cities burned, smaller and poorer settlements remained to be taken. The cartel's marines ran out of lucrative targets. They failed their desperate invasion of Egypt, the last fat cow left alive in the Med. Defeated, they fell apart and went home to starve. Survivors tended their flocks and gardens in the relative safety of coastal cliffs. Thus ends the "mystery of the Sea People."

Nowadays, the West runs on a similar mix of cartels based on fossil fuels, weapons, drugs, slaves for sex and body parts, money laundering, organized crime and a pell-mell of other trades. During the next pulse of global disaster and economic decline, they will convert their assets in the same manner: from commerce for profit to profiteering from chaos.

Brace yourself. This is not going to be fun for anyone but psychopaths, rich cartel members included.

Ah! For the good old days of mostly talk, talk, talk; not war, war, war!

Noble Virgins Raped

Herds of sheep;
Woolens, tapestries and rugs;
Linen from fine-spun flax,
One of the first human harvests?
Spinning cotton tough to pick, as Gandhi recommends,
And weaving satin from it;
Or spinning silk of endless toil,
Were those the source of literacy?

Did poems alone speak of spirit and wisdom?
Written prose only for accounts and suchlike
Because the written word is easier to ignore
Than good poetry recited in those days;
Nothing more or less than that?
Shut out bad judgment by failing to memorize it
And forbidding its transcription?

Did some epics survive the end of the world
When book learning disappeared?
Was the epic, the Veda, the only thing left to be heard,
Under the rolling tick-tock of Yugas,
Once time wound down and vaporized every page and pixel,
(All that hard work gone!)
Along with the skill to transmit it
And the will to understand it?

Waterpower,
In mills, on boats and when fishing.
Was that the source of the numeric?
Or was it the knapping of flint?
Parallel and perpendicular: an initiation to geometry?

Noble virgins raped,
Pried from shielding arms
Right after the last gasp of desperate fathers, Lovers, husbands and brothers,
All fallen in combat.
Those victims left alive cast out
To distant hills and shores
Far from the massacre.

Take refuge in the wilderness

Far from warrior haunted plains,
Unto distant hills and shores,
Between reticent shepherds and taciturn fishermen,
Where security is bought with silence.

To tarry there distant.
Sigh over beauties and laughter long gone,
Count the stitches, reweave the nets,
And recite the rhymes you've memorized
Despite the tears they wring from you.

While weapons comb the cities,
Burn them, flatten them and spill them out to sea,
Set adrift in famine and disease,
Turn them into blood-greased charcoal,
Their quiet hearths smothered for years or forever,
As God wills it.

Zombies keen nightmares on the silver screen,
Lunge to eat victims alive:
Merely starving survivors of that hecatomb?
Phantoms logged long ago in DNA
From a distant past best forgotten?
Merely us in less opportune guise?

Withdrawn there from zombies
Shut away from plagued and looting armies,
Teach the young survivors, if you can,
To recite the verses and count the stitches.

Thus, in hardy fisheries and alluring embroidery,
In the magic of books and rare wines
Traded from afar for quite some time,
In a civilized way, in our way,
During good years prior and since.
The tinkle of gold, soft abacus clicks
And charming music along shared shores.

Let's speak of civilized ways, ephemeral yet heroic,
What wise men discuss with full bellies
While the children are safe asleep.
Every Learner, often and together,
As long as there's peacetime left.

In courts of law,
Why not wash each other's feet?
The ritual purification of jurors,
Litigants wash the feet of their rivals
And of other celebrants?
Before and after the trial?

Let's discuss the mercy God shows us
Mimed by our pardon of the Other,
Our outbursts becalmed miraculously by the peace of God.

Let's discuss hearts delivered by our love for one and all,
That we forgot, repressed and stifled;
With tears of joy and sighs of relief
From human angels praising God
Not the jibber jabber prayer of stupid demands,
As if we knew what we needed better than God.

Should we accept God's tender loving care,
The only thing that keeps us alive –
We, lost in the heart of darkness –
We could warm the chill beating in our chest,
And cradle all the children in loving arms.

Peals of infant laughter,
Flocks of birds from forests as far as the eye can see.
Front doors left unlocked in trouble-free security.
Protection vouched for by trustworthy warrior valor.

Famine unknown,
Plague inadmissible,
Injustice unjustifiable.
Learning everywhere instead.
A pleasant life a thousand years long
The painful one cut short:
A simple question of choice.

With the ethics of a newborn:
Fragile, deep and charming.
Sacrifice vestigial but deeply rooted:
Self-sacrifice, less often of the Other.
Celebration explosive but shallow,

Evident everywhere, unknown nowhere.

What can I tell you about this neglected peace?
Me, druid on the outside looking in,
Sipping the morning warmth of whiskey tea
Spokesman for long dead prophets
Relieving winter pains with hot sake
Mere apologist for the sadly mistaken
Savoring soft dark red wines.

Harken to the herald of Learner!
Herald, not hero (as Sarraute noted).
The true heroes and heroines are coming,
Their thoughts deeper than mine,
Better peace technicians than I,
Dependable lovers of dependable neighbors.
Accounts of their opulent exploits will amplify Learner
From the Sections Why, How and What
To Who, When and Where.

Proud to serve as that herald.
No matter how fleeting my message,
How poorly written or unread.
Proud to post it clearly on the Internet.
I spit at the eye of doom,
That you may read me and agree,
Or refute me, just as well,
Or better yet, do it better.
Hear Yee!Hear Yee!

We have just passed the Kali Yuga,
The Age three-quarters evil,
Into the Dvapara Yuga, that of halves;
Technological progress over time
From the bad (nukes) to those better (Eden).

History has never been our judge and jury
The executioner who blindfolds us on the scaffold,
But our past: a cracked old mirror,
An old snakeskin we must slough off.
Having struck bottom and rebounded,
We ascend to the surface,
Whether we understand that or not.

It is up to you, young Learners,
With little help from us weapon-stained elders
Trailing the blood-trails of victims of history,
Starving millions of babies, killing beasts by the billion,
Our heart chilled by those blots on our soul.

Instead of drowning the poor,
Every hand to the oars and the bailing!
Every brain inspired by the idea of peace,
Every gut soothed by its rewards
Every heart strengthened by its success.

Peace technologies will follow its awakening...
... Ours ...
Time enough may remain before the pixels fade,
Before the world jumbles once again,
Before bright eyes become bitter dust,
And entropy bays its victory, shuts us up for good
And recasts the Yuga dice.

By all that's holy, some heroism!
Good sense and good hearts.
The best possible world placed in all humility
On the altar of God,
Not the WeaponWorld concentration camp.
That satisfied mediocrity swapped out for PeaceWorld,
Before the merciless universe annihilates us in any case,
Exterminates us like the social insects we are.

Let our ideals gleam!
Our fondest dreams shine like a second Sun,
More so than the chorus of our radios.
Let our foremost hopes shine brighter than entropy
And set the abyss of Death alight with the flare of defiance!
Far too familiar with bitter truths,
We could navigate beyond them to God's serene homeport.

What do we have left to lose,
We who must lose everything in any case?
What are we afraid of learning, who know next to nothing?
What are we afraid of, with nothing left to fear?

I defy you to make PeaceWorld happen;
I could care less where you come from,
Your prejudices, your fears and your misfortune.
I invite you to pledge to the common good
As a deputy of this honorable race,

Blue energy water

We are cast adrift into the void,
Meat puppets cling-wrapped with soul,
Our batteries sparked by God.

On this planet that welcomes us
With beasts that eat us and clean air to breathe
And mirror-man interposed for us to deal with.

Dice thrown on the gaming table
Its black felt adorned with glitter
Like nocturnal windows of a burning sky scraper.

The universe is the fire at our fingertips
That burns us and devours us
That lights the way by burning us.

Halfway between the alpha and the omega
Equidistant from their warmth and frozen by this reach
We seek a hearth of welcome warmth.

Soothe this energy,
Murmur to it as to a wild bird
That would perch on your arm.

Let it glow in our hands, in our hearths,
Transmit its warmth and its instant, insistent data
With no more babies burned.

This energy perches beyond our awareness.
I glimpse it dimly, that fluid with its blue glow,
And the relief of its future beneficiaries.

Could it just be Cherenkov radiation,
That glares from radioactive pools?
Ayahuasca shamans should pay attention.

Otherwise, Gerald H. Pollack,
Biophysics Professor at the University of Washington
And his book: *Water, Energy and Life*.

This energy, wiser than the current kind.

Will help us tell good from evil
Guide us, warm us and send off our ills.

It would weaken with the advent of evil,
Renew its flame with the comeback of good,
Underline human conscience in realtime .

Wood fire is for sacrifice.
I recall the hearths of old
Of constant celebration.

Not just the sacrifice of trees in a wood fire,;
Turn Oxygen and Carbon into CO₂ and vitality
Simply for heat and light.

Water flowing along a 3-D helix track?
– my details are vague, no matter how high I get –
From top to bottom by gravity alone?

Or pumped like blood by a beating heart.
We could ladle it out like well water.
And pour it into other machines.

There might also be energy in the air
Hard to tell from the wind's breeze and gust
That push sails and windmills.

The air's heat and cold, its dark and light,
Its press and dissipation, its water content,
All are important; this energy is more subtle.

What happens to air as lightening passes
In the air layer of pyroclastic volcanoes
Its water mix at deep sea smokers.

I look for it in water
And maybe the other one, off-hand,
The miracle of raw energy.

It may require PeaceWorld
To coax it with a handful of peace
Like we would offer a tidbit to a wild pup.

Peace and quiet so as not to startle it.
Assuming we could be wise enough
To pacify our nature.

Persuade it to rejoin us
Tend it a welcome it could hear
Above the uproar of our weapon hatred.

A new sign post to the right path
To withdraw us from evil beyond our brutality.
You cannot attack evil and win for good.

Tesla's ground-transmitted energy
Into the Sanderson World Grid?
From archaic sites by means of new technologies.

This druid of maundering abandon,
This knight of the errant quote
This unworthy Ronin poet:

I mutter to myself of PeaceWorld,
In internal exile. No-one else seems to care.
Holding this up alone hurts my back.

What Is All this for?

These bodies, ideals and all the rest, to what end?
Mankind assembled, to what goal?
So much genius, effort, sacrifice and strife:
What is that for?
Questions forbidden by science
That gouges out its eyes to see more clearly.

So that some post grad student
Leafing through her brick of notes
Gathered robotically by diligent Grays
From planets finally overcooked,
Ransacked before they puffed out to sterility
Like a poisoned dandelion.

She juggles the contents of her scholar's purse,
And the quirks of academic politics,
And whether He noticed her that afternoon,
And what solitary supper she will nibble.

She notes, in passing,
"Those primates from Planet Dirt,
They weren't so dumb after all...
Rather gallant towards the end."

While she proofs the footnotes of her thesis,
As rain tap taps on her darkened window.
"Trivial," she must admit, "but almost finished,"
On the succession of gravity well biofilms.

Waves of ancient earthly pioneers
Sailed out into the cosmos at 1G to near-light speed
Then rebounded across the universe like the ripples on a pond
Youth returned, to Earth much more wrinkled and old.

They left so long ago, that much more time elapsed here;
The page of time crumpled into a ball by star travel.
Earth's time stretched out to millennia, millions, billions of years;
While theirs were hundreds, thousands, millions of years
More or less intermittently.

For four billion years,

Sentience has billowed out from Earth (and elsewhere?)
Ripples across the Cosmos
Flowed back to Earth as dream gods.
Shuffled, beaten, traded, mixed, and mutated;
Added to or cancelled out beyond recognition.

Really advanced technology mimics nature,
The best would be interchangeable with it,
Except the supernatural would re-set to Nature
Like a stage set, presto! at the flip of a switch or a thought.

Set aside those questions unfathomable;
Our souls simply belong closer to God.
Not at the clay feet of unjust gods
Glimpsed in dreams, myths and ruins.

Exiles come back,
Whatever they have done, whatever they mutated into,
Whatever they taught us by good or bad example
Either here and now or far gone or somewhere in between.

Not the God of promises and abandon
“Riddle me this or be damned.”
Of stern warnings and fatal punishment
Of abusive misunderstanding,

Instead, the God of love and straight salvation,
Who shines brighter than the cosmic background
Any three-year-old can understand perfectly
As soon as their parents let them know.

The Old Testament God who judges and punishes
Without love or understanding, He had a Son of His own.
The way a mafia don falls in love with his family,
God learned to love mankind from His Son.

The Alpha and the Omega,
From the Serpent of Eden condemned to crawl in the dust
For having shown good and evil to Adam and Eve.
Sorting good from evil, that is human moral conscience.

To the God of Love's beloved Son.
The Christ left us the Holy Ghost,

Human conscience of good and evil,
To comfort us pending His Return.

The wages of sin is death,
The knowledge of good and evil leads to death
Jack off and die.
Everyone dies in any case.

Whoever blasphemes against their moral conscience will not be forgiven
Thus everyone remains unforgiven
Outside the simple recitation of the Lord's Prayer.
God shrugs: "What else is new?"

No doctor professor can talk about it clearly,
The Holy Ghost is anyone's guess, they guess.
Based on an old text praising war
That serves every psychopath to renew Hell on Earth.

Five out of six humans agree that we are wrong:
Either the love of Christ is imperfect
Or our interpretation of it.
Our backs must hunch over this once again,
Reinterpret, rejoin, re-belong: do it better.

That belonging will be so much better for us
Than scientific breakthroughs, truth and justice, here below;
As much for us, for her and for the four-foot Grays,
The dinosaurs twice that height, the Vikings finally scrubbed,
The ghosts and the jellyfish in mobile jars

Since all of us long for it.

No-one, everyone is to blame

The Hearths of Hiroshima and Nagasaki

Families raise their children as best they can;
They marry off their daughters;
They anguish over the black sheep.
They keep quiet, keep their heads down,
Go to jobs at best tolerable,
Go shopping, fix the house.

Since they can't help it,
They betray lovers, partners and themselves.
Since they can't help it,
The sex is like a drug that brings more kids.

Perfect archetypes in any case
Their pure actions beg God for mercy,
Just like the last, best dinosaurs.

Now, picture a flash of light
So intense, bones show through defensive hands
Before the rads, the furnace and the tempest flay the world
And drop survivors into fear and agony.

Now picture your sons, your daughters, your spouse and lovers,
Sent against enemies or rebels to die in rotting heaps
Of junk and armor shredded by cheap robots
Under the watchful gaze of merciless drones.

Because clean water is so expensive
And a billion people can't find a dry place to sleep.
While you wait, in the shrinking privilege of your household,

Picture yourself, your home and your family
Excellent and worthy, seemingly solid and safe,
Blasted into bloody foam and gristle for no reason.
For no reason, those who survive agonize slowly.

Here we are, on WeaponWorld, our fate unjustly sealed
By unanimous failure to change.
Better elsewhere, on PeaceWorld, our maintenance assured
By just a little more genius and hope.

In a Rush To Get High

I ran into Death the other day,
A long gone acquaintance
Whose name I had forgotten
– I forget names: cursed incapacity –
A boorish distant relative
I never took to as a child and had avoided since

Glimpsed coolly through hectic traffic;
A real bore, in other words, not amusing;
Beckoning me like a long lost friend
From across the teeming artery.

I turned my back on him and took French leave.
He had never deserved a better reply,
No matter how inseparable we become in good time.

Life's pitiless fitness scheme will shut down this body of mine,
Will wrinkle it sexless ugly, shred it to stinking rags,
Shed my soul at this body's last gasp.
From vital reality with uncertain dreams,
To ghostly realities and a solid dream.

So I let the sea snake be my spirit guide
Or his darker brother, secretary bird
Familiar totems both loyal and clever,
Our intimacies shared like grains of sand,
Steadier than a good war dog.

Together across WeaponWorld and beyond that
To PeaceWorld and its glades of Eden,
With all humanity for company.
The oldest, greatest, wisest tribe
Forged like chrome alloy and stainless steel,
As bright as the universe can make it.

In the he cosmic cloud of DNA
Fleeting softly through space-time,
As ephemeral as smoke,
Carbon-based souls vault the cosmic heat death

Fleas run down by the prairie fire.

Me, I'm in a rush to get high.

We Are All the Grizzly Man

Each of us trips down the garden path,
To the heartbeat of Timothy Treadwell,
Whether perched in a redwood for months on end,
Or 'cause the kid's' college fund lacks ecocide dividends.

To each of us, some of his elfin charm
And a fair share of his narcissism.
What a silly idea, that he guarded those Grizzlies
And not the other way around.

What kept them, for years on end
Of noon-day nights and midnight days,
From nosing his rations
And ripping open their gory deposit?

He guarding his bears, guarded in turn by Park Rangers,
Each shielded from the vandal nonprofit of developing
This bitter winter landscape, this mosquito paradise
Good for nothing but post cards and fat Grizzlies.

We stand our ground, more or less aware
Of dangers that lurk along every azimuth,
From tiny, radiant particles, to the long-inert virus,
To cosmic disaster, with fateful man set in-between.

We face down the world 's desolation,
Our perfect identity rejected as unworthy.
We make up stories to keep breathing,
No matter how absurd.

Facing the camera obscura of memory,
We memorialize our absurdity with selfies,
Record nighttime lapses on DNA film,
Stage tears of rage against the indifference of God.

We seduce lovers into our fantasy,
Persuade them, with bouquets and flowery talk,
They will never be alone if we are here,
But cradled instead in tender loving care.

We dismiss our doom gloom,

No matter how long politely ignored;
Like the quiet talk with a stolid cop
Who'd put you in the hospital in a New York minute.

We croon and chuckle over sweet little cuties
Apt to slay us sooner or later.
Desperate lovers of people and stuff
That could not be worse for us.

So don't laugh off his folly.
Don't curse his obsession that put down a cranky old bear.
Don't tisk over the agony of his steadfast mate,
Or suppose you could have done better.

There is no place to hide, no better way,
No certainty or security except in delusion.
Perfectly free to choose our categorical fate,
We are all the Grizzly man.

An Irish Airman Foresees His Death – W. B. Yeats

I know that I shall meet my fate
Somewhere among the clouds above:
Those that I fight I do not hate,
Those that I guard I do not love:
My country is Kiltartan Cross,
My countrymen Kiltartan's poor,
No likely end could bring them loss
Or leave them happier than before.
Nor law, nor duty bade me fight,
Nor public men, nor cheering crowds,
A lonely impulse of delight
Drove to this tumult in the clouds;
I balanced all, brought all to mind,
The years to come seemed waste of breath,
A waste of breath the years behind
In balance with this life, this death.

For the Kiddies Gunned Down

My God! Are we stupid or what?

But that's OK, that's to be expected,
Given our four percent of sociopaths,
And the one percent of psychopaths
And their devotees in train.

That's OK, that's to be expected
From a people half of which limbos below "average" intellect
And the other, not much higher.

Even though that lower half
May hold more compassion to its breast
Than clutch the higher half to their icy heart.

For intellect seems handier with bad than with good,
Despite the passion of many people,
Without miraculous rebirth and renewal.

But it stops being OK when the kiddies get gunned down,
Ours and those of other mothers,
And we don't freeze up in horror nor stop it.

But proclaim fundamental principles,
National security, ritual stupidity,
And other reasons to kill more of them.

We are idol-worshippers; first off, of TV's one-eye gaze,
Then those smart phones that bring us bad luck,
They have seized our hands, eyes and recently hooked minds.

We stroke the sinuous handle of semi-autos
Cocked with silky smooth action,
As if anyone, even Rambo, could benefit from that.

We snap up hundred-round magazines
And golden bullets boxed up bright and tight,
In fantasy display rooms and armored closets cold and dry.

Who would you cut down with your long and short dicks?
Would that be a bad guy gunning down the innocent?

Or victims you picked out? Does it matter?

Do you dream of becoming a flame-fisted hero
Braced between the innocent and their fate
At the hands of the gunned-up monster you gun down?

Could you be jealous of that monster's daring?
Could you dream of equal cruelty
As merciless to yourself as to others?

Harnessed in your free kamikaze cockpit
Beyond rules, beyond feelings, beyond good and evil,
Transcending your cheesy life, your shitty reality and your sad fixation with
carnage?

When the shit hits the fan, my friend,
Who will get gunned down first, you idiot?
By the worst ones, set loose after your weapon cache?

After huffing seventy years of leaded gas
Thanks to those infamous Interurban wreckers,
Enough brain poison for WW2
And every shit strategy since.

From the trivial to the sublime,
The death wish has taken us (raptured us).
Passion only comes from Viagra these days.
A weakness of old age or of prior sexual repression:
What passes for virility is just murderous penetration.

Management fit for nothing but Third-World misery,
Ungrateful heirs of the First,
Unfit to manage anything but routine, Third-World decay.

We style ourselves master Assassins; no boast, no threat;
Just sudden death and the survivors' wails
Delivered to any doorstep on Earth.

Half-sentient death drones ink the enemy with their shadow
Double tap their weddings, funerals and last, quiet supper.

Dragon's teeth sown across whole continents,
Ten new enemies for the one deboned and fried.

A hundred, a thousand more for every innocent disposed of that way.

That multi-nested DAESH secretariat will summon your worst nightmares
To grow under CENTCOM's lash and devour you.

The twilit dead-end down this dark path,
Will only reveal that all we hold dear has fallen.

In any case, the results will be the same:
Kiddies will be gunned down in our name.
Our turn will come and the neighborhood kids,
Since such sins cannot go unanswered.

Mom and Pop franchise corporation

Credit and social benefit union for retail small business owners

Wholesalers need a separate corporate organization

Mom and Pop franchise corporation should have several competitors on same scale

Corporate financing or refinancing of prior debt

Administrative, tax, payroll, hiring, benefits, etc. part of franchise service

Project management, small business advice on demand, mentoring (retirees, interns)

Real estate, insurance, wholesale materials prices, all benefit from collective corporate bargaining

All business property focused on most promising poor neighborhoods

Complementary businesses clustered to a local pedestrian mall

Post office, online order reception center, bus stop

Pavane for a dead planet

I dedicate this poem to Phillip Wylie, 1902 -1971. He wrote, among many other books, articles and movies on interesting topics, *The End of the Dream*, Daw Books by arrangement with Doubleday & Co., New York, NY, 1972; and *Triumph*. The first title prophesies with clinical precision a global series of post-industrial, environmental catastrophes we live through today; the next one describes nuclear war.

The world of my youth,
I mourn it already.
It curls to cinder from our body heat,
Its skin blisters from human breath.

Yet trees grow by the thousands of miles,
A third of a million new babies each day,
And humans hustle and bustle
But some stop and ask, "What's wrong?"

What can I say?
"We are walking dead
Living in a dream soon turned nightmare.
We are burning down the world."

If human breath doubles exponentially,
Half the natural world could remain intact
Reassuring us for a while,
Yet the last half will vanish overnight?

Rich idiots prefer their petty busyness
Too few of one and all pay attention
To bring back common sense
And cast this train wreck into reverse.

I'm not innocent.
I got my one-ton keychain,
My tons of CO₂ for every pound of flesh
My ardent, wanton ways.

I'm just as much to blame,
My only purity from long, hot showers,
Not the icy ones of the pure.
With a good light to read by, day and night.

So what leads me to foresee,
Amid this fireworks display,
The heat-death must be repaid,
Like every debt in the end?

I was shown what this world will look like
Once our fiery breath is done,
Once Man has burned his way
Across the heavens, plains and seas.

Trans-continental Saharas,
Lifeless, framed by sterile seas,
From end to end of every land
Sterile mud under torrents of rain.

Cinder plains and scatters of rock,
Mud blistered in the heat
Washed down choking waterways
No fish swim, no insect or bird flies above.

All the ice chased away from the Earth,
From summits tall and broad,
From both poles despite their chill
From ice forgotten for sweaty winters.

Gone the Amazon jungle and tropical forests,
Along with temperate ones scorched to desert.
Gone the reefs, sterilized
In seas over-heated, acidified and oxygen-starved.

When nightmares began,
I took them for nuclear war:
Disinfection by clear radiation.
That's our fate, war or no.

From fear of cold, of want and of starvation,
We set fire to the larder,
To world house furniture,
To works not yet written.

If only to get a little cozier,
We threw away our kids' future,

Our hopes and dreams to come,
Into Moloch's flaming maw.

This planet is not mine —
I must repeat that to myself —
Not mine, this sorry sack of flesh
Sagging softly to its grave.

I grow too fond of them,
This world, its sweet birdsong,
The soothing shimmer of springtime green
Backed by true blue sky,
And plenty renewed.

I miss the cricket whirr,
The bud of young plants,
The moist funk of rich loam,
And yearly promise to grow back.

XXX

The planet of my youth,
Quite hot at times,
But rarely scorching,
Moderate in its manners.

For every killing plain
Baking with thirst and famine,
Many more filled with life
Out beyond the horizon.

Killing cold, sometimes,
Deadly frost in black and white,
As hard as steel wire that moans in the wind,
Yet always renewed by springtime.

For every frozen tundra,
Sucking body heat
Like a starving vampire,
Many more landscapes of body heat.

Who cares about the miseries of the past:
Starvation, want and militant panic,
The destruction of cities and civilizations,
The loss of dear ones just before your own?

There was always hope,
A chance to pick up the pieces
And run away to more hospitable climes
Beyond this one of despair.

That will no longer be the case.
The starvation found elsewhere
Equals the merciless one found here,
No matter how far the ramble.

Every day sees another thousand years
Of accumulated bioenergy
Incinerated in hot cylinders,
Burned off this fat planet.

This perpetual flame, this fire worship
Attracts stronger and stronger fire gods,
To rally their Harleys here
And turn all the greenery into wasteland.

Gods who, from accretions of millions of years
In frosted slumber below chill seas,
Summon them to thaw, awaken, froth up
And set the sea itself on fire.

That sets off daily tsunamis
That flood port cities
And drown survivors huddled along shores
In flight from inland deserts.

Across a world left desartic,
No refuge or safety can be found;
The last garden patches
Guarded by destroyers.

Will humanity survive this famine,
Will it hang on to life, no matter what?
Even in the blaze of its last props?
Must I join it in its agony?

Need I revive into the next lifetime
With its familiar famine;

Without seeing a green thing grow,
Sacrificed to feed us?

Will humanity become
The last cattle of humanity?
Soilent Green on the lips of young innocents,
And other sordid barbecues?

Let me pass away beforehand,
Even if my gristle gets crunched.
Let others sink so low,
But not me, not again, please God.

Everyone has served as a slave
And slave master if less often, God forgive us!
During many past lives,
And as cannibals and devoured flesh.

May I never sink into that state again,
Whatever lifetimes I must renew.
Let me cling to my tattered dignity,
My hypocrite pride, for the time being.

Let my brain explode, my vessels rupture,
Let my disappearance be quick and clean,
Serenaded by birdsong
And the laughter of well-fed children.

No more lush fields to plow,
No more fallow land to turn over.
No green contour soothes the eye,
And rubs out the bitter souvenir of famine.

Don't smell the rich leaf mold of oak groves
The perfume of lavender and rosemary,
The crickets' chirp and insect buzz,
The sound and light of photosynthesis.

We have forgotten that green transmutes
Into the fireworks of autumn,
That greenery takes on every tint of fire,
Releasing CO2 softly.

This planet of my youth,
I mourn for it already,
Since it will empty soon
From the smoky breath of humans like me.

A better way?
Will the energy of water save us?
(Gerald Pollack, Water, Energy and Life)
From our mass sentence of death?

Or could it be terra preta
Toasting CO₂ into wood charcoal,
To renew bleaching clays
Into soils of blackened fertility?

The industrial production of biochar
That grabs CO₂ from the air.
And offers high-carbon fertilizer.
Will that cut global warming short?

That might happen.
We can only sigh for mercy
From a Loving God
And His promise of resurrection.

Mighty Gods promised us as much
Long before Jesus
Resurrection, death and rebirth,
For themselves and for us.

The promise of the Sun and the Moon,
Every pair that falls and rises again,
Like winter and spring,
As long as the wise have taken note

I hear they're perfecting artificial chloroplasts
For cheap brewing, much vigor and fat utility.
Sky scrapers of stacked Petri dishes.
Will those supplement the leafing of trees?

But for the time being,
I can't glimpse any miracle
To ward off our sordid fate.

And I pixel this pavane.

Sleep with the enemy

Neither alert nor in repose,
Neither awake nor asleep,
Stuck in endless repetition.

Across the static pattern of a dim television screen.
Darker patterns drift and float:
Momentary thoughts, dreams and memories.

It has stopped being your dream; you are not here.
Your life is no longer your own.
Something else rules it.

Your normal dreams have gone off the rails.
This roller-coaster ride has no off switch.
There is no other channel to switch to.

This unwelcome monolog is your cross to bear.
It calls up thoughts you never knew you had,
Yet so familiar and transparent.

Those patterns of yours die one by one.
Replaced by inert cuneiform
In the ranks and files of zombie legions.

No matter how long that takes.
For each of your proposals, an unanswerable reply,
Insistent, immediate and nonstop.

There is no valid appeal.
Your thoughts are exposed under the thought butcher's heat lamp,
Trussed up, naked and afraid,

Flash frozen into mirror-image fossils.
Was there ever a gradual wearing down?
No, never; just yes-no substitution.

It was you before; now it is some other,
As microbes explode your body cells
Like sea foam melts sand walls.

It grabs your thoughts without invite.

Yours beloved, unique and intimate;
Its own, bio-mechanical, identical, undead.

It is not like taking a spill while out surfing,
Brought down by a wave too big to resist,
That chokes your body and scrubs the bottom with it.

No. It just erases your thoughts beyond repair ;
It replaces them with evil twin inversions.
Even though yours be vibrant, vital and alive, theirs are gray-tone zombies.

While your next thought bubble goes pop,
And the next one, proposed in support, fails in turn;
And so on in mirror hall repetition.

Your mind is a rag doll
That roles and drops over and over
In the tumble dry cycle of fever dream.

This struggle exhausts your sleep.
Your mind lowers its rusty shutters.
Your fever dream quiets beyond recall.

You wake up in a cold sweat of incomprehension
Or dead, or in between.

Your fever dream is more deadly
Than every accident, battle and murder put together,
More cunning than anything we can see.

It has spared you once again,
Sent you toddling to your pitiful handful of billions,
A one-eyed guide sent back to those blinded twice.

That is the COVID dream.
A trillion times our numbers, age and comprehension
This vision confirmed by other fever trials.

I hear the Geese

I hear the geese make their way South,
And realize, in ice-cold sweat of guilt,
That, whatever my digital song along these lines;
Their honk honk honks,
Encrypted in goose DNA,
Will last much longer.

On reflection,
Without knowing why,
That comforts me.

How Rare, A “Great” Conservative

Though a lone one might be, exceptionally.

Many more are bullies, just plain mean
Penny-wise for others, self-serving looters
Libertarians for their own, totalitarians for the rest.

They finance the execution of idealistic leaders,
Dismantle progress,
Psychopaths or sociopaths,
Malignant narcissists,
Roman “*optimates*” allergic to empathy
Obviously “the best.”

Self-entitled, self-pitying,
Self-important, full of self,
Racist, sexist, ageist, homophobe
More or less closeted;
Who else cares but them?

Small-town, small mind;
Country bumpkins who never got over their inferiority to cities,
(Those thrifty cash cows that pay rural bills),
So they curse and misgovern them.

Bible-thumping Christians
Torah-thumping Jews
Qran-thumping Muslims
Gita-thumping Hindus
Ego-thumping Atheists.

With reptile brains, not mammal;
All limbic system, no frontal lobe;
All threat, no ethics;
All hat and no cattle;
They crown themselves with no crown lands;
All take and no give.

Born-again Huns
Just familiar enough with civilization
To destroy it.
Evangelicals for the Prince of Lies

Ignore what Christ preached,
Enforce what Christ ignored.

Saber-rattling, draft-deferred chicken-hawks;
Recruiting others to invade first,
Occupy forever and never think through.
War-loving, grudging of peace,
Treasonous “patriots” and cowardly warmongers.
Corporate militarists now,
Nazis when it’s more convenient

Oath breakers, hand on the heart;
Two-faced hypocrites.
Promoters of Hitler, Mussolini, Franco;
Promoters of Putin, Assad, Trump.

National-Capitalist,
National-Communist,
National-Socialist,
National-Fundamentalist;
Sum total: National-Corporatist.

Wreckers of democracy, the Constitution and human rights.
“Long live greed!”
Forget human rights except their own.
Deaf to popular will, mortally afraid of it:
Sadistic judges, ambush prosecutors, killer cops,
Legislators of organized crime.

Pro-gun enthusiasts under all circumstances,
That they forbid from their own conventions,
Surrounded by bodyguards,
They get other people’s babies gunned down.

Embezzlers defending free speech
For open sale to the highest bidder,
Dunces or criminals who echo past errors
And refine them by endless recap.
Daring where angels would fear to tread;
Scared of what infants would smile at.

Family-values sex offenders,
They stink of orphan and widow making

The inquisition of pregnant women
And then child abuse without opposition.
Zero-sum dead-enders who abuse other people's kids.

Counter-factual, counter-rational
Anti-science, dead-earnest fantasists
Millenarian fruitcakes,
End-of-time planet wreckers
"Welcome to the end of the world!"
With nothing to offer except terror.

Anti-nature, anti-nurture,
They are never wrong,
Always right, the Right is never wrong.
Enthusiastic to blame others,
Caught red-handed in their lies and crime
They just accuse their accusers of the same thing,
Like a ten-year-old.

Sea lice acting like blue whales,
Spoiled brats claiming to be adults.
Who don Lincoln's wisdom mantle
And call themselves his political heirs.
Lincoln would have hidden his face in their presence,
He would have called them slavers under falls flag.

A crook plays President, plays it twice
A senile actor plays President, plays it twice
The village idiot plays President, plays it twice
Trump, impeached halftime or emergency double-timed?
Republicans owe us an apology or two,
Or their promise to never vote again.

Against government of any size,
In favor of their colossal government;
Incompetent political office seekers,
Careful crafters of bad government.
Foremost beneficiaries of government
Who despise it for all to see.

"Good governance is the Democratic Republic of the Congo:
No taxes, no roads, no rule of law
Except at gunpoint and at our price."

They couldn't find the DRC on a labeled map
Third world Banana Republicans,
Rulers of every country and American State they've crippled
Their children, conscientious and clear-sighted,
Flee from home for less infernal places.

Elitists without personal merit
Promoted beyond their competence.
Certified mediocrities who claim they are "exceptional" ,
Their tyranny statistically mediocre;
Unmindful of real fatality (Climate change)
Hypervigilant for nonexistent threats (Humanism)

Cultural and scientific illiterates
Who raise ignorance to the summits of genius
Unwilling to learn, unwilling to improve,
Quite willing to do wrong.
Philosophical black holes
Liars who profit from their lies
Skeptics of truth, purveyors of lies,
Truth and reason are toxic to them.

Assholes elect and re-elect them,
They seek new ones even worse,
To be left ruined and abandoned
Like the stupid girl friends of bad boys.
Serial, shameless vote tamperers
Both Bush and Trump won that way
Who accuse the innocent of vote tampering.
"We got away with it; so they must too."

Intolerant of good, open to harm and ambitious for it,
Pro-death sentence, anti-abortion:
Mass-producers of poor victims for sacrifice.
Promoters of waste & fraud
Entitled to profit from mass misery.

But rarely a "great" one, more or less
Among the uncountable, totally lesser ones
Never in majority and almost never in power
Compared to rubbish Republicans and their supporters.
Repugnants, actually.

Where to?

Where have all the flowers gone?
All gone.

Where did the songbirds go?
Into cats' belly and virus spawn.

Where do the sirens go?
They come near.

Where did that bell toll again?
It rang at home.

Where did the monsters go?
All come home with us.

Where, the brown shirts?
To the home's doorstep.

Where did the Devil get to?
Got to leverage himself to landlord the home.

Where has bad weather gone?
It's come on home.

Where do you think danger went?
Home.

Where did Doomsday go?
It makes itself right at home.

Where did the books go?
To burn in winter.

Where did the good cooks go?
To feed the warlords.

Where are my lovers?
They have gone home,

The best ones have gone;

Who is left with me now?

Where did our parents go?
Gone to orphan every elder.

Where did happiness go?
At home to wait.

Where is safety?
At home? Elsewhere? Who knows?

Where did my friends go?
Gone home to die.

Where has hope gone?
Home to rest.

Where has stupidity gone?
Home to rule the roost.

Where has hate gone?
To burn down the house.

Where did honor go?
That held everything else together.

Mastery, better than costly cheap,
But bettered buy it.

Where did the reassuring past go?
At home beyond our reach.

Where is the present?
Gone into the past untouched by us

Where will the future get to?
The future is waiting for you here.

Where did responsibility go?
Home to bite our ass.

Where have you gone to?
Astronauts sucking vacuum

And calling it milk shake?

Where have I gone?
I await a good sign as always.
Is that a good sign, silence?

With cane, knees, lungs and sweat glands
Pumping uphill; eyes skyward,
I dream of upward flight.

How to learn to fly while still awake?
And not be a dinosaur or a sleeping dreamer ?
Unless to achieve a peaceful end.

Sorry

From above my dungeon of internal exile,
Instead of the lute-song of a long-lost liberator,
A little bird sang to me :
“They have been properly thanked for handing you your fate.”

Then it sang: “Defeat, defeat, alas!”
Condemned to Tito justice:
Punish victim and aggressor alike.
Both condemned to the same silence.

Except my text is new and vital now;
Theirs, a mere duplicate with nothing new.
The interdict we share is their victory.
Sore losers triumph once more.

Master crafted advice loving tendered
Cast aside like garbage,
Decades of work brought to nothing
By the biased gatekeeper of idle swells.

As usual,
Progress gets at best crumbs
While reaction licks the icing all around
Until it vomits from its iniquity.

What a pleasure to watch things shrink in the rear-view!
Republicans, “moderates,” “progressives”: herd wannabees.
Set sail for stronger, more predictable winds,
Not doldrums and squalls without letup.

Alone in wartime Europe
French fascists guaranteed the defeat of France.
Its Army sabotaged from top- to middle
Its POW officers debriefed for the Reich at home.

Blitzkrieg victory? Bullshit. The interwar of rot from within.
Hitler: “They saved me fifteen divisions of occupation!”
Those loyalists were handed the keys to France and elsewhere.
Now they key the world in stealth-mode.

We survivors of everything up to now, cheers!
Of all people, should heed conservation of energy laws,
Hate, fear and pain without letup, inexcusable waste,
The whole world could burn down and never satisfy.

You can make a brick fly if you power it up enough.
But never like a glider. What a heresy to suggest as much!
A brick's powerplant would rupture the glider's belly,
Though it may soar without that priority.

Despite my faults, my bias, my frustrate ego;
My hatred of the numb, of having to make them heed and act;
My distrust of deeply held beliefs;
I still retain one certainty.

Not through all eternity, come Hell or high water,
Regardless of hope and outcome, fear and hurt,
No-one other than poor, crippled souls, crushed as kids,
Enjoys the shoddy melodrama of evil for pleasure and profit.

Berserker graduates of the Sorbonne, the Ivy League, Capital Universities;
Taught to feed on the poor, on the truth and on Nature;
Too caught up in crimson carpet, tape, blood and ink for any real mastery;
Adrift down the red meander of the thousand year Reich.

Hosing down a barking dog, that's not genocide.
Our ruffled feathers are not worth the tears of one piet .
Astride the hierarchy of evil, we cannot throttle it down
As the PeaceWorld Learner Agora could.

Any sin this sensate hamburger must claim,
Pales against monstrous elder aggressions.
Whatever my faults,
Microbes to whales.

World War COVID casualties deliberately neglected,
Senile leaders died faster than their sacrificial underlings.
Go on and die of old age, of old ideas, of necessity, with me.
We shall see who's memes survive, if any.

Families may blowback from malnutrition and neglect,
Mercenaries will rob us and go home, that's sure,

Fat ledgers will become bitter memories zero googled .
Your last stand on Baal basics? They will bury you there with your kids.

Just before every corpse
Rotten, smoke-stacked, drowned, mummified by radioactivity, fossilized
Rebuilds itself from earth, air, fire and water
To learn its fate
From the Unnamable who's got nothing better to do.

We must all be reborn in our victims, those too.
As well as every other
Stranger, animal, plant
Perhaps superior beings
Maybe desert plains a-flower as far as the eye can see.
Everything alive, before and after, from beginning to end

Come To Me, Eureka!

Come to me, Eureka!
Love me 'til your shining skin blinds me,
Until our panting, good luck repetitions
Free the firework of insight.

Don't dwell on past mistakes,
Worn out by deeds long gone,
Toying with ideas whose time has come and gone,
Rather those to come, let's hope better.

As time has gone by, the human primate
Has gone from grunts and cries,
To glottals and aspirates,
To syntax and grammar,
To coding and AI.

From superstition to supposition,
From bad forms to those more useful,
From clumsy math to a bit more subtle.
A little closer, with many backslides,
To some semblance of the truth.

From frowning Gods to crystal spheres,
To terra-centric epicycles, to solar orbits;
To the crawl of light and quantum's shiver
To what relaxed uncertainties in the future?

What I seek from you, my love,
It is not Archimedes' plumb *aplomb*:
Just enough wit to get a swindler executed
For peddling plated gold instead of solid,
Since he had too many daughters to hand off.

Not just a good way
To profit,
To exploit,
To coerce,
And destroy all that won't lend itself.

No. Where I come from,
Getting someone executed by one's genius,

It would be better to drown in a cesspool,
Raped by horny anacondas.

No. I seek good wisdom, ultimate truth,
Not just for me but for the world.
Not to bottle genius and label it with some potent formula,
But glut global wisdom unto critical mass.

And if I must reincarnate,
Again and again until further notice,
Let it be into futures a bit brighter,
In Golden ages.

Niagaras of good ideas, splendid truths
That spill over with artful jest,
That fill the void, answer needs —
No problem that mass mind cannot answer.

I am after all just a middling IQ nobody.
This world's problems soar over my head.
It is in the hive-genius of massed Learners
That better answers will be found.

Let humanity know itself, honor itself,
Inspire its empathy as each of us tries to;
Not eat itself bite by bite, devour its own flesh,
Like a ghoul shunned by its monstrous companions.

That's how we rob the children's future,
Make mamas repent for having had a son,
Ink history with the blood of unwilling martyrs,
Swap our panic for the misery of others.

You bring the gats; me, hatred.
Let's insult each other until blood flows.
You, laugh at cartoons of our prophet of peace,
While we joke about your Holocaust.

Where are you hiding, Eureka?
While this world chokes on its folly,
And thought clots in the World Brain
With each clamor of idiots booing murmured reason.

No Minos did build a labyrinth
That his mistress, the psycho Goddess,
Did not covet beforehand and claim for her children.

No sacred bull terrorized mankind
That some fearless Female did not lust after first.
No evil was carried out,
That some She did not suggest to her lover in bed.

Neither citadel nor dungeon
Was dug nor built nor thronged with victims,
Unless She willed it beforehand
To protect her sacred progeny.

Carmen betrayals by the carmine gross;
The blood runs up Lady Macbeth's ankles.
We've been there and witnessed that,
But the time has come for heaven-sent betrothal.

I seek you, o Eureka,
So that we, who drown in worldly stupidity,
May gain grace and lenience
Beyond the ancient wisdom, beyond imagining.

For every harm, grief and trouble,
The fix, the consolation and the cure.
For every hopeless problem, the best reply
That allows us to endure.

The compulsive exchange of mutual esteem.
"Sire, the beauty of your words plumbs the depth of my soul."
"On the contrary, fair Mistress, of yours, mine;
Let not the faintness of my praise shame me."

Elegance, an artless routine,
Foolishness, disposed of as in a dream.
Evil sent to the corner in a dunce cap,
Never again imperial robed.

It would be as simple as tending the tulips of my lover
And the mirror image of her desire
In the spirit of our love.

You are my chalice; I am your magic potion.
Even though, Eureka, our best intentions
Never reach perfection, just a little less evil;
So little its breaks our heart.

Come back to me, Eureka.
Let us recover human pleasures
And the serenity of peace,
Shortly and forever.

I Hate You

Good God, how numerous we are!
With too much time on our hands,
But not enough to make good.
We slave away at doing nothing.

Our ample skulls
As school marm stuffed as their attics
With musty, loving-tended junk
And not very much more.

Not much more to contemplate
Than ancient lies and empty curses,
Archives set alight and blood under the bridge.

Nothing better to offer,
Nothing important,
Nothing better on offer.

Imagine how stale that makes us:
With nothing better to offer
And the sacrifice of what's better?

Set to criticize what no-one has read?
From lack of time and even less goodwill,
Squandered instead on trash,
The way ants would scour a garbage can.

Orthodoxy crash-dives sickening,
More or less leisurely.
While we sit on our hands,
With a mouthful of what's told most often.
Don't talk with your mouth full...

Confounding mere repetition with the truth.
For oft-repeated folly must make us wise.
Right? Peddling the alchemy of shit to gold,
Obeying silverbacks in gold-embroidered silks,
Who make error sacred.

Insofar they're ignored,
My words gain wisdom.

Anything so unwelcome must be correct;
If held to be fitting, obvious poison.

No dreams, only cravings.
No heroism, only nightmares.
No concerns, just a well-stuffed ego.

Two out of ten voters favored Nixon, Bush
Even after those guys were exposed.
Twenty percent of voters
Unworthy of the vote?
(<http://www.nyu.edu/its/statistics/Docs/scandals.html>)

What machine would function
With one part in five defective?
Unless it were twenty-five-times redundant,
Asleep at the wheel from its many safeguards?
When we need switch-blade speed of thought,
Both nimble, tireless and elegant ?

I cannot fathom this gap
Between what *is* and what *should be*.
Without a way to solve the puzzle
Without you, your say and your inspiration.
My thoughts evolve from other peoples' takes.

Your insult, from out of the blue, took me aback
And I lashed out in a vacuum of thought.

Your insult honors me, so I must recall,
That hate is the prize for truth-telling,
The assassin, this planet's herald of honor,
The Cross, the race's homage to its Savior.
We don't torture to learn,
But because we love it.

Go ahead, call on your psychobabble,
Guess what drove me crazy enough
To spit on your revered mediocrity.
Psycho-analysis: the last refuge of the second-rate.

The label paranoid reflects someone's fear,
The label "crazy," mainstream craziness

Your search for my weakness shields you from your own.

Well! How cunning we've become!
Like scorpions in a bottle
Sealed in by our lack of imagination.

Go ahead, insult me!
Me, at least, I'm still trying.
You gave up before you started
And deserve in spades the hand you were dealt.

Stop. That is not right.
My judgment revives and takes over,
But not before I struck back at you.

The acid you released burns my guts,
It flares my eureka into caustic ash,
Gnaws me into my next crumbling grave.

I made our grudge blossom.
Our dreams come to naught, our wisdom rust.
So tenderly gathered, shattered instead,
By loathing your defiance as much as I prize my own.

A lesson for us both ...

Nobody Is Blocking Peace

I can hear them mutter:
"I'm as much for peace as the next guy.
"I work just as hard for it – or not."
I hear those bad luck buzzards caw:
"Over my dead body,
Your tyranny of good conscience,
Your dictatorship of compassion,
Your Big Brother PeaceWorld!"
Pack of cowards,
Who and what are you afraid of,
Except your worst instincts,
Allergic to progress?
PeaceWorld, what does that mean?
No more nations, no state,
No patriotism except for the whole world.
Never again "us against them," except at sport.
All of us together, rather.
For every rank of patriarchy and power,
The same of grand mothers and their veto
No more electing the worst gang lord,
Only nobles of fabled renown.
PeaceWorld is not a miracle,
Not a quick fix for this country, that war,
This injustice, that disgrace,
That minority crushed, that privileged elite.
It won't approach by tiny steps,
A little something here, some way over there,
Just as soon as we are ready.
Ready?
It will approach like a thunderclap at night,
Like the thief in the night, like our Savior.
Sudden downpours that drown war,
Wash sweat from fevered brows,
Rinse tear-streaked faces,
Dab bloody heads, ruined mugs.
PeaceWorld nourishes plants,
Cools furnace-hot streets,
Restores healing sleep,
It will restore them all
And ask nothing in return but peace.
This thunder clap rattles the Lie:

Its prejudices, politic props and culture crutches
Clatter and shatter like a dropped tea tray.
Nothing is left except the Lie stripped bare,
Its vipers exposed.
Once we defy it,
We will be face to face with our conscience,
And champions of our results.
Few exceptions and fewer excuses!
Think about that power,
What opulence and freedom!
Once we revere good conscience.
Less miserable and two-faced,
Stronger and more certain,
What could be good for us, hard for us,
Inviting the good and forbidding the worst?
Less brutality, fewer victims:
No more sickened, starving, stupid babies
Justified in public and ignored in private.
More healing than murder,
No honest folk need take refuge,
Nor the planet set alight.
We cease holding court over the world,
Farting resources and deploring,
In total futility, the next war on schedule.
Stop making yourself feel better
About too much stress and regret.
We must walk our fine talk in real time.
Good and scary, what?
Humanity one vast tribe with no military enemy:
Colossal, with stacked councils of elders
Of legendary grace and wisdom.
Its women's' circles estrofesting,
Its testosterone Olympics
Cool as the bull dancers of Minos.
Celebrate more and sacrifice less,
Topics of passion thrashed out nonstop,
Leaders hand-picked as children
For merit and noble generosity.
Addressing everyone's needs,
With justice, compassion and equity.
Seeking honor but no other advantage.
With its bristly dog soldiers
Their high-tech killing on hair trigger

Fine-honed to shut down combat,
Strictly watched otherwise.
Champions of PeaceWorld,
Trained to crack states,
Sworn against harm to PeaceWorld.
Juries checkmate hate crime,
Life and death decision-makers, all-powerfully humble.
Well-taught: "We protect ourselves best,
Protecting the Other as best they can."
Religion agreeably reliable,
Every child well cared for,
Front doors left unlocked.
Each household, a ship at sea,
Free to find its way
It makes flank speed to distress calls.
This law of the sea, the same on land,
Across the whole planet.
This tribe is rich and wise,
Powerful because well united.
Brothers and sisters under God,
Cultivate a second garden of Eden
And leap for the stars.
No longer two hundred street gangs
Blowing up the ruins of Planet
Mogadishu on a Bad Day.
Nor America the Beautiful,
The strongest street gang, disgraced
By electing cunning gang lords.
Nor sweet France,
Comely motherland of my childhood
Bewildered, its ideals cast aside,
She neglects her sacred duty,
And dodges her rally call,
And flounders in failure.
To continue WeaponWorld,
As we have done so well,
Just repeat the same weapon myths,
Its banalities and lies
Instilled in us all of our lives.
Just think "simple, inevitable."
No-one else is to blame
For our absolute responsibility
No-one can think reductively,

As we've been taught so well.
We cannot dismiss imagination and conscience,
Ours and theirs,
As we've been taught so well.
WeaponWorld thrives –
“Thrives?” –
From small thoughts devoid of hope.
Such that no-one can be “brother, sister.”
We would mean it on our honor
And act accordingly, without exception.
For PeaceWorld,
Gotta think for yourself,
With holism, heroism and optimism.
Not fashionably, not commonly,
Not oft-quoted, not brain-dead,
Not dogma repeated to hypnosis.
Adopt our own peace myths,
Just as solid as weapon ones,
Except never heard so often,
Never repeated since childhood,
The way we have heeded weapon myths.
Gotta make peace myths in real time,
Repeat them, empower them and make them real.
It is not up to those in power to decide,
But up to you, me, to neighbors.
The powerful only serve our needs:
Smart or not, arbitrary or legitimate;
At war, under its threat or at peace; —
They suffer at our hands if they fail.
They are just waiting for new orders
That will make them richer.
More secure in this newfound prosperity,
Than the mournful mediocrity this day,
As likely to destroy their own people as ours.
It is not their fault, not their responsibility,
But ours.
No mitigation or excuse,
No exemption from this iron law:
“Either you are part of the solution,
Or part of the problem.”
Why worsen the problem?
What is your problem?
Isn't the solution obvious?

Admit your fear and loathing,
Your veto of this a leap of faith.
Take your childhood training against peace,
Yank its reigns, turn it around !
Spur it on and make it take the jump!
Change your mind and change the world.
Adopt PeaceWorld.
Nobody blocks PeaceWorld in your mind
But you.
Nobody blocks peace in your world
Except for you.
You alone can transform the world.
PeaceWorld will not happen until you want it to,
You and billions more like you, together
It will not happen until you drop your fear.
Gotta study it hard, this peace, to make it happen.
No-one is blocking PeaceWorld,
Except you.

Ode To Truth and Non-Violence -

Inspired by Raghavan Iyer's
The Moral and Political Thought of Mahatma Gandhi

Our love accepts reproach.
Our love answers to no one but us.
Our love bears equally indifference, ridicule, abuse, repression, respect and
reverence.
Our love bears Truth, bares Truth.
Our love calls us into the mortal pitfalls of politics.
Our love can err but never fail.
Our love cannot be cruel.
Our love cannot be gainsaid.
Our love cannot coerce or be coerced.
Our love cannot do harm.
Our love cannot lose or lose us.
Our love corrects.
Our love craves the mothers' milk of pure religion.
Our love demands that we know ourselves.
Our love disgraces us by our own errors.
Our love faces the consequences.
Our love has all the time in the world.
Our love improves.
Our love increases with the observance of truth.
Our love is better than us.
Our love is consistent.
Our love is infinitely brave.
Our love is neither public nor private.
Our love is our obligation.
Our love is our religion.
Our love is passionately celibate.
Our love is perfectible.
Our love is spontaneous.
Our love is stronger than hate, than our hate.
Our love is the Holy Spirit: human conscience.
Our love is the still, small voice.
Our love is the truth.
Our love is the world.
Our love knows soul force.
Our love loves our opponents.
Our love loves self-sacrifice and self-suffering.

Our love loves the climb, not the unattainable summit.
 Our love makes us act, not tarry.
 Our love makes us fear our mistakes, nothing else.
 Our love makes us humble.
 Our love makes us want to help others.
 Our love makes us want to suffer.
 Our love obeys every good law.
 Our love sends our judge, jailer and assassin.
 Our love tolerates no cowardice.
 Our love tolerates no evil.
 Our love turns us into heroes.
 Our love waxes and wanes, never stagnates.
 Our love's burden is featherweight.
 Our love's fight or flight becomes "Stay and suffer by my side."
 Our love's martyrdom is bliss.
 Our love's only betrayal is our weakness.
 Our lovers answer only to themselves.
 Our lovers are among the beaten and the scorned.
 Our lovers are anyone and everyone.
 Our lovers are blessed by God.
 Our lovers are born disciplinarians, instinctive law-abiders.
 Our lovers are calm and wise.
 Our lovers are clutchers-after-truth.
 Our lovers are consumed and consummated.
 Our lovers are fearless.
 Our lovers are gloriously ordinary.
 Our lovers are God.
 Our lovers are harmless, blameless.
 Our lovers are in the crowd and in the cave.
 Our lovers are kinsmen and strangers, young and old, man and woman, friend and
 foe alike.
 Our lovers are moral.
 Our lovers are neither moralists nor legalists.
 Our lovers are never without our love.
 Our lovers are noble.
 Our lovers are non-violent.
 Our lovers are not creatures of habit.
 Our lovers are our family.
 Our lovers are our opponents.
 Our lovers are our strength.
 Our lovers are ours.
 Our lovers are owed everything.
 Our lovers are passionate, total.

Our lovers are perfect as they are.
Our lovers are rebels, not rulers.
Our lovers are revolutionaries.
Our lovers are saintly politicians.
Our lovers are self-freed in the art of action.
Our lovers are self-governing.
Our lovers are selfless.
Our lovers are the few.
Our lovers are the meanest creatures.
Our lovers are the other.
Our lovers are to die for.
Our lovers are to die laughing with.
Our lovers are too perfect to be.
Our lovers attract more lovers.
Our lovers believe the individual sacrosanct.
Our lovers bring us delight and peace during utmost turmoil.
Our lovers can only be respected or pitied.
Our lovers cannot be coerced.
Our lovers cannot be harmed except by misunderstanding.
Our lovers cannot be State or Nation.
Our lovers cannot bear a grudge.
Our lovers cannot coerce.
Our lovers cannot do harm.
Our lovers cannot go wrong.
Our lovers cannot harm us.
Our lovers cannot lie.
Our lovers carefully consider the consequences.
Our lovers comfort the oppressor and the oppressed alike.
Our lovers compel their enemies' admiration.
Our lovers cooperate with those who won't.
Our lovers demand correction.
Our lovers demand our very lives.
Our lovers demand purification, penitence, and non-cooperation with evil.
Our lovers despise apathy.
Our lovers do no harm.
Our lovers do not come to us in fear.
Our lovers do not oppress.
Our lovers don't care about majority rule.
Our lovers don't worry about consequences.
Our lovers emerge from our opponents through our suffering.
Our lovers exemplify truth and non-Violence.
Our lovers expect the highest discipline.
Our lovers experiment playfully.

Our lovers express love through love.
Our lovers fight by enduring injury upon themselves.
Our lovers grant their opponents the same rights they claim.
Our lovers hate indiscipline and chaosism.
Our lovers have been every prophet.
Our lovers heal and cure.
Our lovers heed the inner voice.
Our lovers hope for better.
Our lovers in prison, we must go to prison.
Our lovers keep faith in goodness.
Our lovers keep us company in the hole.
Our lovers know guilt, not shame.
Our lovers know pure sincerity.
Our lovers know right from wrong.
Our lovers leave us no alternative but love.
Our lovers leave us sleepless at night.
Our lovers love conscience.
Our lovers love justice.
Our lovers love our vows.
Our lovers love prayer.
Our lovers love the underdog.
Our lovers love us as themselves.
Our lovers love us like God.
Our lovers make fasting a feast.
Our lovers make no exceptions.
Our lovers make other interests trivial.
Our lovers make personal gain worthless.
Our lovers make up the only law.
Our lovers make us fearless.
Our lovers make us like unto nothing.
Our lovers make us powerless without them.
Our lovers make us strong in love.
Our lovers make us weak.
Our lovers may not be harassed.
Our lovers may not be hurt.
Our lovers may not be quietly watched being hurt.
Our lovers may only be loved.
Our lovers merit total sacrifice.
Our lovers must be pursued, not shunned.
Our lovers must be seduced.
Our lovers need bring us no other advantage.
Our lovers never retaliate.
Our lovers obey every good thing.

Our lovers obey their beloved.
Our lovers obey their jailers' slightest rule in good conscience.
Our lovers offer matchless weapons of truth.
Our lovers overcome shame with perfectibility.
Our lovers practice detachment in intense concentration.
Our lovers practice self-effort to become self-aware.
Our lovers prize absolute truth over relative truth.
Our lovers produce honor.
Our lovers purify us.
Our lovers reserve the strongest remedies as a last resort.
Our lovers seduce the loveless.
Our lovers seek peace within themselves.
Our lovers self-rule.
Our lovers shall be many.
Our lovers shield us as we harm ourselves.
Our lovers shield us from raging crowds.
Our lovers shower us with mercy.
Our lovers smash bad laws.
Our lovers take tremendous risks.
Our lovers teach us everything.
Our lovers trust those who don't.
Our lovers turn us into lunatics.
Our lovers undergo trials and observe principles.
Our lovers voice their innermost convictions.
Our lovers we cannot harm.
Our lovers we must imitate.
Our lovers, ever courteous and thoughtful.
Our lovers, failing, lack imagination.
Our lovers, free to choose, pick selflessness.
Our lovers, loveless, are full of law.
Our lovers, loveless, are powerless.
Our lovers, loveless, feel shame.
Our lovers, loveless, must be seduced.
Our lovers' acts are those of heroes.
Our lovers' acts may be judged right or wrong.
Our lovers' attitudes must be perfected.
Our lovers' capital is character.
Our lovers' ends are inevitable.
Our lovers' enemies cannot be surrendered to.
Our lovers' enlightenment is more important than our happiness.
Our lovers' fellow feeling is godly.
Our lovers' Good is better than any Best.
Our lovers' happiness is more important than our lives.

Our lovers' love is painstaking.
Our lovers' love is purchased with our suffering.
Our lovers' lovelessness must be changed.
Our lovers' means are everything — ends, instinctive.
Our lovers' separation kills us.
Our lovers' sleeping conscience reawakens.

Our love, birdsong and heartbreak sunsets.
Our love, the sun, the moon and the stars!
Our love, Linda.
Our love, your art and mine, together.

Everything is due to our lovers and due them.
Our love song to the Universe is the Our Father recited alone.

We are real people,
Alive in God because we love,
Not just animals baying at an empty world.

Peace management rests on Satyagraha and the fine art of verification.
Study them as if the survival of humanity depended on it.

Fart Kites

What have we got to play with across the Sahara? Efficiency dictates we apply homogeneous, transferable and scalable technologies across its length and breadth. Plus other deserts: Australia, Gobi, Atacama, Namib, Saudi, SW USA, you get the idea. With generous local, municipal, national and world/global parkland set-asides, of course. Say 25% of the whole area?

We could use virtually unlimited energy to suck up and process H₂O, sea salt, CO₂, nitrogen, methane. We can mine silicates, extract precious and radioactive metals and other trace stuff: all the elements we need to imitate cow farts using raw energy instead of cattle grazing, plus rare elements for sale, etc. We gather all the energy we can collect across the Sahara, transmit it as direct current to regional desert factories that manufacture cubic acre-volume fart kites full of gaseous methane. Take the above-listed stuff plus photoelectric energy (raw thermal? More of other kinds!) and refine methane.

Seal it in tough, reliable membrane sacs. Spun vacuum glass? Moth or spider silk? Graphene? Preferably grown in seamless layers. Perhaps grown like giant replicas of a fungus fruiting body? Think of Japanese paper candle balloons, but with a very cool internal energy once aloft.

This fart kite technology could be tied to other methane sources, natural, pipelined and drilled.

Launch kites into the upper atmosphere with predictable trade winds above the weather. Herd them with helium dirigibles, both at the launch site and all over the world to retrieve strays and pump out damaged ones. Snag the closest drifters to regional power plants across the planet and burn the methane for local electricity. Change kite buoyancy and land by liquifying the methane gas inside its membrane. This would require room temperature and pressure conditions internally via some controlled biological process, using cold low pressure air at high altitude. Liquid methane would be easier to transfer once landed at a local power station. Ship empty membranes to a nearby desert plant. Hang full methane balloons with other payloads for carriage? Such details and many more need the technical skills of people much smarter than I. Like how, exactly, those desert factories would manufacture and fill fart kites. Pay smart people well to think about it and other radical alternatives, rather than pipelines, nuke and fusion power, fracking and suchlike Frankenstein technologies.

Of course, micro- and macro-power grids, with wind power, water power and other renewables. Sure, sure, we should improve our vision to replace current, Model-T energy technologies. You can't get the best cup of tea from a coffee shop, or the best wine from a micro-brewery, or new, sustainable energy technologies from hydrocarbon junkies. They start with the worst replacements (nukes, bioethanol), stumble through the next few worse ones (windmills, 1st generation solar, fracking, worse yet), waste four generations doing

that, then stall out completely. I don't see Fusion happening sustainably anytime soon. That mirage "sometime in the next 15 years" has been promised us since the 1950s. More down to earth, Thorium reactors should displace the Eternal Promise of Free, Limitless, Non-polluting, science Fairy Dust Fusion Power: its research a giant energy sink in the mean time. If only I had got it all wrong! We should drop life-or-death competition between either-or solutions much less efficient, and start localized competition and cooperation between a healthy range of more promising technologies.

It is like commercial television programming. A few smart shows fight each other for a severely restricted number of well-funded time slots during the week. All the other, cheaper slots are filled with junk. The junk does not compete with itself, it flourishes like weeds in any and every time slot and costs pennies compared to dollars for the good stuff. Smart shows must compete against each other and thus cut each other off. Mediocrity results from a cheapening race to the bottom, more and more boring.

Please start dreaming about much less clunky hardware: big, new and powerful, not old tech with chrome frills. Lower tonnages of static facility and mobile freight , lower operating temperatures and pressure. Those combinations require much more savvy than brute force applications of high temperature and pressure. Apply state of the art biomime wherever possible.

What does Putin want?

A psychopath with nukes, Putin,
Except, as Czars go, he did his best for his electorate
Until this latest bully pulpit escapade.
Proof he cared for his people until that got too hard.

His beloved Russia is a hollow, shrinking husk
Russians are fewer and fewer.
Russian women don't have babies at replacement level.
Russian men die young for the most part

Between:

War casualties (an entire generation of its best youth dead or maimed),
Draft-dodger, tax dodger and murder dodger exiles from
A badly shrunken educated class
Because the education system has crumbled
Omnipresent gas light propaganda,

Free speech, free press and private dissent brutally suppressed
State corruption at every pay grade
Police terror by day and night
Epidemic alcoholism

The national IQ must have dropped, ten points?
All the while, they are sitting on a treasure trove of resources
Literally sitting on it, since the extraction infrastructure is rusting out
Who is going to horn in and take all their stuff this time?

Putin's jammed in this little red wagon rolling down the hill
The card play has been bad for days and nights
There's plenty of cash lying around somewhere,
But he's all spent out
Every new deal, his cards keep getting worse

So why not play the Hitler gambit:
Grab all you can
Hold onto everything,
Grab for more and
Dare the world to stop you.

Thing is, the Viking Rurik strategy:

Hold everything,
Give nothing back
Die and kill anyone who opposes
The Russian default strategy,

It ALWAYS leads to
The opposition ganged up and won
Russia holds nothing securely
Everything is lost with interest.
Throughout its history.

Does Putin want nuclear war?
Over a pile of bodies he took such care of;
Me and X thousand picked troops in company shelters.
Supplied for how long? Not long, that would get expensive.
When we emerge, no-one can resist us.”

It is the same old story. The Nazis failed to herd their victims into bunkers and gas all of them. This time, the Nazis will flock to deep underground bunkers well provisioned with wine, women and song and clean water and filtered air and etc. Then they will fart a decades' worth of nuclear, bio, nano toxins across the planet. Belsen gas chamber becomes the whole world. Paid for by we fear-crazed victims. What genius!

Except Chinese troops would take Siberia
And probably White Russia too.
Even after Putin showered China with half his nukes,
So no, not that.

Let's face it: Putin's dug-in heels crumble the cliff edge,
Up there on tippy-toe, with nowhere left but the fall.
That pyramid schemer has nothing left to lose,
All he has got left: “Dare grab more or take the fall.”

It is up to those close to him but not friendly,
And very hostile to us,
All guilty of crimes equal to his,
Pro-Putin since doomed otherwise.

A suicide pact. “We prop each other up to steal, hurt, lie more;
Or we go down together. Nobody gets off lightly.
If things go wrong, we shut the hatch and blow up the world.”
Do they share a weakness that could unseam their rotten net all at once?

Like in South Africa and post-war Germany,
Cease fire, surrender all together and police the rogues,
Get debriefed,
Take your chances with execution or hard time for evident crime,
Then get released to more or less responsibility.
In short, most survive.

How many geo-barriers must the Russian heartland garrison, nine?
No leader would admit that Russia would be more secure
By crowning them with nine bouquets of free democracy,
Instead of nine totalitarian garrisons.

A free and democratic Russia, the natural ally of those bouquets,
It would rush to the aid of its allies against outside threat.
The Russian heartland finally peaceful and secure.
The psycho Viking czarist garrison idea has failed every time.

I picture an up-and-coming young Captain Vladimir Putin
Leading a Speznatz commando to intercept a nuke convoy gone astray.
Rogue Soviet, rogue NATO or criminal gang? Who cares?
He'd gravitate to that kind of job.

Such that there was no spillage of radiation.
Mission accomplished, convoy captured, secret medals all around, Putin included.
The entire company may be down with cancer by now.
For no reason, they were not dosed with Iodine at once.

Top cancer docs are in permanent attendance.
His gray skin, low energy and irrational behavior are signs
Of the battle he will lose eventually from poisoning.
Who knows? Did they heroically stop World War 3?

Who knows; for all his craziness,
Putin usually sided with progressives
Against the Stalin Brezhnev apparat
Even as a young spy learning German.

What does Putin want? His historical remembrance after he's gone?
Vladimir the sacrificial (Cyrillic honorific)
Whose hyper masculine example and comic book brutality
Wound up uniting the world and Russia in peace.

That could feed his massive ego,
Justify every crime in his eyes,
Even sacrificial deaths,
Even his many poisons.

The Golden Rule

· Or the Other

The Golden Rule:

Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.

Do not do unto others as you would not have them do unto you.

Find out how the wish of others differs from your own.

Hope for reciprocal comfort.

- The Leaden Rule
- Do unto others what you would not have them do unto you.
- Do unto others before they do unto you.
- Disobey the Golden Rule.
- Expect reciprocal harm doubled and redoubled.

Our Peace Aversion Training

Think back.
What happened just after you were a baby,
When the very idea of ideas revealed itself to you
When you tested absolute right and wrong
Like the shaky legs of a newborn colt?
What happened when you were very young
When all your conclusions were black or white
When each action was either good or bad
With no in-betweens, from your naif point of view?
No exceptions against the good
Every bad absolutely faulty
Anything like it should be forbidden
And the good, obvious and mandatory.
What happened when you started asking questions
When the reign of lies, waste and terror took a peek into your innocence
Innocents harmed and disorder sown everywhere
In monstrous, monumental obstruction of the good?
Innocents died; those responsible died rich.
Children starved and no-one cared
Evil swarmed across the world, unchecked, fed like a pet
And no-one, as far as you could tell, fought back or cared.
Instead, they told you to grow up
That it was not that simple.
They taught you the leaden rule of the world
Against the golden rule.
There were good reasons for evil, they said.
You were too young to understand
Your beloved guardians, hypnotized as children, like you
Recited the inevitability of lies, waste and terror.
They repeated this over and over
Not only them
But every adult consulted
A human wall of denial of the good.
Then you had to start “socializing”
Dealing with less and less sympathetic humans
Seemingly immune to the good
In favor of their ego-trip.
From high to low, they swarm everywhere
At least one out of 24 human beings
Devoid of conscience of good and evil
In addition to world leaders in history and on TV.

Your conditioning re-affirmed by every conflict
By every media report and opinion
By guilt and sin preached by organized religion
By rote repetition, yours and theirs, of perennial lies.
You heard them; your mind impacted against theirs
They were beloved; they were everyone
Most trusted sources of truth, and those less trusted.
You submitted, let them quiet your doubts.
At puberty, this hypocrisy comes to a boil
No way to accept this evil in good conscience,
No acceptable path of rebellion, no theatre or game into adulthood
Except those on the street and their confirmation of no good.
The outcome? Surrender, or pick your poison.
Obey and comply, or pick a death quick or slow.
Suicide or crime, alcohol or drug
End of story.
Formerly, even before you spoke adult words
They taught you that shit stank and was bad.
You took that to heart
And complied blindly.
This training invisible to the conscious mind
A self-identity stronger than anything
It hypnotized you into blind obedience
Into blindly training your children likewise.
Now shit is bad if you leave it lying around
Or daubed on newborns
Like the loving embrace of beloved corpses
Sleeping with them and scrubbing their bones.
Sooner or later, microbes caught on
The worst ones accumulated in shit and rotten flesh
They emptied all the primitive, free and peaceful cities
Until properly conditioned humans resettled.
You must rinse off shit, bury the dead, get rid of them
No exception to this taboo.
Those who treat it are underclass, by sex or by caste
No exception or mercy.
At the instruction of genius shamans and witches
Shit became taboo. Latrines and laundry instead.
The corpse you wanted to worship, exiled six feet under.
Taught bomb-proof across generations, or die.
OK for shit. What about peace?
Well, pacifism kills primitive societies just as dead as shit.
Remain pacifistic, and warrior outsiders will stomp you

Kill your men, rape your women, enslave your children.
As for the survivors, warrior and peacenik alike
Hard experience teaches that peace is just as lethal as shit
So train your children the same way
Until this taboo is ingrained in all humanity.
No matter the identity politics of the child
Its geography, parental religion, race, no matter.
Similar taboos, stamped on human conscience,
Command us to blaspheme against the Holy Ghost.
For newborns, questions of peace and love arise.
Your parents treated them like shit
They taught you your new reality
Treat peace like shit.
Nothing was clearly said or openly done
No-one associated peace and extra-family love with shit
It all happened subliminally
No-one admits to this training.
Everything is hypnotic and subliminal
Subject to eternities of refined childhood training
To bury our guilt, to make it invisible to us
That no-one may talk about.
In the mean time, peace is formally forbidden
The best of us cluster to forsaken clans of futile opposition
Denied the things our souls lust for
Forbidden peace and bonobo love for everyone.
No return to that which is forbidden to us
We see clearly that the weapon way leads to world death
We know that good should return to us
But, somehow, we never welcome it.
Empty noise and hollow action abound around peace
We seek it feebly, right after years of serial massacre
Many organizations make believe they seek peace
So does the United Nations Security Council.
They are meaningless, real enemies of peace.
We always fail at peace; we make others fail at peace.
Peace is blocked by our childhood training against it
That which no-one admits or talks about.
We don't know why and we don't care.
We turn our back on good conscience
"Be nice to one another."
The sermon ignored; every prophet died to preach.