

NEXT

Roger Hammer

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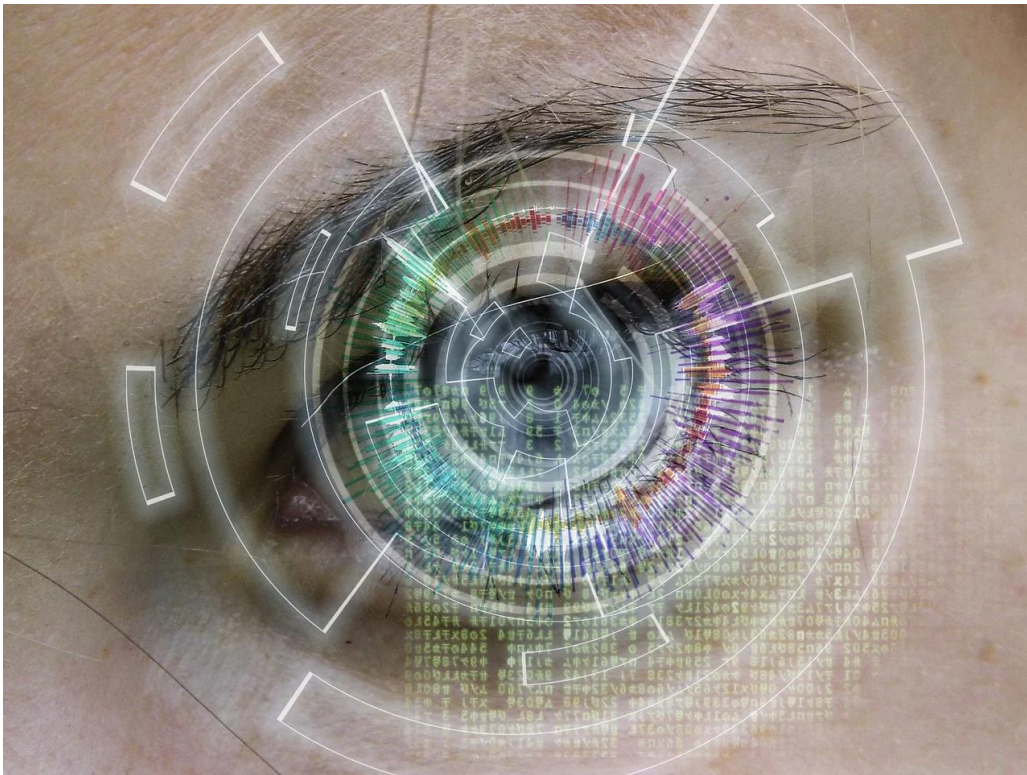


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Places

Outside Inside

One Sun.

One Earth.

One Moon.

Maker of tides

The Man in the Moon

Brightest object in the night sky.

A lover's moon was shining that night

By the light of the full moon did strange things happen.

Sun's Earth. Earth's Moon. Moon's in us.

Enter Grinnell - Leave Not

One guy
Goes to college
Quickly meets new friends
Backgrounds distant! Views most strange!
All-night-raps-eight-o'clock-classes
Clark | Smith | Haines | Cowles | Loggia | Forum | Burling
Papers typed with steel and carbon on paper
Afternoon labs. Chemistry, physics, psychology. Humanities under
campus trees
Naked anti-Playboy anti-War anti-Establishment draft card lottery
low winning number

Liberal arts
The Rainbow Experience
Science, arts, humanities, human-ness
Independent 398 rock orchestra spinning vinyl
Professors are your partners in learning
How to find answers is becoming natural
Resources abound to discover each next compelling question
Substantiating voices of inquiry with strength of mind, conviction
We will learn forever, give to our communities, and more

What's next?
Plan a future
What can I do
Where should I go now
This is not just about me
War environment society art science politics change
TAKING A STAND FOR PEACE IS THE ONLYWAY
Decided: blend science with humanity for betterment of all
How this mix would evolve is still being played out...

From Grinnell
To "out there"

Was tough for me
Grad school lost to draft
Alternate service found in Chicago hospital
Clinical lab. New surroundings. Big City shock.
Cornfields of Iowa replaced by concrete, streets, buildings
New friends, challenges, opportunities unlimited always to be realized
All due to the Experience of this small Midwestern college

New Country

Wake up
We got a new country
It's been here all along
But you didn't take notice till now

A bright blue state called Diversity lives here:
From one there became many who
Populated the land and multiplied
Joining us inside yet outside of America

It's more than colors of the rainbow
It's much more than what you hoped for
In your perfect outdated bubble world
It's what we are together

From all four corners
We've been growing for years to
Build the most powerful nation
Better still - making better lives

Money cannot truly control us
Money does not speak the truth!
Just slashing social underpinnings
Never can touch what we are worth

So go on and privatize your selfishness
Take your bankroll home and stay there
Off public streets, off our backs
Let America truly be FREE

The Parade

We give thanks for all we have
Yearly watching on TV
A parade of balloons of our clever making
Looking up out of necessity
Do we worship these icons? Maybe but negatively.

Cartoon characters may be moving
But incomparable to wild animals running

Open department store doors are useful enough
Even if falling short of nature's open beauty

Big-footed clown, V.P. of Corporate Fun,
Promotes beef and fried food fast but not sustainably

A tribute to fish-shaped crackers
Floats above us easy to eat empty calories

Dough boys, panda bears, and on and on to sesame frogs
All fine enough but do they substitute for other gods?

Of course any tributary route in New York City
Would be expected to artificially pretty
Since besides the thanks this day is a gateway to commerce
Opening the door to Black Friday
Every year beginning earlier than early

What would some outer intelligence just landing here
Think about our goals, priorities, and energies?

I dream of a parade showcasing earth's natural beauty
Creatures large and small that are enduring

I see balloons full of fresh air

In the shape of clouds of living wonders there

Let there be a jungle king, not a movie star
A golden cat dominating natural order

Fleeting hooves next fly across the sky
Showing instinct as needed to live and move night and day

Even higher would be floating birds of all colors
Soaring above, effortlessly, no strings attached

Fish in the air? Sure, they fly too
Through water we often take for granted

Not forgetting swarms of the smaller ones
Fueling critical paths in the total food chain

One after one the tributes would flow on
Reminding us of who we should be thanking and knowing

Every beast, bird, critter and crawly thing
Should be paraded for us to admire.

We give thanks for all we have
Unrelated to what's on the Tube
A parade of balloons to be created for thankful tribute
Causing us to look up with admiration and appreciation for
True icons of life on the streets of earth.

Triptych

Silver mountain slopes
Lead skyward
Under endless sun

Never is a place
Prisoners of thought are held
Waiting to be freed

Quietly I wait
Here and now
For when and what's next

Summer Rest

Days you would be hoping for
Seem to never come
Wait to run and shut the door
Heading for the sun

Favorite time, vacation time
Is never long enough
Take the time, make it mine
Even if it's rough

Starting out can be so slow
When you're trying to run
Finally you are on the go
Finally having fun

If I had a car to drive
I would never stop
Start at last to feel alive
Headed for the top

To the highest mountain in the land
Radio cranked way up
Playing all my favorite bands
Cold pop in my cup

It's too bad summer is so short
It quickly slips away
From me it gets the best report
I'd take it every day

Under the Banyan Tree

On visiting the Banyan Tree in Lahaina, Maui, Hawaii, 2011.

"The tree's purpose is the sky... The tree grows into the air because the tree grows out of the air."

- Oliver Morton, *Eating the Sun: How Plants Power the Planet* (NY: Harper Collins, 2008)



Photo:

<https://upload.wikimedia.org/wikipedia/commons/5/50/BanyanatL%C4%81hain%C4%81.jpg>

I did not just aimlessly walk under
The Banyan Tree in Lahaina, Kauai
I was drawn by forces across the Universe
Swept by the photon flux of our Sun

Drawing Air and Water together
Each branch is one with the Sky
Diving again and again into the Earth
As generations have witnessed you living green

Sill growing yet so new,
Barely known even in the Aquarian Age
All the wisdom of our planet is
Concentrated in solar energy above and around me

Quietly, as tourists like us pass by
Secretly, as though none can see
Uniquely, yet common to plant life everywhere
Calling me, speaking clearly to me:

"Though you can not be like me
Inhaling photons to fix carbon and release oxygen
You can promote our lives, and together
We shall both know, understand, and believe."

Before I knew it I was under its arms and in its spell.
This is the center of Earth receiving the Sun.
A living energy-concentrating antenna.
Even more than that- an antenna array

More finely tuned than any mere
Radio telescopes man has made to study the sky
But you do not just observe: Banyan is the eternal engine
Built from energy, enduring through time

Still growing past 150 years old
Roots become branches becoming roots again
Surfing in waves of Earth and Sun.

Listen to the magic that occurs day and night:

Air : carbon dioxide we have exhaled

Earth : organic compounds making up plant life,
made of Carbon from Air

Fire : photonic energy captured by the Earth
alive in all green plants

Water : the source of Oxygen given freely to us to breathe
going back to Air

Expired Air goes into Earth

Enabled by Fire and Water

Creating our every breath of Air.

Perfect.

At the Market

Let us break bread together

Is an invitation to join together at the table
To worship, to remember, to renew

Hunger no less real calls us daily while we need
As earth's people to also come together
Sharing and enjoying basic tasks we have to do

At the market you may shop for fresh local veggies
Saying hello to friends along the way
Going home with a warm heart, ready to prepare a stew

But the market is not a Super Mart
Full of cookie cutter items row after row after row after row
Nor is it the Executive Club open to serve just a few

People simply come together in spacious surroundings
To meet each other, slow down, shop for basic needs
Or sample a well made meal that tastes a little new

The market where I go is on Third Street and Verbeke
In long buildings with brick floors over a hundred years old
Far away from fields where sprawling shopping malls grew

Part of community, living as we should be
Tasting a solid piece of history:
When you go there you will feel good too .

Favorite Weed



Photo by the author

I lost my garden.
Rather, I know where it lies, but,
Lost the chance to work in it
Planting, watching it grow,harvesting, enjoying its fruits

Yet there grows outside my window
Through bitter winter and freezing spring rains
The most amazing green thing I've seen
Spectacular in its determination
Alone in a strip of wood chip mulch

Thorny, twisted, gnarly at its best
Growing from nothing
Alone, unafraid to be green
Proudly escaping landlord's herbicide onslaught

While luckily there is more all around
Grassy slopes, bushes, trees
Singularly this lone one outside my door
Greeting me each time I come and go
Radiates a lowly but special quality:
My favorite weed.

Loch Lomond



Photo by the author

Shimmering background of my daily life
From every window I see your face
Back to back we are next of kin
I should not take you for granted

In Summer we glide up your gentle cheeks
Quietly propelling ourselves to the middle of your smile
Breathing in gentle winds and sunset views
Free to appreciate your sophistication in suburban clothing

In Fall we hastily greet you in our jackets
Knowing that while leaves fall, temperatures fall
Green surroundings turn to yellow brown and gold
As we both prepare our crafts for the coming freeze

Winter dawns: mornings begin to solidify your stare
Motionless, silvery, a mirror to the sky, then
Thawing and freezing. Freezing and thawing.
Readying yourself for the ritual inversion all cold waters do

Then we walk on water!
Walk, skate, ski, and ice fish
Upon your thick, strong cheekbones we tread
While below life slows down, yearning for Spring.

Are you old? New? Are you dammed artificial?
We do not care. We love you.

*Yes we know we borrowed your name from Scotland
Le Lac. Der See. El lago.*
Loch Lomond, Mundelein, Lake County, Illinois, USA

Challenges

Between *Chocolate* and *Choir*

Choice

Lies between many sides of opposing similarity
Viewed through prisms of reality in motion ever changing

Choose

If you can, any wrong or nearest right
Among shades of gray confounding, conflicting, camouflaging

Chosen

Are those who carefully consider what
Options a casual choice could do to turn on them, becoming their
captor

Choosing

Is what we do when we are free
When we are at our best humanity

Choice

Is the weapon of life for all
Mankind moving to the next level of life

Death Smile

Armies march on sleeping towns
Looting, looting
Killing people al around
Shooting, shooting

No one really started it
Blaming, blaming
Who stole the treasure and divided it
Exchanging, exchanging

Our side never sees the wrong
Moral, moral
Take it all sing our victory song
Horror, horror

Same old story as before
History, history
Keep on till they're done and gone
Misery, misery

No one stops the war machine
Grinding, grinding
Nothing like you've ever seen
Unwinding, unwinding

Even those who kill themselves
Martyrs, martyrs
Lose their soul to someone else
Smarter, smarter

Stop the madness, stop the death
Liar, liar
Don't turn us all to ashes now
Fire, fire

People of Earth

Barely born you planted your feet on Mother Earth
Immersed in life giving Air you breathed freely
Body built around and cleansed by crystal Waters
Head anointed by Fire from the sky
Sun reigning down from before the beginning

Ethics became etched in stone
Ten simple rules
Golden Rules
One God rules
Timeless roles to choose

First love your neighbor as yourself
In the image of God who
Walks among the people, is the people
Unable to hate
Impossible to kill or be killed

Then more gods came between men
Growing more jealous than ever before
Looking everywhere for the true temple, saying
"Do not associate with infidels! Kill the non-believer!
Some of us exclusively are the righteous!"

The great Universe mocks you
Small, petty, insignificantly holy,
A new age must come soon to
Release you from tired, misdirected ways
Ending negative divisions, multiplying the positive dimensions

Ancient ways bare all truth
Proven ways are born of necessity
Seek now to search and find yourself in society
To withdraw would be to conquer nothing

To fight back would be to lose everything

Meanwhile planets will continue to revolve

Suns will go on shining, moons will wax and wane

They neither kill to live, nor pretend to be other than who they are

Their hate is inert, vacuum, non-existent

People of Earth must become One

Will of God

Disaster stormed the city with hurricane force
We prayed for help to spare us from the terrible Will of God

Strength and hope arrived with open hearted charity
People helping each other through quiet grace of the Will of God

We witnessed miracles - saving lives
We gave thanks for the benevolent Will of God

A child is born of love's own mother and father
Truly a sign of Will of God

A child lives born of incest or rape
Falsely legitimized as the Will of God

In the cornfield a seed is planted - it grows and feeds many
Evidence of the fruitful bounty given by the Will of God

In the same cornfield another seed is planted - one not Roundup
Ready
It fails to grow and dies a weed - is that the Will of God?

Adam and Eve occupied a merely perfect garden
Only to immediately disobey the original Will of God

If God is the Creator - surely carrying out the Will of God! -
How can the creation of the Will of God disobey the Will of God?

Everything that has ever happened is the
Will of God

Everything else is up to us to choose
Only what does not happen is not the Will of God

NEXT

Dedicated to those who have recognized the truth and created future insight - with luck

I. In the Beginning

NEXT to every *left a right* opposes
First appears an *over*, then an *under* that presupposes
Forward fighting inescapable *backward* leaning forces
While *time* apparently just one way continuously flows

Twists and turns. The universal fabric of us.
Every dimension seen and unseen slides silently, unstuck
Against these winds forever endless and free.
Due to them we fight, fall and rise- and we succeed - with luck

Originally, what's NEXT began in the garden
Tasting fruit with clothing on
Acting on simple choices bound to happen
Given the twist of our destined direction

Good fortune surprised just from rubbing just two sticks
Closely held, quickly spun in a cold man's fist
Causing a spark of fire we could control to fix
Good food while adding warmth, hearth and home to the mix

It is said that ancient Archimedes
One day upon sitting in his bath
Pronounced "Eureka!" upon realizing the fact
That an equal volume of water he displaced all by himself

So progress crawled for thousands of years
Amid the hopes, the struggles and the fears
Of history slowly advancing through trial and error

As we ourselves evolved from simpler species

We hunted and farmed, aided by animals strong
Loved and fought, making weapons to sing our song
Of conquest, domination, control of right and wrong
From stone cave to Bronze Age still moving on

By now all spiritual directions to us had been shown
Through gods, prophets and holy books we have known: Zoroaster;
Brahma, Vishnu, Shiva, and Baghavad Gita; Buddha, Confucious and
Tao Te Ching;
God and scriptures of the Hebrews; Jesus; and Mohammed. Add
Baha'i for unity.

It seems that prophets since went silent, letting
Sounds of steelmaking, coal burning and combustion engines
Dominating what came NEXT bringing a new unholy Industrial
Revolution
The momentum of which will never be broken

II. After the Prophets

Air and fire superheated enabled us to cast the Iron Age,
Water boiled to steam highly pressurized
Moved pistons, turned wheels, teams of horses outsized
Building factories for making things rapidly becoming our prize

Some say Isaac Newton to science gave birth
While simply watching an apple fall to earth
Whereupon he understood gravity's single-minded mirth
Formulating equations to mathematically explain the universe

Quite by accident would bold European sailors
Venture across the Atlantic hoping to find new routes
To trade with the East- but instead ended up surprising
Native Americans and destroyed their tribal lives

Diseases spread only to be understood later by chance and trial
With Louis Pasteur chasing cholera away with a vial
Of diminished virulence, as did Edward Jenner
Finding a small dose of what kills you is the Holy Grail to save you

And so it was with penicillin
When Alexander Fleming tamed the microscopic villains of
Bacterial infections through powerful direct killing
By constituents of a very clever mold he accidentally found growing

The next accident's discovered name remains mysterious to this day
Though we know much more now about how to use the X-ray
William Roentgen, though, at first could not explain
How something could pass unseen through solid opaque things

Similarly was the phenomenon of radioactivity
From Henri Becquerel's foggy mystery
Elucidated by Marie and Pierre Curie
Discovering unknown elements with powerful new forms of energy

Advances in chemistry too were lucky and astounding
As shown by August Kekule's casual daydream-
A snake swallowing its own tail- explaining the ring structure of
benzene
NEXT plastics and synthetics changed our world by exploding on the
scene

With radios already commonplace in the home thanks to Maxwell,
Hertz, Marconi, and many more, a search for noisy shortwave sounds
led
Bell Lab's Karl Jasky to find an unexpected source far away in our
galaxy
In the center of Sagittarius A, the radio of our very own
supermassive black hole

Held by Einstein's gravity strong enough for light to bend
Keeping us anchored here all the while we spin
In days, month, years, galactic millennia

Within great spiral arms hosting endless suns

The latest NEXT revolution connects all nations
Built on energy, information, and communication
All conveyed as bits of data at our easy beckon
What we will do with it now remains the question

NEXT is now exponential: technology and population
Growing in the Twentieth Century more than the previous twenty
For the countless contributors to civilizations advances
We ask that future luck give rise to intelligent choices

If time is moving just one way, let it move without leaving us behind
If cycles of global birth and death continue, embrace each of them in
kind
Combining directions we have a kind of spiral, so let us mind
What we are doing according to the best of our human design.

Mistaken Identity

Suggested references

If you think it's hip to put down disadvantaged people
You may be digging the wrong God

Psalms 41:1, 112:9

If you are hated by someone and pray to get them for it
You may be following the lead of the wrong God

Psalms 41:5-12

If you hate someone based on your reading of the Bible
You may be reading about the wrong Jesus

Mark 12:28-33

If you hear that you are the only chosen one
You may be listening to the wrong Jesus

Luke 11:9-13

If you are sure that money alone makes you a better person
You may be getting paid by the wrong Jesus

Matthew 19:24

If you are holding a Bushmaster, not helping to be a Peacemaker
You are in the army of the wrong Jesus

Matthew 5:9

If you know that you do not need to care about anyone in need
You know, you need to know the right Jesus

Luke 10:29-37

If you are looking for love in places that lead you the other way
You need to look for a new way to find the right Jesus

No more mistaken identity

Tradesman

I would gladly trade
An emerging smile for a worn out growl

Give me a strong helping hand
Not a death grip on a handgun

Let me see the moves of a freedom walker
Not the motives of a midnight stalker

Been way up and way more down
But will not throw what is good to the ground

One open minded thought will be cheerfully exchanged
For one that is closed forever to change

A quiet child's joyful song
Can drown out the noise of a hateful throng

I seek the way forward and to break new ways around,
Not frozen by the roadblocks that abound

I don't expect the markets to ever tip to givers over takers
But is that all that counts for movers and shakers?

The most modest bet of *I will try it*
Trumps a full house of *I'll never buy it*

Stop the taking, rule making and debating
No more tricking, deal making and faking

Move ahead or get out of the way
No trading true direction for misdirection any day

Trade me up or trade me down
But I will not exchange a king for a pawn

O Grow Up

Gas

Oil

Tar sands

Fossil fuel vapor

Today we suck on these teats of Mother Earth

When will we grow up?

Learn to inhale on our own

The energy of

The Sun

The Galaxy

The curl of universal electromagnetic energy

Baby humans are often born with some help:

Doctor slapping baby's butt so baby begins to cry

Once born - hunger dominates until

Growing up, baby soon thereafter is weaned from

That habit of nursing

Even though staying close to mother, feeding independently

Who are those who keep us from outgrowing our infancy?

Could it be the rich who rape earth for

Their own profit

Keeping us as babies without teeth?

Find your own food! Mother will let you go! Grow up!

We need only look around to find examples

An electron is stuck around its nuclear mother until

Incoming energy promotes it to the next quantum level

While in that excited state it acts upon its new life

Reacting to form a new species

Different and better than ever

Only then collapsing back to its former level

Our Earth Mother who is so kind -

Letting us suckle her until
She and we are all nearly dead -
 Could have chosen to shove us out of the nest to fly or fall
Or simply leave us behind
 Or feeling hunger herself, eat her young alive

We must live off the Sun like any smart plant does
 Fully informed in the ways of eating respiratory exhaust
Growing roots, trunks, limbs and leaves
 Seeds, flowers, nuts, fruits, food for all life
Then silently exhaling universal energetic oxidant vapor
 All for free

Gas

 Oil

Tar sands

 Fossil fuel vapor

Today we suck on these teats of Mother Earth

But we can grow up!

Learn to inhale on our own

 The energy of

The Sun

 The Galaxy

The curl of universal electromagnetic energy

Swim Lane

Where will you swim?

Fast lane - get out of the way!

Can't go fast enough - push, push

Left, right, kick, kick, breathe, do it again

Any stroke for speed will do - no rules

Scenic lane

Looking for immersion in sights, sounds, sensations

Not really in a lane at all

Drifting and weaving at will

Floating is better than stroking

All around you are

Competitors focused on their lane

Will you kick them out of the way

Dive under them to disturb their rhythm

Make waves to knock them out of contention

Or simply splash them in their straining eyes

Not aggressive

No alone

Being good

Swimming better

Your only challenge is you

You can reinforce the rising crest

Causing every wave to grow

Every ripple swelling in phase with the next

Letting the pool sing out in unison

Just because you joined the swim

Open Book

Open your book of life

Senses

Words knock on resonant doors and beat on heads of drums

Sounds register on membranes across the universe

Tastes delight; turn sweet, sour, salty, or hot on tongues

Eliciting responses from chemical sensors known as smells

Energies seen and unseen excite optical outputs

Skin and fingertips react to hot, cold, pressure and pain

Absolute zero boils up from solid to liquid to gas to plasma

Emotions

Love

Hate fear

Thrills anticipation avoidance

Worrying wondering wanting waiting

Smiles dread worry hunger satisfaction

Lust greed indifference compassion confusion confession

Timid tired dominant joy despair silly ecstatic

Events

Birth

Sacraments

Marriage family

Workdays holidays weekends

Hired fired promoted reduced retired

Accomplished diminished

Final call

Death

Relations

Equal

Opposite

Better than

Close to distant from
Friend enemy not sure
Caring not caring disliking
Friend close friend distant relative

Close the book only when you know nothing is open

Inspiration

No Empty Pages

What would you do with an empty page?

Ignore the amount of work it invites
Turn it over looking for the filled-in other side
Walk away rather than having to read or write or draw
Forget that words and symbols are filled with power
Ignore the artist within you every hour

Staring at pure emptiness, its brightness blinds you

Look for that pen or pencil or brush
Wish you could write your masterpiece
Fill it with words, notes and figures
Feel it is as promising as a newborn child
See potential for the future of mankind

Paper covers rock, scissors cut paper- but a paper cut will not kill you

Paint perfect beauty, not too wordy
Reflecting true reality
Filling u
Spacing out, bringing
Your imprint, singular fingerprinting

Pages are not just paper

Media fills our lives with video
Decisions on what to do and not do
What to believe is caught in the middle
Do not leave any opportunity unwritten
The page is only as empty as you feel.

A Critique of Twitterature

You should know of a landscape before you
Waiting with unlimited possibilities for rhyming
Open to more than 140 characters meant only for one-lining

Expansive spaces where a thoughtful seed
Finds fertile ground to grow endlessly, unwinding
Broader than the moment expressed too often as whining

A chance to feast your soul on endless bounty
Offered by the best of humanity's foresighting
More satisfying than narrow glimpses of 20-20 hindsighting

Explore fresh new terrain before you, hiking up the mountain, untiring
Experiment with settings! Arc with spark gaps inspiring!
Never accepting canned electronic formats that trap you in the wiring

Strengthen yourself, walk on language deep and wide
Searching and finding arching phrases
Filled with variations in forms, colors and spaces

Not just publishing one line at a time

And it doesn't hurt if you also rhyme

Static Dynamic

Your feelings paint lasting pictures
Your actions make living movies
With them you create the truth

On your palette you alone are the artist
Let no critic dilute your oils with cheap spirits
Let no demon drain the life from your water colors

Sadness of any shade you do not like
Can be brushed away, overcome
With pigments that dominate and delight

Take all your joys in their brightest hues
To your heart, wrapping them around your soul
Surrounding your body and mind in light

Write your script boldly every time
Knowing no one can stop you
Confident no editor can cross out a single line

Choose your actors carefully
They play along with you, then they become you
So live on the set of the world completely, honestly, artfully

Play your movie wherever you need to
Show your intention, measure progress, or simply
Launch your mind's picture into motion

Paint your life
Make it dynamic
Live your dream

Because

Morning bird
Sits silently watching until
In a flash she flies away. Naturally
Because she knows what to do when

Wave on the pond
Flows this way intently, cresting for a moment, then
Merges again with the pond. Carefree
Because he can do so endlessly

Whale in the ocean
Lives happily with only sea legs
Breathes exuberantly while rising out of her liquid element
Greatest of all mammals (lest mankind deny her life)
Because she adapts perfectly and prospers

Rock sitting in the sun
Seems detached, mindless, unthinking, though
In history he was a mighty mountain. Confident
Because he knows his origins will some day tower again

Leaf falls to the ground
Without worry where autumn wind will carry her next
Knowing she has earned her new freedom. Satisfied
Because the sunlight she captured is now the tree

You and I
Surrounded by all these tightly fitting puzzle pieces
Remain cautious, skeptical, lost, worried and unsure
Precariously dominant
Because we have forgotten how we fit

A Bird Told Me

I thought I heard an angel sing
While least of all was about heaven thinking
Just sitting there, trying to relax
In the back yard as another day was unwinding

With dinner roasting on the grille
I was trying to forget the daily drill
When suddenly in a fleeting unreal moment
I heard a sweet sound somewhere up there

At first I didn't even notice him
Singing inconspicuously and comfortably
Till I spotted him singularly against the sky
Seeming to be singing just to me

Just one small robin on a light pole
All alone above the city circuit race
Did sing and sound out proudly and happily
As if he owned the place

He was saying, "I'm only a robin, I know
My songs sound like a parrot of my kind
But I've made it through cold winter snow
And I'm proud to spring what's on my mind."

"For anyone who hears me singing
They need to always know
If someone cares so much for me- a bird-
Imagine all the love there is for you."

To testify how this changed my life
I recall the song now twenty years later
And will always know now and forever
What a bird told me is right: don't worry, feel better.

"Look at the birds of the air; they neither sow nor reap nor gather into barns, and yet your heavenly Father feeds them. Are you not of more value than they?" Matt. 6:26.

Four Elements Forever

Wanted: Everything.

Knowing we are made of bits and pieces
Will gladly receive totality in separate shipments
Powering universal engines to work endlessly
Heading North, South, East, and West

First you float among the stars
Not yet formed but growing strong
Until your spirit solidifies
Condensing Air into your body to land down here

Next you learn to touch, see and speak
Crawling, standing walking, soon venturing into
Life made of Earth, living on the Earth
Yet still incomplete. There must be more

To what Air and Earth bring together. We must add Water
Drinking from fresh sources falling from the sky
Two thirds of our bodies made of this liquid God
As two thirds of Earth is ocean

All the while Fire in your body drives you on
Hoping to make you into all you can metabolize
Pushing on resistant doors of time to continue until
Burning out is the only choice left

Consumed by Fire, or slower oxidation underground
You are released again to Air, Earth minerals, and Water vapor
From everything you wanted to all you have received there remains
Air, Earth, Water and Fire.

Variable Beauty

We are not mass produced with perfection on
Assembly lines with robotic arms and sight;
We have a unique Mother and Father to whom, on a good day,
We are beautiful.

Within, strength grows to open doors
Willpower to overcome rises against unfavorably stacked odds
Purity of power rules over what would otherwise knock us down:
We are stronger than our bodies.

Never mind the mirror- it has no eyes, no heart
How we look depends on the looker
What if we look good, but behave badly?
We are deeper than our appearance.

Knowing better but acting foolishly
Could be the norm if we let ourselves go down that path..
Can we think our way out of our own demise?
We are smarter than the least of our brains.

Alone we are helpless, yet together we fight;
Only by some force from within or from without
Do we ever act on the dream of becoming one rhythm-
We are more together than the sum of each other.

How? Not by reducing random chance, by minimizing variation,
Not by employing the tools of Quality Control. No.
Commonly ugly but uniquely beautiful; smart bodied; strong minded
We are anything but forever the same. Variable beauty.

Breath of Peace

Fighting for peace is not
Fighting for absence of hate, violence, or war
Fighting for peace is not
Fighting

Peace is strength growing from truth
Sufficient without struggle if only given room to breathe
Growing organically from first principles
Given to use freely once we find and connect with strength

You can pray for peace
You can meditate in peace
You can live in peace even if
Surrounded by vocal opposites

Pause for definitions
Passive: waiting idly by
Active: sitting in, marching for, walking because, running to,
swimming through, diving into, or any other embrace of peace
Pacifist: one who is Active

Bring me a weapon of truth
Sights focused on finely crafted science, art and humanity
Fully loaded with rounds of honesty
Multiple magazines to reload, rapidly, freely, in endless supply

Will not be outshouted by ignorant voices!
Will not be drowned in empty echoes!
Will not be shot by brainless killing machines!
Will not be pulled into vacuous hate!

Will
Make peace with every breath

Rise to the Highest Good

The imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth. Genesis 7:8

How to succeed through statistics:

Not every man is all evil all the time.

Play the game to win.

Force your odds in favor of the Good.

Whenever war, slavery, injustice or prejudice appeared to win

Men and women have countered the prevailing downdraft

Creating new elevations

Rising above it all

Otherwise thousands of years ago we would have sunk

Irreversibly to lowest forms of life

Ignoring divine capacity for free choice

Losing ability to make ourselves a better world

Surrounded by liars, thieves, deceivers, fakers, rapists and con-men

Should be no surprise by now

So pick your hell to be dragged down with them

Or beat the odds whenever you can and rise to the highest good

Believe

You hear about a "fact":

Turns out it is not true at all, but
Someone made it up, said it over and over
Promoting it to a million deficient ears

Don't believe it!

You are told you are nothing
No background, no talent, no applicable skills
No breadth, no depth,
No interest in hiring you, thanks anyway

Don't believe it!

You know in your heart you *are* someone
Built upon strong ties to family and tradition
Full of strength, brains, ability
Your friends endorse you as *Good People*

Believe it!

You are not alone
We are not alone and we are not together without you
So we stand strong feeling the energy of our best day
Our strength is unlimited and unending

Believe it!

Why must there be a do and don't?
How could you be or not be?
Erase false history coming from without you
Magnify truth coming from within us all

Believe!