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The Lord **God**
hath given me the tongue
of the learned, that I
should know how to speak
a word in season to him that
is weary : he wakeneth
morning by morning,
he wakeneth mine ear
to hear as the learned.”

Isaiah 50:4

~The Conversation Begins

**IF YOU THINK THE WORLD IS JUST FINE
THE WAY IT IS . . . STOP READING THIS!!!**

. . . however, if you believe that some things need to be changed, then I invite you to sit with me in the midst of a conversation; where we are able to replace our preoccupation with mere common sense and attune our ears to a truth that all of us can hear . . . if only we would listen.

For instance, how many people do you know are interested in wisdom? How many see value in understanding, rather than condemning others to judgment? Where are the righteous hiding in a society that practices hatred, war, vanity, violence, manipulation, and deceit . . . as principles for coercion in the subliminal mass diversions of marketing that we call business? Who answers the questions that no one seems to be asking . . . like: how much longer can all of this last?

How many among us feel the need for change? These are the ones for which I search, so we can listen to one another's words and learn the things that intuition brings into the mind of those with curious eyes. Be not surprised if what you read herein is already written inside you; for every eye perceives truth according to the frequency of enlightenment that Spirit has provided.

Been outside lately? . . . can't drink the water, air is bad for you to breathe; how much longer before both become commodities too valuable to dispense for free? How much more can be destroyed before Mother Earth whispers: "Enough!, now replace this machine made of concrete with dirt and wash away these neon lights with fire that falls from a burning sky . . . to the ground in stones each weighing about the weight of a talent."

What's the final number of people who will die of hunger on American streets lined bumper-to-bumper with shining Mercedes Benzes? How many children have to be shot before guns get replaced with understanding? Who's willing to trade violence for compassion? On your mark . . . get set . . . think.

Let us gather members to form a committee that is anti-stupidity and teach people not to cut down trees. We need to enforce the childhood rules on the adults: No pushing or shoving, and everyone share. Always tell the truth. What use would we have for manipulation or abuse without the greed that always needs more? Perhaps if the goal was to "Be", rather than to "Have", we could all rest easy inside the freedom that releases worry; no one would be in a hurry, and we'd all learn the patience we preach to our children. In fact, we might even come to realize that life is too valuable to waste chasing after material items, which no one takes with them when they die.

Imagine a life without the vanity of expensive clothing. A life where insight and understanding are considered more valuable than "The Latest Name Brand"; where we engage one another in conversation rather than war and cease to use our words like swords to the ears of listeners in a hung jury. A world where conscience guides our decisions . . . and all of us are aware enough to listen.

What is the origin of the disease from which all of us suffer? Is there an answer other than the fear governing our insanely repetitious behavior? Like slaves, we subject ourselves to the ignorance we've created . . . by only fighting the effects and ignoring the cause. Are not we able to choose our response, our thoughts, our behavior? Then who are we to blame when life seems to change for the worse? Who will acquire the fault for mankind's extinction? Who will be first to explain to the children where all the green grass went, when they ask what the word *industrialization* meant? These are questions that all of us need to be answering for ourselves . . . every morning on our way to work; rather than merely preparing our mind for the remedial task of serving as another gear for turning this well-concealed hamster wheel of capitalism.

Our participation in the game is encouraged in the land where one is measured by what one has and when respect demands attention in the form of recognition . . . we're just adding bricks to the walls of this prison of social etiquette.

Wouldn't we be a little better off if everyone were taught not to kill? Wouldn't we be resolving the behavior of murder, with awareness? And if we were only aware of the value of acceptance, couldn't that cure the pain incurred from judgment? Come to think of it, if you could name something that awareness couldn't solve, I'd gladly reconsider the value of ignorance. Educate my mind to see the reason why denial is so important, and willingly I'll abide inside the closed eyes of censorship. But, until that day, I say point me in the direction of a place where people desire the taste of truth, and have no delight in confusing the issue at hand with legal mumbo-jumbo that only well-rehearsed court-room lawyers can decipher and understand.

Call off your army of thirty-second commercials marketing to the over-all demographics of an average range of viewers, and take back the messages carried inside . . . that were designed to be anchored to my emotions; I no longer wish to be entertained by your persuasion. Take the billions you spend on advertising and life insurance and buy food for those dying of malnutrition, then I'll be glad to sit and listen to your sales pitch for household disinfectants; if only you promoted awareness the way you sold vanity, we'd all be participating in a system designed to contribute its wisdom toward understanding, rather than producing products that no one really needs, wouldn't we?

What effect could words of wisdom have on listeners who pay attention to what they know? How many people do only what we're told and never let go of the educated response that has been programmed into their mind by fourteen-thousand hours of learning to add, subtract, multiply, and divide everything except real life? Why are we surprised by our lack-of-common sense society, when all of us buy into the ignorance sold in the streets . . . like the drug to which everyone is addicted, dispensed in relentless proportions through newspaper headlines and television screens. What does all of it mean? Are we here to chase an imaginary American dream of obscene double standards? . . . or merely provide ourselves with answers that pacify our sense of accomplishment? Is control so worth having as to justify the act of war and stab one another with national opinions to enforce beliefs under the pretense of fear? How near have we come to the end of our rope? Many lose hope thinking of a future filled with electric tears and mental scars that forever mark the continual sadness that our industrial wasteland has produced.

Tell me I've imagined this collage of meaningless words and that these observations are absurd . . . tell me I need the help of trained professionals and years of expensive group therapy to over come this self-created delusion; but let it be said that I questioned the rules we're being fed and spent my life under the guidance of intuition, rather than playing follow-the-leader with seeing-blind deceivers . . . dealing from a stacked deck.

In a system so twisted that the buyer must beware of the fact that no one really cares . . . unless there's a dollar to be made, I think it is safe to say that not everyone is playing fair. And, hey! . . . if to see things this way is crazy, then allow me to be the first to assure you that I must be completely insane; I mean . . . how many more houses can we line side-by-side before we have sub-divided the land from coast to coast? How much longer must we play this collection game of who owns the most? Our pretend religion makes me sick . . . we kneel in prayer on Sunday, but come Monday it's as if we've forgotten that we call ourselves Christians . . . as we continue our mission in participating in the sin of the world; if it is Jesus whom we call Lord, why then do we spend the majority of our time trying to accumulate the possessions that He advised us to leave behind or give to the poor? Have we no regard for the spiritual law because we do not believe? Or are we merely disobedient . . . like Isaiah said we'd be? When Jesus returns, what excuse will we use when we come to find out that salvation is earned with a price that can not be paid in collateral fourth-quarter assets?

We glorify our actions by the condemnation of others and smother one another with judgment, expecting to be forgiven, as we continue living pagan lives; celebrating holidays like Christmas---where we deceive our children with fabricated lies about some guy named Santa

Claus; altering the meaning of giving to such an extreme that it has become all about having. Anyone care to disagree? Or can we proceed to add this to the list of things that everybody knows . . . but does nothing to change?

What are we waiting for? . . . the end of the world to come and wake all of us up? What will it take before we finally arrive at the insightful realization that if our behavior doesn't change, neither will anything else? Have we not been promised the End shall come when we least expect it?

Our cities are demons filled with streams of moving metal and peddlers of violence. How much longer can this system of ignorance persist? Will we miss this fabricated existence of lies and deceitful smiles, when these streets collide with stones of fire . . . falling from our polluted sky? What shall come of our never-enough possessions when death takes us into a world where only spiritual treasure is collected, and those selected to therein abide were the ones in life who realized the vanity of material accumulation?

Our cities are demons filled with never-ending screams of insanity . . . as they grow increasingly demanding of the buyers' attention with miles and miles of neon lights . . . while supervising our every movement with watchful electronic eyes, like spies that no longer need to camouflage themselves in the night. In a land where so many delight in the proud to be not-so-upright attitude, we truly have little left to lose before restoration takes its toll on the world. The End Times signs cover newspaper headlines all the time, though not all have eyes to see this; readers' deceitful hearts prevent their minds from perceiving . . . these are the days of disbelieving. Greetings and salutations to the latter day generation; where we drive

machines, spread disease, and sign the treaties of war to feed our craving for the accumulation of more. We cover the land in manufactured plastic, leaving our children the circumstances of tragedy . . . while hiding from our feelings like prisoners bound in chains of denial.

We participate in games that dwindle away compassion . . . like politics, business, and imaginary social classes that confine future generations into the same old paradigms of fear and hatred that are running the world today. Our neon slogan should read, "Things will get better if we do the same old thing . . . ignore it!". Our pre-arranged values desire what is insane, so chemicals deplete the remaining ozone layers and people profit by cutting down trees. Urban over-population is starting to make it seem rather hard to breathe, and as we further degrade our relationship with nature for enough spare change to pay the meter, our love for one another continues to dwindle, day by day, with rehearsed conversations and mass-marketed persuasions designed to occupy our eyes and minds with subliminal post-hypnotic suggestions; and somehow, everyone is now defensive.

All the prisons that we've erected are merely vain attempts to restrain our ignorance from infecting the daydream of capitalistic living; where giving is considered losing, and none can afford to do this. Fear prevails over faith in a society that denies humanity, and insanity is fertilized by the expectation of change without doing something about it. All of us need to wake up tomorrow . . . quit worshipping our jobs and start having faith in **God**; I'm serious . . . go read Matthew 6:19. How much longer must we go on behaving like slaves laboring in a system where mass production erases the environment that we've been given, and toxic waste contaminates the rivers in which the fish we eat swim? What use will these automobiles be to

humans dying from carbon monoxide poison? Who will make the last of the profit from the rain forest harvest when no one is able to breathe? What will it take for us to see that our artificially-fabricated society destroys the only thing worth having? . . . life.

How confused are the times when we must persuade people to believe the truth, yet, by the use of lie after lie after lie we can accumulate millions overnight in advertising . . . ?

It's time to awake and arise,
to enlighten the minds that structure
this mundane complacency
of merely existing . . . to come to life
with revolutionary insight
and fight the war inside
against the greedy pride of self;
wake up your neighbors and tell them . . .
it's time to rise above
the confinement of hate,
which all of us have chained
to our children . . .
to erase the resistance of apathy
and alter this decline in mentality
that's tearing society apart . . .
to start replacing every fear
in your heart
with the strength of faith . . .
and welcome the embrace of wisdom
to forsake the insanity
of our ways of possession and vanity;
which are merely transitory
like the illusion of time.

Be not reserved toward the victory incurred,
rather . . . endure with saintly patience
and remain awake
until the day The Master returns,
sojourn into the days remaining
without restraint toward salvation . . .
and refrain from contemplating
the worldly ways of thinking;
rather . . . abstain from the violence
overtaking our serenity inside.
We will not hide
behind closed eyes
or be pacified
by another generation of lies
that tradition can pass-on-down the line
into the minds of our children . . .
we refuse to be preoccupied
or hypnotized
by any mass medium of amusement
and we will not get in line
or ever remain silent;
We are awake and rising . . .

~Intangible Realities

Energy

Energy is the foundation
upon which matter stands.
All things appearing solid
are really in a state
of constant vibration
according to their frequency
and the ability to perceive,
which is the frequency
of the observer.
The enlightenment of energy
is accomplished
through a process called evolution . . .
for this matter is dense
into which we have fallen,
and through separation
our vibrations were altered
from the Spirit
to which we're destined to return.
Energy is the physical counterpart of Spirit,
and it pervades all of existence
with the divinely given gift of life;
energy never dies . . .
it only changes form
according to the only two forces
that govern our lives:
our own thoughts
and **God**.

Advertising

Anything to persuade
your opinion this way,
influence is the game
when there's money to be made.
Value is created
within your mind's eye
and like gasoline upon fire . . .
we heighten your desire
NOW RUN AND BUY!!!
*Everything is what you need
here come and see . . .
there's no obligation
its absolutely FREE . . . FREE . . . FREE!!!
(even comes with a warranty)
This is the biggest sale ever . . .
'til next week.

*None of this is true, this is a scam to influence your energy into pre-determined channels as to manifest a reality which keeps you preoccupied and blind to what is really going on around you. Subject to change without prior notification.

Poetry

The language of metaphor
fluent in pictures---
snap-shots taken
in a blink of the mind's eye
we see the meaning clearly,
we perceive it in every line,
we're aware of all that underlies
the meter,
the rhythm, the theme,
rhyming or not;
we share the same paradigm
for at least the amount
of time it takes you
to turn the page . . .
and sometimes longer.
It's the language
in which Spirit
has always chosen
to speak with us; symbolism
mixed with prose is poetry
and it's the only language
capable of showing
the mind what the heart
already knows.

Words

Words are pieces of our puzzle
jumbled together . . . failing attempts
at the picture we see . . .
they're sounds of symbols
upon which we agree;
representations for everything
. . . above and beneath.

Words
are just
fragments
of the whole we perceive . . .
can ever they be arranged
to explain the whole
in which they are contained?

Ego

I am important
and so deserving recognition,
I'll petition the crowd
with whatever gets me attention.
Me, Me, Me is all I can see
through this narrow perception
of inflated esteem,
but I'd never miss the chance
to catch a second glance
at a self-portrait of yours truly.
Conversation is merely the monologue
I give on cue; what about you? . . .
my autobiography is long overdue.
The world awaits my every step
and, being so important, I sometimes forget
about all of you little people . . . nevertheless,
I do sincerely regret being too busy to say it.
So, if I had time in this world of mine,
I'd give something to you;
ah, never mind, I'd rather receive . . .
now everyone bow
and hail the all-important me.

Ignorance

You're the leading cause
of death in America . . .
You're the disease
TRANSMITTED
by belief; you give away
what no one needs
and bury deeper
our only hope of salvation.
You're the drug
they spoon-feed children . . .
and the insanity
aggravating every genius mind.
You're the reason why
we heed the advice
when Simon says:
'keep your eyes closed
and smile'.

Intuition

You're the channel
through which visions come,
providing the O.K.
that's sent from above.
You guide my footsteps
and direction of thought,
to make heard . . . things spoken not
to all who listen.

Like a compass for the soul
offering direction on which way to go;
intuition makes things known in the heart
while the mind struggles
with the torment of doubt.
You're the friend who lets me in
on what's about to begin,
allowing me to see
how things will turn out . . .
before they come to be.

Love

Love enlightens
our inner vibration,
eliminating
the cause of hate.
Love can replace
every fear we create
and free us from ourselves.
Love heals all wounds
that a lack-thereof has caused,
love opens our soul
to the wisdom of **God**;
through lessons of faith
we learn the release
needed to let go.
Love endures
the seasons of change
and displays affection everyday . . .
like sunshine upon her flowers.
Love is the solution
and love empowers . . .
Love is enough.

Emotions

Emotions, like seasons,
weather our soul.
Winds of isolation
internally separate us
from the love contained
in the warmth
of understanding.
Seasons change . . .
providing room for growth,
thus removing what has been used
perpetuates rebirth . . . and continues the cycle
of nature's reason and purpose:
Balance.
Emotions, like storms, engage our soul
with inconsistent transitions . . . called feelings,
that continually wash ashore in waves
permeating our every state
and providing a means
for our relative minds to witness
the whole of human experience;
through the emotional cycles within us.

Time

The perception of time
is relative to awareness;
for a day of the Lord
counts lifetimes of men.

Low vibrations
perceive truth unfolding slowly
and measure it in fragments
called time.

High vibrations
share in the omniscience of the whole;
where eternity
is only within the moment
now.

Obsession

YOU . . . YOU . . . YOU . . .
you're everything I so desire to be
but never will allow for fear of misery . . .
but anyhow, you take away
my collection of self-created pain
and postpone my every dream
to fill my insides
with what I am not . . .
you're the scapegoat I've bought
for my euphoria
and my only reason to exist . . .
you are the temptation
my feeble heart can not resist,
so I insist on desiring you
and attraction persists.
I've chosen you as my source
to do for me
what I've forgotten to do for myself . . . feed me.
You are the breath
whenever I inhale . . . and the blood
running through my veins;
without you . . . there is no me . . .
I NEED . . . I NEED . . . I NEED.

Mind

Mind is present
inside the forces
organizing the vibrations
of both harmony and discord.
Through the infinite sea of swirling energy
which lies beneath the sight
of our sleeping conscious eyes,
we perceive the un-materialized structure
underlying all substance
in forces that permeate
even matter and gravity . . .
called thought.
The way a conductor orchestrates
beautiful movements
in a symphony of music . . . mind
applies the energy of thought
into reality.

Silence

When no longer
your inner ears listen
to the infinite thoughts
within a restless sea
of wordless speeches,
and waves of perception
cease to permeate
the conscious state your mind occupies;
this is the beginning of silence . . .
where expressions get replaced
with the tranquility
they invade.

Dreams

The mind's eye visualizing itself
through the symbolism of intuition . . .
in a reality
that no one can actually prove is real,
where seekers travel in feeling
to experience
revealing visions of themselves.
Dreams contain things
that while you're awake
get pushed away
by the process of thinking;
the same as silence
drowns the presence of sound . . .
sleep has profound effects
on the shape of consciousness.
Dreams take place
in places that are real,
while you're there . . .
and when you come back here
this becomes what is real;
like surfing dimensions
between inter-connected states of existence
where the only thing separating them
is perception.

Politics

With games of words
rehearsed coercion
governs the law makers
lengthy nothing speeches.
Words selected
become an attempted identification
upon the targeted audience they seek . . .
with a voice planned perfectly
publicly to speak,
they fill the ears of listeners
with repetitious promises
they never seem to be able to keep;
then, there's a winner . . .
one who has spoken objectively
and correctly projected the image of a man
whom taxpayers expect to see,
for another four years . . .

Discipline

Discipline advises
you to strive
further than
your reach, to pursue
continual progression
of attaining the desire you seek.

Discipline aligns
the energy required
to manifest
whatever it is you see
and believe
until applied faith
is all that it takes
to materialize into reality . . .
whatever it is you think.

By the repetition of perfect practice
one masters any task . . . 'til at last
there is no distraction;
focused thought
simply becomes
expressed action.

Discipline pushes every runner forward,
around the next corner,
and up this hill until
the miles flow by endlessly . . .
and when pain sets in, discipline says,
“DO IT AGAIN!”;
for the weight of giving up
is heavier than any fall,
and the last one standing
is the only one
called a champion.

Belief

Beliefs are thought patterns
that are so taken for granted
they're no longer questioned . . .
just accepted
without conscious recognition
or even the memory
of when we came to agree with them.
From experience we form our beliefs
and still others are simply taught,
like how to stay in the lines when coloring
or the result of touching things that are hot . . .
beliefs unconsciously remind us
of things we think we've forgotten.
Our everyday routines
proceed according to beliefs,
like "material things are valuable"
so life is about having . . .
or "there's nothing we can do"
so let's all be sincerely apathetic;
you see . . . before anything can happen,
someone has to believe.
Belief creates the possibilities
from which we choose our path
and determines whether or not
we'll reach our destination.

Frustration

Frustration grows
from the seeds of insecurity
that are sown
into the fertile garden of your mind,
inside you feel the need to control
that which you can not.
Resistance draws resistance
when conflict becomes provoked,
for no one wins a trophy
when the opponent is yourself.
The harder you push . . .
the harder you are pushed,
deeper down in darkness
like a single feather falling
into a well of self-created isolation
where no hand can ever reach you.
Release is the only escape
from the inner prison of restraint
and only faith
alleviates the weight of frustration . . .
by allowing.

Religion

The study of **God's** Word,
yet . . . not so often the practice.
For though we read and sing
of His glory coming . . . every seventh day;
six others of our week
are spent practicing
all of the things against which Jesus preached . . .
even as we rehearse the words
our actions
our idols
and our intentions
negate the very truth we speak;
as we sink deeper
into our pagan lives
of isolation and ignorance . . .
multiplying now into the millions
of people who don't know
the first thing about what
Jesus said . . . but call themselves
Christians on Sunday---
dressed in their best apparel
to impress their neighbors
and earn the respect of men;
our behavior exalts ourselves . . .
rather than **God**;
committing the original sin,
over and over again.
Amen.

Prayer

Glory be to **God**
for all things great and small,
creator and sustainer
of the worlds . . . Most High
the first and the last
without beginning
without end . . . glory
in thy name,
in thy ways . . . glory
in thy presence,
in thy Light . . . glory
in thy Word,
Lord of Life
thy Will
guide my path
thy Sight
enlighten my vision
Great Spirit
Blessed be . . .
Amen.
Amen.

Television

Artificial hallucinations
to preoccupy our minds,
while inserted pictures
become anchored upon our emotions;
to stimulate . . . or generate
thought patterns inside.
A repetitious infection
marketing to a consensus of needs
with thirty-second “BUY-ME!” slots,
designed to influence
or confine our abilities to decide;
like someone else inside our heads
advising us on which product to buy . . .
these visual incubations
conceive motivating internal desires
that align paradigms of acceptance
and structures the belief system
to which the majority of society heeds
like some distracting invitation
to be entertained
by another’s persuasion . . .
as we’re swallowing the bait
they feed us.

Government

This network of structured agencies
armed with information
ever more entangled
into our lives and minds,
in patterns interwoven
and designed to confine
the mobility of decision
with paradigms of restriction.
Paper trails ensnare with congressional acts
and standardized official procedures
are merely required traps of law
masked beneath the censorship of ignorance.
Common knowledge is assigned to files
labeled: Public Information.
Someone else decides
what our eyes will read; we only see
through newspaper headlines
and television screens
that would have us believe
there could be no corruption beneath an organization
which consistently maintains its plausible deny-ability
by simply denying everything; as we continue to feed
its war machines the bodies of our children
and heed the subliminal public service announcement
to be seated and repeat after me . . . Simon says:
produce and consume everything---except questions
or assessments, while participating in an economy
which steals from the needy
to give to the greedy . . . under laws
designed to keep it that way.

Sex

Sex is . . .

flesh pressed against flesh
in the expressive dance of union
between the bodies of our souls;
where we hold only to the essence of release
and allow the nature of carnal desire
to unfold within the temporal fire.

Sex is . . .

target marketed to the masses
infatuated with lustful glimpses of skin;
like bait to lure our attention
into the given sales presentation . . .
so the powers of identification and persuasion
can take their effect in helping us to make a selection,
based on images projected as anchors
upon our emotions through association.

Sex is . . .

the forbidden fantasy game that everyone plays
inside the hidden parts of mind;
where we feel safe enough
to speak our thoughts freely,
without fear of reproach from both opinionated ears
and condescending eyes.

Worry

Worry weathers the soul
like wind erodes
loose sand from beaches,
it reaches into holes
and releases the seeds of doubt
which we fertilize with fear
'til negativity sprouts
weeds of worry
into the garden of our mind.
Like a razor
severing the threads of sanity
from beyond our reach,
we, mentally . . . at least, bleed and bleed
from the pain and suffering
inflicted by this disease of thought;
where the paralyzed victim never dies . . .
but merely withers away
inside the decomposition of their mind.

Nature

The laws of nature
govern the living,
like flowing rivers
route the ways of water.
Life runs through the veins of nature
providing an existence
within itself.
Change is the tool
in constant use . . .
to replace what is old
with something new;
as to harmonize the whole and its parts.
You see . . . it is not the tree,
or the leaves,
nor even the seed . . .
nature is the breath
through which Spirit
breathes life
into all things living.

Industrialization

This progress we've made
in the artificial race
takes first place---hooray.
We are removing trees that produce
the oxygen we need to breathe,
and for convenience sake
grass has been replaced
with concrete;
just so we can drive machines
in every direction.
Is there no introspection
into the damage we'll reap,
when all that is left
is carbon-monoxide and plastic . . .
or are the long-term effects
of inner contamination
not so drastic . . .
as extinction?

Cancer

The oxygen we use to breathe
is being replaced with an abundance of CFC's,
therefore reducing atmospheric conditions . . .
so our ozone depletes, and air index warnings
everyday we receive.

The water we use to drink
is now polluted by the industrial strength cleaners
that we pour down our sinks;
when we preach about recycling,
is this what we mean?

The food we eat is now filled at both ends
with artificial flavorings like
monosodium tri-glutamate
and red forty-something . . .
we cover the land with manufactured plastic
that in ten-thousand years
might bio-degrade, and today . . .
chemicals run freely
down neighborhood streets,
and we fill our rivers and streams
with hazardous materials
that collect in the sea;
but the cause of cancer
we're unable to perceive.