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UFO UpDates Mailing List

Re: Alfred's Odd Ode #203

From: **Alfred Lehmborg** <Lehmborg@snowhill.com>
Date: Thu, 11 Dec 1997 07:34:00 -0600
Fwd Date: Thu, 11 Dec 1997 22:11:51 -0500
Subject: Re: Alfred's Odd Ode #203

Apology to MW #203 (For December 11, 1997)

Be it Earthlike in space as I travel vast distance? Can I breath the Earth's sweetness in transit t'wixt stars. Can I live in a can that retreats from the sun, or in rings that we built from collections of jars? The answer is yes, is my own learnt opinion. The answer is yes, in all ways, shapes, and forms. The answer is yes; even frat boys are grudging, as they plan in their businesses, proud churches, and dorms.

We could push to light speed, or close to it anyway. We could slow the time down to a whimpering crawl. We could do in a moment what aeons were taking, and we'd seed the local galaxy with an Earth life, after all. It's all in the living the joys of continuance. It's all in a place where you stand safe and watch. It's finding and knowing, and beating the nightmare that nibbles at your never mind, then bites hard on your haunch.

What's past grows small in a rear view screen. It's retreating with the sun. All you need is with you in your city on the run. Not running from a consequence, or running on the lam, but running to new futures where one gives a tinker's damn.

A city's where you're living, then. It's travel spans the stars. The Earth is carried with you; Earth you've coaxed into your jars. All the people you have with you, that you'll ever see again, 'cause time erased those left behind, rather like they'd never been.

But a thousand years then passed on Earth, and they had found a way (!) to hot wire the reality that we endure today. Less is more, they had discovered, and they could travel in a wink what your ship in space had traveled while your eye does less than blink.

They meet you at your journey's end, they visit on the way. They upgrade all your hardware, but they never judge or weigh. They don't peer down lofty noses =85 don't insist upon new prayers. It's rather like you meet nice folks on a stellar flight of stairs. You can go or you can stay; you can have it either way, either one has heaven's promise -- satisfaction. No one pays so you can play, you make it work, you save the day! But for you the works are rusted to distraction.

Return then to the night of dreams where nestled in the stars, are the fruits these satisfactions can provide in cosmic jars. I metaphor ideas, we then take our precious breath, and we live among the stars to cheat a grinning, leering death.

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Regarding relevance, I contend that the battle must be fought on all the fronts at the same time, by some one <g>.

You won't be engaging your garden variety anomaly while children starve anywhere in complacent neglect. UFO's will never be accounted for when billions of your dollars are poured into the greedy coffers of non accounting black shops. A handle on the abduction phenomenon will remain forever elusive until we can put to rest who the man really is, and understand the mechanisms of his disrespectful manipulation held over, as it happens, from an arbitrary and absolutist time of the divine rights of priests and kings! A suggested alien presence will not treat with us on any level we'd appreciate as long as we environmentally foul our bed clothes, and then throw the dirty sheets into the faces of a hapless lot of ever increasing **never-haves**.

All the fronts are tied together into this heaving mass of almost was, and could have been. It is composed of part and parcel, nuance, and suggestion. The seemingly understood is filled with surprise, and deepening mystery is no surprise at all. But, though composed of all these form defying portions and components, it is still a whole that is greater than the sum of all of its parts. It must be seen eventually as this **whole** as it is very easy to become lost into an infinity of contested compendium, hashing and rehashing these moot details until they have lost all meaning, relevance, and objectivity.

The imposition into our consciousness by this **paranormal/UFO thing** is a manipulation of the whole. We have to believe that there is something more to our aggregate reality than sifting conflicting minutia, following **rules**, paying taxes, and dying. We are fed a thin gruel of religion, work ethic, incomplete character assessment, and gross and prevaricating sexual titillation from a learned media that is clearly a tool of some shadowy control body. We don't get the real deal, just a distorted mist -- a lie in the fog. Cop to that, and the mist begins to dissipate, the lie becomes impossible to tell, and WE stand revealed.

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"I cleave the heavens, and soar to the infinite. What others see from afar, I leave far behind me." - Giordano Bruno, while burning at the fundamentalist's stake, and now traveling between the stars.

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