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## UFO UpDates Mailing List

### Alfred's Odd Ode #221

From: Alfred Lehmborg <Lehmborg@snowhill.com>  
Date: Sat, 07 Feb 1998 05:58:01 -0600  
Fwd Date: Sat, 07 Feb 1998 16:17:51 -0500  
Subject: Alfred's Odd Ode #221

Apology to MW #221 (For February 7, 1998)

You look out on the blackness of a starry, starry night to washed out points of light polluted, symbols of your fright=85Seeing but a fraction of what is really there, you hope its strange ambivalence won't put you to its dare. Move on out to darkened space, and the fraction's even smaller; despite the fact you're seeing more -- enigma just gets taller! That space is huge, immense, unknown -- its size is ever larger. The length and breadth accelerates, its hugeness fans its ardor. In it's found potential of a billion trillion ids, if you've thought it, it has happened =85 and has happened as it did. And much, much more has happened than is thought of in these minds that inhabits our shared multi-verse in slow rivers of old time.

There is blackness that transcends Pol Pot, or Hitler -- even Stalin!  
There are miseries undreamed of in their pits to snare the fallen.  
Despair so thick it runs in veins like toxic waste in dreams -- that mirror all the passion of its shrieks, and cries and screams.

But balance is the order so the inverse also happens. There is truth and light and sun washed sight to complement its lesson. There's the smell of leaves of grass on a million peaceful worlds, a touch of silk that's cobweb sheer on healthy frames un-shamed, unfurled. Unclouded and austere and never screwing for percentage, they are living, laughing, loving, and they know the sweet advantage.

Like a fiction, or a star trek, or a star wars, love abides. It's the feeling good with honor that is felt with humble pride. It's the looking out to see their works as lasting, fitting in. It's achieving all their dreams AND satisfactions found therein! There's a breathing free with honor in a world they help build, there's completeness for that spot\* in them -- you love it when it's filled. They respect the individual, the key to their success, they live in lucent Edens they construct, but I digress.

Garibaldi, someone like him, lives his life on edge of failure; a captain takes a sacrifice to task. Anything can happen on a million billion worlds. Dr. Drake can only tell you when you ask. He's more than just a WAG, and he's conservative as hell; he is science un-myopic and he's got a tale to tell. It's a statement on veracity that watchers do exist, could watch us span potential -- watch some of us resist =85 Could be looking from the shadows some avoid in dangerous fear -- go beyond the envelope that you contain and label queer. =85Deliver from the darkness, or give up on the light. Living on (?) -- in all your selfishness, and disrespecting spite.

Earth is but a point in space, and cursed with infestation. A cancer rages in her flesh; it's humankind, and its gestation. Barely self aware, it's wondered, "will it meet its test (?)" ; will it wallow in its toxic

filth, or will it rise, amidst the best? Will it screw for best percentage like Ms. Ripley once observed, and grind itself beneath its heel -- unrepentant, undeterred? Or will it work to meet the watchers, read a history handed down, though it crumble proud foundations of old systems un-profound.

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It does little good to maintain that these are not precipitous times. On the one hand we look into untroubled skies with a good clearing breath in our collective chest -- remarking that it's a grand time to be alive =85 on the other hand -- well, the other hand is empty=85empty and cold.

We feel this on levels underlying the brave fronts we put up during the day, holding this tenuous \*thing we call reality\* together in gnashing teeth, and scratching nails. Some of us are able to hear the screams of those that fall to the wayside, or under foot, in this mad dash to covet imagined satisfaction; smell those ground up for grease to lubricate the lifestyles of a dwindling few; see the disrespected stagger in induced retardation; feel the hopelessness, despair, and anguish of a MAJORITY of INDIVIDUAL people who inhabit an insignificant and brown tinged, but blue and white point in space.

I think it explains the popularity of "Titanic", a theme of increasing frequency nearing century's end; the ship a metaphor for the \*impossible\* occurring; a complete and absolute destruction, even disappearance, of the very ground you stand on; a plunging out of sight into the black, high pressure, and terrifying unknown. Maybe we go out with some blustery passion, or not -- the slide to crushing dissolution is complete for both.

I stand as round shouldered and vulnerable as any, but I square my shoulders to hoist a one fingered salute to any fate that sweeps down on all of us, or just on me. I'll face what's true, and make it work, if I'm able! Or not.

The salute remains.

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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 tied to preclude a similar salute.

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