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Alfred's Odd Ode #224

From: Alfred Lehmborg <Lehmborg@snowhill.com>
Date: Tue, 17 Feb 1998 06:57:52 -0600
Fwd Date: Tue, 17 Feb 1998 09:48:06 -0500
Subject: Alfred's Odd Ode #224

Apology to MW #224 (For February 17, 1998)

The moon was full behind me, and I was looking east; the stars stuck fast in cool-ish air like the eyes of wary beasts. Just sipping on my coffee, and thinking on my son, who's up and joined the Air Force (?), putting college on the run. He'll crew the flying mantas that are terror in the skies; he takes the road I'd chosen, and he'll fiddle with what flies=85

All at once a flaming bolus split the night in quick descent! I could almost smell it burning like a solder gun that's spent. I listened in the quiet for the tell tale sound of passage, and heard the booms transonic like a prophet's voice of presage!

I saw it then a small white light that grew in it's intensity; it didn't move, got bright as hell -- it had a strange propensity. It winked out when the brilliance made me raise my hands alarmed, though I reveled in its strangeness. I was gladdened, frightened, charmed. I see the damnedest things in skies I know are without end. Where anything can happen, it's an open mind's your only friend.

~~~

The light winked out, but then resolved to the structure of a craft! It drifted quickly downward on a silent swooping track. Reflecting silver moonbeams, it grew in girth and size. The color and the detail -- it stopped my breath, it filled my eyes.

With nary a bump it stopped with a thump, afloat in the air, overhead! Rubbed eyes are no cure, I am slackjawed, demure, (no terror, no horror, some dread). Another few inches my house is destroyed! I'm concerned beyond measure, and a little annoyed that I think of the house, a possession, a toy, when enigma comes calling, and I'm not overjoyed.

And I'm not overjoyed at this prospect of contact I've studied and dreamed of 'till now! It's here in my face, no warm up or warning; it'll upset my life, friend, and how! It'll freak out the wife, and derail my son; I'll never get work as a teacher begun=85

I look again -- it's hanging like my house's second story, though the normal sounds of night go undisturbed. The dog's are still not barking, doves still coo their late contentment; the night goes on, unbothered -- unperturbed. I'm the only one that sees it (?), and the only one upset (?), and fill my lungs with air to shout for help! Then a thought comes in my mind, and it is mannered, cruel (?), but kind, and I don't produce a whimper or a

yelp=85

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If it happened to me =85I haven't a clue what I'd do. The personal responsibility of the occurrence is weighty. Additionally, you become another whacked out saucer nut with a disturbing story \_not\_ interesting enough to get on Art Bell's show. Meanwhile -- anomaly festers while I speculate on what can be cruel and kind at the same time. Maybe someone with disturbing news that tries to break it to you in the best possible way=85some ethical doctors must be cruel to be kind -- but, it'll be like anything else in that you'll be taking the good with the bad. And the good could be magical.

Children may be children and adults may be adults only because of the difference in technologies between them. Young children are at a very primitive technological level compared to their parents and teachers -- Brainiacs capable of feats reserved for super beings, able to weave scary magics the children can see in moving pictures before their eyes, protectors that never know defeat (for the lucky ones).

I rankle at being treated like a child, but if I'm acting like a child perhaps it is justified. Wow -- that was the first time I used myself as a metaphor for humanity =85 delicious feeling! Come what may, \_we\_ are the children in this sector of space!

Free John Ford.

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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, a victim of children.

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