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Alfred's Odd Ode #232

From: **Alfred Lehmborg** <Lehmborg@snowhill.com>
Date: Wed, 18 Mar 1998 08:15:03 -0600
Fwd Date: Wed, 18 Mar 1998 22:02:24 -0500
Subject: Alfred's Odd Ode #232

Apology to MW #232 (For March 18, 1998)

I've been looking through the Hubble; don't hold me to account.
I've wandered distant galaxies, traveled time -- I've been about.
I've been doing what you could be; the kingdom's here at hand,
and it just may be we're on the lip, of change -- you understand?

It's bigger than we thought, and expanding as we speak, its edge beyond the limits of the places we can seek. It just goes on and on in a glorious expanse that swirls frozen fires in a multi color dance. It doesn't stop with rainbows, but descends to infra red; its paint then ultraviolet, on to x-ray (yes!), instead. It's pressures are incredible, and then pressure's less than mist -- you'd be shredded tiny pieces, or you'd say you'd just been kissed.

In that space and time and distance there are races being born. With just one race per galaxy, there are thousands, billions -- more! You could call them just more multi-verse -- the part that it rakes up, to provide a look upon itself, and what it shall make up. It is good and it is bad, or it's indifferent, then, as hell. It wallows in the foulest slimes; it rings its stellar bells. Sometimes it is a blessing, and sometimes it is accursed; it could be said they're much like us -- that's for better. That's for worst.

We have a million neighbors; we've never been alone. Some wait outside the front doors of our squalid little home. Some wait with plates of *brownies*, and some others wait *without*. They wonder when we'll open doors and bravely walk on out. They wonder why we linger when the truth -- it will be plain. It'll come out like the whitewash runs from fences in the rain. And we'll feel so damn foolish, and we'll hang our heads in sorrow that we wasted all that precious time denying our tomorrows.

I've been looking through the Hubble and it's hard to get excited with the struggle and travail of human beings. I've just come back from timelessness and Ken Starr shows his dicklessness (?) -- no common sense, a rabid rightist's scream. I've wandered where the black holes and the super nova's are, so I can't arouse for Paula or Ms. L. They come across so petty -- are so dead with mere sensation that the whole of them can flatly go to hell.

And remember, shallow humans, when the watchers do appear, how you spent your time and effort here on Earth. You turned your back on hapless brothers, and you disappointed sisters just to keep a spot you covet near the hearth. You thought you had your reasons: They weren't the proper faith -- their color was

objectionable, (you have this thing with race).
The wrong side of the tracks -- they didn't speak your language
-- the sex was just too kinky -- they ate funny on a sandwich?
They didn't have the schooling -- they weren't as smart as you --
they were from another country, and, by rights, were mad at you?

Well -- all of that is laughable when we wake up to the truth.
All our petty little bigotries just dissolve and fall from view.
Cop at last to the reality that we never were alone, and
embarrassment shades the cheeks bright red, and shame goes to the
bone.

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Yea, and I say unto you brethren <g>!

Restore John Ford.

--
Explore the Alien View?

<http://www.fortunecity.com/roswell/arecibo/46/>

"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 feeling no shame!

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