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Alfred's Odd Ode #317

From: Alfred Lehmborg <Lehmborg@snowhill.com>
Date: Sat, 18 Sep 1999 07:14:39 -0500
Fwd Date: Sat, 18 Sep 1999 23:51:15 -0400
Subject: Alfred's Odd Ode #317

Apology to MW #317 (For September 18, 1999)

I feel like my plug is pulled. Drugged, distracted, and annulled -- adrift in this society of wayward souls who would be free. Divorced from my autonomy, and driven to once healing knees, a troubling ground distracts and plies and forces eyes from listless skies. Hostile people orbit 'round, their children on contested ground, and I can't hear their anguished words that, (almost a foreign language) churn. Ridiculed for even trying, misunderstanding (bald face lying) -- dodging missiles of derision . . . in multitudes of indecision's . . .

Those that hold the golden reigns would choose their own contrived refrains. They are not the least bit worried (as they watch us crawl and scurry) that their way is not the best, and makes us fail some crucial test! We're NOT alone in FINITE space; it's well admitted, and the case, but these proponents of old thinking cripple and deny us *stinking* they would do the righteous thing while wearing craven crowns of kings! Arbitrary and conniving, graced by *GOD* to do the thriving, these pretenders of our rules would have us live enthralled -- abused. Distracted by the flashing glitter of sullen rap stars -- heavy hitters, folks are kept less satisfied to keep them hungry, mad -- denied. Froth them up on "burning flags", or "silly stains on crass blue rags" to snatch their eyes from stunning wonders kept from view by those who plunder!

I imagine gracious spaces, with plastic wings I fly (if graceless), coasting in a hollow sphere that orbits, high, so far from here. Working in my hydroponics, breathing air that's like a tonic, making things that save the earth and bring her back, yes, lift our curse! Colonize the asteroids -- bigger thoughts, and better choices, we could live in harmony if we avoided harming knees. Simply put, it's not respect that keeps us mired and in debt. We don't keep our promises; we distort our common senses; some of us would break our oaths to wear a *better* set of clothes. This WILL keep us from the stars, and tie us down with ancient bars that we don't need or even want if truth was more than nonchalant. Take a breath and draw it free as you come off your callused knees, and take advantage of the wealth that staggers us with full stocked shelves!

And nature IS a realm of strife, but *man* would cruelly twist that knife, and take from those that cannot fight what they might find to LIKE in life. The bluest sky all filled with clouds, the greenest hill apart from crowds. A graceful spot to sit and rest, some birds to soar and make their nests. Colors fresh in soft pastels that stroke and kiss the eyes -- the smells! Smells that move your mind around to places you remember -- sounds, sounds that brush the ears . . . caresses, brushing, well away, distresses. Peace from loathsome human hounds that

prey on those who stay in bounds is what to wish if you would rather, but you're distracted I would gather. There could be an actualization as more perceive their desperation as something they must save against (plus turn to Knapp, and Howe, or Rense). That we don't get the "real deal" is starkly plain (and so unreal) -- lost as it repeats refrains that treat us like we have no brains. We only want our self respect that we have LOST to sad neglect. Robber barons -- like of old, but all too legal, so I'm told, hiding our myopic eyes from *treasures* they so fear . . . despise.

Plenty can be had by all; autonomy is what it's called, and you have earned it 'cause you're born to dance too fast for some man's scorn. People team despite their fortunes, they can SEE beyond distortion, and what in fact produce THESE teams, more power to contribute -- DREAMS, and then we fly in off-world spheres that spread more wealth -- outdistance fear. We could LEAP out from our star, we could spread between them -- far; we could live within the belt that sits between the planets dealt. Just a simple bridge suspended, with no endpoints we've invented, room enough for all our dreams, or Larry Niven's off the beam.

And yet I feel so confined in this we call our present time, with crass restrictions on our senses, sweet release behind tall fences -- all that we could hope or pray for well within a grasp we've paid for. Undefined, our satisfaction tantalizes its distraction; all the cars and homes you buy don't fill that place within you, Clyde. You would have enough to give if those that have would give ONE rib, and live in worlds we inhabit, live the rules that we cohabit -- righteous honest self actualization that we have earned in protestation. This my wish though heavens FALL, and folks hear drumming -- different calls, and we discover brand new ages -- rules rewritten, truth in pages. UFO's would fill the skies; with less there's more, and less despised -- and we would find this *larger* world preferable to our centers curled 'round the message of a man* that fronted for a church's brand. This confines and ties me down, these people all so scared to drown in seas where they have no control though "process due" is what's extolled.

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*Aristotle.

Restore John Ford!

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

<Updated 18 September>

<http://www.fortunecity.com/roswell/witches/237/lehmborg.html>

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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, burned at the fundamentalist's stake.

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