

Part 3

*Poetry
and
Thoughts*

Chez

In a small southwestern town, not at all prestigious,
folks were mostly middle class and sometimes religious.
There lived an interesting man, a bit of a loner,
staying in a small room above the diner, downtown on a major corner.

Across from the Court House were numerous stores,
A five-and-dime, a theater, a barber shop, a newspaper office, and several more.
Churches were plentiful, all Christian, Anglo, and Hispanic residents.
Everyone knew their place depending on their sentiments.

Some say the man was a veteran drawing his support from a military pension.
The work he did was sweeping sidewalks, barely worth a mention.
He walked straight, with a normal gait, unbowed, taller than most, and slim.
He spoke quietly, and respectfully, but not to make friends.

He was called Chez, only Chez. No one seemed to know much about him.
He had been there for years, most ignored him. He did not show much vigor or vim.
The police greeted him with respect, as one who belongs.
Vendors welcomed him with kindness, one who does no wrong.

There was a small public park on the Court House grounds.
Concrete brown-bagging picnic tables, and sitting benches, are better than most towns.
Several concrete checker/chess tables were lined with opposing seats.
This park was the town's pride, a refuge to find peace.

Usually, Chez was in the park playing chess and keeping the park clean.
Sometimes, a small group would gather to watch him play, skills so keen.
Rapid castling, gambits, lightning checks, and en passants, moving on the fly.
Sometimes he would lose. One wondered. To preserve the esteem of the other guy?

Children loved to observe his quiet, almost wordless chess insights.
He helped set the kids' tournaments on Saturday mornings, all reaching for new heights.
The parents were delighted and praised him for being there. "Super-Chess Chez"
They could shop without worry and take advantage of his chess daycare.

Part 3 - Poetry and Thoughts

One summer day, sitting, watching the shoppers across from the park.
Rick and Saul, two young boys, entered the five and dime, an easy mark.
Eventually, they exited and met at the theater nearby.
Chez observed them empty their pockets, and share items. Say goodbye.

After observing this behavior on three different days, Chez acted.
He met the boys at the theater and took ahold of their collars during the transaction.
The boys were surprised. Chez told them not to run
Rick and Saul felt the need to flee, but escape chances, there were none.

Chez walked the boys, grasping their collars, and moving back the way they came.
He quietly told the boys you are going to return the items and feel some shame.
Entering the store quietly, Chez found the manager. He ran his plan.
The boys returned the items. Chez asked the manager that for each young man

not to call the police, call the boys' parents, and
ban the boys from entering the store until they are men.
The manager agreed. The deal was done. Forgiveness had been earned.
The pain and embarrassment of being a thief had been learned.

Chez went back to his park. Rick and Saul found their way back to chess.
Accepted, they played again and stayed close to Chez.
It does take a village. Who will have the greatest effect?
With kind intervention, with calm firmness, no lives must be wrecked.

The Dangerous Narcissist

TV shows are full of bobbing heads and talkers
pessimists and squawkers
chatterers and detractors
I am wanting to be savants, but only actors.

Chasing a story too entertaining to ignore
a brat billionaire spoiled to the core
a name-calling bully many adore
a cult leader in this tug-of-war.

A phenomenon we freely created
politicians castrated
democracy rotated
citizens frustrated.

The power of dictatorship growing
antithetical, mind-blowing
supporters crowing, unknowing
freedom forgoing.

This sandbox self-centered rich child seeking adorations
unearned devotions
dangerous emotions
only knowing self-promotion.

Democracy must turn away
scrap going astray
take a different roadway
especially on his birthday.

Take a different path
Don't look back.

A Way to Live

Sometimes something goes awry. A mistake is made. Some things cannot be undone. Worrying, fretting, something needing repairs which are beyond repair. .

The soul is being controlled by the world of "If Only".
Often blaming others, "If Only you had not done that." "If Only ...".



Is "If Only" solving the problem? Is it living in the present?
Does living in the "If Only" world make one happy or solve anything?

There is another way. Learning from mistakes but moving on.
Shaking it off and looking ahead. Accepting the present and stepping forward.

Introducing "Next Time". A way to correct and grow forward.
Knowing that growth is full of failures, taking a chance that it will not happen again.

Hope springs eternal and it begins with shunning "If Only".
Restart by devoting to a lifetime of "Next Times".

G-L-O-R-I-A

G-L-O-R-I-A-!  Glooor-i-A 
"Hello, Gadberry"

That was our greeting at each Zoom meeting.
Endearing and respectful. Cheery and delightful.

Her late husband and I taught high school together for 11 years.
Joe was a compassionate and caring teacher, appreciated by his peers.

Growing to know her was a joy. Elementary education her employ.
Impeccable word sounds in Spanish. In English, the accent would vanish.

Poetry was her art. She enjoyed humor, did her part.
Her mind, more than sharp, her desire to learn everything, just a start.

Her perfect sonnet, one part of a successful marriage would make.
Written with Joe one evening on Woodlawn Lake.

*Do you remember not that long ago
the lighthouse in the middle of the lake
the many ducklings swimming to and fro
their leader a strong, dark, and handsome drake
a cloudless sky revealed a light blue dome
the verdant grass that covered as a rug
was Nature's way of pulling us back home
where family can share a lot of hugs
but think of clouds as Wordsworth painted them
with words instead of oil paints and brush
describing them as flowers on a stem
bringing everyone to a verbal hush
do you remember that long, long embrace
and all the kisses placed upon your face?*

So, "G-L-O-R-I-A-!, ... til next time we meet, I await to hear "...Hello, Gadberry"

Mallows

soil is warming
under spring sunlight
new growth, fresh start

young green leaves
shooting up where old ones grew
strength from the past

the first stalk with
a bud appears wrapped tight
pink and swelling

eager to show glory
a bud joined by others
blazing wide wings

each bud opens up
into five touching petals
only for one day

displays huge like plates
and as small as coins
pollens everywhere

perennial blooms
are hibiscus every year
grandest anywhere



A Christmas Photo



A Christmas celebration of family

*Visiting children near Christmas Day,
staring at this photograph, I am taken away.
Feeling the parent's embraces, the looks on their faces,
the cuddling of the young ones, knowing safety in their places,
The image capturing the strong bond they are sharing.
showing the growing garden, the nourishing of constant caring.
Mothers eyes flooding the daughter with adoration.
Father's arms holding all in formation.*

*Each young one looking for what is to come.
Each parent grateful for what they have done.
For all the efforts and tribulations in raising these two,
the love they are creating will carry them through.*

He Has my Back

As one ages, it becomes more difficult to have the strength to change places. One worries that when new people move in close, they will bring problems.

As the house next door sold, I wondered who the new tenants would be. Watching daily, I finally see a heavily bearded thin man standing in front.

Not very young, not very old, somewhat medium, not particularly bold. I greeted him from my driveway and he approached right away.

Introductions made, and we proceeded to have a brief talk about his moving plans. I felt comfortable that we have an owner family and not flipper renters.

As time progressed, the move was made, and he came over to talk. Sitting comfortably in my driveway, I assumed a dominant role.

Knowing the neighborhood and history, I explained to him about my needs. He listened quietly, not interrupting, understanding my expressed need for privacy.

I had heard that they moved to be near their Church.

The only way I would ever move for religion would be to get away from it.

I told him of my aversion, fighting the force-feeding of the Calvinists. I told him I could never accept the divinity of Jesus of Nazareth.

He sat quietly, listening to unsolicited blabber from a stranger.

I finally realized that everything being said was about me, by me.

I finally slowed down. I felt selfish for not asking him about him.

He made a simple statement that he cannot imagine living without his Faith.

What amazed me was that there was no selling his belief, no preaching. Over time, it dawned on me that he simply accepted me for who am I.

This kind Jesus-looking man simply wanted my friendship, to help me with chores. To offer his shoulder to use as a prop and to help my teetering balance.

Seldom in life will one find another like him. Quiet, kind, accepting, unconditional love. He genuinely walks the walk of the One he believes in. It is a powerful way to live.

My Zoo Friend



It was springtime, a few years ago.

My big double-up lensed camera loaded.

I sidled close to the big bird pen, looked down,
and this dude took a curious liking to me.

He held the stare for quite some time.

His head tilted every once in a while.

No sound was made, no wings flapped.

I dared not flinch, the pose was frozen.

Click, Click, Click! It was captured.

The image was perfect. It still is.

We were mesmerized by each other.

I wonder if he knew what I saw.

Veto

Texas government is full of strange bedfellows.

The Executive branch blusters, overshadows,
and expects the House to perform kowtows.

The race to be more conservative is always needed,
even to the degree of making reason impeded.

The governor's use of the veto has become quite heated.

Veto and signings, blocking and agreeing,
denying mail-in ballots to the un-seeing
no local rules for outside workers for water or peeing.

Cutting off funding for the legislative bunch
because they walked out and went to lunch.

Veto extortion seems to be the rabbit punch.

Infighting has begun with the dictators clashing.

Lt Guv and Guv, their words bashing.

An interesting summer, simply smashing.

I am Viktor



I am Viktor.

My message is divine.

The world is becoming evil.

If we do not align.

Under siege by progressives,
we must fight back.

Illegal non-white immigrants, same-sex unions,
American Democrats. Give them no slack!

My country is the Lone Star State in Europe.

I am an old-fashioned freedom fighter.

The corporate industrial news is fake.

Under Christ, we must make our bond tight.

The family is under attack!

Children must be protected from gender ideology.

A woman is the mother, and a man is the father.

Leave our kids along with your twisted biology.

The global ruling class has no future.

But I have a future in store.

All who doubt me can go to hell.

Texas and Trump have warmly given me an open door.

Thank you to CPAC

for the support and standing ovations.

Salutations to my Christian Nationalist comrades,
and friends of dominionist nations.

I love my true believers in the US Congress,
Boepert, Cruz, Jordan, Rick Scott, MT. Greene,
Biggs, Ronnie Jackson, Gaetz and many others,
whether they are fakes or genuine, or just wannabee seen.



Klaus Stortebeker 1360 – 1401

A giant of a pirate helping the Swedes fight off the Danes,
working with the Victual Brothers, stealing ships, and avoiding the chains.
A band of Robin Hoods, pirates with a heart,
stealing from the rich, giving to the poor a la carte.

Such a leader Klaus became, what a male!
sometimes single gulping a container of 4 liters of ale.
His band set up a stronghold; Too strong to be defeated,
but he and his 73 buddy pirates were captured; someone cheated.

In Hamburg, tried and convicted, after offering bribes,
the outcome was dire and contained deadly vibes.
All were to be executed, beheaded, for sure.
for that punishment, there is no cure.

Klaus, always the brave one, offers himself headfirst.
Take me but spare my comrades that I walk past after I am dispersed.
The judge agrees and Klaus' head is dispatched.
Rising up and walking along the line of his men with head not attached.

Passing one, two, three, they shouted with glee,
Four, Five, Six, they were happy to agree.
Seven, Eight, Nine, Looking fine,
Ten, Eleven, Twelve men passed; a good sign.

Setting out for another, the executioner tripped the headless Klaus.
He stayed down succumbing in the courthouse.
The Court reneged and beheaded all 73 of his pirates.
Klaus has a statue in Hamburg probably surrounded by their spirits.

Later archives claim that he lived, paying taxes in 1418.
Alas, who knows from what truths myths can glean?

Tick, Tick, Tick

When does the ticking begin? At conception? At the first beat of the heart?
At birth? At the first cry?

Regardless, the clock is there, right from the start.

Time is blessed, Time is cruel. It keeps ticking; deducting for being lazy,
marking moments of growth, deceiving about the amount left.

Posing the most confounding question, driving us crazy.

We rationalize. Our highly developed cerebrum requires a solution.
We gather into spiritual groups; Supporting others for what has never been seen.

Searching, searching for a believable resolution.

Growth slows. Parts wear out. Tasks are harder. Illnesses increase.
We know the clock will stop; we wonder but never know how, or when.

At the end, the last tick, will everything we are cease?

Slowly, losing former abilities. Dancing. Piano playing. Making love,
The losses depress the will to live. Is there a choice when to stop the clock?

Is it immoral, unkind, hurtful, and blasphemous to give the ticking clock a shove?

Where is the choice? Who winds the clock? Tick one, tick two, tick three.
Why is it not me? Who has the most invested? I should choose when it ends

Sedated, pain-free, sleeping deeply. This is what it should be.

Part 3 - Poetry and Thoughts

Who can help with the passage? Doctors say no. The Oath! Who else knows how?
Maybe self-induced? Not ideal. Might be painful. Not a fetching thought.

Kind vets euthanize pets. They know the way we want as well. Why not thou?

At the last, some desperately accept faith, never seeing the facts.
Is it reassuring, that lives are but a lease on borrowed time? A finite number of ticks.

Then, the soul disperses. Where? Physical decay, falling through the cracks.

The clock is about to stop. Best probable hope. We realize who shared this expedition.
Those who miss us. Those we love. Hoping, remembering, our very best ticks.

Still puzzled, we depart, ending our voyage of growth and attrition.

Tribes

Why do we tribe?

Is that a lower-level activity and term to which we subscribe?

As homo sapiens, should we not raise our designation to describe
our collectiveness, our togetherness our groups in which we imbibe?

Our higher cerebration

compels us to seek a more respectful station.

After all, the differences between us and a dalmatian
must be a thousand times more than a mutation.

Some tribes try to find answers to the unknown.

Some tribes for protection, affection, and not being alone.

Some tribes for self-import and to be well-known.

Some tribes for sustenance and safety of being near your own.

“Birds of a feather” we have all heard before.

divisions occur, splits cause an uproar.

Tribal wars make us act like dinosaurs.

Ownership of territories pit tribes on tribes, forevermore.

Do we have to be tribal? Is there another way?

Probably not. There are so many of us today.

Even if one tries to be on a different walkway

You will end up ‘tribing’ anyway.

The Mighty Nash Ambassador

The upside-down bathtub on the driveway itches to rev its six straight inline pistons.
The accommodating hole welcomes the key and awaits the clockwise turn with anticipation.

The family steed basks every day in the weather, forest green on top,
light green on the bottom. Seats fold down to a double bed,
a radio knob turns speaker sounds front to rear.

A three-speed transmission with overdrive, column mounted, contains so many
ways to choose the motion.

Rev it up in second gear, let off the foot feet, it drops into a higher gear
and can surpass seventy.

The boat beckons, urge builds, key turns, left foot squashes the clutch, right
taps the gas pedal. Gasoline squirts into the carburetor,

Six cylinders roar alive, first gear stands ready,
clutch pops, engages!

Wheels propel forward, no rubber squeals, no tires spin, no fishtail slides,
only moves are those toward places safely known

A disappointed teen, testosterone *interruptus*,
a fantasy for a moment,

but, drive-in movies are fun.



Nuremberg

A Bavarian culture, long before the Fuhrer,
produced a brilliant artist named Albrecht Durer.

He was an original, not afraid of taking other turns,
sometimes choosing art in Italian terms.

He probably enjoyed the thin, tiny bratwurst,
nine centimeters or less, tendon-less pork, bacon. That works!

Flavored with marjoram, wrapped in sheepskin,
three brats with kraut, mustard, and two slices of bread to keep it in.

He might have chased the taste with a Lebkuchen made with ginger and honey,
or sated his sweet tooth with a molasses gingerbread yummy.

He did not visit the Christmas celebration in the town square.
He did not know of the Christ Girl with her flowing dress, sleeves, and long hair.

What would he think of the horrors told at the 1946 trials?
The inhumanity of man upon man, dead souls which stretched for miles.

Fame sometimes gives light to those who are evil.
Often, we forget the heroes from times medieval.

Hermann Göring, Wilhelm Keitel, Joachim von Ribbentrop, Ernst Kaltenbrunner, et.al,
None of them can compare to Albrecht Durer; none of them can stand so tall.

Marathon

Think, wonder, consider
decide, plan, internalize.

Prepare, diet, strengthen
set the goal, see the vision

Hit the track, measure the strides
lengthen the time, run harder

Sprint further, endure soreness
time the miles, increase the endurance

Start the race, maintain the pace
concentrate on mission, ignore competition

Check on plan, look forward
know the hill, go up...up...up

Look to finish, gauge remaining
run, race, sprint

Muscles burn, exhaust lungs
hurt, bend, catch breath

Realize goal, finish in glory, slap backs
hug, walk it off, cool, rejoice

The Barrier Island

A beautiful day. Light breeze. Low swells roll up.
Light white tops. Beached waves creep up. Depositing life.
Salty water slipping back. Little shellfish burrowing in the wet sand.
Sand crabs scurrying to their holes. Gulf water is quite warm.

Gulls fishing. Schools of bait running the cuts. Pelicans diving.
Kids sand castling. Saucers and balls flying.
Adults on towels. Sleeping, reading, dreaming.
Sun starts down. Time to go. Breeze is picking up. Could be a blow.

Back to the beach house standing tall in the middle of the island.
Gulf on the South. Big Bay on the North.
Everyone follows the path. Straight to the concrete stilts.
Bottom level for storage. Up the stairs. The big living room.

Bunkrooms on the corners. Kitchen on the north wall.
Viewing windows on the South. Large wraparound porch.
Parts of porch are screened. 'Derned' mosquitoes.
Might blow. Put up the storm windows. Get ready to hunker down.

Bed by 10. Blowing harder. Electricity fails at 11.
Look out South. Surf is approaching the house.
Everybody awake. Midnight. Water creeping up stilts. Flooding stairs. Open attic
ladder. Kids up first. Take a flashlight.

The water reaches the big room. Crashing waves hit the South wall.
Everybody up. Attic too small. Wind and waves a constant roar.
Suddenly, eerie quiet. Wind and waves subside. Clouds disperse.
Lightning storms surround. 2, 3, 5, 10 minutes. Is it safe?

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Then it hits. Big Bay is filled with water. Blown in from the South.
The eye passes. North wind now pushing bay water back to the Gulf.
The wall of water crashes into the North side. Overtops the roof.
House disintegrates. Washes out over the beach. A demolished raft.

Storm passes. The house is gone. No survivors. Drowned bodies were found.
Barrier island is clean once more.

The Gulf waters are a bit cooler.

Stilts remain.

Pelicans diving.

Gulls scavenging.

Dunes rebuilding.

Storm soon forgotten.

New beach dreamers arrive.

Plant taller stilts!

This Too Shall Pass

For all the tribulations, challenges, and joys of teaching youngsters,
often pacing with the slower learners,

putting up with the interrupters,

one element of time silently grows upon us; slips in as if being cast,
when we realize that these will soon leave us, grow, and move on.

“This too shall pass”.

Year after year, it becomes part of our expectation;
A hope that next year’s class will be better; this year’s class,

“Please leave at vacation!”

Insidiously, a teacher’s life adapts to the constant, temporal engagements;
here today, gone tomorrow,

always more replacements.

This can tend to change commitments as something not to count on,
Traditional commitments, marriage, family friendships under stress,

better gone?

Easier to leave, easy to replace? A teacher’s way of life is scheduled to embrace.
What happens when the job ends, constantly changing relationships,

trying to keep pace?

Will we find what we need? Will the peace and quiet suffice?
Will we be happy if lonely? What will this stigma change?

What is the price?

What is the loss?

Sumo, the Gentle Giant

"I want a big dog!"

"I want the big jowls and slobbery lips."

"One which will roll over and let me scratch his belly."

"Do you know how big his piles will be?"

"Will you pick them up before they are stepped on?"

"Can you afford all those big meals?"

"Listen carefully"

"He needs special care."

"His legs will not support his weight for at least a year."

Alas, we found Sumo, an English blond Mastiff.

All fourteen pounds of him at eight weeks old.

He had many siblings, sort of a breeding ranch setting.

We brought him home, all \$1200 of him.

Immediately we had to protect his bod from Pi, our shepherd.

First thing inside, he dumped on the floor.

He was timid.

Strange for such a big guy.

One shake of a finger, he would cringe and hide.

He knew when he was being loved

He relished it.

Rolling on the grass, eating the watermelon rinds and beef knuckles.

Should one ever want a 210-pound giant like this?

Realize the possible frequencies and odors of flatulating he brings.

All joys come with a price!

Once my Place

The light from a dying sun is foggy; the low light never changes.

The air is clean to the lungs. There are blinking stars at all hours.

Never is day different from night even for the young

Sleep is necessary for re-energizing; It must be artificially timed.

No trees, no bushes, no grass.

All-terrain underfoot is made of spongy small balls filled with gas.

Water runs clean from sources unseen.

Cities and villages contain habitats for families.

Living spaces consist of opaque walls, a separation of function.

All roofs and ceilings are transparent to let in available light.

Sleeping spaces are very small; No home electricity at all.

The food room is for eating and storage; Filled with covered bins, chairs, and a table.

Inside the bins are color-coded, various-shaped food dispensers.

Tubes contain liquid-based nutrients; Elliptical containers are full of cereal-like porridge.

The colors of the containers tell the flavors. My favorite was the blue tube.

All meals have been produced in laboratories during the past century.

There is not enough sunlight to grow what is needed.

Energy is easily saved; Movement is effortless. Gravity is very light.

It is easy to kick and throw objects out of sight

Life reluctantly adjusts to environmental challenges.

Unknowingly, deceptively giving up what was.

Using energy in “making do” without the will or unity to combat the changes.

Too late! ... and desperation prevails.

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Plans are made to leave.

We must find another world.

We must survive.

Families are chosen.

Flights are scheduled.

We are put on first.

We want to stay alive!

In the *New Place, Somewhere Out in Space.*

Excitement, hope, adventure we face.

Distant suns in sight, unfurled.

Straight up into faraway worlds.

leaving *Once my Place*

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Mikey

A son I did not father. Bonded in the same way. Sometimes more.

Always there for the other. Never competing and meeting the other's needs.

Proximity was seldom close these last few years. But it was not needed.

We came from different worlds. Education, economic, social circles.

Something fused us together. Something natural. Meant to be.

Your life was full of strife, your needs often deep.

Depression would hit you hard. I could tell when it happened.

We would meet and just sit. You wanted to explain but could not.

I would beam my strength into you with silence and understanding.

Now as we meet. I am here, you are somewhere else.

So awkward. I should have left first. You cannot let me help you now.

I guess I knew this day would come, but it is so hard to process.

I need to say these words. Life is a sequence of if-onlys and next-times.

if-only's are the setbacks, mistakes hurts caused, and failures one wants to correct.

Dwelling on those, regretting too long, absorbing energy and taking one down.

Forgiving the if-only's and embracing the next times are the key to happiness.

I have tried to practice this. Today, now, it is impossible.

I have forever lost the chance to tell you.... "next time".

The Quest

Nod was hatched in a nest in the Land of Evol.

He grew up unscratched and raised by caring parents.

He became a fine young swallow and sought a mate.

His way was to follow, taught to raise families, be quiet, and fly straight.

His home was near the beautiful mountain of Adnıl.

The continuous sight beckoned relentlessly

With promises of youth, new love, and dreams unrequited.

Was he seeking the truth? Was he being invited?

Alas, for years, he was too far away to fly to the image.

But one day, the mysticism of the mountain was too strong.

Risk it all? Leave the safety of the family? Wing away on his own?

Does he have the strength for the flight? What will he be alone?

Nod flew straight at the mountain. He felt strong.

He flew at a fast rate, sure and true.

Crash! Nod fell to the ground, bruised and disheveled.

What happened? He leveled, looked up, and saw Adnıl still beckoning him.

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He took off again and flew again directly at the mountain image.

Nod knew he was flying at it correctly.

Crash! Again. Time after time, he tried to reach the mountain.

*Time after time, he hit the barrier and fell, exhausted,
disheartened.*

Little did he know, the image he was pursuing was a reflection.

*The sight he saw was a section, a projection from a picture
window.*

Nod returned tired and spent.

His quest never completed; he came home defeated.

*As he quietly lived and passed away, Nod knew deep in his heart
That he had tried his best; Better to have lost than not tried at all.
Forever apart, until the end, the thought of that thrill.*

Nod always held hope for reaching Adnil.



Warm Places

Where should we go?

Canada was too cold.

Vegas? Reno again?

NOLA? Love the music. Love the food.

Time for a change?

Mexico? What part?

West coast? Prone to crime and colder Pacific water.

Maybe the Yucatan?

So touristy, almost cosmopolitan.

Alas, to the internet.

Search for warm waters.

Atlantic? Caribbean?

Bahamas? Puerto Rico? Virgin Islands?

Any others?

What's this one?

Saint Martin, Sint Maarten

Eastern edge of the Caribbean

Western edge of the Atlantic

Half Dutch, half French

Thirty-seven beaches.

Let's find a place to stay.

Looks like many available on the Dutch side.

CupeCoy Beach looks interesting.

Ocean Club looks like the place.

An efficiency for one week.

pool, cantina, beachfront

Perfect!

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Early summer

Fewer tourists from the north.

Flights confirmed, early June, all in a day

Nighttime arrival. Only one road circling the island.

Go west through Mullet Bay.

Stop at the one-armed gate.

The guard brings an envelope with a key.

Small unit, lower floor, kitchenette, air-conditioner, restroom, shower.

Open the large patio door, see the light reflecting on pool, hear the music.

Quickly, put on fresh clothes

Smell better

Walk the small path through the waving banana leaves

Walk up the steps to the open air cantina and bar

A few tourists and regulars are laughing and greet us warmly.

Drinks all around, rum abounds

Music on demand

Dancing, meet people from everywhere

We are at the right place.

Planning anxiously to see the Cupecoy beach below in the morning
and for the scheduled boat ride to circle the Island.

Laughingly inebriated, leave, fall into the pool

Clothes and all

Drip to the room

Strip, dry, and collapse onto the king-sized bed

A fabulous ending of a long airplane day.

So much to do, drive the island in our rented Toyota

Thirty-seven beaches, some clothing optional, so little time.

Part 3 - Poetry and Thoughts

<http://donlinda.net>

2003 – 2016

13 trips



The Aviary Sounds

The quiet prelude

early morning, each step, more sounds
an owl *hoots*, duck *quacks*
wing rustling, taking flight

Woodpecker *thumping, tapping*

rooster *doodle do's* while hens *clucking*
blackbelly ducks *whistling* from the trees
starlings *grackling*

A cardinal chirps *birdie-birdie*

hawk is hunting, dips and *shreaks*
mockingbird singing whatever it hears
dove pairs *cooing, calling*

Crows and ravens *cawing*

turkey *gobbles*, fluffs the feathers
overhead V's of geese *honking*
tiny chickadee staccatos its *dee-dee*

Titmouse calls *peter-peter*

robins in spring with their *cheer-e-up*
goldfinch beckons with many *tee-hee's*
Wrens tweet at least in threes

Listening to the life noises

friends with feathers
joyful, embracing
hushing, quietening, all the others

What does it see?

look in it look at it does it look back? what does it see?
is there something behind it? what? reflect? is that really me?
do I look like that? surely not too big unkempt wrinkles everywhere
in big windows create a show one we know please, put it not on air
lives are defined a second at a time without control the silver backed devil
showing the unwanted seeing doubles revealing disheveled
the clicking age clock no reverse always portraying getting clearer
now the end whoever decides please do not bury me anywhere near...
a damn mirror

I don't 'Get' it!

Indicative		
<u>present</u> ⓘ	<u>simple past</u> ⓘ	<u>future</u>
I get	got	will get
you get	got	will get
he, she, it gets	got	will get
we get	got	will get
you get	got	will get
they get	got	will get

*indicative form above, the verb is somewhat excusable,
although the past tense requires tolerating the guttural.*

Perfect tenses ⓘ		
<u>present perfect</u>	<u>past perfect</u> ⓘ	<u>future perfect</u>
I have gotten	had gotten	will have gotten
you have gotten	had gotten	will have gotten
he, she, it has gotten	had gotten	will have gotten
we have gotten	had gotten	will have gotten
you have gotten	had gotten	will have gotten
they have gotten	had gotten	will have gotten

*This tense is far from being 'perfect-ed'
when 'gotten' trods on the choices preferred to be selected.*

Continuous (progressive) and emphatic tenses			
<u>present continuous</u>	<u>past continuous</u>	<u>present emphatic</u>	<u>past emphatic</u>
I am getting	was getting	do get	did get
you are getting	were getting	do get	did get
he, she, it is getting	was getting	does get	did get
we are getting	were getting	do get	did get
you are getting	were getting	do get	did get
they are getting	were getting	do get	did get

*The tense above avoids the less offensive utterances
by using the forms of 'get' and 'getting' occurrences.*

Part 3 - Poetry and Thoughts

Compound continuous (progressive) tenses

<u>present perfect</u>	<u>past perfect</u>	<u>future</u>	<u>future perfect</u>
I have been get ting	had been get ting	will be get ting	will have been get ting
you have been get ting	had been get ting	will be get ting	will have been get ting
he, she, it has been get ting	had been get ting	will be get ting	will have been get ting
we have been get ting	had been get ting	will be get ting	will have been get ting
you have been get ting	had been get ting	will be get ting	will have been get ting
they have been get ting	had been get ting	will be get ting	will have been get ting

Why justify with 'be' and 'been'?

'have' or 'had' alone is not a mortal sin.

Other words can suffice.

'Receiving', 'acquiring', 'obtaining' would be nice.

Conditional ⓘ

<u>present</u>	<u>perfect</u> ⓘ	<u>present continuous</u>	<u>perfect continuous</u>
I would get	would have gotten	would be get ting	would have been get ting
you would get	would have gotten	would be get ting	would have been get ting
he, she, it would get	would have gotten	would be get ting	would have been get ting
we would get	would have gotten	would be get ting	would have been get ting
you would get	would have gotten	would be get ting	would have been get ting
they would get	would have gotten	would be get ting	would have been get ting

This the worst tense delivers pain!

Like what fingernails on the slate does to the brain.

'would have' alone would do.

Drop the 'gotten' and be through.

**I would've gotten
you would've gotten, etc**

Imperfect with contractions

And even worse

**I would've not gotten
you would've not gotten, etc**

imperfect with negatives and contractions

Most tenses can be polluted with negatives plus contractions.

'I hadn't gotten' sounds like such a melodious action.

Got and gotten has gotten our sounds in the gutter.

Help save our language!!! We have better ways to mutter.

Scene on the River Pier

Dog days, warm nights, sitting on the pier's edge
light on water, slightly moving, drifting
Reveals the life cycle over, over.
Hunted, hunters, under, above, floating.

Turtles, sunfish, and catfish, very hungry.
White moths flying toward the warmth of light,
dropping on the surface for the hunter
waiting, underwater for a fresh meal.

With the newly added daughter-in-law,
we are spying on the feeding cycle,
Right at our feet, so quiet, so real.

Feelings of this shared closeness between
us and the pier will be with me always.
Life should always consist of times like this.



PHI ϕ

FEE

PHI

FO, FUM (2)

Ratios (3)

Each and every one (5)

Next divided by previous (8)

approach the limitless irrational quantity (13)

of PHI or $\sim 1.618033988749891 \dots$ (21)

Such a unique number in nature, spirals, botany, art, approaching the golden ratio, take the reciprocal, it subtracts 1. (34)

3020

*There once was a house in Morning Glen
which was always vacant, not like 'now and again'.
Fifteen years at least, with trash that reeked in a spoiled bin
and rats ran wild as if in their playpen.*

*The holes in the roof went unrepaired,
visions of stars were unimpaired.
All efforts of fixing were spared.
Enter at your risk if you dared.*

*For years, the neighbors tried,
pursued the owner to abide.
C'mon City, County, condemn the place, sell it. Look inside!
For years, all but one put the problem aside.*

*This neighbor would not let things be.
She harassed everyone relentlessly.
Finally, because sense of neighborhood pride,
she discovered an angel with vision who bought it wide-eyed.*

*The angel stripped it clean.
New roof, ceilings, floors, walls, windows, and beams
Modernized it with an eye for keen and pristine.*

**Thank you, Mela!!!!
Our 3020 Queen.**

My Representative

The closest elected representative to me, local, community
The one I call for compliance, for traffic, for change and opportunities.

Always seems to be a straight-shooting son-of-a-gun
Always voting no, anything progressive is something to shun.

Always supporting the ones with weapons, the ones in blue
Always backing law and order, lock 'em up! If we only knew

On a dark Sunday evening, after having "a really good time"
Inebriated beyond belief, swerving drunkenly committing his own crime.

Drifting into a food drive-thru lane, offering his wallet and keys(?)
Asking for the manager, then fleeing in a breeze

Making a wide right turn, crashing hood to hood with a stopped car
He drives away, swerving, "What stop sign", pulls in his driveway, door ajar

Car still running against dented garage, back hatch opens, things thrown out
Stumbles around back, falls, cut on head, smells of alcohol without a doubt.

Witness follows, alerts police, policeman arrives and finds the soused lout.
Representative denies driving, "Don't remember my route"

Uses six credit cards trying to open patio door. Officer not impressed.
He denies medical service yet spends a day in hospital. No alcohol test?

Arrest warrant issued for misdemeanor crime. Turns himself in. \$1000 bond.
Refuses to resign. Thinks it will go away. Everyone waiting for him to respond!"

DWI warrant coming. City Council to vote to censure, demand him to quit.
Recall petition is growing. "Out! Out! Out!" "Now!" "Git!" Lickety-split.

Trust is gone.

Election in May.

Appoint another!

Don't waste a day

Did I Really Leave?

Are you sure?

I see you. I am not obscure.

I am all around you. I surround you.

I am here. You feel me too.

As time passes, you will remember

All the times from January to December

The things I touched, the things I said,

You know that I am with you as you move ahead.

So, seek out new ones, spread your love,

Your blessed gift comes from above.

Your gift that captures everyone.

Your gift and strength cannot be undone.

As you move forward, know that I am present.

It is ok to remember me. That should be pleasant.

My love can never leave you. It will never be less.

Your love must grow. It must continue to bless.

The State of Now

Drawn, pulled, sucked in, trapped in a bubble

Duped, persuaded, willfully surrounded by echoes

Downward forces guide thoughts and opinions

Generalizations grow, abounded, mostly unfounded

Gyrations twisting truth beyond reality

Gestating fake facts to absurdity

Social media hiding faces, posting comments

Snide remarks, bullying, name-calling

Snarky shaming hiding the cowards

Two or more tribes are created, each deeply divided

True to the cause, each demonizes all the others

Tis' easy to see why many are disgusted. Why bother?

What can be done to unpolarize this wound?

Will it continue unabated by those who know better?

When does this plague end?

Reconcile, Recover, or stay divided and tolerate?

Recognize differences that hopefully change?

Respect others until opinions rearrange?

Privacy, Privacy, wherefore art though?

All around us

CCTV

ADT

Cameras in every tree

Snooping

Recording

Hiding

Invading

From satellites far above

drones buzzing nearby

doorbells glaring in your face

Where is the grace?

Images lasting

being shared

without permission

without a care

Does privacy still exist?

should it?

are we less without it?

is having it a right?

“If you ain’t guilty,

what are you trying to hide?”

There oughta be a law

to have as much privacy as my Pa

Visions

Surely, we all have them.

It takes a while to bring them forward.

small bits of subconscious memories,

pictures of places you have been,

hanging around in the cellars of your mind.

Can you stop occasionally?

when your conscious brain takes a breath?

Can you capture these visions from your past?

Can you bring them forward,

one at a time?

These jewels might be pictures, images,

of where you were in your young lives.

Perhaps they are of a backyard,

a side yard, a fence in the alleyway

you used to jump to get home.

A place forever stamped in your mind.

Look for these hidden thoughts and memories.

Realize them for what they are

Bring them forward, label them,

and look for more.