**Bare Wires, the Other Side of God:**

**What crime did we commit so young that served**

**us into Hell? What karma that we don’t**

**remember cast this awful spell? Deserved**

**or not what Godly love makes scars that won’t**

**undo? The constant pains of memory**

**aren’t legal if we sue. And crying helps**

**like icy sidewalks, anger when we’re three, abandonment in neighbors’ homes, when yelps**

**from belts were free. The chaos was the plan**

**it seemed, like raked leaves in the Fall, like meal**

**time during holidays when truths could ban**

**us all, from sharing, caring, or reveal-**

**ing life we couldn’t face, for each disgrace**

**that punched our thoughts was love that worked like Mace.**

**Dysfunction ruts are timeless Hells that groove**

**each move we make, for routine lines and lives**

**we know predict each new mistake. We prove**

**that we are ACA when fear deprives**

**us all, of peace and health and simple love,**

**due much to alcohol, this hellish drink,**

**that seems so bland, that needs a mindful shove,**

**thrown far away with all its train: that brink**

**that we’re free of. We’ve fallen down so man-**

**y times, we know now how to stand. We care**

**for us, and those like us, especially when**

**we’re banned. We’re on the outside looking where**

**we hope to sometime be: where we will see**

**our lives made whole, where we will be set free.**

**When balance is not symmetry, life spins**

**like wayward tops. Its motion fills the emp-**

**ty void with chaos ‘til it stops, begins**

**again reversing to undo pre-emp-**

**tive coils. Its logic is like day and night,**

**a back and forth of foils. But up and down**

**are not the same, what’s low is not its height.**

**What steps are followed up the spine should crown**

**what’s out of sight. Life’s lessons are discov-**

**ered here, or not, while we are here. There are**

**no books or plans disclosing what God’s love**

**is near.  All hope is based in faith and star**

**alignment chanced at birth, so future worth**

**is destiny that’s found upon this earth.**

**Few wins, that come with great defeats, are bless-**

**ings we could hold; though gauntlets that provide**

**rich pain confound such gifts with cold. To guess**

**at why we ever strive to dream, when hid-**

**ing’s safe, ignores all unsuspected thrills,**

**that charge events that strafe, and bomb, and cloud, and wreck, and end good hope that fortune kills.**

**It’s balance that destroys all luck, so proud**

**of its famed skills. So bad with good, so left**

**with right, so up and down and wrong. You’d think**

**our karma would be fair, but fate’s so deft-**

**ly strong. It works its magic, makes you blink,**

**it holds your feet to fire. And though we tire**

**of rat race speed, we’ve failed to shed desire.**

**So all that we are going through was God’s**

**plan all along? The lyrics were all writ-**

**ten to this never ending song? The odds**

**that we might make it through this mindless grit**

**and noise, are up for grabs this wayward day,**

**who knows what Fate employs? There’s no discern-**

**ing what we’re dealt, no guarantees or say?**

**Who knows the “Truth?” Dare we believe, what learn-**

**éd scholars weigh? Who measures what author-**

**ities have given us to dread? Are we**

**to blindly follow, just like wars ignore**

**their dead, like witches of Macbeth, all three,**

**who spoke through hidden clues, and masked their views**

**on life and death, so none knew what to choose?**

**The trials of this world are strange, there’s no**

**denying that. In joy and sorrow much**

**is learned, at one drop of a hat. And so**

**we live with adaptation. Who said, “Such**

**is life?” We need a break (no pun intend-**

**ed) from this worldly strife. You’d think our roads**

**could be less hard, with banners at day’s end;**

**with bands and cakes and friends rejoicing, loads**

**of cheers that mend. But that is not the way**

**we have it, nor is it what’s true.  We come**

**here to experience what’s real, but may**

**be blue. But we hold hands and hearts, and some-**

**times do the best we can.  So maybe plan**

**a rainbow cast when X-rays show the scan.**

**Titanic’s now our planet Earth; we’ve no**

**lifeboats to row; and no star ships to res-**

**cue us; we’ve nowhere else to go. This show**

**will have no curtain call, and now Time says**

**it’s true: our end is just reality;**

**this final stop’s what’s new. We’ll hand it o-**

**ver to some bugs, our mantle, now we’re free.**

**The cockroach or the mealy worm, now low,**

**will be marquee. This run it’s been so won-**

**derful, you’d think there would be more. To end**

**with caskets lining fields is not a mon-**

**eyed score. But we’re just actors that pretend**

**that life here’s worth a lot. But we forgot**

**that fine print of the contract stating, “Nought.”**

**I sit here waiting for my God to show**

**me all His Plans. The stillness and the si-**

**lence are now laughing at demands. I know**

**my time means nothing in the scheme of why**

**I’m here. I’m scared, content, but wondering**

**if it’s my place to steer. Am I co pi-**

**lot or a passenger now blundering?**

**What place have I? What role is mine? And why**

**life’s thundering? Is this the valley of**

**the shadow that I walk alone? What place**

**is set before me here where I can’t love**

**what’s known? But what is known, all that I chase,**

**when silence overwhelms, when God, whose helms**

**are love and peace, has left all earthly realms?**

**Destruction is instruction, can’t you see**

**God’s holy plan? Your learning is discern-**

**ing what’s a fire from a pan. The key**

**to understanding is demanding earn-**

**ing’s cash. This world’s been hurled to nether’s pits,**

**so all here need a stash; though rush to hush**

**all claimants is the fix that Hell permits.**

**What feeds all needs is hope that’s blind, the crush**

**of neoned glitz. The cure for sure was nev-**

**er here; we’re deep in Heaven’s stew. The Mind behind this playground mess depends on sev-**

**ered you, just diced and sliced here to remind**

**that your life’s not worth squat. God’s plot was not**

**to set you free; that never was His thought.**

**“The best laid plans of mice and men” have skipped**

**a ripped out page, a missing tract that’s lost,**

**it seems, from what now spans an age. The script**

**it had a footnote warning all the cost**

**of time: that efforts to create a hit**

**are melded with a crime: the flip side of**

**a coin that’s forged, Hell’s Yang, plus Yin, unfit:**

**a dose of hate that’s built into a love**

**that will not quit. So “Welcome All, who wan-**

**der here, just mind your stepping stone. It can**

**be slippery for sure, especially on**

**your phone: it’s made distractions blessed more than**

**a million little kids, and what forbids**

**your learning: that all life is on the skids.”**

**“How many lies must we believe to fill**

**our empty souls, to rearrange our worth-**

**less lives, and gladly seek God’s goals? This pill,**

**this shot, this remedy: now what on earth**

**are these?” “Please take them all, you must agree;**

**this governmental squeeze, is necessar-**

**y for your future, keeping us all free.**

**There can be no mistake with this, your care**

**just costs a fee, a teeny tiny sac-**

**rifice, it’s worth the health you risk. You might**

**not see it all right now, but why attack**

**what’s brisk? These mandates now assure what’s right,**

**but please move fast in line; you are not swine**

**or sheep or beef; we’re sure the jab’s benign.”**

**Impossible is happiness; it’s not**

**for life on earth. The twists and turns of des-**

**tiny prevent its having worth. My lot**

**is like a bucket’s hole, I must confess**

**it here. All plans I’ve made just dissipate,**

**and quickly disappear. My hamster wheel,**

**at sidewalk pace, reminds me that I’m late,**

**forever pushing time as if to steal**

**what’s left of fate, that won’t allow for fun**

**or health or memories to share. We think**

**there may be pleasantries; this Hell says, “None, beware.” Futility is on the brink**

**of being all we know: what’s here below**

**these holidays are meals of roasted crow.**

**Predictions of our worth are dumb, for God**

**controls our strings. His moods forever change,**

**like truths and faiths and storms in springs. What’s odd**

**is that our puppeteer is fickle, strange,**

**and weird. His love is like a bowling ball,**

**and we’re the pins He’s feared. We misinter-**

**pret why we’re here, all based on Adam’s fall.**

**We never were in Heaven’s grace: deter-**

**mined like a wall. We’re props in His divine**

**stage play, His endless, mindless fit, just pre-disposed as after thoughts, like tasted wine**

**that’s spit.  We’ve never known our destiny,**

**we’ve just believed His lies, His frail disguise**

**of love and peace, when what’s here’s Hell’s surprise.**

**When are You going to tell the truth, that good**

**and bad are Yours? That all of life’s a Yin**

**and Yang, that Karma lords keep scores? We should-**

**n’t wonder if we’re loved, or if our sin**

**has kept, us from awakening to lies**

**while we have prayed and wept. These fiends from Hell**

**are Your trained pets who purpose our demise,**

**and foster ills and plagues of death: each spell**

**a feigned disguise.  Professing love, provid-**

**ing fears, You’ve made this realm a joke. “The buck**

**stops at Your sacred feet,” I’ve just replied,**

**“awoke!” There’s nothing You can say, You schmuck,**

**or do to shift offense. Your innocence**

**was never real; go hide back Heaven’s fence.**

**The cosmic wheels that slowly turn and lev-**

**el all that is, keep mindless jerks like you**

**and me astounded at life’s quiz.  They nev-**

**er fail to undo dreams and squander foo-**

**lish works, and all that mankind undergoes.**

**They seldom offer perks? And God is not**

**responsible; the Devil runs Earth’s shows.**

**But who or what now pulls his strings? That plot**

**God won’t disclose. Life’s answers to all ques-**

**tions are like rainbow pots of gold, that make**

**all searching pointless; it’s like myths that les-**

**sons hold? We’re thieves who trespass Earth’s mistake**

**and wander aimlessly, devoid of free-**

**dom, sense, and skill, like nuts beneath God’s tree.**

**Big brother is my chosen Lord, He lead-**

**eth me too serve, obeying what He knows**

**is wellness, I will help preserve, the need**

**of every living soul to follow shows**

**of strength, and bolster up the Truths we’re told,**

**to understand the length, to which we’ll go**

**in search of peace, as righteous wars unfold,**

**and give undying effort, when we know**

**that we’re not gold, and never were, nor will**

**soon be; we are fulfilling cogs, who live**

**for unity prescribed, as knights in kill-**

**ing fogs. We shall conform and ever give**

**our hearts for greater good. Our neighborhood**

**means endless work, where apathy once stood.**

**You’ve no idea of what it takes to cap-**

**ture from the Muse, the light and colors from**

**beyond that artists can’t refuse, that wrap**

**up into words and dreams and may become**

**what’s viewed. They’re born in chaos, death, and pain,**

**a Petrie dish pursued, that beckons like**

**a tunneled beam which gimmicks loss as gain.**

**We fight to breathe, that strange alone, to strike**

**a rich domain, a therapy of night**

**and day that pays back what we’re owed. We know**

**too much of what love’s not, and how fates might implode, and take apart this earthly show**

**and raze all life to dust, as we adjust**

**to terrors here by gods who spread mistrust.**

**Duplicitous is God, we see, to make**

**this earthly mess. He’s still in charge of all**

**this Hell that’s plagued with righteous stress. Mistak-**

**en, what we’re told was care, that blessed our fall**

**from grace, will never change realities**

**which we’ll forever face. What’s said, then done,**

**does not match up, it’s like this dread disease,**

**where fears and pains and cures for health are spun**

**through lies with ease. Whom we believe, who’ll save**

**us all, when chaos brings on death, are fiends**

**in woolen clothing who will praise our grave**

**yard breath. They are God’s chosen, and his means,**

**to fool us once again; forever then,**

**we’ll pace this cage as convicts in life’s pen.**

**Lost time, lost will, lost purpose here, life’s stage**

**gets cleared of acts. The scripts get dumped and burned**

**as trash; our history’s not facts. This age**

**was orchestrated by some gods who turned**

**this tale. Agenda that they keep in si-**

**lence are designed to fail. We’re pieces on**

**a moving chess board that upholds a lie,**

**a destined plight and controversial con**

**that’s do and die.  Lord Bacon knew a thing**

**or two about this blessed Earth. His son-**

**net numbered 1-2-9 blows up death’s sting-**

**ing birth: where we’ve come from, this ride we’re on,**

**that leads to stress and pain, where all the gain**

**we’d hoped to steal, swirls slowly down death’s drain.**

**And God is so delighted with the way**

**things have become. His right hand is aware**

**of where his left hand’s coming from. The pay-**

**off’s a surprise demise, a means for glar-**

**ing peace, a silence over all landscapes,**

**a place where all lives cease. The wiping of**

**our slate is where God’s planet of the apes**

**becomes that nightmare we all fear, where love,**

**pure joy, escapes, beyond our grasp for ev-**

**ermore, so souls are gathered tight, then told,**

**that all we’ve ever known was more than nev-**

**er right. Deception was the fabric sold**

**when this old world was made. So what’s portrayed**

**in this fair Hell, is like a pulled grenade.**

**We won’t just use the guillotine, the rope,**

**the poisoned shot. The guns and knives were giv-**

**en out, and glyphosate’s so hot. Our hope**

**is that these nano gems will soon deliv-**

**er goals. They infest down to cells and quarks,**

**we’d hoped they’d hit your souls. But cancer’s on**

**the rise, and blessed chemo hits its marks.**

**And 5G, mixed with x-rays, are a con**

**that eats like sharks. And pesticides in food,**

**and GMOs to spice them up.  We need**

**this operation, just like how we’ve brewed**

**your cup: of coffee, water, tea, and weed,**

**we have to fix all ends, so with your friends**

**you’ll realize on how much your death depends.**

**Predestination is the maze that gov-**

**erns how we move. The myth of free will begs**

**that we’ve got nothing left to prove. I love**

**the brave insanity that praises dregs**

**as life, and thinks we are in full control**

**of money, health, and strife. What prayers are wel-**

**comed, blessed, and shared, and help each wayward soul? Forgiveness keeps us heaven bound, and Hell**

**can’t sway whose whole? Myopic views that know**

**all truths, and limit what we see, are ill-**

**prepared to understand rare thought that’s so**

**not free. This world demands we praise each bill**

**that’s passed out to be paid. So every grade**

**we’re handed here just shows us we’ve been played.**

**We live in monstrous fantasy; this world**

**is but a game. There are no rules, there are**

**no goals. We’re prisoners in this shame. What’s hurled**

**at us down here on Earth will keep us far**

**from home. In every venue we subsist,**

**no benefits from Om. This prison here**

**has much to love, such choices we could list,**

**much more than we could ever manage, clear-**

**ly truth’s been missed. It hurts that we’re all stuck**

**here in an endless cycled loop. It may**

**be that we’re comfortable with all this muck**

**and poop, like barnyard flies who fight and play**

**for bigger fresher piles, as if these trials**

**were blessed and fine and just like birthday smiles.**

**The party just got started here, the band**

**is tuning up. The decorations hung**

**with care, the booze is in my cup. I’ll hand**

**it to the organizers who’ve not rung**

**that bell, that warns all those attending this**

**we’re not too far from Hell. The circumstance**

**and pomp are such that all are lost in bliss.**

**The music and the dancing keep the trance**

**a rare abyss. The revelry is mar-**

**velous and features charm and glee. There’s no**

**describing tolerance for what’s this scar-**

**ring spree: that killing hidden means that slow-**

**ly topples all we love, for what’s above**

**and what’s below, without a push or shove.**

**And no one’s asked me what I’ve thought about**

**what we all face, these dreams extending from**

**our eyes that light up all of space. What’s out**

**now in the open may seem weird to come**

**across, but let me share a secret here:**

**your space and time’s a cross; it’s what you’re nailed**

**to, while you dream, just ask your puppeteer.**

**He may supply some answers that are veiled**

**and quite unclear. I’d hoped to share a key**

**or two to unlock cuffs and chains, but maps**

**to show us where to go would never free**

**our brains, which are completely lost in naps,**

**and lullabied like stone, so we’re alone**

**in grave like trances caught in caves unknown.**

**I take my bucket to the sea to fill**

**it to the top, with water, seaweed, sand**

**and fish; I hope to never stop. I spill**

**a little here and there; I’m clumsy and**

**inept. But now I travel to my town,**

**to where my duty’s kept. There is a pond**

**I need to stock, where all my work’s laid down.**

**Official business is my job, respond-**

**ing with renown. I’ve done this chore a thou-**

**sand times, it’s what my boss demands. I know**

**my work is necessary, and it’s how**

**life stands.  I can’t recall a better show**

**of money better spent, for each red cent,**

**I earn is paid me by my government.**

**The chill of springtime’s in the air, the breeze**

**is silent loud. The faceless strangers out**

**for walks are seamless as a crowd. The trees**

**stay helpless as they bud, not caring ‘bout**

**leaf’s shade, but welcome sunshine, clouds, and rains.**

**These wonders all have stayed. Of course direc-**

**tion’s seasonal for migratory cranes,**

**where ducks and warblers northern bound, all trek**

**a patterned chain, evolved through countless years**

**or more, like clockwork’s silent chimes. And clouds drift by so noiselessly, and make our tears**

**seem crimes, just begging for those faceless crowds**

**to stop and please be still, to stand the thrill**

**of springtime joys, and cease time’s marching drill.**

**Belief and hope and faith, oh my, what will**

**sustain us now? These yellow bricks are stained**

**with loss, and we all wonder how. And still**

**we trudge on aimlessly, down here, contained,**

**confused; we strive to understand our plight;**

**but no-one here’s amused. What have we here,**

**what have we done, with no clear end in sight?**

**It seems we’ve not been given truths that clear**

**this endless night. So hopeless, faithless, try-**

**ing hard, we seek what doesn’t sting. Yet all**

**that we encounter tells us, “You’re what die-**

**ings bring.  You never will escape your fall;**

**you can’t escape God’s pen.” We’re mice and men,**

**and surely blessed; we’re screwed here once again.**

**I never planned to plan, I said, the odds**

**are way too bleak. I’ve just discovered sen-**

**tient lies that play at hide and seek. What gods**

**insist that rules be clear? That closed eyes ten-**

**der counts? That gouls stay put in backyard games?**

**That nerf balls shouldn’t bounce? That cell phones keep**

**their secrets plain and seldom give up names?**

**That politicians smile less, and sleep**

**with fewer dames? That Marvel heroes are**

**not real? That mothers never drink? That God**

**is nothing if not love? That life’s a jar**

**of stink? That parasites on hosts aren’t odd?**

**That bullying’s not mean? That what’s obscene**

**in daily life is death that’s unforeseen?**

**I’ve chronicled insanity, a page**

**ripped out of books. It all appears as won-**

**derful: by loving caring crooks. My rage**

**is often tantamount to light from sun**

**and moon, where shadows guide all relevance,**

**and sense is out of tune.  I now believe**

**in Morpheus who placed pills on a fence:**

**one red, one blue, for what was true, to grieve**

**or soon commence, a journey down the hole**

**with Alice into wonderland, with eyes**

**wide open for the trip, awake for soul**

**command. The dead shall bury those compris-**

**ing shells marked vacancy, where in life’s sea**

**of plastic trash those down and out aren’t free.**

**Thank God for this pandemic here, this might**

**of wordy lies, we have not suffered long**

**enough beneath this masked disguise. This night**

**of terror has it all, a plague so wrong**

**it’s weird, the propaganda perfect so**

**all know it’s to be feared.  Intelligence**

**now cast aside, with wisdom on the go,**

**there’s nothing left to harbor thought or sense**

**down here below. We’re lost in Hell’s great swamp**

**of fiends, those heartless sordid beasts.  We’re right here to be skinned, prepared, as food at chomp-**

**ing feasts. The gods have got an appetite,**

**so revel in your fate, it’s not too late**

**to change your course, just choose which bowl or plate.**

**The peaceful slaughter of the slaughtered peace-**

**ful is the new balance in time’s clock, way**

**too cosy for sunsets and blue skies, cease-**

**less seasons of wanton happiness, play-**

**ful days: those mindless rhythms and bastions**

**of griefless journeys, ways for staunching sane,**

**when all the world’s smiling at Earth’s actions,**

**as if the reverie and joyful pain**

**of love’s factions, dancing heedless through end-**

**less masquerade balls, where lost glass slippers**

**are all the rage, were just the way to mend,**

**alas, a few lost hopes, those failed grippers**

**to reality’s ledge, that lovely edge,**

**where, through joy’s joy, “What does God now allege?”**

**We march to different drummers here, the stars**

**determine this. We astrologically**

**control just nothing of life’s bliss. What mars**

**the comfort of our dreams and blankets rea-**

**soned hopes are flamed desires and attach-**

**ments blessed like binding ropes, that confound all**

**that we plan here and wreck each scheme we hatch,**

**as if we had a choice on Earth to call,**

**“Game, set, and match.” We have no say in an-**

**y script; our thoughts are rendered still. This game**

**was scored before we got here by God’s pen**

**and quill. The roles we actors must proclaim**

**and proudly preach and rant are but a scant**

**of nonsensed wind and what the gods implant.**

**I take it you already know of plots  
and schemes and games. This world has much that’s hid-  
den deep; Earth’s culprits have no names. God’s lots  
are mixed so good and bad hold tight the mid-**

**dle road. Each step we take’s enough to break  
our backs beneath Hell’s load. Work’s notice that  
we scan today won’t alter life’s mistake,  
nor grant reprieve, nor calm one’s nerves; Mad Hat-**

**ter’s on the take, where ups are downs, and downs  
are ups, and chess board squares get changed. No ans-  
wers are forthcoming from life’s smiling clowns  
deranged. The only blessing here is chance  
  
that mocks our every turn, so what we earn  
as daily bread prevents what we could learn.**

**The mountain that conceals our God recedes**

**when fools approach. Their darkness is a mas-**

**terpiece: one God need never coach. He leads**

**His chosen few along a blessed pass**

**through Hell, while what’s amassed humanity**

**stays caught in Satan’s spell. God’s scripted play, that’s set in stone, and promises to free,**

**all those within his mighty grasp, who stray**

**from how to be, is fraught with thought that works**

**all minds, and busies every deed, and keeps**

**all action going strong; it rightly perks**

**all need. Its motion grinds and never sleeps:**

**that blind all-seeing eye, that weighs each cry**

**and mournful tear, while time goes marching by.**

**I know of nothing else while here, I’m blind**

**to healing means. My efforts are redic-**

**ulous, like Jack’s few magic beans. I find**

**my solitary work just keeps me sick**

**alone, a method to self isolate**

**with walls that are my own. Protection keeps**

**me safe, unhassled, hiding what’s not great,**

**observing what’s around me, while life heaps**

**upon my plate. My blessings and my tri-**

**als are a stew of seamless goo. I don’t**

**know which are benefits, or what’s a lie**

**that’s true. I’m timid, lost, confused, life won’t**

**provide an easy fix. And in this mix**

**of blathering, I’ve plum run out of tricks.**

**My words are wholly sympathetic, not**

**reality. They come and go like drifts**

**of snow, that white that’s all I see. What’s got**

**me thinking is the Muse who leads with gifts**

**of hope, successful dreams of evermore,**

**with which I try to cope, it’s wandering**

**within life’s maze that has no open door,**

**blind corridors and paths for pondering**

**what’s next in store, a ring around the ros-**

**y or a Ferris Wheel of doubt, a sense-**

**less apparatus we all ride that shows**

**no out, a carnival that’s so immense,**

**its joys are without end; so we can spend**

**eternity where all is just pretend.**

**I’m grasshopper; I laugh and sing. The ants**

**are working sick. They never stop to scorn**

**or rant, they know they must be quick. The plants**

**they gather for their food aren’t clues for warn-**

**ing me. Fell winter is so far away.**

**I’m way beyond carefree. The ants prepare**

**for drastic times, I’m here and now each day.**

**They work, I sing, the party’s mine, I swear**

**it feels like May. There’s no pretending I’m**

**upset with ants who never quit. They’re just**

**like me, but serious, there’s always time**

**to sit. I’m not cold now, in spring I trust,**

**and winter’s just a blip, so as I skip**

**and prance and sing, I couldn’t give a flip.**

**There are no rules for Heaven’s gate, that ruse**

**was just for kicks. All prayers and words and gifts**

**and deeds fall short, sidestepping tricks. This news,**

**fine print ignored, is old; it’s Grace that lifts**

**the latch: subjective inclinations bound**

**with motives and a catch. When rhyme or rea-**

**son floats the boat, or nothing’s set or sound,**

**then all is but a game of chance, and free-**

**dom’s seldom crowned. That “Mother, May I” game,**

**as kids, is what this is about. Our choic-**

**es are irrelevant. We’ll all be flam-**

**ing out. The chosen few who can rejoice**

**were picked so long ago, that all this show, salvation’s game, is what we’ll never know.**

**Broken, damaged, that’s who we are: our lives**

**a termite song. All carrots strung on lead-**

**ing poles continue all that’s wrong.  What drives**

**us to pursue repairs is thrill of greed-**

**y hope. Those hurdles that we struggle through**

**condemn us as we cope, while bailing as**

**our boat sinks lower in this earthly stew.**

**Horizon’s sun shades softly as it has**

**us stuck like glue. Mortality’s the ic-**

**ing on this cake of dismal fears. Our lead-**

**en life preservers rearrange our pric-**

**y tears. We know as we pursue our dead-**

**ly fate, Hell’s laughter’s ours. And all the powers**

**of Heaven and Earth show truth that ever sours.**

**My dead end path took years to make. I thought**

**it stood for good. My research, plans, and work**

**are what my soul said, “Yes, it should!” “But fraught**

**with lies,” the Fates declared, “are what this jerk**

**has been. By helping rearrange the world,**

**of course that path’s a sin, and not allowed**

**down here on Earth, God’s plans are what’s been hurled,**

**with holes and traps and false ends, plus, a crowd**

**of fiends unfurled, Pandora’s box with lid**

**unleashed, why should you think you’re right? Your goals**

**are not aligned with US, Hell won’t forbid**

**God’s might. So cease, desist, let go controls,**

**there’s no redoing fate. It’s way too late**

**to offer help, you must capitulate.”**

**This day is long, my time is short, I’m stuck**

**somewhere between. I think I’ll need to make**

**a change to keep from being seen. My luck**

**is always changing like the light mistake**

**of moon, or leaves on trees that come, then go,**

**with hues that leave so soon. This round-about,**

**so carnival, that’s just beyond the know, kaleidoscopic for the mind makes doubt**

**its pony show. I look for resolu-**

**tion in the waves of moving seas, and find**

**revolving solace in a hot or coo-**

**ling breeze. I sit and stare without a mind**

**engaged in daily tasks; the world now asks**

**that I reboot; I fumble with my masks.**

**The deck is stacked, ten thousand yards, or more,**

**it’s hard to tell. The finish line’s beyond**

**our sight, there’s no sign posts in Hell. Our score**

**has not been published yet because Fate’s conned**

**us all. We’re told that faith is all we need,**

**just wait for blessing’s call. We hope and pray**

**here every day just hoping to be freed,**

**allowed to enter Heaven’s peace and stay**

**as it’s decreed. The generations gone**

**before have led us to this stance. We know**

**our fate’s well in our hands, our stars not drawn**

**from chance. We must believe that as we sow**

**rewards will fit our deeds; as time recedes**

**in boundless steps, we stare at past misdeeds.**

**The righteous and the desperate keep walk-**

**ing towards Time’s cliff, hell bent on finding sol-**

**ace through a Cryptic hieroglyph. Their talk surrounding prayed salvation, hints for all**

**a chance, at finding means marked unmotived,**

**while helping souls advance. The messages,**

**all gleaned from digging through debris once sieved, show clues so rare that speak of passages**

**where nothing’s lived. When all is said and done**

**(they’ve memorized what leads to light), fair Grace,**

**that final arbiter, says, “No one’s won,**

**“Good Night.” This last decree of sound disgrace,**

**that echoes through Earth’s halls, shuts out the calls of left behinds, those outside Heaven’s Walls.**

**I face transitions with a pause, I’m not**

**sure of my feet. My life of chaos fits**

**my fears, perhaps I should retreat. My lot**

**in life’s not peaceful now, though plans show bits**

**of hope.  All change is like a clicking clock,**

**so slow it’s hard to cope. I’ve never had**

**what’s stable ground, where footing’s like a rock;**

**I think my path’s unsolvable and mad**

**like keyless lock. The trip I’m on is out**

**of hand, but maybe right for me. I’m left**

**with no directions, but I can now shout,**

**“I’m free,” to know I stand alone bereft**

**of counsel from my mind, that’s so unkind**

**and treacherous and thinks I’m better blind.**

**Mythologies and lies pervade where al-**

**cohol is king. Miasma stew and plas-**

**ma goo, as walls, forever sting. Real-**

**ities, kaleidoscopic, keep the cas-**

**ualty, of life forever spinning in**

**a gloom propensity. We wake into**

**a dream where all our thoughts fail to begin**

**unraveling where we’ve come from: How do**

**we grow through sin? What choices were we born**

**with? Who designed this swamp called home? Is this instruction for the blind? Or tests from scorn**

**of Rome? Who built this blessed maze of bliss,**

**this wretched house of cards, where heaven’s guards**

**of angels/demons send their best regards?**

**What is the sound the Mirror makes as it**

**surrounds our Source? Does it reveal its noose-**

**like grip? Deny its use of force? Its fit**

**must seem spectacular with so much loose**

**in space. This universe is wide indeed,**

**so why God’s hidden face? We see the man**

**the moon displays; our night sky’s played the lead. Let’s have a demonstration now, God can**

**fulfill our need. Have we to march to Heav-**

**en just to gaze upon His ilk? We’re lost**

**like sheep down here below, our God would nev-**

**er bilk us here and leave us, like we’ve crossed**

**some fateful hidden line. So why confine**

**us here below without some face divine?**

**And life goes on, but ends for those, who slip**

**into beyond. They’re still around, not vis-**

**ible, now energy’s their bond. The rip**

**of death seems so absurd. It’s not what is-**

**n’t real, just breaks life times of conversa-**

**tion, ends how sharings feel. We can’t go back,**

**but memories are what come into play.**

**We still converse, with no reply, attack-**

**ing what we say.  Death stands us up, and sits**

**us down, and walks with us each day. We’re lost**

**with loss, yet time goes on, it never fits**

**this gray, this mix of black and white, the cost**

**of life, this time around. And though we’re bound**

**to friendships gone, there’s love that we have found.**

**Like loss and grief this healing is a nev-**

**er ending space, in which we live and strive**

**and grow; it’s weirdness we all face. The clev-**

**erness of stepping stones, so slippery, live,**

**and crazed, on which we balance what we are,**

**while trudging hallways mazed, are worth the ef-**

**forts we put forth, to reach that inner star.**

**Our loser egos ruling here seem deaf**

**to what’s afar, what’s hidden deep within**

**our hearts, that light divine that’s whole. It’s there**

**we strive to just become that part akin**

**God’s Soul. Returning to our Source, that ver-**

**y stillness, Being free, a doorless key**

**that’s love and light and perfect for what’s me.**

**Who’s placed these road blocks in our paths, these tricks  
that keep us here? Enlightenment seems too  
damned hard; our strengths are based in fear. The mix  
of karmic destiny with Kali Yu-**

**ga screws, keep almost all in constant flux  
with way more “don’ts” than “dos.” The last device,  
pretended safe, and guaranteed deluxe,  
is grace bestowed for righteous few, like dice**

**for megabucks. We need to be remind-  
ed that our goal’s within our grasp, that we   
can climb that final hill, with one more grind   
and gasp, that we’re not lost in nether’s sea**

**alone to fight despair. Please know and share   
this righteous truth, God’s placed you in Hell’s care.**

**God’s guillotine is set for work; a sub-  
ject has been picked. But choices for redemp-  
tion are still offered those so tricked. A pub-  
lic execution would not favor Semp-**

**er Fi; exposing truths to scrutiny  
might keep folks asking, “Why?” Who needs such real-  
izations when reality’s not free  
from terror and deception, and that deal**

**that’s Satan’s fee: the hold on all souls des-  
tined here, with bonds which keep us held? God’s lie  
can’t ever be exposed; Hell needs such guess-  
ing quelled. Narcotics are what keep fools high,**

**or sound asleep, or good. It’s understood  
Hell’s quiet’s best when souls seek childhood.**

**There is no church; there is no horse; there’s no  
red sky at morn. The Tao Te Ching has masked  
us all, there’s no one left to warn. Although  
we all remain stuck here, we’ve all been tasked**

**to pray, to forestall change, when tables turn,  
to plead nights bring forth day. But millstone wheels  
that slowly grind us all to dust then burn,  
will never end Earth’s wayward task, such deals**

**beg all return. Earth’s course is set, with lives  
in debt; all hopes and dreams are lost. The best   
way to see destiny is through what drives   
what’s crossed, that balance of what stays at rest,**

**our good and evil twins, who place our sins  
against all odds, so no one ever wins.**

**One if by land, two if by sea, won’t rate  
the evening news, or help a mariner   
who’s lost his treasure map of clues. The fate  
of all’s been set in stone: that template’s sure**

**as shit. Atropos’ mom’s dispensed with thread;   
her dynamite’s been lit. She’s cast it far   
and wide, my friends, to make sure all stay dead.  
Time’s clock is ticking backwards now, we are**

**where we’ve been led. It’s just like Kurukshe-  
tra where Arjuna pled his case: he’s not  
to be a soldier there; he should not slay  
or face, his friends, his foes, caught in this plot**

**of Heaven’s wanton scheme, but Krishna’s dream  
(like where we’re at) would make the dying scream.**

**When war is in our planet’s house, conjunc-  
tions matched with trines, our stage then’s filled with Shake-  
speare’s words and Nostradamus signs. Who’s drunk  
the Kool aide, spilled the beans, made flu outbreak**

**seem fine? We’re never told alternatives,  
death’s house is where we dine. It must seem fun  
for viewing gods who place odds on who lives,  
or dies, or pleads for one more day of sun:**

**what night forgives. Such desperation fills  
the sky, where prayers bring banquets down, where gods  
feast solely on the lost, each death instills  
renown, and bolsters who holds staffs and rods,**

**those workers at the gates. Who graduates  
or falls from grace? It’s aces matched with eights.**

**The Hell of Hells, the blind of blinds is just  
what makes life home. This love of death is tant-amount to adding paint to chrome. Mistrust  
is screws and nails and timber and what can’t**

**be seen, within the fabric of our peace,  
whose walls are just a screen. Impossible  
are talking points, about what brings release,  
or cares of sense, or tempests new, what’s full**

**of time’s increase. So walking’s my confess-  
onal, a flogging for my feet, a best  
way for invisible to be where less-  
ons meet. The uncaged bird is silent lest**

**its secrets noose its neck, within the wreck  
of timeless fears where sea waves clear the deck.**

**If William Blake knew Carl Jung, what Red  
Book would there be: a Giger manifes-  
to drenched in mirghouls from the sea, instead  
of gypsy druids hunting heads profess-**

**ing lunch, or tigers mauling leprechauns;  
who knows? It’s just a hunch. But what if famed  
Hieronymus could join those seasoned cons?  
Delightful gardens would ensue for shamed**

**statues in bronze, engaged in acts unnat-  
ural, authenticating life, while prac-  
ticing confessions meant for Zeus’ bat-  
tered wife. So what if we possessed Hell’s black,**

**what’s laid out in a hearse, then death’s reverse  
stays comical, and only life is worse.**

**So what if Kali Yuga now is saf-  
er that parades, or circuses that trav-  
el far, or Gungan party raids; what’s treif   
is treif, what’s bliss is bliss, they’ll always have**

**our backs, unless we fail to recognize  
life’s harrowing attacks, that come and go  
with rip tide surge, like darkened closet eyes, that watch our every move while never slow**

**to jeopardize, all plans, all goals, discrete-  
ly placed, as if our worth were real. What makes  
us think we’re blessed with luck, why so concrete-  
ly feel, that Heaven is behind us, stakes**

**all odds in our domain, as we remain  
in blistered love: Hell fire’s incessant rain.**

**The clock is ticking mercilessly, our rab-  
bit hole is closed. Our trip to bend time end-  
lessly has fortunes not disclosed. To grab  
ahold of secrets, treasures that might send**

**us home, elicits strengths we do not keep,  
like chanting endless “Om.” Earth’s trials start  
when we are born and increase while we sleep,  
through daily tasks of boredom meant to chart**

**our roles as sheep. Discovery is closed  
to us, this puzzle box is locked. No keys,  
no clues, no hidden signs we’ll find enclosed;  
they’re blocked. Encouraged always on our knees**

**by gods who rule this plane, does not explain  
why we are refuse, cycling down Hell’s drain.**

**The darkness has enveloped Earth, in shades   
of black and black. The treachery predom-  
inates, and evils have no lack. Charades  
are played with ballroom masks to hide what’s com-**

**mon ill. All problems we encounter here  
are solved with just a pill. Concoctions may  
have side effects, they’re nothing we should fear.  
For more pills will take care of those the day**

**we volunteer. We’re all in this togeth-  
er now; we’re shamed if we digress. We must  
stay brave and loyal in this social teth-  
ered mess, which keeps us ever mindful just**

**to follow with the herd, as every word  
we’re told is scripture: blessed, stamped, sealed, preferred.**

**Rely on this, rely on that, the moves   
we make are real. Trust state, trust school, trust church,  
trust god, regardless how we feel. Trust grooves  
we place our feet in, as we bump and lurch**

**along; with blindfolds in position, what  
could possibly go wrong? We have to trust  
what we don’t know, we have to make the cut,  
prepared for evolution, we adjust**

**within time’s rut. We purchase what we think  
can help us bypass all life’s blocks. We guess  
at how we’ll manage, as we hear the clink   
of locks. Our untold fate could cause depress-**

**ion, ‘nough to sink a ship, and from the grip  
of Hell above, we’ll bend to chain and whip.**