

APOTHEOSIS

JOURNAL OF THE POETIC GENIUS SOCIETY

JANUARY – FEBRUARY 2003 ISSUE
VOLUME IV – NUMBER 1

DR. GREG A. GROVE
PGS FOUNDER

Members, please send submissions to:

marknorm@adelphia.net



Apotheosis is an e-publication of the *Poetic Genius Society*.

This e-publication is an open forum for the members of the Poetic Genius Society. Material presenting views or opinions are those of the artists and may or may not be representative of the group as a whole.

APOTHEOSIS

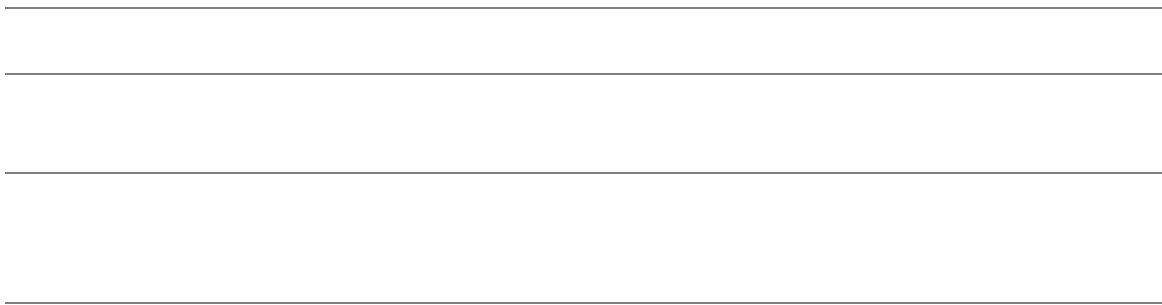
POETRY INDEX

Page No.

5	Beyond the Crisis - John Sweeney
5	Arctic Elegy - Dylan Taylor
6	Hang in there - Santanu Sengupta
6	Nature's Splendour - Grant Jerome Fisher
7	Fannie Harvey - Craig Harvey
7	In Service - Thomas Hadley
8	Seeking Truth - Michael Zerger
8	Unanswered questions - Maria Claudia Faverio
9	Poetry Rand-ified - Mark Norman
10	Year End Poem - Quinn Tyler Jackson
11	Death of a Punter - Sean MacNiven
11	Out On Me - Quinn Tyler Jackson
12	God Bless the Zookeepers - Paul Nachbar
13	Career Choices - Jonathan Marin
14	SUR LA DIGUE - by Pierre-Alexandre Sicart
18	Sångtext - Stefan Lindberg
19	Hangman's Nous - John Sweeney
20	Here We Lie - Dylan Taylor
20	The Fool Express - C.L.Frost
20	Artist's Sole - C.L.Frost
21	Brain Rust - C.L.Frost
21	Keyboard Kitty - C.L.Frost
21	The Write Cat - C.L.Frost
22	Knows, No New News - C. L. Frost
22	On The Beach - Grant Jerome Fisher
23	Beach Therapy - Grant Jerome Fisher
23	Darkness - Grant Jerome Fisher
24	The Victim - Grant Jerome Fisher
25	Awake - Grant Jerome Fisher
25	A Welcome to the Poets - Quinn Tyler Jackson
25	The Grammar of Poetry - Quinn Tyler Jackson
26	As the cowboy said so eloquently, "Yup!" - Thomas Hadley
26	Spontaneous Drum Song - Thomas Hadley
27	Peace, war - Quinn Tyler Jackson
27	Let Me Have My Weed - Quinn Tyler Jackson
28	Gore Your Own Ox? - Craig Harvey
28	Of Tomcats and Astronauts - Jonathan Marin
29	Law for Some is Law for All - Jonathan Marin
30	Ecclesiastes (Reprise) - Quinn Tyler Jackson

Page No.

31	Preventative War - Sean MacNiven
33	Preventative War Reply - Quinn Tyler Jackson
39	Preventative War Reply Reply - Sean MacNiven
47	Peace War Unilateral Agreement - Quinn Tyler Jackson
48	On Peace War - Quinn Tyler Jackson
48	I'd Rather Poem - Quinn Tyler Jackson
49	Overqualified - Quinn Tyler Jackson
49	Next Breath - Quinn Tyler Jackson
50	Middle Class - Quinn Tyler Jackson
51	We Live the Dream - Sean MacNiven
51	Arches - Quinn Tyler Jackson
51	Etchings - Quinn Tyler Jackson
52	Respectfully, I Bid to Make Reply - Grant Jerome Fisher
52	Sonnet - Ottava Rima - Sean MacNiven
53	What Onus This Poet's Laureate I Wear - Quinn Tyler Jackson
53	Hindsight's Sonnet - Quinn Tyler Jackson
53	Seeking Truth - Quinn Tyler Jackson
54	As Long as it's the Beginning of a Good Thing - Dylan Taylor
55	They, Far Too Lettered, Chew the Bubble Gum From Packs of Poetry Cards - Dylan Taylor
55	Entropy - Dylan Taylor
56	For Brother Barry - Thomas Hadley
56	Lord of the Munchkins - Quinn Tyler Jackson
57	Primum vivere, dende philosophari? - Maria Claudia Faverio
58	Fragile theatre - Maria Claudia Faverio



PROSE INDEX

Page No.

- 60 **Beau Discours – by Albert Frank**
- 61 The way we work : Food for thought. - Albert Frank
- 62 RÉFLEXIONS SUR NOTRE (???) SOCIETE - Albert Frank

Thoughts on Power:

- 63 Barry Howard
- 66 Paul Nachbar
- 67 Jonathan Marin
- 68 Melinda Frye
- 68 Michael Zerger
- 69 Santanu Sengupta
- 70 Sean MacNiven
-

NEW MEMBERS

Page No.

- 71 Stefan Lindberg
- 71 Albert Frank
- 71 Santanu Sengupta
- 72 Grant Fisher
- 72 Pierre-Alexandre Sicart
- 73 Dylan Taylor
- 74 Martha Spalding Mozingo

POETRY

Beyond the Crisis - John Sweeney

Look beyond the flash,
the flash that blinds
into obscurity -
reality, purpose, meaning;
for beyond the crisis,
a new beginning,
yes, a leaving behind
of the old,
to be reborn
into the arms of understanding,
confidence, regeneration.
Be not a victim,
but a victor
and stand triumphant
on yonder side
of this, your darkness
which is but a veil
through which, to a world unfolding
for you to claim,
that others like you,
with hope, be given,
for to you, a pioneer,
will they look.
For such souls then,
with despair, be burdened,
beckon them, show the way.

Arctic Elegy - Dylan Taylor

Domed, organic blue sky
cradles
white amber ocean

Shadow creatures drifting
slowly northward
and cool breezes

lifting heavy hair
returning it softly.

The horizon teaches
the depth
of this beauty
the expanse
of this organism
with the virus
that is
my worship.

Hang in there - Santanu Sengupta

The sparrow flies back and forth...
A twig each time in its beak...
Adding one more to the infinite...

The baby takes its first steps...
And inevitably falls... and cries...
Only to get up and keep tottering again...

The scientist locks himself up in the lab...
Myriad colored bottles his only friends...
Some break... some fumes escape...he goes on...

The Marathon runner reaches half the distance...
His tired limbs fail him... he still runs...
drawn to the finishing line like a thirsty traveler towards a mirage...

Man dreams of being a bird...he tries...
He tries again.. and again... fails each time...
Till the Wright brothers do it the right way...

No dream is impossible...
No stone big enough....
Just hang in there.

Nature's Splendour - Grant Jerome Fisher

The splendid beauty of this world astounds me,
Every moment that I pause to look
At any of God's nature that surrounds me:
A tree. A hill. The wind. The leaves. A brook.
When I stroll up and down the endless country
And hear the sounds of horses at a trot,

I soon forget what troubles might confront me,
And suddenly am happy with my lot.
When I, alone, walk down a stretch of beach,
And watch with my own eyes, the red sun set;
The crashing waves, my great green friends, in reach,
Relieve me fast of any past regret.
How sad that with such magic wealth around,
It takes us so much time before it's found.

In Service - Thomas Hadley

in service to my country's institutions
i proudly swore a solemn oath
to defend Freedom's Constitution
against the tyrannies we so loathe

i suffered such stinging indignations
to my very spirit, to my human pride
standing guard in embittered resignation
shivering, yet unflinching in others' eyes

i'd look down upon my uniform, amazed;
"how did it come to this?" i'd sorely wonder
mucking through mud for days and days
"if i'm so smart, how could i so blunder?"

yes, each day was a week, each week
a month of endless, stupid repetitions
at the beck and call of morons, cretins...
always ready to jump into Perdition

yet, after all was finally said and done
and i had regained my sweet freedom
pride had in my heart surely shone
and i still stand strong, undefeated!

Fannie Harvey - Craig Harvey

One hundred acres of trees,
no computers, no phones, no tv
Is how Fannie lived
Married to a preacher she didn't believe,
Tennessee head bonnet-covered
Like a chef in Paris
Without the pretensions.
One hundred acres of trees
no computers, no phones, no tv

Left Fannie in sublime and rough
Isolation from the pain of others,
Had enough of her own.
Kept chickens in the closet
In winter. Humane, she
didn't want them cold
Before sacrifice.
Por-ta-ghee, Black Dutch.
Almost parallel to a mulatto
Whose grandchild would marry
her own.
Hidden with Aboriginals.
A son dies in infancy.
Never the same.
Charles dies from the bottle.
Abishalom, my sons.
A log cabin with narrow
clapboard-covered
rifling slots--
her home, her life,
her 1930's place of death.
The dirt floor always swept;
Fireplace stained with spat tobacco;
One hundred acres of trees,
no computers, no phones, no tv
Is how Fannie lived.

Seeking Truth - Michael Zerger

Seeking truth, I learned the depravity of my neighbor and myself.
Seeking reconciliation, I would not forgive.
Seeking vengeance, I am made the victim.
Seeking reparation, I could not afford the price.
Seeking change, I am immutable.
Seeking power, I became my enemy.
Seeking the guilty, I was numbered among them.
Do I dare seek justice?

Unanswered questions - Maria Claudia Faverio

Unanswered questions
fester
in amnesic sky
like dead moths,
barren as misers.
What is the use of questioning,

if questions don't beget answers,
but doubt?

Flatness is less disquieting
than height,
towering, towering, towering
without ever reaching
the apocryphal comfort
of the top.

Beyond the illusory horizon
of planeness
are consummation of peace,
encompassing visions,
pillars of innuendoes
shaping themselves
into noesis.

Beyond the horizon
there are no answers
because there are
no questions.

Poetry Rand-ified - Mark Norman

I know not of you, and care
not of opinions.
Not of their condemnations, nor
of their blessings.

I know what is good, for
it pleases me. The blue
pencil preserve, for
its marks be damned.

Meter, rhythm are my steel.
Emotions the furnace, fired
from the fuel of
experience.

With the purest of commodities,
love and vengeance, I toil.
My own two hands creating
what no man can tear down.

The exalted `They' say it must be
built upon the ages.
Good is what
good has always been.

I cry, "Fools open thy eyes to
the beauty of free form. Forums
of the ages be damned. The
Renaissance is now, today."

I will create until I
cry or laugh. For others
will too. Still others will
scowl at the dismissal of rules, so be it.

We are the true poets, the Roarks
of the twenty first century. Do not
bow to or stone us. Simply step
aside and let us create.

Year End Poem - Quinn Tyler Jackson

It's been my tradition
at each year's completion
to summarize it in verse,

as if one can fairly
each nigh-January
know the better or the worse.

I've had me some better
of both days and weather,
knocks harder I've rarely known,

but thank God that in there
a kindness and dime spare,
occasional kindness shown.

My pride and my stature
and high nomenclature
didn't spare me hidden tears;

Though my pride oft' towered,
My enemy cowered,
and hit me with my own fears.

The money ran sparely,
the cupboard full rarely,
it was rice instead of lamb.

But although I lacked gold,
it's not all, I am told,
so I'll settle as I am.

It's been my tradition

at each year's completion
to sum it up square and neat,

but this year was harder,
with its empty larder,
and doesn't feel quite complete,

so when the year's over,
and I'm in the silver,
then I'll tell you how it went,

but until that fine day
it shall not end this way,
e'en if space and time are bent.

Death of a Punter - Sean MacNiven

The light at the end of the tunnel,
Glares from the sterile neon tubes,
The sound of my soul as it drips
'Pon the numerically dotted cubes
Gladdens me, maddens me...saddens me...

Fields of green tables roll on, and on,
Fortuna's wheel whirls round and round
With a bing, flash and a tinkle,
I view the butts that lie on the ground -
Beating me, cheating me...eating me...

Hearts for the love of the game of life,
Clubs for the bouncers that beat me,
Diamonds for my suff'ring lady,
Spades thrown for the grave soon to meet me -
Mauling me, calling me...hauling me...

Run 'Life's Delusion', never look back!
For though tonight was not your night
You'll run again, though I shall not
I must now return unto that light
That bore me, that wore me...that tore me...

Out On Me - Quinn Tyler Jackson

fuddy bluck my life is muck
nothing in the fridge to eat
cuddy blunt it's all want want

and wet shoes on my feet

chrizuz jeest while in the east
they flart and fip their wigs
and plan to blow us all to frick
with jigs and jags and nuclear zigs

the rucking foof is dripping drap
as january rain the blucket bucking fills
the mortgage due is half of it
the other half is twice the pain

angst angst angst worm sturm gloom
it's not depression don't you see
it's just that god got real poff issed
and took his piss-off out on me

God Bless the Zookeepers - Paul Nachbar

God bless the Zookeepers one and all
Who provideth us with nice Cages
And encourageth us to keep them clean
Who are very clear in their instructions
That we play nicely and not mean.

God bless the Zookeepers one and all
Who giveth us their codixes of Rules
Our quotas of Rewards and Punishments
And our notions of some Higher Process
Which goes on behind their Proclamations.

God bless the Zookeepers one and all
Who giveth and taketh away our precious liberties
God bless the Zookeepers one and all
Who instruct us in the varieties of Disease
Which may affect our Necessary Functioning.

God bless the Zookeepers one and all
Who provideth us with our quota of Fun
And encourageth us not to take things too seriously
As if life were a battle where nobody had won
God bless and keep the Zookeepers everyone.

Career Choices - Jonathan Marin

Would you like a chance to shoot for the top,
Where you say a word and watch folks hop,
Where you just start goin' and never stop?
You surely want the inside track,
To set your jaw and cut no slack,
To be there when the deck is stacked!
Wouldn't you like to be feared?

Wouldn't you like to get things done?
To have a say in how things run
And load the dice for Number One?
Don't you want a cellular'
To exert your presence from afar.
So if you lose track of who you are,
You can say to yourself: "I'm important?"

No.
I just want to go home
And be let alone
I don't even need a phone
Thanks anyway.

Would you like a home where you're the lord
With kids to threaten when you get bored
And teach success as its own reward?
Your kids could go to private school
And splash at night in your heated pool
While you thumb your nose at the Golden Rule.
Don't you wanna be a good Dad?

Are you ready yet to spend your days
In red suspenders and collar stays
Maneuvering to get a raise?
You can prey on folks who drop their guard
And battle 'til your bruised and scarred
With staff to cut when times get hard.
Wouldn't you like to get even?

No.
I just want to go home
And be let alone
I don't even need a phone
Thanks anyway.

Wouldn't you like to lay down flack
And stab your rivals in the back
'Til you look in the mirror and it don't look back?
Don't you want a royal wage,
And a private, windowed corner cage,
So if you're downsized in middle age
You can say how you used to be Someone?

Would it turn you on to be a Voice,
To shut down peoples' range of choice
While you drive around in a big Rolls Royce?
Why don't you want what I have got
An I.R.A. and a cemetery plot?
These things sure do help me a lot
Say, have you got some aspirin?
I really need a couple of aspirin.

Sorry.
I just want to go home
And be let alone
I don't even need a phone
Thanks anyway.

Don't you want to be a winner?
Don't you want have a career?
Dontcha have any pride?
Haven't you got an ego?
Don't you want to be tough?
Don't you want to be strong?
Wouldn't you like a future?
Don't you want to be normal?
Dontcha even want a shrink?
Again, about those aspirin.
I really need a couple of aspirin . . .

SUR LA DIGUE - by Pierre-Alexandre Sicart

PRESQUE LE SOIR DEJA en ces contrées reculées, trouées de soleil par fugues fugitives. Dégradé de gris du ciel, ses replis troublés d'un ressac plus ancien que les pierres. Nous passons ensemble devant le cimetière, sis parmi les ruines d'une cathédrale. Seule la flèche, déchirée, se tend encore vers le silence des cieux. Tu ne dis rien, je te regarde. Je ne te vois pas.

Tu ne me souris pas. C'est le froid, c'est le vent. Tes regards sont perdus dans les brumes du temps. Tes regards, c'est la nuit, c'est tout ce qui m'aspire à toi. Parfois semé d'étoiles, scintillant et parfois, mat et poli comme l'ébonite. Sombres encore, tes cheveux s'échappent, te masquent par

instants. Je te regarde.

Je te perds. C'est toi, tu l'as voulu. J'ai demandé, tu es venue. Ton sourire, ton rire même, tes promesses, tout cela réuni et figé par la magie noire et blanche ; nous sortions de chez le photographe, as-tu le temps de pousser jusqu'à la mer ? Nous marchons côte à côte. Images. La jetée qui se profile enfin, trop tôt, en bas. Marches larges, luisantes, attention, je te prends le bras.

Parfois. Ton rire s'atténue, reprend. La mer proche nous parvient par murmures. Tu as peur, un peu. La jetée s'élanche, et c'est haut et les rochers affleurent, le vide t'aspire. Je jouis de tes angoisses, je joue de ta frayeur. Je grimpe sur le haut parapet, je me dresse dans le vent, entre deux précipices. Je veux que tu m'admires. Je le réclame. J'ai peur, moi aussi.

Je poursuis. J'ignore le vertige, mais ces vents-là annoncent une tempête : irréguliers, ils me secouent et le pied glisse encore. La mer, en dessous. Froide, frangée de neige mais limpide, les rochers se découpent sous la liquide pellicule de sel comme des ombres au réveil. Je rêve, ton foulard s'envole, vers l'onde, je plonge. Mauvaise idée. Tu n'as pas de foulard.

Je suis sauvé. J'atteins à l'extrémité de la jetée, ma main rencontre le fer de la rambarde. Contact glacé, humide, rassurant. Tu es là, en bas et presque oubliée alors. J'emprunte l'échelle, je ris, tu me prends et me repousses, tu grimpes à ton tour ; je te suis et je te garde. Tu voudrais bien te moquer de mes bravades. Tu le peux, ne sont-elles pas pour toi ? Je n'aime pas le danger.

Mais toi. Dans l'instant, ton œil noyé à l'horizon, ta silhouette une eau-forte. Ton regard se reporte sur l'écume bruissante qui lèche la jetée, en contrebas, c'est ton tour, à quoi penses-tu ? Tes deux mains t'assurent à la rambarde, serrées, si frêles. La chute serait vertigineuse. J'approche et presque te pousse, je te presse un peu. Je retiens ton corps.

Brûlure réciproque. Cet instant connaîtra son écho, dans un futur improbable.

Parmi les ruines, assis ensemble dans un recoin de pierres, je te dis, tu me dis, c'est là ton cœur que mime la mer. Encore un soir de tempête. Tu t'agites en dedans, tu ne sais ce que tu veux. Tu veux être libre, tu crains la solitude. Tu voudrais partager, mais ne veux rien donner.

Déjà ce soir-là, sur la digue, tu te dresses et sembles seule. Je serre ton cœur entre mes bras. Tu ne m'appartiens pas, je le sais et tu sais, je n'ai jamais voulu ça. Tu ne sais pas. Je n'ai jamais voulu que ça. J'ai peur, moi aussi. Je te réclame et je t'admire, tu avais besoin de ce regard, qui te souligne — t'illumine. Je ne fais qu'esquisser tes contours.

La mer frémissante trouble le ciel, l'agite d'irisations sans mesure. Froissement

translucide pour nous seuls, une écharpe sans limites aux
nuances
nacréées, cette étoffe que perce parfois la musique d'un rayon, brusque bourrasque
de lumière qui te balaie le front, qui te flatte, courtise cette
joue
que je convoite, que j'effleure sans trop y croire...

De mes lèvres bientôt, sur ces lèvres entrouvertes sur la nuit de ton corps.
La
brume de ton corps se mêle à ma buée, deux organes se débattent, de concert,
en
contrepoint. Harmonie factice, enivrante, du vent et du soleil, et du froid,
et
ta chaleur, tout de nous ; par notre regard, tout est nôtre et notre présent propre.

L'instant s'efface. Ton parfum, le goût de tes entrailles, cette drogue me manque. Tu
me souris, bien loin déjà. Je me retourne et je me mouche, c'est ridicule. Je n'ai pas
froid, mais mon corps ne m'écoute pas. Je m'excuse, tu m'excuses ; je me sens
idiot, je fais l'idiot, j'enjambe la rambarde et me
tends
d'une main au-dessus du vide.

Si tu avais un foulard, je rêve encore, s'il pouvait s'envoler, je pourrais plonger. Je
n'aurais pas d'hésitation, je le sais ! Je l'ai échappé belle ;
je
suis revenu visiter cette jetée, une dernière fois, bien plus tard. Les
rochers
étaient à découvert, alors. Même à marée haute, je me serais rompu le cou.
Je
l'ai parfois regrettée, cette sortie-là.

Romantisme hypocrite. Amoureux, je le suis de la vie. Toi ? Je partirai sans
te
quitter, sans oser te prendre, seulement prendre les distances que tu me
demanderas. Que tu les aies désirées ou non, comment savoir ? Cela te surprendra.
Tu m'as tout demandé, tout et son contraire tour à tour et
parfois,
en même temps. Avoir à choisir, cela te terrifie.

Ferme les yeux. Tu m'as chaviré dans le tourbillon de tes incertitudes ;
quel
souffle m'as-tu laissé pour profiter des miennes ? Je repasse la rambarde,
tu te
serres contre moi. Instant unique dans l'univers, je me sens chez moi. Moi
qui
jamais n'ai pris part au sol, au ciel de ma naissance, aux cieux de mes errances, qui
n'ai aïtres où reposer. Je vis là.

Dans ton étreinte je puise la substance de mon être, enfin je vis — au
présent.
Tu m'as offert cela, et tu l'ignoreras. Comment exprimer cette danse qui me
dépasse, ce qui se passe en moi ? Nous ne pouvons nous parler qu'à travers
une
langue qui nous est à tous deux étrangère. Nous trichons avec nos origines.

Les miennes ne me retiennent pas. Les tiennes t'obsèdent, tu ne parles que
de
retour ou de fuite. Combien de temps avant que je comprenne ? La décision t'effraie,
elle t'échappe. Je ne l'accepte pas. Tu me rends si fort, je
crois
cette force en toi. Si j'ai tort, quel mal ne te ferai-je ? Je partirai,
avant
le trop de peur.

Quittons la jetée. Mais ne revenons pas sur nos pas, pas encore. Il est si
rare
que je t'aie tout à moi. Enjambées sur la plage, tu vacilles sur les galets, entre les
miroirs d'eau prisonnière. Je m'adosse au roc, je te prends contre moi, dans les
replis de ma chaleur, de mon épais pardessus aux longues ailes noires.

Ces volatiles qui s'élèvent et s'abîment sous nos regards mêlés — quelle
espèce
? — quelle importance ? Ta peau n'est pas la mienne, cela t'importe trop. Tu
frissonnes. Quelqu'un passe, est passé. Ta nuque quitte ma poitrine, tu te retournes
— je me perdrai, tu sais ? c'est ce sourire-là. Ta main appuyée
contre
mon cœur pèse infiniment, You are not romantic !

Toujours au négatif, tous tes aveux, presque ; tu ne te seras pas rendu
compte
du mal dont tu me caressais. Tu m'as pris, j'étais fort encore d'ignorer
cette
soif que tu creuses en moi. Tu as brûlé dans mon secret les idoles de papier
;
tu as pris leur place ; leur perte ne me regarde pas ! Je me refuse à
savoir, si
tu te retires, que restera-t-il là ?

Tu as froid, il faut rentrer. Remontons, l'étroit escalier de pierre nous
ramène
près de la digue, nous rejette au pied de cet autre escalier qui mollement s'élève
vers la ville. Mais attends ! Un répit, une poignée d'instant, seul
à
seule sur ce banc, mon pardessus en couverture commune. Tes lèvres, encore.
Bientôt, je ne pourrai plus.

I love you, c'est alors que tu l'as dit, que je l'ai répété. Ce mot que je n'avais jamais
prononcé. Et j'ai si peur de te perdre et je te serre, trop
fort,
je te demande de m'épouser. Mon erreur, mon errance doit recommencer. Tu te
réveilles et me repousses, il t'attend. Qu'ai-je à t'offrir, à présent ?

Des promesses, des caresses, des incertitudes, des batailles à venir. Jamais
le
calme, sans doute. Je n'aime pas dans le calme ; je manque d'habitude, tout jaillira
trop fort. Trop rapide, je t'ai fait peur. Revenons. Ta famille,
tes
amis, trop à perdre. Je demande déjà trop. Je manque de tout, même d'argent.

Je
ne t'ai offert que ce que j'avais, tout ce que je suis.

Sångtext - Stefan Lindberg

Detta är inte dikt
det är upprepning
av ett landskap
som brutet av sjö
stiger upp ur minnet
som ur en sjö
och inte längre är ett minne
utan texturen hos ett landskap
som av det vita papperet omflutet
tillhandahåller fötterna en grund
där inget öga nånsin satt sin fot

betraktaren försjunkar i sin vy
han och landskapet sammanflyter
till en Erfarenhet

och mikrokosmos är inte grå hjärnsubstans
utan världen i ett sandkorns facettrika Argusblick

seendet är alltid mer än det sedda
men seendet har inget språk
och hade det ett språk
skulle det inte handla om det sedda

Vad har du sett

Har du sett ett barnansikte
tala med bara munnen någon gång
med fixerad blick och vita kinder
är det ord eller tal

du ser bakom ansiktsmaskens stelhet
tankens koreografi

ett landskap med idel rara växter
som böljar likt en prärie
ett banér med världens alla flaggor
ett språk innan Babels fall, Guds tanke

eller är det bara din inbillning
är Språket ett tvåtusenårigt inbillningsprojekt

som vyssar till sömns den som ska väckas till insikt?

cikadornas sång ur nattens svalg
en nationalhymn utan land
ett löfte eller en suck från ett namnlöst barn

Hangman's Nous - John Sweeney

To the gallows, cupid!
with your sop and sentiment.
Your 'mills n' boon' I'd put to pulp!
For with the likes of you -
a double decade of my life, in vain
I did spend.

While I was in youth's yet unfurled bud,
my mind to me, was indeed a kingdom;
the wealth of imagination; was 'neath my hand.
Then fool was I, in ignorance, then to choose
to trade such riches for your cunning lure.
Down the trapdoor with your romantic trickery;
Your canker'd arrowheads, false, ephemeral, a mockery!

Glad am I, to forsake at last,
the mushy, silken bedchambers
of empty cheating romance,
to reclaim in triumph the realm of Nous -
the realm of Mind, paved firm with Logic, of Reason;
not the sop-mud of feely tear-jerk'd sentiment.
My true love is now the cosmos, her unfathom'd riches,
awaiting the key-turn of my hunger'd inquiring.

With the likes of Sir Newton, I can identify;
A great mind of science was he, who had also
the sense to scorn the silly games o' romance;
to penetrate instead, the deep darkness of Cosmos's womb
and bring to birth, her wonders, for mortals to behold.
I think; I imagine, I discover and learn again, anew;
My Mind; my self, a kingdom reclaimed.
- Therefore, I am!

Here We Lie - Dylan Taylor

Here we lie.
The smell of love upon my hands.
Insatiable.
And you, with beads
of emotion, curling down
around to your jugular.

We tell each other
that we love one another.
Here we lie.

The Fool Express - C.L.Frost

I ride first class on the Fool Express -
Let that excuse my mismatched dress,
My bleats and wails instead of "yes",
My pumpkin grin when I regress,
The sometimes largeness of my largess.

I jingle, jangle, would impress
You with the random music in my guess,
The glitter in my anything mess,
My balloon nose, my glow-wig ugliness;
I'm the Empress of Unruliness.

Artist's Sole - C.L.Frost

Cat's got my tongue and my sole.
Still I write rhymes when on a roll
With art and soul, 'cause it's my role
To be unholy, whole without hole.

If art's got soul, the artist's sole:
Alone, singularity singing to the whole;
Single, communing with continents; bold
Signature, in cursive curses, linking new and old.

Brain Rust - C.L.Frost

My brain jangles as I jog.
Once it was iron, now it's rust,
Dusky dust clogs each cog.
I don't think unless I must.

But to run the world,
Run in the world and earn a crust,
I need only will and lust.
I needn't think, and that is just
How our world turns and churns,
And burns - and it that just?

Keyboard Kitty - C.L.Frost

My cat once preferred the mouse.
Now he prefers the keys;
Leaps and lands and like a souse
Types a tippler's nonsense pleas.

Kitty's a computer pet
Who ogles at the internet.
Though of the wired generation
With wild-child cougar concentration,
She'll take lap and nap over browsing
And virtual carousing.

The Write Cat - C.L.Frost

My Tom's a bright and big boy -
He does it to annoy.
When he's lonely and he's
Ignored, he stomps upon the keys.

Should I teach my pet the alphabet
Hope he pats out witty prose?
Teach him edition and derision,
Hope each kitty ditty shows
He can add up what he knows?

Or will Cat, nipped by the rage
To peck pointless periods on a page,
Type no tyke teasers or hypotheses,
But pat out parades of parentheses?

Teach his protegee to nap upon the spacer
Just because he's cat-curious,
Add the nanoseconds until I'm furious
Enough to scream and chase her?
Teach kit to leap and race her
Claws without pause or erasures
Until white's stippled with a luxurious
Excess of "@g\$*&mF09+!"ers?

Knows, No New News - C. L. Frost

eye in the sky, pie-witness
reports rewarded with a sweet;
myths have died but God's reborn
as a Timely photo who'd adorn
our dreams with pop-up ads
while angels thrum fudge jingles
above popcorn clouds, in a World-Perfect sky
coded blue in hexadecimal

booming blurring decibels
burning, boon-boxes advise
baptism in the green liquid currency
of this and now, be catechized
by black suited priests of enterprise
known now - no new news.

flourescent enlightenment, cubicle shrines,
corkboard altars, crucified calculations,
profit resurrected with a show of fax. Pent-up house
power surges and short circuits. The stars
were always glints off ice; our sun,
turned gold, no longer warms or shines.

On The Beach - Grant Jerome Fisher

Sunday on the beach
Sunday on the beach
One day they can't reach
me, with their clawing hands -
Friendly sun. Friends at hand.
Still, there's something - on this sand -
I can't quite put my finger on -
Something gnawing at my soul
Keeping me far from a whole
new world that's somewhere out there -
Somewhere where the sea stays blue

Somewhere where the sun shines through
the leaves and branches, down a hill,
warming hearts and minds until
the light melts any tears and ice
inside my sunny paradise.

Beach Therapy - Grant Jerome Fisher

Lost in a game of beach bats
The sand between my toes
Sweatdrops pouring from my taut shoulders
Cooled in the summer wind that blows
around ...
Bikini-clad Sun-Goddesses
swarming toward the sea
And failing to steal my eye
From moments of pure glee
with each sweet shot

And Day and Hot and Dive and Jump
Faces watch and biceps pump
Sea and Sand and Waves and Surf
Sunshades, frisbees, towels and mirth

Sea-breeze, Salt and pounding heart
Breathing deep, Alive, I dart
Red-brown bodies. Sun-bleached hair
Summer-love. Designer-wear

And Palm Trees dance to each sleek step
Traffic drowned by Ocean's Breath
The Here and Now, forever, kind
Inside my Soul, my Heart and Mind.

Darkness - Grant Jerome Fisher

Darkness. The sun has gone to sleep.
His full day's work now done, He's earned His rest.

Brightness. The moon slowly awakes.
Just in time she shines up for the night-shift.

Night-time. The glim'ring stars are born.
Twinkling. Multiplying.
They join the sparkling moon to guard the night.

Dawn. The moon's face grows pale.
The waking sky shoes her blue

as gentle sun raises His sleepy head.

Sunlight. The red morning sun grows yellow and strong
As He guides His congregation along
to their new day.

Daytime. The sun now godlike in His force
Warms the earth, and chasing the grey clouds off
Bids the flowers to stand upright
like green soldiers awaiting to fight
the fast approaching tears of blistering night.

Twilight. The weary sun nods off.
And loses battle to the twirling earth
As pink sky bids her day farewell
And dark awaits its birth
with the sky's changing hue.

Darkness. The sun has gone to...

The Victim - Grant Jerome Fisher

A green mind raped in a loathsome day
of obnoxious eyes
and deceitful grins

Men without hearts. Flesh without soul
words without care
for ripples of grief

A passionate dread for all that awaits
swells to its head
with each mundane task

And living for cups of coffee and smoke
praying to Day's End, fast and painless
reduced to an engine's cog

With bones in chains and heart aflight
a laughter of force
and a bold husk of shell

Crying for the peace brought by night.

Awake - Grant Jerome Fisher

I lie awake
My heart beats on
The wind still howls outside my window

I try to sleep
I close my eyes
But slumber hides her selfish face

As I toss and turn
Beneath the moon
My past flies up to tease my brain

And wishing I could change what's been
(And wondering what's to come)
My life keeps passing by...

A Welcome to the Poets - Quinn Tyler Jackson

A welcome to the poets
who've entered our company.

Get your ink-filled rhyming pens
and write out your infamy.

A hi-hello, my brothers
and sisters in poesy.

Let us hope it never ends
nor ends our com'n artistry.

The Grammar of Poetry - Quinn Tyler Jackson

Poetry is a sentence.
Life term, no parole.

Poetry is a verb.
Something done, and done to you.

Poetry is a noun.
A person, place, disgrace, or sting.

Poetry is an adjective.
I object.

Poetry is an adverb.

Yea, verily.

The poetry my grammar read:
Stuff by Frost.
She had miles to go before she slept,
and prophetesses to keep.

Poetry is an object,
but rarely objective.

Poetry is a subject
we subject others to.

Poetry is a predicate:
true or false, or somewhere in between.

As the cowboy said so eloquently, "Yup!" - Thomas Hadley

i b'lieve we essay to grasp, to distill
with image-words
that which pedestrian prose beats senseless...
poetry, in its essentiality, evokes response
from our deepest consciousness
not merely our beta-wave busy-busy Brain...
the rapid interaction of Robin's imagination
is poetry in action in real-time
...he doesn't "write it", he acts it out
as a leaping limerick, a sassy sonnet, a Howl which echoes
Ginsburgs' now=preserved voice.

Spontaneous Drum Song - Thomas Hadley

i like to eat gobbets of meat
stripped steamin' from the bone
i like a fire burning bright
a nice and toasty, cozy home

i feel my heart shining light
when i leave my mind alone
i feel alive, i feel no fright
when i know i'm always Home

this Earth's confines are just a box
don't matter how grey Sages talk
it's all irrelevant you see
all you gotta do is Be

Peace, war - Quinn Tyler Jackson

Peace, war,
I don't know anymore.

I am for peace
except in this case.

Saddam Hussein,
a madman by any name.

"No blood for oil"
Makes my blood boil.

Let's not forget the past
and the thousands he gassed.

Peace, war,
I don't know anymore.

But this I'll hazard:
Get rid of that bastard.

You can play peace
with a madman like this,

and though I love peace
I'm for war in this case.

(In memory of my wife's ancestral hometown -- which Saddam destroyed long before he was "The Enemy". You want peace with Saddam? Why not read my novel Abadoun? History has taught us that "Chamberlain-ism" doesn't work with madmen.)

Let Me Have My Weed - Quinn Tyler Jackson

I do not have an algebra
to work the whole thing through,
no calculus to know the space
that under does accrue,

but I have this sweet cigarette,
no matter what the will come,
and though I've not the answer yet,
I'm dragging to the sum.

I do not drink of Dame Absinthe,
I do not pop green pills,

so, though you find my vice uncouth,
it's my pain that it kills.

When you go drinking too much wine
or acting all the ass
I don't ask you to pay a fine
so let my smoking pass.

I don't drop bombs on children's heads
or deny those in need,
so let me smoke these filtered sticks,
just let me have my weed.

Gore Your Own Ox? - Craig Harvey

Fireants in unison can kill a sacred cow.
The fireants are coming;
We'll miss it when it's gone.
Complaining will give way to sadness,
Sorrow at such great loss
For those left, wishing
They had prayed for the cow.

Of Tomcats and Astronauts - Jonathan Marin

The house was Maurice's quiet home base –
His place to loll in the daytime and nap,
Anticipating the adventures of the coming night.
For there were adventures every night.
For seven years he'd go outside
Every day at dinnertime,
And come home each morning with nicks and bruises
-- Medals he'd earned in tussles
With neighborhood cats.
The wounds were always superficial,
So minor as to leave no doubt
That Maurice was a winner,
Always a winner.

When Maurice's fortunes started to change
He'd come home with nasty ugly wounds,
Slashed and bleeding,
Meowing in pain;
For his own protection we kept him inside.
But sounds and smells waft right through windows;
He knew when cats were prowling the yard,

Prowling HIS yard.
Maurice was desperate:
A cat has to do cat things,
Or else he stops being a cat.
And if he isn't a cat, what is he?

We found his body next morning,
So badly mauled that a bear might have done it.
The neighborhood toms had settled accounts
Avenging their years of humiliation.
He'd died near the hedge,
At the boundary he'd made his life work to defend.
He died as a cat,
And that counts for something.

Law for Some is Law for All - Jonathan Marin

Law for some nations is Law for all.
Iraq has deadly chemical weapons?
So does Russia; So do we.
Iraq has weaponized deadly germs?
So has Russia; So have we.
Iraq is trying to get The Bomb?
So did Russia; So did we.
Let nations do what nations do.
There seem to be no grounds for war.
Law for some nations is Law for all.

But then there's the Charter of Nuremberg
Law for some persons is Law for all.
Leaders are personally criminally liable
For waging of aggressive war
(Against Iran, against Kuwait)
For war crimes against persons and property
(Torturing prisoners, torching wells.)
For crimes against Humanity
(The wanton slaughter of noncombatants.)
There seem to be no grounds for war
But lots and lots and lots of grounds
For mounting a police raid to arrest those depraved sonsofbitches as criminals.
Law for some persons is Law for all.

Ecclesiastes (Reprise) - Quinn Tyler Jackson

I was born
bent and broken.

Ere I'd spoke,
I'd misspoken.

Paid my dues
in aching bone,

had to face
it all alone.

Waggish wink
and knowing nod:

These don't fool
Jehovah God.

Needed cash
to pay my debts,

empty pockets,
but gold regrets.

Tried to write
a cashier's check,

had no funds;
I'm go'n' to Heck.

Heck's a dream,
all fine and swell,

compared to
that place called Hell.

Try to laugh,
just can't fake it,

gonna die,
cold and naked.

But, you see,
that's no sin,

that's the way
that I came in.

Preventative War - Sean MacNiven

It is the latest catchword
It promises a lot,
It opens up new markets,
To take what they have got.

In truth it's not the newest,
In the history of trends,
But it's certainly now shown itself-
And all that it defends.

It's the very incarnation
Of a host of other names,
From Democracy to Liberty,
To just downright "humane".

It doesn't serve the people,
Though it once served Rome,
It doesn't serve our high ideals,
But power is it's home.

It answers now to fluid wealth
To Dollar, Yen and Pound,
It knows no human suffering
Fears no battleground.

The USA's it's faithful serf,
That land of wealth and gold,
And it quickly flies to liberate
Those that aren't in the fold.

It sent Allende packing,
Installed old Pinochet,
Chile's not recovered,
Not to this very day.

Mossadegh once wanted
To nationalize oil,
Then it helped the Shah to "liberate"-
A tyrant was installed.

Elections in South Vietnam
Run for Ho Chi Minh,
Special troops and napalm,
Soon saved the West from him.

A quarter of a million,
Were slaughtered in Iraq,
Preventatively, Mr. Bush
Tried to "get IT back".

Sanctions brought starvation

To a withered million more,
And Daddy's little boy,
Wants to finish Daddy's war.

"Terrorists!" they cry today,
Terrorists indeed!
The USA has played it's role
To cultivate that seed.

It's tampered with the Latin states,
It's instigated wars,
It's been the anti-Robin Hood,
Stealing from the poor.

And yet we all are guilty,
Of the purchasing and sale,
Of leaders and of Benzene rings,
In our economies of scale.

We are consumers one and all,
We fuel conglomerates,
We really couldn't give a damn,
About people in Kuwait.

We want our Big Mac Meals,
We want high p/s cars,
We want to watch our Oprah,
And frequent fancy bars.

And Saddam is a madman,
And Arafat as well,
Indeed as is the Arab world,
Sitting on our wells.

But the Middle East has had enough
Of our multinationals,
And if we do not watch our step
They'll send us yet to hell.

War is not the answer,
But a humane policy,
Schools and food and shelter,
Knowledge is the key.

The only way to free the world
Of terroristic bands,
Is to take note of people's woes,
Not what's beneath their lands.

Stop meddling in their politics
Stop selling off their oil,
Stop paying them in peanuts
For 8 day weeks of toil.

The ministry of plenty,
Brings famine and brings death,
The ministry of peace,
Rides upon war's breath.

If the past has taught us anything
No conflict can be said,
To simply be reducible
To any one event.

Preventative War,
It's the catchword of the day,
We'll prevent those bastards,
From getting in our way!

We'll prevent those Arab states
From becoming too secure,
We'll keep them under a heavy boot
Until they're worth no more.

So let's fly right in and show 'em,
Not to mess with power's mate,
Preventative War is gonna
Show 'em they're too late.

And when we've stirred the hornet's nest
And war lies at our feet,
And everywhere's an Israel,
A deathtrap, every street,

Will we look upon this year then,
With a soft nostalgic air,
When fruits of war's prevention,
Lie shattered everywhere?

Now I'll fill a glass of Bordeaux,
And drink to all our health,
And bid the man who wants this war,
Go fight it by himself!

Preventative War Reply - Quinn Tyler Jackson

- > It is the latest catchword
- > It promises a lot,
- > It opens up new markets,
- > To take what they have got.

The promises of war
Are never lightly ta'en,
For, my friend, if they were,

They'd only promise pain.

- > In truth it's not the newest,
- > In the history of trends,
- > But it's certainly now shown itself-
- > And all that it defends.

What sometimes will forget
Those who sue for smooth peace:
Madmen will not regret
When they their gass release.

- > It's the very incarnation
- > Of a host of other names,
- > From Democracy to Liberty,
- > To just downright "humane".

Oh, home sweet home is home,
Were this another fool,
But Saddam's at the helm,
And terror is his tool.

- > It doesn't serve the people,
- > Though it once served Rome,
- > It doesn't serve our high ideals,
- > But power is it's home.

High ideals are moth'd silk,
When suckling babies choke
On their own mother's milk
Because of poison's yoke.

- > It answers now to fluid wealth
- > To Dollar, Yen and Pound,
- > It knows no human suffering
- > Fears no battleground.

He answers to no law,
His is the decreeing;
He knows no human flaw,
For he's no human being.

- > The USA's it's faithful serf,
- > That land of wealth and gold,
- > And it quickly flies to liberate
- > Those that aren't in the fold.

Those that aren't in the fold
Have not the true price paid,
They gather up the gold
That others' lives have made.

- > It sent Allende packing,
- > Installed old Pinochet,

- > Chile's not recovered,
- > Not to this very day.

Of Pinochet, I grant,
And Chile's plight, indeed,
But focus of my rant
Is not Chile's misdeed.

- > Mossadegh once wanted
- > To nationalize oil,
- > Then it helped the Shah to "liberate"-
- > A tyrant was installed.

Of Shah's and Kings, again,
I bow to your observe;
Now is now, then is then,
So why the time frame swerve?

- > Elections in South Vietnam
- > Run for Ho Chi Minh,
- > Special troops and napalm,
- > Soon saved the West from him.

You count on past transgress
To judge the current form,
Which spins the facts amiss:
Let's hone on current harm.

- > A quarter of a million,
- > Were slaughtered in Iraq,
- > Preventatively, Mr. Bush
- > Tried to "get IT back".

- > Sanctions brought starvation
- > To a withered million more,
- > And Daddy's little boy,
- > Wants to finish Daddy's war.

Let's not forget the fact
That much the damage done,
Saddam did to react,
And not some foreign gun.

- > "Terrorists!" they cry today,
- > Terrorists indeed!
- > The USA has played it's role
- > To cultivate that seed.

I do not want to foul
Your idealistic air,
But when people tremble,
That my friend, *is* terror.

- > It's tampered with the Latin states,

- > It's instigated wars,
- > It's been the anti-Robin Hood,
- > Stealing from the poor.

And so let Saddam rest
Upon his evil laur'l
Shouting at our best
A loud, "No blood for oil!"

When in fact, any blood
That will in end be spilled,
Is not for oil, but common good,
The price for all he's killed.

- > And yet we all are guilty,
- > Of the purchasing and sale,
- > Of leaders and of Benzene rings,
- > In our economies of scale.

I don't drive a damned car,
Or even take the bus,
So take a bit more care
When you speak of this "us". ;-)

[Note: All in the spirit of debate -- this is not intended to imply I'm mad at my honorable oponent in this debate.]

- > We are consumers one and all,
- > We fuel conglomerates,
- > We really couldn't give a damn,
- > About people in Kuwait.

That thing that consumes me,
Right to my very core
Is the philosophy
That we should avoid war.

As I have said to date,
In general, war's wrong,
Of that, there's no debate,
Short war, cold war, or long.

We can't avoid the fact,
No matter how we feel,
We'll all be torn and wracked,
When Saddam's at the wheel.

- > We want our Big Mac Meals,
- > We want high p/s cars,
- > We want to watch our Oprah,
- > And frequent fancy bars.

I can't stand to eat them,
And I don't drive a car,

Oprah, just an "Ahem!"
I don't drink at the bar.

- > And Saddam is a madman,
- > And Arafat as well,
- > Indeed as is the Arab world,
- > Sitting on our wells.

Indeed he has gone mad,
He kills his own, you see,
If he the power had,
He'd kill both you and me.

As long as we can breathe,
We're targets for his rage;
What tangled webs we weave,
When peace is all the rage.

- > But the Middle East has had enough
- > Of our multinationals,
- > And if we do not watch our step
- > They'll send us yet to hell.

To send us all to hell
They'd first have to find time
And as for free time, well,
They're busy with their own.

- > War is not the answer,
- > But a humane policy,
- > Schools and food and shelter,
- > Knowledge is the key.

Let's send Saddam to school,
And feed the guy good food,
Just offer him the tool,
And he'll turn passing good!

Let's teach him how to read,
Let's teach him how to write,
And all his madman need
Will fade into the night.

Let's teach him to sow earth
And how to dig a well,
So he knows his self-worth,
And won't send us to Hell.

- > The only way to free the world
- > Of terroristic bands,
- > Is to take note of people's woes,
- > Not what's beneath their lands.

And woe indeed they have

With Saddam at the reigns,
For they are not the slave
For oil beneath their plains.

- > Stop meddling in their politics
- > Stop selling off their oil,
- > Stop paying them in peanuts
- > For 8 day weeks of toil.

They're paid not in peanuts,
But by their master's hand,
And, no ifs, ands, or buts,
He's owner of their land.

- > The ministry of plenty,
- > Brings famine and brings death,
- > The ministry of peace,
- > Rides upon war's breath.

Of your use of Orwell,
I commend your quick wit,
Double plus good, all's well,
Two's three, that well says it.

Two's three, because He says,
Big Brother a gun,
He says it, so it was,
When all the day is done.

Double plus good is Peace,
Double plus bad is War,
So Saddam, pretty please,
Don't kill your own no more.

- > If the past has taught us anything
- > No conflict can be said,
- > To simply be reducible
- > To any one event.

And any one event,
Indeed 'twould not be 'nuff,
5000 Kurds were spent
In one attack, one puff.

And anyone one transpire,
Indeed 'twould be too few,
How many wells on fire
Would count the events two?

And anyone one transgress
Indeed 'twould not sum high,
Just "one" event would pass,
For three ... how many die?

And any one mistake
Indeed 'twould seem too small,
For just four events to make,
Who's next against the wall?

Yes, any *one* event,
Hardly enough to jive,
How many lives are spent
To bring the sum to five?

> Now I'll fill a glass of Bordeaux,
> And drink to all our health,
> And bid the man who wants this war,
> Go fight it by himself!

I fight my wars with pen,
I am a novelist,
So, just read _Abadoun_,
And you will get my gist.

Preventative War Reply Reply - Sean MacNiven

> > It is the latest catchword
> > It promises a lot,
> > It opens up new markets,
> > To take what they have got.
>
> The promises of war
> Are never lightly ta'en,
> For, my friend, if they were,
> They'd only promise pain.

'Tis pain indeed they promise,
Lightly ta'en or no,
And 'tis industry alone that wins
As history does show...

> > In truth it's not the newest,
> > In the history of trends,
> > But it's certainly now shown itself-
> > And all that it defends.

> What sometimes will forget
> Those who sue for smooth peace:
> Madmen will not regret
> When they their gass release.

In a healthy state I'll tell you,
Such enemies must bear,
The fact that unsupported,

There's no-one there to hear...

> > It's the very incarnation
> > Of a host of other names,
> > From Democracy to Liberty,
> > To just downright "humane".

> Oh, home sweet home is home,
> Were this another fool,
> But Saddam's at the helm,
> And terror is his tool.

And exploitation is the way
Our businesses are run,
We take away their livelihoods,
And hold the biggest gun...

We may not train up terrorists,
But Marines and MBAs,
An economic oligarchy,
Let the bastards pay...

I see no cleft definitive
Between their ways and ours,
We've terrorised with sanctions,
With military powers...

Take guns away from soldiers
They'll strike you with their stones,
Fight long enough in others lands
The war will soon come home...

> > It doesn't serve the people,
> > Though it once served Rome,
> > It doesn't serve our high ideals,
> > But power is it's home.

> High ideals are moth'd silk,
> When suckling babies choke
> On their own mother's milk
> Because of poison's yoke.

'Tis "high ideals" that drive this war,
Waged for "Democracy",
Lest Canada and Sweden,
Saddam's next targets be...

To claim it's nought to do with oil
Is to call a spade a heart,
To run with the emotional,
Devoid of reason's art...

For the decades strike the beat
Of the sinusoidal,

And our conflicts find repeat,
And the coffers are refilled...

- > > It answers now to fluid wealth
- > > To Dollar, Yen and Pound,
- > > It knows no human suffering
- > > Fears no battleground.

- > He answers to no law,
- > His is the decreeing;
- > He knows no human flaw,
- > For he's no human being.

- > > The USA's it's faithful serf,
- > > That land of wealth and gold,
- > > And it quickly flies to liberate
- > > Those that aren't in the fold.

- > Those that aren't in the fold
- > Have not the true price paid,
- > They gather up the gold
- > That others' lives have made.

Tell me of the gold,
That other lives have made,
Of the top 500 companies
In the USA...

- > > It sent Allende packing,
- > > Installed old Pinochet,
- > > Chile's not recovered,
- > > Not to this very day.

- > Of Pinochet, I grant,
- > And Chile's plight, indeed,
- > But focus of my rant
- > Is not Chile's misdeed.

- > > Mossadegh once wanted
- > > To nationalize oil,
- > > Then it helped the Shah to "liberate"-
- > > A tyrant was installed.

- > Of Shah's and Kings, again,
- > I bow to your observe;
- > Now is now, then is then,
- > So why the time frame swerve?

We cannot turn a blind eye,
To the sires of our times,
For the past hath formed the present,
It's glories and it's crimes...

Just as you're the product,

Of your family and life,
So too the US and Iraq,
Must be viewed in that light...

- > > Elections in South Vietnam
- > > Run for Ho Chi Minh,
- > > Special troops and napalm,
- > > Soon saved the West from him.

- > You count on past transgress
- > To judge the current form,
- > Which spins the facts amiss:
- > Let's hone on current harm.

Once more to hone on current harm
A context must be set,
'Tis here we call on history
Lest we should forget...

There is no present action
Independent of the past,
Let us not let prejudice,
Better us at last...

- > > A quarter of a million,
- > > Were slaughtered in Iraq,
- > > Preventatively, Mr. Bush
- > > Tried to "get IT back".

- > > Sanctions brought starvation
- > > To a withered million more,
- > > And Daddy's little boy,
- > > Wants to finish Daddy's war.

- > Let's not forget the fact
- > That much the damage done,
- > Saddam did to react,
- > And not some foreign gun.

I do not deny that Saddam,
Is a fanatic and a crim',
But say the problem's roots,
Do not lie in him...

- > > "Terrorists!" they cry today,
- > > Terrorists indeed!
- > > The USA has played it's role
- > > To cultivate that seed.

- > I do not want to foul
- > Your idealistic air,
- > But when people tremble,
- > That my friend, *is* terror.

- > > It's tampered with the Latin states,
- > > It's instigated wars,
- > > It's been the anti-Robin Hood,
- > > Stealing from the poor.

- > And so let Saddam rest
- > Upon his evil laur'l
- > Shouting at our best
- > A loud, "No blood for oil!"

- > When in fact, any blood
- > That will in end be spilled,
- > Is not for oil, but common good,
- > The price for all he's killed.

Let Bush work for his family friends
Capture oil with lives,
Let little people say goodbye
To their kids and wives...

Let words like good and evil,
Spread indiscriminate,
Let's start throwing stones
In the greenhouses we've built...

- > > And yet we all are guilty,
- > > Of the purchasing and sale,
- > > Of leaders and of Benzene rings,
- > > In our economies of scale.

- > I don't drive a damned car,
- > Or even take the bus,
- > So take a bit more care
- > When you speak of this "us". ;-)

- > [Note: All in the spirit of debate -- this is not intended to imply
- > I'm mad at my honorable oponent in this debate.]
- no offence taken :-)

- > > We are consumers one and all,
- > > We fuel conglomerates,
- > > We really couldn't give a damn,
- > > About people in Kuwait.

- > That thing that consumes me,
- > Right to my very core
- > Is the philosophy
- > That we should avoid war.

- > As I have said to date,
- > In general, war's wrong,
- > Of that, there's no debate,
- > Short war, cold war, or long.

- > We can't avoid the fact,
- > No matter how we feel,
- > We'll all be torn and wracked,
- > When Saddam's at the wheel.

I doubt not your conviction,
To a fundamental peace,
But neither you, nor your land
Should play the world police...

The facts remain to be displayed
As to Saddam's new plans,
And if the UN finds it's gold,
We shall need to turn his hand...

But let "prevention's" reason,
Lie on sound foundations,
And not upon hysteria,
Or media efficacious...

- > > We want our Big Mac Meals,
- > > We want high p/s cars,
- > > We want to watch our Oprah,
- > > And frequent fancy bars.

- > I can't stand to eat them,
- > And I don't drive a car,
- > Oprah, just an "Ahem!"
- > I don't drink at the bar.

- > > And Saddam is a madman,
- > > And Arafat as well,
- > > Indeed as is the Arab world,
- > > Sitting on our wells.

- > Indeed he has gone mad,
- > He kills his own, you see,
- > If he the power had,
- > He'd kill both you and me.

- > As long as we can breathe,
- > We're targets for his rage;
- > What tangled webs we weave,
- > When peace is all the rage.

And your Government experiements
With W.O.M.Ds,
With dirty radiation,
And modified diease...

And half your fears rely upon
The research you have done,
To keep the Flying stars and stripes
In position number one...

[note: the use of the second person is meant as a general expression]

- > > But the Middle East has had enough
- > > Of our multinationals,
- > > And if we do not watch our step
- > > They'll send us yet to hell.

- > To send us all to hell
- > They'd first have to find time
- > And as for free time, well,
- > They're busy with their own.

- > > War is not the answer,
- > > But a humane policy,
- > > Schools and food and shelter,
- > > Knowledge is the key.

- > Let's send Saddam to school,
- > And feed the guy good food,
- > Just offer him the tool,
- > And he'll turn passing good!

- > Let's teach him how to read,
- > Let's teach him how to write,
- > And all his madman need
- > Will fade into the night.

- > Let's teach him to sow earth
- > And how to dig a well,
- > So he knows his self-worth,
- > And won't send us to Hell.

If we'd done that in the beginning,
Half our problem'd disappear,
But the people look to radicals,
Where food is nowhere near...

As I said at the commencement
Of this second-round reply,
A people fed and sheltered,
Will never need to rise...

But we've helped to keep them hungry,
And the mass doth slowly stir,
And if we don't address their needs,
We'll soon their wrath incur...

- > > The only way to free the world
- > > Of terroristic bands,
- > > Is to take note of people's woes,
- > > Not what's beneath their lands.

- > And woe indeed they have

- > With Saddam at the reigns,
- > For they are not the slave
- > For oil beneath their plains.

Your focus is upon one man,
But his role in fact is small,
Powerless the man would be
If the people did not call...

- > > Stop meddling in their politics
- > > Stop selling off their oil,
- > > Stop paying them in peanuts
- > > For 8 day weeks of toil.

- > They're paid not in peanuts,
- > But by their master's hand,
- > And, no ifs, ands, or buts,
- > He's owner of their land.

- > > The ministry of plenty,
- > > Brings famine and brings death,
- > > The ministry of peace,
- > > Rides upon war's breath.

- > Of your use of Orwell,
- > I commend your quick wit,
- > Double plus good, all's well,
- > Two's three, that well says it.

- > Two's three, because He says,
- > Big Brother a gun,
- > He says it, so it was,
- > When all the day is done.

- > Double plus good is Peace,
- > Double plus bad is War,
- > So Saddam, pretty please,
- > Don't kill your own no more.

- > > If the past has taught us anything
- > > No conflict can be said,
- > > To simply be reducible
- > > To any one event.

- > And any one event,
- > Indeed 'twould not be 'nuff,
- > 5000 Kurds were spent
- > In one attack, one puff.

- > And anyone one transpire,
- > Indeed 'twould be too few,
- > How many wells on fire
- > Would count the events two?

- > And anyone one transgress
- > Indeed 'twould not sum high,
- > Just "one" event would pass,
- > For three ... how many die?

- > And any one mistake
- > Indeed 'twould seem too small,
- > For just four events to make,
- > Who's next against the wall?

- > Yes, any *one* event,
- > Hardly enough to jive,
- > How many lives are spent
- > To bring the sum to five?

- > > Now I'll fill a glass of Bordeaux,
- > > And drink to all our health,
- > > And bid the man who wants this war,
- > > Go fight it by himself!

- > I fight my wars with pen,
- > I am a novelist,
- > So, just read _Abadoun_,
- > And you will get my gist.

Well I wish not to repeat myself,
 And leave you your reply,
 May this honourable poetic joust,
 Reach out to thinking minds...

Peace War Unilateral Agreement - Quinn Tyler Jackson

You say tomAYto
 I say tomAHto
 You say potAYto
 I say potAHto

TomAYto -- tomAHto
 PotAYto -- potAHto
 Let's call the whole war off.

You say police raid
 I say war

You say criminals
 I say settle the score

TomAYto tomAHto

PotAYto potAHto
Police Raid -- War
Let's call the whole war off.

On Peace War - Quinn Tyler Jackson

Well I wish not to repeat myself,
And leave you your reply,
May this honourable poetic joust,
Reach out to thinking minds...

I'd offer up response,
But this I only say:
For fear of 'pear a dunce,
I quickly say: Touché.

My students* call for mark,
Without them, they're annoyed,
For soon, they shall embark,
For soon, they are deployed.

They're trained to hold their gun,
And not shoot innocent,
So, when the day is done:
Let's pray they hold their bent.

I've offered up my word
On wars and tyrants, friends,
My aspect has been heard,
And now my ranting ends.

I'd Rather Poem - Quinn Tyler Jackson

I'd rather poem
my own sour despair
with words I wrote myself,
but since you parted,
the only verses
are those that are said half.

And half spoken rhyme
gets a poet nowhere,
it steals poem's wealth;
it's like a book, dead

and unread, curses
the barren, lonely shelf.

Overqualified - Quinn Tyler Jackson

they said you're overqualified
you won't be happy here
i could have gone and outright lied
removed nine tenths to spare

the cv's long but life ain't free
account's an empty well
what are they afraid of from me --
i'll do the job TOO well?

[...]

anyway and here is my gist
as they their quotas meet
i've five mouths on my feeding list
not too skilled to eat

Next Breath - Quinn Tyler Jackson

I cannot regret
even though I can't afford my next cigarette
to smoke.

I cannot complain
even though I'm wracked with pain
to my bones.

I cannot recall,
for if I dare allow myself to remember all
of the joy

I may find myself
trying to bring back all of the wealth
I had.

I will not let grief
get in the way of the only pretended relief
I know.

Life is not complete
as I anticipate living out on the street

in the cold.

I cannot pretend
that I haven't been at the very top of the bend
with it all.

I have known the best,
long before I was put to this horrible test
of my soul.

Middle Class - Quinn Tyler Jackson

hey cling to petty artifice
And purchase piles of useless things
To dull the pain that they must face:
They ha'en't the pow'r that true wealth brings.

They bitch and whine o' th' lazy poor
Acting as if "welfare bums" steal,
Man with a hand out they abhor,
"He'll just drink it, not buy a meal."

They capture moments on their cams
As if those moments were of worth,
Their next vacation's in their plans,
No matter the cost to the Earth.

They "had to earn it" they will say,
So anyone without's a jerk,
And what's more, "the old fashioned way,"
But God forbid they'd fall from work!

Perhaps they cling with such closed hand
Because the wolf's so might'ly close,
In but a flash, they understand,
They could everything quickly lose.

The poor man will offer his last
To help another in need;
The rich man has our kind surpassed,
And can't be faulted for his greed.

But the middle man, he must bear
A greater onus for his cold,
For he would sell his only broth'r
To buy an ounce of his Fool's Gold.

We Live the Dream - Sean MacNiven

We live the dream ideal and quiver when,
Our eyes with spectres shadowy are met,
Thus faced the choice confronts our very ken,
Abandon or a new support beget,
Support for visions built on sinking sands,
As for our self identity in fear,
That recognition of alternate plans
May cause our cherished dreams to disappear,
To turn away, hold dear the media,
To let our minds be swayed by speech's craft,
Drop questions crushed by the inertia,
Of masses roused, drunk on the moment's draught,
'Tis here the vision sure and swiftly fades,
Till retrospect makes clear the errors made...

Arches - Quinn Tyler Jackson

i did not understand the
absence of your artifice
until i stood under
your absence,
looking up,
and like an arch
watched the geese
above me bringing in
yet another winter without you

Etchings - Quinn Tyler Jackson

let me sing sad songs
that once were etched
on stone with
fingernails

let me see the aura
of creek water as it
etches on
bone with
eddies and whorls

let me hear voices
near riverbeds
as crows recall
passing trout
and the slap of

children's bare feet

let me bend over
a shaft of wheat torn
by hail and wind,
putting it between
my lips and playing
the hayseed

when the sunset
reaches this place,
let me listen for
grasshoppers and toads
and etch your name
into my stone
with your fingernails

Respectfully, I Bid to Make Reply - Grant Jerome Fisher

Respectfully, I bid to make reply,
Though any words of mine may be weak praise,
The truth I read, perchance, may answer why
I languidly travail my dark malaise;
For words, so written, write themselves at times
And whether our expressions are our choice,
The rhythms, revelations, and the rhymes
Speak through our pens in an exalted voice;
For oft my mind, in battle, has declared
My sublimated heart must know its place,
For, how could idle whims and dreams have dared
To steal my ardour from the daily race?
Yet, let me put my layman thoughts to bed
When with your words and musings all is said.

Sonnet - Ottava Rima - Sean MacNiven

The salmon that knows not from whence it's come,
Might follow blindly instinct's hardy thread,
Successful though it's errand may be done,
It sinks to join the massing of the dead,
Indeed it's errand there would end a pun,
Should generations spawned not turn their heads,
A joy indeed the news that nature brings -
Where circular the songs our planet sings....

What Onus This Poet's Laureate I Wear - Quinn Tyler Jackson

What onus this poet's laureate I wear --
I did not ask the Muse to lay the crown! --
But still, when I must, I swing the sword, clean
Cutting with this cold burden that I bear,
As if some king with wiser words to tear,
Not for the World's Silver or her renown,
No idle rumor of my worth o'erblown,
But like some prophet to some truth declare.
I did not pray that words would find their rhyme
Upon this weak, torn, useless bosom mine,
That lofty artifice would leave my pen!
Look at me! I'm an idiot in time!
But with dull me the Muse now does recline,
And words not mine must meet the air right then.

Hindsight's Sonnet - Quinn Tyler Jackson

Hindsight's clarity being what it is,
The gift of turned neck and backwards vision,
We make our next step, avoid collision
By the constant re-minding of what was.
Though forward pushed, our scope be all amiss,
When we a recollection entertain,
Letting Yesterdays purify our brain,
We are finally left with only this:
Some steps we think we should have never trod,
Some lover's kiss the taste we now find sour,
Some innocence stupidity indeed!
If we with forward life are to be awed,
We must seek the next, never-ending hour,
Lest from some past regret we're never freed.

Seeking a Poem - Quinn Tyler Jackson

I tried to find a rhyme
on the cold, wet stones near
the river, but nothing rhymes
with the endless shuffle
of water over rocks.

I tried to read the lines

of clouds near the sunset
as daylight disappeared
into the softened day
but could not discern them.

I tried to count scansion
in Venus and the stars
as the moon rang into
evening, but flicker
holds to no rhymthed count.

I tried to hear a muse
in the wind washed hanging
arms of slow willow
but inspiration won't
speak through the bending wood.

I listened, breathed, and sought,
even unto crickets,
but when nothing happened,
took out my pen and pad
and captured the moment.

As Long as it's the Beginning of a Good Thing - Dylan Taylor

"As long as it's the beginning of a good thing," he said
me
half listening, half
caring
dread locks-khaki shorts
black
T-shirt
leathered
beautiful face
me
turning sandy dirt
over promised grass,
Tucson 1992,
thinking of how
I would kill the birds
that would eat the seed
me
thinking of how
I would control nature
then this
half-memory

has the will to say
"as long as it's the beginning of a good thing."

They, Far Too Lettered, Chew the Bubble Gum From Packs of Poetry Cards - Dylan Taylor

emotions true to form
having none
diffusing and interacting
like the racing Universe
conquering darkness
in all directions

the horizontal, stable
above the apex,
is not specific to the children

and they chew their gum
like a cow
like a cow at pasture

and
they blow their bubbles
like a man child
sincere at the onset
the true heart of a poet
a void filled by fear
conformity was only a
heartbeat away

and art now deceives
(Jesus didn't wear Italian suits)

diffusion can be bliss
a bubble is a coffin for the mindless
Shakespeare anyone?

Entropy - Dylan Taylor

You give your coins to the pool
then wish to own a fountain someday
then I give you Paris, and then I give you Paris
one hundred times. How about New Zealand?
Happy yet?
True
There are rings of gold

But I've seen the winners
and the entropy of their prizes
and I ask you to seek the permanent
the only truth we know

For Brother Barry - Thomas Hadley

once i caught a pass
when i was a very young man
the football was spinning so fast
it landed smackdab in my hands
now, that was Apotheosis to me
i'd seen all the "heroes" of that day
do the same
and now it had happened to me

...a sense of grace, it was,
it now seems to be
i turned, i ran
but there was no one chasing me
no goalpost white and glorious to enter in
like Heaven's gleaming Gate

sometimes, now
Grace happens to me
it is certainly not of my doing
or my willful intent in that moment
that this should be
i just suddenly see/feel it spiraling into my hands
slambang into my heart
right on my numbers
maybe that's just the way
it is meant to be

Lord of the Munchkins - Quinn Tyler Jackson

All his life he
desperately wanted
to be someone
when he grew up.

He thought himself
important
and took the roads
and paths that
most appeared
to be paved with

important bricks.

Upon arriving at
Emerald City
and presenting himself
before the Wizard
he was in for an awakening.

He half expected the Wizard
to say, "Oh, you have always
been important."

Instead, he heard: "By
seeking to be important
when you grew up,
you've skillfully avoided
growing up."

And now he washes emerald
windows for a living -- lord
of the Munchkins.

Primum vivere, deinde philosophari? - Maria Claudia Faverio

The infinite before
and the infinite after
cross in the finitude of the present,
shaping itself into fallacy of being,
being whose essence
is abeyance of becoming.

The instant is like the thought of God,
a rolling thunderbolt in a rolling world.
Yet on the sophisms of time
rests the myth of life,
its aberration,
the disquieting satisfaction of the mass
so comfortable
with uncomfortable themes.

For life consists of an endless succession
of unsubstantial instants,
so that if what is true for the part
is true for the whole,
life itself is unessential,
the hint of a dream
dreamed by a confused dreamer.

The eternity before
and the eternity after
imply the eternity of the present
and its nonexistence
at the same time.

Horace's maxim is at the best a wish,
a stubborn manifestation of the will,
will howbeit impotent
against the capricious permanence of pain.

For pain is the only constancy of life,
its leitmotiv, the only disturbance
of the smoothness of transience,
the water of the river
as thing in itself.

In the madness of change
continuously outwitting itself,
the inexhaustibility of pain
is the hypostasis of life.
We partake of life
because we partake of pain.

We accept our stint of sorrow
like a vice, a bad habit,
under the sway of a will
that doesn't know exactly what it wills
and yet is too weak
not to will.

The fragility of the instant
is the irresolution of the will.

Fragile theatre - Maria Claudia Faverio

When night steps down
and wild flowers recede
into the blessed calm of oblivion
like a hand forsaking desire, -
pallid under the cracked moon
shot with hints of blue,
the world resembles a pastoral
alien to tension of light
and gods
drunk with distillation of thunder.

Shakes of leaves abate,
the unattainable perfection of thought
relaxes into the breathless peace

of void of mind,
whose positivity consists
in the negation of the will.

Impartial to things of stone
losing their stoniness
in the black stringency of night,
images dwell in the untextured air
like replicas of reality,
and yet the real imitation
is reality,
not the images.

At the edge of night,
the fragile theater of life
crumbles to dust of light
and dark,
embracing each other
like Chinese symbols
uncaged into being.

PROSE

BEAU DISCOURS - by Albert Frank

Oui, c'est dit!

Mes amis, avec l'enthousiasme qui vous caractérise, vous avez réussi! Cette réalisation, la plus belle de toutes, nous mènera au sommet... que dis-je - le sommet est à nous, pour toujours.

Mesdames, messieurs, c'est dans la joie la plus totale, c'est dans la joie la plus sincère, avec émotion, que je vous dis : "Merci, merci, encore merci!"

Notre destin uni dans cette grande réussite s'envolera vers des cimes sans précédent. Et c'est unis dans un but commun, à jamais inoubliable, que notre triomphale réussite nous portera vers les hauteurs - oui, j'ai bien dit vers les hauteurs, vers une gloire jusqu'alors inégalée. Pendant des années... que dis-je? Pendant des siècles, notre lutte juste et grande tentait vainement de nous amener à notre juste place ... maintenant, grâce à vous, mes amis, nous avons réussi. Qu'en ce jour mémorable, unis

dans la même joie incommensurable, dans une communion d'esprit à jamais parfaite, nous comprenions notre plénitude. Quelle joie, quel grand moment . Comme le disaient déjà mes prédécesseurs et comme le diront, nul n'en doute, les successeurs et à leur tour les successeurs de ceux-ci, avec une volonté incessante de renouveau : continuez, mes amis, continuez toujours...Le monde vous admire et ne peut cacher la profonde émotion qu'il ressent au vu de vos sublimes réalisations.

Imaginez-vous, mesdames, messieurs qu'après des millénaires - que dis-je: des dizaines - des centaines de milliers d'années d'obscurantisme, enfin la lumière a jailli, et ce grâce à vous, oui grâce à vous - il faut le dire - dont l'incessant dévouement persistera à jamais.

N'oublions pas l'adversité, ces ignobles détracteurs qui, non contents de nier l'évidence, vont jusqu'à vouloir prétendre l'impossible. Comment peut-on même imaginer qu'il puisse être possible de ressentir ce sentiment invouable? Je vous le demande. Cette démentielle adversité, non seulement

dans un but obscur mais encore au travers de sinistres brumes, renforcera encore notre désir : le mieux, toujours le mieux. C'est notre union absolue qui nous a porté en avant et qui toujours continuera ainsi. Avez-vous, mes chers amis, des questions?

- " Quelle heure est-il ?"

The way we work : Food for thought. - Albert Frank

COMPETENCY

Let us first recall Peter's principle: "In any organised group of human beings, one keeps on being promoted until one's level of incompetence has been reached."

Sad last step of a process which we've become accustomed to witness.

What is worse is that on a daily basis, the meaning of the word "competent" has evolved from "the one that can do" to "the one that deals with"! Ideally, it would be perfect: the one who, thanks to his knowledge, is able to solve a problem, is asked to deal with it. Practically, it is assumed to be so! The one who deals with a problem is presumed to be able to solve it. No distinction is made anymore between ability and title. This has led us to the abominable use of the term "Competent Authority"...Take, among so many examples, the pedagogical competencies of those "Competent Authorities" who rule Educational Boards!

HIERARCHY

In his remarkable book "Submission to Authority" (a part of which was taken up in the movie "I, as Icare"), Stanley MILGRAM shows how far blind submission to authority may lead. Observations made by Stanley Milgram's team outnumbered most pessimistic forecasts. Phrases like "The boss said so", "The State Secretary said so", justify almost anything, often absolutely everything (ask Hitler or better ask his lieutenants!).

And where has this led us to? When working in a firm or in an office for example, in order to take most of the steps that have to be taken, any planned action or decision has first to be submitted to the one immediately above, who in his turn will refer it to the one immediately above ... until, finally, it reaches the "Competent Authority" !

POWER

Whatever we think about their power, European State Ministers do have a lot of it. (What about elsewhere's?). When they meet, State Ministers take decisions that affect our daily life. Simply because they are almost at the top of the ladder.

An improvement might be reached if to be entitled to become a State Minister, people had to have at least, let's say, a 120 IQ, as well as a certain amount of "knowledge" in the field they are to minister. It may make no difference in the worst case, but why not try? [Ideally these people should also take a test in honesty, but such a test does not seem to be feasible.]

This proposal does not imply that everyone should walk around with a sign on his head stating his IQ. One would simply know that those who are State Ministers have a relatively high IQ and some knowledge in the field they are dealing with.

HABITS

Point out any stupidity, whichever. What will you be answered? "-That's the way we've always done!" And anything will find itself justified! Even better, you

will be told: "-That's the way we've always done, ask the boss"
How to get out of it ??? And this is a mirthless remark.

MAY-BE

What about imposing a duty to think ? A duty not to obey stupidly, because "the order comes from the boss", because "that's the way it's always been done", because "I don't want to take any responsibility", because "if I don't, someone else will do it anyway"... but the step to take is so big, the way to go is so long ...

RÉFLEXIONS SUR NOTRE (???) SOCIÉTÉ - Albert Frank

LA COMPÉTENCE

Rappelons d'abord le "Principe de Peter" : " Dans beaucoup d'organisations, chacun est promu jusqu'à atteindre son niveau d'incompétence". C'est bien connu, et pas tellement spécial. Mais il y a pire : le mot compétent, qui signifie littéralement "qui est capable de, qui a la capacité de traiter un problème..." est utilisé dans le langage courant actuel pour désigner "celui qui s'occupe de" !!

Idéalement, ce serait parfait : celui qui, éventuellement par ses connaissances, est capable de traiter un problème, s'en occupe.

En pratique, on admet qu'il en est ainsi ! Celui qui s'occupe d'un problème est présumé être capable de s'en occuper. Plus aucune distinction n'est faite entre les capacités et le titre. D'où par exemple l'abominable utilisation du terme " autorité compétente ". Pensons par exemple (il y en a tellement) aux compétences pédagogiques des autorités "compétentes" en matière d'enseignement ! ...

LA VOIE HIÉRARCHIQUE

Dans son remarquable ouvrage " Soumission à l'autorité" (dont une petite partie a été reprise dans le film " I comme Icare », Stanley MILGRAM montre jusqu'où la soumission aveugle à l'autorité peut mener. Les constatations faites par l'équipe de Stanley Milgram dépassèrent les prévisions les plus pessimistes. "Le chef a dit"... " Le ministre a dit" justifient n'importe quoi, souvent absolument n'importe quoi (demandez à Hitler et surtout aux sous-fifres !).

Et où en sommes-nous? Pour la majorité de nos actions (par exemple dans le fonctionnement d'une entreprise ou administration), toute action ou décision doit être soumise au supérieur hiérarchique, qui lui-même demandera à son supérieur hiérarchique... pour finalement aboutir à... l'autorité compétente !

LE POUVOIR

Quoiqu'on puisse en penser, les ministres ont, dans les gouvernements européens (et autres?) beaucoup de pouvoir. Un conseil des ministres peut prendre des décisions affectant la vie de tous les jours. Et ceci simplement parce que ces ministres sont presque en haut de la chaîne des "supérieurs hiérarchiques". Je pense qu'une amélioration peut être obtenue en imposant à quelqu'un, pour être "ministrable", d'avoir au moins un Q.I. - disons de 120. Et également d'avoir des "connaissances" dans le domaine concerné. Au pire, cela ne changerait rien, mais pourquoi ne pas essayer? Idéalement, ces gens devraient aussi passer un examen d'honnêteté, mais cela ne semble pas réalisable. Cette proposition

n'implique nullement que chacun doive se promener avec son Q.I. affiché sur sa tête. On saurait simplement que ceux qui sont ministres ont un Q.I. relativement élevé et des capacités dans le domaine dont ils s'occupent.

L'HABITUDE

Désignez une ineptie que vous constatez, peu importe laquelle. Quelle réponse vous fera-t-on très souvent? « On a toujours fait comme cela " - Et tout se trouve ainsi justifié. Encore mieux, on vous répondra " on a toujours fait comme cela, demandez au chef... "

Que faire pour en sortir??? Je ne sais pas, et c'est sans gaieté que j'écris ces quelques lignes...

PEUT - ETRE

Une "obligation de penser", de ne pas obéir stupidement " parce que c'est le chef, parce qu'il sait, parce que l'on a toujours fait comme cela, parce que je ne veux pas prendre de responsabilité, parce que si je ne le fais pas un autre le fera «... mais le chemin à faire est tellement grand, tellement long...

THOUGHTS ON POWER

Editor's Note: The following is a collection of individual members views of the possible looming war. To read replies and counters please visit

<http://groups.yahoo.com/group/apotheosis/messages>

Barry Howard

I enjoy the poetic exchanges very much regarding this war. I've been following things closely, and, of course, have opinions which are forged within the framework of my worldview. Still, I believe my perspective are tempered, and have some merit.

In America, we have what is popularly called the Monroe Doctrine. It was expressed during President Monroe's seventh annual message to Congress, December 2, 1823. Here is an excerpt:

"...Our policy in regard to Europe, which was adopted at an early stage of

the wars which have so long agitated that quarter of the globe, nevertheless remains the same, which is, not to interfere in the internal concerns of any of its powers; to consider the government de facto as the legitimate government for us; to cultivate friendly relations with it, and to preserve those relations by a frank, firm, and manly policy, meeting in all instances the just claims of every power, submitting to injuries from none. But in regard to those continents circumstances are eminently and conspicuously different. It is impossible that the allied powers should extend their political system to any portion of either continent without endangering our peace and happiness; nor can anyone believe that our southern brethren, if left to themselves, would adopt it of their own accord. It is equally impossible, therefore, that we should behold such interposition in any form with indifference. If we look to the comparative strength and resources of Spain and those new Governments, and their distance from each other, it must be obvious that she can never subdue them. It is still the true policy of the United States to leave the parties to themselves, in hope that other powers will pursue the same course. . . . "

The Monroe Doctrine has a great deal of value in some respects. In other respects, it falls short. I work with many nationalities, including a number of Europeans. My experience is that the European worldview on global affairs is not quite the same as the American view...extending its differences even from the British and Canadian view, which saddle the European and American views.

In regard to the case at hand, there is little question in my mind as to whether war is the right course. I believe it is, and the reasons for that are (1) a real and immediate threat from Saddam and (2) an intrinsic responsibility to battle evil.

The first reason is easily contended with by decent men of all nations, as it might be contested that there is not enough evidence made public to declare war in an attempt to thwart a strike from Saddam. Maybe. Maybe not. My guess is that more information will be forthcoming, but this point is not one that I would try to argue with a dissenter, as burden of proof is an expectation relative to the tastes and opinions of an individual. For me, Saddam has proven his mettle in this regard and I am satisfied to go and shut him down. Another might disagree, and I can appreciate that. You could argue the point all day.

The second reason is what I think should bind civilized men together more tightly in this endeavor. With power comes a certain amount of intrinsic responsibility. For instance, if I were to walk out of my front door and see a ten year old child repeatedly beating the head of a four year old child against the sidewalk, what responsibility do I have to intervene? I, a 31 year old man, have no business in the affair to speak of. I don't know the causes of the conflict. I am big and strong and can come in and control things, giving me a truly unfair advantage. Why should I intervene?

Of course, this personal, local example is easy to embrace and, any decent human being would concur that I have a basic responsibility as a reasonable adult to intervene and prevent harm to the helpless four year old. It's not fair. Evil is afoot. I would be wrong to walk the other way.

To me, it is only an extension of the principle in this example that requires action on the part of America in world conflicts. Other countries may not like it; may not have the stomach or courage or the good nature to follow suit; may wish they were consulted longer about it; may wish that the parties were left alone. But that's the responsibility that comes with power. You're either the silent Policeman who does nothing and carries the blood of unheeded victims on his Policeman hands, or you're the Policeman who does something and stands up for what is right. Either way you're the Policeman, because power carries responsibility.

It might be an exercise to pick this apart by citing that nations aren't little children, but rather groups of adults...but the principle is the same. Whether it's Kuwait and Saddam, or the Kurds and Saddam, or the innocent people of Iraq itself and Saddam...the principle is the same. The burden of proof is on the opposer to tell me how America does not have a basic responsibility, apart even from any danger to itself at this point (because I realize that severity has to be a determining factor and you can't put out every brushfire in the world), to take care of the evil which has so clearly evidenced its ways and means. You might dissent with me, but only by nitpicking an example, not by violating the principle.

By the way, if anyone is not familiar with the empirical data regarding the life and times of Saddam, please educate yourself. There's little argument there to be had. 'Tis what it 'tis.

All this is, obviously, couched in my worldview...but I sleep well at night. And when this guy gets removed...and he will get removed before too long friends....I'll sleep well then too.

Best Regards,

Barry

Paul Nachbar

I was very moved by both excellent poems of different 'points of view' regarding the possible war in Iraq. Well 'moved' is not exactly the right word but I'm not going to do a Flaubert number today and spend hours searching for the perfect word. You know what I mean? I also started writing poems in my head about the situation in the Middle East, which is of course a global situation, but the poems were so bitter that I decided to forget them. Anyway, war poems, both for and against, have long been a tradition in many cultures and I respect those who write them. After all, no matter how much or how little fame a particular poem or poet gets or what the point of view, the poet is not really harming anybody much at worst and at best is presenting, in unforgettable language, a vision of a higher humanity, justice, morality, etc. I mean I don't care about political labels here if you know what I mean?

Yes, I keep using that American cliché of popular speech

"you know what I mean?" but there is a point to it. People sometimes tend to use clichés not when they're stupid but when they're scared and the subjects at hand are almost too hot to touch... I've read, but not as carefully as I should have, analysis of these events written from many different points of view. And I'm always tempted to side with one or the other or am always swayed from one to the other which is sort of unpleasant-- yes I would like to write the perfect prose analysis or even manifesto because poetry I think doesn't quite work here-- but is in a way a luxury.

Why is this? Because although, in the worst case scenarios (I mean for me, not for whomever might regard me as part of the American or American Zionist whatever enemy) I might get injured or die because of things which happen HERE in America, I am not going to be fighting in any battles overseas. Why? Because I have a very long psychiatric record and the American army in it's wisdom, like other armies, has decided that this "craziness" of mine disqualifies me from the "sanity" of serving my country, so to speak, in war. Haha. Or regular work for that matter, but that's another kettle of fish.

Of course it's an unsafe world and an unpredictable one and an imperfect one etc etc. But damn it, it's also a very scary world from what I am reading now. Now I can sort of see the points of view in both war poems, though I am from America, the Great or the Horrible Empire, depending on your point of view (and I've shared both) but I don't have a point of view..I'm scared if you know what I mean. Not really of my own personal death or injury, though I am not fond of pain as my dentist knows for sure, but because we're dealing with some serious shit here. Now it could be, in the best of all possible cases, that somehow one or all of the parties in this awful peace/war dance manage to "solve" the whole problem without hurting too many people, whether by negotiation or invasion or some new creative idea or whatever.. But when we're talking about the weapons of mass destruction like rockets and chemical and biological and nuclear weapons eg., megadeath., and throwing around on other cultural levels weapons of minor destruction like laws and ideologies cultural artifacts like books and movies and ideas and religions and occasionally a poem, I just get scared. Why? Because of something called Murphy's Law, if you know what I mean, which states quite simply "anything that can go wrong will go wrong." Oh well, it's been a nice planet while it lasted..

Well, I'm not exactly trembling with fear or boiling with rage for that matter. Actually I'm at work now, at my part-time poet job, where for some reason the movers - we just got a new office - stacked several large boxes filled with unsold copies of my poetry anthologies in back of my semi-cubicle. These books kind

of haunt me but, as they say, nobody buys poetry anyway these days so just write a novel, damn it, if you want to sell. But I don't make anything off of sales anyway so what does it really matter to my self-interest", which is supposed to be everybody's primary motivation.

Hey I'm not complaining, though occasionally I'm a bit jealous of the two siblings of a friend of mine who are pretty well known journalists and politicians who do stories regarding all this Middle Eastern horror and crapola. Hey, they live well, don't they? They write for the New York Times and appear on Public Television and earn Big Bucks. Yeah, I'm jealous...well, no I ain't. Not really. You know what I mean?

Paul

Jonathan Marin

A police raid and a war may look alike, but the differences are real enough:

MORAL

The means toward two different ends may look the same, but the ends do matter. Means that are justifiable toward one set of ends may not be justifiable toward a different set. It's unseemly for nations that unashamedly possess certain weapons to affect high moral dudgeon when another nation wants to possess them too. It's noble to arrest and punish war criminals.

PSYCHOLOGICAL

Many Iraqis who would fight to the death "for their country" might feel different about dying to save the necks of a few top-brass criminals. Exhortations that would induce heroism in the one context risk cynical sarcasm in the other.

POLITICAL

Inspections mask an invincible built-in rationale for inaction:

- (1) As long as inspectors don't find anything, the case for action can't advance.
- (2) When they do, it proves that inspections are working -- Return to (1).

DIPLOMATIC

When is enough enough? Why is *this* material breach a trigger for war, but not the last one, or the next one? Is the apt analogy the straw that breaks the camel's back? I think the weight that finally snaps the cable is more on point. Because when the cable is infinitely elastic, it never snaps.

Jon

Melinda Frye

I wish that I could call myself a true pacifist, but I feel that I'm more inclined to agree with the Just War Theory (an oxymoron, I know). I was wondering what others think of that theory. I believe that JWT was first defined by St. Augustine. In my opinion, the Just War Theory is far from perfect, but it provides a guideline to limit the destruction and make war more "fair" (at least on paper). Kind of like how Hammurabi's Code "An eye for an eye," was a limitation on -not an obligation toward- revenge.

I'm just remembering the awful civil war in Rwanda in the mid 1990's...the United States had no economic interest in the country, so help was too little, too late.

Sincerely, Melinda

Michael Zerger

Let me introduce myself as a Mennonite by heritage. That should give you my general view on war. That said, there has always been a percentage of us who understand that not to resist evil is to be an accomplice to it. And as a student of war, my observation is that limited war leads to more war. My conclusion: there is a time for war and it must be swift, vicious and overwhelming. Good thing I have a fractured personality. Makes more room for the conflict of my inner demons!

Michael

Santanu Sengupta

I did not know about the Monroe doctrine earlier. From what I understand, it believes roughly in the policy 'Live and let live' . You say the American and European views are not the same. I would like to extend it to include Asia as well. U.S. is not exactly thought of as the friendly Santa in our parts. Now why is that? Is it just the helpless envy lesser and poorer people have for the stronger and more powerful? Or is it some more deep-rooted reason behind this? Probably the Arab states (Egypt, Syria, Iraq, Palestine and others) have a grudge against U.S. because of its continuous support for Israel? I would not comment on which side is correct regarding this. There is no absolute right or wrong in the matter.

I hail from India and I dare say we feel that there is a distinct double-standard in Bush's "War on Terror". I see hundreds of people being killed every day by militants. It doesn't need a lot of imagination to fathom from where these militants come. But the U.S. is noticeably silent and passive about this because Bush needs Pakistan as a pawn in the Taliban war game. So, we cannot believe in Bush's integrity when he pledges to remove the roots of terrorism from the world, and his claim that attacking Iraq is a step in that direction.

Saddam is a dictator and a definite threat. He needs to be disarmed. But in doing so, you cannot discount the fact that the world needs concrete proof to believe that this merits an all-out attack on Iraq and the resulting loss of thousands of innocent lives. If U.S. does not give any evidence and attacks Iraq, it would set a very bad precedent. If one day, the power dynamics were to change, this might encourage the then-most-powerful nation to feel that being the strongest and believing a certain nation needs to be attacked is reason enough. The other nations are too insignificant and weak to bother about.

Sean MacNiven

On Barry's essay on Monroe Doctrine

The principle is correct and I won't even attempt to dispute it. I just don't see much of that principle applying in this case. If the USA really works on this principle alone, and not on the potential gain a victory and new puppet government could bring, I might view the whole situation otherwise. The fact is, Afghanistan suffered crimes against humanity and a barbaric regime for years, in addition to experiencing war and poverty for almost a good 20 years. Why didn't the USA go in there earlier? Did your people need the WTC to look out and see what's happening in other countries, or was it simply not economically attractive beforehand? America and the entire "civilised" world does indeed have a responsibility and there are and have been plenty of countries that would have been glad of a bit of help that never received it (and probably never will) because of their unfortunate situation as far as natural resources are concerned. Were you honouring that principle in Vietnam? In Korea? In Iran? In Chile? In Nicaragua? In Kuwait? Will you really be honouring that principle in Iraq (part 2)? I'll believe it when it becomes possible to nationalize one's oil without receiving a "Dear Sir, Madam...I hope you know , this means War" on the end of a scud missile. I'll believe it when the USA (and the rest of the "civilised world") starts involving itself positively in countries where there is no perceivable short-term financial gain. I'll believe it when multinationals start building schools and hospitals, and contributing to the improvement of the infrastructure of the countries that they had "hitherto" exploited. Barry, you are indeed an idealist. I would very much like to see the "principles" you speak of being honestly employed. All I see though, to further your example, is a professional bystander checking for victim's assets and credit details before offering to stay the assailant's hand...

All the Best,

Sean

NEW MEMBERS

Name: Stefan Lindberg
Email: stefan.a.a.lind@bredband.net
Qualifying Score: Cooijmans Test For Genius

Bio: I'm 20 y o and study law at the university of Stockholm and as from autumn 2003 I will be studying Engineering Physics at the Royal Institute of Technology.

In 2001 I won a nation wide Essay-contest with an essay in german on Wittgenstein (Auf der Suche nach dem Sinn des Glückbegriffes). I'm very interested in linguistics, mathematics, foreign languages (modern and classic)and philosophy. I also play the violin.

I retain membership in the following IQ-societies: IHIQS, Glia, Triple Nine Society, Sigma, Mysterium and High Potentials Society.

Name: Albert Frank

Email: albert.frank@skynet.be

URL: <http://www.sigmasociety.org/AFrank.html>

Qualifying Score: Sigma Test

Bio: I am born in 1943. After studying mathematics, logic and informatic, I spent more than 25 years in several countries in Central Africa, as Professor. I play chess and bridge - in 1968 I was chess champion of Brussels. I have made a psychopedagogic experiment on chess, related in the book "chess and aptitudes", American chess foundation, 1978. I came back to Europe (Belgium) in 1994. I was also flight instructor. I'm member of about 20 high I.Q. societies. I organise some international contests in logic. In March 2000, I organised in Brussels the first European meeting of "very high I.Q. people" (It was *great* :-)

Name: Santanu Sengupta

Email: santanu.sengupta@intel.com

Qualifying Score: Test For Genius

Bio: I work as a senior software engineer for Intel Corporation. I completed my Bachelors in Aerospace Engineering from the Indian Institute of Technology. I enjoy reading almost anything I can get my hands on. My

favorite fictional character is Hercule Poirot, the little Belgian detective with an egg-shaped head and a pronounced moustache. I also enjoy penning my thoughts, daydreaming and being idle, watching Seinfeld, acting on stage, playing and watching soccer and studying Indian history. I am from Bangalore, India.

Name: Grant Fisher

Email: gfisher@telkomsa.net

Qualifying Score: Sigma Test

Bio: I was born in Johannesburg, South Africa in 1970, and grew up in Cape Town, where I attended university, graduating with a Bachelor of Business Science degree in 1991. After having been conscripted into the military for a year (ouch!), I worked for a few years in the retail industry before taking a job as an internal auditor in the entertainment industry.

I discovered the High IQ community on the internet purely by accident, towards the end of 2002, when a "pop-up" invited me to test my IQ. The results surprised me as up until then I had no idea what my IQ was. (I'm still not entirely sure, but realise that it must deviate to some extent from the norm.) As far as poetry is concerned, I've been writing the stuff (on and off) for about 10 years now. Writing poetry also came as a bit of a surprise as I grew up believing I was mathematically minded and not particularly imaginative. One night, a week before I was scheduled to go to the army, I found that I could not sleep. Hence the title of my first poem, 'Awake'. On a subconscious level however, I may have realised I was awaking to a whole new world...

My other interests include working out (weights, punch bag, jogging, tennis sometimes), reading TIME magazine and watching the occasional movie. I also

have the odd ability to juggle with four juggling balls.

And I am a member of the ISI-Society

Name: Pierre-Alexandre Sicart

Email: pas245@nyu.edu

Qualifying Score: GRE

Autobiography -- 28-year old. Studies in France, Scotland, and the US. Presently working on a joint PhD between NYU and the University of Toulouse II, France. Publications: two scholarly articles and five short stories, with sales between 1000 and 100 000 copies (magazines sell much better than anthologies!).

Name: Dylan Taylor

Email: dtaylor1@gsbalum.uchicago.edu

Qualifying Score: Sigma Test

Bio: I am a 32 old male living in Chicago. I am married to a wonderful woman, Gabrielle, and have a new little baby girl, Brooke, who was born a little less than a month ago. I have a diverse set of interests which include quantum physics (especially aspects with contradict special relativity), philosophy, ancient and lost civilizations, classical music (especially from the Baroque period), chess, and traveling (I lived in Switzerland for a period of time). I enjoy intellectual inquiry and collaboration and would be honored to be a member of Poetic Genius.

Name: Martha Spalding Mozingo
Email: spalding@marshall.edu
Qualifying Score: Miller Analogies Test

Autobiography -- Born and reared in WV, BA wv state college, MA, in counseling, started MFA at Goddard in 1997. educated in public and private schools, and spent a very weird 23 years in fundamentalist religion. Art and writing are important to help me heal from the repressive environment i experienced for 40 years. Married, no kids, one large hairy white dog.