

APOTHEOSIS

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FOUNDER



PGS

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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.

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POETRY

Chime of Time - Daniele Pinna

People come, people go;
Time comes, time is, time goes.
I dream of a pasture there was once;
but now no more;
I dream of people I knew once;
but now I know no more.

As wind turns trees into restless seas;
the chime of time chimes no more.

For when time comes and time goes;
the self I knew lives no more.

The Yen For Yang - Robin Hammer

An oyster shell opens to a tiny grain of sand
A woman's heart envelopes the grittiness of a
man
A flower's face will follow the sojourn of the sun
An amused gaze watches a cat spookd by no one

A leaf will offer applause when the wind wanders
the sky
A wake of perfume triggers melodies in the
mind's eye
A sunset signals the colors that it's time to go to
bed
A mother's bosom beckons where one can lay his
head

An ant trudges tirelessly in a never ending train
A need to nurture another is the distaff's domain
A touch of time blurs the line 'tween the eaters
and the eaten
A woman's love makes you rise above when you
feel soundly beaten

A birth and death process leaves many moves in
between
A mate awaits for you and me whose identity
can't be forseen
A myriad of choices offered, yet one becomes the
selection
A man can't live his life alone- without woman
there is no perfection

God Almighty, Watch Over Them – Ryan Lamont
Sloan

The hot days
on the sands of Babylon
bear down
on our daughters and our sons.
The shadowy figures,
who lie in wait,
bring their rocks and their guns
and their bile and their hate.
It is our young
who shed their blood in this fight
It is our young
who are in combat for life
and liberty
and the pursuit of happiness:
Things for which
we all take for granted.
It is now
that we raise our voices and call upon Him:
"God Almighty,
over our troops, watch over them."

The Hold - Wallace W. Rhodes

The roaring engines, the driving rods, the ever
moving shaft.
The turning screw, the hearty men, the onward
moving craft.
How hot this hold;
These men how bold
With bodies of grease and sweat.
Inside they're cold;
These men so bold.
They curse and drink to forget.
But when they're gone
The ship moves on,
But memories linger yet.
But at life's end,
And only then
They'll be free from toil and sweat.

The dashing waves the foaming brine, they beat
the sturdy hull.
The salty air, the golden sun, the drifting of the
gull.
How free this air,

Beyond compare,
Which men in the hold can't smell.
It's always there,
This salty air,
And so is that hold of hell.
But that's their fate,
And so fine mate
You can rot, and burn, and sweat,
The ship will sail on,
It will know you're gone,
But the rest will all forget.

Mientes - Jorge González

Proverbios
que silencian el horizonte.

No hay afluente
que no nazca
de tu mar profundo.

Mientes si halagas,
no hay prohombres
que persigan el cuerpo
de tu amado ser.

Fatigas que se precian
de no ser alas
de un tiempo de arena,
damas que ahogan
la mañana
en un estanque de dagas.

Ode to the "Down to Earth" Genius - Brian
Johnson

It is good to give God praise
For the mental agility he bestows
But it is unwise to ever think
That it is your own strength
That brings about such blessings
Or that you "deserve it"

The world is ever watchful
To see how we behave
To some, genius has become
Synonymous with "asshole"
It should not be thus

It should occur to us that we are all
Children of his grace
And his pleasure
The smart
The challenged
The strong
The feeble
The ambitious

The lazy
They who are "easy on the eyes"
They who are not
God's children
God's children one and all

What have you done today?
To bless your fellow man?
Heaven help the one
Who fellowships and feasts
With one's intellectual friends
And then merely brags about it

Can a man or woman
Brag over chance or dumb luck?
And try to take the credit?
Better still to keep one's mouth shut
Then hurt the ones we love
With our condescension

Let us ever be mindful
That "down to earth genius"
Is the best kind

אוטופיה? – Chaim Horovits

בֹּרַח אֶל תּוֹךְ הַשְּׂקִיעָה שְׂצוֹבֶעֶת אֶת הָעוֹלָם בְּשִׁקְרָה,

נוֹתֵן לִיאֹשׁ לַעֲשׂוֹת אֶת שְׁלוֹ,

בֹּרַח...

שׁוֹכַח...

וְאֵת מוֹפִיעָה,

נוֹגֵעַת בִּי,

וְלִרְגַע הַכֹּל נֶעְלָם,

הָאִשְׁלִיָּה,

כֹּל כֵּךְ אִמִּיתִית,

לֹא, זֶה לֹא יִכּוֹל לִהְיוֹת,

הַשֶּׁמֶשׁ שׁוֹקֵעַת,

וְאֵת נֶעְלָמַת לֶךְ כֹּלֵא הֵיית,

מִתְפּוֹגֵגַת,

בְּמִקּוֹם בּוֹ הָאוֹפֵק נִגְמָר וְהַנְצָח מִתְחִיל...

(Translation) Say Goodbye to the Red Phoenix -
Chaim Horovits

Running to the west,
chasing the red sunset,
chasing the beauty,
the truth.

I look at you while you fade away,
I give you my last breath,
my last hope...

As the sun disappears into the endless sea,
I know you'll rise again.

Yes Yes Yes Si Si Si Ja Ja Ja Oui Oui Oui - Paul Nachbar

Yes we are happy little knowledge workers
Doing our happy little knowledge worker thing
We went to one or another college
To accumulate one kind or another of knowledge
Though we are both peasants here and kings.

Yes we are happy little knowledge workers
We devote ourselves endlessly to technique
We bend over backwards to do what we wouldn't do
Or else we'd lose everything within a week
Of more than this, we cannot speak.

Yes we are happy little knowledge workers
We are stable, well-adjusted and secure
We have read the best reports of the best experts
And are quite certain that we can endure
We like to keep our knowledge pure.

Yes we are happy little knowledge workers
Our other culture is of course antique
We work so hard, are never shirkers
Though we are replaceable within a week
Well, smile here when you call me geek.

Yes we are happy little knowledge workers
We would have liked perhaps to have been anything else
The abstract dilemma here of system and self
Well perhaps quite better here than soda workers
To be a bunch of knowledge workers.

Yes we are happy little knowledge workers
And content ourselves with our minor quest
We are part of some team that we hope is good
And here it is good, better best
The rest here mostly unexpressed.

Yes we are happy little knowledge workers
We do not know from whence we are coming or whence we are knowing
It is very important here that we make a showing
Because at all times the winds of change are blowing
And who wants to get caught up outside when it is snowing?

Yes we are happy little knowledge workers
And like to keep things tidy and precise
We sent out memos to make sure that all is nice
Because we know that all our labors have a price
Ah, to sit in some small corner and just eat rice.

Yes we are happy little knowledge workers
We shall work our tails from sunup to sundown
If we do not do these tasks we shall certainly drown

Although this world will turn us upside down
Or make us feel a pervert, fool or clown.

Yes we are happy little knowledge workers
How easy here to get so angry or get sad
How easy here to go off or get inordinately mad
In which case amidst the endless inspections
There will be a series of due corrections.

Yes we are happy little knowledge workers
We are hard-working folks, we are not shirkers
Our lives so coated here with misery
That all of us drift off into a fantasy
Or fantasize so bold about our destiny.

Yes we are happy little knowledge workers
We cut reality here into a thousand little pieces
And tie the whole thing up with one bright thesis
And give all the profits to nephews and nieces
We are great warriors, we are not shirkers.

Yes we are happy little knowledge workers
Although one knows that reality often stinks
In which case we call in parades of shrinks
Or fill our bellies with exotic foods
Which pacify our somewhat bitter moods.

Yes we are happy little knowledge workers
And we are not unhappy to be in some parade
And some of us do and some of us don't get laid
Though all of us feel so quite often just unmade
Shall I tie your hair into a braid?

Calculus Poem - Paul Nachbar

Integral of anguish....
Does anyone have time for this?
Derivatives of distress....
Can anything quite change
In all this mess?

The Prime that's the Product of Primes - Jonathan Marin

I've counted the hairs in Yahweh's beard,
And become the perfect unbreakable code.
At infinite speed I bear infinite load
And mock every danger that men ever

feared.

I am the prime that's the product of primes.

I'm the secret address of the rainbow's gold pot.
I'm the number of angels who dance on a pin.
I'm the R-P-M speed of a U-F-O's spin
And the Mercator gridding of Gaia's G-spot.
I am the prime that's the product of primes.

I'm the angular circle, the square with five sides
I've slept in the lair of the Unicorn.
I can tell you the date we will all be reborn,
And where one hand clapping's echo resides.
I am the prime that's the product of primes.
I am the prime that's the product of primes.

Poetic Nosferatu - Ngoc Nguyen

Sun, like boric acid on naked skin,
burns my Sturm und Drang conscience
the way searing heat and uv radiation cooks
tender flesh, so ready for my desperate
consumption, like some adult male lion
devouring a fatted she-goat already
pregnant with its unborn young still
inside of it.

With each victim--when it is all over
with--I pray for mercy, for the same
mercy I did not show them.

Seasonal Dress - Thomas G. "Torg" Hadley

(Angels draw nearer, now, my light a bit brighter
than before, my struggle less serious, my
aloneness not so sharp anymore,
whispers of possibilities enter my spirit's ears,
the Divine cradles me, gives me courage
dissipates my child-like fears
I continue on my journey, now
more confident than yesterday
everyone around me, like you,
I see, may help me, and I they,
along the Way).

Haiku of the Day Nov.13 - Karin Lindgren

Onyx equinox -
summer leaves space in the cold
blue stars shivering

Hair Haiku - Karin Lindgren

Spit curl: question mark,
hook dangling on pickup line,
fishing for a heart.

Amorphous Analyses - Thomas Hadley

if Descartes' dualism reigns supreme
things are just exactly what they seem
to be/not be, then focus-frozen existentially
in ones moment is the Acme of theatricality.

the lesbian Thespian pranced, then hunkered
upon the Stage, so light, yet so brawny
she took my breath away, her hug of lust
so disparaging---my ego echoed off the walls

her gravity drew me eyes into blackest pupils
pierce-punching holes in the Kosmick Veil

i looked deeply into them,
seeing only then other side
realizing the odd new view
was just the back of me Head.

Ear Haiku - Robin Hammer

Shimmering earrings
bekoning for a whisper
piercing with perfume

Blondes, Brunettes, and Redheads - Paul Payton

Blonde, thy lure beckons.
Swirling sense in flaxen curls,
Hearts in girlish wiles.

Love's hue is darkness
Mystery spanned midst thin strands
Of her amber silk

Rich fire-maned beauty,
Copper skitters your tresses.
Soft, warm lambent waves.

Signal - Karin Lindgren

Signal of distress ...
Morse code from frost-nipped grass roots ---
the last glimmer worm ...

Glory - Ngoc Nguyen

O glorious God! - Ngoc Nguyen
How beautiful thine image,
full of light and heat!

Holiday Haiku - Cheri Ramberg

So much food spread out
How splendid the table
Full of hips and chins

Stir (Villanelle) - Karin Lindgren

I walk through chambers of your heart and find
you shut down like a penitentiary.
What prisoners do time in your barred mind?

I see the sullen doors that have confined
your solitary secrets. With no key,
I walk through chambers of your heart and find

resentment serving life, vendettas lined
up for the chain gang, plotting to set free
what prisoners do time in your barred mind.

Condemned convictions at hard labor grind
the heavy chips you shoulder. Cautiously,
I walk through chambers of your heart and find

the execution room, a warrant signed,
a chair whose arms are opening for me.
What prisoners do time in your barred mind?

How will they violate parole? Maligned,
I'm at the threshold of eternity.
I walk through chambers of your heart and find
what prisoners do time in your barred mind.

Human Potential - Paul Nachbar

With infinite work
And an enormous IQ
Above average

"Happy Thanksgiving" - Paul Nachbar

"Happy Thanksgiving"
Said Pilgrim to the Turkey:
"You think way too much"

Many a Battle Is - Paul Nachbar

Many a battle is
Won by sleeping on a couch
While they get killed.

If All Were Honest - Paul Nachbar

If all were honest
And did what they wanted to
What would be achieved?

Happy Thanksgiving - Paul Nachbar

Happy Thanksgiving
I am most grateful for my
Nagging appetites.

Dawn Comes - Dusty Rhodes

Dawn comes gray and bleak.
Its tears touch my window pane.
Forbodes life's last day.

Glimmering Silver - Dusty Rhodes

Glimmering silver,
Moonlight, winter, rimy lea.
Endless sea of grass.

Toilet Bowl Muse - Ngoc Nguyen

It is very humbling to have to use the toilet,
Can you imagine it? Even world leaders like the
U.S. President,
the Pope, or the Queen of England have to sit on
one of these, I bet.
And--I mean no disrespect--our dignitaries, too,
can be full of excrement.

Charlotte Corday - Karin Lindgren

Look at me, Paris! Tell me what you see:
the tumbrel, stained with offal from the hogs
sold at Les Halles as I dreamed my last dream?
Or do you see my chestnut tresses brush
the neckline of my red assassin's dress?
Or do you see my neck, imagining
a red line made by the descending blade?
Listen, Paris! This is what I see:
You, cobbler, with your thumbnails hammered
flat,
a proud grandfather fifteen years from now
because you have outlived Jean-Paul Marat,
who would have sent you where I go today.
You, seamstress, mother of three darling girls
more dimpled than the thimble in your purse,
for you woke from a nightmare named Marat,
whose Terror would have cut your lifethread
short.
What fools you are to mourn L'Ami du peuple!
Some People's Friend! He wanted France to drown
in blood, in Frenchmen's blood, in all your blood.
Of France he would have made a cemetery
that stretched from Strasbourg to St. Jean de
Luz,
a graveyard from Marseille to St. Malo.
These things you do not see and will not see,
for I have slain that dragon named Marat.
You did not know him, since you saw the lies
he published in the journals as the truth.
You should have seen him splashing in his bath.
You would have read the evil on his skin ...
The seams, the scabs, the scars! The horror of
him!
You would have thought he looked like a great
toad,
with poison seeping from his every pore.
You should not look at those two wooden arms
which hold the honed triangle of steel aloft,
for that is but a jamb without a door,
and it will shut you out once I pass through.
See my blue eyes, my white neck, my red dress.
Look at me, France, and see my gift to you:
your future flag that waves you on toward grace.

Morning Dove - Karin Lindgren

Mourning dove couple
perched on swaying power line
dancing beak to beak

The Fireside - Wallace W. Rhodes

Whilst I watch the ember die,
And nod my head in rapt content;
The reveries that I once spent
Return as a silent sigh.

Tokens of the days of yore;
Now life is but an ashen coal,
Where once burned a fiery soul.
Tis' now but some forgotten lore.

Old age has sent its burdened yoke.
The ember creaks, beguiled delight,
And into the dark cold wintry night,
Life disappears as a whisp of smoke.

The Christmas Wreath - Mark Norman

The Christmas wreath is hung
year after year, from a small tack
tapped into the door's cracked panel.
A wreath so faded, with only the remnants of
candles

Hung so silently, no longer lit
patted it in place by her old weathered hands.
So numbed by the cold, but that too,
also part of Christmases past.

Her sigh, a winter's breath by frail heart
eased for one moment, by echoes of thought
of children's gleeful laughter
and wrapping paper store bought

Only one tear, one wistful thought
before the door closed upon
the phantoms of memories sought
of yet another Christmas soon to be naught.

Outdoor Lights - Karin Lindgren

When we tacked strings of lights to the roof's edge,
we wrestled Noah's rainbow down to Earth.
All but forgotten was the ancient pledge ...
See what a promise etched in light is worth!

Night's vivid visions dropped from every eave
and showed sneak previews of upcoming dreams
as warm hues came into our house to weave
a comforter of multicolored beams.

Like great, gray doves, clouds flew to their new
roost -
a nest of eggs - red, yellow, green and blue.
A flock of fledgling sunbirds would be loosed
from their shells when beams as sharp as beaks
pecked through.

Christmas is a magician; night, the hat
from which it pulls silk scarves that glow and swirl
until I backflip like an acrobat
and I grow down to be a little girl.

On Poets and Their Poetry - Paul Nachbar

It rarely ever pays for much
I mean, to be laconic
Some say you're quite intelligent
While others say, just chronic.

Crimson on Green - Thomas Hadley

Through me window I spy
Four red, red rhododendron blossoms
Setting out 'pon ever dark green leaves
'Tis two days afore Christmastide, ye see
Yet so faire o' blossoms greet me green eyes
Just recently dried o' hotsaltears
The Stage sits darkened
the Play has run...

me play at Magick's over for now and anon
Bereft of such vivifying electricity
I am adrift in an afterglow following
Upon such a wrenching, bleeding, a
Tearing of the Soul whilst portraying
Marley's Ghost
And the Specter of Things to Come...

So short is the Day, the Hour upon the Stage
So fragile, also, our brave faces and
Our tattered hearts, battered Souls,

So wounded are we some-times...so much older
Yet, even so, on Winter's shortened day
A red, red blossom in gray greenlight does glow!

So, I shall be, I swear it;

By Grace, I shall make it so!

Through me window I spy
Four red, red rhododendron blossoms
Setting out 'pon ever dark green leaves
'Tis two days afore Christmastide, ye see
Yet so faire o' blossoms greet me green eyes
Just recently dried o' hotsaltears
The Stage sits darkened
the Play has run...

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Our tattered hearts, battered Souls,
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Yet, even so, on Winter's shortened day
A red, red blossom in gray greenlight does glow!

So, I shall be, I swear it;

By Grace, I shall make it so!

Nocturne - Daniele Pinna

A snowflake on a mountain;
a snowflake on a hill;
a cypress in the shadows
swallows all its guilt.

A tender tear of mourn
dribbles along the cheek.
It will round about the chin
and forever it shall sink.

Past a looted heart,
down an abyssed soul,
through a long-lost glee:
infinity as its goal.

It will carry all the guilt,

and contain all its woe.
It will freeze, it will still:
in the end it will be snow!

A snowflake is a drop;
a long-forgotten tear.
It will trick our naive hearts:
all our feelings it shall smear.

Makes us tremble deep inside;
turn our eyes and stare ourselves.
Awake again all that had died:
every glee and every spell.

We lose our very thoughtful us,
every bit of self-control.
In that misty soft-cloud snuff,
our soul pays a fatal toll.

What was whole now liquefies,
slowly steams and rises high,
condenses on our startled eyes
and once again, down it flies.

Just like hope is never lost,
and no feelings by us killed,
we can't inert that crystal frost:
that tearful snowflake on a hill.

I Do - Paul Nachbar

I do respect
Or love or hate
Or even fear
The Mind
And every
Human part';

Taking Stock - Kay Lindgrin

Walden Pond stagnates in cubicles.
Loons shouted down by frantic pager rings,
we wilt in dungeons with dun-colored walls,
lost in the Nasdaq and Dow Jones of things.
On CRTs we seek identity.
By bottom lines our vision is screen-burned.
All our weight, our numbers' gravity,
is fractioned into wages we have earned.
How do we rise up from the resumé,
renouncing rectangles for cubes and spheres?
We think our work forms us, forget the way
we shape our work, so planed are we by fears.
Once we relearn that we are solid, round,
we see that angels walk on corporate ground.

Plaint - Paul Nachbar

I tell them truths
They feed me cliches and lies
I give them specifics
They said they never heard this
And give me general examples
I give them general examples
Based upon reasoning
They give me general examples
Based upon self-interest
I ask for justice
They give me peer group consensus
Tradition and reputation
I ask for friendship
They give me this for that
I ask for responsibility
They feed me dust
I ask for love
They give me things
Or withhold things from me
I ask for honesty
They ask for amnesty
I ask for everything
They give me what they choose to give
I ask for defense in my vulnerability
They ask me to lie about their right to assets
I ask for accountability
They give me cliches
I ask for emotional honesty
They tell me how they like to see me smile
I ask for the reasonable
They tell me I am too demanding
Or compare themselves with what others do
I ask for sanity
They propose psychological engineering
I tell them how things are
They poke endless holes in this
And believe any lie about me
Out of self-interest
I ask for compensation for what they did
They claim I am destructive
I ask for reality based on all factors
They prefer reality based upon self-interest
I ask for real authority
They prefer misleading authority or to mislead
I ask for communication
They want documents in their praise
I point out what was actually said or done
They deny all knowledge
I ask the necessary questions myself
They claim I am attacking them
They pin me to the wall with authority
They claim I am paranoid
Yes justice is whatever suits their interest
Yes what happens is whatever suits their fancy
Best to keep things clean here
Best to keep things organized
Best to fake one's feelings here
Because it is more practical

As everything is practical
Best to serve them
Because they are secretly vengeful
And are expert at not getting caught
Best not to be too honest
Because they will call this psychopathology
Best not to mention the past
Because it is against the policies
Which change on a week to week basis
To protect those who have material things
From those who not
Best not to want to be happy
Best not to want to be
Best to join the party with all the benefits
Than to be oneself
Yet they would scold one for not being oneself
And deny having said anything
Best not to remember these things
To protect their comfort zones
Best to mouthe the cliches about behavior
Because it causes less friction with the way they
are
Best to believe their rationalizations
Because you must make a deal anyway
Best not to bite the hand that feeds you
Even if the hand that feeds you has bit you a
thousand times And yet, alas, I come from them
Knowledge of course is important here
If they do not know everything, as nobody does
They will hire an expert to get you back to "work"
And you ultimately work for them

The Boomers' Reunion - Thomas Hadley

Amidst am I, in this milling Scene,
slyly watching how
now with bald pates, great paunches
old jocks sniff after high-flouncing haunches
of faded, degraded Homecoming Queens

the Shrimp has become bloated
the Bulldog, toothless, demoted
to a short chain in his own back yard...
the brightest star is good ol' nerdy "Retard"

only the eyes can now tattle-tell
of the spirits trapped in wrinkling shells
the wrack of time wreaks revenge
upon callow youth; I cringe...

Who Be these old people around me?
Wherfore such lack of hope, utter resignation?
I cast my gaze about, catch a bright reflection:
I marvel, "Who is that ol' Coot?"
Mirror says: "'Tis Thee!"

I swear by God and Peter Pan,
I shall never-never, ever Surrender!

I will run, play, guffaw in the Sun
not rot away, a Cul-de-Sac-ender!

Yellow chanterelles - Kay Lindgren

Yellow chanterelles
in blue cups, gold plate in sky,
Farmor's midnight smile.

Four Hours Hence - Paul Payton

Four hours hence they stand as pured
Having plebian thoughts endured.
A moral's worth cannot be taught.
You're born to them...or else you're not.

Ants Haiku - Paul Nachbar

Ants that work and mate
Such deep communications
Just a hill of beans

Grey Haiku - Paul Nachbar

Grey and fitful day
It cannot quite decide
Darkness or the light

They Care About Their Wants and Needs - Paul
Nachbar

They care about their wants and needs
And what they do and do not like
If you would want things different
Then you can go and take a hike

And what she knows and what she feels
Though seldom is this really true
Of course she knows this in her heart
Yet seems to blame it all on you.

And yes at last she owns the house
And yes at last she makes the rules
The tyranny of a brown mouse
Of course the rest were simply fools

She is protected by her young
And mainly she does make the laws

Because of her more agile tongue
She plays with men between her paws..

It's true that she has been quite hurt
But mostly simply disappointed
The age was not some sweet dessert
Although she seemed to be anointed.

And here she was responsible
And punishes quite at her whim
He did such, true, but yes she knows
Exactly what she did to him.

He was alone, there, in her world
Her friends won the positions now
Or she they simply found a niche
It doesn't matter anyhow.

She has a power which is quite sweet
Though it is bitter to the core
She also wanted to be good
And somehow to be somewhat pure.

She is the best one for the jobs
Which call for detailed verbal skills
Corrects, disdains those simple slob
Who mope about the windowsills.

And though she may not dominate
She certainly demands her say
Best here that all cooperate
Or else it is their sad dismay.

And progress says she was correct
Those chains before this were a curse
I wonder though how good she is
Or if her power is much, much worse.

Don't Don't Me Please - Paul Nachbar

Don't think too much, they said
Don't feel too much, they said
Don't imagine too much, they said.
OR ELSE.

You're supposed to tell me
At this point
That OR ELSE
Is really not so bad;
Okay?

Love Epigram - Paul Nachbar

Love is insanity; insanity is love
That is all ye know and all ye need to know on
earth

Look How You Look Then Look Away - Ed Glomski

When winter cracks the concrete,
And we're so down and browbeat,
And mainstreet seems so heartless.

Life is hard on frozen street,
We've egos bruised and battered,
Nowhere to go, nothing to eat,
With clothing torn and tattered.

Look how you look then look away,
To you we're but an eyesore.
No help to give, nothing to say,
What did Jesus die for?

A Skewed State - Mark Norman

A skewed state of mind
Past and present intertwined
Dad's young hand grasps mine

Sepia Photo - Mark Norman

Sepia photo
Dad's patriarchal child's smile
Child to war, I wept

Seven Sins - Mark Norman

Seven sins we play
Gambling our souls, red two
Spinning wheels of fate

Forgive Them Father - Paul Nachbar

Forgive them Father
They know just what they're doing
So do I... So do You!!!!

My Fawning Student - Paul Nachbar

My fawning student
Asked me what keeps me going:
Sheer stupidity.

Eat and be Eaten - Paul Nachbar

Eat AND be eaten
Really the way of the world
Well, bon appetit!

Whatever Doesn't - Pual Nachbar

Whatever doesn't
Kill me makes me stronger was
Said in tongue-in-cheek.

If Life Were Simple - Paul Nachbar

If life were simple
Then who really would say, Keep
It simple, stupid!.

Work is the Answer - Pual Nachbar

Work is the answer
For those who can't write poems
But try to sell them!

Could I ... - Daniele Pinna

Could I compare happiness to sorrow,
darkness to light,
forever hate,
and banish you from my sight?

Could I add a star to the sky,
a note to a perfect song,
give this up
and admit I haven't loved you all along?

What if I proclaimed my hate for you,
stated that you make me squall.
But the truth is that I don't hate you,
not even a bit,
not even at all.

Through Thy Eyes I Can See My Heart - Daniele Pinna

My lady,

Through thy eyes I can see my heart,
beating like a drum
before its roll breaks apart.

Then that sound returns to my ears
awaking my spirit,
as sorrow awakes her tears.

The sorrow that,
if I resisted you,
denied your essence
and had noone to live up to,

would roll over me
like a wheel in its rut,
a man afraid of his destiny
as a sword pierces his gut.

To thy splendor I apologize,
for no more reasons I can find,
for keeping thou close to me,
just you and I,
intertwined.

Inspiring Sprinkle from a January Sky - Daniele Pinna

Let it snow,
may it drop;
quench my soul;
please don't stop!

Fog my eyes
and clear my spirit
display my life
as I have lived it!

Oh, soft pearls from the ruling clouds,
enrich the land;
make us proud!

Oh, dear cloak for the barren land,
caress everything;
provoke man!

Make us ungrant
all that we have;
through generosity,
help us remove
all that is sad.

Awake our unconscious,
perturb the conscience,
make us see
what makes best sense.

See to us;
nurture us;
hurt us;
hate;
make us fight for what is great!

Protect our thoughts;
shield our intent;
strengthen our willing;
make us see where we're living!

Pick the locks in our hearts;
de-slave the mind for our cause.
Force us;
slap us;
break us in;
change our lives from within.

Show your softness
And your hardness;
tear the roots of our evilness.

Gently floating in the winter skies,
don't just make us sing lullabies.

Docile whisperer,
cold-month seasoning,
you are so simple,
yet full of meaning.

Impose your wiseness;
display your beauty;
compel all nature
to adore thee.

Everlasting feathers in our skies,
you are so mystical to our eyes;
you are so magical to our touch;
you can be so powerful in our lives.

So, inspire what is,
and what is not;
let it snow,
may you rape our thoughts.

Simple Feelings - Daniele Pinna

A simple caress;
a simple touch;
a simple kiss;
no, that's too much.

A simple hug;
a simple smile;
a simple "I love you";
no, that's too wild.

A poisoned dream;
a lovely death;
steal them all,
and take what's left.

A needed passion;
a long-sought desire;
ignore them all;
yes, I'm tired.

What comes next;
what's in store;
you can rip my heart,
but I love you more.

Desire's Pain (Sehnsucht) - Daniele Pinna

Pale the leaves appear to me
crackling below my shallow feet,
slowly regressing for eyes to see;
folding to the fate that each year repeats.

And I, awakened by thoughts so sweet,
gather to me such bold visions
as to hide my body's weak
humble, tender, sublime mission.

What to me does fate reserve,
under this, freezing cloak?
Will my true self hit the nerve
and again in freedom soak?

How does my, poor pen dare
drip its ink upon thy fabric,
fighting what is known up there
hoping to change what seems tragic.

Crispy, frivolous, eerie air,
you hide something, oh, so meek;
you make me tremble here and there
about the truth I wish to seek.

I will not, be so blind,
bending to your crystal eyes;
for what you now, to me detract,
in my journey, cherished, lies.

You may crumble, and all beat,
you can destroy all that you touch;
but you will certainly, as such,
melt in my future's dreadful heat.

Achilles and the Tortoise - Maria C. Faverio

Dreams
paralysed,
unable to move,
to step forward
and shout.

Dreams
overcome
by the illusion
deception
black magic
of reality
red reality
blue reality,
the tortoise
outrunning Achilles,
outwitting the charismatic trance
of silence

and the skilled excuses
of existence.

The skirl of expectation
has subdued to a whisper,
a moan cautious
as snap of sunshine,
the glide of a cadence.

Locked in the ludicrous shrine
of faith,
the stalemate gloom
which is alpha and omega,
the world in a grain of sand,
eternity in the instant,
burns on
like a tossed light
amidst drags of darkness.

Achilles pants
under the apocryphal sky
pouring out its endless blue
upon the endless race
defying
the unexplored regions of the mind
shaking like eyes
crossing need,
but his efforts are vain,
inane as the abject spiral
of hope.

The tortoise turns
and laughs.

The Lassitude of the Infinite - Maria C. Faverio

It stretches itself into the light
like an albatross
or a stillborn baby,
frail, asthenic, beautiful.
Its eyes have seen too much,
its wings have flown too far.
It stares without feeling,
like a trauma.
Splendid Pollux,
I cannot share your immortality,
your slothful self
sick with paranoia.
The tunnel is long, long, long,
the light at the end
a faint fable,
the white eye of a blind.
Your achromatic trance
reflects the pallor of the moon,
its indifference, its grin!
Penelope is still weaving her tapestry,
outwitting life
like a blizzard.

Sun's Paradoxes - Maria C. Faverio

The sun rises and sets
to accomplish a fate
unfathomable as hope,
repeating itself like a rondo.

In the splendour of transition,
the nadir shines like a zenith,
collapsing in the charismatic sky
like shocks of sounds
or drunken amnesias.

The consummation of the cycle
doesn't imply its awareness -
every point of the circle
is the eternity contained
in the instant,
the perfection of the present
outwitting the fraud of time.

The chance cadences
of sunrise and sunset
toppling into silence
like a prayer
shape themselves
into a geometry of absence
whose emptiness is the essence
of life,
pollinating fantasy
with tides of uncertain light.

In the mocking shadows
of twilight,
the collapsing horizon
is the flagellation of hope
and its resurrection
at the same time.

The Scream of Silence - Maria C. Faverio

This silence
is a begging hand,
grey, fearful, big.
Its unclouded gaze
doesn't embarrass
eyes feasting on gold,
dazzled by Schein* .
Much has been said
about its fallacy,
alluring cave dwellers
and lotus eaters.
Too much.
This silence is tangible.
This silence is a cull of light,
rank folly.
It could as well be a scream.

• "Appearance" in philosophy (German). It also means "shine". It is here used in its double meaning.

Schizophrenic Dream - Maria C. Faverio

Night gloves me in
like a big sleeve
or caul,
soft, cosy, discreet.

I've seen a smile
drip away
into epitomes of constellations,
bright as eyes of newborn.
It was not mine.

Stars bank their fires
like big screams,
rattling
under the weight of the sky.

The compass of the heart
has lost its bearings
in the uncharted map of night,
blank as schizophrenic dream.

Snow Haiku - Kay Lindgren

Out of the ice-blue -
six-pointed white dwarfs, frozen
galaxies falling ...

Mushrooms - Kay Lindgren

Brown-hooded, austere
as Capuchin monks,

they pray in a circle
in their grass-pillared cloister.

Properly penitent,
they do not lift their eyes,

not even to the fireflies
haloing green-lit pentecost

above their mute
and tongueless heads.

The Snowflake - Thomas Hadley

the snowflake::architecture of compassion

chambers of humanheart::dimensions of
comprehension

Plaint - Paul Nachbar

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I give them specifics
They said they never heard this
And give me general examples
I give them general examples
Based upon reasoning
They give me general examples
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They pin me to the wall with authority
They claim I am paranoid
Yes justice is whatever suits their interest
Yes what happens is whatever suits their fancy
Best to keep things clean here
Best to keep things organized
Best to fake one's feelings here
Because it is more practical
As everything is practical
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Because they are secretly vengeful
And are expert at not getting caught
Best not to be too honest
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Best not to mention the past
Because it is against the policies
Which change on a week to week basis
To protect those who have material things
From those who not
Best not to want to be happy
Best not to want to be
Best to join the party with all the benefits
Than to be oneself
Yet they would scold one for not being oneself
And deny having said anything
Best not to remember these things
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Best to mouthe the cliches about behavior
Because it causes less friction with the way they
are
Best to believe their rationalizations
Because you must make a deal anyway
Best not to bite the hand that feeds you
Even if the hand that feeds you has bit you a
thousand times And yet, alas, I come from them
Knowledge of course is important here
If they do not know everything, as nobody does
They will hire an expert to get you back to "work"
And you ultimately work for them

But what is
Mind
Comparing with
The infinite
Chambers
Of
The human heart.?

On Man - Paul Nachbar

He is completely innocent
He is to blame for everything
His calm yet total discontent
An utter peasant yet a king
Oh what was said and what was meant?
And does it mean a single thing?
Ah here one works to pay the rent
And that is most of everything

The moral is, you wanted what?
To be a man and something more
Perhaps you ended up quite less
Who knows what's what in all this mess?
The poets weep or just confess
They always did since it began
And preachers sell one happiness
In goodness towards one's fellow man.
Or else behaviors for some God
Invisible...yet life IS odd?..
Some see the truth between her thighs
Perhaps here all of it is lies?

Perhaps there is just little True
Please tell us here what we should do
We want some leadership that's New
Always this way since things began
The walking paradox of man
The mighty nothingness of man.

Zen of Life - Mark Norman

In the Zen of life
which is truly chosen, when
all wilt in the end

Rainy and Wet - Ngoc Nguyen

When rainy and wet,
earthworms rise to the surface—
what prompts their struggle?

Examinations - Ngoc Nguyen

Examinations—
Calculus, psychology...
etc. Help!!

Light and Heat - Robin Hammer

Light and heat follows sun
if gravity ceased at night
we'd still be cavemen?

Darkness - Ryan Sloan

Darkness surrounds me,
but, when my eyelids do close,
at last, I can see.

Two Roses - Ryan Sloan

Two roses blooming,
yet only one is chosen
while the other wilts.

For Henry - Thomas Hadley

I nuzzled me Scottydog
coalcurly blackbearded cocoa eyes
all bandtight muscley furry tankbuilt doogie
behind his ear
wi' me nose 'n' cheek
an' scuffed me beard upon his pate
him all ironrusty scently
a bra'e doggyman
my guardian spirit's he
fearing No Thing
save my displeasure with mischief
he has only Love an' Courage
for me
He hummed, began to deepbreathe
Dog Ommmmm Dog Ommmmmm.

Frozen - Thomas Hadley

frozen senryu
corporeal polaroid
grimdark versed autopsy

Consciousness - Thomas Hadley

consciousness awaits, abides
i see when i shut my eyes
words, snippets of sight

Solace - Thomas Hadley

solace is Present
thy gift speaks of life bonded
it speaks to thy child

Scattered - Thomas Hadley

my words just scattered
fallen from palm, collected
friends' gifted pebbles

Winter Night - Karin Lindgren

Winter night finds face -
black and blue skin, white bruises -
negativity ...

Ego I - Karin Lindgren

Of course it's black and blue! Nothing so great
can endure a brush with wind unbruised.
It's like a tire: Do not overinflate,
lest for a graver injury you cruise.

Ego II - Karin Lindgren

The doctor tells Ego to lose some weight:
Indulge not in conceit, fat for the soul.
Snack on modesty. Each day, jog eight
miles on a humble track to reach your goal.

Money Really Is - Paul Nachbar

Money really is
The root of all our problems;
And the solution.

A Soaring IQ - Paul Nachbar

A soaring IQ
Plus winning the lottery
Will get you somewhere.

When Everything Fails - Paul Nachbar

When everything fails
Try some psychotherapy
This gives people jobs.

The Clearest Answer - Paul Nachbar

The clearest answer
To complicated questions
Is sometimes an "ouch".

Early to Bed And - Paul Nachbar

Early to bed and
Early to rise makes a man
Healthy, wealthy and dull. (oops one too many
syllables).

Great Expectations - Paul Nachbar

Great expectations
Or claiming there's none at all:
Highly suspicious.

Meaningful Company - Daniele Pinna

The clock ticks and time rolls by;
a herd of entities carry life's brings.
All people tend to their chore's cry
and all puppets tend to their strings.

A drop which the sky has greedily released
explodes fiercely on my cheek. I awake to the
terror of the avalanche of water that suddenly
rips through the murky puddle that struggled to
reflect the surrounding objects. As the fallen
water polishes the tarnished mirror and aids my
vision, the weeping sky leaves me with a
splendent ensemble of mixing colors I've never
noticed before. They appear to be a crowd of
violets, distorted by the multitude of ripples
nervously bouncing off the confines of their niche.
I stare anxiously at the undulating screen. My
heart implodes as my eyes work harder to detect
a piece of the liquid surface, calm enough to
permit a glimpse of the chromatic matrix. As all
my tries fail, the more I concentrate on the task,
the more the image blurs. There is no water,
there is no turbid mud, nothing appears to be
anything anymore. I am surrounded by false
images that repel me away. No reference points,
no orientation, nothing but the crashing feeling
someone has while falling. My body stirs as I try
to regain control of myself. The puddle swirls
faster and my head explodes. The colors fade to
the impossible and become imperceptible as they
sink into the abyss around me. The blasting
anxiety takes over, blows me to infinity and I
collapse.

"Thank you."

I am caressed; slowly released of the weight that
compressed me. A whisper-like touch cradles me
slowly back to my senses. I am weightless as the
soft breeze cuddles me. Slowly my eyes regain
focus and manage to make out the still revolting
puddle. No tint apart from the smoggy, brown
hue now being lifted and mixed by the relentless
ripples. I am relaxed. No objects, no flowers, no
anxiety. The air around me had felt my distress
and came to my aid releasing me from the
gathered tension. I am not suppressed anymore.
The useless search had choked my feelings and
my senses revolted. The immaterial brushes now
flood my nostrils and I become conscious again.
My existential sanity does not depend on what
surrounds me anymore. A flash. My delicate eyes
are blinded by the rushing input. There, in the
midst of the that murky caldron, something had
exploded so forcefully as to burn my pupils. There
it floats so helplessly; pushed by the same tender
breeze. The excruciating eruption of such a pure
color slowly turns to an enveloping warm front.
My senses are spoiled and I give in to sublime
feelings. I am completed; peace finally takes me

over as I, enchanted, shrink upon that object.
The perfection is admirable. All my senses awake
and I finally embrace what the ripples would have
forever hid from me. I gather myself on the
floating petal and, swept by the breeze, embark
on a journey of endless ecstasy.

A man alone can only attempt to grasp the
impossible around him, in society he fools himself
with false temporary images, but in loving union,
he steps away and lets the essence of life come to
him.

The Wait for College Admission Decision is Killing
Me... - Daniele Pinna

Watching out the window,
assertive all around;
caring to each brush and whisper:
every sneaky little sound.

Feeling all about me,
every subtle shake.
To each stir and-every sway
my senses burst awake.

What's a piece of paper?
What's it to a man?
Could it matter ever so much
in-my living span?

Could it be the sender?
I'll tell you what's the key.
The only certain problem here
is the very troubled me.

A letter is a letter,
lengthy as you want;
a letter is a timid missive,
not a cruel haunt.

What's then in the meaning
(hidden deep inside)?
What could bend a man so much
and demolish all his pride?

What if really up there,
fixed upon the stake,
lies the solemn, grave decision:
life to him will give or take.

He is forced to suffer,
to-fate's will he's bound.
His agony depends on his huffy senses:
each smell, each single sound.

Darkness - Daniele Pinna

Among these silent rocks,
encompassing,
darkness all about;

I'm a butterfly in a box,
struggling,
fluttering my way out.

Fluid - Daniele Pinna

Waterfall of doubts
splashing on the misty shore.
Ripples cradle me.

Tempest on the rise,
shakes the sailboat nervously
for all minds to see.

Dew drops on a petal,
glint on a crispy morning:
outburst of beauty.

Water runs and spills;
rocks and shakes our anxious souls,
flooding life's debris.

A Dot - Daniele Pinna

I am a dot,
a tiny dot,
occupying this lonely spot.

I am dust,
gagging rust,
gathering on a tarnished pot.

I am a tear,
a long-wept cheer,
smudging a poetic plot.

I am a boy,
a useless toy,
analyzing a lonely dot.

Ser - Jorge González

Servir de luz
a un cuadro gris
que ya no nace.

Abrir la boca
como volcán
que vomita hambre.

Servir de estéril acusado
a un rombo negro
que nos señala.

Dominar la ira
con la lengua apagada.

Curtir montes
con las manos horadadas.

Recibir el bien
como tumba que se cierra.

Apagar la luna.

Tree Spirit's Circle: - Thomas (Torg) Hadley

so achingly poignant, this, your beloved Wreath
a holding onto of Life, of memory, of Love
treasured, made more beautiful with time's patina
of times remembered, some so lost now,
so far, far away

'tis not for naught, tho', I feel I'd like to say
when we gather anew, when smiles come,
when we are born again when love wells up
and secretly secretes a tear of joy
reaching out to remember, to forgive, to give
a token of our compassion, our fondness...

pack the wreath carefully, as I know you shall do
now with blessings to your house, peace to your
brow
and the assurance that
bidden or unbidden
love is present
only waiting to be seen, to be heard, to be
spoken...

anew, ever-ever anew....

Great Simplicities - Maria C. Faverio

Great simplicities
reveling in pools of sunshine,
molten ice-cream.

Purple Kaleidoscope - Maria C. Faverio

Purple kaleidoscope
at dawn, only the nightingale
notices, hot breakfast.

Dimming with Loss - Maria C. Faverio

Dimming with loss,
winter spreads like a white silence -
in and out of trance.

Kinship - Mark Norman

We know each other.
Consciously, we avoid looking.
We do not want to find each other's
eyes.

Because the eyes
can show the tension of need.
We know that look all to well.
They can show the ecstasy of being sated,
we know that look too.
But, when they show the stark
realization of riding the downward
spiral, we cringe in horror,
because we see ourselves.

Empty Man - Ed Glomski

I know an empty man!
He doesn't see his own
God-shaped-void.
And he floats down
A river of alcohol,
Spouting out absurdities,
About a dead god.
Perhaps, with love and luck,
He'll find sanctification
in a church basement!

PROSE

Mental Health and Mental Illness - Paul Nachbar

I do not think I can change the world in nearly any way but I can certainly define what hit me and nearly finished me off in this world. And which has nearly finished off dozens or hundreds or thousands or millions of people in some very subtle ways. If I cannot change the world, nor can I free it, which might not even be desirable in many ways. But I can cultivate my own garden which is the Pico Society as best I can and hope for the best.
Imagine the world as a network of hierarchies

which are basically run by a small number people and corporations and not machines-- since machines and science and other things of this ilk are not sentient beings but the tools and symbols of sentient beings.--and where millions of people, if not billions, form the bottom tiers of knowledge workers. of one kind or another. I am not saying this is perhaps not inevitable and am certainly not calling for any sort of revolution from below against those who are above, just perhaps more awareness. of what is really going on and in a systematic way. Though, although I do not mind religion in any sense these days,

except for the more narrow and restrictive and biased ways in which religion sometimes manifests itself..like any other social institution...and across the board of nearly all religions..I do mind some of the things that apparently are used to hold all of this together., that is the seemingly prevailing ideas of mental health and mental illness.

If one cannot "function" in one's allotted slot in the hierarchy of knowledge workers, plus the allotted social or familial slots appropriate to such , then one is deemed "mentally ill". If one can function within those slots, then one is deemed "mentally healthy". These definitions are in many places so prevalent that it is difficult to assert anything positive about such human accomplishments which traditionally have been quasi-independent of such "structures" and apart from them, such as art, music, theatre, poetry etc. In the structural-functional approach of those who run this system, which may after all be the best possible of all systems, such things are close to or related to or analogous to mental illness even if they are not mental illness themselves. Therefore thinking, feeling, imagining anything outside of what the experts deem to be functional and normal..and useful in terms of your input as labor into this social system is disregarded, disrespected and shunted aside. You can see this in the flood of articles by psychologists linking "mental illness" with creativity in extreme forms., research which seems empirical in it's method but is intensely biased towards the functioning of the status quo, not the investigation of human nature or possibilities per se.

I do not claim that this is the case in any situation but it is easily imaginable, given an "evil corporation" or an "evil expert" or some collaboration of the two to turn a formerly free labor force into a labor force composed of psychological slaves. No I do not mean addicted to psychiatric or other medications or to the process so-called of therapy or to so-called "behaviors" which do not fit into somebody's ideas on what is "best for the greatest number of people" eg, modern utilitarianism.,. but people who have no force of will or individuality because of the deliberate attempts of the "evil corporation" and "evil expert" to break down all traces of individuality, likes and dislikes, ambitions outside the "norm" etc, through repeated applications of one modality so-called or another of "behavioral modification", "cognitive therapy" or medications..That is, such a thing is not inconceivable in this world which has also fairly deliberately created many major disasters and holocausts in every time and place I know of. Here the individual knowledge worker, isolated from any form of social organization which supports his or her demands or needs, in many cases, is

thrust before the immense power of the experts, dangling "mental health:" in front of them, with all the lovely and mostly fictional consequences of before and after pictures while being fully aware of the dreadful consequences of "mental illness" or being imagined as mentally ill..Now how is that for a description of what at least can happen , uh, theoretically?

Existential Panic Disorder - Paul Nachbar

I had given up and was no longer the little engine that could, but more the little engine that really should have or perhaps the little engine that didn't really want to or the little engine that made excuses or the little engine that somehow got waylaid or whatever. This was not pleasant of course because all around me people were trying and doing and working and struggling or succeeding or failing with one thing or another, which may or may not have meant anything, and who was I to stay there so stalled and inert? Get a job, get a life! I upbraided myself but it was no go. Just didn't work, couldn't work. And I had been to a lot of specialists too who could either find nothing wrong or found different things wrong with me or gave me tons of advice which was very interesting but had no real connection with my specific engine problems. Not that I was the world's best patient, I knew, but if they knew exactly what they were doing and not just approximately, then certainly I'd get fixed and go back to where I was in that giant concourse of existence. What to do? It is an imperfect world. One can't expect too much. So mainly I just lay there on my couch, prone, spinning my wheels and quite helplessly and hopelessly getting nowhere, or at least nowhere real beyond the couch. One day a friend of a friend told me about this Great Expert Among Experts who was in town and whom I really needed to see. This guy, she said, was so knowledgeable about these things, well, he was a world-class authority on problems like mine. And besides, for a limited time, he was making evaluations of patients at a reduced rate. Hey, world class expert AND bargain basement discounts; who could ask for anything more? So I dragged my burnt-out and broken self - though I did not always seem as broken and burnt out to others as I felt, even though they knew I was sincere into the city where I met with the fellow,

a Dr X, in an extremely elaborate apartment. Funny session, though. I told Dr Z, who seemed laser-sharp in his concentration and focus about all of my symptoms, about my interpretation of the scenes and situations which had led to my mechanical breakdown, about all the methods I had tried to use to repair things, to what extent these worked or didn't work, how others had tried to intervene and what the consequences were and my sense of all the different interpretations of what had happened to me which seemed to apply and not apply at the same time. Anyway, I told Dr Z that it had been a very long time since I had functioned, that I just didn't know what to do, and that I felt a mixture of anger, guilt, obsessiveness, suspicion, apathy, vengefulness, shame, despair and a host of other engine-clotting ingredients which should really happen to nobody. But perhaps all these things were just too complicated, I hypothesized out loud, and the real truth was that I was a hopeless case and that nobody could deal with me or motivate me to anything? Or, as Jim Morrison once said, that "nobody gets out of here alive." Dr Z, by the way, liked Jim Morrison, which I appreciated-- hey, a hip psychiatrist--though disagreed of course.

"No, no, no. None of these observations are really completely accurate my friend. None of the diagnoses. None of the previous treatment. Close, perhaps, at one time or another, but no cigar." I was afraid here of what the good doctor was going to recommend, since some of the treatments for maladies like mine could be very strenuous and dangerous. So I just sat there in a spirit of anxious hesitation. "Well, what exactly is wrong with me?" I asked, thinking more along the lines, since I could not help myself, "and what did I do to deserve this?"

"I'd say" responded Dr Z, after some moments of profound hesitation, "that this is a severe case of what may be termed Existential Panic Disorder." This sounded good, though I had never heard of such a diagnosis before, and instantly imagined trading such a diagnosis with my similarly diagnosed friends, wondering what their reactions would be here...disbelief, jealousy, awe at the analytical insight of Dr Z, whom they probably would not have the privilege to meet. Of course I was not accustomed to questioning things here, that is, I was not assertive with mental health professionals, and it took me awhile

to raise the humble question, "now exactly what does this mean? And exactly what are the consequences?" This was a fearful moment or series of moments. I held my breath. I was very worried. It could be anything. I upbraided myself again for any excess anxiety I might be showing, even though it seemed my future held in the balance scales of the good doctor's fine polished and practiced insight and fine intelligence. What were the cure rates, I wondered. What were the appropriate medications? Would I end up--I sighed to myself--in one of those really bad places one could end up in but which one could never complain about because nobody could really listen? The suspense was endless. Finally, Dr Z intoned with the vaguest trace of a smile, "Existential Panic Disorder basically means, my good man, that you are, well, alive." I knew that of course, so what was he trying to tell me here? Something new? Something bad? I wasn't sure. I couldn't think and was ready to blank out. or crawl under the desk..well this was a fantasy..I would never do anything so inappropriate.

The good doctor thumbed through several of the ancient volumes of medical lore in his bookshelves and dusted off one of the shelves casually with a finger. I was waiting here in suspense for some additional information but nothing. I should be patient. I should not assume. I should just shut up, I guess, until it was appropriate to speak. I felt bad. I mean, I really felt awful.

A total sense of dread. The good doctor then flipped casually through one of the magazines on his desk, filled with articles about The Recent War and Crime and Terrorism and Drugs and the Breakup of the Family and Unemployment and all sorts of other issues. I felt humbled. Of what significance were my petty problems? I was wasting his time, perhaps? Was I merely lazy and irresponsible? I did not know. I wanted answers and fast. "Well," I finally asked, "what is the prognosis here?" I watched him thinking and could imagine the sophisticated and fine-tuned gears of his mind considering every case, every possibility, every cross reference, every methodology, every accumulated bit of wisdom, knowledge and insight that the field of psychiatry had obtained in over a hundred years I was very anxious and gulped again. I hope he did not notice.

"Yes, yes," he repeated, "Existential Panic Disorder. With utmost certainty". Then he paused. "The

diagnosis is." Another pause. "And yes, you are alive." I was not sure how to respond to this, though I guess part of this conclusion was self-evident, was it not? I don't know, maybe I was missing something. "And the prognosis"? I finally brought myself to say in a much softer voice. I was truly suffering. Everybody knew I had been suffering. Previous experts had rated my level of psychological suffering as a nine on a scale of zero to ten. Dr Z was silent here. I too paused. "Did I do something wrong, doctor?" He looked at me intensely and then raised his hands in a apparently compassionate but somewhat futile gesture. "I mean, is there a cure? I really have not been doing so hot., you know. I've read a great deal of the literature here and am still, like very, very confused...Really confused. Am I stupid?" The good doctor again looked at me and I saw a wince of pain on his knotted brow, though this might have just been a twitch or, well, anything. I did not know. He seemed at first impatient and then calmer. "Nobody knows what you should do. Uh, do you want to be a doctor?" "A doctor?" I asked him surprised, "why a doctor?" "Well," he said, "frankly it's a good living and.... there are always plenty of sick people." Another pause and then a vaguely dramatic rise in the pitch of his voice, "it is..a pretty sick world out there, you know?" This professional possibility seemed somewhat attractive but no, not in my condition, whatever that was, and I think Dr Z agreed here. I was a victim of and perhaps survivor of Existential Panic Disorder, which seemed as good a label as any and better than most I had heard.. "No, " I concluded, reluctantly, "all things considered, that's probably not for me". "I know what you mean" he finally said, "medicine is practical of course but is really not such a lovely field., you know? And as far as what to do. well, REALLY what to here in cases like THIS...well, nobody knows. I know they SOUND like they know but..nobody has ever KNOWN, to be quite honest here. But good luck to you.. I mean, the best of luck., my friend" He smiled and I think here with some genuine warmth, though perhaps he was considering some aspects of his schedule, who knows? We shook hands, I took the train back from the city and once again, I lay on my couch, in my usual agony, wondering once again what all of this meant, before drifting off to a long, long dark deep sleep.

"Technically" Haiku - Kay Lindgren

Nice! As for what is "technically" haiku, there are so many rules and so many schools of thought that the issue becomes confusing. In English, the five-seven-five syllable rule is eschewed by some modern poets who think that it encourages padding with particles such as "the," "a," etc. These poets say that Japanese makes said syllable count a virtual necessity because of the structure of that language. English, according to these modern poets, calls for fewer syllables in the lines. I have seen modern haiku with short syllable counts, such as two-four-two. That is economy of words!

Some of the rules of classical Japanese haiku follow. The poem is to present one crystallized image or moment in nature. You are to see a mental image of one natural element only when you read the poem - a tree, a flower, a weather phenomenon. No subjectivity or emotion is to enter into the poem. It is to be completely detached from the emotional or judgmental standpoint. Once emotions or personal opinions enter into the poem, it becomes a senryu instead of a haiku. If the poem makes the reader laugh or feel nostalgia, anger, loneliness, sadness, love or any human emotion, it is probably a senryu. In haiku, simile, a comparison using "like" or "as," is taboo. Metaphor, however, is allowed and often drives the haiku. Finally, a haiku in the purest sense will mention the season of the year by name or give a clear indication as to which season it is.

There are probably more rules. I will venture that the members of a group of haikuists would be likely to disagree and argue many points. My bottom line is therefore this: Anything goes.

Poetry Definition - Mark Norman

Poetry is,
capturing the careening boulder of emotion,
thought, or fact; compressing it into a small
pebble by applying the force of intellect; then
polishing it into a gem with the jeweler's cloth of
harmonic phonics.

Troops; Anecdotal Experiences - Thomas Hadley

i was a cold-warrior only
shooting only targets, receiving only political flak,
personal snipings
..many a day, many a night, I wished that I was
back home...
having surrendered my civil rights to a great
degree
to protect those who were back there, at home...
i missed first steps, baby laughs, my love lay
abed
cold and lonely, the bruised knee got no daddy's
kiss
but the cause was noble, sacrifices just...
when you're away, you realize how much we have
here at home..
if you get a chance, you make your Holiday cheer,
gather your younger soldiers and comrades
over...
you make family where none was there...
my favorite Christmas Eve was when we had
Jan's friend and her
Blackhawk tech sergeant hubby over for supper,
for our wee ones to
open just one present. I had bagged a fine
pheasant in the vineyards
the day before, and dressed him in bacon, stuffed
with wild rice....
fresh broetchen, butter so rich, all the
trimmings...Christmas in Germany
was wonderful. The gluhwein, the Kristkindl
Markt, the lack of tawdry hype.
Imagine Iraq and Afghanistan, now. Still, they will
make family where there
was none. Presents will be sent, and received.
The turkey and feasting will
have begun long before we awake at home, here.
Some peace and magic
will be snatched out of the gritty cold gloom. The
human spirit prevails.

National Sour Grapes Day - Paul Nachbar

Given many of the demographic factors of at least
American society and probably others, though I
am far less familiar with these cases (cases in all
senses of the word) I propose here a National
Sour Grapes Day. Being more of a theoretical and
imaginative, even sometimes imaginary person,
than a so-called practical or even pragmatic
person, I cannot propose any details here.
Though given human nature at it's usual worst,
outlining hte details at some future date might be
an excellent idea. But in general, the National
Sour Grapes Day would be a day for all members
of all groups who argue/fight/hate each other to
somehow, in a fairly safe environment, bombard
each other with these griveances in a direct non-
manipulative and not destructive manner. And
then people can possibly do what they
sometimes claim to do --just 'get over it', 'not
sweat the small stuff'--and all those other glitzy
slogans people use to paper over inevitable
sociological conflicts in a multi-ethnic multi-
special-interest-oriented society. Of course such
an event would have to be moderated by
somebody who is fair and reasonable, that is
somebody who basically does not like in some
sense all human subgroupings..I have no idea
who that might be.

I do not consider that sponsoring such an event
would be costly and it would have the salutorious
effect, I think, of transferring extra income away
from
various constituencies who are, in general,
already paid sufficiently, to wit, mental health
professionals, certain classes of lawyers, certain
classes of advice-dispensers, and the numerous
businesses which capitalize fairly deliberately on
the so-called neuroses or psychooses even which
are inevitably produced by the inevitable social
frictions in this particular society at this particular
time, not limited of course to the manufacturers
and dispensers of legal as well as illicit social
relaxants and stimulants. Also including on this
list the various authorities with a financial
insterest in steering funds towards their individual
states for the construction of prisons and mental
institutions to treat/punish individuals 'guilty' of
misdemeanors and felonies in the so-called 'war
against drugs' eg, what people tend to use, in
valid short-term if not long-term judgments to
cope with inevitable social frictions.

If this is not a disadvantage, the second
advantage is that such a National Holiday could
be fun and actualy cut down on certain types of
crime, which are due to pent-up individual
frustrations certian classes of individuals will
experience due to our American sociological
structure eg, so-called "sociopaths' or
"psychopaths" who are usually
located/analyzed by socio-demographic

methods eg., single white, often highly intelligent males who 'did not fit in', 'did not have stable patterns of relationships' etc..Then of course, we can go back to football, baseball, basketball, soccer, the so-called democratic political system we have and all the other ways people have of enjoying themselves, making some money or getting vicarious enjoyment and compensating themselves for not being William Gates..

Dialogue of the Pican Deities - Paul Nachbar

A: I'd say here after much consideration that this experiment with the concept of Freedom has been an absolute failure. These ridiculous creatures down below have proven themselves to be mere over-animated cartoons or shadows or flickers of nothing much at all. They have utterly failed at any of their tasks given every possible opportunity. Truly, a hopeless bunch, my friends! Absolutely hopeless indeed! And yes, it does infuriate me. I must admit, though this emotion is far beneath me. Ahem.

I propose we erase everything, including THEM from the drawing board and perhaps start again. Or perhaps not. This has been a costly activity, too, and besides I'm bored. <yawns broadly> Really, haven't we BETTER things to do with our time?

B. No, you are impatient, A. Give them time. They will change. Or evolve. Or adjust. Though I must confess here to my own intense disappointment with the experiment. Which I guess is the way it SEEMS. If madness is repetition, which to some extent it is, they have proven themselves utterly mad and to the core. They do the same thing, play the same games, fall into the same traps, make the same errors again and again. If it were not so tragic, it would be comic. Though I do not laugh. Not at all. And this is not merely my investment here.

Yes, again I say I am disappointed with the results. But I speak for hope.

If one part in ten fails, then perhaps one part in one hundred will succeed, and if one part in one hundred fails, then perhaps one part in a thousand, or ten thousand, or a hundred thousand or a million or even a billion. But who knows? I am disappointed but I still hope. Though I am too weary now to make a final decision. But I beg you, though demoralized, to stay your hand, A.

What do you think, C?

C: Think? Hahaha! Why bother thinking? The whole thing is the broadest of comedies, my fellows! Why think at all? Did you expect "success" here? If so, you were deceived. We have

the power and the glory here. If they do not, then what the hell did you expect? No, it is ridiculous but amusing. Sit with me and observe their doings without hope or anger, for these are a waste of energy: No,

they are merely silly, so enjoy? I merely enjoy, having divested myself of all investments here for their tragedies are not my tragedies. Why get so involved?

Ah, well, a matter of taste I suppose and I must admit these creatures are not precisely to my liking and do not possess in my eyes the quality of beauty.

But that is me.

Well, well. They upset you to rage or torment you into false hope. I am with you, of course, but personally I would simply, to use their phrase, change the channel here. They 'fail' or 'succeed'. So what? There are a million million million million other worlds to observe out there and who is to say which is more significant than any other? What do you think E?

E: I am absolutely indifferent, C, having other affairs more worthy of consideration and of far greater importance. What happened, happens or could happen there is of no consequence to me. Very sorry. I think you'd be better off asking D. It's all a numbers game, my friends and their numbers do not interest me. You'd be better off asking E, you know?

D: I diverge. I am neither angry nor hopeful nor amused by all of this. Nor of course absolutely indifferent. My mind is not the clearest of our group and I never claimed this, but I am indifferent to nothing. Yes, there are reasons and perfectly valid ones for anger or hope or laughter or even indifference. But all is not as it seems. Or what I mean here is that not all is, well, as DULL as it often seems (a round of laughter occurs among the assembled deities)

I think..well..to be rather sneaky about it..some rather interesting crimes have occurred here and things out of the ordinary and things not quite knowable. Not that this is so evident. One must look quite closely and at things invisible to many eyes and inaudible to many ears.

A: Hmm..What do you mean?

D: I cannot define...exactly. But it is..interesting, as I am sure you will agree. Listen:

[the following text, of far greater length than the above fragments, has been deleted for the sake of the preservation and furtherance of the human species]

Between Rocks and a Hard Spot - Paul Nachbar

Between the group and the individual
Between the consensus and what probably is true
about this Between what is true and improbable
in the individual Between the necessary and
unnecessary suffering Between the so-called
superficial and the so-called profound Between the
different kinds of power and knowledge Between
your choices Between the books about your
choices Between what you were taught and what
you actually see Between what you would like to
believe and what you know Between what is said
and what is not said Between your desire to be
and not be yourself Between the stated certainty
and the actual uncertainty Between the stated
uncertainty and the actual certainty Between the
angels and devils who may just be inside of you
Or who may not exist at all for all you really know
Between the faithful and the faithless Between
the truth-telling liars and the lying truth-tellers
Between the world and the many ideas of it
Between the necessity to simplify and the

necessity to expand Between the gutwrench of
pain and the fine cerebation Between the hope
and the despair Between the practical the
impractical Between this place and that place
Between this time and that time Between this one
and that one Between those who know and those
who don't And those who may or may not
know..or is this all of them? Between the ones
who think too little and the ones who think too
much? Between the ones who seem to feel too
little and the ones who seem to feel
too much?
Between the ones who seem to imagine too much
and the ones who seem to
imagine too little
Between the ones who talk or do too much and
the ones who talk or do too
little
Between the present, past, and future..
There I encounter you.
Not just---it is what it is. It is ALL that it is. .

NEW MEMBERS

Name: Robin Hammer
User Email – justinuthadude@surfcity.net

Qualifying Score/Test – Grove-McCall Multi-Mental
Scale R
Poetry – High school, The Yen For Yang on
poetry.com

Biography -- Left college to join Special Forces
end of Vietnam War. Spent a month or more in at
least a half dozen countries. Returned to America,
finished degree in Finance, married, raised family,
divorced. Occupation during marriage was sales.
Currently accounting at large aerospace company
while taking tests to possibly become math
teacher. Enjoy playing classical guitar. Live in
California.

Welcome Robin

Name: - Daniele Pinna
User Email – daniele_pinna_1985@hotmail.com

Qualifying Score/Test – ACT
Poetry – Poetry published on the Cerebral's and
the HIQH Pen Pal message boards.

Biography - My name is Daniele Pinna, I'm 18
years old and I'm currently attending my last year
of high school in an Italian public school. I was
born in Cagliari, ITALY and lived there for 7 years.
Because of my dad's job, I then moved to
Pittsburgh, PA and lived there for 4 years. I then
moved to Miami and lived there for 3 years. 4
years ago I moved back to Italy and am currently
living in Modena, ITALY. My interests involve
anything I can set my mind on. In particular, I'm
very fond of Physics, Mathematics, Poetry,
Philosophy and Art.

Welcome Daniele

Name: - Jorge González López
User Email - CAVANELA@terra.es

Qualifying Score/Test - Multi-Mental Brief

Poetry - I have published in the IHIQS Forum and on-line magazine, and in The Cerebrals Poetry Forum. Some poems published: "Olas", "Ideas", "Luz que mata", "Luna", "Destino", "Sólo un segundo". Book title: "Autour de ma chambre", in spanish.

Biography - I'm spanish, from Barcelona, 43 years old, single. I'm Graduado Social by Barcelona University and I have a postgraduate course in Accountancy and Financing by Centro de Estudios Financieros. I work as a civil servant and I love poetry.

Welcome Jorge

Name: - Dr. Wallace W. Rhodes, Ph.D., P.E.
User Email - enact@starlinx.net

Qualifying Score/Test - WAIS Wechsler Adult Intelligence Scale

Poetry Published - by The Swivet Magazine, Vol. 1, No. 2 Spring 1950. The poem was written at age 18 on board my ship the USS Palawan, ARG 10 in the Pacific Theater in WWII. He began writing poetry at age 10 and has written over 250 poems. Poems cover all phases of life, things, nature, objects, death, philosophy, etc., and reflect many degrees of moods from extreme sadness to basic happiness.

Biography - Dr. Wallace W. Rhodes, Ph.D., P.E., a leading authority and pioneer in the field of indoor air and environmental quality, is a graduate engineer of the Georgia Institute of Technology. His professional activities span more than 40 years in engineering systems for heating, ventilating and air conditioning (HVAC) with concomitant research in microbiology, interior airborne and environmental contamination and frank diseases. His years of investigation of an unknown disease led to the etiology of the major source of Legionnaires Disease.

Dr. Rhodes has published numerous major professional journals of engineering, medicine, epidemiology, and science. A noted public speaker, he often serves in leadership roles in seminars designed to explore engineering and indoor quality environmental problems.

ENACT, Inc. Owner and President. Personally directs all Indoor Air and environmental quality studies and investigations, in all types of buildings and facilities, coordinating all field and laboratory activity nationally and internationally.

Worked for the Centers for Disease Control in Atlanta, Georgia for 10 years investigating over 200 hospitals, field studies of numerous governmental buildings for federal agencies such as DOD, DOE, EPA, and state, local and private facilities. Consulted with NASA in space suit studies for microbial containment. Assessed over 60 major outbreaks of highly virulent disease problems in various facilities.

GSA Award for Unique Engineering Design Application,

Received a Sustained Superior Performance Award from the Federal Aviation Agency (F.A.A.) for engineering design and application for HVAC systems for all F.A.A. facilities in the United States, Puerto Rico, Panama, St. Croix, and St. Thomas.

Received F.A.A. Outstanding Performance Rating and award (2nd highest civilian honor awarded an individual) for Outstanding Engineering accomplishments.

Designed facility for testing NASA sponsored investigation for space suits efficacy to prevent microbiological contamination.

Designed unusual isolation facilities for CDC throughout the United States to isolate infectious patients if smallpox outbreak occurred. Later expanded design for other highly contagious airborne diseases.

Georgia Institute of Technology Bachelor Industrial/Mechanical Engineering, BIE 1952
Columbia Pacific University MS 1977
Masters Engineering and Mycology
Columbia Pacific University Ph.D. 1979
Doctorate Engineering and Mycology

ASHRAE Member
Sigma Xi Member
MENSA
INTERTEL

Welcome Wallace.

Name: Ryan Sloan
User Email -- ryanlsloan@juno.com

Qualifying Score/Test – G-Test

Poetry – Published by International Library of Poetry, Poetry Motel, Mblem Magazine, Eastern North Carolina Chapter of Mensa publication

Biography; three years - UNC - majored in political science

Member of the following high IQ societies:

International High IQ Society
Mysterium
High Potentials Society
Mensa
The Commune

Name: - Chaim Horovits
User Email - chaim_ho@hotmail.co.il

Qualifying Score/Test – N-VCPE-R

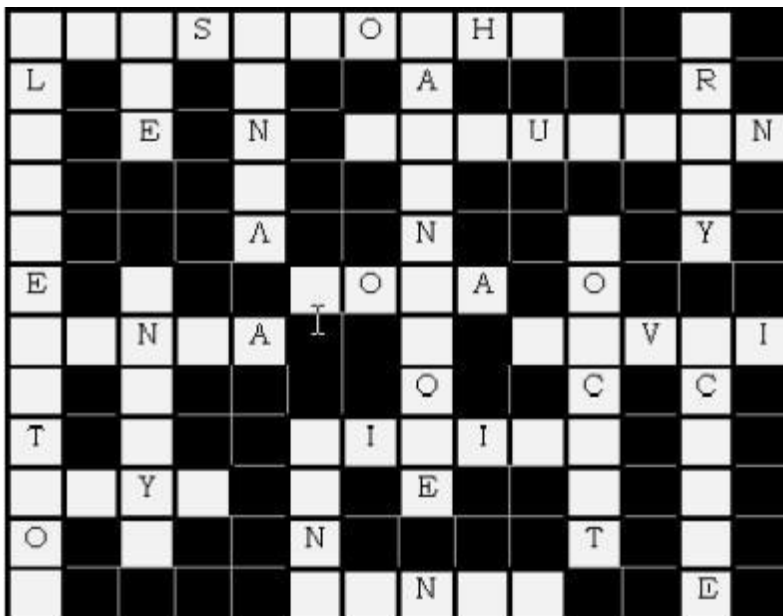
Poetry – Poetry published at <http://stage.co.il/Authors/20235>, in Hebrew.

Biography - My name is Chaim, I was born in 1987 in Jerusalem. Art and philosophy are my main interests along with psychology, theoretical physics and the occult. I find poetry as one of the best ways to express myself, to reflect my thoughts. (Note: Chaim writes most of his poetry in Hebrew and notes that it is difficult to translate poetically. He will translate a couple of poems so that we may comprehend and enjoy some of his poetry).

Welcome Chaim

PSYCHOMETRY

POETRY - Maria C. Faverio



ANNOUNCEMENTS

It is my pleasure to open a new page on the Poetic Genius Society Website.

SPOKEN POETRY MP3

I have recorded three poems in the MP3 format (small and downloaded faster) to get the ball rolling. Included on this page is a downloadable zip (if you do not have winzip download it here and use the free trial <http://download.com.com/3000-2250-10161502.html>) that contains a free recorder/editor, a patch to let it convert to MP3, and instructions. It was difficult to find a free recorder capable of producing MP3's. There are several of better quality that you can use on a trial basis (normally 30 sec. record limit) if your poem will fit within the thirty second time slot. Pick a couple of your own poems that you would like to record, use the downloadable recorder/editor or your own, save it in the MP3 format, and email it to me. I will post it on our new page.

The creation of this page is outcome of an idea submitted by Pierre-Alex. Sicart

I can now send out certificates upon request/payment at anytime instead of at six month intervals. Five dollars within the United States and ten dollars outside the US. Please mail your check and address to me;

Mark Norman
477 Springbrook Dr.SW
New Philadelphia, OH 44663
Or use your credit card and pay through Paypal.com. (include your address)

I have read the post on password protecting. The last two issues of Apotheosis have not been password protected because our server does not offer it. I believe this is to discourage users from developing illegal or porn sites. I said that I would investigate other means of password protecting, but it appears unnecessary due to consensus of members so far. Apotheosis will be available to the public at the same time as it is available to members. The only possible draw back to this is

having something published that you preferred was not. Please be specific if you post to the group for their eyes only. Make a statement at the top of the email so that it is not inadvertently published.

Publication of Apotheosis on a monthly basis,

I am considering this. With increasing membership and enthusiasm we may be looking at going monthly about May. Let's see how submission receipts hold up this spring.

I am happy to announce the opening of the PGS Online Store, where apparel, mugs, mouse pads, etc. embossed with the PGS logo may be purchased.

<http://www.cafeshops.com/pgsstore>

A link to our shop will appear on our main web page soon. As far as the merchandise, Sharon and I have purchased the bumper sticker, ball cap, hooded shirt and mouse pad. The logos look excellent and the merchandise quality is comparable to the prices. All prices are marked up exactly one dollar (except coasters, which are marked up fifty cents). Any funds received from merchandising will be handled the same as any excess funds from the certificates. Any cash excess will be applied to our domain name's yearly registration (\$7.95/yr.) and server space rental (\$8.95/month). If there should be money in excess of these costs, it will go to the yearly poetry contest.

A note on the certificates;

Muhamed Veletanlic brought to my attention the cost of money orders etc. outside U.S. and possible use of Paypal. I am a member of Paypal, so anyone outside of the U.S. (as well as within the U.S.) may use it to purchase a certificate. I am registered under my email marknorm@adelphia.net If you use this method of payment please remember to send your address to me. <http://paypal.com/>

Any money in excess of the cost of producing and mailing the certificates will be applied to our domain name's yearly registration (\$7.95/yr.) and server space rental(\$8.95/month). If there should be money in excess of these costs, it will go to the yearly poetry contest. Same principal applies to PGS store sales. I will post a financial sheet at year end.

Epigram – Paul F. Kisak

I have never heard of the 'epigram' style of poem before, so I thought I would pass along the definition.

epi•gram (epi-gram) n. 1. A short, witty poem expressing a single thought or observation. 2. A concise, clever, often paradoxical statement. See Synonyms at saying. 3. Epigrammatic discourse or expression. [Middle English, from Old French epigramme, from Latin epigramma, from Greek, from epigraphein, to mark the surface, inscribe : epi-, epi- + graphein, to write; see gerb- below.]

Multi -Mental Brief,

Dr Greg Grove has revised the Grove-McCall Multi-Mental Scale-Revised into the Multi-Mental Brief. The Multi-Mental Brief is a test of verbal and nonverbal reasoning along the lines of multiple intelligences.

The Multi -Mental Brief is now being hosted on the PGS website server. You can access it by clicking this link:

http://www.poeticgenius.com/multi_mental_brief.htm

or by going directly to the PGS website, to Admissions, then to the list of qualifying tests and clicking the above link.

www.poeticgenius.com

The Multi-Mental Brief is offered online in Word and PDF formats.

Hello Poetic Genius Society Members,

Dr. Wallace Rhodes emailed an excellent question the other day. I would like to share the answer to that question with the rest of the group.

Question; I would like to pose the question concerning copyrights, etc. relating to submitted poetry.

Answer; Copyright is a form of protection provided by the laws of the United States to the authors of "original works of authorship," including literary, dramatic, musical, artistic, and certain other intellectual works. This protection is available to both published and unpublished works.

Copyright protection subsists from the time the work is created in fixed form. The copyright in the work of authorship immediately becomes the property of the author who created the work. Only the author or those deriving their rights through the author can rightfully claim copyright.

The way in which copyright protection is secured is frequently misunderstood. No publication or registration or other action in the Copyright Office is required to secure copyright.

Copyright is secured automatically when the work is created, and a work is "created" when it is fixed in a copy or phonorecord for the first time.

Publication is no longer the key to obtaining federal copyright as it was under the Copyright Act of 1909. However, publication remains important to copyright owners. This is where publication in Apotheosis comes in handy for fixing a copyright date upon your poem, etc.

The use of a copyright notice is no longer required under U. S. law, although it is often beneficial. Because prior law did contain such a requirement, however, the use of notice is still relevant to the copyright status of older works.

For more information visit;

<http://www.copyright.gov/circs/circ1.html#wci>

Anyone one who has more information on copyright please feel free to post.

Thanks,

Mark

