

# APOTHEOSIS

## JOURNAL OF THE POETIC GENIUS SOCIETY

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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

## **Cereus - Tommy Smith**

She seethes, not pours  
For to seethe is to boil ever so suddenly  
A transient transparence  
A window of mania  
A moment on the shores of Pharos

Fleeting vibrance  
For to shimmer is to attract the shadows  
The forgotten fog  
The auroral apex  
The seepage through the pores of Eros

Scrambling bedlam  
A cascade of formless impulses compelling  
Lateral projections  
Written in sweat  
A torment born of her naïve pathos

Exhausted lemming  
For to expend is to do it vivaciously  
Psychical shambles  
Emotional swindling  
Seething in the wake of Prometheus.

---

## **The Algebra Of The Soul - Dr. Greg Grove**

The Arithmetic of birth  
The Geometry of life  
The Trigonometry of age  
The Calculus of death.

---

## **Spring - Thomas Michael Baumer**

It comes quietly,  
with a warm wind  
and a wonderful scent.

Life starts growing,  
in the nature  
and the heart of all beings.

Dreams rise again,  
like an unfolding rose  
and a spreading wing.

Hope is developing,  
based on experiences  
and curiosity  
and respect.

### **Bug On The Blade - Daniel Phillips**

bug on the blade  
jade, auburn, brown  
the wind passes  
still you cling  
you have not moved  
how do you feel  
nature's production line

---

### **Pill Bug - Daniel Phillips**

pill bug  
how did you get your name  
did you used to get swallowed a lot  
was that your part in the game  
or were you but framed  
by that which you are named  
when touched you curl  
just like a pearl  
is that the origin  
of the mystery  
or but another dead end  
maybe I should ask my friend  
or would he think it but a jest  
and toss me a hornet's nest  
perhaps it is in a book  
of bugs that can be cooked  
nay it shall not be  
for I shall answer this mimicry  
mayhap the bug of pill will answer me  
but it seems not inclined  
the bribe it was offered  
but the thing merely did curl  
oh well  
think I'll go find a girl

---

### **Po Pierwsze - 1 - Mateusz Kurcewicz**

XXX  
Czasami pytasz: „I gdzie dalej?”,  
A odpowiedzi brak.  
Czasami życie coś zadaje,  
Co psuje s<sup>3</sup>odki jego smak.

I bunt podnosisz wciąż wytrwale,  
Zawroć chciałbyś cały świat.  
Lecz on nie czuł cię wcale;  
Tak było, jest i będzie tak.

XXX  
Trzeba iść spać. Ale po co?

Zeby się nie bać, trzeba spać – noca.

XXX  
Dotknij mnie Panie, swym palcem najmniejszym,  
Nadziei zasiej kruszynę.  
Pozwól mi stać się, choć trochę weselszym,  
Weselszym, choć odrobinę.

---

### **Billet Doux (for Patricia) - Paul Payton**

"Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow;  
they toil not neither do they spin."  
--Matthew 6:28

The letters sit within my ready reach,  
stamps long spent their charge,  
pounded to antiquity by postal abuse.  
Yet her feminine hand prevails, unyielding,  
a softness smirking at Cronus' scythe.  
Her musings ferment as impassioned wine,  
burgeoning with succulent intoxication.  
Nestled in pastel and beige sheaths is  
the stationery that annals her adoration.

These are the touchstones of our days,  
pebbles on a pathway  
in the Garden of Devotion.  
Her words validate my life,  
prove that I am loved,  
evince I am cherished as her mate.  
Unwittingly, she has written our biography  
as a saga told in Byronic vignette.

Her quill has kissed the pages,  
ennobling them with her thoughts.  
The course of our romance  
forever chronicled in swirl and flourish  
of royal blue ink.  
Avowals of ardor are never to be discarded.

Our first meeting -- an afternoon stolen from  
duty.  
A lecture, then dinner -- heady halcyon days.  
Her first scribe of "love" -- a hand gently given.  
Fear and concern -- assurances sworn.

They are, at once --  
photographs of a mind reflective and placid,  
paintings from a heart of tender empressment,  
jeweled keepsakes of our moments together.

Her words are the gems of my existence.

### **A Love No Greater - Ngoc Minh Nguyen**

My Dear, with hand around thine supple waist,  
And the other none too chaste,  
Let us not this moment waste.

Tonight can be ours if we so dare,  
And as I undo thine flowing hair,  
It falls around thee in the cool, night air.

I am filled with passionate delight,  
To know pleasures eternal we will prove tonight,  
But when the pitchers of Michelob-Lite,

Wear off the next day I turn to brittle stone,  
As I roll over and see that thou art ugly to the  
bone!

---

### **Away From You - Trivik Bhavnani**

half an hour ago the pizza dough tumbles  
and all was pleasure  
half an hour later the pizza dough tumbles  
and all is pain.  
i want to hate you with all my heart  
but i cannot.  
all i do is wait and see what  
the next half hour brings.

---

### **A Rose By Any Other Name - Paul Nachbar**

A rose by any other name is  
A rose by any other name  
She may be bitter or sweet,  
Sour or salty or even umami.  
But a rose by any other name is  
A rose by any other name.

Some roses have thorns  
Some roses merely hang out with them  
Some roses marry them  
But a rose by any other name is  
A rose by any other name.

Uh, just solved the secrets of the universe as  
specified in my last email. You should send me  
lots of money for that, Paul

---

### **Autumn - Mark Norman**

Upon the trunks  
of our sentinels  
standing tall, announcing  
and guarding the coming  
Fall,  
Position Ivy's  
tendrils redden  
dreadlocks among the  
fallen leaves.  
Crisp tan corn fields reaped,  
populated  
by Amish corn stock  
teepee sheaths.  
Awaiting the coming fauna frosts  
land locking  
innocence of spring lost.  
Under metallic grey sky  
mocking the dying flora  
sap surrenders to lie deep  
before the frozen sky begins to weep.

---

### **To The Poet - Ed Glomski**

Magician of shadows,  
Levitor of words,  
and will O the wisps,  
Extracted from id crevaces.

Dream artist,  
Funneling foggy scenarios,  
From the deep wellspring,  
Through a kaliedoscope.

Piper of the nearly discernable,  
Drawing us close,  
With your mirrored magnificent,  
Brightfaced abstractions.

Is it painful when you kick the world?

---

## Resistance - Kay Lindgren

The architect of disillusionment  
would crown with dunce caps turrets of ideals,  
extract the merlons of my battlements,  
the teeth that bite all who would make me kneel  
to masters, tyrants, kings and conquerors.  
He'd chain mercurial moat with cyclone fence,  
opaque my windows, bar the doors of stars,  
and cube curved dreams to Bauhaus common  
sense.  
Surrender Neuschwannstein to Gropius?  
I'd sooner give to swans the necks of owls,  
to nightingales, the voices of the crows.  
A stubborn mortar binds these castle walls:  
They stun the real-world wrecking ball, deflect  
its blows and disenchant the architect.

---

## Primal Silence - Maria Claudia Faverio

At the edge of self,  
uncertain drift of things  
stirs -  
verdigris of hope.  
The supreme fiction of life  
outwits itself,  
bending under the whims of the mind.

Where does heaven open up its gates?  
Where does aesthetics turn into a principle  
mightier than hedonism?

Dorian Gray is weary  
of his unfading beauty,  
of the concealed images  
of desire  
unsublimated,  
while life's fevered surge  
welters to its own decay,  
shifting impossibles  
into potentiality,  
summoning visions  
in the blue latitudes  
of hope.

The uncertain edge of faith  
perfects the catalogue of images  
pouring out into the mind  
like a primal silence  
or a surge of blue  
outspeeding rage of thunder.

Under the scooping arc  
of creed,  
the spectral canticle of thought  
takes hold of eternity.

---

## Contemplation On The Laws Of Chance - Brian R. Johnson (Unabridged)

Cancer took my dear mother  
I blamed it all on God's wrath  
My quarrel with the deity fruitless  
More fairly a question of math

For sometimes "things just happen"  
Complying with nature's laws  
Though it's difficult comprehending  
When effect seems divorced from a cause

In vain we manipulate numbers  
And sometimes we fuss and we fret  
When the storm clouds of life drop their water  
The fool and the sage both get wet

To bullets all hearts are equal  
For they strike both the vile and the just  
Good or evil put in a casket  
Both sleep in the same field of dust

Chance no respecter of persons  
Chance wounds and often does tear  
It touches both rich man and pauper  
Chance is cruel  
Chance also is fair

When I think of you dear mother  
Thinking how they say justice is blind  
But poorer the eyes of her brother  
Chance takes everyone equal  
That's kind

(in memoriam: Jeanette J. Stealy, my mother)

---

### Poet, Bag Lady - Thomas Hadley

The bag lady: (fascinating 'foto' snapshot.)  
we carry cemeteries within  
yet seeking resurrection  
that one wheel keeps wobbling  
sounding a tattoo futilely  
The poet: (Id crevices; nice conception.)  
i've broken my toe kicking the world  
kicking the wall in utero  
stumbling in the hall of mirrors  
sometimes the world just rolls over  
"...making me feel like I've never been  
born"  
(Revolver)  
i push through the looking glass

---

### The Accusing Cigars - Jonathan Marin

How proud I was of my cleverness  
The day I bought expensive cigars  
-- Boxes and boxes of them,  
More expensive than I could afford.  
"Now I will finally quit cigarettes",  
I said to myself,  
"I shall puff cigars but not inhale."  
I confidently formed a plan:  
"I'll keep them on my breakfast table  
Where I cannot avoid them.  
My frugal self will never tolerate  
The waste of so much money."

How proud I was of my cleverness!  
How I reveled in my private victory  
Over cynical farmers and loathsome executives  
Who are not at all distressed to know  
That the bellows that bloats their wealth  
Is the wheezing of gasping addicts.

As I puff on a cigarette,  
I ruminate upon my clever scheme  
(Oh! To light and puff but not inhale!)  
Then take another, deeper, drag, accused  
By the boxes and boxes of expensive cigars,  
More expensive than I could afford,  
Stacked high on my breakfast table  
Where I cannot avoid them.  
I turn my back on my accusers:  
My cereal goes soggy;  
My eggs go cold.  
Inside their fancy cedar boxes,  
My cigars go stale.

### Creatures Of The Sky - Daniel Phillips

falcon, hawk, eagle  
creatures of the sky  
if I could but fly  
I would be willing to then die  
flight for a mere mortal  
to achieve unattainable height  
gliding on the wind  
current of air  
ultimate of all dreams  
and lowest of despairs  
up above the wild so high  
how I would like to fly the sky  
watching the creatures below  
the aviators did constantly bellow  
a mouse, a snake, a fish  
all could be prey  
with their keen eye  
and swiftness approaching night

---

### Armageddon - Ngoc Minh Nguyen

My paper-thin soul is cast in shades of fire  
burning without forgiveness or remorse  
within me like Hiroshima or Nagasaki on  
nuclear fire To continue unquenched and  
unabated until the Gestalt of the unsuspecting  
around me are themselves without mercy  
consumed by its incorporeal and supernal  
force like weary Heaven and Hell in  
conspiracy together...and like searing heat  
in my burning bones I cannot stand to  
behold before me the blazing Jesus who  
by His very light lights my tongue  
afire like a funeral pyre and all  
the meanwhile the sight of Him liquifies  
my eyeballs into so much putrescence and my  
head is ablaze and my clothes fall from my  
charring flesh in flames even the thews  
sinews ligaments and tendons melt at the  
wrath of the Almighty's Second Coming  
'til I perish without redemption.

---

**Gridgerwocky - Ed Glomski (With Apologies to Lewis Carroll)**

Mugling under dusty brunbar,  
Peering at perspiring Gridges,  
Runking past the thoming Hutars,  
With their refermating stridges.

Slile all you gathing Gridges,  
Slile while we hove the ukar,  
Slile all you umly Kridses,  
Slile while we trick the Hutars.

Krole around the utsdip Gridges,  
Krane behind the thoming Hutars,  
Gribam them from the ackling bridges,  
Hove their indemandant gusgars.

Hove them thirmly, Hove the Hutars,  
Graump the horikary Kridses,  
Graump the kridses at the ukar,  
Gribam the gathing utsdip Gridges.

Grive now all you gathing Gridges,  
Along with all the thoming Hutars,  
Grive dirmation all you Kridses,  
Grive among the hoving ukar.

---

**Jaded - Jonathan Marin**

Love is old,  
Soft whispers are history.  
Sex is empty,  
Ecstasy obsolete,  
Yet nightly I fatten  
On suppers of roses.

---

**Even If - Paul Nachbar**

Even if all this  
is ultimately trivial  
and I am not everything  
then I am also not nothing  
being like and unlike you:  
I am also real  
I am also complex  
I am also ineffable  
I am also magical  
I am also a creator

---

**Ode to the Long Suffering Baseball Fans of Boston - Brian R. Johnson**

Seventy-five years of frustration stab  
At every New Englander's breast  
A spring's bright promise again falls dead  
A throng of soul's depressed  
In '18 Frazee sold dear Ruth  
For Broadway's show "Nanette"  
To those hated Yankees  
Years on, we suffer yet  
But still we sing the praises  
Of those men of great renown  
Oh that those boys from Boston  
Should someday wear a crown  
So buy your tickets one and all  
And to your faith attend  
If there's a God in heaven, pray  
that suffering will end

---

**Bag Lady - Ed Glomski**

Mumbling along  
toothlessly pushing  
stolen dreams  
while comforting  
the cartridden naked  
doll-daughter.  
Leather skinned  
memories shaped  
and spewed out  
of an incongruent reality  
to nobody.  
Another tin can day-  
Dipsey Dumpster Hag.  
Damned crooked wheel  
and dead god.

---

**To the Vagrant - Ed Glomski**

Broken Beggar,  
Wretched wreck,  
The doomsday ruins weep on your lost horizons,  
Your decomposing soul moans in despair,  
You speak in dreary drivel of rejection,  
And scream in dreams where tears have all run  
dry.

Undesirable dreg,  
Derelict,  
The all-seeing shrew forecast's your collision.

### **The One-Legged Plover - Kay Lindgren**

I mope along the water's edge and brood  
on feelings of inferiority.  
I tint the waves to match my cobalt mood.  
I long to drown in my self-made blue sea.

The plovers come. One hops on its right leg,  
lame limb akimbo under its left wing.  
It mines damp sand for supper, does not beg  
from abler birds. And still, I think, "Poor thing."

It does not know self-pity - just the need  
to keep up with the flock - and this it does,  
hopping along at their frenetic speed,  
not brooding on a nest of sterile woes.

It does not think, "I'm not as good as you..."  
I'd give a leg to be a birdbrain, too.

---

### **Glorious Plumage - Paul Nachbar**

glorious plumage of the sun  
perhaps it does not shine for anyone  
perhaps it shines for us  
its good to think it so  
and here I really simply do not know  
it shines up there after our days are done

---

### **On the Salutary Craft of My Psychiatrist - Brian R. Johnson**

My brain cells they stopped talking  
And my psyche was in grief  
There was a friend  
Beloved friend  
Who gave me some relief  
Someone that I could talk to  
When my soul was gripped with fear  
A quiet thump upon my chest  
Says "show me what's in here"  
He never at a loss for words  
Suggestions for my growth  
He is a skilled disciple  
Of the Hippocratic oath  
It's true I'm oft afflicted  
And sometimes of heavy heart  
But through these times I've come to trust  
In your physician's art

### **Dreamtime Rhyme - Ed Glomski**

Melodies and memories,  
Honeybees and Cherrytrees,  
Azure skies and applepies,  
Butterflies and lullabies,  
Ice cream dreams of silver streams,  
Candlelights on summer nites,  
sailing ships, soft lips,  
The stars above and the one I love.

---

### **Haiku and Senryu - Kay Lindgren**

Eavesdropping shadow  
in mid fall grabs window sill,  
hangs on for dear life.

Fluorescent flutter ...  
flamboyant flamingo flock  
fleeing Florida.

Ants on forked grass blade  
enter, exit, merge ... rush hour ...  
expressway traffic.

Clouds come down to earth -  
tumbleweed under my bed:  
Dust cats chase dust mice.

---

### **The Poetry of the Betrayed - Ed Glomski**

On the surface,  
The Poetry of the betrayed  
Is always some somber shade,  
Such as slate.  
Blue surrounds it,  
In similar shades,  
Like some sullen shadow,  
While red treads behind,  
Bleeding from the back.

---

**Shun - Ed Glomski**

Shun the one  
That has no  
Sensitivity,  
For literature, music,  
dance, or art or poetry,  
For he has no  
Inner harmony,  
And he  
Is an Anti- Christ,  
and the,  
Killer of our creativity.,  
Man's most Godlike quality.

---

**Is it? - Paul Nachbar**

Is it that you not I represent realities  
Or are both of us just stuck  
In endless cultural banalities?

---

**Prophets, Poets and Sages - Ed Glomski**

Through history's halls,  
Unchanging truths,  
Echo across the ages.  
For one and all,  
The masters' works  
Express them in their pages.  
The washing waves of written words  
Of prophets poets and sages,  
Release the truth which echo back  
And ring across the ages.

Listen today,  
The prophets speak  
From pages much forsaken.  
Hear what they say,  
Break from your sleep,  
To purity awaken.  
Oh, woesome world, so stuck on self,  
And pleasures to be taken.  
You cannot reach for purity  
The prophets are forsaken.

Can you not hear?  
Now poets speak  
In woven words of wonder.  
Open your ears,  
Extend yourselves  
And feel their verses thunder.

Oh, wretched souls, you cannot feel,  
Life's woes have cast you under.  
They've dulled your sensitivity  
And killed you sense of wonder.

Draw close to me  
Now sages speak,  
Great wisdom they are teaching.  
Their minds are free,  
Forever now,  
Simplicity they're preaching.  
Fools discontent, who listen not,  
For treasures keep on reaching.  
With no taste for simplicity,  
Nor sages nor their teaching.

From far and near,  
There are a few,  
Who've listened through the ages.  
And we can hear,  
You noble ones,  
Who've blessed us with your pages  
Your washing waves of worthy words  
Your prophets, poets and sages:  
Do echo truths which we will love  
And sing across the ages.

---

### **From Here I Can See - Daniel Phillips**

from here I can see  
not one thing but plenty  
the specter of the past  
blinks silently on  
the burning lemon going  
to the other side of town  
the ebony tanker glitters by  
from here I can see  
this and more  
I can see the figures  
on the shore  
I can see the dehydrated  
river moving along  
but there is something  
I cannot see  
it is not under or beneath  
it is here and there  
it causes the grass to shake  
and the trees to ache  
it is always here  
but not always there

---

### **Three Selves For C, C, S and A**

Is there a self in you?  
Yes there is a self in me.  
I mean, I think.

Beneath all the history  
The testing  
The education  
The participation  
The garments  
Beneath all the skin  
Beneath all the wants and needs  
The quantities and qualities  
The happiness and unhappiness  
The entertainment  
The behaviors  
The development  
The changes  
The advice  
Beneath all the pros and cons  
The health and sickness  
The points of view  
The possessions or lack of them  
The news that's fit to print  
The news that's not fit to print  
The just laws  
The unjust laws

Beneath all the arguments  
The evaluations  
The diagnoses  
Beneath all that you came from  
All that is around you  
Wherever you are going  
What everybody said  
What I said  
What he said what she said  
It is well scary  
Think about it/Don't think about it  
Last night it was several selves  
It was well scary  
Think about it/Don't think about it

---

### **Dawn - Paul Nachbar**

It is a sad place I know this world  
And sometimes it seems as if everybody  
Is trying to teach me something new here  
I soak up sadness like a sponge  
And cannot spit it out entirely..

Still I have always had food on the table  
Still I have always had a job  
I have had the leisure time to endlessly measure  
my own psyche  
Whatever that really is...  
Still I have not had to feed six mouths on nothing.  
Was this me and my own choices or was this  
circumstance?  
I don't know. Probbly mostly circumstances  
The world I guess forgives mostly  
Or somehow doesn't really care. Mostly

This morning I was sad until the dawn  
And looking out my window and seeing,  
As if this were for my eyes only,  
The black silhouettes of buildings across the  
street,  
The streaks of blue above that  
And the endless billowing salmon clouds,  
Flecked with more and more blue, dark grey and  
black  
Above the horizon.  
Who cares if these colors were mostly dust?  
It cheered me up amidst the sadness.  
I shall attempt to remember this

---

---

**A Breeze Murmurs – Thomas Hadley**

A breeze murmurs through the field  
a gust springs up  
tousling blossoms, bending stems  
the season-change is unsettled

---

**My Eyes are Salty – Thomas Hadley**

My eyes are salty, my chest is tight  
to fully comprehend these voices, this humanity...  
'tis all too much to take in  
but I gulp, I heave, I breathe it in  
surfacing, bursting into sunlight  
I am set free!

---

**They Know Better - Paul Nachbar**

They know better  
And you know that it is true  
Everything was ruined  
Just because of you;

They know better  
And you're not worth your salt  
You saw some small and minor theme  
But not the whole gestalt;

They know better  
What's right and what was wrong  
Far better if you had  
Just sung some simple song;

They know better  
The ones who have it all  
You've known such fundamental facts  
Since you were oh so small;

They know better  
It's you who lacked the guts  
And these are facts self-evident  
But why are THEY so nuts???

---

**Sonnet Series For C - Paul Nachbar**

There's nothing on the menu that seems pleasing  
There's nothing that I'd really like to do  
You say it's hot, I say it's nearly freezing  
I say it's old although you claim brand new  
Perhaps these things are merely our opinions

Perhaps these things are mainly minor truth  
All seems constructed mainly for the minions  
I merely mope and contemplate my youth  
Perhaps I'm spoiled and wanted too much profit  
When most would have just toughened out the loss

One grabs another hat and simply doffs it  
Who really sought to be a Major Boss?  
We doused our dreams with vinegar and honey  
And some emerged with glamor and much money.

There's nothing in this schedule that seems pleasing  
There's nothing that I really want to see  
I contemplate my coughing and my sneezing  
Perhaps I've caught another allergy?  
Ideas sometimes just filter up from college  
The times we thought perhaps that we could think  
Our path through muck to some important knowledge  
Which wasn't simply vast amounts of ink?  
These days such thoughts seem quaint and sentimental  
Life seems to be a thing which "happens" to us all  
Our say in things completely incidental  
A gasp or laugh before our final fall  
We hide such darkness from our friends and neighbors  
The bitter fruit of accidental labors.

There's nothing in the market that seems pleasing  
There's nothing that I really want to view  
My mind in neutral gear somewhat diseasing  
Those pills will help, yes, this is nothing new  
I'd want to say some brilliant things to change this  
This cycle found in nature or the stars  
Some clever notion that will somehow arrange this  
This sense of being in a world not ours  
The doctor says I would not understand it  
The lawyer says I could not hope to sue  
The broker says I never will command it  
The minister that here is nothing new  
I'd want to find some novel way of dying  
Or falling short of that, of loving you.

There's nothing in this place that seems quite pleasing  
There's nothing here I gladly would consume  
I say it's hot you say that it is freezing  
We cannot find one Truth in the whole room  
Your skin is cool, my mind is always reeling

My skin is warm, your touch is always sweet  
And both of us feel guilty for the dealing  
One does to pay the rent and what to eat  
Yes, no one said that this life would be easy  
Ah, no one said that it would be a dream  
My heart has sunk to depths quite sick and sleazy  
Escape perhaps the only thing I scheme  
We lay here dark in bitter disappointment  
And here there is no magic spell or ointment.

There's nothing on this menu that seems pleasing  
I fear that both of us shall simply fade  
Our appetites for everything decreasing  
Us stragglers from that bittersweet parade  
Were we quite real or merely sentimental?  
Was I some novel thing or just a bore?  
No major truth will flash down from the Temple  
I feel most like an ordinary whore  
The world is harsh and none of us are perfect  
The world is dark and none of us endure  
It is a place I always find confusing  
And as I age, I find it ever more  
Who here is used and who is really using  
Who knows now just what anything is for?

There's nothing here that I would find appealing  
It is a sadness in me since my birth  
A world that's sick with falseness and with dealing  
In part of me, I damn all of this earth  
I ask you this, do such thoughts make me evil?  
Or merely just an ordinary fool?  
Do you imagine I'm some major devil  
Or else some minor dropout from life's school?  
I'm blind and deaf and dumb and filled with worry  
I'm sick and thick and doomed and not much fun  
The rest seem bound to leave us in a hurry  
Here are battles nobody has won  
Alas, I fear, I'm simply mediocre  
And by my great ambitions are undone.

There's nothing on this diet that is pleasing  
There's nothing here that I would want to eat  
About this place I'm just an ill wind breezing  
All reeks of some anonymous defeat  
I cannot do a thing for anybody  
I cannot do a thing to save my soul  
My fantasies are foul and merely shoddy  
Some demon here devours me full and whole  
I cannot hope here for a single answer  
I cannot count here on a single prayer  
I am an oaf, I am no spirit dancer  
And impotent, I stroke your long dark hair  
Perhaps all this was drama about nothing

Beneath our forms, there was nobody there?

You too a Paul and I am a C\*\*\*\*\*  
Although these new conclusions are quite odd  
Perhaps we're doomed..ah, things we cannot alter  
Except I guess through consequence of God?  
And I am lonely for your dark complaining  
And I am lonely for your simple truth  
Alas, in this some fear is always draining  
Some poison in my mind that's quite uncouth  
We must be mad, we must be simply crazy  
There's always other people who come in  
I beat myself, I've been so very lazy  
The point of life, they told me, was to win  
I do not know here all that I am doing  
Ah some get screwed and some are mainly  
screwing.

There's nothing in this world that seems quite  
pleasing  
There's nothing here that I would want to do  
Alas, I am just vacantly caressing  
The silhouette my mind perceives of you  
My heart is dead, my mind bereft of passion  
My soul is lost, my body just a wreck  
Each word I say is merely just a ration  
Some sentiment to save somebody's neck  
I am deep down the ultimate attorney  
I argue for the devil and for God  
Fun games for travellers upon their journey  
Who cares in such what's even or what's odd?  
My love is nil I simply am a phony  
About as real as plastic macaroni.

I write such things which really do not matter  
I write such stuff which really is just lies  
Yes life is real and promises will shatter  
Upon the viewing of some other's thighs  
It really isn't terribly important  
I thought I meant something I just cannot claim  
I said here that I never would desert you  
It was some sin in me that was to blame  
I am a man of awful reputation  
I do not have the best intentions, dear  
It's probably true, I did not mean to hurt you  
But lust is always ready and quite near  
I tried to hope, it really doesn't matter  
Alas, each dream will fall apart and shatter.

Well, if you are Paul and I am a C\*\*\*\*\*  
It doesn't mean a thing and that's the joke  
We're in our traps and nothing here can  
alter:

It was the will of many other folk.  
I am a simple failure as a person  
I think you that this is all I am  
The government behind me is disbursing  
I lead my life as if "well, who knows when?"  
The world it doesn't care for such great glories  
Not now or in the future or back then  
The news contains so many awful stories  
Ah, death is always waiting with that grin  
Outside, I think are all the morning glories  
Inside it's only suffering and sin.

The truth here is I played you like a piano  
The truth here is that I am a man of naught  
The truth here is I am the sickest madman  
Who just resists all things that all men ought  
The truth here is that these things are just a  
freakshow  
The truth here is that we are simply freaks  
We cave into each other out of sickness  
And there is nothing more in coming weeks  
The truth here is that it's better working  
Not thinking of these vast unlikely dreams  
The truth here is that all is simply nothing  
A farce of small and empty minor schemes  
A clownish dance of sick and desperate badness  
Amidst the grim parade of constant madness.

There's nothing in this spot that I would love now  
There's nothing I would really want to hear  
The world is flat without too much above now  
AND death is always something fairly near  
Perhaps it's true the two of us are playing  
At games no human really can quite win  
Though vulgar thought will claim we are delaying  
The two of us not innocent of sin  
But why on earth would we call such things sinful?  
When sex is just as common as the air  
Alas of pain I've had more than an armful  
I sit confused while gnarling at my hair  
Nothing in this says anything important  
Except some private matter not quite fair.

Who cares what happens really in the end, dear?  
Except that things are practical as straw  
You've had your sex and know it wasn't rape, dear  
There's little now that goes against the law  
Well, some will say you are naive and simple  
And others say I'm verbal and quite bad  
It is as if one popped a minor pimple  
Although I'd not too soon become a dad.  
AND you would not too soon become a mom,  
dear

It really isn't something that could be  
Perhaps the two of us are only playing  
A common scene of human misery  
Of course the new technology protects us  
Yet somehow here our conscience, well...dissects  
us.

I shall write a hundred billion times  
That I am just a shnook  
I have written now ten thousand lines  
But did not grasp my book  
It is these words which lighten up the darkness in  
the heart  
It's not that I just ruminate or spew some useless  
art  
I end this record of our dialogues  
Though knowing this is not all  
Forgiving all OUR monologues  
Before OUR final fall  
Without much fuss, without amends  
Prince Paul meet Princess C\*\*\*\*\*  
I hope that we are always friends  
(muttering to self: shnook, idiot, fool, dope, jerk  
etc)

---

### Haiku Collection - Kay Lindgren

Fall's scarlet letters  
spell poetic fever, then  
go out in a blaze.

---

### Haiku Collection - Michael Zerger

Fall's scarlet ladies  
dancing in gutters, hoping  
they'll be picked up.

Fall's forlorn fallen,  
painted victims of chance, they  
beckon me to dance.

---

### Haiku - Ngoc Nguyen

Fungus among us,  
Is here and real obvious—  
Like dead rot and pus.

---

### Haiku Sequence- Thom Hadley

lyric splashes cry  
sets are great: five of fivers  
sentience opens eyes

leaves burn /Gaia's musk  
Thor's breath shivers silver sheaves  
stoke the fire, snug up

---

### Haiku Sequence - Jonathan Marin

Great apple orchards,  
White as winter in springtime --  
The farmers set hives.

Lakes of white blossoms -  
Passing drivers think they're snow.  
The bees know better.

Little children see  
Trees all powdered with sugar.  
The bees make it true.

---

### Poetic Genius - Maria Claudia Faverio

Whispers  
have surged into inspiration,  
overcoming the peculiar singularity  
of black holes  
and boredom.

They have found their way  
through mazes of constellations  
forgotten,  
neglected,  
endeavours of being  
dead  
before they know  
they are.

They have deciphered  
the cryptic language  
of the soul,  
graffiti of sound  
and light.

They are tired now,  
inebriated with happiness,  
like he who has discovered the sea.

Whispers  
have surged into a fortissimo of words  
and notes,  
like the Allegro Finale  
of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony.

The profane stops his ears,  
shuts the window  
onto the violence of light  
intruding into the cuddling blackness  
of unawareness.

But the genius,  
the poet marked by sufferance,  
walks into the tunnel of light,  
runs,  
crying and laughing  
at the same time,  
stretches his arms  
towards the visions  
shaping themselves into reality  
under the spell of verse.

And a new poem is born.

---

### Woman - Ngoc Nguyen

As nectar is to the honeybee,  
Thou art equally lovely to me,  
And the radiance of thine face,  
It moves inside me all of time and space.

Thou art a beautiful mystery,  
Embodied in corporeal epiphany,  
Whom from Heaven's emerald gates,  
The Divine Creator made to be my earthly mate.

---

### Brief Essay On Man - Paul Nachbar

I do not know what Man actually is  
Maybe we all invented him?  
I do not know, I do not care  
To endlessly argue here  
Man isn't feeling very well these days  
I think he is, despite all claims  
A bit more than he thinks and feels he is.

---

---

**Beetle - Daniel Phillips**

beetle beetle  
on the ground  
with your effervescent frown  
how I envy your simplicity of life  
creeping crawling  
slowly passing  
time and space are but for sassing  
the in all end all  
and be all is no concern at all

---

**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?  
Wherefore 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!

---

**Sneering Pumpkins - Mark Norman**

It's hidden beneath the pumpkin patch's leafy  
canopy  
lurking amid the bracing autumn wind  
with rancid, pus-filled green eyes glaring upon the  
coursing clouds  
relishing the surrealistic moon of October again.

---

You have met this special thing  
with its long slender icy cold fingers  
groping your soul and gripping at your heart.  
It's found in all the dark places: backyards, alleys,  
and parks.

When the only thing that stays  
you, from quickly turning your back  
is that special thing that's not there  
but it freezes you in your tracks.

You fight to snap out of the daze  
and run, its sour breath pressed upon your neck  
driving you deeper into the mind's maze  
when you hear the echoing rustle of footfalls next.

Bare tree limbs swoon,  
crack and sing as you stumble past, warning  
of that special thing closing, nearing fast  
it's Halloween arriving soon, soon at last.

---

**Little Visitors - Ed Glomski**

Timid little visitors,  
you treat me with disdain,  
Hesitant you seem to be,  
To dwell on my terrain.  
You need a little prodding  
You've made that very plain.  
And so I sit and wonder,  
Why do you so refrain?  
Too slowly come ideas  
Into my lazy brain.

---

**Thee Door Betwixed - Mark Norman**

Thee door betwixed thine kosmos be hinged ajar  
Rattled, unbarred by the gay children's cackle  
From a satisfying fall harvest, gratified  
full little bellies, tired late to bed  
The orb haunted, full moon above is now  
possessed  
The nocturnal screams for mother in unison  
Collectively clamor, bars the door shut once,  
but once again.

---

---

**Of Sawan, Squashes, and Exhortations -  
Thomas Hadley**

An auspicious Guild, Be this Wordwrights'  
Exultation...

Each poem a vital Feather of the Raven...

We not a crows' Murder be,  
not a Soul herein would deign be so craven

Upon the Orange Orb, Carve away, kayzelle!  
may Thy Blade glide as the Artist's brush so  
gleams...  
beneath a Harvest Moon be Thee Dancin',  
a Gazelle leapin' 'cross these poets'-pages' sheaves,  
diamond-bright hooves in Luna's light, proudly  
prancin'

Mark the Norseman's Pumpkin does verily  
frighten  
Intimating of that "special thing" that is  
but is not there, icy fingers grip to Throttle;  
his boney trees, (as Pippin's Ents), forewarn us

MacNiven's given wisdom; Capital Letters do  
convey, when prosaic Lucidity has failed us...  
a taste of the Olde Way lends  
flair, gravity to a Noun, gravidity to the  
Soundlesssss...  
fraught with double-entendre  
they lend weighty Import to  
Mundane phrases that confound us  
Edward knows our wee Visitors come not to stay  
but Dance upon our dimmed Periphery  
tinkling, tiny Voices whispering snippets  
of Wisdom, of Mischievous, of wry confabulations  
taking sly Glances, askance, so furtive...  
Coquettish, such Sprites, yet, bits of Sagacity  
pop like ripe Plums from twisty, Cryptic phrases

these Faeries of the Muses, (so hesitant,  
apprehensive),  
huddle behind disused, dusty Books in our cases  
whispering of Delights, Dreams, of Never- and  
Evermores,  
of Secret, Desirous, of foreboding, Forbidden  
places

Shadows "lurking" behind th' mottled Leaf I also  
Spy  
whilst dark Winds' Breath blows from Nether  
Regions  
Goblins in gaggles cackle behind Harvest's stacked  
sheaves...

---

What is that creaking, sneaking in my ears?  
Alarum!  
The Door betwixt Worlds stands cracked open!

---

**All - Daniel Phillips**

sky sky  
tree tree  
grass grass  
flower flower  
here there is no power  
only what was and what is  
come over and see  
come here and listen  
Talk not, speak not  
Feel the all

---

**The Sun, The Moon, The Circle - Ed Glomski**

In the night in a dream,  
I saw Ursa Major and Polaris,  
And the mighty Orion,  
But there was no moon,

The sun set thirteen years ago,  
After suffering much,  
And now the moon is gone,  
Into that ethereal region.

I am an orphan  
Under the stars,  
Alone in the night,  
In my desolate dream.

But I am the sun,  
For another one,  
And she in turn,  
Brightens my midnight.

And if the circle,  
Is left intact,  
I will leave her ,  
In a sunless world.

---

---

**Tasberry Street - Ed Glomski**

On Tasberry Street  
everyone is content,  
With plenty to eat  
and money for rent.  
The children who live there  
all smile as they play;  
This is a place where  
all is okay.  
No parent will desert them,  
their lives are filled with love  
And nobody can hurt them,  
they're protected from above.  
No one is in a hurry,  
life is so-so sweet,  
And no one has a worry,  
On Tasberry Street.

---

**Phantasms - Thomas Hadley**

greymist ghost sits in ragged suit of bones  
mem'ries lay lank as hair 'pon its stringed skull  
boney digits joined with dried desires  
grasp at firefly souls whirling about  
black sockets where  
the lamps, th' windows of the Soul  
once were lit so bright

nameless, voiceless, devoid of Flesh  
Greymister rattles up the steps  
his knuckles, sharp as barnacles, rasp th' wood  
Now, flee now!  
If only I could...

Greymister enters, I hear his dragging chains  
his moans, the thudding of his steps  
bruises my brain, my temples throb, my throat  
bereft  
of Breath, I strain, believing yet not believing  
he will open my door...

I hear the Raven's cry, the Wind rattles my panes  
The willow moans, bending, to caress my roof  
Ghastly intimations of Death's seduction, Its  
Truth...

With Heart thumping a tattoo of Hysteria  
I lurch to wrest the door open, damn Fear!

Aghast, incredulous,  
I confront the Phantasm, eyes wild and wide  
it is Me in my very own Mirror!

---

**All Of History - Paul Nachbar**

so easy to end up  
haunted by history  
one's own/transpersonal  
fragile envelop of one's own life  
floating quite endlessly  
in a stream  
sometimes quite utterly mad  
  
humiliations here  
you would like to reach  
for some historical perfection  
not one's own  
impossible/impractical  
the world goes on  
it's cheap and crass and funny too  
most horribly imperfect foundations  
for anything  
despair  
perhaps one is not so good or great  
in any case  
were they?

the others get their blues  
it seems  
with me all pitch black  
the wise ones tell me  
don't look back  
oh sure/backwards glances  
feverish  
pillar of salt

turn on the television  
turn the video on  
damn I'm slow sometimes  
but the world goes on and on and on

one slips in sleaze  
fake badness fake madness  
still searching for  
some infinitely sensitive thing  
ah I could live if  
I could release all the tears  
expel dark ink of memories  
those poisons in my white white skin

---

---

**Seeno Street (Redoubled Rondeau) - Kay Lindgren**

I lose my history on Seeno Street:  
The house where I was born (if it still stands)  
veils its face in the fog's maternal pleats.  
I cannot part these curtains with my hands.

Not far from where Pacific's churning sands  
make coastal rocks their palimpsest, delete  
the eons' cryptic glyphs and ampersands,  
I lose my history. On Seeno Street,

day used to shatter when the fishing fleet  
and canneries screeched rise-and-shine  
commands.  
Now, Cannery Row snubs all but the elite.  
The house where I was born, if it still stands,

no longer is embraced by warm verandas  
where roses plaited trellises with sweet,  
red-violet perfumes. A shadow lands  
and veils its face in the fog's maternal pleats.

Here, where the wills of myth and truth compete,  
I gather up my days like beads whose strand  
has snapped. Clouds blindfold me and snare my  
feet.  
I cannot part these curtains with my hands.

When the crowd of cumuli disbands,  
my memory becomes a balance sheet  
of debits: a spatter of red ink expands  
into tomorrow. Before today is complete,  
I lose my history.

---

**American Ennui - Paul Nachbar**

Nothing great could happen here  
I've adjusted to the rest  
and the truth is awfully clear  
it is just good better best  
never ever let it rest.

None of this could quite inspire  
anyone who gave a damn  
all activities do tire  
still I wonder who I am  
somehow I cannot reach higher.

We shall chat then take our pills

---

When life puts us in a mood  
time for work and time for thrills  
work here is the greatest good  
while tending to the flow of bills.

Life is nice, who could complain  
bad folks somehow always near  
put their poison in your brain  
here it is absurd to fear  
policemen put me in good cheer.

And the radio is good  
And I love what's on TV  
I guess I do just as I should  
Here there is no misery  
But if I somehow only could...

We work hard to build a dream  
It is somewhat like release  
Here sometimes we slightly scheme  
I shall show you my new lease  
Literary masterpiece

Nothing here is very good  
Nothing here is very bad  
Yes we did just as we should  
Maybe somehow we've been had  
We look up to Mom and Dad.

Here I can say nothing new  
Somehow I just can't complain  
Experts know just what to do  
And the residue of pain  
Is just some neurons in my brain.

Nothing great come come of this  
Nothing here that's really bad  
Somehow here we lost ourselves  
And we seem like mom and dad  
Think you , dear, we shall go mad?

## Signs Of Autumn - Sharon Norman

A solitary road  
threads lazily  
over patchwork hills of green and tan.  
Crimson leaves  
dance like woodland fairies  
to the rhythmic beat of the wind.  
A regatta of farmers  
hurriedly reap  
the season's final crop.  
Autumn trees,  
drenched in syrupy radiance,  
paint an abstract sunset  
against the steel grey expanse.  
Geese, ducks and starling  
on their migratory routes,  
create a chaotic discord overhead,  
demanding more than a momentary glance.  
Squirrels scamper  
about the ground  
gathering a feast for winter stores.  
Listen carefully,  
and you'll hear cicadas  
announce with increasing crescendo,  
"Autumn has arrived!"

# PROSE

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**Fast Times in Hempstead, Long Island, New York, USA, North America, Earth, Circa 2003 - Paul Nachbar**

Red light, green light, amber light  
Green light, red light, amber  
Amber light, green light, red...  
Oh the list of these conditions  
The list of rules if this then that's  
Go if this, stop if that, caution if something else  
These terrible rules for the traffic in one's brain  
It goes against all tradition  
It goes against your tradition  
It goes against my tradition  
Hell perhaps it goes against the laws of common sense  
It goes against everything that you and I seemed to be taught  
To give emotional permission  
It goes against everything it is dark and treacherous  
To give emotional permission  
It is going against everything it is perfectly safe and righteous  
To give emotional permission.

Work love life  
Life love work  
Love work life  
Love life work  
Work life love  
Life work love

Does the order matter?  
Does it?  
All things can shatter  
So easily  
So breezily  
So sleazily  
Haha yeah of course so frigging needlessly  
THEY SAY

Do you work to get your freedom?  
Do you bind yourself in work?  
Do you go from A to B?  
Can all go from all A to B?  
Can one trust the management  
Can one trust the management with itself?  
Can one trust the government?  
Can one trust the government with itself?

---

Can one trust him?  
Can one trust her?  
Can one trust them?  
Can one trust oneself at all?

Best to stay superficial.  
It is easier that way.  
Best to make the proper dramatic gesture of compromise  
Sensitivity and passion being too much to ask  
That would not work  
You cannot change the world  
It is work  
It is a labor camp  
It goes against tradition  
It goes against all radical tradition  
It goes against conservative tradition  
It goes against all liberal tradition  
Ah, so how you can be so blasé?  
Ah, so they say, as one might say, how can one be so damned blasé?

Red, light, green, light, amber, light  
Smudge of self alas  
Bending this way and that mostly in unfreedom  
Hell, can you predict it all?  
Mostly or not? I guess  
This way or that. Quantify it?  
Or are some things unknown we being way too crude  
For this sort of analysis?  
When I know that I don't know I actually do know...well, more  
Than I had had known.

I need to relax  
You need to relax  
Tell me how to relax  
(duh, go read a self-help book, Charlie!)  
I cannot relax if you have no permission  
You cannot relax if I have no permission  
It is so scary. It is so often against all Law  
Oh do not tell the Law on us  
Oh do not tell the Law  
Please No.

All religion all true religion  
If there is any true religion  
Is or perhaps should be somewhat outside the Law  
Or the laws that call themselves New Laws  
Or the laws that call themselves outside the Laws  
Or the laws that call themselves against the Laws  
Damn, let us be hypothetical at times  
It is more difficult than being what they call bad  
More tenuous, more dangerous, more difficult to be free at all  
It is ...addictive  
It is creative

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It is destructive and constructive  
It is unforgettable, my dears.

All true law is against the law somewhat  
It is outside of the law somewhat  
It is beyond the law somewhat  
That is the spirit of the law and not the law  
Heck man, the lawyers nad stockbrokers and accountants need their jobs  
They gotta eat too  
I don't begrudge you impoverished folks for I too am otherwise impoverished  
You need your laws and your laws within laws  
And the crooks need you too  
And they need your correction  
And you need their correction too  
Laws within antilaws within ultralaws within legal lawlessness  
Oh it hurts  
Oh it hurts  
Oh it hurts so good  
Don't it?

Oh you must get the boss on a good day  
If you want him to finance your little play  
Or else he might be very mad  
And I think you might end up rather sad.

He and she is human too the boss  
Unbelievable as that may sound  
He and she is human too  
Believable as that may sound  
He and she is inhuman too the boss  
As believable as that may sound  
He and she is inhuman too  
As unbelievable as that may sound

Ah how the good psychiatrist simplifies such matters  
But if and she did not of course  
How could we all be kings?  
Hey, damn it perhaps all of us are...rings?  
Ah we have to check the distribution of such rings  
The rings..  
the rings..

Some mad songs are sane songs  
Some sane songs are mad songs  
When I am weary as hell  
It is hard to tell the difference  
Think that oneself has perfect pitch here?  
If you have perfect pitch too you can throw the whole thing off  
Though it is mostly thrown off anyway  
It is against all laws for things to go too well...

I pay a (\*(\$\*&(&(\*)%#) pence  
I pay a (#\$\*&(&\*#) a tax

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Render unto Caesar's Phallus that which is for Caesar's Phallus  
Render to the Laundry Palace that which is for the Laundry Palace  
Render unto Jerry and Alice that which is for Jerry and Alice  
Oh my soul..like yours..is oh so callous...?

Think you this song mad then probably you are mad not I  
As if I could not do the rhetoric and logic and spelling and other  
EASY games of language??  
I think your sane songs are but manipulations of the facts, dears  
THink here that I babble, well perhaps I do (you do not??)  
It is the rabblebabble ..who dares to speak the lingo of a few except hte few?  
HAHAHAHA  
SO clever aren't we now?

One day I shall give up my masochism  
One day...one day...this office life..sigh  
She says in the office you always say one day you shall give up your masochism  
(everybody laughs)  
And I say eh too Blutus et too Bloomus  
Can you wiggle your ears? Can you cross your eyes? (she does)  
Does Noam Chomsky too wiggle his ears or cross his eyes  
Does the Great Director of Whatever wiggle his ears or cross his eyes  
When he and she gives the great order for whatever?  
How funny it is when THEY sometimes all go mad mad mad  
Poor sufferin' darlings..  
Hmm..somebody's darlings..I am just just a glorified clerk here in this agency, alas.

Adam at the office accused me of being intelligent  
I said that this was simply not so  
He said ..were you in Europe?  
I said I was part maleducated there as well as here  
He said , where did you live?  
I said Paris and Bruxelles.  
He said that this was very ..impressive.  
I said the rents there were very impressive.  
I said it was truly impressive to live in Paris and Bruxelles at the same time, though.  
He said, two apartments in Europe?  
I said, no dear, living in each city at the same instant.  
He said, then you must be everywhere at once.  
And I laughed and said, self-mocking, no, I am noplac at never, naturally  
But I retorted WIGGLE YOUR EARS NOW COW

And that one said I was writing like James Joyce  
(uh, how many people have heard that from other people???)  
And I said, thanks, dingobrain, but Mr Joyce is longdead and ain't writing nothing these days  
So go blow Joe, I write like ME  
And she said, you must be stoned  
And I said, one could mandate the same regarding you, dear  
(and she said they already had...)  
IMUS IN THE MORNING>...  
How clever..how crisp..how clear..how....direct.

It is dangerous to oneself and others to be mad or thought mad

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It is dangerous by far to oneself and others to be too sane  
Haha, she said, insane in the membrane  
What, he asked, did she mean by this strange phrase?  
DId she mean to say, insane in the membrane?  
Insane in the...embrace?  
Insane in the...remembrances?  
Insane in the branches..?  
Insane in the bushes..  
Insane in bed....well, duh.

Ah well tachyonun and tachyondeux who are and are not no more  
And known of course to very few  
Mourn their historical secondplaces in the Great Contests of Rome  
The others do regret their mere turds (or not) and forts and fits and sick and shevens and ates and noons  
Poor tachyonun and tachyondeux they did not need the mortals' advice whether wise or foolish, strange or  
normal  
But immortal lovesongs..

Ah, darlings  
AH, darlings  
Oh my darlings  
Oh my darling  
Did not  
Do not  
Do not we all?

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## The Art Critics - Paul Nachbar

Mr A: Ok, you dragged me to see this performance. Are you happy now?

Mrs A: I would be happier if you paid attention!

Mr A: Sorry, dear...(looks)

Mrs A: You're looking but you're not paying attention!

Mr A: Okay, I'll try. But I have no idea what's going onstage ..makes no sense.

Mrs A: The family of the artist, dear. It's auto-bio-graph-ic-al.

Mr A: <grunts>

Mrs A: You don't care!

Mr A: Of course I care. I paid \$70 for these tickets. What am I supposed to be watching?

Mrs A: The very sad story of the author's childhood. Poverty, illness, the misery of family life..her horrible father..her horrible mother..madness..well biochemical of course...incarcerations...tragic, tragic..

Mr A: <grunts softly> A few good lines..a few touching moments of course..yes but pretentious

Mrs A: What are those noises?

Mr A: Nothing dear..nothing..<mutters..don't mean to be rude, just doesn't notice>

Mrs A: Really?

Mr A: I'm okay..I just don't get what's going on here..A kid, her mother..some of it is really good..but the dialogue is pretentious.. Ouch!

Mrs A: SHHHH!!!

Mr A: Dear??? Please?

Mrs A SHHHH!!!

( voice from the stage "momma!!!! momma!!!")

Mrs A: <sniffles slightly and wipes away several tears from her face>

Mr A: What is going on?

Mrs A: It's auto-bio-graph-ical dear..the sad sad family tragedy..<sniffles>

Mr A: Very tragic. Sighs. It is tragic but...Ouch

Mrs A: What are you whining about?

(voice from the stage "momma please stop!! momma please stop!")

Mr A: Never mind.

Mrs A: The poor dear..terribly promising poet..died so young..unhappy marriage to some British bastard..damn shit

Mr A: Yeah.

Mrs A: You don't care?

Mr A: <in evident pain> Yes I certainly do..I write poems too..Hm..used to..well ..hmm..but business is business. Can't always get what you want

(voice from the stage "momma please stop! you're standing on my foot!")

Mrs A: <sobs> This is so touching..at this point..<sniffles>

Mr A: Finally. Now will you please get off MY foot?

Mrs A: <looks down> Oh..tee hee..Look what I did..How clumsy..tee hee

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## Before The Law Again - Paul Nachbar

"Well I'm sorry, sir, what did I do?"  
"It's not what you did. It's what you felt and thought and probably said."  
"Did I do something irresponsible, sir?"  
"You are guilty of every crime and deviation in the damned book."  
"But I really didn't do anything"  
"Hmm..unfortunately that's also true"  
"And under my first amendment privileges as a citizen..."  
"Your first amendment privileges do not cover this type of behavior.."  
"What exactly did I do here? Did I hurt anybody? Was I a danger to myself or others?"  
"Hmmm"  
"Did anybody perceive me as being a threat? At times anybody would perceive anybody as a threat."  
"Of course they did!"  
"Did they really think I was a genuine threat? A justifiable threat?"  
"Not..exactly..."  
"Then I am guilty of what one might call thought crimes."  
"You are guilty of disloyalty sir!"  
"What did I do here?"  
"Not enough!"  
"Did I agitate against the government?"  
"NO!"  
"Did I threaten anybody in any self-evidently meaningful manner?"  
"Uh..yes and no."  
"Sir is that a yes or a no?"  
"YES AND NO!"  
"So what did I DO?"  
"You were...hypothetically disloyal. You broke every law, rule and code in the damn BOOK!"  
"But if I was hypothetically disloyal, I did not actually do anything wrong?"  
"NO YOU DID NOT!"  
"Then I am innocent?"  
"NO YOU ARE NOT!"  
"Then I am guilty?"  
"uh..YES ..uh NO...YES AND NO YOU ARE NOT!"  
"We all aspire to be independent-minded, sir. It is a free country is it not?"  
"NO IT IS NOT!"  
(murmuring from an aide to the judge)  
"YES IT IS....IT IS A FREE COUNTRY"  
"Then I am free?"  
"No you are NOT!"  
"So if I am not to be sentenced for anything I did wrong...for hypothetical disloyalty.. what am I to do?"  
"You are to write your PLAYS!"  
"But they will be...disloyal plays, sir!"  
"NO THEY WILL NOT!"  
"Then they will be loyal plays, sir...."  
"YES THEY WILL!!!"  
(murmuring from aide to judge, the phrase 'first amendment' and 'international reactions' are heard)  
"NO THEY WILL NOT!"  
"So I assume they will have to be loyal and disloyal plays, sir?"  
"Uh yes they will...(sigh)"  
"Then if I understand you correctly here, sir, I am hypothetically guilty of every crime and deviation in the book and am sentenced to write loyal AND disloyal plays?"  
This makes very little sense..."

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"NO IT DOES NOT! BUT DO IT!"

"Yes I will sir...."

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## How To Compose An Italian (Petrarchan) Sonnet - Kay Lindgren

Last week, I demonstrated the English, or Shakespearean, sonnet.

Today, I present the Italian, or Petrarchan, sonnet. This form predates the English one. The sonnet is a Renaissance form. As we remember, the Renaissance movement began in Southern Europe and gradually spread north. Thus, this sonnet, the Italian, is likely to be the original form.

Like the English sonnet, the Italian sonnet consists of fourteen lines. Iambic pentameter is the usual meter:

- ' / - ' / - ' / - ' / - ' (- = unstressed syllable) (' = stressed syllable)

However, examples of sonnets in tetrameter, or four-foot lines, are frequently found.

The Italian sonnet comprises an octave, an eight-line grouping, and a sestet, a six-line grouping. The octave rhymes ABBAABBA. The sestet's rhyme scheme is usually CDECDE. A variation, the Sicilian sestet, rhymes CDCDCD. There is typically a "volta" or turn of thought when the sestet begins. This is pursued and developed until the close of the poem.

Since English, unlike Italian, is a rhyme-poor language, writing an Italian sonnet can be challenging. The fact that English is not so rich in rhymes as is Italian is the reason why the Shakespearean sonnet form was invented.

Here is the Italian sonnet I wrote today:

Wild Parrots

What is that movement in the grass? Not seen  
distinctly by my undiscerning eye,  
five rounded shapes roll eastward as they ply  
the clover. All I see is green on green.  
I make out wing tips with a teal-blue sheen.  
I hear a fluttering. Five green birds fly  
with pigeons to a vacant lot nearby.  
So bright among the dull, they do not preen.

Today I spy those fabled birds at last!  
Wild parrots! Neighbors often talk to me  
of squawking camouflaged by ficus leaves.  
I thought it was a myth. The rumor passed  
through doubt-plugged ears and out of memory.  
Now, I am one who's seen and, thus, believes.

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## AM I STUPID OR JUST OUT FOR CHEAP THRILLS? - Craig Harvey

I have a problem which recently bubbled to the surface of my consciousness and a theory as to its origin. It has to do with my feelings of inadequacy due to a tendency toward impatience and suffocating boredom which can find release only in new and exciting areas of inquiry or in an emergency. I procrastinate about everything of importance until the last minute. I am competent in several areas but lack superiority in few areas of practical application, perhaps none. Procrastination boosts my anxiety to create an urgency and excitement sufficient to create temporary productive interest. For example, in college, I rarely studied but found myself staying up nights during exam week to read textbooks in their entirety. In my work, I find that a similar process occurs. I do my regular work well but save most preparation until a sense of urgency runs through me. In free moments, I daytrade stocks. There are a lot of individuals in my family who are smart and who procrastinate. I have no problem with them as they are normal blood relations. I do have a problem with those who are successful as the result of their brilliance and their abilities to push past boredom. Their successes highlight my feelings of inadequacy although I do not begrudge them their rightful rewards. My niece comes to mind. She has a full fellowship at a major university and will soon become one of relatively few American women with a doctorate in mathematics. Her twin sister, already bored, has decided to stop her studies after a masters degree in economics. On the other hand, I know with some confidence that Chance, one of my nephews, may not transcend his genes. He is only twelve and is taking high school courses; however, he has become involved in racing dirt bikes. His best finish is eighth. (His younger brother Daniel has a best-place finish of fifth.) His newfound interest has caused him to grow his hair long and forego most of his past passions. He wants to graduate from high school early so that he can go to a technical school in Florida and learn everything there is to know about motorcycles so that he can be a mechanic if his aspirations to be an extreme racer are shattered by injury. (He is thinking ahead.) He has already disassembled his motorbike and put it back together. I'll lay two to one odds that he never goes to that technical school. His activity somewhat mirrors the early work of my now deceased brother Keith whose daughter is getting her doctorate in mathematics. Keith at the age of fourteen took a Chevrolet Impala engine apart out of curiosity. I remember engine parts strewn across our yard and the body of the vehicle resting nearby as if dead without a heart. The yard might still look that way had not my father promised dire and immediate consequences if each part were not immediately and properly reassembled into the whole. There was no astonishment by anyone in our family that every engine part found its proper assembly before sundown that day.

I have scored at the 99.8th percentile on one intelligence test. However, that may have been a fluke caused by an earnest, though temporary, burning desire to enter graduate school. I went to law school instead. My wife was not surprised by this abrupt change in aspirations. She had seen such "wishy-washy" actions throughout the decade of our marriage. Such tendencies must have a cause. I have a theory that my behavior is related to a malady which others in my family share. That malady is Restless Leg Syndrome. My brother Keith had it; my mother had it; and I have it. My maternal grandfather at the age of 90 broke his foot kicking during sleep. His account of the event was that he was having a dream about a wrestling match with Hulk Hogan. According to the latest research Restless Leg Syndrome may be caused by "an iron deficiency in parts of the brain that control movement, called the substantia nigra, the caudate nucleus and the putamen" which "may impair the ability of brain cells to make the neurotransmitter dopamine," said Dr. Wayne Hening, clinical associate professor of neurology at the Robert Wood Johnson Medical School in New Jersey." (Boston Globe--9/9/03--Judy Foreman) My belief is that risky behavior is necessary for me and others in my family to boost dopamine levels. Look at my dirt bike racing nephew and his brother. It is during risky behavior that I and others in my family find the impetus to act. It is upon the threat of immediate and dire consequences that we can put an internal combustion engine together. It is during normal living that we are as dull as they come. But having begun to write about my inadequacy, I now find myself losing interest in it. The thrill is gone.

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## Sensitivity - Paul Payton

A (not-so-)little life story about sensitivity and some gratuitous proselytizing...

My girlfriend strongly suggested that we attend the Kirov ballet's performance of "Jewels" at Zellerbach Hall over at U.C. Berkeley yesterday. She knows that I have a passion for crystallography and Escher-like designs, so she thought an abstract ballet by Balanchine would be just the ticket to get me interested in the art of Terpsichore (ah, the dance!). Of course, being a classically-trained ballet dancer herself (undergraduate degree from Berkeley in performing arts), she had a vested interest in the outcome. [She moved away from ballet and has done pretty much everything else under the sun.] After all, if we're going to get married, she better make sure I've got the right disposition. She wanted to make sure she picked well.

I already know I picked well. Patricia is a woman of uncommon qualities. You can see the muliebrity just in her face. I adore her.

We took her daughter along. All of seventeen years old...profoundly brilliant and equally as moody and petulant. A girl who has been all over the world, been backstage at the New York Ballet...basically, you name it. She was not in a good mood. She came dressed in jeans and a sweatshirt, hardly the sort of homage to the Kirov Ballet that you'd expect. However, as there were over two thousand people in attendance, it was more a discredit to herself than a dishonor to the ballet company.

But I digress. The ballet is divided up into three parts: Emeralds, Rubies, and Diamonds. They are performed in that order. Each part reflects a national style (America, France, Russia). Each part has a specific composer (Faure, Stravinski, and Tchaikovsky). The ballet is what you could consider 'abstract' in the sense that there is no plot or story being told. It is simply dance superbly put to classical music. My girlfriend, being a former ballet dancer and dance critic, knows this ballet like few others. I, on the other hand, have never seen a ballet. The contrast between me, a fortysomething software engineer with poetic inclinations and my girlfriend's daughter, a teenager with worldliness beyond her years, was striking.

So was the outcome of the ballet attendance. The girl sat there yawning, apparently unimpressed. She had been to ballet before and this washed over her like water off a sealed porch deck. Meanwhile, I was sitting there with wide-eyed wonder, scanning the stage and studying everything with hyperintensity. Towards the end of 'Emeralds', I found myself in tears. My girlfriend watched my reactions like a hawk and merely smiled at me. At intermission, she told me: "The 'Emeralds' part is considered extremely difficult to understand. The 'Rubies' and 'Diamonds' portions are viewed with greater delight by the general population."

Well, while the other parts of the triptych were dazzling, they just didn't affect me like 'Emeralds' did. Following the ballet, I explained to my girlfriend that I could see a miniature passion play during the 'Emeralds' section and found it tragic and poignant. She looked at me and smiled radiantly, then told me that "very few people GET IT...and you're one of the few who do". She then went on to say that only the most sensitive of ballet patrons could make such a discerning observation. And, had we not been in the presence of her rather moody daughter, I'm pretty sure my girlfriend would have been all over me like white on rice. Why? Because I 'got it'. I passed a test she put out for me. One I didn't even know she had in mind.

She sweetly told me that she knew I'd 'get it'. After all, I deluge her with love poems! This is a woman who wants to marry me, move into a home in a rustic area, and turn our living room into a gallery for my algorithmic art. This is an extraordinary woman of great refinement.

So, she has a daughter exposed to every cultural advantage who was unresponsive. And I, a chap who had a childhood of adversity and never saw a ballet in his life? I was in tears. Life is very ironic, isn't it? Cultural sensitivity is a BIG part of overall receptiveness.

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How DO you measure sensitivity? What particular sensitivity do you measure (there are many)? Personally, I think the term 'tormented artist' is like saying 'rich millionaire'. One word implies the other. To be an artist means to distance oneself in one or more ways from the mainstream of society and follow a path that leads to isolation...or, at least, seclusion. An artist is no different than a scientist...or, for that matter, people sufficiently to the right of the central hump of the Gaussian curve to find themselves in rarefied air. Sensitivity is very correlated to emotion. Those who wear their heart on their sleeve invest their work with passion and emotion (and take tremendous risks with their egos in the process). I would invite the doubter to read the book "Art and Fear" to appreciate this. I also believe that those of us with elevated IQs also happen to have volatile and brittle egos. We are easily hurt, easily disparaged, easily wounded emotionally. You seldom see more passionate debates as you do amongst the intelligent because they have so much invested in their fields of passion. We see it here on this channel. I see it in Mensa channels constantly.

Find a person who believes passionately in what they do and you find sensitivity. Find a person who imbues his or her work with a meticulous and attentive obsession to detail and excellence and you find sensitivity. Find a person who holds their breath every time their work is put up for evaluation and criticism and you find sensitivity. Find a person who feels a squeeze of adrenaline when they sit down to take an exam because each question is a challenge to their self-worth and you find sensitivity. Find a person who writes a poem, composes a song, creates a work of art, or sits down to write an admonishing essay...and you find sensitivity. The sensitive of us are the ones who take risks -- and often succeed brilliantly.

It will be hard indeed to somehow impose an admissions criterion for such a society of artists and creative folks. Since genius is as genius does, so sensitivity is as emotions are felt and anguish is staggered through. There does not yet exist a dolorimeter to measure it.

Any artist who is serious about his or her craft is, by my perception, a sensitive soul. Artists are exemplars too often besot. I look to the finest of them as role models and archetypes of the finest qualities of humanity. They transcend the mundane. They take risks. By definition, that makes them sensitive. The higher the leap over the abyss of sanity, the harder the plummet for those who fail in the attempt.

So, to all artists, I salute you. You make life worthwhile. Your names will be sung on the breaths of others far beyond your span of years. May these words serve as shield and aegis for you. Know you are loved for your noble intent and singular-minded purposefulness.

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### **The Astonishing Phrase - Paul Nachbar**

He said the phrase used here shocked him to his core and devastated the foundations of his being. The aggressor so-called said, "the foundations of your being are as solid as oatmeal." "Then kill me," cried the victim, "I am totally undone!" "You were never done in the first place" snickered the aggressor. "But", he added, pointing to his own chest, "Eh tu Brute?" "What??" cried the victim, astonished and aghast. "I too...have personal and emotional foundations for my ideas that have the consistency of a bowl of oatmeal." "Then we both must die." moaned the victim. "Yes we must!" "Or?" "Or?" "Get something else good to eat", "Good idea." "Good idea" "Well cheerio" "Cheerios?" "They're good too..."

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## **The Giggle Society: Interview in the Hempstead Beacon - Paul Nachbar**

Some might not believe the Giggle Society actually exists but I assure you that it does and after my brief interview with Brian XXXXXXXXXXXX, the founding director, I was much impressed. I asked him, of course, whether standardized tests could actually discriminate at the bottom .999999% of human intelligence- which is the cutoff point for admission to the Giggle Society- which sparked Brian to give me a knowing smile. Apparently, the standards for admission to the Giggle Society consisted of both an array of standardized test results as well as the presentation of basic life experiences in essay plus certain multiple choice tests unrelated to the measurement of intelligence. That is, there are some very bright and some very dumb people in the Giggle Society, but all of the members, an exclusive list, hold fast to their common motto: "never has a man done so little with so much." Of course, as Brian XXXXXXXXXXXX adds, "so much" might, in some cases, not mean much of anything at all. Besides, 47% of this exclusive society is composed of women.

I asked Brian here what were the primary activities of the Giggle Society, which prompted a thoughtful look. "We don't," he said, "actually have that many structured activities or special interest groups or even a platform, unlike, say the high IQ societies. However, we manage to work on an individual and collective agenda in a loose, informal manner." What, I asked then, was this agenda? "It's hard to really say", Brian replied, "but essentially we are against anything positive that might happen to people in life. I know that's vague But we do our best to legislate against pleasure, money, gratification, love, orgasms, the arts and sciences, peace of mind, achievements and other such things..and do our best to promote guilt, confusion, despair and anxiety and stupidity." "This must be very hard work" I then enquired. "Well," Brian responded, "it is somewhat of a calling." At this point ( further story deleted) Brian looked over my test results and asked me whether, on the basis on a mini-multiple choice test he gave me, I would like to be an honorary member of the Giggle Society. I told him that I was extremely busy these days but certainly would think about that at a later date, when I had the time.

Extremely tempting to be sure.

# NEW MEMBERS

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Please extend a warm PGS welcome to our newest member, Brian R. Johnson

Name: **Brian R. Johnson**

Email: badger1959@msn.com

Qualifying Score/Test: Grove-McCall Multi-Mental Scale-R

Autobiography: 43 year old Wisconsin Attorney (Assistant Prosecutor for an Indian Tribe). Avid reader, amateur vocalist. I possess an intense interest in psychometrics.

Three poems published on the poetry.com web site. "Contemplation on the Laws of Chance", "Fighting City Hall", and a new one "Ode to Frank Lloyd Wright".

Welcome, Brian.

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Please extend a warm PGS welcome to our newest member, Julie Ferguson.

Name: **Julie Ferguson**

Email: jmferguson@adiflorida.com

Qualifying Score: N-VCPE-R by Xavier Jouve, PhD

Welcome, Julie.

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Please extend a warm PGS welcome to our newest member, Mateusz Kurcewicz

Name: **Mateusz Kurcewicz**

User Email -- ae8@poczta.onet.pl

Qualifying Score/Test – N-VCPE-R

Poetry – poetry.com My poetry is only in my native language, like my soul. I write also "singing poetry". If U are interested in multicultural and multilanguage poetry it will be pleasure for me to be in your society.

Biography -- Student of three specialization in psychology (social, clinic, internet and communication).

Hobbies: writing poetry and songs, reading, playing guitar, karate, puzzles

Love: sleeping

Welcome, Mateusz.

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Please extend a warm PGS welcome to our newest member, Thomas Baumer.

Name: **Thomas Baumer**

User Email -- baumer@cicb.net

Qualifying Score/Test – WAIS (in German HAWIE-R)

Poetry -- Many years ago I published some poetry (in German) in the Swiss magazine "Schweizer Jugend". Recent poem ("Spring") translated into English and published on poetry.com

Biography -- Thomas was born in 1960 in Switzerland. He graduated in economics and worked for many years in international companies, most recently with the former Swissair as deputy general manager at their training center. In May 2000 he became self-employed and founded the CICB Center of Intercultural Competence ([www.cicb.net](http://www.cicb.net)) where he does research, writes books, holds courses and is a consultant in intercultural communication. He has visited over 70 countries so far – a sign of his curiosity. His main hobbies are music (also playing the piano) and languages. Two of his visions are to put complex things into simple and motivating solutions and to improve respect and better understanding between the fascinating cultures of our world.

Welcome, Thomas.

# PSYCHOMETRY

## **Norman's Friends - Maria Claudia Faverio**

Norman's friends are very smart. All of them but three study chemistry, all of them but three nuclear physics, all of them but three mathematics and all of them but three astronomy.  
How many friends has Norman and what do they study?

All answers as private emails, please.

thebohemian7@yahoo.com.au

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## **Number Sequence - Maria Claudia Faverio**

Which number comes next in the following sequence?  
64,364    4,254    223    31    12    11

All answers as private emails, please.

thebohemian7@yahoo.com.au

# ANNOUNCEMENTS

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## **Co-editor - Mark Norman**

Sharon Norman is now co-editor of Apotheosis, I am almost embarrassed introducing her because she has been at the forefront all along driving the revamp of Apotheosis and the Poetic Genius Society website. Without her help I never would have been able to keep up with the influx of new members, submissions, changes, and etc. With the installment of Sharon as co-editor I hope to be able to devote more time to the goals I have set forth to for the Poetic Genius Society.

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## **New Egroup - Mark Norman**

Hello fellow PGS'ers,

I just want to remind everyone to convert over to the new Poetic Genius Society yahoo group. If you have not received your invitation, please send me an email and I'll get it out to you. This invitation is the only way to become a member in the society's new yahoo site. It has the approved links to get you there.

I am updating my master mailing email address list. I know several members are not on it and I'll be contacting them individually, so look forward to seeing old familiar names in a new venue.

Sharon and I want to issue the sincerest thanks for all the compliments we received on the current issue of Apotheosis, and also congratulate you for the contents that made it a great issue.

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## **PGS Certificates- Mark Norman**

Hello fellow members of PGS,

Redesign of the Poetic Genius Society Membership Certificate is complete. I have attached a jpeg image of the certificate. I am taking orders for a January 2nd mail out. I'll make the cut off for placing an order December 1st so there will be time to mail them to Greg for his signature and for him to return them to me.

The price will remain the same, \$5.00 within USA/ \$10.00 outside USA, U.S. currency, money order preferred, payable to Mark Norman.

Any money in excess of the cost of producing and mailing the certificates will be applied to our domain name's yearly registration (\$8.95/yr.) and server space rental(\$8.97/month). If there should be money in excess of these costs, it will go to the yearly poetry contest.

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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.

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### **PGS Online Store - Mark Norman**

Hello fellow Poetic Genius Society members,

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.

[cafepress.com/pgsstore](http://cafepress.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 (\$8.95/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.