

Poetry Series

Otradom Pelogo
- poems -

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Otradom Pelogo(1964)

I grabbed a backpack in 1987 and then headed east from Central Texas towards Atlanta, Georgia in search of the same thing I was looking for when moving from my hometown a few years earlier. The same thing that we all, at one time or another search for, and usually find, if not then, shortly afterwards, before finally realizing that we already have true happiness; whether it be in the form of a better job, the right city to live in or a career change.

So I left Southeast Texas, where I was born, in Beaumont, a few years earlier, and moved to Austin, in Central Texas, hoping that I would find it there. I would then move from there (Austin) to Atlanta, Georgia, the very next year, then back to Austin, and from there to San Francisco, California, somewhat setting the pace for the journey ahead.

Although I never truly had an innate desire for math (Though, who truly knows?) , a year after leaving my hometown, Beaumont, Texas, in 1986, after enrolling as a student of psychology at the local university after earning a football scholarship along with a few other of my friends; that year we won the Class 5 A Football State Championship (which is for the largest schools in Texas) . I had moved about two-hundred and fifty miles away to Austin, Texas, where I would continue my studies. But a year after that, in 1987, I found myself at Phillips Business College of Atlanta, Georgia as a student of Accounting. After moving there and getting somewhat settled, along with a small group of other people from Atlanta and different parts of Georgia, we ended up making an honest attempt at becoming young and aspiring accountants. Margaret went into Tourism, a young lady whom we signed up with and shortly afterwards, we became friends with, while myself, Reggie and Karla went into Mr. Hicks' class, trying to figure out what went into the columns of debits and credits, which makes more sense today, though it did then also. Typing sixty-five words a minute under a professor, who, while in the military could type one hundred words a minute. Along with debits and credits, friends that I hope went on to do well, a sweet kiss from Karla before heading to Chamblee, where after getting off of the train, one could see, in the distance, Stone Mountain. I would then transfer to a bus that would take me a few miles up the road where I worked at K-Mart as a sporting goods salesman, selling hunting and camping equipment: shotguns, rifles, ammunition and knives, before heading west.

Retrospection would eventually help put the pieces together; rather than random stops along the way, a life that was now beginning to reshape itself with the

initial plan I had started off with when heading out a few years earlier (which was psychology and sociology) . It would begin to subtly reunite the past with the present. Probably because of my new found passion for traveling, I eventually went into truck driving, (my class A commercial license is in my wallet as I now write) .

0) Raising The Antenna

The beat of a drum, smoke of fire, the
Alphabets or decimal system
Built as an antenna to carry the sounds of the
Souls, from passion to the virtues of wisdom

From the country's Capitol to the Latin Church,
It helps the message to regale the winds
Once in the home, it can direct, excite, and
Always the lover's heart, it still softly mends

With a host of smiles that's welcomed from the
Range to the dance halls of the best drags in town
They quickly move from past to present, hot to
Cold, but always leaving a smile where once was a frown

I learned how to speak by listening to the words
To travel, by following their dreams in a Room as a child
And learned to become a cavalier, and beggar,
But most of all to learn to be
Meek and mild

Otradom Pelogo

0) Sonnet Of The Wise (Senior Citizens)

We extend our courtesy to those we call the wise
Because we saw how much they had given
Courtesies we never vied to memorize
That came with a hug and a how to begin

Now the walk still sets the pace with a stride
That's still assuring, and a voice still desired
For the wise still has the best choice
That is always sought and still admired

I'm also happy for the lesson
To know the soul always does try to climb
To see it's heart's hunger full of passion
Since the dream and goal still creates the rhyme

Love, like wisdom is still perpetual
Traits of a world still desirable

Otradom Pelogo

0) A Child's Sonnet (From Affine Tree)

They're more diplomatic because they dream
Of adolescence too far away to hold
Until time can soon redeem
The stories of growing up which they love to be told

Yet, like most, they can't transcend their gift
Of being too loved, envied and hungry
The things from them which gives us a lift
Since they are bought with desire, not money

Learning things that maintain our soul and mind
That was created thousands of years ago
To keep them always trying to find
The things like wisdom and peace, we must all know

Negotiating to have what is promised tomorrow
Like clothes, looks, and favorite stores to borrow.

Otradom Pelogo

0) A Dollar And It's Value (Ballad) (From Affine Tree.)

A penny means that you're on the right track
A nickel means that you're half
A dime means that you deserve a pat on the back
A quarter is to let you know you're not by yourself

They're all equally important, therefore
They're all equally priceless
They'll gain interest forever
Because some things are forever timeless

The dollar is the most,
Only because it's made from
All of the above
Like empathy, respect, wisdom and virtue,
All together equals love

Otradom Pelogo

0) A Toast To Our Tears (Poetry / Duet)

Maggie

The fire that started the evening off seemed to
have been cooled with understanding and good advice

Quest

It's wonderful how things like a pleasant
conversation can make a fire seem nice

Maggie

Maybe we'll enjoy the rest of the evening
and handle the world's crisis tomorrow

Quest

And by morning our passion and understanding
will have placed the confusion and sorrow

Maggie

Just for today we'll give our troubles a
toast instead of throes and tears

Quest

For without them, what we already
have would have taken many years

Maggie

And discretely make this fantastic
day a part of our world and life

Quest

By discretely securing it with the
vows made by a husband and wife

Maggie

It seems life has already given us
our goals to try and conquer

Quest

One that's like a child that we must
always watch and nurture

Maggie

Then we must remember how it was to be
in love yesterday although we called it being a team

Quest

To take our ghosts and treat them like children
and teach them how it feels to dream

Maggie

And teach them the secrets of the wonders of life, the
passions of love and enlightenment

Quest

To show them how to cry, and laugh, to respect the rules
of danger, and enjoy moments of excitement

Maggie

Just for today we'll give our troubles a toast instead
of throes and tears

Quest

For without them, what we already have would
have taken many years.

Otradom Pelogo

0) Cantico Delle Creature (Due) (Song Of Nature) (Poetry)

Pieces that refer to beings of nature...

A Veritable Friend (The Birds)

Written on the pages of heaven, a line so eloquently structured into a hexameter
Then even before absorbing the gift, another is written but in the rhythm of a pentameter

Friends they can be called even before they lighten up or lives and brighten up our days

The further away they get, the closer they seem, whether morning or before the sun retracts its' rays

Usually as children we understand them better, then we grow up to learn a new way of hearing and talking

Then after those years of learning, realize we hear them better when just out walking

Often through ambiguous moments, they can lead the soul like the body is led by the caduceus

And important ancillaries to the mind, like to the body, those things which are calciferous...

A Reticent Chant (The Insects / Roaches)

They are the silent and impartial objectors,

The best chosen to obtest

But only after lights are out, and our eyes are at rest

The middle of the wall is a pedestal, except

For the heart reticent

But the reticent heart holds few answers, unless the answers in the mind are spent

Wisdom transcends the spoken language; it regales

In a dialogue that's tacit

It transcends size, shape, culture; life in a mansion

Or breadbasket

A lifestyle which is enlightening from family to playful telepathy

In a world which holds its future tethered to an

Ever-evolving destiny

K-9 (The Dogs)

I grew up where there was a dog on just about every block, after leaving it became a rare sight, sometimes not seeing any at all. After beginning to slow down after a while and taking walks to think for a while in each city I would go to, and beginning to notice different things, the barking of dogs in the distance began to remind me of those days. Every now and then I come to a city like the one I grew up in, where there is a dog or cat just about on every block, walking in the yards, sidewalks, the streets, and after remembering for a while, they become part of everyday life again.

Attracting attention to the subtle
mind, somewhat like a wise jongleur

Yet becoming more poised, as a deluge
of praise and questions begins to pour

Title of 'best friend' has remained sacred,
enlightened by coats of white, black, or fuscous

And concern has been replaced by respect
and a friend patient and cautious

Whether it's Sam, Rex, Muku, or Bijou,
it still depends on what's really inside

They're not only good at finding secrets,
but also where secrets in people hide

The Feline (The Cats)

A softer voice or even a quieter track
Whether in the middle or out of sight
A true friend for a rub on the back
That also brings peace through the night

From 'King of the jungle', to most calm
That diversity only makes begin to think
Of shadows in the dark or a friendly balm
Turning a mysterious eye into a friendly wink

Because It's Funny (The Squirrels)

The birds keep me informed to the cadence of life, how things are going, even myself; and whether I agree or not, I always listen and watch simply because I enjoy seeing them.

When something is truly funny, laughing can be great. A wonderful way to relieve an extreme amount of stress. But it took me half a day to realize how much I had enjoyed sitting there on the Capitol's grounds in Sacramento, feeding the squirrels and writing. Sitting there I pulled out a beagle which I had begun to eat and a Piece of pastry that I had put in my bag from Loaves and Fishes, the place that gives people food and other necessities at Friendship Park, a place where people can sit, and walk around and relax for a while. After beginning to eat, the squirrels came one by one down from the trees. I took for granted because they saw and smelled what I was eating. Throwing a piece of sweet roll down it was picked up then put back down. One of the squirrels picked up a flake of crust from a sweet roll and put it down also. After a minute or two I put a few pieces of the beagle down that I had left and waited to see if they would eat it or not. For whatever reason, they began to eat all that was out there and several times they came on top of the bench to see if I had more.

I didn't consider it funny then but after getting back while waiting in line for a ticket to go to the shelter for the evening, I began to think how funny it was. It seemed like they were playing a game to see how much they could get before I thought they didn't like what I had put out there. From picking up a sweet roll and putting it back down because it was too sweet, to putting back down a piece of crust because it had too much butter or was too crispy. Then realizing before I left, there wasn't a crumb left. I laughed about it for two days. Animals are somewhat exactly like people, simply amazing.

The Ant

I had never wondered until that day,
What made them live and work so hard
Without stopping to collect their pay;
Was it loyalty or for the love of the Lord

Even as a child I knew they would, not might
Always attempt to reconstruct the mound
Always search and certainly always bite
Whether standing or lying on the ground
A tempered attempt missed by a tailspin
Even after having figured them out
Closing my eyes didn't cause them to give in
But opening them brought more without a doubt
The pain on my neck would end the fight
From what I had heard of a hornet or bee
A second later and nothing in sight
Began to raise both pain and curiosity
Confusion brought forth a Queen ant
And there my answer I could easily see
To wonder why, you simply can't
So the Queen and I both went free
That affair, the next time made me wonder
As they crossed my feet to pass by
To make me think and to ponder
To sometimes stop and ask an ant why

Supermarket

From hypocrisy to necessity
Demand has made it our reality
Though that step was a hard one to take
The success is welcome like the bread they bake
Only through a meiotic route can we
Tell what we went to get or maybe see
The trees and vineyards are obsolete
Surely cows no more produce milk or meat
The line is where curiosity stops
Courtesy begins when a glass jar drops

The Rooster

The time it was, I didn't know
When I began to hear the rooster crow
A sound that woke up years of my youth
Preparing to go out and find my own truth

After finding it in the years of my past
The crow of the rooster did also last
It has one more incredible thing
Like a virtuoso, it loves to sing
So to the answers I'll add one more part
The rooster is a part of my heart.

Boston's Sonnet

On my way to Boston, I realized that although all I had seen and written were beautiful places, lessons, stories and miracles; that trek, although an unforgettable one, was somewhat of an unpredictable one. After letting that faith and hope lead me there, after all my resources had been exhausted, and with it, my mode of transportation, I realized that the road to the finish product was paved with broken toys, days intentionally forgotten, and stories without perfect plots, for sometimes in retrospection we can fashion disasters into adventures. A day or two thinking instead of eating, looking for work instead of working, and a few brief moments searching for that faith and hope.

In a relaxed state as I approached the city of Boston, one that I had heard about in parts, therefore was only able to visualize a quiet place, even a small place with a few friendly faces. For some reason brooding had seemed to block out the information that I needed to secure the future: The history of a city that I knew better than my own by the time I had reached grade school. The pieces of an athletic dynasty that would have been a beacon in the middle of that city that would have doubled that picture by now, and a cultural phenomenon from the arts to the diversity of the peoples that would have been invited there because of those extraordinary affairs. Finally, the city of Boston had been revealed to me, prudently and passionately.

I bent down to dip my hand into the harbor for spiritual healing yesterday, and just witnessed the beginning of a beautiful today. Architecture; a dressed economy highlights the city. Sailboats will forever keep it romantic, birds fly above it, dogs enjoy running on side of it, and jellyfish create a spectacular underwater show that I hope we will never forget. I then realized that the harbor was filled with miracles; warm faces on a cool day, the whistle from a Coast Guard fleet, a small ship sitting alone and quiet, in the rain, on the waters, in the harbor, with an introduction that said: ' The most single and important event that led to the American Revolution; The Boston Tea Party Ship'; America.

Photosensitive
(Plants)

There is really no comparison, even when looking at
Them both side by side
But when the sun sets, facetiously I chant for one
Then the other with an encouraging diatribe
If they didn't remind me of them, I would have kept
Tabs on both from root to roof
But keeping them together without a ruler is my only
Impartial proof
They're both adapted to transcend the trials of the
Year's Spring, Winter, Summer, and Fall
Yet they grow at the same pace and time, each
Desquamates by a different Fall
(Season or metaphoric diversity)
Since they both have a gift to create smiles and to
Cautiously brighten up the night
Seeing them side by side, seems to be the most
Enlightening and beautiful sight

We've Learned How To Love

We are here together because
We've found out how to love one another
Ten thousand miles away, they are still my sisters and brothers
When I help my neighbors
It's really all the same, no matter who
If we promise the help we give is real, and what we feel is true

We found out how to love
If you're listening from above
We found out how to love

When we're done we can't just
Put the hammer and nails down and walk
We have to wake up tomorrow, work, dance, love and talk

We've found out how to love
If you're listening from above

We've been helped by those who came before
Who built the roads and left open the door

So now the fire has burned
So this is what we've learned
If you're listening from way up above
We've finally found out how to love

The first day a prayer would do
The second, just trying to be true
Now it's time to see if we can all get through
With the only thing left is a lil hope and virtue
But the story says, if we do our best
Then tomorrow we can do the rest

We are here together because
We've found out how to love one another
Ten thousand miles away, they are still
my sisters and brothers

We've finally found out just how to
live, work and love one another
Whether its a man woman or child
Swims, walks crawls or lives wild
So now the fire has burned
So this is what we've learned
If you're listening from way up above
We've finally found out how to love

Otradom Pelogo

0) Hope Of The Day (Sonnet) (From The L.O.M.)

Love, I was born, diversity was raised
Confusion, I have known; pain, I have phrased

Books, rules, wisdom, in life I tried to learn
Life is so easy, but so easy I burn

From day to night I sat, I walked, I ran
Don't think that I can make it, yet know I can

But as soon as I get out of bed in the morning
Everything seems to turn out all right
Yesterday, only half of what I tried to
And the little that I did, I can't even
Remember what it was last night

Tomorrow, full of dreams and promises
I think my brain might burst
I can have all if I can past today
I'll work on it tomorrow
Today, I'll work on first

I feel like the man in the moon again
In, looking out, of the out, looking in

Love is wonderful, that's what I need; must
Love heals, holds; that's what I need, not lust

Comfort, happiness, adversity
Family, friends, opportunity

Otradom Pelogo

0) Houston's Sherry

In Houston's Sherry, I found different aspects of that romance
For with a heart packed full of dreams and promises
And a nice smile fixed with silent pride,
She stepped between a cup of coffee and my life, for a
Short and welcomed visit inside

With the ice cream melting on her fingers, I failed to
Hesitate to shake her hand
For it was the hand that held the keys to unlock
The doors to grow by life's demand

Though moving in the right direction, like all,
My heart did dread to see her go,
But she left for us as well as herself
And so easily I could let her grow

Otradam Pelogo

0) Job's God (Ballad - Fath)

Is it the one who allowed the sea to be
parted and crossed with a prayer and a rod
Placing the sun in the Heavens while
patiently whispering that I am Job's God

Or have we been blessed with the
wisdom science and technology
To create this dream of wisdom if
it is not a horror of this society

Is it not enough to see the spirit wonder
and the flesh ponder and cry
What kind of wisdom questions the
soul until the flesh must die

Tell us if we have been chosen this day
to forever follow this impossible trek
So that our minds begin to wonder and
debate rather than defend and attack

Otradom Pelogo

0) Life And Life With Cadence (From The L.O.M. & Affine Tree)

We're here because of what they did in the past
And more will follow because of what we do
The things we vie to build should also last
Things we also vie to build with virtue
Some leave each day without a word
And more will come because of you
So remember that we are still heard
Whether our goals are many or few

Because

Life's cadence

Makes you think

Think virtue

Makes you interpret

Makes you reinterpret old as
well as new mores, morals

and views of reality

Gives you advice

Questions convictions

Makes you notice everything

Makes you notice everyone

Forces you to create answers

to life, but not keep them

Makes you progress, then stop

then choose between the two

Creates empathy

Makes you diversify

Reveals new answers

Reveals phenomena to

make you think and adjust

Gives choices which are
productive but morally dichotomous

Asks is perspective is what
causes some things to change

Has the ability to transcend all
that we hold sacred and dear,
yet what someone somewhere
may consider moral

Has no boundaries, but
teaches conviction

Transcends time, culture and
perspective simultaneously,
yet proves that perspective is

the key to avoiding chaos

Too complex to be modeled

but can create the perfect
example

Impartial, but can tempt
schisms

Thinks, adapts, changes, reacts, leads, follows, etc.

Otradom Pelogo

0) Maggie & Quest (Poetry / Duet)

Maggie

It would be impossible to
Expect them to understand,
For what we feel is such
An incredible demand.

Quest

When we're together the
Heavens begin to fall,
Maybe it's not so incredible
To believe at all.

Maggie

They say when I met you
that my life fell apart,
Or when I met you, had it
Just begun to start?

Quest

I tried to tell them that
What we felt was quite real
Or was that more than I was
Supposed to reveal?

Maggie

This monster has awoken all
The fires that were within,

Quest

Then to keep it burning, we
Must not yet give in.

Both

It would take a thousand
Tales of devils to try and say
What our minds and hearts have
Witnessed but can't convey.
Only dreams of angels could make
Them truly believe,

What our souls have lived through,
Yet cannot perceive.

Maggie

There is one thing that we can keep
That fell from above,

Quest

If we refuse to call it impossible
And just call it love.

Maggie

All the stories I had ever heard came
True today,
Yet there was so much more that I
Wanted to say.
To enjoy being at school on the first
Day of class,
And find a boyfriend that I'm sure
Would pass.
To hear the words of wisdom so
Prudently pronounced;
Of worlds without wars that were
Finally announced.
Although our parents are somewhat sad,
We have tomorrow to make everyone glad.
If this dream be a fantasy and or a
Test,
I pray this dream ends with Maggie
And Quest.

Quest

And if it continues, I pray it stays
This way,
For the best things are usually
Written in a play.
Then we'll add all that we've learned
To this society,
And many more additions to the family.
We'll have more time to break the
Parents' spell,
And more tales of devils and dreams

Of angels to tell
So to make your father happy we must
change your life,
Which means he would be much happier
If you were my wife
The acorns, even in a dream, has
manifested our best,
So I pray that it continues with
Maggie and Quest.

Both
It would take a thousand tales to try
And say,
What mind and heart cannot convey.
If this dream be a fantasy and no
Test;
I pray this dream ends with Maggie
And Quest

from the novel
Stasis & Poreris
by Bill Thomas

Otradom Pelogo

0) Mail For The Current Class (Ballad)

We barely fit into the auditorium as the class sat from stands to floor
Then as they initiated the dreaming, the mail came walking through the door

A brand new car appeared with a promise for an engine and a right way to steer
The next letter we opened was a trip around the world, by foot, bus, train or
Lear.

Finally the one we all waited for, a job to help secure our destiny
The best was a book with a few empty sheets, to be filled throughout eternity

The news was so exciting, I felt good to share it with friends and the Philly lass
Then dinner for the family, friend and life's new current class

Otradom Pelogo

0) Mass Corporation: (The Dell Assembly Plant)

A fervid quest, but one that emanates a languid face
Until each part of the dream begins to give it life
And the more hands that reach into the vat, only
Quickens the pace
For a centenarian knows that more faces can only
Lessen the strife

And yet so much like life, it can quickly change its
Mood
Whether it's cherished as a friend to the insular or
To the hungry as food

Although the chassis must travel a straight line for the
Mind to reach its destiny
Like the Capitol's rotunda, it must be inspected before
Set free

While traveling beautifully with a perfect stride
The team work makes it possible, the line makes it
Hide

With an allegro beat to keep the heart
Attuned, although production never stops
But the answer is only titular at the start
And even the title leaves when the line drops

(from: An African American Business Journal)

... I had just spent since about thanksgiving, a lot of time communicating with childhood friends that had popped up on the internet after changing some of the keywords to more of a personal approach from a literary one, since being a writer. I had also wanted to try and keep the lines of communications open, informally at least. So I created a website called MTC Community CTC. The acronyms stands for: (MTC - Message To The Constituents and CTC - Coast To Coast) It was a means of putting it all together with the ability to send out some of the things that were going on where I had recently traveled to, and hoping of receiving feedback at the same time from the people that I had been communicating with over the internet, and anyone else that had passed through. I did the same with The Cost of Adjustment (a one hundred page website) in

2005 and 2006 that I had created after just getting back from the Middle East and the Iraq postwar affair. Something that's still needed today in most communities. Since the only way things get done, as we all know, is to sit down, get together and communicate about the subjects that are affecting us. Subjects like job creation or the depletion of jobs. In 1995 Austin had become one of the new computer vortexes where names could be found like Dell, Motorola, Samsung, AMD, Applied Materials, BAE Systems and a few other places within a few minutes' drive. And as I was finishing up the research on the business finance program that I was working on, *The Motivation To Invest The Motivation To Win*, there on the news, the internet and television I watched the battle or end of it for many, between Dell's CEO Michael Dell and a diminishing bottom line that caused a rude route out of the public stock market. And thought of all the people that worked in those plants and factories, how many stood up out there and voiced their opinion about the leaving of so many jobs and closing of plants rather than taking for granted that layoffs and shutdowns were the only alternative, and without questioning or the suggesting of a more diverse range of solutions from the community who sustained those companies.

I had been putting websites together since they had first made a major appearance back in 1995, when it was difficult to even create graphics and also quite limited. But being a writer, and trying to constantly keep my work out there, I have been using them just about each year since then; from building literary websites, to making them to give the kids that live there in the neighborhood something to be happy and proud about. AOL (America had carried one (a website) that I had made in 2000, for almost ten years, (which was several pages long) for the kids that I drove to school while working as a school bus driver there in Austin.

I would also keep and update my work on the different literary website that would post either some of the books or poetry that I had written, though these days, since I learned how to get my books published (self-published) , I have been working on updating them and getting them out there, or rather on my or someone else's website, since getting what I write out to the reading public is part of being a writer, not just the act of writing. After putting together *The Cost of Adjustments* in 2005, and doing a press release for it and the books that I had just published, they ended up on websites from here in the US, to China, Japan, Germany, Holland, Taiwan, and may other places. I had created one after getting back from Iraq, about a hundred pages long (*The Cost of Adjustments*) , with everything that I had worked on up until that day as a writer, including the traveling to The Middle East and Europe, and the Post War affair in Iraq where I had just spent two years working as a truck driver. On the website that I created in 2013 and 2014, I had posted my books that I had published and some

excerpts from them. And a couple of books that my sister Brenda had written also called *What To Do When You Feel Like Screaming* (for children) and *I Love Bad Weather Days* (also for children): she works with the counseling and placement of kids in families having problems.

One of the things that I had wanted to try and get out (to the viewing/reading public) was the investing program that I was trying to finish up

Otradom Pelogo

0) Miracle's And The Capt.'s Lullaby (Sonnet)

When back, besides writing and brooding, trying to put things in perspective,
playing with 'Capt.' and Miracle; my nephew and niece; and introducing them for
their first birthday and every other infant and toddler, and all children, to Agatha
Cristie, trying to fly straight around the room, and in life, ...

In this world I am sure that you will find
That Liberty has a soul as well as mind

The next thing that I'm certain you'll seek
Is wisdom truly the sword of the meek?

Whether looking for love or prophecy
ML King, SB Anthony, and M Gandhi

Of all the ones you'll think the best,
The assurance that life is really a quest

There is one more thing that I'm certain to preach
That which makes you love, you must love to teach

So as you sleep from sunset to sunrise
I pray that your dreams are those of the wise

So my dear captains, I come to sing you praise□
And pray they prepare you for brighter days

And in this life as you learn, live and grow
Bless, respect, and Otradom PeloGo
(Observe and Travel with Wisdom /
Peace, Love and God be with (You)

Otradom Pelogo

0) Miracles From Poe In 'em' No.1 (Sonnet) (From Affine Tree)

Sometimes to clear the mind, renewed affairs with prolixity
Since being alone can make the heart friends with the sullenly

Yet I know that the answers aren't always euphoric
Though the love and words can come with a self phantasmagoric

And the beginning is always the most inexplicable
Passionate, elusive; when the first is a Miracle

The thirst that must be quenched has now become the similitude
To a quiet and peaceful manner that suddenly seems rude

The quiet by the storm must be pervaded
The wind, rain or hail cannot be abated

Day with night and companion with the tremulous
The line left, right; rationale with the ridiculous

The eyes must now see a cataleptic view of miasma
Mold a five century old consciousness of America

Baptize thyself with the waters from the tarn
Resurrect when it's time to cry, wail and mourn

Join the heart and mind and soul as the lips begin to quaver
Give the child a life refashioned to search for and to savor

Now with methodology and academia, yet now much more pertinacious
Turn chaos to tale, dare diversity, mold malice into the prodigious

Definitions

Prolixity - Tediously long; wordy

Sullenly - Gloomy or somber

Euphoric - Happy

Phantasmagoric - A fantastic sequence as if in a dream

Inexplicable - Impossible to explain

Miracle Taylor Thomas

(Born Jan.30,2003 to: Sibyl and Clinton Taylor Thomas Jr.)

Miracle - Extraordinary occurrence, surpassing all known human powers.

Similitude - Resemblance; like

Pervaded - To spread throughout

Abated - To stop or suppress

Tremulous - Trembling, timid,

Rational - Fundamental reason or reasons serving to account for something

Cataleptically - Lack of awareness

Miasma - A dangerous foreboding influence or atmosphere

America -Relating to the United States or its people, language or culture

Tarn - A small mountain lake

Resurrect - To bring back to life

Quaver - To speak in a quivering voice

Savor - To appreciate fully; enjoy or relish

Pertinacious - Holding stubbornly to a belief, purpose, course of action or opinion

Prodigious - Impressively great in size, force or extent

Otradom Pelogo

0) Miracles From Poe In 'em' No.2 (Sonnet) (From Affine Tree)

The years have sullied, though they have shortened my indignation
Questioning the integrity and strength of my appellation

By order and repute, changing my patronymic fate
Yet retroactively building by prophetic mandate

Sagacity upon pique, mask the chagrin of my visage
And thus a new praenomen for and old plebeian image

Petulant and pious, I'm now able to see vice as crime
I'm changing and prudently growing with the ferule of time

Ecumenical love is my resurrected epitaph
Of masses, scholars, prophets, upon a sublunary graph

Gone; days of unbridled youth, capriciousness and turpitude
Commutated for prudence, prowess; diversity the prelude

My habiliments are from the same cloth; from near and from far
Though changed many times, like the seasons of the floral parterre

'A man is born of woman, he lives, he dies' and then he's outré
Actuates the rest of his life with this new world he must convey

Sincerity was an annex to the complex; I'm not the ennui
Virtue, the ferule to passion and freedom for vivacity

The transformation sometimes brought a look supercilious
But only from those who find the new soul penurious

My gait after quiescence is still fervent, for the anecdotes are voluminous
Taken from enlightenment and darkness, yet sensual and Inordinatous

My avarice spirit has been balanced with a pertinacious work-ethic
And sustained with the lives of martyrs who went from humble to great to prophetic

Definitions

Indignation - Anger aroused by something unjust, mean or unworthy

Appellation - A name or title

Patronymic - A paternal ancestor

Retroactively - applying to a period prior to enactment

Mandate - An authoritative order or command

Visage - Facial expression

Praenomen - The first or personal name of an ancient Roman citizen

Plebeian - Common in manner or style

Petulant - Sudden irritation

Ferule - A cane or stick to punish

Ecumenical - Of worldwide scope or applicability; universal

Epitaph - A brief praise of a deceased person; (An epithet - A word or phrase used in place of the name of a person or thing.)

Sublunary - Of this world; earthy

Turpitude - Vile depravity; baseness

Prowess - Superior strength, courage or daring; especially in battle

Habiliments - Clothing or dress

Parterre - Ornamental flowerbed

Outré - Eccentric, bizarre

Actuates - Put into action

Ennui - Weariness and discontent

Vivacity - Lively, animated, spirited

Supercilious - Haughtily disdainful

Penurious - Scarce or lacking; insufficient

Voluminous - Writing of great length or volume

Inordinatus - Not within proper limits

Pertinacious - Holding to a purpose or course of action

Prophetic - Something of God or a deity or divine inspiration

Otradom Pelogo

0) Ode To Africa (Poetry)

The first time asked, and I've been asked a couple of times, I guess I would say, or actually did say, I'm an American, I am Christian, and I'm an Otradom. The first, although seldom if ever asked, could be taken for granted; after about five hundred years of my family and yours being here, I guess that would be quite appropriate. Further interrogation, seldom if ever asked, would take me from here through the other six major continents, to what was once the center of that once ago masterpiece that has so neatly and prudently parted; but only to create an even greater picture; one of ecumenical cooperation. I could start in West Africa; maybe Nigeria, whom many for that last five centuries have claimed home. Maybe East Africa, in Ethiopia to begin explaining. Or do I consider, no matter how diverse the twentieth century has revealed that we are, to start in North Africa or even the Middle East. Or do I, because of the sounds of progress introducing itself to the world, start off in South Africa. From there, do I travel forward and say that five hundred years is long enough to call home; to call myself an American, a Christian, and an Otradom (PeloGo) .

Otradom Pelogo

0) Quotes For Fun (Qoutes) (From The Lom)

When is a hamburger as good as a rare stake?
When it's done by someone you know well, OK

Why does Route 66 ends in San Francisco?
It's the end of the world, and that's a beautiful place

Why does El Nino keep coming back to Oakland?
It's the right side of the Bay

Otradom Pelogo

0) Quotes For Fun (Qoutes) (From The Lom)

When is a hamburger as good as a rare stake?
When it's done by someone you know well, OK

Why does Route 66 ends in San Francisco?
It's the end of the world, and that's a beautiful place

Why does El Nino keep coming back to Oakland?
It's the right side of the Bay

Otradom Pelogo

0) Progress (From Affine Tree)

Things do return
When something has been put in
After taking the right things out
Or letting the right ones stay within

We may find things that we need
From good to bad
When trying to straighten up our mess
Old pictures, some sad
Which only appear when we progress

Otradam Pelogo

0) Runner's Dilemma Prose / Ballad

In 1994 I put down everything I was doing and went for a walk to think for a while. After thinking, I tried to put my life back together; I tried to put all of the pieces that I wanted to keep into some type of perspective. I made a list of some of the things that were most important in my life at that time, played around with the words and letters for a while, and came up with the acronym; Otradom PeloGo. It became my way of saying all the things you should say to others and myself into one simple phrase. As the phrase, it's simply stated as; (Observe and Travel with Wisdom. Peace, Love, and God be with You; Otradom PeloGo.)

After having somewhat plotted a course to follow, I then began to run. I ran through a world that I had never really noticed before and into its' many wonders it had to offer, from the Heaven's to earth, even a few below. I ran through my hometown and into my youth that had slipped away. I ran through my past, it was moving the fastest, yet, I ran into the peace which it also had to offer, which also allowed me to decide which part of it I would keep. I ran through the Winter, Spring, Summer and Fall.

For although forever changing, I knew
I should not be moved by cool winds or
a dark and cloudy sky
For putting it on a pedestal, /
neither causes it to linger / go
around or pass by

It seems impossible my very breath /
acts like a catalyst, only making
it more intense
It seems impossible it's one of the
reasons I'm here, / but before and after,
is when that makes sense

With effluent momentum, like a good friend, /
amusing, enigmatic, and intellectual sort
Good things, / even though familiar / cause
us to think, / to be amazed, / to put up
what seems like a fort

The ellipse can be a difficult road
to run when your past sits with a future
that some times seems bleak
By even the second or third lap, /
I'm not sure if it's trying to make me
mad or make me meek

A sixty second beep, / no matter how
hard to attain, / can sometimes break
a smooth and perfect stride
And the price of a drink, / on my watch, may
or may not seem like a covert place to
blatantly hide

The joys and pains of life on the track is
not the time when trying to push yourself
to the mind's brink
Tomorrow while there between figuring
out love and passion, I'll try to remember
when and what to think

When out there above the clouds, wind, the birds,
it seems like everything and everyone
has something to say
When out there above the clouds, it's a gift
to hear them say hello to this could
be a beautiful day

I try to imbibe a dialogue from
music to poetry to art / before
I close the door
Then I try my best to think of running
a good pace, / then try to think of nothing
less, / or nothing more

Now my quest is a good pace, / a route that's
Straight, which I'm certain that's bound to
bring me closer to the end
To believe a slow pace is better
obfuscates a heart that may take a bit more
scholarship to mend

The songs I run to while out there / range from
gospel, country, and have a cadence which
really seems okay
Sometimes they push me as far as I can
go, / sometimes they can miraculously
shorten my stay

They are songs that span the spectrum from day
one, which I try to think of, to at least
a hundred and four
Some I made up about suffrage, / some made
up for babies / as I contemplated
walking out the door

There are children there, ./ some run parallel
to one another, some I simply call
them GoPe
New and familiar faces, / some warn
us to move ahead, / some / certainly
to extend our stay

Days when the Heavens request the stage,
showing off the sun and the clouds at the
cry of the wind
At night, the moon serenades the stars, /
darkness begins to walk, / play tag with lights, /
as they run, / hide and bend

Yesterday I put it all together
and finally figured out / what it all
really meant
Today at least half of it still made sense, /
the half I could remember, / the half / by
wisdom sent

I've created characters who have helped
me run in this incredible thing we
simply call life
Now those characters I see / bring the
distractions, / the ambivalence of love, /
empathy and strife

Every now and then I begin to
wonder as this symphony begins
setting the world free
A cloud at five thousand, / the purr at
forty, / a smile at two; / we're only
jogging / aren't we

Life is forever changing, it's as
virtuously complex or wanton as
my heart desires
So I push whether I've done good or bad,
for it's the push / that fuels the quest /
of life's zealous and great fires

As it came out of the skies spreading its'
gratuitous and lavish arms from
the land to the sea
Carrying nations upon its' back, even
while mourning; the bride, / highway to
our eternity

At least four of them I can hear yell as
they race and roar beyond the limits from
church to embassy
Maybe someone came a day or two
early, / maybe / someone left in a cloud
of travesty

When a child, I heard them cry at noon with
passion and the tumults which helps make the
world go around
Now I see them on the track as I run,
and the roads, the buildings, even
the Capitol's ground

It really depends on what you wear while
out there on the track, which will determine
what you see and hear
A heart and mind dressed with a positive
perspective, cools and befriends the spectrum
from love to fear

Running away, augments not life, but my
view of the trouble it brings
The dilemma is, it doesn't go
away when I work, run, wail or sing

At the tenth lap I'll be regaled by dreams
whether feeling pain or even good
By the twelfth, I'll try to block it all out,
After one more lap, if it's good, it's wood

When tired I may slow down, on a perfect
day, before the end, I may even stop
Sometimes I run for fun, sometimes
when I feel that my head just wants to drop

Whether it's on the track or the road I
run, the course is always sort of oblique
It's a course, which never ends / and covered
with the answers which we all seek

Whether on the track or the road I run,
my goal isn't to win or reach the top
But it's a course, which never ends, always
Changing, and one which we cannot stop

Still it's strange, for on the road or track
there are days my head sometimes wants to drop
And after dropping, funnier still,
to struggle, to run, or to just stop

Sometimes after five, the cars light up the
field to extend time and to continue play
Sometimes it's lit up by faces, sometimes
it's the reasons I go out the next day

Sometimes I see the house I built there when
lying in the bed on a rainy day
Sometimes I run to dream of far away
places, sometimes I run just to pray

One night I hope to see my long ago
friend, the one which / set my mind on fire

The one which / shared a few seconds, the one
I never knew, but always did admire

After two hours, I run through places
that were never before on field or track
The next day I wonder why I'm prudently
and a priorily escorted back

Two days straight, a month, finally a day
off that I'm certain will feel quite good
Next time, my leg, chest or back, but the whole
body, I'll just have to wish that I could
Broken toys, a lost book, tears as I gate
Makes me move slow, when I feel like I'm late
Sometimes the balky facades I once wore
can compel my heart walking out the door
I can still hear their voices, although their
children and I now live side by side
They are the OP drill Sgt.(s) : the things
we love, dream, build and now vow to abide

A year from now I'll try to wonder what
made me stop this night to think and write
There are a million things I could note, but
the best is Merry Christmas and good night
A love for life and a passion to write

But be careful, for they sometimes laugh and
cry while pushing to the very next phase
For their goal is to make life a straight walk,
More appealing, and less of a maze.

Otradom Pelogo

0) Shopping In The Mall

Even before you're half way done, the mall can leave
You satisfied but yet breathless
And what to bring and take can give a new meaning To "The Young and the
Restless";

Then call upon the child in me, and let them decide
How one should run through the middle of the store
Then use that approach with a wanton appetite to
Decide what to eat on the second floor

As I force myself out of the door, I'm compelled by
Life's compelling tick
Which prompted the rapid growth of the unforgettable
Keflavik

Then pushed to go further by the constituents whose
Quest is read in the paper and spoken in Semitic

Otradom Pelogo

0) Sonnet Of A Most Complex Situation

Make A Drum

Make a drum from the sound of misery,
listen to the sound; let it set you free.

Make a drum to call up yesterday's past,
here it comes; dare to let it last?

Call the waves from the shores of eternity;
listen to the sound; let it set you free.

Call the rain, shelter for a moment from the heat of the sun;
Listen to the rain; Bask in it.
It's drowning!
Oh, here comes the sun

Walk through fire on a hot summer's day, you could run,
but the day still waits you, the night still awaits you if you stay

Make a symbol for a day, a year, an hour
Now make a pact with God for only inspirational power

Sing a song of a joyous illusion
Listen to the song; is it not about love as well as confusion

I was sitting in a library in a park in Sacramento one day, when a group of children walked into the room. The men and women sitting on side of me, and myself, I'm sure, thought it was a social studies, a humanities class that added empathy to academics. I said to myself, that out of that small group of children, at least one of them will do something significant and make a major difference in the situation of homelessness that the men and women and myself found ourselves in at that time. Later that day while reading the statistics on families with children, because I had seen mainly adults in that most complex situation, I realized that those children could have been, if they were not the children of the men and women sitting there on side of me at that time. The hope that the six million others in that most complex situation, the rest of the world and myself had gotten from that small group of children, did very little to stop that bastion; that fortress, that I had so neatly constructed from soon melting away.

There are few preparations that can be made
For the next day when it has been planned
For the last ten or more years it's said
Of our mental DOS that needs not be scanned.

A year should be able to make things greater
When working at the counter or desk,
Since those things promise to come later
And not appear covered with a mask.

Are families immune with responsibility?
Children in schoolyards, plans for vacation?
While learning more, therefore seeking a better tranquility
Without a most complex situation

Is tomorrow's world a part of today's?
Or does our past speak for us instead of betrays?

Otratom Pelogo

0) Sonnet Of The Nation's Capitol - America (Prose / Sonnet)

1998 has been an incredible year; one of the most incredible things was to go to Washington, DC and visit the Nation's Capitol. I realized, standing there on the steps of the Capitol building, at that very moment, there was no greater place in the world to be. America's past and present made it not only one of the greatest political, cultural, and economical centers of the world, but because of all of that, one of the most spiritual centers of our world also.

I also found it enlightening that president Clinton, his wife; first lady, Hilary, and daughter Chelsea, have one of the most demanding jobs in our nation; to vie every day of their lives, to speak appropriately, regardless of the circumstances, for the United States of America. Whether it was Nixon, Ford, Carter, Reagan, or Bush, under the most trying circumstances, we still have the assurance that each person in that situation will continue to uphold one of the greatest political and moral duties.

There seemed to be quite a bit about the president in the news lately; hopefully the best will turn out for all without any permanent or serious scars to any of those involved; Monica Lewinsky, and the president and his family.

And with this new enlightenment comes also an important view; perspective; although one that's quite obvious. Whether we are a family, business, the Department of Defense, local, state, or national government, although sovereign and independent, like a machine with many different parts, we work as one, and must do that job well:

Dawn's Sonnet

I
Down in Oklahoma where God makes
Our skies in the land of Running Wolf where our
Eagle flies while we give it all it takes
For freedom; a month, year, an hour
For it takes people in institutions
To prudently enforce as it vies
For the price of freedom's resolutions
Is conviction, and that's what freedom buys
The effort it takes for one to move a stone
Enlightens when done by a dozen more
For the technology and time alone
Sounds like music when the rain starts to pour

It's all about our life and destiny
And saying hello to artillery

II

One of the goals is to learn to commute
While pushing ahead to dreams that await
Whether in or out of the institute
Since knowledge comes when we assimilate
The mind is fed with a virtuous plot
From the kitchen table to the range
So that the soul always has a lot
Of empathy for the affine and strange
The men and women are most important
In the quest to progress as we gait
In the old house of the great triumphant
While trying to reach dreams that await
But it's all about our life and destiny
Love, freedom, happiness, and liberty

Otradom Pelogo

0) Sonnet Of The Pacific

It's taken ten years to realize you have to say hello before good-bye
To her mountains, sunsets, her skies and peoples
So when she follows, it will be dreams that follow a sigh
Of Schools, highways, buildings and steeples

From the legendary LA, to the great Northwest
I'll tell the story by the way my listeners dream
Of how to love and indulge in this great quest
Through towns and cities even greater than what they seem

Uniqueness can delight, making the smallest great
Making humanity an edifice for all to admire
When calling home, I'm sure they'll know that I'll be late
Knowing that there is another place with as much passion and desire

It will take as many years as I'm promised to say good-bye
Since every time I sit and think, a dream is followed by a sigh.

Otradom Pelogo

0) Tales Of Shooting Stars (Poetry)

It was an altruistic and academic quest, which
led me to her door

As our host unlocked one room after another, we began to pace the floor

They were living out in space now, there wasn't much I couldn't believe

Then she told me nothing she has thought of that hasn't been conceived

A falling star twenty years ago could have easily had her take my place

Then she explained why she called me doctor, without seeing my face

In that context, I wouldn't dare take her stories as a token of good advice

Watching the sun walk across the heavens, is not only incredible but nice

Her friends who visited from time frame to time frame, made me smile

Satellites from Jupiter, Venus and Mars will tell us something in a while

The advice they gave, with help, she was sure to do what's right

I thought the same listening to those I work with in the day and live with at night

Maybe it was telling the same story that made her close the window

She said that she sometimes take her friends for a little walk before they go

She was right, I have admonished myself for deciding to walk instead of drive

But whether it's methodology or curiosity, once edited, I'm sure the answers will
help me to survive

The radio and television was a challenge she said, until she found out they just
wanted to be heard

I've also found myself becoming more cunning, some call it rhetoric, whatever it
takes for another word

Without a hard or paperback, the tales are more taboo than scary, no matter how great

But perspective also forbids me from listening to her stories without trying to obviate

From
The LOM: The Letters of Otredom Pelogo

Otredom Pelogo

0) The Colors Of The Sun (Children's Poem) (From Affine Tree)

We are all unique
and special because
all of the colors
belong to the sun
While the tree
supplies virtue to
our kaleidoscope
The mountains prepare us
for our goals and life
which we must learn to view as one
And dreams are for the goat who climbs with hope

Otradom Pelogo

0) The Family Prayer (Poetic Prayer / Bio)

The Parents Prayer II

There are few things that I could tell the wise,
When there are many wonders that are still a surprise.
Most from church, school, and working all of my life,
Some from family, friends; some strife.

But we are here because you still believe in
The things that keep us all away from sin.
It's okay that not all of our dreams come true
When we realize that there is so much left to do.

We don't get paid for how hard we try,
It's left to our children so they learn to fly
But trying to be good takes away most of our troubles,
It calms our minds and the good it doubles.

You can be glad today that you live here in America
Because of the many gifts that you've created, starting with
Barbara.

This life still allows you to grow and have fun;
Much of it with the one you named
Clinton Jr.

The wiser you become, the more you will see
How some of your dreams came true through
Brenda Lee.

The best gift that I got from you was wisdom,
I put it all together and called it
Otradom.

The day has overcome the dark
And given you the youngest one, Gary Mark.

Trust has also been given to you,
Since someone like Niya
Trust you based on virtue.

Friendship is one of those things
That doesn't have to end, so Diane,
I'm sure, will always be a friend.

You grow and share when you know someone
with an empathetic view, someone like Sibil
Who cares and admires you.

The name grandparents should also mean congratulation
For because of you, we welcome another generation.

We are glad for what you have given you grandson,
The one who's grown up beautifully; Solomon

The next one, it will also be dreams and promises he delivers,
The one called Joshua Thomas or Rivers.

We were all as happy as you were that blessed day
When the Heaven's kept it's promise and delivered Desiree.

We hope that they will all grow up and win
And dreams and goals are reached by you grandson Kevin.

We are sure you love them from the youngest to the senior,
Especially the 'Capt.'; Gary Junior

We know that with God all things are possible
And were reassured of that with the arrival of Miracle.

There are many things to proud of like health, happiness and America. Family,
prosperity, love and Charisma

Like Nya, Maya, Aliyah, Gary and Kevin
We pray that life is as gracious and giving with Jaylin

Although they were born on different days,
Being fortunate enough to be blessed first with Maya,
We gave as much as we could, hoping it all stays
And because of that God then blessed us with Aliyah

Because strangers will also determine a part of their lives,

We pray they respect those like
Frank, Jerry and their wives.

This will all help us to progress and stay one
And remember the ones called
Hilda and Clinton (Sr.) .

Because only half of our life is material,
Look also in the half that is most spiritual.

There are many things that children will learn
From the small to the great;
The truth about God, love, life
When and when not to debate.

And for every creature that fly, swims and crawls
With us from day to day,
So that you will never forget them,
They are also called GoPe (God's People)

Otradom Pelogo

0) The Fire People's Paradox (Prose / Ballad)

I'm glad that I had a chance to see life and its cadence; it creates a beautiful symphony of sounds, colors, places, peoples, and memories. Of course there are the more dramatic sounds of life's cadence, that is, whether we desire it or not, a part of our lives. Whether it was the rare sounds of the thunder on the West coast that lasted much too long this winter, the fires in the South this summer, the snow on the East coast or just a day that didn't bring more than enough smiles, they, because we have the ability to put most things in perspective, and in retrospection of course, realize that we can overcome just about any challenge to the enlightened spirit, become, as we say, only part of the big picture, which creates that cadence of life that allows us to continue to progress forward.

Because in the midst of the city, / engulfed in
pious tumults, / and the wisdom of an
ambivalent foe

The house, / tree / a few dreams, taken by
a friend / made up in an untimely suit
of winter's glow

Things had been completed / and neatly
fashioned / as time ran out the night before
But the smiles and promises / will be left
to the heart / of a proxy / to adore

It's we, / who with perspective, / re-ignite
the flames / for what species dare not ally
And pray / we also give impunity /
for what hearts simply cannot convey

Now as we look at the ashes, / which from
yesterday / seemed such an offensive sight
Instead of spiritual debase, / we
tell of endurance, / resistance and might

The things which cannot be interpreted, /
no matter how bad, / only resurrects
that which causes pain
Vouchsafed/ with an encompassing
Perspective; / comfort and relief / falls like

a hot summer's rain

It seemed at first / like a confrontation /
between soul and mind, / or here and
there / as you can see
The smoke was like an exposition, /
which tethered both here and there / together /
tethered / and free

After years, / months and millenniums of
fissuring, / our potential finally
had been met / from me / to GoPe / that day
After night turned to day, /
We hoped what was seen / would last
a year, / a millennium, / one more day

The wisdom of God / does transcend all /
for it was faith and love / we earnestly
did try to declare
And that love like a prudent investment /
may elude our eyes / and answer / only
our children's prayer

It may seem strange at first, / that we sometimes
stop to shed tears / on a fruitful / and
joyous day
But relegating the past, teaches that
it's the present, / which keeps the tear of
martyrdom at bay

Admonishment comes from the quest / of
those here and abroad, / as we brood / on this
arduous highway
A quest so appealing, it refuses
to let a city, a country, / or
a world go astray

Sacrifices have philanthropically
been interspersed, / but we still answer to
our friend liberty
So with water stained eyes, / dried by the breeze
of our homes, / we try again, / for our

goals and destiny

I know that Heaven can hear / as well as see
while we put forth / profound examples of love, /
faith and loyalty

And hope when we try again, / that we /
remember/ what all this really means / to
them, / us, / you / and me

Unity with others must be clung to
with a recalcitrant and democratic
disposition

Our utility is virtue, but it
even vies to transcend an impartial
interposition

Even those things which we remember the
least, / cause us to think / as much as those /
which enlightens our day

But with a view from a literary
to a historic panorama, they
do better our stay

For 4.5 billion years since Heaven
and the waters parted, we've kept in
contact to avoid a provincial mind
And with pretentious expectations, we
are reinforced from sailing past the moon
to kind words here that we are blessed to find

We sometimes capitulate, for our
disposition, although lovely, sometimes
is trying to wear

We sometimes reach our goals sooner than we
expect, for our spirits travel where our
bodies do not dare

Each generation seems foisted by those
before, to dream, sew and reap as they watch
wisdom emasculate and rebuild as they go
'But verily I say unto you, wherever this gospel
be preached in the whole world, there shall also this, that this woman hath done,

be told for
a memorial of her'.(Jesus Christ)
(and the children of Otradom PeloGo)
(Observe and Travel with Wisdom; Peace, Love, and God be with You)

Otradom Pelogo

0) The Pep Rally (Cheerleaders)

Friday mornings were one of those times that you were rewarded; for it was the time when those who supported; taught, encouraged, and respected you could get together for an hour or so and praise you. Well, from the point of view of the players it was synonymous with praise. Classes were let out at second period and the players stood outside the door of the gym, then we would hear the drums beat, which was my queue to lead the team into the center of the gym. Music was added to the beat of the drums; an euphoric and dramatic sound, coupled with the loud chants of hundreds of our cohorts and teachers. I sometimes hear the music and voices when jogging, or just sitting around and reminiscing and can still conjure up that euphoric feeling that goes along with the pep rallies. Although we had pep rallies in Jr. High, high school took on a new perspective; for until it was our time to walk out there, we could only dream of what the older guys felt; surrounded by screams, chants, and most of all; the Panther Pride in the heart and soul of the 'Dear old blue and gold triumphant'.

The Cheerleaders were all incredibly talented and beautiful, like René Williams, Sandra Darden, Stinny Spikes and Kim Broussard; lead by Mrs. Williams who could be heard even louder than the cheerleaders that she coached, 'Calling on the defense'; was her favorite cry. Then after all of that, we were called out one by one; offense, then defense. The band would then play a selection of music; some of the latest tunes we would listen to on the radio; while the rhythm steppers would dance in the center of the gym. The band was one of the best in the state; and one that everyone like to listen to; so the pep rallies were always exciting and truly enjoyed. After about an hour or so, we would head back to class, still excited, yet, expected to resume class after a brief break from having an hour or so of fun, excitement and euphoria.

'Most potent, grave and reverend signors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in speech,
And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moon wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest actions in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil of battle;

And therefore little shall I grace my cause
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; What drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
For such proceedings I am charg'd withal,
I won his daughter.
Othello (Shakespeare)

This was met by the 'storm and stress of adolescence'. Moving faster, rampant technology, and a great and caring concern for nature and all its inhabitants. Way too much energy, which was great at that age; a lot of faith, and something called hope, which I recently regained in the first half of that two thousand-mile trek. It was soothed by a ride from the consciousness of America and its' guest. I'm glad as a child I didn't know that cars and trucks could travel across the country. A world incredibly beautiful; not only nature, but also the one we have created ourselves as well. Giants that so humbly protect us from bitter storms; like mountains, rivers, and sunsets. Surely this was too much to be added to adolescence, so I tried also to see what I would want to keep from that most missed part of our lives...

When we must let self-esteem take the place of pure vanity
In a time when the nose and mouth begin to take shape
Since nature subtly requires more adults in this society
When for an instant food and water is second to a measuring tape?
Gently, stories of how animals reproduce to replicate
After the body begins to answer the law of life
Which has no rights or wrongs on how to masturbate
But laws of prudence and virtue to avoid strife
To some it's the economy or a venture into space
That causes the senses to process all it knows
To come up with an answer to describe this place
Where the mind is fed with pleasures and throes
There are more answers to a body that grows so fast
In a time of life that seems forever to last

Otradom Pelogo

0) The Spiritual Quest & The Interviewer (Epistle & Poetry)

The Spiritual Quest

What I'm trying to do is brood, write, and try to do what most people do, come up with one of many attempts at trying to find out their ultimate, or if there is such a thing, their predestined goal. The last five years has made me aware there may be such a quest, whether we search for it, or choose one of our own. The last year to this very day has almost made me believe that my ultimate or spiritual quest is trying to take into the future; giving me many incentives to go forward, but not revealing why until I continue forward; rather than the one which like most others, sit down and pragmatically choose.

▣ 1998 you have to be somewhat careful how you explain things when they don't follow a predictable course. Ordained destiny is no longer a politically correct phase in a world of science and technology. Although theology has and will always be a major part of our lives, it also has a place of its' own, which without perspective is considered more of an extreme point of view rather than a wise and prudent one.

The desire as a child to dream, as a adolescent to travel and as an adult to find myself in many diverse situations has led me to believe that my life, spirit, soul, and also in a pragmatic sense, my mind has been prepared for this quest, the modern terminology to seek out life. Whether it's a quest for God, or even one to seek out God, is one of many questions that I must ask myself. Or do I make it all-inclusive and say life, yet causing it to become even vaguer. Those two points caused me about a year or two ago to begin to create a vehicle at that time to pursue this quest; while having considered what others might have thought as I traveled, or rather pursued goals and dreams. To pick up one day and travel was only a fantasy that without the proper resources seemed like a nightmare. But I have begun this quest and found both. The only glorious aspects of it, I'm sad to say, is found only in retrospection, and at the prudence of my pen, for sometimes those things which I even truly desire to see and do can become somewhat of a task due to a hungry stomach, a road that's a mile too long, a night too cold or a walk that lasted an hour or two too long. But I constantly remind myself, and 90% of the times it works, that I must try and enjoy and appreciate the things while they are there; basically, instead of being just an observer, to try and enjoy some part of life while I'm here.

That simple fact helps out a great deal and keeps things going well until I can write everything down and put it into perspective, for things have a way when they're not recorded, to move around and even replace some things, even bad for good, which seems impossible. I suggest that anyone who takes on a quest similar to this do the same. Also it's one of the things that separates a prudent venture from an irrational one; to perpetually keep it in perspective; to write it in a positive manner; and I found out on the long days when I read and go over my notes, that reading something good about what recently happened, makes a big difference. It can be spiritually uplifting, and even be the only symbol of progress at such a complex time.

Writing, and the fact that before I left, I had accomplished some things with it; poetry, journals, and stories, makes it easier to take on such a complex venture; one that heavily borders the spiritual quest in a technological world. Although without the spiritual quest, there would be no world; for all things are based on our beliefs, morals, dogmas and basic respect, which I believe is a spiritual quest. And there are those who pursue it as a career, but without the most appropriate route taken to it, it can become somewhat complicated to explain to yourself and others. Writing allows me to constantly answer those questions that may arise from others and myself. You can talk very little while out here, think twenty-four hours a day, but without keeping everything nice and neat, you can easily lose your direction. I constantly go over the things I worked on before I left: Otredom PeloGo and Message to the Constituents, which I considered was my message to help others make it if they needed advice. Therefore I'm glad I took the approach that I did, to keep it positive, virtuous, uplifting and ecumenical, for there are days when you need to hear only those things to keep progressing.

Along with this enlightenment of where my route is headed, comes the part of the self that says the first chance I get, I should stop; I should try and secure a place to stay, a job and all the other resources that keeps a person in one place, stable and on a most predictable course. It's a valid conflict, therefore one without stress, but one with a loop, a perpetual loop that can only be broken by a major decision. But because both are logical, a conviction to one or the other is the only resolution.

In my case, if there were signs, they led to the quest; to travel: (Otredom PeloGo) . A quest that I have now noticed, accepted, and now only requires me to pursue. There are many options that I have now, and I'm sure I will have in the future, therefore I take for granted, that it must be a quest that is truly thought about and truly accepted, which adds the logic and pragmatism to it, which the world requires. But as I found out with this most complex situation,

there must be an acceptance of the situation to keep at peace, but yet because it's an unfortunate situation, a sense of urgency that requires the self not to be totally overwhelmed. Whereas with this most complex situation, that sense of urgency should force you to, as soon as possible, to do something to progress. That spiritual quest, the quest of observance, its urgency can only cause you to stay aware, to try and not become overwhelmed by the many situations that will arise and one that requires you to continually push. I guess a main question that arises, is how long does it last; a year, two or ten. Some have traveled even longer on this road, some less, but the quest goes on forever. Therefore the quest seems to reinforce those things that we believe in, to find those things which we are in search of, but which without a doubt are already out there. To interpret the answers in a way that can be easily understood in today's language, but in a way that's accepted by all peoples of the world. Because those things should already exist, it's almost a quest that's set by the spirit and like 'a calling by God', put upon someone to reassure that it's still true. But the trials and adversities and extreme circumstances can also cause anyone to reach and pray for those things that they know exist, therefore, miraculously creating an original sense of the search, and an extraordinary feeling of satisfaction and accomplishment when found.

Having assured myself over the last two years that most things in the world were working okay, this drastic move caused me not to forget it, but not expect it, and when I did see and find it, like someone who never knew it existed, I was overwhelmed by its presence; the feeling of love coming from the people, and an extraordinary sense that we are our brother's keepers; or as a guy in Grant, New Mexico said, no one is going to let you starve or die out there.

I went a couple of days without eating, but throughout the hunger, that feeling that somehow things would work out, remained. If the feeling of hopelessness did come, it was brief and barked away by the generosity of others, from the mats in the shelters, money given by strangers, like the first day when I started out, I was given a ride for about five miles or so and a pair of gloves that I kept for about a month or two. The next ride took me one or two hundred miles closer to my first stop and forty dollars that lasted just as long as the gloves, since it took me some time to find work; a nice smile or hello; a unique understanding by family and friends. It seems incredible that with all of this, there could be any doubt, but the majority of the times, that spiritual eye, view or perspective stay dormant until a crisis arises, and takes some time to activate once it does arise.

As I was walking downtown on Market St. in San Francisco, I stopped to look at

the birds as they flew in the circle pattern. Usually there are many messages I get, but that day it seemed like the one I was looking for. I tried to see why and what they were doing; but I saw a group of birds flying together, trying to keep up with one another, trying to stay with one another. It didn't seem like there was an exact flight pattern they were supposed to follow, just a basic one which they all knew. And if they all tried their best to follow it, it formed a beautiful pattern, one that seemed simply incredible and complex, whether we see it once in a life time or a hundred times a day. And I found that pattern is almost, if not exactly the one which we create in the same exact manner.

The Interviewer

The Interviewer has come
And there is no time to prepare
There was none yesterday
And tomorrow we don't even dare
Mother, sister, father brother
They can't help you
I can't help you
Until you go
There is no other
Just listen to the question
Yet pay no attention
Because there is no wrong or right
Answer,
I just thought I should mention
You'll be forewarned
And told what to know
You will answer each and every question
Just before the end of his every show
The will be asked
They will be answered
In both rhyme and rhythm
So listen to the old
Listen to the new
Listen to Marley's 'isi schism'
He'll blow a trumpet
So don't even worry
You'll hear his sound, he loves
To brag and boast
Be very careful
Because she may be your friend

A stranger or she may be the one
You love the most
Parent, child, teacher or deacon
Some quick advice, let love be your beacon
She'll ask you anything, about life, love
She'll cause you to think about everything
Lust, death, or do you believe in above
Many have taken her advice before
She loves to set people free
Many have taken her advice before
But, she won't promise to let them be
You don't need much money
Fame, or glory for her just to step in
Because the things that attract it the most
Are sometimes the wages of sin
They'll tell you what to say and do
But don't say what they tell you
Or do what they say
The answers and choices are left to you
For the decisions you make
Are what you must pay

Otradom Pelogo

0) The Supermarket

From hypocrisy to necessity
Demand has made it our reality

Though that step was a hard one to take
The success is welcome like the bread they bake

Only through a meiotic route can we
Tell what we went to get or maybe see

The trees and vineyards are obsolete
Surely cows no more produce milk or meat

The line is where curiosity stops
Courtesy begins when a glass jar drops

Otradam Pelogo

0) Vanity (From Affine Tree)

It takes a biotron to see oneself
After having taken a path or stand
For it can raise the mind's vain half
Making a simple request a demand

When regaled by those when they motivate
We see a signet turning into a swan
And still only add when we calculate
For the mind will be questioned until dawn
Though it's good when they all congratulate

It's difficult to avoid vanity
And at the same time to build self-esteem
Whether it's of love or integrity
At least two are left in the bigger scheme

But suffering isn't a requirement
For in life it is sometimes imminent

Otradom Pelogo

1) A Cordial Meeting In Paris (Though She Will Be Difficult To Write About, She Will Not Be Difficult To Remember.)

A Cordial Meeting In Paris

An Epistle

(from Songs From The Women Of The L.O.M.)

While I was in France, on my first extended visit to Europe, after having toured the city of Paris, I stopped by, after randomly coffee-pub-hopping and met a couple of young ladies that I only had a brief moment to talk to while there. The first one that I met, she was sort of apprehensive about talking, but shortly after a brief introduction, she sat and had a cup of coffee with me. I can neither remember her name, nor where she was from, though I try each day, for there seem to be something special about her, and for some phenomenal reason, I suspected either Israel or Palestine. Of all the people that I have met, I have never had trouble recalling certain events about that person that I knew I would want to keep. I remember her face vividly, the way she looked from head to feet, but, for some reason, all of the personal dialogue was erased; though she will be difficult to write about, she will not be difficult to remember.

Preparations for the Future

They say that, though usually looking back in retrospection, that it's wonderful being a child even at that point in reverie when great sacrifices are being made to comfort and protect them, to guide and nurture them, to mold the mind and soul for what we sometimes hope will be a predestined quest that we have planned out; the worst case scenario is that they part at least half way through the journey after the mind has assimilated into its DOS, the basis, as we say, for discipline that will create and hold fast to a good work ethic, the understanding of a moral life that does not become a cliché after a year or two of being tempted and should challenge recovery if after a temporary setback; for it's the basis of being a constituent in a family, society or global community, the norms and standards that give our world an ecumenical stability that's recognized, excepted, respected and considered desirable, and the same retrospection that is being used to guide them, will allow them to look back as we often do, and show altruistic appreciation by one day acknowledging what has happened; if possible, improved and perpetuated throughout their lives and that of their posterity.

A group of children who are not yet expected to indulge in what is happening, not

expected to even understand or appreciate, but expect to receive the venerated guidance of the giver of life and law until that day of questioning, with rationale and introspection, are playing in the middle of a room while the adults are listening to a radio in the background. Knowing that their children sit there, still unaware of the great expectations that are being planned out for them, they continue plotting the perfect handoff to what will be the posterity of a perfect future; but today they hope, like the victims in the eye of a hurricane, that this unbelievable calm will be the end of their woes, yet fervidly laying the tracks to a locomotive that is not only inevitable like the storm after the calm, but necessary at the present; desirable after the throes that comes from and arduous labor.

Otradom Pelogo

1) A Cordial Meeting From Africa (From Songs From The Wome Of The L. O. M.)

Song of a Cordial Meeting From Africa

I met a young lady who said that she was Africa, one of those people whom you usually find heading in the opposite direction, even while sitting at the same table. Indirectly seeking a subconscious answer from me as she asked me had I seen my country woman, speaking of a lady, probably of African descent, and thus telling her that it had been about five hundred years since I had seen her. I guess seeing how ethnocentric I was as an American rather than part of an ethnic ideology.

The first time asked, and I've been asked a couple of times, I guess I would say, or actually did say, I'm an American, I am Christian, and I'm an Otradom. The first, although seldom if ever asked, could be taken for granted; after about five hundred years of my family and yours being here, I guess that would be quite appropriate. Further interrogation, seldom if ever asked, would take me from here through the other six major continents, to what was once the center of that once ago masterpiece that has so neatly and prudently parted; but only to create an even greater picture; one of ecumenical cooperation. I could start in West Africa; maybe Nigeria, whom many for that last five centuries have claimed home. Maybe East Africa, in Ethiopia to begin explaining. Or do I consider, no matter how diverse the twentieth century has revealed that we are, to start in North Africa or even the Middle East. Or do I, because of the sounds of progress introducing itself to the world, start off in South Africa. From there, do I travel forward and say that five hundred years is long enough to call home; to call myself an American, a Christian, and an Otradom (PeloGo) .

We are all unique
and special because
all of the colors
belong to the sun
While the tree
supplies virtue to
our kaleidoscope
The mountains
prepare us for our goals and life
which we must learn to view as one
And dreams are for the goat who climbs with hope

Otrodom Pelogo

1) A Cordial Meeting From Brazil (From Songs From The Women Of The L.O.M.)

A Cordial Meeting From Brazil

Holland has become one of my favorite stops when traveling to and from the US to the Middle East; and I usually stop, get a hotel, and take off into the streets of Amsterdam. My first stop will be a pub for either breakfast, and the extreme, having a late supper just before closing hours, to try and stay up and enjoy as much of the night as possible, therefore you can see why I return from vacationing more exhausted than when I left, sometimes taking off, well it wouldn't be the truth if I said sunrise, for I don't set the alarm, and usually roll out of bed when it gets too bright from an already risen and clattering Apollo, and the sounds that the maid makes, letting me know, that it's better to enjoy it while walking around until I can get the cobwebs out, rather than in, although pleasant, hotel room.

A late supper, my usual hot drink and a stroll through the streets of Amsterdam, like the streets of New York, Boston, Seattle or San Francisco; merging in with probably the biggest of the crowds and just going with the flow; a piece of pastry here, a small souvenir there, and the adventure continues. And always try sitting and enjoying people enjoying what the city of Amsterdam and life has to offer; enjoying the smiles of the pretty faces passing by. And it was there that I met a young lady from Brazil; who was either visiting or staying there, when she, though I was truly noticing how pretty she was, stopped and invited me to sit alongside of her, while I waited to get a bite to eat. And like the saying goes, that opposites attract; myself being as reserved as the average person if not more so, and she being what I would call sensuously cordial, for her invitation brought with it an incredibly beautiful smile, haloed with a even sweeter ambiance, upon delicious Brazilian caramel, and one of the warmest welcomes that I have gotten from anywhere I have been, probably in my life. And though it was only a short while that we sat there waiting on our order, I embarrassingly say that I spent practically the time we shared, admiring how beautiful she was. Added to that, before leaving she gave me an incredible and sensuous hug and a kiss that I was certain that I would never forget.

We've Learned How To Love

We are here together because

We've found out how to love one another

Ten thousand miles away, they are still my sisters and brothers

When I help my neighbors
It's really all the same, no matter who
If we promise the help we give is real, and what we feel is true

We found out how to love
If you're listening from above
We found out how to love

When we're done we can't just
Put the hammer and nails down and walk
We have to wake up tomorrow, work, dance, love and talk

We've found out how to love
If you're listening from above

We've been helped by those who came before
Who built the roads and left open the door
So now the fire has burned
So this is what we've learned
If you're listening from way up above
We've finally found out how to love

The first day a prayer would do
The second, just trying to be true
Now it's time to see if we can all get through
With the only thing left is a lil hope and virtue
But the story says, if we do our best
Then tomorrow we can do the rest

We are here together because
We've found out how to love one another
Ten thousand miles away, they are still
my sisters and brothers

We've finally found out just how to
live, work and love one another
Whether its a man woman or child
Swims, walks crawls or lives wild
So now the fire has burned
So this is what we've learned
If you're listening from way up above
We've finally found out how to love

Otrodom Pelogo

1) A Twist Of Role Reversal (From The Novel Stasis & Poreris)

Niva, from the Ukraine, will probably be the most controversial young lady that I will have met, though channeled into a provocative conversation, and soothed with a warm and sensuous personality, and patience enough to see both sides of what she is fighting for; something you rarely find, something that I even seek in others, even world leaders. There is about a ten page piece below (in Songs From The Of The L.O.M.) that I have written of her, called Niva And Poreris that will somewhat paint an even more vivid picture of her.

...

(excerpts from the novel Stasis & Poreris)

As he sits down, Erica gets up to his surprise and picks up a pool cue and begins to play. She breaks, and incredibly sinks a difficult shot, looks at him and smiles then misses the next, almost makes another and sinks the next shot as he amusingly realizes that she is somewhat mimicking the way he plays. She then walks over to the table, picks up the glass of beer, takes a sip and hands it back to him and continues playing. Moments later she comes back, takes a sip of beer; this time he realizes that she is now not only mimicking him, but playing the game of role reversal as he takes the glass from her hand and tries to decide whether to hold it or sit it on the table until she comes back. She looks back, though pretending not to smile and to see how he is reacting, but he has noticed the lady, tall and quite attractive, on the opposite side of the pool table leaning against the rail staring at him, and instead of pretending not to see her, he looks at her then looks at Erica who either is perturbed with him or truly the master of the game when she seems to be disappointed in finding him looking at another woman, least the latter is true and finds him looking at another man.

...

Even though the door closes behind them and they are both secure from the hostile world outside that for reasons unknown to either of them, they discretely flee, though subliminally aware of each other's flight out of the dark and into a lamp-lit room that will, for at least a few minutes, be sanctuary. Now she is back to the role of a woman looking through a room to find out what type of man she is dealing with as he takes his luggage and opens it to put the laptop on the table; he wants to show her some of the things that he has done, which he thinks will somewhat finish breaking a light trance that is slowly fading away and simultaneously finding out where her interests lay as a Bob Marley tune begins to

play on the computer now placed on the bed, along with a bottle of Hennessy that was brought up by his request before knowing how the evening would turn out while still in the club. She sits down on the bed while he finishes putting a few things away and afterwards taking out a couple of glasses. She asks him to order soda for the drinks, though he is wondering if she is now testing his level of cooperativeness that comes with a feeling of comfort; the game of cat and mouse will be played for the rest of the night with a twist of role reversal.

...

As he finishes calling room service and begins to sit on side of her, he notices the soft brown dress that matches, for some reason, the silver earrings that are majestically dangling from the ears of Nephritides that he finds even more inviting than when he first noticed it when they were sitting down at the table and mysteriously reminding him of a picture that he drew several years earlier, that is at that very moment in one of the files on the computer, and though seeing it as an omen, hopefully a good one, he, because life can, at times present many of them, not to confuse, but to lead, forgets about it, hoping that he will remember it later and after the night is over, try and figure out where it goes in the ambiguous meeting of Poreris and Niva.

...

The previous questions caused her to think quickly but giving a more generic answer since the earlier part of the day had already revealed that she knew quite a bit about the UAE and Dubai specifically. It also sparked a series of questions that she now seemed interested at getting to while talking to him.

'Do you no his name; this one person that lived a hundred years ago, who say things would happen? '

For some reason he immediately knew whom she was talking about, but pretended not to know his name and tried to indirectly either get to it, or subconsciously avoid it by saying...

'The French philosopher? '

She continues; now leading the litany...

'Nostradam; he say in 2000 and something, this country that came from the dessert will go back to the dessert...'

His mind now averting what he is sure is an inquisition into many things that he

will not be able to pinpoint, but refuses not to indulge her and listens as their quest begins.

Poreris - 'Yes, from the dessert we come to the dessert we return'

Erica - 'He said about what happened in America, about two towers..., what were these towers called? '

Now, like when trying to indirectly answer her first question, he seems to hesitate in answering, yet finally replies.

'The World Trade Center Towers; The WTC Towers...'

'He say that these two brothers will fall down in America'

Knowing that the questions she is asking are manifold, one that would take much debating about; he thus begins his pious diatribe in a soft and soothing voice about her questions of prophets and prophecies.

...

'Lets talk about love.'

Rather than being stunned or exasperated from their obscure conversation, he lays her down on the bed, lowers the lights but stopping her from taking off her clothes as he lies on top of her; the lion and the lioness, and asks her to marry him. She tries what he dichotomously suspected besides a yes, opening up another world created to capture the beast and keep it under her control. He then begins kissing her passionately upon her forehead, even grasping a mouthful of hair until it becomes wet...

Otradom Pelogo

1) Anastasia's Song - Holland (From Songs From The Women Of The L.O.M)

On a beautiful afternoon I was walking through downtown Amsterdam; you'll usually find me on either the warmest or coolest day of the year sitting down in one of the coffee shops, usually on the main drag, having a cup of coffee and staring either at or into the people as they walk back and forth past the shop where I usually sit and have a seat closest to the window, watching as they sit on the trains and stare back, trying to get from one place to the next. They, even seeming just like myself as I usually sit there although with way too much to have to do at that very moment.

As I walked pass by her, I would have thought that she was a young American woman either heading to or just coming from the beach, for with long blonde hair tied behind head in a ponytail as if not to get wet, and a red, white and blue bathing suit on, smiling and seeming to be having a nice time. So I stopped to say hello and to talk to her. And I had felt glad when she had decided to indulge me in what I had sought, asking me the questions that I wanted to hear, making me feel like she had truly went out of her way to see me, to be there for me, even when no one else would be there. Somehow being that guardian angel that shows up after everyone else has walked away and not just to console, but to create fully that world that I thought had suddenly slipped away just when I had felt comfortable reaching out for it, a bastion to a freshly built wall between the new life that you have created to go forward, and the old one that you have tried to keep at bay.

Ironically, I just started doing some research on global communities and its multi-faceted perspectives, from the fast paced business journal like Foreign Affairs to the many others that focused on The War In Iraq, to global economics and the government, even books on the royal family of Saudi Arabia and it's more complex role, not only in the global community but domestically amongst its peoples, to the direction the new European Union is heading and how it affects, sees and works with it global neighbors from Russia to the US from sub Saharan Africa to its growing relations with East Asia.

She then began to talk about each, especially being there with the coalition or rather my opinion on its (our) presence there. The Netherlands also was part of the US led coalition. It gave me a chance of hearing what it sounded like, and hearing what others sought when they thought about it and even more ironically enough, part of the answer is just sitting there and talking about it with an

impartial understanding, touching over the highs and lows of each side, for the sake of searching for answers, especially when our lives depend on it, at least because of the way our world works and gets along.

Message To The Constituents

We can't transcend life; it must be lived,
Although it's the quest most arduous
I could tell you all that I know, but all
About life, that would be ostentatious

But first the inquisitive spectrum must
Be edified with true integrity
And set ablaze with spiritual as
Well as colloquial hyperbole

Things I learned at five simply amazed me,
At twenty some still seemed farcical
With perspective, tales of devils, and dreams
Of angels are even venerable

Laughing at flaws brings calumniation
Even with capricious approbation
Though resentment is a cohort, a pious
Perspective vetoes ratification

(Because) Respect is a powerful gift, it
Can commute a disposition sardonic
Faith, progression follows, is the second
And the greatest of the prophetic

Answers fall like rain, but in the midst of
Solutions which seem to desecrate
Only good ones are impossible
But none, is an impossible mandate

From the novel *Stasis & Poreris*, *The Confrontation At Kepanni Wai*. The last meeting between the Governors (heads of the different sectors on the verge of a major conflict... to remain separated or to reform the union of states.

The Confrontation at Kepanni Wai

Gov. Brenda Push - Governor, I have brought my colleague; a good friend of mine from the Netherlands to help me explain that it would be much better if we rejoined and why.

Anastasia - Governor, the records proves you right; to take a chance after depression would be difficult, but we'll be following in the footsteps of everyone else. The new order will favor those who are willing to invest the most, not those who say the most. Compromise is based on cooperation, but in the union it will be not each man for himself, but at least the three of us working as a team; and because of our relationship in demographics as well as investments, we can either help one another to emerge out victorious or fight like misguided siblings and cause everyone to miss the opportunities which we are now presented with today.

Most sectors fear the possible shifting of leverage, yet a temporary one, that we'll lose once opening up our borders as well as markets; these are just adjustments that must be made to be even more competitive than we are now, and along with that, even much more profitable. But still seeing through the transition phase, for all of us, will be the most difficult event to overcome.

Preferential policies will be at the top of the agenda; letting everyone know that reform and the external shocks due to them, will be taken into consideration; a mandated concern at the top of the referendum. Trade preference will be given to those with the least diverse markets and the ministers of the conference has created a council with members from each region to make sure that each sector will follow the policies necessary to make it through the transition phase. We know from the past that for some, the process itself can be taxing; some sectors and regions will simply consider it much too complicated and costly to follow and thus will abandon them even before attempting to see if it works, and that's where we will apply the necessary attention and seeing that they do. Reasons from acquiring the necessary information alone is one; then they begin to consider the costs of new and parallel accounting systems that will take away from an already struggling government budget and consider what we call reverting in the midst of transition and going back to the old system. Yet we know, which is why we call it a transition phase, that it want happen overnight; transforming from one to the other; but it must be prudently transformed from the existing one while the proper one is being built up; its infrastructure made just a little more efficient and perpetually worked on and seen as part of the institution and not as a transitory adjustment before being abandoned. There will be safety nets that will help support and compensate its people while they are relocated rather than dislocated into a new industry if necessary due to the changing needs of the business and global community.

... And even while this is happening, they will see the number increase in employment, growth of exports, new markets, while policies will be created to protect the interest of special social groups with the help of manipulating tariffs for the smaller and newly developing sectors. Creating a path to a sector that will make it self-efficient and soon be able to mandate its own course along with the rest of the community. The organizations are already there, with more being created as we grow, to support ourselves financially; making loans and credit available, even new bankruptcy policies along with recovery programs to help those that may find themselves in a temporary financial crisis.

Otradom Pelogo

1) Anna's Song - Turkey (From Songs From The Women Of The L.O.M.) (Prose / Bio)

Anna's Song

I have gotten to know a couple of women from Turkey and Russia, who I, when traveling through the UAE (The United Arab Emirates in the Middle East, I guess you will soon notice that it is somewhat of a gateway for many) , stop by just to see if they are there and sit and have a shisha and a cup of Turkish coffee. It's a really nice spot in the heart of what is referred to by the locals as the Deira district, right in the midst of it all, I guess it would be like the street over from Times Square, or maybe the main shopping strip in Brooklyn, where after sitting and having a cup of coffee, you can go straight out and feel the rush of the world outside of the door going about a hundred miles an hour. There was a young lady whom I shall call Anna, like a lot of the others, I've incorporated her into one of the books that I'm writing, and even when we don't talk, she always has a story to tell, for she'll sit a few tables away from me and still capture my attention, going from happy to sad, to being passionately in love to even being dissatisfied; a platonic Scheherazade. I can't be exactly sure what she told her friends of me; a dichotomous story of extremes after we met; but the next time her friends stopped by to talk and have a cup of coffee with me, seeing if they saw the person in me that she described or even the person that they thought they had seen in her.

Otradom Pelogo

1) Barbara's Song - America (From Songs From The Women Of The L.O.M.)

Thus, maybe it brought me back fifteen or twenty years, as I look back in retrospection, seeing Barbara being the oldest, and taking the responsibility, especially with mom and dad at work most of the times, and seeing that everything went well, from seeing that we woke up on time, having breakfast ready in the morning and supper in the evening, since by the time I would get home from school after practice, either Mom or Dad would have come and gone to the second job, even having us put out the garbage before making sure we got to school on time. And the enlightening conversations that we would have; I later make reference to her being more of a philosophical person, more enlightened than myself about religious matters, even as a child, and thus, I can hear her voice more than anyone else's as I try and keep things perpetually moving properly, especially after my, as they would say, 'awakening', or as I would say, my spiritual quest, over the last decade and a half, which has been the cornerstone of my foundation, of this quest, many of those enlightening conversations of spirituality and morals, keeping as much in perspective and ordinate as possible, or as she would once quote the famous admonishment, 'Where order ends, tyranny begins', and all of the biblical morals that she could present as we would sit down and talk; although things make more sense to me these days than they did twenty years ago, but then I need them more these days than I did then. Barbara is older than myself, and thus a few years older than Noora, but her daughter is the same age as Barbara's oldest son, Joshua, and as he gets older, I can see many of those virtuous characteristics manifesting itself in him, also in her daughter, Desiree, the youngest of her two, who is doing better than any of the family member that I can think of at such a young age. And thus when I think of her, a lot of the times, I think of them, and have called home more frequently than ever before after having met Noora and Nanya, making me appreciate the family that I have even more than ever before. Noora and Nanya could easily be Barbara and Brenda, my two sisters back in Texas. Barbara is the oldest, and thus she reminds me a lot of Noora, even to the fact that like Barbara is to Brenda, Noora is the quieter of the two between her and Nanya. While we were sitting down and talking, after Nanya had invited me up to her apartment for a short visit that consisted of a cup of coffee, a nice conversation between the three of us and the going through of a photo album, which I took as a true and authentic gesture of friendship, she put on an envelope, her address, and where I have at this very moment, a postcard ready to be stamped and sent. Though it was Nanya's and my idea to look at pictures, Noora was the one that sat there with the album on her lap, patiently flipping through

the pages and explaining who was who, and basically choosing the pictures to put in the envelope, which I have on the wall at this very moment, along with a few that I took of Nanya myself.

Otradom Pelogo

1) Maya's Song - Russia (Prose) (From Songs From The Women Of The L.O.M.)

Maya's Song - Russia

(from Songs From The Women Of The L.O.M.)

I saw Maya sitting on a bench on a nice Middle Eastern afternoon, and was happy that she had taken the moment to say hello, for she is one of those people, that when she seems happy, she makes you feel happy also. Yet one of those people that when you know they aren't happy, it somewhat makes you feel sad inside and you wished that, even more so in retrospect, that you had done more to help her, though you know that you did the best that you could. I pass by her place occasionally when passing through town, and can always see and hear her, the way she says instead of Russia, (R-O-O-S-I-A) , the way she seemed even overwhelmingly happy that we had met, and that when she gave me a hug goodbye, that she wouldn't let go until I had picked her up off her feet and spun her around before giving her a kiss for the last time. She had a beautiful young daughter that looked just like her, and like her mother, they both have seemed to find a place in my heart, which I refuse to let go.

Incorporated into the novel Stasis & Poreris

The shopping bag that she is holding, shows that she has done more brooding than work this day, yet the dilemma that she is creating will still not be soothed as she takes the pieces out of the bag that she has bought and shows them to him, almost requesting his acknowledgement and approval while still masking the true reason for its enigmatic manifestation as she begins to undress while walking to the bathroom. He isn't suspicious of her, but now curious, and like the last two days, it too cannot be soothed just yet, as this curiousness that now engulfs him opens her purse to see what can be revealed within seconds. There is a 9mm there, but he keeps one with him at all times and is not stunned, knowing that she is a single lady living by herself, and thus keeps searching. There is only one photo, it is of a young lady, about fifteen or sixteen who looks almost exactly like (Maya)

The Constituent's Prayer

Part I

Raise us O Lord from our beds in your name. Let not this bed adulterate the day we have been cannoned with, for we know that this mat was made for resting not for weeping. Therefore we must cannon to use it accordingly.

We shall left up our heads and balk away the sorrows of the day before that were the greatest of our burdens. Adulterant burdens that were brought from yesterday, today and those that may go forth and try to bring decadence to our posterity.

With ballast convictions as we rise with strength. Let us abstain from being overwhelmed and pursue, not abstractly, but academically our goals with gale force.*

Let us not dare to calumniate the name of the less fortunate
But with the canonized abundance we have, let us edify them so that our presence will be a balm to them in the times of their troubles.

May all who so gallantly gait forward, no matter where they hail from on this hallowed but dainty path, be not dashed with the balky trials that precede calamity and walk abreast balderdash and gab. For sometimes these things emanate a facade of eloquence and can relentlessly vie to emaciate and ebb away spiritual integrity.

And still there is a gargantuan task of darning those who have already been bamboozled and debauched by those things which may even seem to be affluent. For sometimes even those things which stand as an edifice can sometimes obfuscate the heart and mind.

Otradom Pelogo

1) Mitschkya's Song - Greece (Epistle & Poetry) (From Songs From The Women Of The L.O.M.)

Mitschkya's Song

And because of that, the door that I then opened led into the heart of a beautiful young lady named Mitschkya, whom also held the key to different worlds that I had horribly enough found myself on the outside of. She was tall, young and beautiful, dark hair and brown eyes, a beautiful voice and a heavenly glow, fitting every detail that I could ask for, and keeping me, my soul and the heavens, I'm sure, entertained on a day when we all needed it. By this time I had found myself becoming more mature, but truly wiser, yet more distant than ever before to those her age, and a loss that I could not understand. Yet her ability to stay there and talk and negotiate with me rather than walk away or even allow me to walk away from a lovely conversation that we had about life and love, war and peace, and being responsible, I have found this metaphor while working in Iraq, communicating with the people from the land of Mesopotamia, trying to see how our relationship (or rather what it is based on and how it) is forming, not only from a spiritual perspective, for we communicate from either sides of barbwire, sending and receiving messages whenever we have the chance, and the enlightening struggle to get to know we're not giving in, but acquiescing at the appropriate time, where a 'no' to one thing only meant a yes to something equally as great, allowed something to emanate from me and towards others that has rebuilt bonds discretely dissolved.

A Pear Orchard can produce many great things
Like food, hope, and a beautiful place to live
Where I learned to take answers a quiet day brings
How to make friends, take good advice and give
Goliad is still the longest street I've ever seen
Although, there are some that run from here to the port
Each time with things that now mean
I have more to think about, but less to sort
Because I've learned to take my hometown with me
I can use those virtues to straighten out the day
Since Beaumont mirrors the rest of society
Whether in Port Arthur or back in the Bay
It's an incredible yet simple truth
That scholarship is the key to all things
As I look at the future and my youth

From learning to write, to my love the day brings
At school I vowed to make education
A perpetual goal no matter where
I would decide to travel to
Since learning requires few qualifications
Making a simple attempt the fare
Whether science, economics or virtue
These are the things the children must keep
On the road they have chosen to be right
If they are the same dreams they wish to reap
When working in the day or sleeping at night
I can hear the noonday siren clear tonight
Telling me names, places, and secrets to write

Otradam Pelogo

1) Songs Of The Iraqi Women (The Land Of Mesopotamia)

Songs of The Iraqi Women

Sharia Law

The Abrahamic Ethic

The Declaration of Independence

The U.S. Constitution

Unalienable Rights

Iraq is one of those peculiar situations, when you know that if you had the chance to meet them, that you would be the best of friends, and thus when I write, I take that into account, for when driving down the streets of Iraq, I try and notice each and every one of them, seeing who they are, what they look like, if I can, how they think, and the majority of the times, I feel that experience is a mutual one. There is a section called The People of Iraq, further below, which should be entertaining and equally as enlightening.

There are two beautiful women who work at the Iraqi airport, in a small café, that I usually stop by, where I get a cup of coffee and a bite to eat, just before boarding the plane, whom I somewhat have become incredibly infatuated with, and truly enjoy seeing them each time I pass through. And though I have pages of a journal on Iraq, I promised myself that I would paint a picture of them, in soul and words, having received through them and the rest of the beautiful people that I have seen and met in Iraq, to write voluminously about them, to try and capture what I had truly seen since arriving, though as if I had spent and extended amount of time with them on a regular basis.

One day I was driving down the road (while as a truck driver working for Haliburton) , I think towards Tikirt, when I saw about three or four women walking amongst a field lined with nice tall palm trees; it was late Spring, so the grass was nice and green also, and the phantasmagoric mirage of women, that you would normally see dressed in black abayas, now wore the vibrant shades of gold, black, green, blue red and yellow; that would only make you think of the matriarch of Africa; and you see it much more vividly only when her cohorts wear it thousands of miles away, even more so revealing the intense essence of the ascendancy of beautiful and strong, yet sensuous women. They made me think of women that I had fallen in love with, lived with, been infatuated and nurtured by and have admired all of my life back in America.

I have read a countless number of articles on Iraq in business journals, of course newspapers, and magazines, and have bought and read a few books on the country, explaining a lot of things from Ancient Mesopotamia, to early twentieth century Iraq, to the passing through of the French, Germans the British, Russians and Chinese, and many other great nations who have been inspired by the sons and daughters of The Garden of Eden.

I had found an incredibly enlightening statement in a few references, 'that these so called strong men of Iraq is somewhat of a newly misunderstood phenomenon; not the men, but the place being run by these men, as they say, unjustly applying the wrong stigmas to the wrong aspects of such a complex situation. Now having the trouble associated with the country and its citizen rather than these radical / terroristic / strong-men of Islam. And thus these men, bringing with them, what a few of the great writers have also called radical Islam, the violent and turbulent aspect of Islam, which is caused by these strong-men; not 'radical Islam' or liberated Islam but terroristic Islam, thus the difference being that it's looked at from the wrong perspective to try and understand what's going on and thus to try and deal with it appropriately. Applying the stigma or stereotype to all its peoples. But my latest indulged venture into a new world, Islam; I made a rather lucky pick and grabbed a book by (Imam Feisal Abdul Rauf, Called What's Right With Islam A new Vision for Muslims and the West) , where he describes and compares early and present Islam, using the 'Abrahamic ethic', as the pivot, as he correlates main attributes in the designing of the foundation of American government; The Constitution and Declaration of Independence...

In 1776, a century and a half after the Pilgrims landed in the New World, America's founders gathered in Philadelphia and drafted the Declaration of Independence, which dissolved the political ties that had bound the American people to Great Britain. Eleven years later, many of the same founders met again to draft a plan for governing the new nation; the Constitution of the United States. Whereas the Declaration outlined the founders' moral vision and the government it implied, the constitution amplified and worked out the system of government that expressed the values of the Declaration. These two documents together describe the supreme values and fundamental laws of America. As such they are the set of overall beliefs, creed, or 'religion' under which all Americans operate.

Grounding itself in reason, just as the Quran and the Abrahamic ethic did in asserting the self-evident oneness of god, the Declaration opens with the most important line in the document. 'We hold these Truths to be self-evident.' The

language evokes the long tradition of natural law, which holds that there is a higher law of right and wrong from which to derive human law and against which human laws may be-and ought to be-measured. It is not political will but moral reasoning accessible to all that is the foundation of the American political system.

To Muslims, the law decreed by God is called the Shariah, and therefore the 'Laws of Nature and of Nature's God'are by definition Shariah law. It is a law that has to appeal to human reason and be in accord with human nature, informing us that 'a community based on ideas held in common is a far more advanced manifestation of human location...'

What's right about America is its Declaration of Independence, for it embodies and restates the core values of the Abrahamic, and thus also the Islamic, ethic. Since human liberty is one of its aims, and reason the method by which we justify our political order, then the cardinal moral truths from the Declaration of Independence that flesh out the Abrahamic ethic are:

That all Men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness-that to secure these Rights, Governments are instituted among men, deriving their just Powers from Consent of the Governed.

As defined by our rights, we are equal, no one human being has rights superior to those of another human... (Faesal Abdul Rauf)

Otradom Pelogo

1) A Prayer From Mrs. Garcia (Poetry Bio)

A salute and a smile with a simple look
Along with a hello, subtle and by the book
A sweet eloquence to regale my dole
With a soft voice to emblazon my soul
Surely it was a perceptive greeting
Along with our best and last meeting

The Constituent's Prayer

May all that so gallantly gait forward, no matter where they hail from on this hallowed but dainty path, be not dashed with the balky trials that precede calamity and walk abreast balderdash and gab

For sometimes these things emanate a facade of eloquence and can relentlessly vie to emaciate and ebb away spiritual integrity

And still there is a gargantuan task of darning those who have already been bamboozled and debauched by those things, which may even seem to be affluent

For even those things which stand as an edifice, can sometimes obfuscate the heart and mind

Although many have slipped away, out of our grasp into the abyss, their convictions were neither banal nor facile.

Therefore let us be as zealous in trying to guide them back upon the path of prudence and virtue.

We are convinced that our ideology of Peace love and God is judicious, therefore we pray that our strength is more than effectual as we jut forth along with the wisdom we have attained in this world

We embalm the philosophy of Peace love and God without negligence to anyone, and seek the lavishness of our Lord's word; wisdom, knowledge and understanding into every facet of our life, along with the eloquent virtues that we cling to in the immense of martyrdom.

Therefore we vie against spiritual vapidness, with faith as our totem, like a tinge of light from a quasi-stellar projectile, which gales into infinity.

We stand here because God had painted our history with small and great

tableaus of resurrections.

Our quorum zealously seeks patience along with our rabid quest to discern between answers juxtaposed the opaque and even those, which are clearly put before us, which can sometimes lead us into the abyss.

But even on laden days, when our conscience is more acquiescent because of an inclined itinerary, we must realize that answers are here also;
Not just in immaculate victories told on happier days.

Ratification of the truth that there is much that we cannot resolve until we have our work done, is sanctioned and canonized by this senate, and will also obviate the trauntness of our hearts.

In times of a more variant ambiance, when dilemmas, for an hour, tries to come and debauched the soul with a sardonic temperament and perspective, let us stand proud abreast virtue, like the equestrian does beside the faithful stead, in the hippodrome, at their greatest hour
Then let it be virtue that the heart cohabits with, so when it is moved, it shall move with us. Hallelujah.

This day, we shall commute a life of pious indignation, to fuel a perpetual quest, for that one night when we were saved, 'by the hand that delivered Isaac from his father'.

Otradom Pelogo

1) Beautiful Women Amongst Beautiful Women (Turkey & The Lom) (From Songs From The Women Of The Lom)

Some of the times, I meet a person, talk to them for a while and even befriend them, even if for the little time that I get to know them, and it may be a while before I see them again, but within that time frame of having not seen them, though having thought about them on a continuous basis, that I, I guess like a lot of people, unless you have a photographic memory, can't remember every detail; which I found rather amusing after talking to a young lady. I was sitting in front of Popeye's on Al Rigga Rd., one of the main strips in Dubai, when I began talking to a young Turkish lady while having a cup of coffee on a nice January afternoon. We must have sat there and talked for over an hour, she even introduced me to one of her friends, and was about to help me find a hotel room after I had decided to spend an extra night since I was having such a wonderful time there. And I may have seen her a few times there sitting inside having a light lunch, while I usually sit outside, wait on a drink or a bite to eat and enjoy the passing by of so many different peoples, since it's a nice area, sort of the shopping and dining district, and thus the sidewalks are lined from one end of several blocks to the other with tables and chairs where if instead of sitting inside and having a cup of coffee or a bite to eat, you can order and have the waitress bring you food out to you at your table.

After we said our goodbyes and parted, I had, like I usually do, especially after just meeting someone that has made you feel really nice, been thinking about her; the type of person that she was, the way she looked, talked, even to try and imagine what she does when back home, or the days that I will not see her after leaving Dubai, and had, by the next day, let it somewhat subside into that part of the mind where it's called on when needed. I then had coincidentally run into her the following day, and knew that it was her, although she sat at the table before coming over, and gazed out of the window, from what seemed to be one of her favorite spots, also where we had met the day before, Popeye's, which in Arabic is spelled with a B (or the Arabic Ba) instead of a P, since the Arabic alphabet doesn't have a P, and was therefore glad that she had, after almost ten or fifteen minutes, had decided to come over before leaving to say hello; she was sitting with a few friends, therefore I didn't want to intrude, which made it even more exciting seeing her walk up and say hello. Yet I realized that although I had been thinking about her since we had sat there for over an hour and talked to one another, that she seemed even more beautiful than what I had imagined, and found it incredibly amusing to the point that I had almost told her. I had told

her the last time that we had met, but this was the subconscious brooding that's kept inside, and was even more glad that I had seen her once more, to add back what my mind had taken away, and surely wouldn't have replaced, even that which I wondered had she realized; someone more beautiful than she or I could have imagined.

'Verily I say unto you, wheresoever this gospel shall be preached in the whole world, there shall also this, that this woman hath done, be told for a memorial of her'.

(And all children of Otradom PeloGo)

(Observe and Travel with Wisdom

Peace, Love, and God be with You)

Otradom PeloGo

Otradom Pelogo

1) Brenda's Song - America (From Songs From The Women Of The L. O. M.)

Brenda's Song

I had either lost my debit card or it had been frozen by the bank, thus almost literally being stranded in the Middle East, not being able to get to my funds, which would have easily turned a progressing nightmare, once again into an overdue vacation, but the former, disaster, was vying incredibly hard to be victorious, and the only person that I knew on the outside who could help me figure out what was going on, was Brenda, my youngest sister, who would have to call banks, foreign currency exchanges and struggle with the time zones to constantly try to track and coordinate the differences; though because of the time differences, at one, two and three o'clock in the morning so that the exchanges would be open after transactions had been sent and completed. She is no advent at taking care of business, for if I had her mental dexterity, I would have twice as much completed, in just about everything that I pursue; seeing her work around the clock, literally, and quite often; and by the age of forty, already having put in twenty years in the same business. Starting from the bottom and climbing the vertical ladder, breaking through, whether it being glass ceiling or removing the proverbial top from the metaphoric glass jar that many of us struggle with on a day to day basis, while teaching and working with children; a most fastidious affair.

In the below piece on the pope, suddenly, in retrospection, did I remembered writing that there was a strange relationship between women and myself; a message that they were trying to communicate to me, and later below, in a prayer that I had written, so not to forget such an astounding message, that at that moment I could not do anything with, I put in a prayer, stating that it was the Year of the Woman. And only until recently could I truly put the pieces together that I had struggled to try and understand after seeing how arduously, myself, my sister Brenda and this small group of women worked through a trying austerity to keep calm a worsening affair or should I say a worsening foreign affair, until recently.

I was reading a book by Joseph Stiglitz, believe or not, the Nobel Prize winner in economics, and former board member of, I think, the World Bank, and ironically enough, thinking about this dilemma, where he states that it represents a regime and later even more explicitly stated, a mindset change, and though it's one that takes time to come about, and it's not an understatement, for I have thought about it frequently; though the dream is wished for so often to see, without obstacles and prejudices; women working with and alongside of men at every level to, as they say, achieve the desired outcome.

Joseph Stiglitz (Foreign Affairs: Why Women Matter) 2003)

'Much like human rights a generation ago, women's rights were long considered too controversial for mainstream foreign policy. For decades, international development agencies skirted gender issues in highly patriarchal societies. Now, however, they increasingly see women's empowerment as critical to their mandate. The Asian Development Bank is promoting gender-sensitive judicial and police reforms in Pakistan, for example, and the World Bank supports training for female political candidates in Morocco. The United States, too, is increasingly embracing women's rights, as a way not only to foster democracy, but also to promote development, curb extremism, and fight terrorism, all core strategic objectives.

The resolution will be critical to progress in these countries, for those that suppress women are likely to stagnate economically, fail to develop democratic institutions, and become more prone to extremism.

Female education also boots agricultural productivity. World Bank studies indicate that, in areas where women have very little schooling, providing them with at least another year of primary education is a better way to raise farm yields than increasing access to land or fertilizer usage. As men increasingly seek jobs away from farms, women become more responsible for managing the land. Because women tend to cultivate different crops than their husbands do, they cannot rely on men for training and need their own access to relevant information. As land grows scarcer and fertilizers yield diminishing returns, the next revolution in agricultural productivity may well be driven by women's education.'

Otradom Pelogo

1) Charlene's Song - America (From Songs From The Women Of The L.O.M.) (Poetry / Bio)

Charlene's Song

Tethered to Life by Virtue

To go back to the beginning seems similar to piecing together
the phylogeny of our speciation

Then even more enlightened knowing that we met juxtaposed another
predestined quest, desegregation

But the collage begins to appear as it did before from the vat of life's
Large gratuitous phylactery

And still as euphoric and soothing, and like the craft of Faberge', still
somewhat of a romantic mystery

I was glad to hear that the other day, you were pushed by a heart empathetic
And compassionate as well as zealous

And I realized I still had part of it, which ranged from botanical
To political to religious

When I think back to the days of swings at Alice Keith, sitting by the waters at
Sabine Pass, it can seem facetious

But watching the stars in their serious but frolicsome nature, I realize it wasn't
really at all that capricious

Even now when I close my eyes, I can hear the ballads you sang from 'Silent
Night' to the many whys of martyrdom

And realize that those whys are answered
With a most efficacious persistence
Which is why I call you an Otradom

I hear the guttural hymns of the winds after having benevolently fostered the
sun back into the morning skies

Birds sing out the order of ascent,
Canines beckon their neighbors,
Kids sit abreast; one laughs, one cries

At the beginning of the season, you fashioned my heart, the greatest gift of the
virtuous knight

And by the end of the summer, those wounds had formed a crest, and created
a greater sight

The day I heard that the throes of life was a simple appendix, I rejoiced with
hallelujah

And after touring with Motley Crew,
Luther Vandrose and the Guys only widened my panorama

There are really 'no good guys or bad guys'
as the song so eloquently says

I only wished I had written this years ago, and wished you happier days

Like the prayer Otradom PeloGo, the love you shared helped me through the
days my mind was in a martial disposition

And I now realize that its only more venerated with judicial interposition

It wasn't until the time we spent in San Diego, that I realized
that my heart was not only wanton but obstinate

And that when the other half was joined to it, it became complete as well as
immaculate

As we sailed the waters to Sapporo, and danced with the children from igloo to
ice castle

The fact that I'm glad that half of my hearts is still in Misawa is regaling as well
as veritable

Its sometimes takes more than words to express the love between me and you

Therefore it's the last wish on the list, one that means the constituents are
not only coupled with love, but also tethered with virtue

Even after the semester ends, traveling around the world seems to only extend the trek, not allay

Then is embraced with affection while playing scrabble with Joe and Alta Mae

Then walking through an extravaganza of memories books toys and clothes, so fastidiously keen

While sorting out the favorite pictures of Charles, Jay and Arlene

While sitting with Joshua, Solomon, and Desiree, I realized life can be so enigmatic as well as eleemosynary

So I only advise applying prudence as well as virtue when deciding which hand delivered the one called Billy

The advise I've gotten from friends and family has only made me wise as I brood and roam

And although there is only one place we can call ours, there are a million we can call home

There are times I wonder how things will turn out, how we're going to make it

Then there are times that I can easily overcome when just thinking about walking through the Big Thicket

Even now I feel that because we can overcome the past makes life as simple as walking on black ice

And although it may never be perfect,
It's the effort, which I've seen, which makes it a worthy price

As we ran like children from the Aqua Festival, Lake Travis, and even to the top of the Austin dam

Only to become more exhilarated as we raced through the streets of Korea as guests of Uncle Sam

I still set things on fire, and promise to keep such an expensive point of view

And after the fourteen years of going through it all, I still promise to keep such an expensive I love you

After flying the ferrous wings of wisdom from here to the heart of the Oakland and San Francisco Bay

I've learned to love all things, respect all things, and call all things except you and me

Go Pe (God's People)

Most of the time I would like to be pragmatic, rational, but I desire for you that part of my heart remain contumacious

And desire for us, that it remains open, loyal, virtuous, and yet ostentatious

Otradom Pelogo

1) Cheryl's Song: A Proposal To Write Music (From Songs Of The Women Of The L.O.M.)

Cheryl's Song: A Proposal To Compose Music

Proposal to write the music for Christmas In The Halls Of Scholarship

I had also written within the novel *Stasis & Poreris* a chapter called Christmas in the Halls of Scholarship. I sat down one day (of course it took several days) and wrote the music for it that was played only with the guitar. I had to write it twice, but now with inexpensive gigabytes and tetrabytes all over the place, no more floppy discs, and the presence of clouds not only outside but on my computer, files are much safer and manageable. (AKA - Lost; due to all of the above, the first draft was lost) . After all of this, of course I'm certain that the second piece of music could be quite different from the first; having clouds in my head (to keep track of it all) or my head in the clouds should soon be here (the future) ...

In 2013 while working on the investing portfolios and talking to some old friends via the internet, and because this was between Thanksgiving and Christmas, I took the notes (letters of the notes of Christmas In The Halls of Scholarship) and put the title Season's Greetings above them (above the notes) and put them on each post (via Facebook) , initiated by me or responded to by me. I first sent it to Cheryl. Cheryl, in the eighth grade at Odom Jr. High School at the age of 12 or 13, was the stand-in piano player for Mrs. Jones, the music teacher, when she needed to give more direct and intimidating instructions for the upcoming UIL Choir Competition, which we won two years in a row. It was some time ago. But the next post from her (Cheryl Black-Fitzpatrick, of course it was just Cheryl Black back then) was a picture of her playing on a child size piano

This was right before Thanksgiving, so I went ahead and posted what I called my Black Friday Portfolio. The Black Friday Portfolio of course was for the day after Thanksgiving, Friday (or rather Black Friday) , the biggest sales day of the year. It was a small portfolio with about five stocks that would take advantage of the big spike of sales in the retail sector, which I associated with a spike in the volume of stocks bought about the same time on the US stock markets. They were stocks from my main portfolio used just for that event, somewhat of a day trader's style of investing. I use each method, from day trading, to swing trading to value trading (year to end trading) . In about two posts, I put the entire event. Although it was a new and fun concept, it also gave me the opportunity to

convey a couple of ideas to Cheryl and some childhood friends, and which I'm sure that some of them and many others could use.

So besides trying to about thirty years of catching up, of course I suggested forming an investment group (though it was a spur of the moment idea, one that I wanted to see also how it sounded) . So I posted the Cheat Sheet, explaining what it was and how it would aid in personal investing, or as I said, aid a group of people that had thought about getting an investment group together. The Cheat Sheet of course was a page or two of vital key statistics, ratios and formulas. As I said, this was on Facebook, so I didn't go into great detail other than the Cheat Sheet, which became The Triage Form, a more descriptive name (to make a quick assessment) . But after having talked with my friends for a couple of weeks, I was certain that they could, either as a group or independently, put the idea together. I eventually turned the idea into a proposal and mailed a copy to the President (President Barack H. Obama) , as much as being a concerned and active citizen. Somewhat the motif of this whole affair (a group of concerned, enlightened and active friends)

Of course I sent one to Cheryl; besides posting some of her poetry and sharing some of the things she was involved in, she was also posting some of the beautiful people that she worked with as a beautician and hairstylist. I was certain that would have been just about more than she could have handled. Then with my past knowledge of her and doing a little more research, which added to that list: a child prodigy (musician) , a double laureate, university professor and Associate Heat of one of the university departments. So I was certain, if there was any time available, Cheryl would definitely be one of my childhood friends who was able to put it together.

I sent one to Alex, one of our classmates that we grew up with, since after the military, he was now working as a counselor for a social service neighborhood group, which is one of the target groups that I thought could really benefit from a program like that. Rufus, like Alex, a good friend, had a picture of himself with the Burj Al Arab (The Dome of Arabia) in Dubai in the background. Because of having spent some time there (in the city of Dubai) while working overseas and incorporating several people from the city of Dubai that I had met into a lot of the writing that I did, especially from a sociological perspective, a lot of which was written there in the city of Dubai, I sent him (Rufus) one also. Sometime afterwards, Rufus posted that he had decided to open a personal security service business. I had read about it while working overseas, and that it could be a really lucrative business venture. And Jeff made three (The Three White Soldiers; a sign of good things to come...) . Jeff, who was the wide receiver our senior year, had a picture of himself in uniform along with his family, who lived

across the street back in the old neighborhood. He seemed quite active at that time, putting to use, all that he learned over the many hears here and there. About two years later, I was updating some of my work as a writer, somewhat making the transition to the IOS (Internet Operating System, which is part of the terminology used when referring to the new wave of technology like the iPhone, drones and tablets, etc. I had tried to see if I could make Christmas In The Halls of Scholarship an event by itself like Clement Clarke Moore's Twas The Night Before Christmas, or Charles Shultz's Charlie Brown, and the other great family traditional shows that we enjoy watching every year. I was going to make a small book out of it, or a short video on the local cable access channel, of course with music. So once again, I sent Cheryl a proposal, this time to see if she would be interested in writing the music for it.

Dear Mrs. Cheryl Black Fitzpatrick,

I am a local writer, who grew up in Beaumont, Texas but now resides in Austin, Texas. Offer to you Christmas In The Halls of Scholarship, which I'm certain that everyone will love as well as be enlightened by its content.

Christmas In The Halls Of Scholarship is an excerpt from the main novel that I wrote called Stasis & Poreris. The piece opens with the main characters (the protagonists) in the most pernicious and exciting part of the novel, where they struggle to stop the forces of evil; a group of ruthless business leaders stealing valuable information from other computer corporations, who demand their help or otherwise face death. All of the main characters walk out except Stasis, the young lady that they befriend who was sent from a parallel world to help bring back Ben. Ben of course is the leader of the group of corrupt business leaders, and who they later realize is Stasis' father.

This chapter sets the stage for the plot just before moving into the Halls of Scholarship, an auditorium where a Christmas performance is being held for the Capitol city (in Austin, Texas) . Where Stasis, one of the two lead characters meets up with an older gentleman who skates out into the center of the room to meet her; they are sitting on a bench, and begin to talk to one another (in a series of prose and poetry) , before parting again, but this time as part of a Christmas performance. The opening chapter tells about their first and pernicious parting.

Being the age of technology, the worldwide age of the internet, and now the age of POD (Print On Demand) , along with all of the different types of tablets and smartphones out there, Christmas In The Halls of Scholarship can easily be found, and read on the internet, with excerpts and press releases, and downloaded if desired, and at different websites around the globe hosting it by your contacts and clients.

Your childhood friend and admirer,
Otradom Pelogo

Otradam Pelogo

1) Grand Mathilda - America (From Affine Tree)

(Prose / Bio)

My mom is sixty-four; will be sixty-five April the twenty-seventh. I just got off of the phone with her, ironically; a few people to be more precise; my mom and sister; trying to increase the tolerance level, making the bonds stronger, and as one would say, keeping the lines of communications open. This morning I went by to have a cup of coffee; since I moved here, I don't go by very much, so whenever I have the chance, I call and invite myself over for a hot cup of coffee or just a short and cordial conversation.

Usually I call home with nothing in particular to say; how is everything going, who's all there, what's for dinner, or did I get any mail; five minutes or so and say good-bye. One day it was okra, sometimes pork chops, fried chicken, sometimes gumbo; and she usually offers; but an hour walk over to her house or just as long transferring on buses, makes the acceptance rare.

My relationship with my mother has taken a progressive and even pragmatic course; I'm sure I was the most loved child when younger, of the five of us, but I'm sure we all thought that. Though as I have become older, I can see the relationship that she has with the rest of the family, I think it's all shared equally. Yet over the last several years, I think that I probably found myself saying the least, though seeing the bond between Barbara and her grow more than ever before. Barbara is the oldest, and their relationship has taken the opposite course; saying more over the years as we have grown older, or rather more mature; thus their relationship has grown tremendously. And even being more surprised as how close the bond between Gary, my younger brother, the youngest child in the family, has also grown, and the bonds between Clinton Jr., my oldest brother and Brenda, my youngest sister; I guess noticing the way that we have changed over the years, though something that I wouldn't have noticed when I was younger, but have truly appreciated being able to see it form and mature over the last several years. So that makes two brothers and two sisters, a mom and a dad; I think two and half is supposed to be the size of a normal family, but apparently my mom and dad tried to improve on that; my friend that I grew up with, his mom had sixteen kids.

My dad and Mom are about the same age; though I think that my dad may be a year younger; they are both from Louisiana; my mom from Saint Martinsville, and my dad from Shatan or I think he said the name changed later to Ville Platt.

When I called she said that he had gone to work for the day; to one of the day labors; I think last week she said that he may start driving a truck again; 'Here comes that leviathan', Here comes the battle of the tireless with eighteen wheels; he has been driving for as long as I can remember, and even had the chance as a kid to go out with him a couple of times when he worked for Steadman, a paper recycling company where we would pick up bails of paper and take them to the warehouse. But all of the above reasons make calling home of course almost a natural response.

But as I said, the phone call seems to take on a pattern of a cordial family phone call that I have been familiar with all of my life, and one that causes even a subconscious awareness of those we love without putting it together until something extraordinary, either good or bad, causes it to make a profound plea for manifestation.

Ironically enough, it's my mom's birthday, so we'll go over to wish her what you would call a happy birthday, though about my mom's and dad's age, they usually admonish you for having brought too many candles. I called her yesterday just to say hello, and talked for a while, and told her that I would go by on her birthday.

I saw Clinton Jr. and his wife Sibil last Sunday; Easter Sunday, and told them the same. They came to pick me up and gave me a ride over to my mom's house for Easter supper in one of the smaller leviathans with four wheels and five doors called a blue van, which between the plate that I had over there and the one she gave me to take with me, has kept me filled even until today. When I called yesterday she said that she and my dad were sitting outside; that was about six o'clock; sometimes they grab a couple of chairs, a cup of coffee and sit outside just as it begins to cool off a little before the setting of the sun. She told me that her granddaughter, my niece, was glad for the Barbie doll that I bought her, and I will have to pick up something for her older brother also.

Barbara, since she works the afternoons was probably there with her son or rather, my mom told me that they had gone to the store, every now and then, they jump into the car just to go out for a little drive before coming in for the evening. Brenda may have been still at work; she usually stops by on her way home. I asked her how was school going, she said that she was taking six hours and would probably take nine or twelve next semester. I told her that I just called to say hello after getting in from work.

I asked my Mom did she want me to pick her up something; she said a chicken, and some cooking oil; my mom cooks rather well; there is just about nothing that I wouldn't eat that she cooks, except cabbage, mustard greens or okra;

where I lost the taste for it, I have no idea; but I look forward to seeing the grandkids learning how to cook or bake something themselves. I don't know how they see handing down the art of cooking; either as a secret or cultural heritage; I've tried to get her to teach me a couple of times but never really caught on; though my mom's brother; Chris, is a great cook; something that he probably got from his mom; my grandmother. So our first venture will be a trip over to grandma's house.

Love, Otradam

Otradam Pelogo

1) Grand Mathilda And Her Cohorts - America (From The Motivation To Invest / The Motivation To Win) (Prose / Bio)

'My Mom and Dad (Hilda Mae and Clinton Thomas Sr.) are extra motivators when taking on arduous ventures, (and it goes for their cohorts, those their age in general, as much) . Being born in the post-Great Depression era, in the 30's, in Louisiana, like for the rest of America, was trying enough, coupled with being black parents in the segregated south in the 40's 50's and 60's, made life at that time even more challenging. At the age of five, my mother being one of the oldest of ten children along with my grandparents who packed everything into boxes and put them on back of the truck, headed to Texas from St Martinsville, Louisiana. My dad from Shatan or I think he said the name changed later to Ville Platt.

My Mom and Dad worked hard, taught us how to pray each day, respect and love one another, supported and encouraged me and my siblings, they also taught us to enjoy working (which each one of us had worked somewhere before graduating from high school.) , would be the second motivator. Although I started working at the age of eleven or twelve, there was very little at the end of the week to save, and little reason to save with the amount I would get working part-time.

By the time I was twelve, I had worked before, like most eager children at that age had wished to do but couldn't. My Dad, besides being a truck driver was somewhat of a handy-man, and thus I can remember doing odd jobs with him, from working with people renovating their homes, to helping unload bails of paper for the Standard Paper Co. that he worked for as a truck driver.

I threw Grit (America's Greatest Family Newspaper Inc.) with Clinton Jr., my older brother, a bundle of weekly newspapers, which they would mail to him, sort of a thrift magazine, that he would get paid for by walking door to door and selling a single copy to whoever would listen long enough and buy one each week. On Saturdays, my Mom would give me permission along with a small loan for gas, to walk down to the house at the end of the block and rent a lawnmower from Albert, the neighborhood mechanic who of course repaired lawnmowers in his garage and rented them out, to cut the neighbor's yards for extra money. Then of course, I delivered the local city paper, like a lot of young boys at that age, The Beaumont Enterprise and Journal.

One day after getting home from school, my oldest sister, Barbara, called me and told me that they needed someone to work where she was working at; I was

in the seventh grade, so she must have been in the twelfth grade, since she is five years older than me and started school a year earlier. The local university, Lamar University, was about two miles away from where I went to school, and thus it would make the perfect after school part-time job. So I would walk about a mile to school in the morning, then after school two miles to work, and though my Dad would pick me up most of the times from work, sometimes I would walk the three or so miles home in the evening (A mile to school, two miles to work and three miles back home) .

I had an early growth spurt, and then, those who were taller were usually asked to do more, from school, to sports, and to work; so at 3: 00 pm, off to work I would go. My sister and aunt worked there during the day in the kitchen as cooks and my Mom worked there at night as a custodian, and then as a chef the next morning on her second job, downtown at one of the best cafes in the city, called Whitby's.

And that growth spurt also allowed me to get one of the easily minted social-security cards, and an I. D. with whatever age I or anyone else would tell the clerk; so from eleven or twelve one day to sixteen or seventeen the next (just to start working at an early age) , which was the age one had to be to work in 1978. Being one of the few kids who worked and thus had my own money, was an experience that would last a life time.

I worked there for a year, at the university, one of the top ten engineering schools in the country, then took over for my older brother as a sacker at the local grocer named Giant Foods owned by a good friend of his named Richard; the Ferguson's owned a couple stores in the area, and later moved to a cashier's position after my brother joined the army; of course, I still needed the fake social security card and I. D.

I was born in 1964, Martin Luther King Jr. was still alive, but of course I was too young to have understood the intensity of the atmosphere of the civil rights movement, and the reasons which it was being propelled. And thus, even today, although there is still inequality, though not compared to then, and being a black family struggling in the south to make, it becomes difficulty to try and give an empathetic account of what one was going through at that time. After twenty, thirty and forty years working, and like my Mom, two jobs, raising a family, being good employees, friends and citizens, helping build the company that they worked for, along with the city and country where they lived, for what was, for a lot of people, average if not below average wages, especially for minorities and women. And thus end up with a fraction of what they could have had based on how much more we now put into finance (and personal finance) , investing (and personal investing) and employee benefits.

Also, at that time in American history, there were not too many ways that either they (my parents) or the company that they worked for, to invest what was left over after all of the above, plus paying the bills. Although it's not the 30's,40's,50's or even the 60's, the new millennium has a lot of the same problems, some which should have gotten better that hasn't, like the wage disparity/difference, not having kept up as it should have, and the word inequality replacing segregation and racism whether it be in the south, north, east or west. But like then, whether it is trying to deal with the post-Great Depression Era, propelling the impetus of a Civil Rights Movement or creating a personal investing program which aids in changing the high fail-rate to a higher success-rate, we have to, and have the ability to work on those problems

Otradom Pelogo

1) Haiette's Song - Nigeria/Europe/The Middle East (From) Songs From The Women Of The L.O.M.

Haiette's Song

One night I was lucky enough, even for the first time, to sit down and talk with a woman who said that she was from Africa, and when asking what country in Africa, she said that she was from Nigeria. The way she was dressed and how stylishly sexy she looked, I could have seen her on the cover of Mademoiselle or Vogue, the New York City dancer or choreographer on a hiatus in the Netherlands. With a creamy complexion who said she was Nigerian, and with a natural Arabic accent, I'm not sure if my mind ever put the pieces together. Even a body that I had never honestly seen before; where there should have been muscle definition, it seemed smooth, milky and soft. She told me her name was Haiette, she said that it's an Arabic word that means 'life' before she got up and left, and I guess like the women above, all I will have of her and them, is a lifetime of a wonderful meeting, one that will have, excuse the expression, saved my life, least made it complete.

(This is an excerpt from the novel Stasis & Poreris...

Sgt. Haiette (One of the police detectives investigating the corporate crimes being caused by Ben, the antagonist of the novel))

Chapter Forty-Four

The Detectives Find Love

Sgt. Haiette - First of all Dr. Smart, we would like to work with you, not against you; it was only by chance that we discovered what happened at your hospital yesterday. We were at the hospital across town, checking through files of people who may have come in like your patient. Although we didn't find any such cases, while we were there, a woman came in who suffered a heart attack. A witness who was there came with her also. What captured our attention and made the other doctors grin was the woman who helped the lady; I'm no doctor, but we waited for the results and it was a minor heart attack. But the witness claimed that the woman who administered CPR did it by grabbing the young woman by the head without pushing on her chest or breathing into her mouth. They said that the woman who helped her dizzily walked away as if she were about to faint. A guy followed her. Now usually I would have walked away and just considered it coincidence or some type of miraculous phenomenon that saved the woman's life. But it made me think that although a remote chance, that it could be tied into what has been happening, and that's the same thing that happened to your

patient... So we went to every hospital and clinic in town, until we came to yours. Maggie - And the woman who saved the other woman's life doesn't remember any of it or remember the guy who supposedly helped her when she was about to pass out.

Chapter Seventy-Eight

Haiette's Ancient Praenomen

One night while walking back to his hotel room through the streets of Dubai, Poreris was lucky enough, even for the first time, to sit down and talk with a woman who said that she was from Africa, and when asking what country in Africa, she said that she was from Nigeria. The way she was dressed and how stylishly sexy she looked, he could have seen her on the cover of *Mademoiselle* or *Vogue*, the New York City dancer or choreographer on a hiatus in the U.A.E. and the Netherlands. With a creamy complexion who said she was Nigerian, and with a natural Arabic accent, he's not sure if his mind ever put the pieces together. Even a body that he had never honestly seen before; where there should have been muscle definition, it seemed smooth, milky and soft. She told him her name was Haiette, it's an Arabic word that means 'life'. And after opening the laptop while she sat there in front of him trying to figure out just as much about his world as he was trying to figure out about hers, pictures that he had taken while driving through the streets of Baghdad popped up onto the screen. She then suddenly pronounced in an excited and surprised voice; one that he had recently become familiar with, and couldn't have mistaken it, while she walked up to the laptop, amongst the giant eighteen-wheel leviathans, the military personnel, chopped as to protect the logistics of OPSEC, thus being a passing through of a random neighborhood, with certainty, stated that it was Iraq. A place, while hurrying to close the laptop, he was certain was even more familiar to her than he could have possibly imagined. And without hesitating, she asks him to tell her about his ventures in Mesopotamia; Iraq's ancient praenomen.

Otradom Pelogo

1) Julia's Song - America Letter From Baghdad (From) Songs From The Women Of The L.O.M.)

I ran into Julia, a lady I met at BIAP who had come over to help out when it had gotten really busy, we talked on several occasions within the two week period that she was there. The morning that she was leaving, I was walking out of the warehouse to my truck and stopped and told her goodbye, walked up to her to shake her hand, and found myself giving her a small soft kiss on the cheek before heading out on a convoy. The other evening, we, like we always stop and say hello, or even a 'hay', when I reached out to shake her hand, I guess subconsciously feeling to see if it was alright to give her a hug also, and lightly put my arms around her and gave her a light kiss on the cheek, which made me feel good inside, and she seemed equally as happy to see me, though our meeting each time are only minutes long at the most.

And incredibly enough, she was sent all the way from Anaconda, along with a few other people, where we slept in the warehouse until permanent housing was constructed; ironically, we both left before moving out of the warehouse, and headed back to Anaconda where we started off. I got there in January of 2004, but I think that she may have gotten there a couple months before I did. And like myself, she started off in the reefer section, then transferred to the Tanker Division, which she says that she likes much better, though I tell people the doing something different only makes the time, I guess when looking back in retrospection, seemed to zoom by.

The next day I saw her, she had a pink shirt and jeans, her hair down to her shoulders, though I've always thought from the first time seeing her that she was a very beautiful woman, and wondered why, for some reason, seemed incredibly nice to me, but yet somewhat elusive when that feeling seems to prompt me to get closer. It's nice knowing that she's a sweet person that makes me feel good whenever I see her.

She is the first female driver that I have seen, though we met at the BIAP mail room, which because of the rotation of the troops, it became one of the busiest places in Iraq, where they basically got everyone who could lend a hand to help out.

And incredibly enough, she was sent all the way from Anaconda, along with a few other people, where we slept in the warehouse until permanent housing was constructed; ironically, we both left before moving out of the warehouse, and

headed back to Anaconda where we started off. I got there in January of 2004, but I think that she may have gotten there a couple months before I did. And like myself, she started off in the reefer section, then transferred to the Tanker Division, which she says that she likes much better, though I tell people the doing something different only makes the time, I guess when looking back in retrospection, seemed to zoom by.

Otredom Pelogo

1) Larissa's Song - France/Armenia (From) Songs From The Women Of The L.O.M.

I incorporated Larissa's Song (which was taken straight out of my journal, word for word, written shortly after visiting Paris in 2005) into the novel Stasis & Poreris. In this chapter Larissa is sitting with a group of people waiting on an interview for a new job that that they all applied for due to being in transition (a new phase of their life...) But this interview will be held on the realm of their (imagination) . The interviewers had planned on putting them under a trance once the interview started to incorporate them into their world, a world that will test their morals, virtues and even issues that they consider unlawful.

But while waiting for the interviewers to come and get them, Parallax, a young man about the age of fifteen begins to hand out gifts to them, ironically, gifts that he recently used to rob innocent people of their wealth without them knowing how. Yet this is what's left over after deciding to change his life and go on the interview with the rest of his new friends.

Larissa's gift is a letter hidden in her subconscious that with his ability to read people's minds, he presents it to her...

(from the novel Stasis & Poreris
Chapter XXXVII
Parallax and Empathy)

Paroch, Rita and Laura, their gift came in a briefcase that Parallax hadn't discarded yet. And for Larissa, there was a gift that he prayed that the end, a sentimental and passionate one, would justify the means of how he attained it. He had taken the time, while on his way there, to write her a letter, but one, not from him; he got it from Larissa; one she kept as if it were her own, that delighted here in the unattainable sub conscience, It was from a journal that her curiosity opened, which belonged to a dear friend of what seemed like a not so long ago time and place one night in the romantic city of Paris.

My first night in Paris, France, I had decided to, after having a very long day of doing, of all places, my 'tour of the town' thing, or should I now say 'Tour de France', which had taken me to most of Paris' famous and most beautiful sights. So lying down for the evening, I turned off the lights and just before closing my eyes, I turned on the TV to try and bits and phrases of the French language that

I would be able to use while walking around with the 'How To Speak French' book pulled from my pocket on a continuous basis, though the bonjour, bon soi, monsieur and mademoiselle, is about all that I really attained, least without flipping through the pages every time I met someone. But I guess, the listening too closely, got me out of bed, dressed and heading downtown, where I ended up in a nice little club. I ordered a soft drink and began to sit there and listen to the music, when turning around after being distracted for a moment and finding Larissa sitting there to my side; smiling and politely introducing herself, who said that she was from Armenia.

We ordered champagne; it was my first time there in Paris, as I said, and thus the toast was to a beautiful night in Paris and to a beautiful woman to share it with. We then found a nice comfortable table and sat and talked for about an hour or so; she kept me entertained, as people passed in and out of the club on a nice drizzly night. Telling me about her country, some of the things that a Parisian would do and thus making me, after a very long and exhausting trip there, feel welcomed and at home. I had earlier went to see the famous Eiffel Tower, since someone had told me that it was much more beautiful at night when it lights up, and equally as many people and tour buses are out to see it. And thus we talked about the things to do in Paris, the people that lived there and the life that she lived after arriving in France, like so many others, leaving home to move to France. Unfortunately, my stay there was only a couple of hours long, and after finding a nice conversation after a long day, you hate to have to all of a sudden, leave, which I politely explained, but was even more glad when I saw that she was having equally as good a time as I was, but more importantly enough, that it seemed that she truly enjoyed my company, which made that toast that we started off with, that last words that we said, after ordering another glass of Champaign and lifting our glasses for the last time and once again saying, to a beautiful not in Paris and a beautiful woman to share it with.

Otradom Pelogo

1) Lela's Song - Turkey (From Songs From The Women Of The L. O. M.) (Prose / Bio)

Lela's Song

(I got the idea of the 'Song' while talking to Lela, you'll see as I explain in the following paragraphs, while talking to her one evening and feeling comfortable enough, like she simultaneously did, tried to explain and show her some of the things that I do. I played some of the recordings that I had made some time ago of some of the poetry that I had written to hear how it sounded, for editing purposes, which she only considered interesting. I then sat her down, and after a little while of talking to her, I decided that I wanted to keep her story, 'song', and picked up the computer and began to write it as she sat there watching me compose as much as I could remember her telling me, up until that very moment. At the end of about half a page, I scrolled back up to the top and titled it 'Lela's Song'. I could, though I was myself truly surprised, see that she authentically enjoyed an uncontrollable moment of pleasure, as she sat up and turned her head to the side for only a short moment, the virtuous embarrassment of having someone do something nice for her, before returning back with the mask.)

Lela, Nanya's friend, had seen me come in one late afternoon and walked up to me and went through the motions of preparing to sit down for a long and intriguing conversation, and watched me pass up something that she knew I wanted, ironically the polished product which she was pretending to present to me, when she knew that I was totally preoccupied with a few things on my mind, but something that I had been asking for, subliminally and subconsciously; not only an intimate relationship, here, intimate meaning to have an in-depth conversation, talking beyond the superficial salutations, and being extended where we would, I guess you would say, although it was fate that had brought us together, become friends, but I guess it manifested itself more than even I thought. Only when I had decided that it wasn't there any longer did it appear, and she felt safe enough to play with it, while I sat and had a cup of coffee with way too much on my mind.

Lela is a young and vibrantly beautiful lady; twenty-one years old whom I met in the beautiful city of Dubai. Today, unlike the first time that we met, her hair is streaked with light brown rather than jet black, like the first time that it was when I met her, the streaks of brown, being a fashionable trend, but something that I couldn't help notice, but didn't note, or dare mention, that how lovely she looked with straight ebony black hair sitting just below her shoulders. And I

couldn't help notice as we sat there, how I could see so many faces, not here in the Middle East, but back home, seeing her being mother to many American women I have met in the past and also now; and through her, having a chance to sit and talk with them.

Having been there for four years, leaving a son and mother in Turkey; Istanbul, for like many people, whether Dubai, New York or LA, to find not a better life, but more financial opportunity until one manifest's itself at home. Ironically, her son is only four years old, dramatically enough, leaving him at the age of only six months old, going home whenever the opportunity presents itself to see him, and of course her Mom who keeps him fed, clothed and loved until she returns to assure him that all, if not yet is well, will soon be.

The days, something I tried to find out, even wanted to know about, hasn't been all perfect for Lela, some days have been, God forbid, perpetually a struggle, for I have seen, although with hope, it would only be transitory, those days while traveling through the US from one city to another; trying to find work, a place to stay, etc., but she, with a realistic understanding of her situation, has faith that she will make it. For as I sat there with my mind racing to keep up with her attempt at discretely trying to explain, that life for some of the young ladies there in the Deira district, as with many other places, can be a plight. The adjustments of understanding this had to be made instantaneously and transformed back into a cordial conversation of still discrete empathy, where my thoughts would not be an interruption to our litany, and thus we sat there in a dimly lit room as she continued describing her affair with what life sometimes, as I said, in a providential manner; (providential) , it being a prelude to another life unfolding without true awareness of it, that will still discretely enough deliver many more positive outcomes to a beautiful young lady named Lela.

Of course I struggled still with my advice of trying an orthodox approach of asking about finding work, but I knew that it would be a cliché heard many times, followed by a well prepared answer, for I know after meeting many people while traveling through the US, that there can be many reasons as to why or why not; something, because of all the many different reason, I gave the title, 'A Most Complex Situation', even more so in the Middle East, especially for women. There are many similarities that she apparently spoke of, while even prudently trying to explain her situation, which I have seen throughout America while traveling from coast to coast. Getting enough money to come to Dubai, it is only the beginning of what could possibly be a long road, and after getting there, is when it starts. For she spoke of the issue of rent, trying to earn the money to pay for the apartment on a day to day basis, and having enough left over for even life's basic necessities, which when just starting out, can be very costly until she's able to save up the money for the daily rent. Because of course, she is just

starting out, she want have the money for the rent, or deposit; the things she needs on a daily basis: food, clothing, personal items, and if God doesn't forbid, a personal life where there is a little happiness other than knowing that one day it will turn out right.

I have thought about this, and it can change from relocating to a different country to try and find a better opportunity, which is almost unheard of in America; least migrating to and not from; thus a very bold move to begin with; to homelessness, by it's varied definitions - until one has a permanent place of their own, to what it can change into, though at the moment I'm speaking of the more austere aspects, like becoming complacent or oppressed by an ever present struggle to try and, as they say, 'get ahead'. And though I have seen it manifest itself in many places back home, I couldn't help but have it resurface here while thinking about the people in Iraq about a year and a half ago, when I first started my job overseas. And once more, the reasons are quite diverse as to why people could be going through, although worlds away, similar plights to trying to attain a better life. Ironically I was reading an article on the internet; looking up Chechnya, trying to find out more about the world of Nanya, and it stated that the unemployment rate was about seventy-six percent; I think eight percent would be considered a major recession in the US, and certainly because of the recent happenings in Iraq, making these two places almost identical, as far as the problems that many of the people would be having trying to attain this better lifestyle. Yet I thought it was an overlooked understatement that I had read in *Government and the Economy* by Lane and Ersson, that said that income or GDP of a country and its people, doesn't justify true quality or happiness of life. And thought about both above statements, overcoming austere circumstances and true quality of life, while meeting the people in Iraq for the first time, although from the inside of a cab of an eighteen-wheeler, yet only several feet away if not inches away on many occasions. And seeing them farming, herding, selling merchandise on side of the road; I said that the day that there will be Wal Marts, K Marts and Targets out here, the day the economy starts booming, they will be a really competitive people, which we know that competition makes the pie bigger for everyone, and seeing people, men, women and children living in landfills, along with their livestock, (in the future, even now in America, these are prudent investments) , yet I couldn't help but carry the weight of these two concepts, with the only resolution for either, being that things will get better in the future. Though not as someone looking for answers, but someone with sympathy, I find empathy a very trying word at times, for it's truly hard to put yourself in someone else's shoes when you know that they are going through a trying time. I often hope to one day meet them, in the landfills, herding or selling merchandise on side of the road, for I would attain the same pleasure as meeting them walking down the streets back in my hometown, or

any town, USA. It's something that I couldn't explain or find the words for, and wouldn't dare write until after having the conversation that Lela and I had the evening we were sitting down a thousand miles away in Dubai.

Though like everywhere else I have been, I can see things changing, especially for women, and thought about the book that I recently finished reading on Princess Sultana Al Su'ad's of Saudi Arabia, called Princess Sultana's Circle. It's a story authored by Jean Sasson, where together these two women help describe the oppression of women in the Middle East and plot out a resolution for helping them overcome it. Being a princess of the royal family who prudently is working for women's rights, where troubling enough, her two daughters take a dichotomous trek on the affair. One daughter siding along with her mother's quest for those rights, and the other clinging staunchly with the traditional orthodox Muslim customs. It was a book where when searching through it for notes and certain passages, I found myself reading chapters over again, only to be touched equally as much, and could have seen a passage on the lovely young lady name Lela, seeking a better life with great youth, beauty and potential, yet with the elusive limited access of choices. So I tried surreptitiously, by asking her could I pay for her to take a trip somewhere just to get away for a while, to see where the oppression had settled, though I think it was the accepting so soon, which made her say no more than anything else. We sat and talked several times afterwards before I prepared and headed out on a short journey to Europe for the first time, other than Holland, ironically where the house that harbored a young lady called Ann Frank and her family from the Nazis before being captured and put in a concentration camp is located. This is only a small passage of the time we shared, the rest I shall work out later to find out just as much about life as about this young lady named Lela, and even myself.

Otradom Pelogo

1) Lisa's Song - Taiwan (Epistle & Poetry) (From Songs From The Women Of The L.O.M.)

Lisa's Song

Lisa, I met on my first stop to Dubai, UAE; though she said that she was originally from Taiwan; incredibly attractive, fun and for some reason, more reserved, though reasons I had not asked, but was even more assured that it was much more complicated than she cared to reveal at that particular moment. I asked her to marry me and I could feel her mind, heart and soul, trying and trying not to put it all together, yet she met my proposal with a bold attempt of saying 'when', though to a conversation that, because of those reasons surreptitiously, though I'm sure, piously hidden, wasn't brought up again, even after several times of seeing her, even at her request. For the next that time I saw her, we had coincidentally met at a small café, where we were the only two sitting there; a waitress stood close by and catered to our order, while a bartender stood just as close making sure that whatever we desired was hurriedly tended to; soft music in the background, in a softly lit room that created a romantic aura for the event of two people meeting for a second time after having shared a wonderful previous evening.

She invited me to her apartment and showed me some of the things that she had bought, not with money, but with the gift that came from spending a nice and pleasant evening with someone. I had taken a video of her our first night together; playing with a new toy I had just bought. There was one of the European modeling / designer shows on, and she pretended to walk as if she was one of the models on stage, while I pretended to direct her, as if I were the photographer; ironically I was literally trying to get her to do one thing, when she was trying to do something else; it couldn't have been more original on the first try in a million years. And after looking at it on the video once getting back, I did take it, as we portrayed it that night, added the sensuous music of the imagination and made it the end of my leading characters love scene; it lasts all night, as they lay on the bed, holding one another, while fully dressed, until morning.

As we progress, the world we live in of course becomes more complicated, and simultaneously causing its people to become more diversified. With the technology in communications, global investments, necessities, and even the

demand for recreation, all barriers have virtually been taken down. Culture is no longer considered foreign, but interesting; an incentive to travel, talk, share lives that would have never met only ten or twenty years ago.

But unlike countries, there are not as many and urgent demands that cause individuals to communicate and work together on a continuous basis. There are no laws that say even neighbors must work or communicate together, and very few consequences if they don't, unless there are direct or even indirect threats to their way of life; the latter receiving less attention unless incentives are applied and information is formally distributed.

It is rare when these positions are reversed, when relationships of nations depend on a small group of people and how diplomatic they are between one another, especially when they don't know it. But given that knowledge, even gradually, a difference will occur. But usually enlightenment costs very little and produces great rewards, unless we must be urgently though discretely told and admonished by those who believe we should have already reached a certain stage of diplomacy and cooperation. Whose existence depends how we progress, and whose methods transcend all morals and cultures to get our attention, but with the basic knowledge that if you enlighten the people, they will make the right decisions.

'Enlighten the people generally, and tyranny and oppression of body and mind will vanish like evil spirits at the dawn of day'
(Thomas Jefferson)

Billy's room

Lisa - Take this dream as a prudent omen

Trinity - That washes the land but not its sin

Milana - Whether it be promised or prophecy

Lela - If you can reach your own destiny

Jacquelyn's room

Yvette - Like a storm cloud in hot weather

Maya - Since the worst only makes us work together

Heather - Our past you have the power to create

Kathy - One that's welcomed without debate

Billy's room

Lisa - Time has given you all you need

Trinity - Though it must be watered like a seed

Milana - It can be quite light to carry

Anastasia - Or it can resurrect or it can bury

Jacquelyn's room

Yvette - And a million years for us to agree

Maya - And nurture like a child of society

Rita - Wonders discrete and wonders that are plain

Kathy - Those things which enlighten and entertain.

Billy's room

Lisa - Today has already brought to you

Trinity - If with empathy you try to see through

Milana - Although you all were chosen at random

Lela - To add to it more virtue and wisdom

Jacquelyn's room

Maya - Just to give our world a second chance

Heather - That you will simply find at the dance

Kathy - To believe that you have so great a power

Yvette - Not in a million years, but one hour

Lela - The first sign you'll see will be too great

Lisa - To cause the world to cooperate

(All at once)

The only time you must be formal

Is when the heart and mind

goes back to normal

Otradom Pelogo

1) Mary's Song - Iran (From Songs From The Women Of The L. O. M.) (Prose / Bio)

Mary's Song

There are people that you meet, and most of the time, especially when you don't think that they notice that you are watching them, when they are not looking directly at you, and of course this is what happened; as I have seen her frequently; having talked to her occasionally, and enjoyed seeing her; and I can only say this in retrospect, that she makes me smile inside; and as I continue I'll eventually, though prudently reveal why. One, a person whom you could enjoy looking at as much as talking to, which as I said, I had a chance to do both, and again, only being able to say this in retrospect, was after sitting down on the couch and having a meaningful dialogue with this young lady that will, as much she did myself, enlighten as well as entertain you.

Now she only wears high-heel shoes, forgive me if I'm not an expert on women's fashion, but they are sort of like the open thongs; on the back, sensuously exposing the pink soft flesh of the feet, but where these are, I'm sure the latest in design, also adds several inches to her height; at least two or three easily, but dramatically enough, you wouldn't truly notice it, because she has, forgive me if not intentional, an amusing strut; she does more than just walks, and she waves at me all of the time, so I know, she discretely sees me imbibing her persona, and allowing it to tantalize, I guess I can say, many parts of the senses, and discretely manifesting and uncontrollable yet infatuated and returned glance.

When Mary told me that she was from Iran, I was even more fervidly moved, for many reasons; it brought up a lot of issues; most of them in the news on a daily basis, from religious issues to nuclear proliferation, and I had recently read a really enlightening article on Iran and the issues it brought up as being a global player in today's world, and I recently went back and read once more where the author commented on these events, saying...

'...At one end of the spectrum are the hardest of the hard-liners, who disparage economic and diplomatic considerations and put Iran's security concerns ahead of all others. At the opposite end are pragmatists, who believe that fixing Iran's failing economy must trump all else if the clerical regime is to retain power over the long term. In between these camps waver many of Iran's most important power brokers, who would prefer not to have to choose between bombs and butter'.

This split provides an opportunity for the United States, and its allies in Europe and Asia, to forge a new strategy to derail Iran's drive for nuclear weapons. The West should use its economic clout to strengthen the hand of Iranian pragmatists, who could then argue for slowing, limiting, or shelving Tehran's nuclear program in return for the trade, aid, and investment that Iran badly needs. Only if the mullahs recognize that they have a stark choice -they can have nuclear weapons or a healthy economy, but not both-might they give up their nuclear dreams. With concern over Iran's nuclear aspirations growing, the United States and its allies now have a chance to present Iran with just such an ultimatum.

In an interview in 2002, the pragmatic minister of defense, Ali Shamkhani, warned that the 'existence of nuclear weapons will turn us into a threat to others that could be exploited in a dangerous way to harm our relations with the countries of the region. The economic dimension of nuclear diplomacy is also pushing the pragmatists of multilateral sanctions. 'If there [are] domestic and foreign conflicts, foreign capital will not flow into the country, ' Rafsanjani has warned. 'In fact, such conflicts will lead to the flight of capital from this country. On one course, Iran would agree to give up its nuclear program, accept a comprehensive inspection regime, and end its support for terrorism. In exchange, the United States would lift sanctions and settle Iran's claims over the assets of Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi. The West would also consider bringing Iran into international economic organizations such as the World Trade Organization, granting Iran increased commercial ties, and perhaps even providing it with economic assistance. Western nations could sweeten the deal by agreeing or assisting Iran with its energy needs (the ostensible reason for its nuclear research programs) and to forswear direct military attack. The United States could also help create a new security architecture in the Persian Gulf in which Iranians, Arabs, and Americans would find cooperative ways to address their security concerns, much as Washington did with the Russians in Europe during the 1970s and the 1980s. If, on the other hand, Iran decided to stay its current course, U.S. allies would join Washington in imposing precisely the sort of sanctions the mullahs fear would scuttle Iran's precarious economy. These sanctions could take the form of everything from barring investment in specific projects or entire sectors (such as the oil industry) to severing all commercial contacts with Iran if it proved utterly unwilling to address Western demands...Spelling out in advance all of the steps Tehran is expected to take or to avoid, as well as the specific rewards and punishments they would incur, is the best way to prevent Iran and U.S. allies from reneging on their commitments as they have in the past...Because Iran's economic woes have been a major factor in popular discontent with the regime, there is good reason to believe that, if forced to make such a choice, Tehran would grudgingly opt to save its economy and

look for other ways to deal with its security and foreign policy aspirations.

But I'm also enlightened from a cultural perspective; a sociological one, humanitarian, and add all of the above together, it only means that I love meeting people from different countries, cultures, places, and I could spend the rest of my days traveling just to do this, and thus we were in an intimate position, where I was in arms reach of her, and the conversation we are now having, allowed me to express a warm gesture of pleasure of hearing it by putting my hands on both sides of her temples and giving her a small but passionate kiss, as if even something inside of me suddenly, and passionately moved also.

Maybe it was its (Iran's) culture that I had heard about from the days in grade school, ancient and current, certainly it was because she was a beautiful young woman; twenty-five; only to complement myself; she could have been even much younger, and thus again, by all of the above reasons, adding to the unexpected surprise that was warmly met by her, excepted, and returned with a soft kiss of her own. And all of the above, by now, for you, along with being fashionably dressed, and with beautifully styled and kempt hair, I have created a masterpiece, not of the Mona Lisa, but of a beautiful and lovely young lady; Mary.

All of this, of course has to be followed by, for the appetizer, was her strut, it invited me in, and thus, main course allowed me to hold her in my arms; followed by dessert, which came in seeing her take off, along with light outer garment, the caricature of an even more soft and lovely person, as she sat back to relax on the couch and allow me to attempt to entertain her for the evening. For above light garment, there lay the façade of a very, though cordial, and yet complimented with a smile, tough-girl persona, or should I say dilemma; for until, after habiliments lay on the couch, there was the woman that possessed Mary, and I could not help but wonder how could such a delicate creature be the one in control. So you can see me sitting there seeing her walk from one end of the room to the other on a few occasions, and each time I refused to pass up the opportunity to reconfirm what I was witnessing; hair that flowed down to sensuously curved shoulders, where it was just long enough to give way to an even more delicate back that touched perfectly round hips, and by the time that I did go from the back of her thighs to her feet, as she stood there; the absence of the stylishly fashionable shoes, and along with it, also the absence of the two to three inches that were also bought at that time, which I still cannot wonder why, for its absence did make the perfect woman, while I sat on the couch staring, yet hoping that I could consume as much as possible before having her turn around and wonder had I yet satisfied myself without her permission.

Moments later, as we set back on the couch continuing a conversation that would allow us to talk about many different aspects of life, yet, it did range from an intimate strata; work to raising a family, frequenting home, Iran and back to Dubai; children and family, and like the virtuoso, that persona only relaxed at the tune of the night's cadence. She had a ring that she kept playing with on her finger, more than just subconscious playing with, and thus after immediately noticing it, like her strut, catching me between pleasure and interest, I, not to think to quietly or too loudly, slowly had taken it out of her hand, held it between fingertips for a few seconds, and told her that this would be our occupation for the rest of our lives, when she quietly asked did I think it was possible; the questions having many avenues, yet it had me now trying to remember the words, as I found myself saying, with this ring I do wed to be my wife for the rest of my life, which she mutually allowed and condoned before sitting down and continuing our conversation into a nice Dubai summer's night.

Otratom Pelogo

1) Milana's Song - Russia (From) Songs From The Women Of The L.O.M.)

I'm a coffee pub hopper as you know by now; a place where I go to regroup or get focused to start a venture in a new place; thus I'll go to different coffee shops, find me a window seat, if not sitting on the outside, get me a hot cup of coffee and sit there and enjoy life, its people, and what it has to offer for about twenty to thirty minutes, and it can make a complete day. Ironically I met Milana one evening after sitting there trying to decide what to do or what to do next. The next morning I woke up still trying to figure out what was going on, only to find her sitting there on the edge of the bed on a Saturday morning, watching cartoons. I had just taken for granted that she had awoken earlier than I had and turned on the TV, while I lay there still asleep after a long night, that after awakening, I could only vaguely remember.

After realizing that I was still somewhere on planet earth, I grabbed her and laid her on the bed, kissed the back of her head, the back of her neck, to the bottom of her feet; realizing how nice, creamy and white she was, soft and firm. Then all of a sudden I realized that I really couldn't remember everything that happened the night before, and suddenly realized that I should, as quickly as possible, lay her on her back. But then I began to kiss her on her thighs, knees and all the way down to her feet.

After we sat there and talked for a while, she told me she was from Russia, I then, just trying to find out as much as I could about this lovely young lady, asked her how old she was, when she told me that she was seventeen. A responsive and quick chuckle came out, while my mind began to try and create a chronology to come up with a plausible age, which when done, could have truly been seventeen. It somewhat put a halt to anything else that I was about to say as we walked out of the door. She then wrote her number down on a piece of paper and told me to call her, while we walked out, heading down the elevator and across the lobby and walking up to the corner where we waited on a taxi; where I realized that my mind was putting back the pieces of a long ago night that happened only a few hours ago, and yet twenty years ago also. As she was about to get inside of the cab that had just pulled up, I asked her to give me a kiss goodbye, as a close lover or even husband would ask his wife before heading off for the day, where she turned around and gave me a quick soft and passionate kiss before ridding off into an early morning Dubai sunrise.

Later after my mind had put together the pieces of the night before, and realized

how sweet it had been; the kiss that she had given me just before leaving, was only a small portion of what she had given me the night before, while my mind also brought back a night twenty years ago, where a beautiful young seventeen year old named Jackie, that I kissed from head to feet lay on side of me the next morning, and where she could have been, if I could remember, like Milana, sitting at the edge of the bed, waiting for me to awaken, while watching cartoons, where when finally having had arisen, I would have grabbed her one more time and begin to kiss her all over again.

The only time that you ever hurt me,
Is when I saw you cry
The only time you ever hurt me,
Is when we said good-bye
The only time I hurt
Is when I sit here and sigh,
It was I who paid for the ticket,
It was I who sent you away,
Now it's I who sit here wondering,
Wonder, I wonder, I pray
A million stars I have counted
Since I saw you last
I count the suns, the moons,
The shadows that they cast
There are only a few things in this life
That I still truly miss
A true friend, a beautiful smile
And a warm and sensuous kiss
When you fell, I caught you,
But you didn't blame me
When you recovered, you picked me up,
You thanked me for a second of
Loyalty
One called Lazarus
One rose high
Death, I have always known
But thank God
Because of you,
Life, I will have for each day that goes

Otradom Pelogo

1) Nanya's Song - Chechnya (From Songs From The Women Of The L.O.M.) (Prose / Bio)

They were equally as beautiful and lovely, I remember asking one of them to marry me, you'll soon see that I will have asked just about each one of them to marry me, only to see them smile and discretely say no; every now and then, finding one bold enough to say 'sure', when they know that my mind is too far away to truly comprehend the acceptance at the moment, or they will ask 'why', then have it merge into the next question. And her friend, Nanya, asked the rhetorical; 'Do you want to get married', as she saw my mind drifting away from the same question that I had posed to her earlier, with me only vaguely hearing it and truly hearing it rhetorically, for a number of reasons; the main one, is that she had me over infatuated with her personality; and ironically enough, not only by her beauty, for Nanya is a very beautiful young lady, and not only by her youth, for she's young and contains the spiritual prowess of the spider; be it brown recluse or black widow, being pernicious, but yet soft, eloquent and delicate; making the mind defend before giving in to her. For the affair with her friend had seem to be causing unforeseen problems, one that had me confused, but because I had felt that feeling so frequently that she was displaying, I thought I was looking at a mirror image of myself, and though it reflected what I often feel; regrettably the dilemma of the dichotomous thin line of love and turmoil, brought on by being touched by someone; but the longevity of it staring back at me for what I might have done, broke the trance of that reflection and caused me to now ponder on my recent behavior, and though I could find none inordinate, it still perpetuated itself, where I was almost paralyzed from surprise that I could have transferred the monster that I elude on a daily basis to a young lady that I had now began to truly care about.

Nanya lives in Dubai's Deira district, where this is now taking place; a city in the UAE (United Arab Emirates) , once ruled by His Highness Sheikh Rashid bin Saeed Al Maktoum and now run by his heir, his son; His Highness Sheikh Hamdan bin Rashid Al Maktoum, who has just over a few decades, turned Dubai into one of the world's leading economic ports where a financial and business district snakes along the city's waterway called the Creek, that many refer to as the Manhattan Skyline, which also brings in the bulk of the city's imports. And the small lobby of the Ambassador is now becoming full; an eloquent and comfortable hotel, where you will see many people from many walks of life visit, from your average business guru, to a family vacationing in Dubai, where mom is dressed in the traditional black abaya, along with the shayla covering her head; the gishwa; a thin black veil covering her face, rather than the burqa, which is

made of a stiffer material, though I have, since I've been there, and I guess it's becoming part of a trendier fashion, if I'm correct, seen them now made out of a shaded synthetic plastic material. Dad's head is covered with a gutra, which the men wear around their head, tied with an igal, the black woolen head-rope and wearing the kandoura, the ankle length traditional male white skirt. The little ones will be mirror images of their parents, of course, just smaller, enjoying the fun of having gotten out for a while, and thus the lobby and dining area of this strategically placed hotel, which serves locals and tourist alike, has now become domicile; home, if only for a little while.

Anna sits there and stares; once my mind perceived her saying that I broke her heart; this is the woman that I asked to marry me, and who replied 'no', and whom I have not seen afterwards until this very day. And now, what the social psychologists would sometimes call an echo-niche; a group of men and women living in the same area/neighborhood, with many common bonds and interest, is now staring back at me as one; and her friend, Nanya, now being the leader of this constituency with each second that goes by, and which becomes more foreign each time the smallest of the hands move clockwise, and with it, all routes and exits being closed here and abroad; for I was in the process of calling home on an hourly basis for assistance.

Like the true protector of the flock, she, Nanya, first honors those she is with, and with it, allowing darkness to rule that hour of my life before she comes over, sits on side of me and if only in a twinkle of an eye, being salvation on earth, the same one that was delivered two thousand years ago. Or as Immanuel Kant would articulately state, that ('Enlightenment is man's emergence from his self-imposed immaturity. Immaturity is the inability to use one's understanding without guidance from another. This immaturity is self-imposed when its cause lies not in lack of understanding, but in lack of resolve and courage to use it without guidance from another. Have courage to use your own understanding! ' - that is the motto of enlightenment.) On my spiritual quest that I have been on for only a little over a decade, on any man's or woman's quest, it is the ultimate presence of the quest; to go into a situation that is either on the verge or has turned tumultuous, and deliver a resolution, where it is either resolved or the worst is kept at bay until it can be resolved, and more virtuously enough, where everyone, simultaneously is at calm. And thus I go back into that prayer and add, The Year of The Peacemaker. She sat there and as if surprised after asking did I want to talk to her friend, as I said, somewhat shocked when I said yes, which meant that everyone, until she asked, had thought that there was a mutual and pessimistic feeling floating around the room. She then asked me could she come up to the room with me; I told her yes and we walked up together; I only tell further because she keeps being surprised at myself being

the opposite of what she had thought; the vulgar monster that had fallen in love with her friend, and somewhere between he and her, the Heaven's providentially allowed it to be misinterpreted, so when all has given up on this situation, which is now spiraling into oblivion, Excalibur is pulled from the rock by the true heiress.

And of course from that exhilarating initial meeting, we continued being friends and have had nice quiet talks about life; I was showing her a video of my family, and was glad to have her give me the opportunity to think about them for an extended period of time, and in amusing retrospection, remembered telling her how much I loved them; even having a chance to have such a long conversation these days are rare, and it takes time to get somewhat of a rhythm going for something so intimate; stating that, after seeing pictures of each one of them, that this was my mother, the love of my life, until I find a wife; ironically enough when the concierge knocked on the door, she told him we were going to get married, prudently reflecting on what I had said; I then went on to say, as we were scrolling through pictures and videos, that these are my two beautiful sisters; I called my oldest niece my girlfriend and my youngest niece, a lovely little girl, whose face has launched a thousand ships, the Helen of Troy, even saw her humorously react when a picture of a young lady who also lives in Dubai named Niva popped up on screen, and I said that this is Bad Girl Niva. She then showed me a picture of her little boy back in Chechnya, about fourteen years old, a nice and studious looking young man, whom I would have loved to have met, and a picture of the countryside where she grew up, along with family and friends. I had already, by the time that I had met Nanya, incorporated Anna into the other book that I am working on as one of my lead characters, and not to dare compare the two, for they are two unique people, from different worlds. Yet after meeting Nanya, and thinking about her, and the time we spent together, I found in her most of the things that I was looking for; for she totally caught me off guard, things not found in a woman, for the qualities pervade gender, or man, but in someone special that I had been searching for, especially since starting what I have called my quest, for a long time. So as not to forget, I ran back to the computer, searched through the files and opened up the unfinished work, took one of the lead characters that I truly enjoyed working on, and thus, changed her name to Nanya, where of course I will go and only add to its' character with the life of this special young lady called Nanya.

Otradam Pelogo

1) On The Professor (Free Verse / Prose)

Thus a public can only attain enlightenment slowly. Perhaps a revolution can overthrow autocratic despotism and profiteering or power-grabbing oppression, but it can never truly reform a manner of thinking; instead, new prejudices, just like the old ones they replace, will serve as a leash for the great unthinking mass.

For even among the entrenched guardians of the great masses a few will always think for themselves, a few who, after having themselves thrown off the yoke of immaturity, will spread the spirit of a rational appreciation for both their own worth and for each person's calling to think for himself...(Kant)

Professor - We live in an incredible world with many different beliefs. Most were given to us by the time we were five. From that point we began not only to question it, but also to fashion it, and at the same time to make it fit the way we speak, act and live, because, we are what you call unique. By the time we have gone through adolescence, most likely we will have decided to keep that belief system for the rest of our lives, maybe only making it more conservative as we become wiser. Yet each individual knows that the world is very complex, and we continue to grow and learn from year to year, as technology proves it. Therefore although with convictions, we know that there will be things that must be added to that belief system; amendments made to it, rather than challenged; perpetuating it instead of creating a new one every time an astounding piece of information comes about.

What's excepted in one part of the world, may be considered phenomenal on the other side of it; and because we live in America, a country that is both quite diverse in it's peoples and cultures, and also quite young; only five centuries old; quite young compared to most, thus, even in the future, since the pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock, we have and will continue to see a lot of changes.

A belief system as well as an economic, welfare, and social system, etc., of course along with many more aspects of this rather less complicated than complex, tableau of doctrines, created within a democracy that has been implemented as if it has been around for thousands of years, considering it one of the greatest in the world. But we have decided what the best choices to make were; we have made convictions, taken oaths and made promises to secure them. Yet many facets of that system can be found to have originated in many other parts of the world, because of our country's youth / age.

But because justice without perspective can easily be interpreted as insanity, therefore with long and prudent brooding, there are few compromises no matter where they originate from, and that perspective that allows us to acknowledge things, which we consider just or even unjust to us, but normal to others in

different parts of the world, and with that same, or should I say, a different perspective, allowing us to say what we shall and shall not except. Yet there are some things shared by every person in our world; basic morals and respect, basic human rights and civil liberties; universal maxims that will be acknowledged just about every place that you would travel to, though being your first time there. But simultaneously, it's here also that we become unique; having made decisions on how we shall govern our lives, having it approved by the majority, and making it extremely difficult to change because it is so important, affecting the lives of millions directly, billions indirectly. And because of that perspective and the age of this nation, like others around the world, we can have a semi-permeable tolerance to different views because some things will be incorporated; others will simply be eliminated as we progress.

In a world this complex as well as old, it would be impossible to live without science and theology, philosophy and pragmatism, for all of the above work together and is demanded by our society; views that are neither anti social nor opposing, just different perspectives to explain the world that we live in, all being right and just. Usually we favor one or the other, yet having an open mind to all of the rest in case there is suddenly proof to explain the unexplainable without contradiction, but with amendments, new answers and more scholarship added to our vat of knowledge to make prudent adjustments in the phase of transition, as we continue to grow, and being able to interpret the law without any major dilemmas.

We can have respect for them all; because we can only devote so much time to either, therefore only being able to perfect one to implement it as part of a program that guides our lives. Although sound, each being applied to each situation, since there are many ways of looking at and explaining different circumstances; therefore we seldom face any dilemmas after having made a choice, because we know that although our convictions are beliefs, they are also quite complex.

Because we have the personal freedom to choose, and not let anyone know even if we desire not to choose, debates are rare, and demands as to why, how, and who are basically non-existent.

Otradom Pelogo

1) Rita's Song - Armenia (From Songs From The Women Of The L. O. M.) (Prose / Bio)

The Next Phase

Rita's Song

On one of my many, though I would like to say, rare attempts at trying to either leave or return as scheduled, and it just so happens, Dubai has become the place for my ever present futile attempts at trying to board a plane on time. Even at this moment, I sit here, having supposed to have left a day earlier and at this very moment, still not exactly sure when I will be leaving. I stand today in the same spot that I was standing on the day of my departure from here last time; saying that I can't believe this is happening again; it happens every time, and something that I had to note before continuing, (this amusing thought that broke my concentration of exasperation when finally giving up and trying to write to forget about it all until tomorrow) about the story of a lady that I will only have a short time to write about before sending this on to the publisher for printing; but couldn't go on without telling you about a woman whom I met while on my trip from the Middle East, heading to Europe, and fortunately enough to have been able to see her one more time on my way back here (to the U.S.) or should I say farther East, to Iraq before returning.

She walked in when I was ordering a cup of coffee before going out into the city to buy, amongst other things, guitar strings, for this new found passion of mine, (after having made attempts at playing the guitar, piano, keyboard and the trumpet, which I think is still broken, least that's what I say rather than trying to give an example as to why it, the trumpet, only sits on the top shelf of the closet at my mother's place.) , though I should have been heading back several days ago; I quietly repeat this to myself, hoping that, least next time, it will help. Yet she, Rita, walked up just like myself and ordered coffee, glanced over for a brief second, which I only caught out of the corner of my eye, and continued to sip. With only one or two other people in the room, I began staring at her, surreptitiously, but on a few occasions to find her discretely looking my way, and with a subtle smile where I began to wonder had, although I noticed her when she walked into the place, ordered and took her first sip, had I mis-queued and noticed her serendipitously late; for I did, after moments of thinking about it, walk over, and at her acceptance, ordered more to drink and began a dialogue into a world of a beautiful woman from Armenia; who has me call her by the familial appellation, Rita.

Today the place is empty basically, one or two people leaving, a few passing in and out, but this is the beginning of summer; and because Dubai is basically nice and warm year round, it attracts many peoples from the continent of Europe to the Far East and from Africa to the Indian subcontinent, especially to its famous beaches and tourist attractions. Though in the Middle East to talk about the weather is still traditionally a delicate situation; it can easily, on many days, reach over one hundred and twenty, even a hundred and thirty degrees; it gives a new meaning to saying, well I grew up in Texas, at least you don't have the humidity, but I also have truly become accustomed to it, even more so being an avid jogger, where I'll, like a lot of others, put on a pair of shorts and go for an afternoon jog. But writing, and truly growing up in Texas with a rather diverse climate ourselves, though on a nice hot summer, reaching only about one hundred and fifteen, I automatically have it in just about every paper I write, basically being a sun worshiper, and had thus written about it several times of course before being told, to speak of it with added prudence. And thus, the lights are prudently turned off in certain parts of the building; the needed light squeezing through the stenciled letters on the doors and windows, along with the aroma of giant skewed slabs of either chicken, beef or mutton walking in each time the door opens from the restaurant exactly adjacent, and it gives that invitingly dark and cool feeling that can only be appreciated on days like this. Any other time, the room would be filled with many people; men, equally as many as the beautiful women that frequent the place, adding the missing pleasure to the romantically shadowed coolness of the day.

A nice cool red and white shirt, red pants, fitting sensuously stylish on her, it forced a meticulous and playful pan from head to toe that was met with soft white shoes and a robust walk of prowess; and that picture for many reasons, a few which I shall shortly explain, engrained on both the mind and heart. One, though I can't truly tell while sitting down; how tall she is. I am six feet tall, though automatically knowing that I'm taller; but until I walked over and introduced myself did I truly realize it. And two; at least, the second reason, is that being about five feet tall, a pleasant difference in height; the height, walk and persona, being very familiar, and if it were not for the romantically foreign accent, auburn hair, and several thousand miles away, she could have been the incarnation of a past affair, facetiously speaking; marriage. Though like anyone finally moving again, it is welcomed, for it brings fresh images, not of the past, but the future, without remorse of seeing something familiar of days being perpetually secured; and knowing that now they may be used as life pleases; once again bringing pleasure and fortunately enough, more than the ability to imbibe a lovely young woman from Armenia who now is willing, besides sharing the future with me, also a cup of tea and a nice cordial conversation.

The atmosphere there in this small, though quite pleasant café, is a very cordial and relaxed one; I have since I first stopped there on several trips to and from the states (US) , checked in, ordered a shisha, I think apple flavored tobacco and a hot cup of Turkish coffee, and have made The Ambassador my domicile away from home, least away from work, since working overseas requires that you live there, and thus you will get to know many of the residents that frequent this café and live nearby. I would sit for hours, watching TV and sipping on something nice, I'm often invited to a game of pool, if not from the cook from India, one of the local residents of the Diera District, and if you have seen, as they say, seen me play, you would understand that it's much more than just a game of pool but a token of welcome and the beginning of a friendship, though it will be more discretely shared than openly expressed; especially when the last shot of the game, which I'm winning up until that point, amusingly ends with either a Minnesota Fats or Willie Misconi super, duper trick shot, and a smile until next time from the host.

Rita will be noticed and missed as we escape the TV, conversations and patrons playing at the video games; there is a bond of camaraderie that also acts as a firewall against insecurities of friendships long shared. And thus, we are now sitting down on either side of a small coffee table, facing an opened curtained window, (where you probably wouldn't dare wave at the neighbors, but could certainly if you tried) and continuing our litany into one another's lives.

And that conversation will lead to a house that she desires to build in Armenia, probably along with Mom, a sister and a brother, and though I offered to buy, if I had the resources at the moment, and live with Mom, sister and brother; though she only agreed for a two to three day trial period, and to be tour guide if that was enough that either of us could handle, though I thought it was quite amusing, she did seem sincere and made me promise if I did decide to go there that I would give her a call, and she even gave me the number to her sister's house, where if I could not get in touch with her, I could call her home.

I think she somehow knew me from a past life, or she was truly the incarnation of the last affair, though vaguely in height and stature with a genuine politeness which caused me to almost literally beg her, after taking the time while in the shower sponging down my back with soap and warm water, to come back in so that I could have the pleasure of returning such a sweet gesture. And after a nice shower on a warm Dubai afternoon, I made her lay down with only bath towel so that I could easily message her back and shoulders, which I was glad that she seemed to have relaxed from as she lay quiet and still. After a few moments of hoping, while on top of her, that she was truly enjoying one of the many gifts that we had shared with one another since meeting downstairs only hours ago, she opened her eyes, where in that very instant while enjoying the

pleasure of having my fingers sink into the nice, soft and pink flesh of a fragile frame, I could hear her quiet request that would have me reach over, while still on top as she is now laying on her back and now looking at me while I'm now slowly but passionately making love to her and add a sweet melody to love making. And though I tried to escape; only in mind without attempting at this plea that would give love immortality and tantalize the soul, she would not release me. And as I slowly and articulately strummed, as if a virtuoso, she also, to the rhythm of the guitar, the request, the acceptance, the performance of having one hand lightly upon her shoulder, and the other at her request to melody which we both desired as she lay holding me inside of her; condoning her approval. And as I and Heaven's orchestra conclude only the music which we had created for her, I grabbed her in my arms and as my fingers slid off of the last string, no longer with the discipline to restrain lust, love and passion, now grabbing both of her legs; she, now grabbing both of my arms, with a sincere, lustful and passionate smile, in a low and intense roar, bringing us back from the duns of beautiful Dubian dessert.

She said that she wanted a gift from me; and it is always on my mind, though many times I forget to share something lasting that will make someone truly remember you and the time that was shared. I hadn't been shopping much and had brought only one suitcase with me, but hurried over as we were about to head back downstairs, opened it up and began to search fervidly, and ironically remembered that last time I was there, just before heading to France for a week, that I had bought what the sells lady told me was called a martyr's ring. there was a young lady sitting at a table with me one day or so before I left to catch the plane, and she was playing with a ring that she had taken off of her finger and then rolling it from one hand to other on the table, and it accidentally rolled my way; catching it before it rolled to the edge of the table and politely handing it back to her. Therefore while I was visiting one of the temple near the famous Place de la Concorde, L'église Sainte-Marie-Madeleine (The Church of Saint Mary Madeleine)) where just after entering through the archway, there was a small concession, I bought one for myself, and couldn't help but think about how cute it was seeing the young lady playing with the ring, and though I knew that I would probably not see her again, I bought another one, saying that I would give it to her, or would certainly give it to one of the lovely young ladies there, which I'm sure they would have enjoyed. But I searched, and couldn't find it; I bring it up because I recently did find it, and wondered why I didn't see it when wanting to give it to Rita. But there was a pair of pretty little slippers that I had bought for my niece, with the head of one of the cute cartoon characters on it, which I'm sure she would have known which one it was; and thus thought twice, and felt that the extra special meaning behind it would make the perfect gift to give to her, where she immediately put them on and truly enjoyed wearing them. So I

grabbed a small bag and placed them in it for her before giving her a kiss and a hug good-bye.

I met Rita a few times after that...; and as I said, this is only a brief story of our first meeting.

Love, Otradom

Otradom Pelogo

1) Song Of A Cordial Meeting From The Dominican Republic (Epistle) (From Songs From The Women Of The L.O.M.)

My last night in Holland, a young lady, whom I met, that said she was from the Dominican Republic; accepted my invitation to supper. Part of these affairs is for the book I'm writing; after having used my imagination, and having completed it, I then tried to talk to people on an intimate basis, to try and add real life characteristics, perfected, and even overwhelming characteristics. And thus the other half of it is more of a humanitarian quest, to just try and talk to and meet people, to see how they are doing, listen if they want to talk, or sit and hold a nice and cordial conversation with them for however long it may last, thus knowing that I will probably never see them again, which can become trying, especially those that penetrate the walls of the heart, soul and mind. It is the highlight of the whole affair, to be touched and to be able to take that feeling with you, to share it with others, and of course on the long days, to have someone nice, friendly and beautiful to think about.

She was about twenty, maybe twenty-five; a combination of being friendly and a little authoritative, something I find attractive in some people, and only after sitting down and talking to her, seeming to be one of those people, maybe like myself, who manifest an outer façade of sincerity, but one of those people, after meeting, you hate to walk away from and leave, but of course, glad that, even if only in passing, that you had the chance to get to know them.

Because

Life's cadence

Makes you think

Think virtue

Makes you interpret

Makes you reinterpret old as well as new mores, morals and views of reality

Gives you advice

Questions convictions

Makes you notice everything

Makes you notice everyone

Forces you to create answers to life, but not keep them

Makes you progress, then stop

then choose between the two
Creates empathy
Makes you diversify
Reveals new answers
Reveals phenomena to
make you think and adjust
Gives choices which are
productive but morally dichotomous
Asks is perspective is what
causes some things to change

Otradom Pelogo

1) Song Of A Cordial Meeting From Ghana / Via France (Epistle) (From Songs From The Women Of The L.O.M.)

Before I left Paris, I was lucky enough to meet a young lady from Ghana, (Africa) : it was a quiet night, a few people out and walking around, and I was heading back to my hotel, when I saw her standing there and decided to say hello, when I found her to be rather polite and courteous. We then stopped and talked for well over an hour; about where we were from, the things we did, how did she get there. Earlier, I was reading a book called, The United States of Europe, by T.R. Reid. And Europe, like America and many, many other countries, throughout the world, including Iraq, is reaching, what they somewhat refer to as an aging population, coupled with the baby-boomers retiring, the result will be, an under populated workforce, thus Europe, like America and many other countries throughout the world, will have to do a lot of outsourcing. And I couldn't help but make reference to another great source, Foreign Affairs, thus seeing the subject explained from an even more unique perspective; a broader perspective, where even now, besides associating Africa with its famous peoples like Nelson Mandala, it causes me to associate it with interrelated events that may be happening in Russia, India and many other developing and developed countries throughout the global community.

(Demographers at the International Institute for Applied Systems Analysis predict that human population will peak (at 9 billion) by 2070 and then start to contract. Long before then, many nations will shrink in absolute size, and the average age of the world's citizens will shoot up dramatically. Moreover, the populations that will age fastest are in the Middle East and other underdeveloped regions. During the remainder of this century, even sub-Saharan Africa will likely grow older than Europe is today.

To change this pattern, secular societies need to rethink how they go about educating young adults and integrating them into the work force, so that tensions between work and family are reduced. Education should be a lifetime pursuit, rather than crammed into one's prime reproductive years. There should also be many more opportunities for part-time and flex-time employment, and such work should offer full health and pension benefits, as well as meaningful career paths.)

And I know from having read in the past, for it was, as I said earlier, my first extended trip to Europe, that there are a lot of ties between these two

continents; diplomatic as well as economic, and thus besides pragmatic reasons, she could have also had a long history in the country of France, if she had not told me she was from Ghana. Before leaving, I grab her hand and gave her a soft kiss on the back of her palm, as I said good-bye and began to walk away, when she said wait a second, walked up to me and gave me the traditional French kiss on both cheeks, before slowly walking away and disappearing into a cool and light French rain.

Otradom's Song

I didn't, of course, once again, catch my plane on time, I think I was about three or four days late before heading out. But the night before I left, as if I was living a nightmare or had just awoken from a dream, I walked into the café after having come in for the evening to have my late cup of coffee, which sometimes is from sunrise to sunrise, where I then looked around the place, and a room that, as I said has equally as many women as men sitting there, talking, eating, drinking, they don't serve alcohol; a soft drink or tea, etc., playing video games or sitting with friends, and quickly, though I wouldn't, and where at least until this very moment, say this is one of my ulterior motives for frequenting the place; to see a beautiful face, when I suddenly realized that there wasn't one single woman in the café. I thought it peculiar as I sat there and tried to ponder on this event, but couldn't figure out why, nor could I, maybe because of the shock, ask any of the men that either worked there or were sitting there as usual, where had they gone; though they seemed not as surprised as I was. I took it as an extraordinary coincidence, and went up to my room for a few hours before deciding to go out for supper, knowing that I would have gone back to sleep and would have awakened from the nightmare that I was now having, and things would have returned back to normal.

For some reason, though still shocked, I was not surprised that it was one of those dreams that you don't wake up from as I surreptitiously glanced into the lobby of the café while either deciding to investigate further or let the momentum of confusion pull me out of the door as I still tried to put together the pieces of this dilemma, that would have to change, at least, I'm hoping, by the time that I left the next day. That evening brought with it the same dilemma as the previous evening, as I'm still now forcing myself from one room to the other; from the café, to the lobby, into the elevator and sitting myself down and staring out of the window for answers, but this time the birds brought me no comfort, and the next morning would not release me from my torment of not seeing a group of women that I had so quickly, though it has been almost a year that I have been visiting there, fallen in love with.

Tonight I found the pictures of Nanya, her sister Noora, and Mary and placed them on the wall, along with replicas of Van Go and Gravure, that I bought in Holland, Brenda, Barbara and the rest of the family, but could not find the answer to my tormenting dilemma. Ironically the night before this finale of occurrences had taken place, I sat there at the table on side of the bed, farthest away from the window and tried to figure out why did the salesman, when trying to buy a music book, at the music store, play a song for me, one that several years ago brought me out of a place between dream and awakening, that has happened in the past; the motif is déjà vu, like when Michael sang at Thelma's unexpected wedding, and yet unique, while the event is not a recording of a past event, but it's the making aware of more than a chain of events to come, even an era, as he, the lead guitarist played a longer than usual though beautiful repetition of part of the song by the lead guitarist, that several years ago; the song; Hotel California. And I found myself speaking aloud; reflecting on what had happened up until that very moment, and even how would I reflect on it in the future; a year, two, ten, even twenty years from now, the time that this small group of women and myself had shared, and the unforgettable bond that had been created, and ironically made the statement 'That after they had all walked out, after they had all gone, after the last one had closed the door, I'll still be loving you; That's why.'

Love, Otradom

Otradom Pelogo

1) Song Of A Cordial Meeting From Hong Kong

I picked up a book on China after reading about it in the business journals, financial magazines and the newspapers that I had intensely began to read over the last year, and over the last year had met a group of beautiful women from China, and had remembered talking to a lady who said that she was from Hong Kong. I shall, next time that I sit down, put China on the top of my list of places to visit because of the beautiful people that I have met from there.

Hong Kong, I'm sure that I hadn't met anyone from, at least knowingly until about two weeks ago when out walking, trying to find a coffee shop to sit down and sip on a cup of coffee for a while. Earlier, I had seen a rather attractive and mature lady, and sensuously soft; even looking inside of her for a few seconds, someone who seemed like a nice person. I was saying to myself, that my luck to find someone like that would never be so fortunate. And that night while on my way to get a cup of coffee, I met a lovely woman from Honk Kong, and I could tell only seconds after looking at her that somehow fate was up to one of its romantic interventions, though one (intervention) I was happy to be a part of, if only for a moment, for she was softly spoken, nice, sensuous and very attractive, I often use the word homely attractive, a phrase describing a beautiful woman that you would see driving through the country or a small town and wished that you could stop the car, ask her to marry you and live happily ever after.

From The Sonnet of Romance

Lust, loneliness, passion, friendship, intercourse; the more I think about it, the more complicated it becomes. The litany of love, it has a culture of its' own. Expressed with the world, neighbors, family, and of course loved ones; the body and soul must encompass all to indulge in any aspect of it, to keep it in perspective, beautiful and caring. The body and soul must endure all,

Like an uncouth puppet / who dances a priority, /
forced to twist turn and roll
Enduring what it should not feel, / the strings /
are attached to wood that surrounds a soul

Otradom Pelogo

1) Song Of A Cordial Meeting From Turkey (From Songs From The Women Of The L.O.M.)

I was sitting down having a cup of coffee one day, just thinking, in the midst of neither going nor coming, the experience lasts about five minutes, when you say you'll just sit there and not listen to any of it. I then saw a lady walk up, crossing the street, heading in my direction and thought that she was a rather nice mature and attractive woman, and I had that thought, when you think of what it would be like to meet that person, knowing that the few moments as they walk and pass by, that it will probably be the last time that you see them. But this time she stopped and sat on side me and began to have a nice cordial conversation. She said that she was from Turkey, though I can't list many of the cities in Turkey except Istanbul before recently buying a book from the travel section at a bookstore from my hometown. Before she left, I had given her a gold ring that I had recently bought, though I knew that I would never see her again, she then put it on right then and there to show that she truly accepted my show of thanks for something she truly wanted to do, something I needed and the fact that we both felt glad to have met one another that day.

Love, I was born, diversity was raised
Confusion, I have known; pain, I have phrased
Books, rules, wisdom, in life I tried to learn
Life is so easy, but so easy I burn
From day to night I sat, I walked, I ran
Don't think that I can make it, yet know I can
But as soon as I get out of bed in the morning
Everything seems to turn out all right
Yesterday, only half of what I tried to
And the little that I did, I can't even
Remember what it was last night
Tomorrow, full of dreams and promises
I think my brain might burst
I can have all if I can past today
I'll work on it tomorrow
Today, I'll work on first
I feel like the man in the moon again
In, looking out, of the out, looking in
Love is wonderful, that's what I need; must
Love heals, holds; that's what I need, not lust
Comfort, happiness, adversity

Family, friends, opportunity

Otrodom Pelogo

1) Sultana's Song - Saudi Arabia (From Songs From The Women Of The L.O.M.) (Princess Sultana Speaks With Immanuel Kant)

Princess Sultana Al Sa'ud
Speaks With
Immanuel Kant
Emmanuel

As I stated earlier, in one of the preceding sections, under Lela's Song, of reading Princess Sultana's book dedicated to lifting oppression and helping attain better, if not equal rights for women in Saudi Arabia. And not contradicting the point of interest, I found equally compelling the chapter on professor Al Massari, a dissident who was later, of course forced to flee his country because of his views and means, be they right or wrong, of acting them out; manifesting his ideas, along with others to try and bring change about from the house of Al Saud (Al Bayt Al Saud) to the masses. And as I read over the section on the professor that I had written several years ago, as part of the book that I was working on; and my character is fictional reality; I mean that it could happen and certainly is happening, if not in my country, in other countries around the globe; I then comparatively thought about the two on a continuous basis.

It is challenging, almost perniciously, so as well as inspiring, for she, Princess Sultana, is within the royal family; and though we know that change comes from within and from above, though usually motivated by the masses, I found it almost amusingly appealing to indulge in her plight as she struggles not only with her own ruling family, but also with her immediate family, and thus I repeat, a possibly pernicious affair that she finds herself in, even at this very moment. And her daughters, like on the issue of women's rights, still taking a dichotomous view also with the professor (one believing in more rights and liberties for the professor and the dissidents, and the other, believing in absolute power coming from the house of Al Sa'ud.)

While searching for some of the answers to her dilemma and that of the house of Al Sa'ud, I remembered searching through a few books on Immanuel Kant that I had read earlier, and in Kant, you can find many things, as in Poe, I found that 'the truth is not at the foot of the mountain where it is found, but at its precipice where it is searched for'.

(excerpt from Princess Sultana's Circle by Jean Sasson, copyright 2000)

Princess Sultana □

□

Although I was beginning to have some respect for this Al Massari, even agreeing that some change is in order, I have never wished for my family to lose their power. And, while Mohammed Al Massari might be a man of brilliant thoughts, I suspected that he might find it difficult to hold a country together that had been created decades ago by a warrior genius.

□sniffed. What Amani said was true. Every Saudi Arabian knew that a committee of dissidents, composed of fifty men, including scholars, businessmen, judges, and religious leaders had written a letter to the King.

□he letter called for an end to oppression, and asked for participation in the running of the government. Over four hundred prominent Saudi Arabians added their signatures to the dissidents' document. When this letter was presented to the King, it is said he went into shock before consulting the Council of the Senior Scholars. On orders from the king, this council had condemned the committee, saying it should be abolished and members punished. The secret police had arrested the professor and had jailed him at Al Hayir Prison, located a few kilometers outside of Riyadh.

(Perpetual Peace by Immanuel Kant)

Immanuel Kant - Now even if the practical man (Praktiker) (for whom morality is mere theory) admits that we can do what we ought to do, he bases his disconsolate rejection of our fond hope on the following consideration: he asserts that, human nature being what it is, we can predict that man will never want to do what is required to achieve that goal [Zweck] of perpetual peace. Certainly, the will of all individual men (the distributive unity of the wills of all) to live under a lawful constitution that accords with principles of freedom is not sufficient to attain this goal: only the will of all together (the collective unity of combined wills) is. The solution to so difficult a task requires that civil society become a whole. Implementing this state of right (in practice) can begin only with force, and this coercion will subsequently provide a basis for public right, because an additional unifying cause must be superimposed on the differences among each person's particular desires in order to transform them into a common will-and this is something no single person can do. Furthermore, in actual experience we can certainly anticipate great deviations from that (theoretical) idea of right (for we can hardly expect the legislator to have such moral sensibilities that having united the wild mass into a people, he will then allow them to create a legal constitution through their general will)

For this reason it is said that he who once has power in hand will not have laws prescribed to him by the people. And once a nation is no longer subject to external laws it will not allow itself to be subjected to the judgment of other

nations regarding the way in which it should seek to uphold its rights against them.

Otradom Pelogo

1) The Parent's Prayer (Poetic Prayer / Bio)

It's simply amusing, even amazing how we sometimes politely persuade ourselves that we understand that which has not been spoken. Whether it's a week or two, and it becomes more apparent in months, how much we think of, care about, and finally admit how much we love them. Our families that nourish us, our neighbors that subtly support us and the city that we didn't fall in love with until the first time that we left.

Each year we try like our parents did when we were children, to tell them how much they are loved, how much we care, and how much they truly have.

The cool weather and beautiful skies can be enlightening, causing a brood somewhat pensive.
But juxtaposed to the clouds and the stars,
I saw a reflection of myself in a view somewhat comprehensive.

Faces past and present, which can neither be moved by counseling nor calisthenics;
The faces of the affined, the strangers,
as well as those which are intrinsic.

But to keep this vat of souls as one whole piece,
requires the ancillary of a boltrope;
Tethered to my soul, requires the adroitness
of the Chamois, the goat who climbs with hope.

Hilda, I can confirm, raised the sun, fed its children, and then dressed us with the rest of her mind body and soul,
Then after the midnight shift, the rest was left for being a woman, a friend, and for some, a goal.

Now the sun has a few more hands, but we still come around to assure her that the advice she earned was veritable,
And leave with even more confidence and faith, for to us, we still consider her the most beautiful.

Clinton (Sr.) led us to the steeple, sang the hymn;
preached the parochial rule.
And between work and his destiny, steered us through the darker days, and to

lighten up a few more, drove us to school.

If I had to weigh all of our past the same, the distance would be as long as the road the iron-stead and he did drive,
And seen through him, the strength and wisdom, which keeps us perpetually aware and attuned to life as we push and strive

Barbara kept the promise we all make,
which is to serve God, her people and to try to do her best,
Took the rest of life's answers like the good mother, fed it to her children so they could do the rest.

Joshua has already calmed our greatest burden
by capturing the respect and understanding
even as a child. With a canonized hunger for scholarship,
fervid spirit, and a heart which is compassionate and mild.

Desiree will simply impress you with
discrete empathy, an inquisitive
nature but mainly for the truth;
She also emanates a unique and
warm personality, and one which is
canonized with ruth

Diane, like the soldier's paradigm, set
standards at home and abroad for all to emulate;
Because she realizes it's only part
of life, that standard remains mandate.

Solomon now becomes a paragon
of faith, for he and his cohorts must
transcend the greatest of transitions;
But even before he takes the stage, we
would like to bless him and them and
request they remain a class of academicians.

Sibil ensures that many around the
world will make the right choice, as they brood
on life; the great quest.
And after listening to her, they'll make the right
choice, helped by a woman who always gives life her best.

Clinton Jr. pieced together puzzles
at the request of hearts on the road they
pray will lead to a more perfect day.
Now those pieces instead of being a
burden, is fashioned by his soul's mind to
help them to search for a better way.

Brenda, you would have to see through the eyes of
her children, to understand the real child inside;
And as those goals are reached, taught, dreamed, and shared, you would have to
look into the eyes of their children to find one like her to confide

Nya has dreamed the dreams of scholars and
has nurtured them with wisdom and love
And every other one she'll have is
certain to follow for those before seem
to be guided from wisdom above.

Kevin's gift is somewhat philanthropic,
a step beyond love and empathy,
as well as one in the right direction
His greatest quest seems to be realizing
that gift will take him also to dreams
if guided with virtue and affection

Gary Jr. (Capt. Lil Gary) , will be
the soul of all our hearts, embodied in
all that we believe and love,
And everyday he'll assure us that
we're right, as he pushes us to push him
to the stars above.

Gary (Sr.) will lead many as he gaits
juxtaposed them dressed in diversity,
wit, and empathy;
And you'll find him in the midst of friends
and family, on life's highway, the road
to his goals and destiny.

Rebecca has already learned to pierce
hearts, especially when kind words and
sweet songs are the greatest touch of all,

And she'll always be welcomed, for a warm heart,
like the wind, is welcomed in spring, winter,
summer and fall.

Jerry has taken one more step, after
solving some of life's greatest enigmas,
But their greatest quest will be excepting
the title and blessings as one of life's greatest adnexas

Nancy, having finally made it
to the top of the 'Hill', came back down
to give the children a hand,
And after getting a hand from her fere,
made that trek a nation's and a world's
command.

Lally is a mother, wife, and friend,
which means she's a person with a good
heart and nice smile,
She has also confirmed our beliefs
and hopes when she and her family
decided to stay for a while.

Otradom: I'll continue to pursue my
goals, and let attitude vie to speak
for what I am inside,
And spend the rest of my life trying
to keep the answers together, and by
truth and wisdom try to abide.

The family of GoPe makes us care
beyond ourselves and in return extend
our lives and love;
So whether they are fish, birds, dogs,
cats, the hum of the beetles or the light
of the bugs, we are one when we look
above.

Otradom
Its constituents also eat of the
Tree of Virtue; A tree which tethers
the affined and the periphery

Impartially. Together they are God's
greatest gift.

PeloGo

Otradam Pelogo

1) The Presents In My Past (Ballad & Prose) (Susan Whiteside From The L.O.M.)

The Presents In My Past

(From Susan Whiteside)

While I was searching through my past, I found;

In my reflections, do I see myself

Or do I see those who have made me';

To be the perfect iodoform on that trek

I found a warm smile, a nice friend, and a

Kind word as the perfect cicatrix coming back

An enthymeme could only explain a

Rainy day drive when blinded by the clouds

And sugar coated strings mystically

Rapped around air to resurrect the crowds

Like the archaeopteryx, you combined

The classroom and the halls of scholarship

Often I use that combination walking

Out the door or even taking a trip

West Brook was mercurial because of

Those like Mrs. Mary Nix and Benjamin Gay

And the memories of Forest park and

Hebert lingered to brighten up each day

From novel Stasis & Poreris

Parallax

Interview at the Reflections Company

The shock of seeing the interview rescheduled, coupled with the brief encounter with a new although potential group of friends and coworkers, sent everyone away with a feeling of uncertainty as well as curiosity cooled with caution. And as the elevator carried them to the bottom floor, the mirror on the wall caused them to try and take a quick look inside the five other people who stood beside them as well as into the people behind the faces that stood in front of the mirror.

Rita, the most energetic of the five, saw the job offer as one of only a few, for which she was qualified, and felt the pressure for getting it as well. Now seeing what she viewed as competitors, although each had been assigned a different position, made her feel no more secure. The letter sent by the interviewer was only another chance to improve herself. The questions she asked the other four were questions to figure out how the others felt; trying to figure out who they were would help reveal what the interview would also seek to figure out. Now that it had been delayed, it only gave her more time to bring back childhood insecurities and anxieties that she knew would last the next twenty-four hours. But the confusion of the others, as unfortunate as it seemed, only robbed her of the anxiety, which by now would have engulfed her and been apparent. As the number descended, so did the rest of the thoughts that raced through her head as she collected herself before exiting. As the elevator door opened, everyone ran to the center of the lobby, where a man laying in the middle of the floor seemed to have collapsed.

Laura being the first to grab the young man, grabbed his head and placed it in her lap as he coughed and tried to get up. Even though they had not yet even made it into the office door, the Reflections button made them feel as it was just as much of an obligation as well as a courtesy to a stranger in distress.

'You are probably right.',

the man said, as he looked into Rita's eyes. His answer shocked her slightly more than everyone else since she thought that with the excitement, she may have actually made the statement instead of only thinking it. But the second sentence, I didn't have anything to eat today, only reassured the others that the young man was probably delirious while it caused Rita to rise and take a step backwards to everyone's surprise.

'Are you Okay',

Paroch asked, but Rita just stood there as the man tried to sit up. Now it was Paroch who stood up and backed away as he now could imagine what Rita was thinking after the man said that 'You probably shouldn't, I feel much better now.'

Parallax - Thank you for your assistance; today was supposed to be my first day also.

Jacquelyn - You don't have to worry, they want to be in until tomorrow. Maybe after you rest, you can have lunch with us.

Seconds after being engaged in the brief conversation caused Jacquelyn to be the

last with the mysterious stare as the young man began to introduce himself with a smile and a warm handshake.

Parallax - 'My name is Parallax'

He said as he walked to each person as if their stare alone had been an introduction itself.

Paroch - I'm not sure if I should take for granted that you know our names already, or if we should announce them aloud or not?

Parallax - (He smiles and says) It would be better if we talked aloud, since everyone tends to want to think at the same time. But so far I hadn't heard anyone say their names. I think my means of communication have seemed to have caused everyone to think beyond our introduction. But believe it or not, I would rather you talk, since most people, I don't let know that I can basically figure out what they will say. Sometimes people don't say what they think.

Otradam Pelogo

1) The Voices Of Otradom (From) Songs From The Women Of The L.O.M. & The Epistle Of The Escutcheon

Christine - came along after at least a decade of being lost
Of course she held my hand and helped me find the way
Letting her help and feeling concerned was her cost
She found the road that I sought and found how to stay

Coco - said in so many words, that she knew me better than before
As I tried to remember who she was while opening the door
Though I'm sure I did pretty well of guessing who she was then
Princess or queen, that days cheer assured that both of us would win

Sonya - walked through worlds before she sat and told her tale Of dragons
and wars, of friendship eternal, of love and throes
A story that I longed for, is what she had brought with her to sell
And food for the poet; happiness, victory, heartaches and woes

Amanda - came by one day as I sat there and pondered of days gone And with
wit and humor, she caused me to fall to the floor
I made her promise to tell more after her dance and song was done
Of falling in love, remembering a time when the heart needed more

Lorett, - I had met in the past, although it was only a dream
Of when it's cold out; then comes the providential had and drink Making our
days and troubles much better than what they seem And of the tomorrows to
come when
I must try and try not to think

April, - I met after becoming content with what life decided Trying to make me
believe being content isn't always the end
A monologue of her life, hope disguised and cautiously provided A nice talk a
long ride that promised to bring back a friend

Stay One
Endure Forever
Let the Fire be your shield
Let the Fire be you sword

Greetings

Otradom PeloGo

(Observe And Travel With Wisdom / Peace, Love And God Be With You)

Peace unto you and may God grant us safe passage through this world

Otradom PeloGo

(Observe And Travel With Wisdom / Peace, Love And God Be With You)

In the darkness of the days that may follow, may God send word on the winds;
that of Truth and Wisdom

Otradom PeloGo

(Observe And Travel With Wisdom / Peace, Love And God Be With You)

When we prepare to travel, we must bind our souls first, although the flesh shall
whither away, it's better that the soul live in peace, rather than the spectrum

Otradom PeloGo

(Observe And Travel With Wisdom / Peace, Love And God Be With You)

When we prepare to travel, we must bind our souls first, for the Interview
questions that which can be tempted in our Quest

Otradom PeloGo

(Observe And Travel With Wisdom / Peace, Love And God Be With You)

Before we go, we must bind our souls first, so that it may have Peace forever
when we transcend this life

Otradom PeloGo

(Observe And Travel With Wisdom / Peace, Love And God Be With You)

If we should see the flames of the abyss, we must not stop, the abyss was not
made for us

Otradom PeloGo

(Observe And Travel With Wisdom / Peace, Love And God Be With You)

When the stars begin to enlighten our days as well as nights, remember, it's here
that we must re-enforce and replenish the scholarship that has led us here

Otradom PeloGo

(Observe And Travel With Wisdom / Peace, Love And God Be With You)

Remember, we have no enemies

For the philosophies of Peace we live by,

For the philosophies of Love we share

Otradom PeloGo

(Observe And Travel With Wisdom / Peace, Love And God Be With You)

Remember Cavaliers, the stand we have taken is virtuous and clear; We perpetually Self-discipline and Self-right so that our dogma is neither impudent nor impetuous, therefore we must let no one or nothing cause us to doubt our convictions; for it's better to take a stand and suffer, than live in perpetual doubt.

Otradom PeloGo

(Observe And Travel With Wisdom / Peace, Love And God Be With You)

And they were gone as soon as they had come

And they were where they were not

And I was where I was not

And I am where I shall be

But it was not the end

For the day did give birth to the night

Nor was it a dream,

for it was the sun that wed the moon

Greetings

Go Macawa

GoPe Macawa

GoPe

Go

Surely you are with God

Observe and Travel with Wisdom

Peace, Love, and God be with You

Otradom PeloGo

Anno Domini

In The Year of the Woman

In The Year of the Man

In The Year of the Child

In The Year of the Peacemakers
In The Year of Christ
In The Age of Enlightenment
In The Land of Miracles

Otradom Pelogo

1) Trinity's Song - Venezuela (From Songs From The Women Of The L.O.M.)

A little exasperated, he walks into a bar and sits down to have a drink, a few moments later a group of guys are discretely inviting him over to join them, and because he is still just waking up to the city and it's lights, he subtly turns away, but then realizes that there are only guys in the bar, though where he last erred, were blocks away. But a couple strolling a small infant walks in and asks for a menu, though wondering if they decided like he did, to just stop in at random into a gay bar, or the last couple of dilemmas are still magically playing with him. He tells the bartender, who smiles at him, thanks, and heads back out into the streets that are filled with people, trying to remember was it a ladder that you're not supposed to walk under as he finds himself walking under a piano being lowered down by a rope from about four stories above by a group of men on the ground.

Yet for some reason where there are usually beautiful women sitting and waving out of the windows, there seems to be none, and he tries to associate it with the time of the day; it's nice outside and a perfect day for a lot of tourists to pick this as being a good spot to spend it. Poreris walks farther, and is practically at the end of the Red Light District; the very last block, when he realizes that the Gods will rule this hour with their facetious toying with him, that will later, while in retrospection, turn into despair. Now the crowd that was once there is also gone, the noise has disappeared and he is now feeling himself being more alone than when he had first gotten there. Half a block to go, but instead of walking away frustrated, he looks up and sees a young lady waving at him, who is as excited as he, and standing up and coming to the door to invite him inside. The past dilemma has no effect on this young lady; she is beautiful, with brown eyes and long black hair, a pretty smile and perfectly plump. And instead of closing the door behind him, he invites her to the restaurant across the street.

There are several restaurants and bars on the drag, and she points to the one exactly on side of the one he had planned on going to, but it was a random pick by him, and he would have preferably had a native or someone like the young lady that he is with now, who is familiar with the area, choose one without any more adhering to the facetiousness of the Gods. He has studied, besides English of course, Nihongo; the language of the Japanese, Italian, French; picked up a book on Arabic after having recently traveled to the Middle East, and Spanish; too many years ago to remember any of it, but knows that the music playing in the background is of a Latin American band and uses it as an entrance into a

more intimate side of her life and asks where is she from, which she replies 'Venezuela'.

The waiter comes over and takes their order, as not only Poreris, but also Trinity relax and enjoy one of a few days of victory, not over the heavens, but along with them, as they fall into deep conversation that will last the rest of the night, if not a lifetime.

Otradom Pelogo

1) Yan Yan's Song - China (Prose / Play) (From Songs From The Women Of The L.O.M.)

Yan Yan's Song

The whole excerpt is further below in one of the following chapters, called Maggie and Poreris: She Is Accepted And He Is Truly Happy

Yan Yan, I met who was from China, quite elusive in initially getting to know, and getting tougher by the moment, amusingly enough. But then becoming more opportunistic, in its most pleasant sense; for some reason, and which I'm glad of, that she had seem to misinterpret whom she thought I was. I seem to have that persona when first meeting people, but it's one only of physical appearance, for I have been told that a countless number of times; that I guess at 240 lbs., and six feet tall, seldom smiling, but more often than not, usually laughing inside at most things in life; playing with the perspective of seeing things from different points of views, and thus she, sooner than most caught on to it, and thus became the one who did most of the work at perpetuating the time that we were together in Dubai. As I said, she, even with the little time that we spent together while waiting before heading back home, made an enlightening metamorphosis, even making me meet her halfway as she did, and thus refusing to show me anything but the person that I had sought, a person to desire and never let go.

The week that I was there, each day that I would head out; she stayed in the same neighborhood where my hotel room was located. I would run into her almost on a daily basis, and we would always stop and talk, even if only for a few seconds, even until the very last day that I was there; even seeming a little disappointed that I was leaving, which I grabbed her hand, kissed it and tried to tell her how much I had truly enjoyed having met her. Although I have been back a few times since I met her, I haven't seen her since, but I eventually took that enlightening understanding and friendship that we attained, and created what I think is one of the more beautiful pieces that I will have ever written and grafted into my leading female character; (Maggie Smart) in the novel, Stasis and Poreris, which I'm sure that you will enjoy, and am certain that you will know what I mean, after finding and reading it.

Poreris falls asleep, but nights, even before the almost fatal events that brought them together happened, has been restless; and in the middle of the night he wakes up, turns on his side and sees that Maggie is still beside him. He reaches out and pulls her into his arms as she effortlessly slides to him and lays her head on his chest. That would have been enough to put him back to sleep where she

would still be there; in both worlds, the epitome of happiness; but he couldn't help opening his eyes to see who had so wonderfully joined her soft body upon his; she felt so soft and light in his arms, her head now part of his chest, her breast; all the way down to her feet, now perfectly one with his; then his eyes closes for what he is sure is the last time. In his sleep he rolls over, and seems to enter what would be the beginning of a restless night alone, but instead of allowing him to believe that, Maggie's legs, arms and heart, once again reassure and now complement and comfort his, and either he or his spirit once again opens its eyes to see whom this creature is that knows, even in his sleep, all the secrets to loving him. Sleep comes easily one more time and as he readjusts himself for the final journey; she is there waiting on him; and as he lays still, again she grasps and comforts him with her body and soul, and again his soul feels her presence and knows that she has entered a place inside of him that no other woman has or will ever again enter, she is accepted, and he is truly happy.

The whole excerpt is further below in one of the following chapters, called Maggie and Poreris: She Is Accepted And He Is Truly Happy

Otradom Pelogo

2) An Epistle For Joshua - America (From Affine Tree)

Each year I would tried to do something for them, whether it was buying them a book, letting them work on the computer, buying them toys that I thought would help develop a sport that they would like to indulge in one day; I figured if I were in Austin, and because we are a close family, that I would like to, even should help them with as much as possible. Especially when looking back in retrospection; seven and ten years from now, I thought then, when they would graduate from high school and begin to go out on their own, and look back, I would like to be able to have helped them and be able to have made some type of a difference; academic or moral investment in their lives; something I was thinking about when I started to keep a journal on them several years ago. When they would reach eighteen and nineteen, no matter what happened or what road they would take, had I done the little that I could to try and help them. As I said; Desiree was seven, three years younger than Joshua, and up until recently, she probably still does try to imitate Joshua, which is good, for Joshua is nice intelligent and respectful. And Barbara Jean; their mom kept as you would say, 'A close eye on them'. Therefore they can be good peer role models for each other.

The last time I was by my sister's place; which was about ten years ago; one day I woke up early; which when driving a twenty-four hour period, day after day and month after month, which I was at that time while driving OTR (Over The Road) , can either be early or late, and heard what I thought was Barbara Jean, my older sister getting dressed, but minutes later heard my mom say 'Joshua are you ready yet'; and about half an hour later heard him say to his little sister, 'bye Desiree, which she doesn't have to be to school until eight o'clock because it's only a block away. She, my mom, usually gets up and watches Barbara Jean walk out to the car, as a safety courtesy; her husband goes to work just a little bit earlier, and thus, they, my mom, sister, her daughter and son are there alone; a house where women and children live, safety and courtesy becomes somewhat of a necessity and not a burden.

After hearing the name Joshua, I then looked out of the window; I had spent the evening before at my dad's place, had a couple of beers; we spend about an hour or two talking about whatever our minds can shed on the world around us, constructive thinking more than rambling, even after a few beers, and had come back late; picked up the much too long unabridged version of Herman Melville's Moby Dick and read until sleepy, it helps clear the mind; regardless I'm

somewhat of a restless sleeper. Having woke up, hearing the moving around, the faucet from the restroom, seeing the lights and hearing the TV, which they do shortly after waking up, I'm sure to get things going before going out, like reading gets things going or rather slows things down for me after coming in; I thought it was about three thirty, then finding out that it was my nephew, then looked out of the window and saw that it was still dark. I think it was about five-thirty or six o'clock; from the 22nd of June until December the days get shorter and shorter and about a month from today, I think about Halloween or shortly after it, time in the western hemisphere falls back an hour. I guess the coming in late, the surprise of having or the lack of having a restless night's sleep, the shock of finding out that it wasn't my sister but my nephew, and seeing that it was still dark made it somewhat of a phantasmagoric awakening; enough of a jolt to get me onto the computer and start writing, probably for an hour or so; inspiration from a child heading out before sunrise is filled with adrenaline and humility, though I, shortly afterwards, fell back asleep.

We grew up in somewhat of a close and protective family; my mom and dad working either the graveyard or both shifts; my dad a truck driver, and I can account for the odd hours since the old white standard Rambler which he had, literally needed manpower, or rather children power, usually about four or five in the morning; a healthy push about half a block before it would decide to start, and after watching Dad ride off into the sunrise, back under the covers until school time. My mom working two shifts, sometimes going months, because of playing sports after school, without seeing her unless stopping by her work in the morning; I think that we would take turns going by every now and then when she worked in downtown Beaumont during the day at a place called Whitby's, owned by a nice short stout, probably Italian guy. Sometimes when Dad got home early enough in the evening, we would bring her supper at the university, where she worked at night as a custodian on her second job. I guess that's where I get the work ethic from, two jobs and five kids until retirement will no doubt have a major impact on someone. An entrepreneurial spirit as she would work as a craft shop owner from the house on weekends and sold the merchandise which she created around town. And I guess that I can even credit her with having the most influence on a perpetual passion for academics in my life, since she would bring books, that after the semester was over at the university the students would leave behind, for us to indulge in, though a lot of it didn't make sense until twenty or so years later; the academic influence and the pages to probably an upper level physiology course book. Thus until the very day that Joshua had to walk outside in the dark to catch the bus; the city bus, although with other children, 'each man's burden being his heaviest', was one of the few times that he went, as we say, out of his mother's site, though armed with more than enough words of caution.

We all have different selves: the cordial self, the quiet self, the outgoing self, etc., and seeing him one morning come in after having forgotten something, manifested a self that I hadn't seen before; though surprised, I was glad that it was a solemn self, studious and serious self, as I said, one that I had rarely seen; 'the frock above the smock', as Victor Hugo would say; and coming home in the evening after a long day, having become even more so conservative myself, though causing me to hope, even though I know that by now they are doing things that we had trouble doing when we were five years older; from Odom junior high where his sister Desiree went to school, to Ozen, the high school where he went, and wondered if I or the kids back then had that look; even the kids now, though I'm sure with the higher level of expectations that they have. We were far less solemn than the kids these days; well, some of us were. Is it the look of determination? Surely I wouldn't trade it for the one that we had thirty years ago.

One day I was looking at Joshua briefly before I had left, and had that picture of him stuck in my head, and one of those times when you can't figure out what's different about that person until you see them the next time. And when I went back by my mom's place and saw him again, for a moment I still couldn't figure out what was different; if it were the clothes that he was wearing or his disposition; which he did seem a little more quiet than usual, or what. Then I had to actually feel him to try and figure out what was so different about him; I thought that he had on clothes that were unusually big, but realized as I grabbed him that he had just gotten bigger, had gained more weight, or at the age of ten, going through prepubescence / (preadolescence) . I guess the sudden change of weight had me wondering since he and Desiree are only three years apart, and they for a long time, looked alike, talked alike, and acted alike; but 'by the same token' they were both beginning to take different or rather more individualistic paths, forming their own personalities to their unique characteristics that they were then forming. Joshua was reaching adolescence, and Desiree, creating her own personality simultaneously. Even now looking at pictures that I took of them sometime late that very year, they looked quite alike; Desiree gradually becoming less shy and seemed to be enjoying herself more; finding different things to do and entertain herself with. I saw the magazine that I ordered her on the table, so I guess that she enjoyed looking at it; and was thinking about getting Joshua one also. I just had to remind myself since it was an easy thing to do; order a magazine. Usually whenever I went there, especially lately, I ended up helping them with their homework. Joshua was having more homework because he was in the fifth grade; though I've always had a problem with math, I have, over the last year or so read through a couple of math books, so the concept, even if I've forgotten how to do the problems, with a little review

seems to be easier to grasp.

Love, Poreris

Otradom Pelogo

3) Aliyah (At 3 Yr. Old) (From) Affine Tree

I think that it was about 96 or 97 that I wrote the above piece, writing about the children, though the oldest was about seven years old and now is about sixteen or seventeen, almost ten years ago. And I still see each one of them, just about whenever I'm between jobs or on vacation: Desiree, Josh, Kevin and Capt. Lil Gary (Gary Jr.) . They are all in school and growing and doing quite well. Ironically enough, Capt. Lil Gary's little sister, Aliyah, comes by just about on a daily basis after her Mom, Nija, drops her off before heading to work and taking Capt. and the oldest of his two little sisters (Maya) to school.

Aliyah is three years old and Maya, I think is seven, one year younger than Capt. Of course, Aliyah is too young to go to school yet, so my mother, Hilda and sister, Barbara, help babysit her, and which it takes just about the both of them since she is literally what you would say as being a handful.

I'm usually on the couch ninety percent of the times, just having fallen asleep if not still working on the computer, trying to finish writing one book, while trying to edit another, and by the time that she will have arrived this morning, I will have, within a week's time period, just about submitted all three of them to the publisher. So I usually see her when she first arrives in somewhat of a fairyland daze of the between waking up and falling asleep. She usually stands there, also deciding to either finish her morning nap or finish waking up and turn on the TV and watch cartoons, as I do the same, but putting the pillow upon made head to block out light and noise for a little while.

I have found that it can be very challenging to write about a three year old, just as it was trying to write about her older brother, Capt., at the age of one when he first started to come over. I have incorporated her and her sister (as I did Capt. and the others) into one of the books that I'm writing as a girls band called Femele, and maybe working it out in the next book in more detail and of course with having gotten to know them a little bit better, putting the pieces together as they do more or more humorously, grow more. Though I could write about the time after opening up my eyes and seeing her standing there and finding the remote control and finding one of her favorite cartoons on TV, whether it be Sponge Bottom Square Pants or Jimmy Neutron or reading one of her favorite books that she brings with her where the Cookie Monster eats all of his cookies on the day of his birthday... then being surprised when Big Bird, Grover, Ernie and Bert bring him cake and present. Or the enjoying of pampering to a nice little girl when she needs a drink of water or snack. Or when trying to think of something to do when she seems bored and can only think of playing

house and cleaning up the living room only to find her enjoying it more than I could have imagined when by the second or third time of folding the towel, taking the time to show her how to place the edges together and finding that on the next time that she basically remembered and made an honest attempt at it. The going on a scavenger hunt in one of my unpacked suitcases and of all the things in there having her find the bag of Christmas candy that would have probably been there until next Christmas and finding myself eating as much as she had.

The other day, she (Aliyah, Maya and Capt.) came by early, after her Mom picked them up from school early Friday. Brenda had to be somewhere that particular afternoon, and they were quite exhausted (though Aliyah was already there of course) and after watching a little TV; they became somewhat restless and sleepy. The deciding between the two, led them to the couch where I, even for about half an hour, tried to teach the chords on the guitar, which they sat there patiently trying to learn. I promised them that if they would ask their mother to give them guitar lessons that I would give them one of mine. I was trying to get them to show a true interest in it by letting them play with it whenever they want to, before giving it to them to take home.

It's about two-thirty in the morning; yesterday was Sunday, so they should be well rested after having the weekend off, though trying to finish this book and submit it to the publisher by the time they get here, will have me just like each morning they stop by, somewhere in a fairyland daze as they walk into the living and try like me, to decide what to do with the rest of what usually turns out to be a beautiful day.

Otradom Pelogo

3) Andrea (From) Affine Tree

Date: January 11,1996

Time: 15: 30

I have lately noticed Andrea; the girl next door who is about twelve years old. Because whether she knows it or not, she is going through a very trying phase that will set the pace for a very long time. Over the last year, her attitude, which usually comes with the sign that a young lady is maturing, had begun to change drastically. Whether her mom is enforcing it, or she realizes that it's something she must do herself, it is what I consider somewhat remarkable. The effort whether difficult or not, will determine things like her self-esteem, personality, attitude towards life, and how she handles diverse matters.

You can usually tell a lot, just by looking at or talking to a person just for a few seconds, or at least what you need to know to remember them for the next time. The last couple of times I saw her is what captured my attention; sometimes when children or the youth see adults passing by, their attitudes somewhat change a little; extending more courtesy for a few seconds until they pass by; not that their doing anything wrong; sometimes they express themselves differently when their with cohorts. She had been there for a couple of years; and had noticed her; almost watched her grow up somewhat; reach puberty; mature into adolescence.

So I somewhat knew her disposition, temperament, attitude. Regardless; I always say hello; sometimes they're too involved in playing. Yet one day I passed by and saw her standing out in front of the apartment and said hello; with a smile; she said hello back. It made somewhat of an impression on me; a nice day I thought, so I noticed it and forgot it. The next time I saw her, she spoke to me and said hello; and I asked her how she was doing, and she replied 'OK'. Again it impressed me; because usually I see them playing or talking to one another; indulged into their own affairs, with the extra effort to reply back to a greeting in passing. So I began to wonder more; not sure why; yet noticed that her clothes had changed; compared to the clothes of a young lady running in the yard, that concentrated greeting remained the same from the last time I saw her; and the pieces that added up to a young lady maturing appeared also.

By this time I was already in my room when I was intensely thinking about it, and like the last time, forgot about it also. The next time I passed by, it was the same young lady I had seen the previous times, so I stopped to talk to her for a minute or two. I wasn't sure what to talk to her about; at twelve or thirteen;

school would be a dominant and safe conversation to talk about; which she replied that she was doing well. The conversation lasted no more than five or ten minutes, as she stood there nicely dressed; even her hair I noticed was quite nicely fixed. Answering each question I asked, while seeming to be in a good mood also; I left with a wonderful feeling, not only of the young lady called Andrea; but of every young lady and gentleman her age; going through the storm and stress of adolescence, and trying to handle it better than appropriate.

(Date & Time) 01/11/96

Otradam Pelogo

3) Maya (From) Affine Tree

And as I said, Maya was just three and of course somewhat shy after meeting me for the first time as I sat there talking to her, trying to find out what's inside of the mind of a young fragile three year old as she just sat there and smiled. But by eight, she was much more energetic and talkative, and finding myself on several occasions having her sit there on side of me on the couch like I would with Capt. when he was her age, trying to read a story to her or see where her future interests lie. And hoping as she and her little sister as they are nurtured by two families; her Mom's, while being somewhat adopted by my youngest sister and spending as much time there until their mother would return from home, thousands of miles away.

Providence seems to have peculiar ways of having people meet; she going through transition and growing up only years away from adolescence; hopefully with the right adult guidance, and myself going through the forty-something thing and the major burnout that goes along with it, had us there on the couch one day, with little to do and of little to want to do but for a few moments just lie there; and as I could see her only about five or ten feet away on the other couch, and knowing that I promised myself, even on the days that I couldn't talk to them for many, many reasons, that I would always try to do something constructive while they were in my presence; and thus, only after seconds of lying there with my eyes halfway opened; I opened them all of the way; grabbed one of the many books that I usually fall asleep with or the intentions of falling asleep with and began to read aloud Towards A New Paradigm In Monetary Economics...

Shortly after that, I was in one of the book stores and ironically had met the same sales lady who sold me the book, even more ironically enough she said that she was a certified math teacher as she also explained while I debated on which book to buy, that she would have chosen the one with more problems / examples than words / explanations, the one that I had initially chosen; the motif; number for her, letters for me.... And I amusingly enough tried to explain to her that after reading Towards a New Paradigm In Monetary Economics that I should buy one of the two math books which I was now holding in my hands to try and understand what was said; the books: either Idiots or Dummies Guide to Algebra...

And again, as with Maya's older brother Gary and little sister, Aliyah, hoping that it will somewhat subconsciously impress upon their growing minds, even as much as in the future, for I didn't become an avid reader until much older, putting the

pieces together as I became wiser, finding just as valuable a hobby and learning tool as much to a thirty year old as to those Gary, Aliyah and Maya's age.

Otradom Pelogo

3) The Princess Travels Through The Eye Of The Storm (Desiree Rivers Thomas) (Prose / Bio)

The day's tumultuous events caused Poreris to drift back to when his niece, Desiree, was a little girl, and remembering her Uncle, Bill; her dad's brother who would come over and visit. One day while she was lying on the bed watching television, he walked into the room and began to talk to her. Just before walking into the room, he pulled a Laura Bush biography of the shelf with the intentions of having her read a few pages for him, simultaneously trying to create an atmosphere and cordial pattern of picking up a book when she has free time, on the weekends when a child thinks, and should think that it's time to forget everything that happened academically, and without a doubt during the summer when most things will discretely fade out through the osmosis of a long, hot, relaxing vacation.

Her grandmother had a small bookshelf at the end of the hall way, about two or three shelves of books; each of a different genre; half that her Uncle Bill put there himself after reading, from Poe, to Melville, to an autobiography of the former Head of the Joint Chiefs of Staff; Colin Powel, who once said how ironic it was that his dad never owned a gun, yet his son becomes head of the most powerful military in the world; to Hillary Clinton a modern day female activist, former first lady and senator of New York. At that moment, also trying to show by example, how to take the time and have reading becoming an entertaining event as well as an academic one, and thus he had also brought with him and was in the middle of a fourteen hundred and fifty page novel by Victor Hugo; *Les Miserables*, though right about at the halfway point he said that he wished that he had either taken a speed reading course or had bought the abridged version. And Condoleezza Rice, which he was telling a young lady named Shay that he met in Atlanta one day while passing through, whom he had a chance to have supper with one evening, that just halfway through the autobiography of her, Condoleezza Rice, that it had made him dizzy; she, as they say, has been everywhere and done everything, from a professor at Stanford University to Secretary of State; coming from a small conservative Christian family, and becoming a diligent female role model. He would have given her it to read, but he was only halfway through and refused to let it go.

Desiree would remember him saying that 'He wasn't certain how they; kids viewed time, and how they saw it in relationship to the future; their future'. They say that they have no true concept of time, or that was the teacher's way back then of explaining to us of how we sometimes seemed oblivious to the

controlling of fate and manipulation of our destinies, the dreams of being teachers, firemen, doctors, lawyers and politicians attained rather than hoped for.' She would hand him her progress report card, and it had mainly A's and B's, which he would say, 'That's great'.

At her age, and probably in the same classroom that she was now sitting in on a day to day basis, about thirty years ago, he ran down those same halls, and since the outside of the building had not changed very much, Poreris could precisely imagine seeing them there and literally speak of her and her cohorts walking back and forth from class to class and even stopping for lunch in the cafeteria, and could also remember what the inside of Othello Price's office, the head principle, looked like, unfortunately from being more truant than academic, though he was certain that he left the academy with a B average. And thus most likely from that point, although not having graduated from a university, though he may have had about a couple of hundred credit hours from different schools and universities, and was still in the process of thinking about attaining a degree in some field between then and retirement, thus believing by that time in her life as it was in his, the pattern of having the ability and desire for learning, should have begun to become somewhat of a fixed foundation; though at that moment he had more of a conviction to a stern work ethic.

There was also an autobiography about three hundred pages long, which was of George W. Bush; the president. And his wife about two hundred pages long, so he grabbed it; the one on his wife, Laura Bush; a light paperback, with vital information from a cultural to a political perspective, by a female role model, and thus Desiree began to read page one.

Because the First Lady was a librarian, a teacher, and had also formed and chaired a reading program, it was probably written to capture the attention of the youth as well, something that could easily be assigned as a reading project by either a teacher or parent. Therefore there were only a number of words that she needed help with as he sat there listening to her read aloud. He did the same with *The Little Princess*, one of the first books that he had bought her that he eventually read himself, thinking that he should not only buy them books, but just about read every page of each one that he had gotten them, and enjoy it equally as much.

TV is educational, the radio can equally be as informative as entertaining, and sitting down with a good book somewhat helps make a complete and healthy mind, though the lack of seeing them not as often enough with the latter is what prompted his interest in how they; Desiree and her brother, were doing academically. He would say, ' I guess if you do good in school, and not do the latter of the above, reading as much as possible whenever the opportunity

presents itself, it should be a forced extracurricular home chore'.

'Desiree, you are eleven years old, born June the 26th 1992, and I was fortunate enough to see you as a new born infant even before leaving the hospital; and seeing you over the years as your dad's only baby daughter, and only three years younger than your brother, and seeing y'all, who up until recently, looked almost like twins, talked alike and acted alike, though the only difference is due to the stronger will of biology that separates the two of you at the moment as you mature into young men and women.'

And while sitting there listening and thinking about the last eleven years of her life as an uncle and friend, he began to notice how she had become taller, as she held the book in her hands. He first noticed how long and slender her fingers were; only a few days earlier, he had made her brother hold up his hand against his; at fifteen, he was just about as tall as his Uncle Bill and her fingers were just as long although more slender, and stopped her in the middle of reading and placed her palm against his and told her that she would probably be a doctor or a lawyer; that's what people use to say to those whom had unique hands.

Then he began to notice how much she had grown; he had always said that she and her brother had that athletic physique, thus noticing her legs, then arms, listening how she read while in reverie of the past eleven years that he had known her, then realized, or had noticed as a father would notice, who works, and spends more time seeing that everything is secure and happy, after mom, brother sister and friends, that his baby girl has already begun to blossom into a young lady; and still like that father, left at the moment, too speechless to say anything about it without having to admonish himself for not noticing it earlier, though he has heard it a thousand times, that one day it just happens, accepting that it happens even to those that you love, then stopping to realize that standing in the eye of the storm, there is a maturing beautiful young lady.

Otradom Pelogo

4) Gentrification Or Blatant Racism (Harrangue / Current Social Issues)

I tried to write about the areas that I frequented the most while I sat there at the Bayview Basin on 3rd St. in San Francisco. It's an area somewhat like the Market St. area and the Tenderloin near the financial district. I was staying where my Uncle Chris lived, in Hunters Point off of 3rd street, and was thinking about what was happening there. From a social perspective, there are a lot of cheap hotels there, shelters, soup kitchens, and a lot of the vices that go along with it (though within stone-throwing distance, just the opposite exits) .

'Decreases in income and decline in standards of living are often accompanied by a multitude of social manifestations—malnutrition, drug abuse, and deterioration in family life, all of which take a toll on health and life expectancy.' (Joseph E. Stiglitz)

So I walked around with my cell phone, taking pictures of everything from restaurants, to laundromats, and from soup kitchens to shelters. I would, while there, spend most of the time at the library, going between the main library downtown and the local library, although a fraction of the size, but mainly to spend time in the area where I was staying rather than waking up in the morning and heading out until time to turn in for the evening. I would spend most of the time working on the social networking to keep in touch, the personal investing program and the MTC Community program, which was about the people and places in the community. Places in the community that were vital to its survival, like the Hunters Point Resource Center where I would stop by for either breakfast, lunch or supper, if not picking up something to eat along the way throughout the day as not to spend too much time traveling from one place to the other, You spend more money when traveling than staying in an apartment or house, unless you have a car, which I didn't, thus you spend much more time traveling from place to place. So you have to prudently plan the day out before leaving in the morning.

The Bayview area lies along 3rd street, where at one end is the baseball stadium where the Giants play and of course, the other end where the 49ers played up until recently, Candlestick Park. This is also an older neighborhood. My uncle and his wife came here in the sixties along with a lot of other people that migrated from the area where we grew up at in Southeast Texas; like my grandparents did from Louisiana to Texas. The city where we grew up, there is a place called Gladys City, a replica of an oil town, brought in by an oil gusher called Spindletop, and many other oil wells that sprouted out in that area.

Spindletop, which was the largest in the world at that time, sparked the transportation revolution and helped fuel the planes, ships and trains that aided in the winning of both world wars. And because of that, was one of the most targeted place in case of an attack by foreign powers. After World War II, and most likely before, a lot of people migrated from the southern part of the United States to the West Coast to help in the building of it because of a slowdown due to the war and the appropriation of manpower before and after it. Ann, my Aunt would tell me about the different neighborhoods that were all black neighborhood, like the Fillmore District. The business, shops and houses lined up and down the streets of this area of San Francisco. But then they started developing around that area and eventually into that area, like a lot of other places, buying old homes and businesses out and building up new neighborhoods.

By the time I had moved there in 1988, you couldn't have known who stayed there, though they lived off of Divisadero, one of the main streets that goes through the Fillmore District. As I mentioned earlier, though my Aunt recently died, my uncle still lives there, in San Francisco, with his youngest daughter Christine, in Hunters Point. It, like the Fillmore District, used to be an all-black neighborhood, and like the Fillmore District, the developers have moved in over there and are buying up everything, to build new neighborhoods. There are other neighborhoods of course, within a five or so mile radius that they are also in the process of redeveloping, like the Sunnydale Apartments, or Petreor Hill Apartments. Usually you can tell which ones are next, since, even in the process of gentrification and its purpose or excuse, which is to make the area better, to even look better, they let the place that they want develop over, fall apart and become undesirable, putting little effort into making them a part of everything else, until they get the time to put something else in its place. And of course, some time in the near future, like the Fillmore District, you want be able to tell who once lived there.

I was in one of the local laundromats on 3rd street in January or so of 2014, and they had one of the local newspapers lying on one of the washers. So I picked it up and began to read it, and there was a big write-up on what they called gentrification. They associated it with the displacement of the black communities in San Francisco, like Hunters Point where my Uncle and his daughter lives, Sunnydale a mile or so down the road, Petrero Hill, a little ways up the hill, and the famous Tenderloin area downtown San Francisco off of Market St., and probably a few other places that I'm not so familiar with, though I have just about either driven or caught the bus, or commuter through just about every single area of the city. The number of blacks, they said, more than any other ethnic group had been more so displaced, and the article strongly implied that

they (the black communities) were being targeted and driven out of the city of San Francisco. Ironically enough, I was reading an article in the San Francisco Chronicle, I would pick up from the vendor each morning on my way to the gym, they were giving them out free for some reason, and there was an article on The Presidio (which was a military base) . It was also eventually sold to developers, though I'm not sure if a military base would be classified as a victim of gentrification or collateral damage of urban renewal. It sits on top of the hill right above Bakers beach, a nude beach that sits on the edge of the waters of the Bay at the bottom of The Golden Gate Bridge. So of course, it was somewhat priceless in every respect; financially and aesthetically. They also said that, for some reason that the government felt that it had the right not to charge private developers taxes on the land, like when it belonged to the military, which amounts to millions of dollars every year. And like I mentioned above, this happens often with the multibillion dollar corporations and rich individuals, and thus why not a one-time investment credit incentive to those of modest to little income, which could also be considered as part of a new social security retirement augmentation program.

the question is more one of politics than of economics. Will they be able to curb rent seekers and their pursuit of their own narrow interests, which inevitably harms the economy as a whole? Will they be able to construct a social contract for the twenty-first century, ensuring that the benefits of such growth as occurs will be fairly shared? (Joseph E. Stiglitz)

I was talking to a young coworker in Houston, after having gotten back home that May in 2014, after having spent the last six months in San Francisco, where shortly afterwards I started working as an OTR truck driver. We started talking about, I guess, issues that chronically plague people: poor education, lack of housing, unemployment and other factors. Like me, he seemed interested in matters like this, I had brought up creating a personal investing program earlier in a previous conversation, where people could use it to create a supplemental income, once having made it (the investing program) , what I consider, after doing research for the last three years, easier to understand and use. And we eventually got to the subject of the developing of neighborhoods and the displacement of peoples due to it, of any ethnic group, since it's not an issue that only plagues the African American community, but many other places here and abroad, by what is also referred to as gentrification. And I tried to, with him figure out what it really meant.

Rent seeking is, on average, destructive, because the rent seekers gain for themselves less than they take away from others, so evident in the destruction wrought by the rent seekers in the financial sector. (Joseph E. Stiglitz)

It is the use by a company, organization or individual of resources to obtain an

economic gain from others without reciprocating any benefits back to society through wealth creation
(Investopedia)

Was it the same as the urban renewal / development thing, which was or rather is the tearing down of the old that can't be used, the renovation of that which can, the building of that which is needed, and the creation of more enterprise, when it tells those who have been there for ten, twenty, thirty, forty and like my Uncle, fifty or more years, that the government has something for them down the road, and what was once their home will soon be destroyed. And with the monies that the government has, and how much we give away, from tax credits to multibillion dollar corporations and rich individuals and in foreign aid, that's the only alternative. Thus, leaving the answer somewhat vague about the morality or is that the immorality of gentrification, if not like the paper implied, the immorality of displacement, targeting and or blatant racism.

Sources mentioned in backing up the above articles:

Privatizing Social Security: The Troubling Trade-Offs

By Barry P. Bosworth and Gary Burless

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Investopedia

Various Authors

Otradom Pelogo

4) Sonnet Of The Interstate Bridge

A few yards away was The Steel Bridge, which I walked across several times; sort of a ritual when I see a bridge that I can cross; I called Portland the land of bridges since there were so many. The Interstate Bridge was also quite amazing, as beautiful and unique as those were in California or New York. The Interstate Bridge, the bridge that links Portland, Oregon and Vancouver, Washington over the Columbia River as well as every other state in the union; metaphorically speaking. The name at first sounded simple, but the more I thought about it, it perfectly described what I wanted to write about. Usually the name interstate is only associated with a highway rather than an adjective describing a relationship along with the word bridge that also describes that something has been linked.

I

The day that two hands reached out to take
to share that which was needed by both
Approved by those from coast to coast and the Golden Gate
Built with the same old ingredients like love, loyalty, and a simple oath

Vancouver and its' children with the first vow of diplomacy
Portland, with a promise to supply the rest
The paragon of teamwork in a perfect democracy
Where the world only moves when they give their best

Bridges cross assembly lines with bits of knowledge to tell
Because the world is known by the things we love to do
Perfectly captured by those like Packard Bell and Dell
And placed with those things we hold dear and true

The Columbia is there to hold the great state of Oregon
With the majestic beauty of the lovely state of Washington

II

Birds bring a cool breeze before brooding at the airport
Whether from Texas, Japan, Korea or Russia
The news gets better with each report
From the palace of Iraq to the capitol of America

The spirits speak from the reservations to the Rose Garden
As we're reassured by the next person when lost or confused
Giving respect, love and even a pardon
For helping others keeps us enlightened and amused

The name Battle Ground in 98 means history and romance
With healing, friendship and a common goal
It's proven to work when giving the future a chance
To touch the mind as well as soul

The passion of Mt St. Helen to Mt. Hood's ice capped ridge
All are held together by the Sonnet of the Interstate Bridge

III

In 1824 George Vancouver built a fort
To build what we now call the great Northwest
Portland built the Steele Bridge over the port
So there would be hope when looking in the past

Children are regaled by the presents of today
The youth by those which are promised tomorrow
Adults work to secure our world; work without pay
The wise have made a trek with more joy than sorrow

IV

The Interstate Bridge is crossed from sunrise to dark
By people from more places crossed by Louis and Clark

The love I wished for, I found in a million pretty faces
Like the faith in others I looked for was found in hope
The freedom searched for was found in many new places
Along with dreams that pulled me forward like a rope

These things I believed in before leaving home
But had to walk two thousand miles to secure
For myself and others whose spirit request they roam
As they vow to slowdown, move faster; while trying to endure

There is no reason or desire to go back and re-live the past
With all that I've learned and desire to do
The hunger to go forward is all I hope will last
The thirst to do more and to keep more virtue

All of the pieces are here that we need to grow
From the Sonnet of the Interstate Bridge to the Alamo

V

Even in the age of technology
Some things simply remain the same
Like homelessness in sociology
Or The Interstate Bridge as the perfect name

It's those simple truths that will bring me
Back to America's most beautiful West
Whether duty, charity, or a treat
Some travel to see America's liberty
Some for its aesthetic philanthropy

Otradom Pelogo

4) Boston's Sonnet & The Boston Tea Party (From) The L.O.M.

Boston's Sonnet

On my way to Boston, I realized that although all I had seen and written were beautiful places, lessons, stories and miracles; that trek, although an unforgettable one, was somewhat of an unpredictable one. After letting that faith and hope lead me there, after all my resources had been exhausted, and with it, my mode of transportation, I realized that the road to the finish product was paved with broken toys, days intentionally forgotten, and stories without perfect plots, for sometimes in retrospection we can fashion disasters into adventures. A day or two thinking instead of eating, looking for work instead of working, and a few brief moments searching for that faith and hope.

In a relaxed state as I approached the city of Boston, one that I had heard about in parts, therefore was only able to visualize a quiet place, even a small place with a few friendly faces. For some reason brooding had seemed to block out the information that I needed to secure the future: The history of a city that I knew better than my own by the time I had reached grade school. The pieces of an athletic dynasty that would have been a beacon in the middle of that city that would have doubled that picture by now, and a cultural phenomenon from the arts to the diversity of the peoples that would have been invited there because of those extraordinary affairs. Finally, the city of Boston had been revealed to me, prudently and passionately.

I bent down to dip my hand into the harbor for spiritual healing yesterday, and just witnessed the beginning of a beautiful today. Architecture; a dressed economy highlights the city. Sailboats will forever keep it romantic, birds fly above it, dogs enjoy running on side of it, and jellyfish create a spectacular underwater show that I hope we will never forget. I then realized that the harbor was filled with miracles; warm faces on a cool day, the whistle from a Coast Guard fleet, a small ship sitting alone and quiet, in the rain, on the waters, in the harbor, with an introduction that said: ' The most single and important event that led to the American Revolution; The Boston Tea Party Ship'; America.

Otradom Pelogo

4) Givens Park & Life & Life With Cadence (From) The L.O.M.

I also had a chance to visit a park just before leaving, one that I had only visited once before; at that time it was filled with people driving through the park. Al and Jeanie, good friends of mine, asked me what they were doing. Because they were from the Virgin Islands, a different culture, I stopped to wonder, but was only reassured of my original conclusion, because of the smiles, food, music and sports the people seemed to be overwhelmed by.

Eight years later after having built that antenna, to not only communicate with God, the rest of the world, but myself as well, I ended up working as a security guard downtown, a block or two away from the famous Sixth Street. It was eight years later, and the crowd was ten times larger which circled the area in a display or phenomenon.

And after months of wondering, I simply called it life; until a young lady in a truck stopped like Al and Jeanie did eight years earlier, and asked what did I think was going on. But instead of just out of curiosity, it was more of an inquisition, as to after months of wondering, what had I finally concluded. I told her life, only because the list was too long that had a prayer, what I sometimes call a newfangled approach to an old idea of trying to communicate with God or at least those worthy of that respect. An exodus that someone had accidentally forgotten to tell me about, or simply the phenomenon of the nightlife that I had longed to see.

We're here because of what they did in the past
And more will follow because of what we do
The things we vie to build should also last
Things we also vie to build with virtue
Some leave each day without a word
And more will come because of you
So remember that we are still heard
Whether our goals are many or few
Because
Life's cadence
Makes you think
Think virtue
Makes you interpret
Makes you reinterpret old as

well as new mores, morals
and views of reality
Gives you advice
Questions convictions
Makes you notice everything
Makes you notice everyone
Forces you to create answers
to life, but not keep them
Makes you progress, then stop
then choose between the two
Creates empathy
Makes you diversify
Reveals new answers
Reveals phenomena to
make you think and adjust
Gives choices which are
productive but morally dichotomous
Asks is perspective is what
causes some things to change
Has the ability to transcend all
that we hold sacred and dear,
yet what someone somewhere
may consider moral
Has no boundaries, but
teaches conviction
Transcends time, culture and
perspective simultaneously,
yet proves that perspective is
the key to avoiding chaos
Too complex to be modeled
but can create the perfect
example
Impartial, but can tempt
schisms
Thinks, adapts, changes, reacts, leads, follows, etc.

Otradom Pelogo

5) The Interviewer Has Come

The Interviewer has come
And there is no time to prepare
There was none yesterday
And tomorrow we don't even dare

Mother, sister, father brother
They can't help you
I can't help you
Until you go
There is no other

Just listen to the question
Yet pay no attention
Because there is no wrong or right answer,
I just thought I should mention

You'll be forewarned
And told what to know
You will answer each and every question
Just before the end of his every show

The will be asked
They will be answered
In both rhyme and rhythm
So listen to the old
Listen to the new
Listen to Marley's 'isi schism'

He'll blow a trumpet
So don't even worry
You'll hear his sound, he loves
To brag and boast
Be very careful
Because she may be your friend
A stranger or she may be the one
You love the most

Parent, child, teacher or deacon
Some quick advice, let love be your beacon

She'll ask you anything, about life, love
She'll cause you to think about everything
Lust, death, or do you believe in above

Many have taken her advice before
She loves to set people free
Many have taken her advice before
But, she won't promise to let them be

You don't need much money
Fame, or glory for her just to step in
Because the things that attract it the most
Are sometimes the wages of sin

They'll tell you what to say and do
But don't say what they tell you
Or do what they say
The answers and choices are left to you
For the decisions you make
Are what you must pay

Otradom Pelogo

5) Message To The Constituents (Vi) (Ballad) (From The L.O.M.)

Message to the Constituents VI

Most things come from a persistent quest and
Lawful trek through the most insolent
The scholarship to perpetually
Maintain it, most was simply inherent

Knowledge seems intrinsic, heard and spoken
By young academic zealots and ordain
It takes an immense amount of effort
But that strength is immanent to wane

We have benevolent expectations
And dreams we hope will progress and self-right
So we always vie to steer straight ahead,
For on some roads we don't turn off the lights

We vie to progress juxtaposed cohorts
Whose ambitions are just as pragmatic
And find ourselves in confrontations in
Swahili, Hispanic, and Hebraic

Though our goals may jaunt abreast each other's
Therefore making neither wrong or right
Viewed with a wanton enlightenment
Reveals that it's a quest, not a fight

Otradom Pelogo

5) Message To The Constituents (Vii)

Message to the Constituents VII

We often push when we see someone else
Trying to reach similar goals
Then realize that it's more encouraging
When we take the time to reverse roles

Life can cause us to playfully view some
Things, even death, which is autonomous
Then refuses to let us believe it
Since it seems to remain contumacious

During the day solving simple problems
Seems like the Atlanta biathlon
Though there are more good answers than not
Tomorrow never brings a cessation

So no matter where in the past or present
we must not let our hearts desiccate
And learn that the presents as well as
The sorrows can cause us to explicate

The walls of love and tumults both can be
Enlightening and abortifacient
But to see past them, although difficult
Is a task which is most benevolent

I can sometimes, for a second, figure out
The role which they are certain to play
Then for a second, imagine what would
That role be, if they needed me to pray

Otradom Pelogo

5) Message To The Constituents (X) (Ballad) (From The L.O.M.)

While I was searching through my past, I found;
In my reflections, do I see myself
Or do I see those who have made me';
To be the perfect iodoform on that trek
I found a warm smile, a nice friend, and a
Kind word as the perfect cicatrix coming back

An enthymeme could only explain a
Rainy day drive when blinded by the clouds
And sugar coated strings mystically
Rapped around air to resurrect the crowds

Like the archaeopteryx, you combined
The classroom and the halls of scholarship

Often I use that combination walking
Out the door or even taking a trip

West Brook was mercurial because of
Those like Mrs. Mary Nix and Benjamin Gay

And the memories of Forest park and
Hebert lingered to brighten up each day

From novel Stasis & Poreris
Parallax
Interview at the Reflections Company

Otradom Pelogo

5) Message To The Constituents I (Ballad)

We can't transcend life; it must be lived,
Although it's the quest most arduous
I could tell you all that I know, but all
About life, that would be ostentatious

But first the inquisitive spectrum must
Be edified with true integrity
And set ablaze with spiritual as
Well as colloquial hyperbole

Things I learned at five simply amazed me,
At twenty some still seemed farcical
With perspective, tales of devils, and dreams
Of angels are even venerable

Laughing at flaws brings calumniation
Even with capricious approbation
Though resentment is a cohort, a pious
Perspective vetoes ratification

(Because) Respect is a powerful gift, it
Can commute a disposition sardonic
Faith, progression follows, is the second
And the greatest of the prophetic

Answers fall like rain, but in the midst of
Solutions which seem to desecrate
Only good ones are impossible
But none, is an impossible mandate

Otradom Pelogo

5) Message To The Constituents I I From The Lom (Ballad)

For an ecumenical perspective,
A love which may seem recalcitrant
Keeping both from breaking apart, is
To keep them sacred and concomitant

Otradom
There is one little thing that must be said
From GoPe to even the most devout
It has many faces, voices, facades,
But it has truly only one rout
Its' bastion is like an illusion
The mind and body endures greater throes
It's hard to see with an intrinsic quest
With love, respect and random kudos
Once you have seen it, it becomes a fate
Somewhat indelible
But that intrinsic quest it obeys
The quest of a love unequivocal
PeloGo

(Observe And Travel With Wisdom / Peace, Love And God Be With You)

Not just parochial, it has seen the
Spectrum from light to dark as we all know
Therefore it's cared for by him as well as her
And the world of Otradom PeloGo

(Observe And Travel With Wisdom / Peace, Love And God Be With You)

After having reached through my past, I thought
I had really put it all together
The answers seemed clear, some that surprised me
Some created one after another

It's not hard to see the mandala of
Otradom PeloGo as a zealous
Panorama

(Observe And Travel With Wisdom / Peace, Love And God Be With You)

And when I think of infants and children,
It's really more like a mandala of
Hallelujah

Otradom Pelogo

5) Message To The Constituents I I I

Therefore I made it all encompassing,
Including all I had heard and seen
Dull enough to hold with the hand, sharp
Enough to emasculate fears unseen

Strangers enlighten me with their presence
And philanthropic eccentricity
But when I became a stranger, I too saw
A virtuous ideology

I then made it my goal, but found it
An inconceivable illusion
Then I realized the ideology
Is really what clears the confusion

The answers reveal different perspectives,
Helping us to learn, helping us to grow
Veritable? Yes. For we see them played
Out on TV, sung by all those we know

Though it's a pious trek, the highway still
Can make the mind and heart oblivious
The treasures are greater than the abyss
The trek is predestined and judicious

One solution can make a rabid
And earnest quest seem almost paltry
There are more solutions which make sense
That can make life less hectic and quite palmy

Otradom Pelogo

5) Message To The Constituents I V (Ballad)

The worst of days, when troubles make
The globe an enigmatic quadrangle
But when it's a part, not an extraction
Our view of life becomes more radial

It seemed right at first, all of a sudden
Everything was clear and effectual
Then the clear discretely became opaque
Some genteel, pious, some non-judicial

The parallax can change perspective and
Sometimes launder things which adulterates
And because life is forever changing,
Solutions it forever fabricates

I often ask as well as hear, why does
Even the good becomes desquamated
Then create an answer, then sometimes
Makes sure it's noted and negated

To understand what's going on sometimes
Requires the effort of abstinence
Be reassured if more questions follow
For it's simply life and life with cadence

Otradom Pelogo

5) Message To The Constituents Ix (Ballad)

Message to the Constituents IX

As the clock reaps midnight upon
The Capitol city of Texas
It's thinking that keeps it progressing
While progressing is what keeps it zealous

There on top of the State Capitol, the
Statue of Liberty made me think
Of those on the ground
Then begin to wonder if she wasn't
Up there at all, could my conscience still hear
A word or a sound

I wondered about the roach for the last
Million years as she strove with throes before
it ended her quest
It even forces us to look into
Strangers and those affined even when they
Manifest their best

After having reached through my past, I thought
I had really put it all together
The answers seemed clear, some that surprised me
Some created one after another

Each year I try to enjoy life and all
Of the reasons that we are alive
For being reminded of better days
Is what helps the love of God to survive.

Otradom Pelogo

5) Message To The Constituents V (Ballad)

There's a lot to communications, some
Gestures provocative, some mystical
Words I've never heard before, yet, some
I noticed already colloquial

'Its' eyes are those of perspective' when life
Gets difficult, or even timorous
Its' scholarship transcends all', timorous
To compassionate to rambunctious

We often answer questions about life,
Dogma, and others in that proximity
Yet embarrassing when the next day there
Is a view with greater affinity

It's therefore a quest to respect the rules
And ensure rights inalienable
This causes us to see that which is
Transcendental and existential

Society has a bastion which
Balks away schisms to segregation
But we make checks since that bastion
Is also built with walls of discretion

Virtue is the route to take, it's able
To soothe that which can be pernicious
And soothe as well as emasculate
Facades of the deadly but facetious

Otradom Pelogo

5) Message To The Constituents Vi (Ballad) (From The L.O.M.)

Message to the Constituents VI

Most things come from a persistent quest and
Lawful trek through the most insolent
The scholarship to perpetually
Maintain it, most was simply inherent

Knowledge seems intrinsic, heard and spoken
By young academic zealots and ordain
It takes an immense amount of effort
But that strength is immanent to wane

We have benevolent expectations
And dreams we hope will progress and self-right
So we always vie to steer straight ahead,
For on some roads we don't turn off the lights

We vie to progress juxtaposed cohorts
Whose ambitions are just as pragmatic
And find ourselves in confrontations in
Swahili, Hispanic, and Hebraic

Though our goals may jaunt abreast each other's
Therefore making neither wrong or right
Viewed with a wanton enlightenment
Reveals that it's a quest, not a fight

Otradom Pelogo

5) Message To The Constituents Viii

Message to the Constituents VIII

Some of them take on a friendly role when
I decide to leave it to my heart's plight
All of them create a greater picture
Reminding me, it's a quest, not a fight

Instead of casting them from frolicsome
to that of the most studious
I decided to listen to their message
For a while as urgent and serious

I realized I was telling them
What to wear before they walked out the door
Then realized it was my disposition
Expecting less than what they really wore

I now view others from their eyes when
Trying to determine who I am inside
And try to see, what I try to show; that
Which a smile and a frown can sometimes hide

Now when walking, I try to imagine
Seeing them wearing nothing at all
Trying to figure people out is good
But not is sometimes just as good a call

I find it as trying to look at one
Person as it is to see a hundred or more
Then understand them better by walking
Through the aisles of the neighborhood food store

Otradom Pelogo

6) The Great Walk In The New Millennium From The African American Business Journal

(One Shouldn't Beat Around The Bush)

The Great Walk In The New Millennium

This is part of a letter that I sent to Gov. George W Bush (of Texas) in 1996. I was trying to see, if in so many words, analogies, and examples, could I convince him to see putting a monument of a woman (historical figure) on The Great Walk.

I later, while writing to a friend, of how the Supreme Court Justices with Sandra D. O'Connor looked like (four men on either side of a woman) compared to two men on either side of a woman or just the addition of another woman. There is a figure of The Statue of Liberty at the top of The State Capitol of Texas but on The Great Walk, there are only male figures.

Both being aesthetically pleasant, yet one being equally as liberal... or equally as equal. After inquiring about the concept, I was told that they couldn't place more monuments there once they were placed, but I also found out that they had been placed there at different times throughout the history of The Great Walk. Though the only true way, as of today, is to get it passed by The Texas State Legislature and The Texas State Preservation Board.

1996

Letter to Gov. George W. Bush

The Great Walk In The New Millennium

To:

The Honorable

George W. Bush

(Laura Bush)

Governor of Texas

After reading over the Title 13 Cultural Resources Part VII. State Preservation Board Chapter 111; Rules and Regulations of the Board, I found that the one exception to placing another monument on The Great Walk would be a military commemorative work. With the new millennium approaching, I wondered will the Board be taking advantage of that opportunity to recommend that a

monument be placed there, representing not only the new millennium, but the three centuries that the State Capitol will have transcended, and the people here and around the world that will have supported it. Whether the monument represents the women and men who the baton has been handed to, or one representing our philosophy of liberty, progress and peace, expressed throughout the world with every plant, animal and person, I would, as I'm sure, the rest of our constituents would, enjoy hearing some of those plans.

I have taken the tour through the State Capitol, toured the Capitol's grounds, and tried to view each monument and historical marker. I thought I had seen them all, until I contacted the State Preservation Board, inquiring about the patterns and planning of the monuments on the Capitol's grounds as well as those inside the State Capitol. It was then that a member of the State Preservation Board, told me of the Daughters of the Republic of Texas and their constituent's recommendation to have a monument placed on the Capitol's grounds.

Because of the special interest of the monuments of The Great Walk, which are equally as magnificent as those around the State Capitol, I felt compelled to seek more information on some of the history of the Texas State Capitol and its monuments. This, coupled with the extensive and arduous process of renovation, makes it not only one of the most beautiful edifices in Texas, but the country as well. And after realizing that it was completed in 1888, with the first monument added in 1891, reflects the history, pride and dedication, which Texans and their guests have applied to one of their most precious jewels over the last 109 years.

Because the restoration of the monuments on The Great Walk must have been as fastidious as deciding who should be placed there and where, I then tried to empathize with the planners. After considering just a few of the great women and men who could have been placed there, I can only imagine the effort it must have taken to make all the right decisions. The sixteen-year period of having the statues placed on The Great Walk must have been a challenging one. And the 103-year period must have been equally as challenging when placing the rest of the monuments, like the Alamo Monument, the first one placed there in 1891, to those like the Live Oak tree, dedicated by the Officers Wives Club at Bergstrom Air Base in 1973. Also, the Pearl Harbor Monument placed there in 1989, honoring the women and men from Texas in the military services. Although having studied Texas history in the past, I'm still enlightened by the many acts of bravery; like those by Mrs. C.W. Bregg, who in 1862, as chairperson of a committee, approved by Governor Lubbock, expressed their feelings about the fall of New Orleans. (Annals of Travis County and the City of Austin)

Also, those represented by the statue of the Volunteer Firemen, which I find just as enlightening as the monuments of those representing the women and men of the Civil War. It causes me to remember that our quest transcends our jobs and personal ideologies, and is one, which is a perpetual process, whether our quest is a peaceful or controversial one. This also forces me to try and empathize with the women and men from the State Preservation Board, to the legislature and the various groups and individuals who helped plan the renovation of the State Capitol. The feat itself must have been incredible when considering whether to make exceptions to the rules when looking at all of the constituents who have contributed to Texas. Even our most recent role models, like Barbara Jordan, Ann Richards, Lyndon B. Johnson, and those who also struggled as they poured the foundation and placed the Statue of Liberty on top of the State Capitol's dome; some who are also affined.

In 1981 I visited Austin for the first time, as a representative from Beaumont, Texas as part of a track team from Hebert High School, one of the many proud centers of academic and athletic scholarship in Texas, which two years later underwent the process of desegregation, along with Forest Park High School, and is now known as West Brook Sr. High. But it wasn't until 1986 that Austin became my permanent home, and the State Capitol remained one of the most venerable edifices, not only to family, friends and guests but also myself as well; some who have visited from places like California, Kansas, Louisiana and the Virgin Islands. And yet today, my interest, coupled with the remarkable renovation of the State Capitol, has me even more intrigued by its presence.

From the Statue of Liberty on top of the State Capitol's dome, to the monument of The Confederate Soldiers at the beginning of The Great Walk, from 1891 to 1907, the presentation of these monuments have attracted a great deal of attention.

After having read some of the information about some of the contributors and initial supporters of the monuments, those like the Gorham Company of Providence, Rhode Island, which I noticed after recently visiting there, that the other half is placed upon the top of their Capitol's dome (A male figure, compared to a female figure on top of the Texas Capitol's dome) , Pompeo Coppini, The United Daughters of the Confederacy and the State Firemen's Association of Texas; I find their intent and appreciation of Texas, the State Capitol and its constituents, overwhelming.

Trying to satisfy my curiosity even further, I sought more information at the Texas History Center. And after reading clippings from sources like the Austin

American Statesman, and the Austin Daily Statesman, I found that the interest, which ranged from a frolicsome to a pragmatic endeavor, was transmitted equally as much from the constituents on the inside of the Capitol's walls, those throughout the country and internationally as well. Countries like France, where Constance Warren, then a representative of France as well as a representative of the United States, who was originally born in New York, has shown great interest in the State Capitol. For in 1925, she returned from France to present The Cowboy Monument, one she also placed on the Capitol's ground of our bordering state; Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, which I was surprised and even overwhelmed to see because of the incredible relationship of the whole affair. And Ireland, the home of the stone cutters who continued the process of fashioning the aesthetic wonders of the State Capitol initiated by the sons and daughters of the State of Texas.

After having read through a few clippings of the Austin newspapers at the Texas History Center, I found that since May 16, 1888, public interest has always been indicative of their support from the day of the dedication of the State Capitol to 1891, when the first monument was placed on the Capitol's grounds. And after having viewed the Capitol, especially The Great Walk, I find it equally as interesting as it is attractive.

It was once stated that the Texas State Capitol was one of the greatest edifices ever constructed. After having toured it from The Great Walk, through the pages of history, I am proud to say that it still is and will continue to be one under the care of renovation, liberty and progression.

Otradom Pelogo

6) Massif (And The Men Of The Middle East) Part I

Massif (UAE)

Part I

Massif, a young boy who I befriended while there in Dubai at the Diplomat, while sitting and having a soda, stopped by for a moment after Lela asked me to show her my computer. He said hello, and began to talk with me as we sat there, I almost automatically grabbed and sat him on my knee, as if he were one of my nephews, but hesitated, maybe worrying too much about appropriate customs; trying not to be the rude stranger; and rather erring on the side of caution, and regretting it later. Yet we talked for a while until I ran upstairs and brought the computer down and showed the two of them; Lela and Massif, some of the things that I used it for.

At the mall later that evening, I was walking by a toy store and saw the salesman playing with a flying saucer, which worked by remote control, and I suddenly thought of Massif, and couldn't help but buy it; actually I bought two, and after giving him one of them, which he said that he really enjoyed and ironically his Mom helped him put it together, since his birthday was either that day or the one after. And before leaving realized that I didn't have enough room in my bag for the other one, so just before leaving, I ran down stairs and gave it to Lela and told her to give it to one of the kids in the neighborhood, which she gladly accepted, putting it up until having a chance to find a young child to give to, or if she is like myself, maybe putting it together and taking it home just for the fun of it...

Even the feeling that there are people there watching and hoping for the best; (for the peoples and the worlds they are from) , and this city, must work prudently together for it to be the great place that it really is.

After sitting for a while, I'll go back up to my room, either read the newspaper, work on my book or sit down and think, while staring out of the window. Then quietly listening to the calling of the daily prayer by the Muezzin; the Muslim Holy Caller from the Mosque, as he begins to chant, and things, until he is done, becomes quiet and peaceful in a place called the UAE, in a city called Dubai, in the neighborhood of the Deira District. These are the voices of the men of The Deira District; Now comes the year of the Man.

Otradom Pelogo

6) The Taxi Drivers Of Dubai

I landed one day at the Dubai International Airport, checked in, and started a short vacation, which led me into the back seat of a taxi, where I began to search for a hotel; Dubai is as reasonable as it is beautiful, and thus the cab driver and I began our search from the most eloquent, which I doubt I could have afforded, to anyone that had a room for the night, and it didn't take too long, or truly only a few tries, before he suggested a place that he knew about, of course by now; The Ambassador Hotel on Naif Rd. (named of hotel changed...) in the heart of the Deira District. Like, I guess, New York would be the best example of the taxi paradise, where you'll find people from just about every country you can think of, driving and taking you to your destination, and thus, I have had memorable rides from men, and I'm certain the majority of them are from Dubai, India or Pakistan, and the surrounding countries. If the statement, which I have certainly used many times before, would fit anywhere more appropriate, it would be here, which is, 'I couldn't go any further without them', of course, either in the city of Dubai or, here as I sit and write.

Our relationship started shortly after I got there, and which I soon found out, that these guys do more than just drive a taxi, and without a doubt, more than entertain as they make a minimal attempt at it, excuse the pun on the former, taking an extra step in seeing that they not only do their job well, but being more of a diplomat, at the least, at the latter of making you feel at home while taking you to your stop. Later that night I struggled out of my hotel and tried to shake off a burnout, and not take the four or five days that it takes to recuperate, which is approximately the whole of a short vacation, if not the half of a long one; and thus it must have manifested itself to the taxi driver. I was looking for a nice quiet café or even a bar somewhere that would be close to formal; and not explicitly, but telling the taxi driver something close to this, and he said sure and headed down the road, where the car door, after paying him, opened, and I knew before walking up the driveway, that he somehow knew just where I didn't want to go. I walked on side of the garden area, where the chef was cooking a small meal outside for a few guests, while others were casually sitting quietly having a drink listening to nice, soft music, shaded from the traffic several paces away by a row of freshly watered trees and trimmed hedges, making a beautiful clear desert-night seem even more romantic. Instead of joining them, I decided to walk up the path, where stenciled on the glass, read a sign that said, Irish Pub; I'm not sure if I would have thought of going to an Irish pub the first night or so, on my first vacation in the Middle East. But this is, before I go further, the evening, and it would be unfair to say this without saying more about these guys; the taxi drivers of Dubai, and that it would be impossible

to have an enjoyable stay there without their assistance. I was at my hotel, and thus heading out to tour the city. You'll soon find out that I literally do just that; tour the city, which means, if not taking off walking for four or five hours, some days easily, jumping on either cable car, train, and here in Dubai, I would have jumped on the bus once having the taxi driver bring me to the center of downtown, where I would usually start. Telling him my plans, he suggested that I start at Jumeirah Beach, and never having been there before, I said okay. A thirty minute drive and I was now, like the Irish Pub, standing in the lobby of probably one of the better hotels in Dubai, where after paying for a ticket inside, I decided, after not bringing shorts with me, to bypass the pool where a group of gentlemen sat, having a cold drink and talking, though I must say that I hadn't seen a pool where the bar stools were attached to the bottom and you could have a drink without having to ask the waiter for a towel; so after a warm wave from some of the guest, either being friendly, or politely noticing my surprise, as to where I ended up this time, not turning around, I headed down to the bar, ordered a cold bottle of mineral water, where I sat for a few moments watching the windsurfers, sunbathers and children walking around having fun, while, like myself, everyone else sat around with cold drink and just enough on the mind to make it a nice and pleasant setting. Therefore, still not ready to leave, I walked over, got a towel from the attendant at the towel both, and set on side of the rest of the sunbathers, and enjoyed the fact that, the taxi driver knew that I would only have seconds to make the transition from taking a long walk, to stretching out under a nice summer's sun at the edge of the beautiful blue waters of the Arabian Gulf.

Now the Irish Pub and Jumeirah Beach were both places that I couldn't have enjoyed better than most things that I will have ever done, or even in future days attempt, but then decided to join along with the taxi driver in planning out my agenda for the days upcoming events, but not until after, once asking what building was this, when we ended up at the foot of the mountain or should I say, it precipice; The Burj Al Arab, a seven star hotel, where you could, no doubt, literally, run into a President, King or Queen. And I got out of the taxi where I handed the camera back and forth to the taxi driver as we took pictures.

Though I did take the next taxi to sightsee, while heading from one destination to the other, I did get out and walk for at least an hour, where I ended up walking through a Spice Souk and finally into the famous Gold Souk of Dubai; where I eventually got the number of rings that I wear down to about seven, at one time I had one on each finger, and if I could have had one on the thumbs, I would have had one there also. Then walked further, hearing words of caution, sense it being my first time, but once again, the taxi driver doing more than his fair share, enlightened me as to the city being incredibly safe, and thus the next

hour's walk took me to The Creek. The water literally being the bloodline of the city, highlighted with skyscrapers where you can see the heart of the financial district meticulously lined on either side of Sheik Zayed Rd.; the latest in architectural design that I have never seen before, and probably never will for some time, and where at the foot of them, laying upon the calm Arabian waters, are the cargo dhows surrounded by some of the yachts that are probably as expensive as the skyscrapers overshadowing them. And thus being told by a nice European couple, after asking which ones would taxi you across the waters, and being told that they were the abras, which sat in the midst of archaic dhows and fishing boats, which I boarded, after paying a small fare, and headed or should I say, sailed out, where I spent part of the day cruising down one of Dubai's many crown jewels called The Creek. I did more and could tell more that I had done, like watching Cat Woman at the City Center Cinema Complex, where I then, only paces away, bowled almost a perfect game, where I got a Turkey for Three, (believe or not, if you haven't bowled before, three strikes in a row and a turkey trots across the screen as the prize for almost an incredible feat, even for an avid bowler) , had lunch, shopped and bought a few gifts; everything that one could possibly desire; movie, sporting events, games, shopping lunch and more; at a place called the City Center, but back to the point, and the point is, that the taxi driver ironically brought me to these places and ironically is the one who brought me to the door of the Ambassador Hotel.

Otradom Pelogo

6) Campaign Finance Reform Ii (The President And The House)

'The major players will be the Executive Office, Congress and the interests groups which closely monitor legislation, the Supreme Court and most important, the voters. Although most Americans agree with corporate protection under the Freedom of Speech clause of the First Amendment, they inadvertently now have one more issue to worry about, if their votes will continue to count'

In addition, along with the President and the House, their many supporters demand assurance that corporations, their lobbyists and interest groups aren't the ones running the government. Ironically enough, campaign finance reform, may be as valuable as corporate dollars to those who want to see checks and balances put upon corporate spending. Although many worry about what will happen with the sudden inpouring of big corporate money, attention must be given to the fact that the ability to raise funds is directly related to the level of support which a candidate receives; funds from corporations or individuals go mainly to ads, staff, office space and publicity campaigns. Yet the question still remains; with so much money now available from big corporations to candidates, will it influence the way congress vote? ("US Senate Campaign Funds Uneven In Ohio";,2009) Can campaign finance reform bring enough transparency with it where everyone will feel comfortable with the Supreme Court's decisions on corporate spending and the Freedom of Speech clause? This is the question that will be on everyone's mind.

Deciding which side of the debate over the Supreme Court's decisions, which clarified the Freedom of Speech clause of the First Amendment, will have been right. Subsequently to make that First Amendment-Freedom of Speech clause clear it had to overturn the three major decisions mentioned earlier: the Citizen United vs. FEC, Austin vs. Michigan Chamber of Commerce and the McCain Feingold Act. Also, all three issues [freedom of speech, corporate spending and possible corruption] that sprung up from those decisions which have made many Americans skeptical, will also be at center stage where the spending of corporate money [or rather more spending of corporate money] will manifest its effects on the democratic electoral process as a whole. Unlimited corporate spending will warrant more campaign finance reform and ease the fears of overwhelming corruption spreading throughout the electoral process.

All 435 seats in the House of Representatives are up for election, as will be 36 of the 100 Senate seats... and there are a lot of examples of someone rich who

does not win, but, generally, those who raise the most money tend to be the winners, says Bill Buzenberg, executive director of the Centre for Public Integrity in Washington, which tracks campaign contributions. (MacAskill 2010)

The major players will be the Executive Office, Congress and the interests groups which closely monitor legislation, the Supreme Court and most important, the voters. Although most Americans agree with corporate protection under the Freedom of Speech clause of the First Amendment, they inadvertently now have one more issue to worry about, if their votes will continue to count as it did before this constitutional crisis, and not have to compete with the money of major corporations and possible future corruption of the democratic process.

Otrodom Pelogo

6) Democracy Vs. Autocracy ("By Any Other Name")

'Even in the midst of transition from an autocratic to a democratic state, although still impoverished, the democratic state will do as good as if not better than an autocratic run state, both immediately and in the long run; the Dominican Republic, India, Latvia, Mozambique, Nicaragua and Senegal are only a few examples of democratic governments that have outpaced many autocratic regimes.'

Since the world's sole superpower is a democracy with the largest economy, highest standard of living, and the most powerful military, basically leading the world in many fields from science to technology, it stands to reason that democracy would be the better of all the political systems. We know that the American government, through elected officials, is ruled by the people (with liberty and justice for all) . And because of being the world's sole democratic superpower, scrupulous observation has found democracy to be the most desirable because it has been proven to be veritable and superior to even the most successful autocratic governments (such as those of Saudi Arabia or the U. A.E.) . Most important, democracy has proven to be better than autocracy especially when dealing with weak and developing countries and their issues of human rights, inequality, representation and participation in the government and the decision making process if only through elected officials.

"In the literature on political development, democracy has been one of the key conditions. A democratic regime has an intrinsic value in itself, because its political norms cherish the active participation of the people in government. Moreover, democratic states meet certain criteria of political decency, such as the institutionalization of human rights, which are considered to be intrinsically valuable in international law as well as in several constitutions." (Lane, Ersson p.111)

than authoritarian, which is firmly committed to maintaining or restoring traditional structures and values and (much less than) totalitarian - which is committed to a radical ideology and program of political, economic and social change. (Allan Todd p.12) But in practice many of these countries resemble more of an autocratic style of government which usually becomes, over time, much more apparent than the country's top elite group of cult leaders would like to admit. Most autocratic regimes have a number of problems internally as well as internationally due to autocracy.

Henceforth, the manifestation of these problems appear either socially as riots and civil disobedience, unemployment, and lack of even basic health care services or economically where foreign aid and assistance must be administered from IGOs such as the World Bank and IMF; subsequently leading to conditionality and reform for continued financial support. Usually assistance from those IGOs means that the government has come close to the verge of collapse and has few if any contingencies other than meeting the demands of outsiders for their support (the WB, IMF and WTO)

“There is a crisis of governance in a large number of weak, impoverished states and the crisis poses a serious threat to U.S. national security... the kind of weakness that has allowed opium production to skyrocket in Afghanistan, the small arms trade to flourish throughout Central Asia, and al Qaeda to exploit Somalia and Pakistan as staging grounds for attacks.” (Eizenstat et al. p.134)

It is agreed upon that having a state (whether weak or not) fall under the heavy influence of the drug cartels and terrorist organization which will cost the U.S. and the world much more over time due to exported terrorism, the social costs that will arise from drug sells, usage and corruption of the government as a consequence of those vices rather than aiding them in trying to find alternative ways to create jobs and wealth for their citizens.

Even in the midst of transition from an autocratic to a democratic state, although still impoverished, the democratic state will do as good as if not better than an autocratic run state, both immediately and in the long run; the Dominican Republic, India, Latvia, Mozambique, Nicaragua and Senegal are only a few examples of democratic governments that have outpaced many autocratic regimes.

“The terms ‘weak’ and ‘failed’ are frustratingly imprecise. Being poor, for example, does not necessarily make a country ‘weak’. Of the world’s more than 70 low-income nations, about 50 of them excluding well-armed hostile nations such as North Korea are weak in a way that threatens U.S. and international security.” (Eizenstat et al. p 58,59)

Therefore if America is to help ensure the world’s as well as its own security at a reasonable cost to everyone, America must continue giving assistance, not only in times of crisis but consistently to developed democracies as well as developing democracies trying to make the transition from an autocratic form of government as a sign of confidence and support to a democratic system that has been proven the better between it and any variation of autocracy.

“A government that was established on the principle of regarding the welfare of the people in the same way that a father regards his children's welfare, i.e., a paternal government (*imperium paternale*) - where the subjects, like immature children unable to distinguish between what is truly useful or harmful to them, would be compelled merely to behave passively, merely to await the judgment of the nation's head as to how they ought to be happy, and merely to expect his goodness in also willing it - such a government is the worst despotism we can think of (a constitution that subverts all the freedom of the subjects, who would have no freedom whatsoever) . Not a paternal but a patriotic government (*imperium no paternale, sed patrioticum*) is the only one thinkable for men who are capable of having rights, and the only one thinkable for a benevolent ruler.

(Kant (translated by Humphrey p.73))

Democracy has helped weak, impoverished and developing states move forward economically, politically and socially, in the area of human rights, a higher standard of living and in many more vital aspects of society; and when compared to all other regimes, especially autocracy, it has by many, been considered to be the best.

Otrodom Pelogo

6) How Political Scientist Safeguard Against Bias Slipping Into Scholarly Work (Safeguarding Against Bias)

How Political Scientist Safeguard Against Bias Slipping Into Scholarly Work (Safeguarding Against Bias)

Protectionism limits competition from abroad, but allows competition from within... (and) Transparency is essential because it enables more voices to be heard in the (research) process and limits abuses by the powerful'.

Research, by the time it has reached its readers, most who will have taken for granted that this sacred process is ready to be consumed, flawless and therefore unbiased. In-house oversight as well as regulatory and ethics agencies make this a credible assumption. But because of the presence of these agencies inside and outside of the research process, we know that bias can affect and has affected the most of academic and scholarly work. Guarding against plagiarism and theft of ideas and concepts during and after research can be in opposition to limited transparency which aids in ensuring accountability and fairness.

Research in political science like research and development in any other field of study, whether in engineering, physics, psychology or chemistry, is the cornerstone of a developing and intellectual society. Furthermore it literally sets the stage and places the pieces upon it for the latest inventions, ideas, concepts and soft knowledge or intellectual property. As a result, the political scientist must be forever vigilant in his or her efforts at safeguarding against bias slipping into their work.

"Bias is a skewed view that is presented in such a way that the audience for the research is not in a position to allow for it... (It) comes not from having ethical and political positions - this is inevitable - but from not acknowledging them". (BERA) Research found favoring one point of view over another, especially when there is available resources contradicting or at least creating argument to the contrary, poses a threat to those whose safety or even lives my depend on the results. Henceforth, in the aftermath of that revelation the process now becomes time consuming and costly; in a highly competitive industry this could be fatal. Researches therefore implement safeguards against bias in a number of ways which are accepted by most all political scientist and professionals.

Research must be subject to "Open review and debate at the core of academics inquiry. When this is subverted to other agendas, we all suffer the consequences". (L.B. Goddstein et al.) Just like the tobacco, pharmaceutical, food and beverage industries etc., accountability creates responsible and efficient products and services. Although the outcome will determine whether people are headed or remain sick, if readers / the concerned public is informed or left ignorant, or whether masses of people die, time and ready results run parallel with integrity; the first two directly related to funding and profits.

Pressure from the process as a whole could force alternative ingredients, shortcuts, manipulated data or the absence of data that has proven contrary to the desired outcome. And because plagiarism and intellectual property rights are a major issue, especially in dealing with foreign competitors, like in the information sector as well as the pharmaceutical industry, some privacy is surely expected to protect researchers ranging from political scientist to molecular biologists; transparency is mandatory and expected. In addition, "Intellectual property rights insure the returns to private production of knowledge, at a cost - temporary monopoly rights. Protectionism limits competition from abroad, but allows competition from within... (and) Transparency is essential because it enables more voices to be heard in the (research) process and limits abuses by the powerful". (Stiglitz and Charlton p 36,82)

Although political scientist are producers of mainly soft knowledge, credit, acknowledgement and reputation for that knowledge are analogous to monetary largess from those that they work with and alongside of from day to day. A few of more of these measures which are highly accepted as well as expected are peer review, criticism, the availability of test results and major concepts, and open review and debates etc. (Wikipedia) Scholarly work also should be reasoned, balanced and supported by evidence and a bit theoretical. (M.G. Roskin et al) Safeguarding against bias, although a timely and costly process, which is left in the hands of the researchers, must be perpetually maintained for the safety of the services provided, and the public which is provided by a competent and unbiased process.

Otradom Pelogo

6) L' Opera Dall' Autore: From Ramsey To Bush - The U. S. Led Coalition (Epistle) From An African American Business Journal

L'Opera Dall'Autore

From Ramsey to Bush: The US Led Coalition

Ironically enough, while working in Iraq, doing twelve hour shifts on and twelve hours off, besides editing one of my books with the seven hours left after a restless five hour nap, reading, like in the past, again, became my second passion. So I read mostly on nation-building (which is somewhat of a sociological, political and economic profile of an event) and the post-war affair; how it should and shouldn't work; it made for an incredibly interesting and enlightening time in North Africa / The Middle East. And time trying to fulfill that promise that we all make, of what we would do if ever having any extra money left over after paying the bills, which is to invest some of it.

So the other half of the reading time was spent on reading the investing books and journals from the BXs and PXs overseas. The magazines and books between then and now range from the Money and Smart Money magazines to Kiplinger's Personal Finance Magazine, and to Mary Buffett's Warren Buffett and The Interpretation of Financial Statements. In December of 2003 because of delays in the Middle East, I spent a month long orientation in Houston, Texas before heading on a flight to Kuwait as a truck driver-contractor for the oil exploration company, KBR/Halliburton Co. working alongside of the DOD.

My first job was supposed to be driving a bus that would take the contractor workers like myself to work or even take them shopping in downtown Kuwait. About a week after getting there though, I and a couple of other drivers were talking about what was going on in Iraq. Then we began to wonder and eventually asked around about how they decided who worked where, and how difficult it would be to get transferred to one of the stations in Iraq, although we were given our assignments before leaving Houston. But we shortly found out that all we had to do was ask, and that wish would be granted. It seemed to be one of the places (of course) where there was a need for workers. When first arriving in Houston, for processing and paperwork, they said that they needed about four or five hundred drivers, for various places overseas, especially Iraq. I eventually drove just about everything they had there, from a tanker carrying jet

fuel for some of the most lethal weapons ever built, to a water truck. So within a couple of days, just like they said, we were heading across the border into Iraq. Even the trip there was somewhat melodramatic; we could see in the distance some of the oil fields on fire, there was an IED that held us up for a while, but we got to see the latest in mechanical anti bomb robotics and technology, while getting a close-up look at what was going on and what we would be doing.

I started off driving a mail-truck (a tractor-trailer) , delivering the incoming bails of mail to the military and our contractor mail stations. Before boarding the plane heading overseas, reading the papers while sitting there waiting in Houston, it said that some of the convoys, especially the mail trucks were being ambushed by insurgents, where extra military escorts (gun-trucks) had to be added and strategically placed among the convoys carrying mail and other supplies. They started off with just a military escort in front, but the insurgents would wait until the lead escort went by and hit the last trucks in the convoy and take off. Then they began to add more gun-trucks, in the middle and at the end of the convoys. One day, myself and about three or four other guys were called into the office where a person in uniform walked in and began to demonstrate how to use the devices that were already laying on the table when we walked into the room: a 9mm, AK47 and a M16 rifle, in case of an ambush or attack. We were also informed that there could be suicide bombers out there on the routes; cars that would try and get inside of the convoy lines and ignite a bomb. We were told to get them out immediately; and it was pretty obvious, one could tell, of why a car would all of a sudden jump inside of a military escorted convoy.

One day I radioed to the lead CC (Convoy Commander) to let them know that a car had gotten in front of my truck inside of the convoy, I had been somewhere in the middle of about a twenty or so convoy, which was a typical run each day. Then I was told to get them out of the convoy, which basically meant driving them off of the road as soon as possible. We were coming upon a turn that would lead to a different highway, and thus only with seconds left, trying to push this car out of the way, I almost missed my turn, which would have had me probably stuck out there with a group of insurgents trying to blow up a military escorted convoy. Or worse, had half of the convoy sectioned off from the rest of the gun trucks.

I had met a young African American lady at one of the bases one day while we were waiting to head out on a mission with one of the convoys. She was in the army, and seemed about eighteen or nineteen, which is about the average age of our military personnel, and since I had just met her, after a few minutes of talking to her, asked her what did she do? I had taken for granted that she was a shooter. A shooter was a person who sat in the truck with you at random, of

course with 9mm and M16 ready to fire back in case of an attack. Ironically enough, she said that she drove The Leviathan, one of the trucks that we were preparing to head out in that day. It was one of the biggest convoys we had been in so far, about 77 trucks long, made up of military and civilian contractor units. I eventually drove one of the military units like she was driving, and it seemed like something out of a World War II movie and felt just as uncomfortable. I almost asked her why hadn't she picked something easier but thought about it before actually saying it, and decided instead, to tell her the story about having driven 950 miles from the Texas New Mexico state border, through the San Bernardino Valley and into Los Angeles in southern California, nonstop, except for fueling, in a truck that had a governor that only allowed it to go between sixty-two and sixty-five mph at the fastest, to try and make the task of truck-driving seem more fun and enjoyable.

I eventually did have a young female shooter (also African American) from Chicago ride with me one day. We talked for a while, and since I was in the midst of writing one of my books, I somewhat interviewed her on the life of working on the front lines. We had a layover in one of the more notorious hot-spots (places where there were more likely to have sniper fire or ambushes) . She told me that she had just come off of duty picking up bodies from one of the more volatile places, later I was told that where we were at, was one of the places that they kept them. She seemed to me, to be and incredibly enlightened person and equally as beautiful. I had a video tape of our conversation, but it eventually got lost somewhere on the computer with the thousands of files that I have. Where we were sitting at, was heavily hit place by the coalition forces, it probably was one of the main targets at the beginning of the war. It was one of the Iraqi bases that was run by 'Chemical Alley', one of Saddam's commanders that oversaw the chemical weapons part of their military.

One day our convoy, as usual was heading there, to this camp, when we heard that there had just been an ambush on the convoy that had left ahead of us earlier in the day, where that got separated, this was also, besides Fallujah, one of the Hot Spots, where there was likely to be more ambushes and sniper fire, Usually when something like that would happen, we would get either more support, stop where we were or go on lock down until things were back under control. But being one of the major convoys with heavy support, we ended up going into the camp in the middle of this Hot Spot, where we stayed there for over a week where everything was put on lockdown, which meant just about every house, business and building in the area was forced to close. It was one of the more chaotic spots of course. One of the soldiers on duty told me, when just stopping to talk for a while; it's one of the things that those there do, a quick and cordial conversation in passing, that they had just had a drive-by about three

o'clock in the afternoon, which she thought was pretty ridiculous. With the tracking equipment they have these days, they can just about track them down efficiently in the night as well as in the day time.

I got there a little after the initial war, which of course is called a Post-war. Of course the last three instances are of having talked to female soldiers, who aren't allowed on the front line during a war. So by this time, there are many female military personnel there because of it being the post-war, but ironically enough, the post-war was much worse than the war because of the insurgency that began.

I then drove a shuttle for a while at the coalition headquarters, driving around probably some of the most powerful and enlightened people on earth; men and women who most likely advised people like President George Bush (who was there a couple of times) , Secretary of State Collin Powel, and (and later) Secretary of State Condoleezza Rice, along with the personnel that's there on a regular basis, when the President or Secretary of State isn't around. They said (when reading one of the many books on the event) that it was the greatest coalition put together (most powerful) since Ramsey (the greatest of the pharos. They also said that after all of the weighing, that the ancient Egyptians were one of the great people to pass through our world) and ironically and incredibly enough, the US military, at that particular time, was the only group of people to have surpassed them. So to have been there at that time was to be part of somewhat of a historical moment in history. So you could now try and imagine with all that has happened between Ramsey and Bush, the magnitude of the event and being there.

One morning I woke up and raced to the shuttle to head to work, but realized that I couldn't find the keys to the shuttle, until about an hour or so later, when taking off my shoes and sitting down on the verge of giving up when seeing the silver piece of metal fall out of my shoe, then remembering that's where I had put it the night before as not to misplace it since we were sleeping in the cafeteria on the floor until they had finished building us units to sleep in while we were there. We were first given tents, after moving out of the cafeteria, where a group of people could sleep in, which was great, unless the AC went out, due to being hit late at night by insurgents, where they would have to turn all the lights off. During the day, which would average about 120 to 130 degrees easily, it could easily reach over a 10 degrees inside a twelve man tent within seconds with no AC. I eventually got a unit on side of the air-strip; 24 hours of roaring. The Dallas Cowboys Cheerleaders were also there, though I ended up working at that particular time, but I felt it was more for the military guys, more than for the civilian contractor drivers. But one night, while working in a different area, we were all invited to an outdoor concert. There were a couple

groups that I was unfamiliar with, but which were really good, where the main attraction was the famous island singer, Don Ho.

I was telling my mom and sister one day, recently, that while there in Iraq, one day I grabbed two American flags out of the BX and put them in my truck, up front in the window, when later, someone walked up to me afterwards and told me that I would have to take them down because it was considered a declaration of war. They had some of the locals work on the bases, though, I thought to myself afterwards, what average citizen would be looking that closely and know that much, which of course raises questions.

Most of the people that worked there, helping the coalition out, horribly enough, weren't Iraqis, because of the insurgents, trying to stop the coalition, would retaliate against anyone who worked with them, including those that lived there. So, this was one of the reasons that US contractors were brought in along with TCNs (Third Country Nationals; people from different countries willing to help out, and thus were given contracts to do certain jobs. I of course didn't take the flags down, until a few days later, trying to explain prudently as I was telling the story to my mom and sister. One day while at work near the trucks being loaded to head out to the different mail stations, I could see two guys walking across the truck yard in my direction, and somewhat knew that they were heading my way and why. And by the way they were dressed (only absent, the tie and jacket) and the solemn look on their faces, that they were most likely from The Coalition Headquarters or the U.S. Embassy, and calmly and politely asked would I take the flags down. I also somewhat knew that it was one of those conversations, at that place and time, with those two gentlemen, that it wasn't truly an issue to debate, and just as quietly and politely said 'Yes'. Some days I would drive the lead unit with a CC in the passenger seat, and each morning we would get briefed by either 'Mother Goose or Papa Bear', our military advisors for each mission, on what was ahead of us and what to look out for before heading out of the gates. (They were even putting bombs inside of dead animals on side of the road) and the flags didn't seem to raise concern to any of either the military or civilian personnel. But this conversation with the two gentlemen that day, did end the whole affair of the flags and the declaration of war. But I went on to state that a little later on, whether days, weeks or so, I can't truly remember, one of the truckers had put a giant flag on side of his truck, and a little later, that one of the Japanese (military) convoys that was out there with us had put up a flag on their lead gun-truck. And of course later, drivers were starting to put up flags in their trucks from their home states as well as the American flags. (Like all of the in-between stories and events, they're rather long stories) .

I met a an old friend (or rather a young friend) from the area where we grew

up in Southeast Texas, who I played football with at the local university, and was able to catch up on what had happened to a lot of the guys that we played with also. I talked a while with a soldier from Buffalo, who was rather friendly, filling me in on some of the things that happens, good as well as bad. And I met a young Romanian Soldier while out on a mission with one of the convoys, we had met at the counter while picking up supplies at one of the BXs, and most likely realizing that I looked like a fan of Braham Stoker, after speaking briefly, show his name tag, which had written on it Vlad, and mentioned Dracula or more formally, Vlad III Dracula ('A Romania night of the sacred order of the Dragon...') . And of courses, believe it or not, there was a unit where I stayed at for the majority of the time that I was there, from my hometown. But I tried to explain to one of the soldiers who had told me, that it had been a while since I had been back home, and I probably knew some of their parents, but doubted if I had met any of them, though we probably road out on several missions together.

Therefore, after getting back home from overseas, I took advantage of the opportunity of the transition of being between jobs and took some time off. I then of course tried to catch up on some things that I had wanted to get to for a while, and did finish the editing of about seven different books that I had been working on for the last twenty years (two of them edited especially for children) , and had them published through two self-publishing agencies (Authorhouse and Lulu) .

After spending too much time on the research and editing of those books, and wanting to take one more overseas trip with the little money I had left, I headed to London, England. One of the days was spent on a ten hour tour of the suburbs of London and Canterbury, and a wine tasting stop at one of the local ancient castles) . And before heading in, driving by Parliament, Thames, and the old CIA building where 007 worked at. Great Britain is one of a few places I think that Americans should visit. The historic English cathedral city, which inspired Geoffrey Chaucer's loved Canterbury Tales and where the murder of Thomas Becket takes place that we enjoyed reading in school, and which is now head of the worldwide Anglican Communion and a place of pilgrimage for Christians worldwide.

Then of course, after getting back, back OTR (over-the-road truck driving) , along with the search for answers, the search for consignees to deliver truckloads of merchandise that ranged from 53' trailers of laundry detergent to what could some of the times contain a million dollar truckload of computer equipment. So the second half of 2006 (after taking some time off after getting back from overseas) ,2007 and through the stock market crash in 2008, was spent over-the-road driving from one end of the country to the other. By this time, I had either spent the extra money I had made while working overseas on staying in

different hotels while trying to finish writing and paying bills or other necessities and promised that when I got back, or had gotten to the point where I could take a break (extended) , I would work on the investing portfolio again.

Otradam Pelogo

6) Mohammed (And The Men Of The Middle East)

Part II

Mohammed (Iraq)

(And The Men of Mesopotamia)

If I wasn't heading to Europe, I would have brought it back and given to one of the young boys that we say hello to when driving from one place to another down the streets of Iraq. A lot of times we are driving slowly enough to throw candy out of the window; and a lot of times I'll grab some of the chocolate sports bars from off of the table, a sandwich or fruit, sneaking it into my pocket and hopefully will not have eaten them by the time we are ready to pull out.

Sometimes they will, when we are moving slow enough, or have stopped for a few seconds waiting to cross a bridge or fix a flat tire or something like that, the little boys and girls, they are more enduring than adults as we know, the energy and enthusiasm of a child, something we always long for, will walk up and ask for food, water or candy, and the majority of the times you'll see whatever the driver has go flying out of the window. I usually stop by the PX and grab a case of soda, or some snacks, (unless we're leaving at night when there will be basically no one on the streets) , and take whatever I have or what I want need before making it to the next stop, as I said, usually something to drink or snack on, and either throw or hand it to any one of them standing out there. Though, during the day, you know that there will be children lined up and down the streets, so bringing something to hand to them is usually premeditated, though you don't know when or where they will be, and yet they are always truly grateful for what's given. There is still caution for many reasons, besides the admonishment of not to throw anything out of the window at all, usually for the safety of the children out there, running up to get what is thrown out. So it takes a few faces to reach over and grab what's in arms reach; a bottle of water, a can of soda or some candy and throw it in the direction of a group of excited children.

Ironically enough, it happened a couple of times, about five or so little boys and girls, nicely dressed, standing there very excitedly hoping for something to come flying there way, and they sort of get you in the mood, but at forty, fifty and sixty kilometers an hour, most likely it will come flying out half a block later, and you'll forget what or who somewhat got it going, which I did, and had seen them; that small group of children standing at the edge of the street, in front of their house on the way back and remembered them, but by this time I didn't have anything left, which was sort of an amusing paradox, but made a mental note of it to myself, that next time, though we never know when, that I would

have something for them; and ironically enough, by the next time you will have forgotten and thus the scenario starts all over again. I had seen them just before pulling past them, hurried and grabbed a bag full of candy or sports bars and had thrown it out of the window just in time, while hoping not to hear over the radio, that someone was throwing something out of the window.

Last couple of times we were moving slow enough where the kids would stop and even talk to us while waiting to go, and they'll hold a conversation with you the whole while, and the more they talk to you; and they're always extremely nice, the more you want to give them something. I had just bought a case of soda, and had it sitting on the floor within arm's reach, and thus a young boy came along side of the truck, jogging in tandem with the nice slow pace that we were going, and began talking, while asking for something to eat or drink; I threw him a soda, which I could tell that he was grateful for, though he kept up the pace, of course to my surprise. I threw more sodas out, I think also one of the plastic containers called MREs, that the military uses, which contains a small meal with a powdered drink and a piece of candy; and he kept jogging until we almost came to the stop where we prepared to go across the bridge, when I threw him another of about at least five or more sodas, and a couple bottles of water, as his friends came along side of him and asked for some also, but I hesitated for a second, realizing that a three dollar and fifty cent case of sodas made a small group of children incredibly happy, and it always does. Sometimes you can see that a lot of their happiness comes from the fact that we care enough to give them something. Children anywhere from the age of three, four or five, up to adolescence and older are out there, and the feeling and appreciation is always the same, even more so the younger they are, the childlike happiness that transcends just about all things. I asked the young boy his name, who was about ten or eleven years old, and he said that his name was Mohammed, when I reached onto the dash and grabbed the extra pair of sunshades that I had and threw it to him, which made him as excited as he could have possibly gotten. I then handed a soda to one of his older friends selling merchandise, who asked could he have something to drink also, where I then grabbed about one of the last and gave it to him just before crossing the bridge and heading away at a much faster pace. I realized that Mohammed must have ran close to a mile while talking to me and being rather nice about it...

Otradam Pelogo

6) Mohammed (In Dubai)

Muhammed, from Pakistan, whose face I've become quite familiar with, and whose conversation, each time we meet, is welcoming. This is the Deira district of Dubai, and getting to know someone is a pleasure; a generous imperative, creating the feeling of being at home, though I'm sure they wonder why this is my favorite place when Dubai is such a grand city, and there are many western hotels, though I've only stayed in one or few others; the Al Bustan, the Millennium and the Holiday Inn, since first coming here on several trips back and forth, as I said, a friendly and cordial hello, making the feeling of familiarity appropriate. The waiter, a younger guy; and though we don't know one another's name, (I apologized today to someone, explaining that I may shortly forget, after being told, but no disrespect intended,) and we could, after today, see one another passing buy on any street in the US and say hi, forgetting that we either don't, or should I say, do know one another.

When I had first gotten there, to the Ambassador, I stopped in the waiting area of the lobby and sat down just to think about how I would plan my next few days stay there, with no agenda except to do as much as I possibly could. I met a few guys there, it's a very diverse city, so you could try all day, and probably not get it right, where everyone is from, but can figure out what they are doing; a hot cup of Turkish coffee or tea, a cigarette or shisha; the water bubble pipe with flavored tobacco, a sandwich or a game of pool; the cordial male gathering place, though frequented by as many women; and I have enjoyed seeing them, the social bonding coffee shops, on the east coast; where you can walk in for a hot drink on a cold day, a donut or sandwich, where the older guys are sitting down, reminiscing and spending time with old friends. And as time went on, I eventually, after becoming the familiar stranger, had occasional and brief conversations over a game of pool, even playing a couple of games with the chef and of course the locals who walk in from time to time.

There is a TV that sits up high in the corner; which changes frequently from the world news to video stations, the pop culture of the Middle East, though you will see many American videos mixed in also; and except for the language, you couldn't tell them apart, to the daytime soap operas. They don't sell alcohol, and it's equally as difficult to find throughout the city, even though Dubai may be one of the few that sells it. So, a row of video games is the extra entertainment of the hour. I sometimes feel, even after sitting there for a couple of days, out of place, but then the jeans that I usually wear, will fit in, as someone dressed as casually as myself will walk through the door; for the dress varies from the traditional Middle Eastern wear, to the latest in Western or European designer

jeans. A face that may look quite familiar, but only that it's several thousand miles away, or a hello, abating what can easily be perceived as the apprehension from being, (although trying to, as they say, fit in) , different. Seeing them walk up and put their arms around the beautiful women that I have talked to since being there, creates a discrete bond of silent friendship that's more of a welcome that's rather priceless. Or sitting outside and having a sandwich, and having someone feel comfortable enough to sit and have a bite to eat with you, which Rita did, and I think it made myself and others around us feel even more comfortable that things, after an extended period of time being there, was still going well.

Otradom Pelogo

6) Otradom's Song

I didn't, of course, once again, catch my plane on time, I think that I was about three or four days late before heading out. But the night before I left, as if I was living a nightmare or had just awoken from a dream, I walked into the café after having come in for the evening to have my late cup of coffee, which sometimes is from sunrise to sunrise, where I then looked around the place, and a room that, as I said has equally as many women as men sitting there, talking, eating, drinking, they don't serve alcohol; a soft drink or tea, etc., playing video games or sitting with friends, and quickly, though I wouldn't, and where at least until this very moment, say this is one of my ulterior motives for frequenting the place; to see a beautiful face, when I suddenly realized that there wasn't one single woman in the café. I thought it peculiar as I sat there and tried to ponder on this event, but couldn't figure out why, nor could I, maybe because of the shock, ask any of the men that either worked there or were sitting there as usual, where had they gone; though they seemed not as surprised as I was. I took it as an extraordinary coincidence, and went up to my room for a few hours before deciding to go out for supper, knowing that I would have gone back to sleep and would have awakened from the nightmare that I was now having, and things would have returned back to normal.

For some reason, though still shocked, I was not surprised that it was one of those dreams that you don't wake up from as I surreptitiously glanced into the lobby of the café while either deciding to investigate further or let the momentum of confusion pull me out of the door as I still tried to put together the pieces of this dilemma, that would have to change, at least, I'm hoping, by the time that I left the next day. That evening brought with it the same dilemma as the previous evening, as I'm still now forcing myself from one room to the other; from the café, to the lobby, into the elevator and sitting myself down and staring out of the window for answers, but this time the birds brought me no comfort, and the next morning would not release me from my torment of not seeing a group of women that I had so quickly, though it has been almost a year that I have been visiting there, fallen in love with.

Tonight I found the pictures of Nanya, her sister Noora, and Mary and placed them on the wall, along with replicas of Van Go and Gravure, that I bought in Holland, Brenda, Barbara and the rest of the family, but could not find the answer to my tormenting dilemma.

Ironically the night before this finale of occurrences had taken place, I sat there at the table on side of the bed, farthest away from the window and tried to figure

out why did the salesman, when trying to buy a music book at the music store, play a song for me. A song, that several years ago brought me out of a place between dream and awakening while I sat there on side of Brenda, listening to the lead guitarist play a longer than usual though beautiful repetition of part of one of his most famous songs.

It's an event that has happened in the past; the motif is déjà vu, like when Michael sang at Thelma's unexpected wedding, and yet unique, while the event itself is not a recording of a past event, but it's the making aware of more than a chain of events to come, even an era. The song: Hotel California.

Later that evening sitting there starting at the window, I found myself speaking aloud; reflecting on what had happened up until that very moment, and even how would I reflect on it in the future; a year, two, ten, even twenty years from now, the time that this small group of women and myself had shared, and the unforgettable bond that had been created, and ironically made the statement "That after they had all walked out, after they had all gone, after the last one had closed the door, I'll still be loving you; That's why."
Otradom

Otradom Pelogo

6) The Runner's Dilemma (Prose / Ballad)

In 1994 I put down everything I was doing and went for a walk to think for a while. After thinking, I tried to put my life back together; I tried to put all of the pieces that I wanted to keep into some type of perspective. I made a list of some of the things that were most important in my life at that time, played around with the words and letters for a while, and came up with the acronym; Otradom PeloGo. It became my way of saying all the things you should say to others and myself into one simple phrase. As the phrase, it's simply stated as; (Observe and Travel with Wisdom. Peace, Love, and God be with You; Otradom PeloGo.)

After having somewhat plotted a course to follow, I then began to run. I ran through a world that I had never really noticed before and into its' many wonders it had to offer, from the Heaven's to earth, even a few below. I ran through my hometown and into my youth that had slipped away. I ran through my past, it was moving the fastest, yet, I ran into the peace which it also had to offer, which also allowed me to decide which part of it I would keep. I ran through the Winter, Spring, Summer and Fall.

For although forever changing, I knew
I should not be moved by cool winds or
a dark and cloudy sky
For putting it on a pedestal, /
neither causes it to linger / go
around or pass by

It seems impossible my very breath /
acts like a catalyst, only making
it more intense
It seems impossible it's one of the
reasons I'm here, / but before and after,
is when that makes sense

With effluent momentum, like a good friend, /
amusing, enigmatic, and intellectual sort
Good things, / even though familiar / cause
us to think, / to be amazed, / to put up
what seems like a fort

The ellipse can be a difficult road
to run when your past sits with a future
that some times seems bleak
By even the second or third lap, /
I'm not sure if it's trying to make me
mad or make me meek

A sixty second beep, / no matter how
hard to attain, / can sometimes break
a smooth and perfect stride
And the price of a drink, / on my watch, may
or may not seem like a covert place to
blatantly hide

The joys and pains of life on the track is
not the time when trying to push yourself
to the mind's brink
Tomorrow while there between figuring
out love and passion, I'll try to remember
when and what to think

When out there above the clouds, wind, the birds,
it seems like everything and everyone
has something to say
When out there above the clouds, it's a gift
to hear them say hello to this could
be a beautiful day

I try to imbibe a dialogue from
music to poetry to art / before
I close the door
Then I try my best to think of running
a good pace, / then try to think of nothing
less, / or nothing more

Now my quest is a good pace, / a route that's
Straight, which I'm certain that's bound to
bring me closer to the end
To believe a slow pace is better
obfuscates a heart that may take a bit more
scholarship to mend

The songs I run to while out there / range from
gospel, country, and have a cadence which
really seems okay
Sometimes they push me as far as I can
go, / sometimes they can miraculously
shorten my stay

They are songs that span the spectrum from day
one, which I try to think of, to at least
a hundred and four
Some I made up about suffrage, / some made
up for babies / as I contemplated
walking out the door

There are children there, ./ some run parallel
to one another, some I simply call
them GoPe
New and familiar faces, / some warn
us to move ahead, / some / certainly
to extend our stay

Days when the Heavens request the stage,
showing off the sun and the clouds at the
cry of the wind
At night, the moon serenades the stars, /
darkness begins to walk, / play tag with lights, /
as they run, / hide and bend

Yesterday I put it all together
and finally figured out / what it all
really meant
Today at least half of it still made sense, /
the half I could remember, / the half / by
wisdom sent

I've created characters who have helped
me run in this incredible thing we
simply call life
Now those characters I see / bring the
distractions, / the ambivalence of love, /
empathy and strife

Every now and then I begin to
wonder as this symphony begins
setting the world free
A cloud at five thousand, / the purr at
forty, / a smile at two; / we're only
jogging / aren't we

Life is forever changing, it's as
virtuously complex or wanton as
my heart desires
So I push whether I've done good or bad,
for it's the push / that fuels the quest /
of life's zealous and great fires

As it came out of the skies spreading its'
gratuitous and lavish arms from
the land to the sea
Carrying nations upon its' back, even
while mourning; the bride, / highway to
our eternity

At least four of them I can hear yell as
they race and roar beyond the limits from
church to embassy
Maybe someone came a day or two
early, / maybe / someone left in a cloud
of travesty

When a child, I heard them cry at noon with
passion and the tumults which helps make the
world go around
Now I see them on the track as I run,
and the roads, the buildings, even
the Capitol's ground

It really depends on what you wear while
out there on the track, which will determine
what you see and hear
A heart and mind dressed with a positive
perspective, cools and befriends the spectrum
from love to fear

Running away, augments not life, but my
view of the trouble it brings
The dilemma is, it doesn't go
away when I work, run, wail or sing

At the tenth lap I'll be regaled by dreams
whether feeling pain or even good
By the twelfth, I'll try to block it all out,
After one more lap, if it's good, it's wood

When tired I may slow down, on a perfect
day, before the end, I may even stop
Sometimes I run for fun, sometimes
when I feel that my head just wants to drop

Whether it's on the track or the road I
run, the course is always sort of oblique
It's a course, which never ends / and covered
with the answers which we all seek

Whether on the track or the road I run,
my goal isn't to win or reach the top
But it's a course, which never ends, always
Changing, and one which we cannot stop

Still it's strange, for on the road or track
there are days my head sometimes wants to drop
And after dropping, funnier still,
to struggle, to run, or to just stop

Sometimes after five, the cars light up the
field to extend time and to continue play
Sometimes it's lit up by faces, sometimes
it's the reasons I go out the next day

Sometimes I see the house I built there when
lying in the bed on a rainy day
Sometimes I run to dream of far away
places, sometimes I run just to pray

One night I hope to see my long ago
friend, the one which / set my mind on fire

The one which / shared a few seconds, the one
I never knew, but always did admire

After two hours, I run through places
that were never before on field or track
The next day I wonder why I'm prudently
and a priorily escorted back

Two days straight, a month, finally a day
off that I'm certain will feel quite good
Next time, my leg, chest or back, but the whole
body, I'll just have to wish that I could
Broken toys, a lost book, tears as I gate
Makes me move slow, when I feel like I'm late
Sometimes the balky facades I once wore
can compel my heart walking out the door
I can still hear their voices, although their
children and I now live side by side
They are the OP drill Sgt.(s) : the things
we love, dream, build and now vow to abide

A year from now I'll try to wonder what
made me stop this night to think and write
There are a million things I could note, but
the best is Merry Christmas and good night
A love for life and a passion to write

But be careful, for they sometimes laugh and
cry while pushing to the very next phase
For their goal is to make life a straight walk,
More appealing, and less of a maze.

Otradom Pelogo

6) The Sonnet Of Beaumont, The Rooster, A Pear Orchard

The Rooster

The time it was, I didn't know
When I began to hear the rooster crow

A sound that woke up years of my youth
Preparing to go out and find my own truth

After finding it in the years of my past
The crow of the rooster did also last

It has one more incredible thing
Like a virtuoso, it loves to sing

So to the answers I'll add one more part
The rooster is a part of my heart.

Sonnet of Beaumont

Beaumont, Texas was a small city on the Gulf of Mexico; one that I didn't leave until I had become an adult. But mixed with the hunger and fantasies of how the rest of the world looked, by the time I reached them, they all seemed to be magnificent and beautiful places.

For me, the world was created in Beaumont, a place where my foundation was basically created. In '86, I moved to Austin, Texas, which I soon found out was the center of the world. San Francisco and Oakland in '95 were as beautiful as they were in '91 when I left, so I called them the end of the world, which in an extremely beautiful place. Having found Oxnard and Ventura, California in '98 while trying to reach a freshly created goal to move back to the Bay, I called them the beginning of the world. And if I've forgotten to write it down, there isn't one place that I wouldn't have like to live or at least return to visit.

A Pear Orchard

A Pear Orchard can produce many great things
Like food, hope, and a beautiful place to live

Where I learned to take answers a quiet day brings
How to make friends, take good advice and give

Goliad is still the longest street I've ever seen
Although, there are some that run from here to the port
Each time with things that now mean
I have more to think about, but less to sort

Because I've learned to take my hometown with me
I can use those virtues to straighten out the day
Since Beaumont mirrors the rest of society
Whether in Port Arthur or back in the Bay

It's an incredible yet simple truth
That scholarship is the key to all things
As I look at the future and my youth
From learning to write, to my love the day brings

At school I vowed to make education
A perpetual goal no matter where
I would decide to travel to
Since learning requires few qualifications
Making a simple attempt the fare
Whether science, economics or virtue

These are the things the children must keep
On the road they have chosen to be right
If they are the same dreams they wish to reap
When working in the day or sleeping at night

I can hear the noonday siren clear tonight
Telling me names, places, and secrets to write

Otradom Pelogo

6) The Sonnet Of Texas (Prose And Sonnet)

Just before leaving the Capitol City, Austin, I was recently introduced to my now good friend; this new enlightenment. It allows me to see even the little wonders created over the millions of years. Ironically enough, the State Capitol was one of the first places that I vied to speak, communicate, with this new language or even a tool. The dictionary I have has one hundred and eighty thousand words in it, and with it, I can figure out most things in life, communicate with just about all of God's creatures, and even build an antenna with just a tablet and pencil to talk to God.

After successfully addressing the governor's office about one of their most prized possessions; The Great Walk, which links the State Capitol to Congress Avenue and the rest of the world, I heard they were preparing for the year two thousand. I began to wonder if another jewel would be placed in that crown; whether it was Lyndon B. Johnson, Barbara Jordan, or even Ann Richards, for sometimes we are certain about some without doubt.

I learned even more about enlightenment, a conviction to it, and the many wonders of the state of Texas.

I

She was therefore those days when life was hard
Because it led to our destiny
Business, politics or faith in the Lord
She'll stay also for faith in liberty
The stars can be seen on a cloudy day
For time brought wisdom and technology
The road is as busy but still leads the way
For those years brought also opportunity
From here we've challenged to visit the moon
Built toys called domes, planes, and Ferris-wheels
And hope they last, at least not leave to soon
For those from the metroplex to the hills
But the greatest view is when far from home
For it's better remembered when we roam

II

The past has venerated our quest
And that knowledge has built a home for our youth
For acknowledgement helps bring out the best
When the best is viewed with respect and ruth
Those who are wiser tell of yesterdays

That regales today and prepares tomorrow
So we hope that it's Sixth Street where it stays
With the strength gained from the hearts sorrow
Texas still claims lands diverse and wide
Philosophies of peace, progress and love
Horns sound out along with friends and pride
Abreast the tower's burnt orange from above
A place for her neighbors to come inside
Where NASA and the Alamo abide

Otradom Pelogo