

*Lonesome*

*Long*

*Sit*

*by*  
*Exis Jaxn*

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# 1. No Work

*No work this summer.  
Long hot days in the dry shade  
left to contemplate.*

*Thoughts on life or death:  
is it work that gives meaning,  
or is silence good?*

*Who is to make it  
if so much is lost so late  
that life has ended?*

*One chooses the end;  
or it is a beginning?  
Who is to decide?*

*No more work right now.  
Where will the next check come from?  
Do "they" really care?*

*I care I tell you!  
It is my own life and death  
left to contemplate.*

*So I will choose life  
because it's the best I have.*

## 2. *The bent ear*

*The bent ear was straight  
in the beginning at home;  
but freedom is here.*

*When living outside  
it may be free but not safe,  
that's why the big ears.*

*Hot, dry, dusty ground  
where bloodsucker skeeters bite  
as if he were lunch.*

*The dogs can be cruel;  
they bite, drool, and have big feet.  
"Git lost yo butt mutts!"*

*But living inside  
is cool with food and water;  
sleep, safe sleep in home.*

*Ah, that is the life!  
The life of Runnie Babbit.  
The freedom of home.*

*Is he really free,  
the young rabbit in his cage?*

### *3. Damn that lottery*

*Damn that lottery;  
bit me for another one  
that I did not have.*

*Passed me by that one;  
so many million big ones  
it made my head swim.*

*That damn lottery  
left me alone in my dream  
so noble and good.*

*Am I worth the gift?  
And why not mine than those guys?  
It's my noble cause.*

*20 years to build  
a place for the faithful ones  
to grow up with me.*

*300 million  
is more than I need to have;  
I bet much lower.*

*So I ask for it,  
but it is not up to me.*

## 4. *Who's there*

*Who's there to find me  
at the end of a long sit  
where I drift asleep?*

*Haze overtakes me  
as I drift into my dream  
so unrealized.*

*Is my sadness real,  
or is it my own making?  
What do sitters think?*

*The sitters thinking  
may be nothing but a dream;  
but it is my dream!*

*Foretelling ahead,  
or merely a fantasy;  
should I truly care?*

*It's the dream for me;  
I will let it take me there,  
sitting in my haze.*

*So do we all know  
who will find me in the end?*

## 6. *Sweet Dreams*

*Sweet dreams of children  
with so much ahead of you;  
nothing can stop you.*

*The dreams of the old  
wither and dry in the sun  
while you take your wing.*

*So much to look for  
as your flight leads you away  
in search of sweet dreams.*

*The clear glass window  
waits the inevitable  
as the bird hits it.*

*The broken wing and  
the sting of experience:  
a lesson of life.*

*My dreams have aged me  
while yours only drive you on.  
But the glass is there.*

*So take flight my friend,  
and carry plenty of splints!*

## 7. *Difficult e-mail*

*Difficult e-mail  
is easily mistaken  
from one's perspective.*

*I attempt to say  
just exactly what I mean  
in clear precision.*

*But you misread it  
and loose the basic meaning.  
Misunderstanding?*

*Clarification  
is the dreaded e-mail curse.  
Did I insult you?*

*I am so sorry  
that you did not learn read.  
What am I do say?*

*What was it I said  
clear as nose on your face?  
Is it difficult?*

*It was just e-mail,  
not quotation of scripture!*

## 9. *The chair*

*The chair sits alone  
discarded by its owner,  
targeted by birds.*

*The rain washes it  
with polluted drops of mud  
while cars splash runoff.*

*Alone sits the chair  
as indifferent drivers pass  
and kids kick it down.*

*The sun dries the wet,  
the breeze flicks off the bird stuff,  
and mud disappears.*

*The chair calls me out  
as I drive by in my thoughts,  
willing to serve me.*

*"To old," cries the kids,  
"and very stinky," states wife.  
But I hear its call.*

*And for years I sit  
in the old but happy chair.*



## 10. *Take a pill*

*Take a pill today;  
just like magic I am cured.  
Disease, go away.*

*Marvels of science  
never cease to amaze me  
as I wheeze and cough.*

*Eat all that I want:  
pizza, cookies, and ice cream,  
french fries and burgers.*

*Never exercise:  
the life of couch potato  
appeals to my butt.*

*Never go outside:  
just stay home and veg it out.  
Who needs the trouble?*

*We have the cure now,  
and insurance pays for it.  
So who needs to sweat?*

*Just ask the doctor  
for that magic pill. "Wheeze, cough!"*

## 12. *The fit*

*The fit of the shirt  
makes room for one to take a breath,  
if a breath is left.*

*The fit of the shorts  
leaves space for one to run,  
if that is the goal.*

*For me it is not the fit outside  
that defines the fit of life;  
but with a comfortable fit  
I am able to breathe and run.*

*My kids spend dollars  
on their many shirts and shorts,  
and top them off with  
expensive shoes.*

*They say it is the fit that lends  
style to their social lives,  
and society is expensive.*

*Are they more comfortable than I?*

*Personally I think not,  
but they would not agree.*

## 15. *Driving lessons*

*Driving lessons suck,  
Heart attack around each turn;  
each break a whiplash.*

*Other drivers scream  
and flip us off with vengeance:  
10 miles per hour.*

*What was that speed zone?  
70 on the highway,  
35 in town.*

*I yell and tense up,  
and hit the air brake pedal  
when he hits the gas.*

*He yells defiance  
as the car careens wildly  
all over the road.*

*We sigh with relief  
as we screech to a dead stop.  
This is killing me.*

*I look at myself in the mirror  
and count all the new gray hairs.*

## *17. The garbage*

*The garbage pickup  
is every Friday morning  
right at 8 o'clock.*

*With the precision  
of a government schedule,  
garbage is removed.*

*Low pay and hard work  
is this revolving back door  
of unskilled labor.*

*Black men bend their backs  
while the super drives the truck  
and sets the work pace.*

*What would this be like:  
the sweat, the backache, the toil,  
while living with rot?*

*Who enjoys this life  
at the end of the hard day?  
What is after work?*

*I have come to appreciate  
their service and sacrifice.*

## 19. *The fall cold*

*The fall cold arrives;  
welcome relief from the heat  
of August's summer.*

*The small tinge of pain  
of the morning's cool moisture  
is heavenly bliss.*

*To pull the covers  
just another inch closer  
for that extra sleep.*

*Who wants to go to  
work when so much is at peace  
in the cool morning?*

*What is wrong with us  
if we miss the season's change  
when we work so hard?*

*I would not miss it  
for the very best career.  
No check is worth it.*

*The fall cold is here  
for the body to grow warm.*

## 22. *Water*

*Water runs through it  
with a symphonic sound  
soothing the soul who listens  
to endless rhythms and cadences.*

*A close listening  
reveals variety  
and subtlety.*

*A deep hearing  
exposes the  
universe:  
the diversity  
of each drop.*

*Nothing is the same  
as the song of the ages  
plays on in a symphony of  
unending rhythms and  
eternal cadences  
as the water  
sings its  
song.*

## 23. *Blessed beer*

*Ah, that blessed beer  
on the late afternoon  
under the moving limbs  
of very old backyard trees.*

*The foam overflows  
when the tab pops  
and exudes such  
a scent as to  
drift one  
into the  
spacie  
place.*

*Blessed beer  
returns  
every  
day.*

*Just  
a moment  
of escape from  
the noise of living.*

## 26. *Waiting*

*Waiting, endless waiting  
on the Will of God  
can get tiresome.*

*How does one know?*

*Does anyone else  
recognize the Will?*

*I wait and wait  
in the vain hope  
that I will discover  
some incredible truth  
that will so excite me  
it changes life instantly.*

*Poo! Get on with your work and find  
what is really there: the Will of God.*

*Waiting is for those poor souls who are  
willing to live with fat flat bottoms.*

*Working on what is before you,  
knowing that the elusive Will  
is always within you if you  
cease the endless waiting.*



## 31. *The tree*

*The tree by the pond  
was transplanted late in spring  
and struggled through drought.*

*The summer was long  
and dry heat was dangerous;  
but there was the pond.*

*So water was there  
for roots to grow and take hold;  
and the tree could live.*

*The winter was long,  
and the cold was dangerous  
for the young pond tree.*

*But the roots were deep  
and the spring rains brought new life;  
the tree would survive.*

*New leaf would emerge  
and the tree would stretch its limbs,  
reaching for heaven.*

*The tree by the pond  
received its first ring of life.*

## 32. *Time*

*Time  
can stretch  
before me endlessly.*

*Space  
can occupy  
my mind effortlessly.*

*Place  
can dominate  
my life so much that it  
becomes a prison of time and space.*

*Am I doing enough to stretch time to  
occupy my space in a productive manner?*

*Or has time wandered into a space  
where the place has become a  
prison space of wasted time?*

*Sometimes I wonder where the time goes.*

*Is the changeless space an important clue?*

*Been looking at the same place too long?*

*Then do something worthwhile with time,  
and make this space a worthwhile place.*

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*Lonesome Long Sit*

## 34. *Junk e-mail*

*Junk e-mail  
fills my in-box,*

*Thousands of offers  
to pay off the mortgage.*

*The web cams present the jaded  
with the opportunity for endless fun.*

*The occasional dirty picture -  
let's not go there right now.*

*I spend so much time  
deleting the junk  
I get little done.*

*Buy this, pay for that:  
life is just simple as  
name, address, e-mail,  
and credit card.*

*Buy, buy, buy.*

*It is the  
plague  
of the  
age.*

## 38. *Alone*

*Alone and with me  
I find the same thoughts boring:  
an endless tape loop.*

*Without others one  
becomes diminished and so  
alone: so alone.*

*We know simple truths:  
no one can be an island,  
though we might wish it.*

*We are connected  
even if we cut the ties  
in isolation.*

*Can I live alone  
with the me that bores myself  
in endless mind loops?*

*Is it possible  
to be alone on this world?  
The world is too small.*

*How small must it be  
to be totally alone?*

## 44. *Another day*

*"Another day another dollar"  
we say as we stumble out of bed for work.*

*What is this obsession with work  
society has developed where our life  
is be measured by what we do at work?*

*I wonder if it is possible that our aspirations,  
our visions, our dreams, and our hopes  
would not be a better measure of  
who we are and what we can be.*

*So much of life is bound in our work  
it is easy to discard the high thoughts  
as unrealistic dreams: wishful fancies.*

*So we get up another day  
to earn another dollar,  
and put the dreamers  
of dreams into the  
institutions for  
losers and  
misfits:  
us.*

## 46. *To sit*

*To sit by water, be still, and hear the  
miraculous sound as it flows over rocks.*

*To listen to the air and be swept away  
in thought as air flows through the trees.*

*To absorb the ideas as each moment  
fills us with the flow of the universe.*

*To sit, to listen, and to absorb  
is a difficult thing to do nowadays.*

*It takes so much time and patience  
it is easy to miss the subtle meaning of  
each passing moment, each drop of water.*

*To experience the depth of each moment of sitting  
requires a quiet mind, a still heart, and an open soul.*

*Is this why we no longer hear each other?*

*Is this why the world is so filled with  
such noise that the din of our sound  
makes us deaf to the ministry of our  
universe: the existence of the Spirit?*

*To sit by the water, to hear breath, and to absorb life  
is a gift from God: endeavor to take advantage of it.*

## 53. *The drive*

*The drive is timed  
down to the minute.*

*The arrival can be  
measured in seconds.*

*The road is as familiar  
as the back of my hand.*

*And after all these years  
I still love to do the drive.*

*Over hills shrouded in fog  
and through valleys so deep  
it takes the length of the drive  
for the sun to rise through mist.*

*When clouds obscure the sun  
there is a story to tell;  
a mystery to solve.*

*There are some benefits to this age,  
and the drive has been one I enjoy.*

*The drive is time where the  
mind is in neutral and  
nature is the feature.*

## *57. Credit cards*

*Credit cards are so nice;  
a wallet full of them is  
just the thing I need.*

*Talking on the phone  
to deal with the card  
is life's great joy,  
but the spending  
is even better.*

*Just swipe that card  
and roll in the change.*

*How much better can it get?*

*Such a rush - just bag it up!*

*That is why  
I don't do  
the bills.*

*That is my  
wife's job.*

*Not fair, I know,  
but cutting up cards  
is the only real solution.*



## 58. *Giving it*

*Giving it,  
not taking it,  
least we take it  
back in the end now  
seems to be the rage.*

*The right hand  
gives,  
the left hand  
takes,  
and who cares?*

*We all do it,  
so that makes it  
all right, don't it?*

*Giving it  
back,  
rather than  
taking it  
back  
might be a novel idea.*

*I wonder who thought of it?*

## 64. *Rhythm*

*Rhythm go  
rhythm roll  
give it a shake.*

*Timing so  
rhyming sold  
live on to make.*

*Meter three  
beater creep,  
shive it as a flake.*

*I got rhythm,  
I got music,  
I got nothin'  
without  
timing  
rhyming  
meters:  
beaters  
shaking  
and shiving.*

## 76. *The rabbit*

*The rabbit hobbled  
on three legs before the trip  
to the vet that day.*

*The right front leg is broken  
and he will live in his cage  
for the next six weeks.*

*Does this young Babbitt  
understand his plight and know  
the length of his convalescence?*

*Well, it appears to me  
that he has become depressed and  
he truly feels the pain of the break.*

*Is he conscious,  
are his emotions:  
real or amorphous fancy?*

*You got me, but I see what I see.*

*I won't argue about the souls of animals,  
but there is more behind the big brown eyes  
than meets the eye. That is what I have seen,  
for there is love in that animal; if only animal.*

## 77. *Within*

*Within the corner  
of my soul awaits the one  
who oversees life.*

*Silently he calls  
me to strive for better things  
while I ignore him.*

*Patiently he leads  
me to serve the higher cause  
while I sit and wait.*

*Earnestly he shows  
me the possibilities  
while I do little.*

*From God, and of God,  
this guide of my life remains  
ready for service.*

*But I ignore him.  
I choose to live in darkness.*

*An unfortunate choice,  
for there is a better way  
and it is free for the taking.*

## 78. *Without*

*Without the soul  
I am just animal.*

*Without the spirit  
I am a biochemical  
blob of water and  
sophisticated  
cells.*

*I am one,  
I am the  
other  
one.*

*What I listen to,  
what I live with,  
what I do is  
my choice.*

*I can choose life or  
I may choose death.*

*The spirit beings without  
cheer on in the hope that  
I will join them eternally.*

## 80. *The plumbing*

*The plumbing needs fixing and  
the electrician is on the way.*

*The house is a mess and  
the dishes are piled high.*

*The laundry is up to two days work,  
and the dust bunnies have multiplied.*

*I truly love to sit and  
contemplate the universe,  
but life tends to overtake me.*

*So cool it is to experience theological  
revelation and enjoy spiritual highs.*

*To understand the nature of life  
is a noble goal for this or any age.*

*But such contemplations do not  
fix the plumbing,  
change lights,  
clean house,  
do the dishes,  
run the laundry,  
and coral dust bunnies.*

## 84. *Morning*

*Morning breaks over  
the ground hugging fog casting  
a gold silken light.*

*Dew clings to each leaf  
before making a lazy  
fall to splash the ground.*

*The air hangs heavy  
as the early morning sun  
burns away night haze.*

*Birds waken the world  
with a song of the new day,  
calling us to rise.*

*Dogs romp in the mud  
barking at the neighbor dogs  
with renewed vigor.*

*The rabbits are glad  
to be out of their small cage  
to eat through the day.*

*This morning is new;  
as different as each sunrise.*

## 89. *The river*

*The river flows through  
the state; a majestic vein  
of life and leisure.*

*It pumps soil into  
the valleys with sediments  
renewing each field.*

*The river suffers  
from pollution of commerce  
and chemical waste.*

*The engineers change  
the channel for barge traffic  
with indifference.*

*The towns sell the land  
that belongs to the river  
and build their levies.*

*But the river knows  
its own mind, and will destroy  
such efforts of men.*

*We have much to learn  
from this strong force of nature.*



## 93. *The leaf*

*The leaf of the  
mindless plant:  
consider it.*

*A yard full of the same  
plant, yet each leaf  
is quite different.*

*It is mind boggling  
to consider the endless  
variety we live with here.*

*If each leaf  
is different,  
how different  
must each of us  
be one from another?*

*Just get your mind  
around that one when  
contemplating the world.*

*You might find that your  
perspective needs change.*

*Perhaps that is a good thing.*

## 95. *Sight*

*Sight:*  
*is it visible*  
*or invisible?*

*Knowledge:*  
*is it empirical,*  
*or an act of faith?*

*Belief:*  
*is it quantifiable,*  
*or beyond knowledge?*

*The dilemma*  
*is to prove it or*  
*accept experience.*

*I see,*  
*but is it real?*

*I know,*  
*but how do I select?*

*I believe,*  
*but what is it that I believe?*

*That is my dilemma:*  
*do I see what I know and believe?*

## 96. *Rain*

*Rain smells fresh as air.  
The steady sound of moisture  
replenishes us.*

*Each dry blade responds  
with a new life of fresh hope.  
The rain ends the drought.*

*The smell of each rain  
is uniquely rich with a  
distinct aroma.*

*Can you remember  
that rich smell so powerful  
it transforms the mind?*

*Refreshing the soul  
with its scent of dirt and life;  
rich with rot and plants.*

*I have been places  
where they have almost no rain,  
and we are different.*

*The rain of my home  
is unique to my abode.*

## *97. Sadness*

*Sadness  
in darkness  
living with hopeless  
despair steals him away.*

*Dark  
long  
days  
end  
in  
a  
day  
that  
winds  
before  
endless  
darkness  
in hopeless  
sad suicide.*

*The loss of him  
caused deep despair.*

## 99. *Almost there*

*Almost there; reaching  
the landmark that moves my work  
to a new level.*

*It started as a  
lark out of boredom and a  
sense of frustration.*

*But it has become  
a work of love done in faith  
that it will produce.*

*The forms are of a  
new poetry style for me:  
guessing as I go.*

*The audience is  
silent and ever has been  
as I write alone.*

*My own family  
cares little of this effort,  
but this will change soon.*

*These poems are for  
the one who always listens.*

## *101. Man of tears*

*Man of tears:  
so many tears  
they have worn a  
deep groove down the  
face, a wound in the heart.*

*Man of sorrows,  
your sorrows are  
minor compared  
to this world  
of sorrows.*

*This man of tears  
has no reason to cry  
with a wail of self-pity,  
flooding tears of sorrow.*

*Man of tears, why do you cry  
while your fat belly is over full,  
the house is warm, and you live  
in the richest part of this world?*

*Have you not been well cared for?*

*Who and what are your tears for?*

## 104. *Vultures*

*Vultures hang on the fence  
pummeling the young one  
with ideas, suggestions,  
demands, sage advice,  
and anything else  
they can think of.*

*God - what a bore!*

*Does anything sink  
in around the daydreams,  
distracted thoughts, and  
incessant clock watching?*

*The squirming tells the vultures  
theirs is an unwanted message:  
a distraction on a day when one  
could be playing computer games.*

*Git these  
vultures off  
the back and on  
with the next round!*

*Bing, flip, tap, and escape!*

## 105. *Unwanted job*

*Unwanted job forced down  
the throat of an overqualified  
and under paid worker trying to live.*

*So much wanted time is wasted in  
applying for unwanted employment.*

*Unwanted worker willing  
to serve, but way too old,  
too experienced, and  
too educated to take  
the crap so many  
want to dish  
out today.*

*The workplace has a very  
long history of providing an  
unpleasant human condition.*

*So what else is unwanted these days?*

*It is hard when the worker is unwanted.*

*But so many live with this, and pay the  
price with a harsh daily life and a bitter  
experience while they struggle to survive.*



## 106. Dawg

*Dawg  
hates  
everbodi.*

*Dawg has  
a mean unforgivin  
attitude thet ain't goin  
ta' let ani-one furgit it.*

*Drooling at th chops,  
thet dawg would jus as soon  
tak yo leg off as bit ya'n tha ass!*

*Git smart and leav thet dawg  
on a heavi chain in a big yarwd.*

*Gawd - ahz hates thet dawg, an  
sumdai I'ma gonn t' git mah shotgun  
and put it otta its miserzi, by Gawd.*

*Until then I's bettur stai otta  
his space and keep steakz on hand.*

*I'v lost more fresh meet t' thet dawg  
than Iz cares ta admit - alls th pittie!*

*Mabe thars a reason thet dawg's so mean.*

## 107. *Th' dishes*

*Th' dishes:  
I'm good at em,  
but don lik  
doin 'em.*

*I'd rathur  
be watchin'  
football.*

*Thets rite,  
ahs only  
gets aroun'  
t' doin thim  
onct'uh week.*

*Absolutly no  
more cause ahs  
don liks t'bothur.*

*Anothur chore of life  
I'd jus as soon furgit.*

*Ahz gots a whole list  
of em, but theys gots  
t' be dun, so ah dus em.*

## 108. *The breeze*

*Breeze of the evening  
stirs tall grasses with lite brush  
and a soft rustle.*

*Shades of orange, blue,  
and purple darken the whole  
landscape in gold hues.*

*As the dark blue of  
night steels to the roots of plants,  
a new sound transpires:  
the transition of  
daylight melodies to the  
evening symphony.*

*Crickets form the base  
while evening birds supply the  
melodious line.*

*Frogs croak a love song  
as stillness silence the trees  
deepening textures.*

*This is a joyful  
time of the day for the Lord.*

## 109. *Music*

*Music heals the soul;  
it gives rest to the mind and  
solace to the heart.*

*Music blesses the  
day with holy vibrations  
that soothes the body.*

*Music increases  
intelligence and strengthens  
our concentration.*

*Music creates a  
socializing environment  
and deepens our love.*

*Music builds our strength;  
enhances the stamina  
and our mental force.*

*Music can become  
tiresome when approached  
with indifference.*

*Music can be lost  
when its soul is exorcised.*

## 110. *Sour notes*

*Sour notes,  
bad conductors  
and symphonic ineptitude  
I have experienced in abundance.*

*Why should I suffer it  
or make the world  
suffer with it?*

*Because to play  
is God's gift.*

*To play music is  
the best play.*

*God, I love it.*

*Never apologize  
for a bad performance  
given with a good heart.*

*Always apologize for music  
performed with indifference.*

*If music is given to God,  
then He returns in spades,  
even if there are sour notes.*

## *111. My instrument*

*My instrument is  
made for me to share with you  
the thoughts of my soul.*

*My compositions  
bear my heart on my sleeve while  
hoping some will hear.*

*My stumblings are the  
accidents of time, praying  
they cause little harm.*

*My brilliant moments  
are given to the Father  
through His spark inside.*

*Sometimes it goes well;  
other-times it falls apart:  
it is from my soul.*

*My music is not  
mine to show off with, but is  
mine to give to God.*

*Should you reject it,  
that is between you and God.*

## 112. *Old men*

*Old men  
sit by the  
pond waiting  
for a bite on hook.*

*Old men  
stare out of  
the window as  
birds eat from the feeder.*

*Old men  
read old  
books and  
dream that  
they are there.*

*Old men  
hide their  
mags just like  
they did as boys.*

*Are the old men having fun yet?*

*Old men cannot avoid being old of body,  
but they must work at being young of mind.*

## 115. *Bite*

*Bite*  
*chew*  
*brew*  
*stew*  
*few*  
*can*  
*be*  
*so*  
*full.*

*Fool*  
*drool*  
*cruel*  
*gruel.*

*Crude*  
*brood*  
*food*  
*can*  
*be*  
*so*



## *119. Mirror*

*Mirror  
tells  
all  
as  
you  
see  
what is  
yourself.*

*Can  
you  
see  
the  
truth?*

*Will  
you  
feel  
the  
way  
you  
are?*

## 121. *A skeeters life*

*A skeeters life is hard and easy.*

*The objective to bite  
the red bloods involves  
dodging the blows that  
end in a red spot and  
a mess of dead limbs.*

*But that is after life in the pond.*

*Life in the pond was tranquil  
as the frogs were long dead  
and the well-fed fish did not like  
to eat sour and hairy skeeter parts.*

*Such a soft life while swimming  
in the murky still water, eating  
all day, and basking in the sun.*

*What a strange trip through  
a small life crowded with  
thousands of skeeters.*

*Short, but not that hard at times,  
cause this one got away pregnant  
with a hundred more little skeeters.*

## 122. *The fire*

*The fire sheds light  
collected from the sun and  
emanating heat.*

*The flame shoots out sparks  
that arch upward and vanish  
as small bits of ash.*

*The logs crackle and  
collapse into ember's heat  
of red and orange.*

*Yellow tongues of flame  
dance in the pile of ashes  
until heat is gone.*

*The fire dies as  
the energy of the sun  
is dispensed in smoke.*

*The smoldering ash  
reminds us of the moment  
that fire gave us.*

*At the end there is  
dust, gray ash, and memories.*

## 128. *Go slow*

*Go slow,  
let time pass,  
make space, and  
let the air breathe.*

*Go slow;  
life is not  
a fast food line.*

*The ages teach us  
that slow is good.*

*Only recent history  
has moved the pace  
beyond what is  
reasonable.*

*So go slow,  
see what is there, and  
feel what can be experienced.*

*If you slow down you  
might see what you  
missed before.*

*Just go slow.*

## 130. *Today*

*Today is one day  
after yesterday before  
tomorrow's new day.*

*Are things progressing,  
or is it another day  
of long boring days?*

*Is work improving,  
or are the salt mines driving  
you madly insane?*

*Is play much more fun,  
or has it become a chore  
where we wait in dread?*

*Are the family times  
memorable, or something  
one would want to loose?*

*Is your private time  
a connection with the truth,  
or escape from life?*

*A difficult thing:  
living life responsibly.*

## 133. *Computer screwup*

*Computer screwup,  
on-line disaster,  
the entire drive  
is gone.*

*Hours of work  
to be duplicated  
from memory promises  
to be an unpleasant task.*

*I ain't got time for  
a computer screwups.*

*I ain't got tha patience to go  
back over the same old ground.*

*But it's happened, an  
ah can feel tha pain.*

*It's real, man, it is.*

*Will there be a day when  
the machines will work  
better, or work at all?*

*I wasn't cut out to live  
in this computer age.*

## 134. *Don't jinx me*

*Don't jinx me  
with your bad  
vibes and  
fortune  
telling  
ways.*

*Things are great  
and I don't need  
your projection  
of trouble on  
a life that  
is going  
very  
well.*

*Don't jinx the hard work  
I have put in just because  
you have an attitude that  
needs its own adjustment.*

*Send me your good vibes,  
but leave the bad at home.*

## 145. *Not fair*

*Not fair,  
my kids would wail  
as injustice is waged by parent.*

*Not fair  
I would wine  
as I desperately  
look for work while  
being so overqualified.*

*Not fair  
screams the  
CEO as his millions  
are deposited after he loses  
his position (work will soon come).*

*Not fair  
croons the socially  
conscious attempting to eke  
a small bit of justice for the people.*

*It's all so not fair. True, so very unfair.*

*Maybe we should put a sign up out front:*

*"Life is totally not fair. Get used to it!"*



## 148. *The turtle*

*The turtle is a  
magnificent escapist;  
no fence can stop him.*

*The turtle lives life  
on the run at a slow walk;  
don't let it fool you.*

*The turtle survives  
in a quick and dangerous  
world without mercy.*

*Stretches of pavement  
offer a long painful death;  
speed is the secret.*

*Divers squish slow ones  
for imaginary scores;  
so many are dead.*

*It takes a long time  
to grow a turtle; only  
the quick will survive.*

*This turtle knows this,  
and soon learned the art of speed.*

## 149. *So fast*

*So fast we can't  
see what is slow.*

*One will miss much  
when the landscape  
passes by in a blur.*

*Most life on our  
planet moves at a  
very different pace,  
and our unfortunate  
indifference to it has  
a steep price attached.*

*The extinction of so much life  
is the result of human speed  
grounded in indifference.*

*It is founded in materialism.*

*It is caused by self-centeredness.*

*It will destroy whole populations.*

*It will destroy much that is unseen.*

*It will destroy a fragile environment.*

*It will extract a high price in the end.*