

Things are seldom as they seem...

(Skim milk masquerades as cream)

A Collection of Thoughts from
The Space Captain's Notebook
a field guide to the real reality...

By
The Space Captain
Edited by RedRaccoon1

Editors Note

I first met The Space Captain back in 1985. I was working a part time sales job at a local mall for Christmas, and The Space Captain would have coffee at a café near there. Somehow, we started talking.

At that point in my life, I was a total wreck. I needed a friend and some good advice. The Space Captain provided both.

I think that these things happen for a reason.

The name is a private joke. He doesn't answer to it much, and I think it kinds of annoys him at times.

All that is really unimportant. What is important is that The Space Captain is a real person. The thought collected here reflect real events.

Although he calls anywhere here on Earth home, he receives his mail at his cabin on a hill near Portland, Oregon.

(He really doesn't like me to say anything much more than that.)

The Space Captain has been writing for most of his 70+ years here. Mostly, he records his impressions of the human condition with the detached interest of someone who has seen a lot, but never grows tired of watching.

Here are a few pages from his notebook, which has become my hobby to translate. Some of his work is dated, but it is all timeless.

Enjoy.

**Rev. Rob Figley for
RedRaccoon1**

A Different Song

Just because
we don't think alike
my friend
don't to quickly
write me wrong..

I think myself,
it would be a terribly
dead planet
if the whole world
knew only one song.

And it seems to me
we each approach our realities
from a little different place,
so you don't learn
what yourself needs to know
running only
someone else's race...

**It's difficult sometimes
to walk the paths we choose
without blaming God,
brother man,
or the bottle of booze.
for all of our pains
or the things we loose.**

**It's easier of course
to walk someone else's road
so they can be blamed
for the weight
of your load..**

**But
who makes the choices
in the directions you take?**

**Then how can you blame
someone else
for decisions that you make?**

**And if you tune your mind
to only right and wrong,
and you're always right,
then where does your brother belong?**

**Should this
be your space my friend
you have my concern,
You've created your own hell,
and you'll
sit there and burn.**

**It's a quickly changing universe
we're living in now
and you don't get your own
planting done
pulling only someone else's plow.**

**So do your own cultivating
along your own row
and fertilize
with bits of wisdom
that your brethren may know.**

**Should you
gather for seed
just the best
you can sow
you may
in this lifetime
get to see
your own crops grow.**

**And if
you treat those crops
with kindness,
blending curiosity with care
you may
in this lifetime
get to see
those same crops bare,,**

**Now I try to work
my own fields first,
or be at least
where I feel at the time
I belong.**

**So
should you choose
to sing with me
my friend,
you should at least
be prepared
to hear a different song...**

A part of that dream

Sometimes I don't know
 what's around me
Sometimes I don't know
 where I've been
And too often I find out
 to late
that I'd like to be back
 there again.

Sometimes I've heard
 tender words spoken
but too often didn't know
 what they mean.
And find out only after
 much later
they could have been
 part of my dream

**I know of the worlds
that I've wandered
And I know of the paths
that I've crossed
Still it bites like the bitter
winds of the winter
When I think of the loves
that I've lost.**

**Now again I'm hearing
tender words spoken
But I'm fearing to know
what they mean
Are they spoken on the
path of a friendship?
Or could they this time be
part of that dream.**

**Sometimes when the
winter wind is brushing
my back
It's cold and it's lonely
but I pause and look back
And I see all the times
That I didn't spend
in the arms of a trusted
lover and friend.**

Some Reflections On Some Peaceful Places

**Peace
can often be found
in peaceful places,
Should we not then
save a few...?**

**Have you ever known
some place of peace...?**

**Some place
where you could feel
all your anxieties release.**

**Perhaps some wilderness place
where ugliness and pollution
didn't yet exist,
where your soul was at rest
and you felt there was nothing
you needed to resist...**

**Some place
where you felt
no anger or fear
no jealousy or greed
only that moment
of beauty and fulfillment
with nothing to need...**

**Some quiet sort of place
where you could hear
Mother Nature's song
and for that moment in time
you could simply belong...**

**A place
that could with you
your joys and tears
then offer some place to hide
to contemplate the oncoming years**

**It might have been at Celilo Falls,
or by the Cascade Lock
maybe in the roar of Multnomah Falls
or at the Beacon Rock.
Perhaps along the little Hood River
or at the quiet Rowena Dell...**

**Perhaps these peaceful places
have some ancient stories to tell.**

**Stories of loves and hates,
or of wars and peace,
of heat and cold
of famine and feast...**

**Stories of the trials and struggles
that human beings must face
while marching their life's path,
while seeking their place...**

**Perhaps some ancient travelers
stopped at these places to rest
to share with there Universe or God
the severity of their test...**

**And who could know
the thoughts they had to say
of the prices
in their time
they had to pay?**

Perhaps they just paused
at some peaceful place to pray,
to offer their thanks
for a bountiful day...

Maybe they went there to meditate
seeking the guidance
of their guides,
or to simply ask for extra strength
to cope with life's changing tides...

For whatever reason
they might have paused,
or whatever the effect
their thoughts might have caused,
could some of their wisdoms yet remain
absorbed in the rock and trees,
carried about the mountain and glen
on a soft or peaceful breeze?

And could one perhaps tune in
to some ancient ritual scene
in the solitude of a quiet brook
or the song of a rushing stream...?

**We may never know
these answers my friend,
for where will we go to dream
should all our peaceful places
fall prey
to a greedy developers scheme.....**

Another mask

To listen

and to hear

your own drummers sound

To look to yourself

and expect to be found.

A good place for attention

this day and age

It's a crazy planet

we're hanging around

To hear you own tune

in the back of your ear

And allow your own dance

with out any fear

With out thought of wrong doin

in the eyes of some peer

Peers will choke you

if you let them get in

Trying to get you to share

in their guilts and their sin

**Making your decisions
instead of their own
They don't want to be
wrong again**

**If you hear only their music,
if you dance only to their beat
Then how can you blame them
for your own
internal defeat.**

**On the surface you'll survive
like all the rest.**

**You may even become
one of the very best.**

**But when you look past
the surface**

What's all the use.

**All you find is another mask
for the inner
recluse.**

Dolphin

**Behold the dolphin
who's personal freedom abounds**

**He goes only his own direction
and hears only
his own directors sounds**

**He proceeds only in forward
he knows no reverse**

**He plays only one role
so he has no need to rehearse**

**He goes only his own way
his course usually true
he seldom goes around
when he should go thru.**

**He doesn't seem to follow
another's road
Then flounder around bitching
about the weight of his load.**

**He directs his senses to forward
in the direction of his goal.
And seldom gets himself battered
on some uncharted shoal**

**The dolphin goes only in forward
as only he must
He hasn't yet been encumbered
with a system of choice
That he hasn't yet learn to
trust.**

**May you be free like the dolphin
to follow you own course
It's the only rout there is
to your energies source.**

Shadows on the future...

**Shadows on the future
cast there by the past**

**From myriad's of life's
Lessons unlearned
We didn't know would last.**

**Hidden there in tissue
and cell
Casting dark clouds
Where our futures
dwell.**

A Stream From Space

**Swiftly flows
the chronological clock
while the universal one
seems still...**

**So often when I think
I've reached the top,
I find another hill.**

**So short this journey
on planet Earth,
So much there is to learn.**

**And just when you think
you know it all,
you'll find another turn.**

**Swiftly flows
this stream of consciousness
past our intellects door.
Careening by that place
where thoughts and dreams
we store.**

**Rushing to cover
the rocks and shoals
that a moment ago were bare.**

**So often when I think
there's someplace
I need to be,
I find I'm already there.**

Khomeini

**Khomeini my friend
you pompous bearded nerd
all my feelings to be registered
with the flip of my bird.**

**And let my feelings include
your monkeys
down at the embassy wall,
those who claim to be students
and surely must be
their intelligence seems yet
so small.**

**The only thing you fools
show me
with the shaking of your spears
is that your direct descendants
of neanderthal,
of not too many years.**

**My your hostages find
their strength in their God
to first to
themselves be true.
And then the strength in
themselves
for your foolish games
and whatever you force them
to do.**

**Then may the energy from the
prayers of some billions of folks
descend on your soul
with telling strokes,
And place into neutral
your souring mind.
What planet earth doesn't need
is more blind leading
the blind.**

**What evil
What fear
What sinister design
 lurks up there in the abscess
of your lower level mind
that so fearingly wastes
 the lives
of his own human kind.**

**You will build tombs
 up there
just under the hair,
For the souls you've
 mortally touched,
A fitting place for your quilts
 to rest
when their pain becomes
 too much.**

**It seems to me
even in our western culture
you should have some title.
One of your stature
should know no less.
In the world I see,
if I were to make you a knight,
I would call you “*Sir Khomeini,*
the Epitome of Nothingness.”**

**And at the bottom line
allow me to state,
I am amazed at the breadth
and depth of your thinking
I would think a stream
so shallow
would more quickly evaporate.**

Consider 1

Consider

**the poor soul
who's hell bound trip
is because he allows only
fear
to navigate his ship...**

Shorty's Race

Shorty
was a Texas gentleman
His name was Bulls Reward
and this is a story
of a race Shorty run
that left all those concerned
anything but bored.

That race was run so long
ago
there may be few left around
to know
but I recall
that time and place
I remember Shorty's race.

Shorty left a little late
because they had sprung the
gate
with hands
on his tail and ear

and when he tried his break
Those hands swung his head
and a stanchion
knocked him a step to the
rear
but he shook some pain
from his head
his feet from the lead
and he broke from that latch
like the devil's own dread.

Now Shorty knew
he had a good three lengths
to gain.

That he had to clear
his head of more pain
and his eyes of the tear
that kept them near closed,
he knew those fools
had broken his nose.

Then through eyes still full
of tear
and open just a crack,
Shorty thought he sensed a
hole in the pack.

He felt inside
his speed coming on,
so he shot for that hole
like the light to the dawn.

As he fleshed through the
gap
and entered into the crowd
another problem occurred.
He felt a tug on the reins
which meant only one thing
and he wanted to swear out
loud

But Paul
had taught Shorty what to do
in just such a case
and Shorty learned his
lessons well
So he clamped the bit in his
teeth
stretched out his neck
and told them all
not so kindly
they could follow his dust to
hell.

Now Shorty didn't slow
down
past the wire that day
he went right for the barn
gate turn
and without breaking stride
took that boy on such a ride
it nearly caused his boot
sides
to burn.

He didn't stop
till he reached the barn gate
and was no one behind,
his boy by then
was no more than dead
weight

But Shorty wouldn't trust
again
in the human mind.

Then he turned
and brought his boy back
still safe and sound.

But his face ghostly white
as shaky legs reached the
ground.

All he could say was,
“My God, what a ride.”
He then slunk off to the jocks
room
for some place to hide.

I think it fortunate
for those boys on that track
that Shorty was a gentleman
and wouldn't then get back.
Shorty didn't have to do
those human games
he knew to be dumb,
all he had to do was maintain
and his time would come.
He'd kept his energy up front
where he knew if should be
and he'd run his best race
for Paul and Dickie and he.

**And his friends in the barns
knew what he'd done
they were already talking
about the spectacular race
that he'd run.**

**I guess I heard it best put
by one of the older
more wise,**

**Shorty,
ran a hole in the wind that
day
of such disproportionate size.
His thunder wasn't even
heard
till it was two hours
into the skies.**

Quest

**When dark shadows are gathering
on the horizons behind my eye
And I see their shadows creeping
across my worlds inner sky**

**When I feel the breeze begin
to cool
And my seas are getting rough
Then I impress on my crew
to batten the ship
Because our times may be
getting a little rough**

**Now what I would choose to do the last
I have to do first
And it's the most difficult to do
of them all.**

**I have to leave my passengers
on the nearest quiet shore
Because
I won't risk taking them with me
into the squall**

**And if I have to leave behind
what I want with me the most
I want to leave what I have along,
that I treasure,
on a warm and peaceful coast.**

**But now it's time to turn about
to face that perhaps impending storm
And on my way I have to pray
that its not far off till our returning day**

**That our encounter with this storm
will be simple and short
That something will remain of
the treasure I left
When I can again steer us back
to the warmth of the port**

**And it's during those times
that sometimes
I question my quest
I find myself wondering if
whatever I'm doing
is really at the time
for the best.**

**I find me hoping
instead of believing
that my choices will stand the times test
And knowing if the winds turn
colder instead of warm
I've created for myself another storm.**

**And it's during those times
that sometimes
I find me feeling sorry with my crew
For all the storms that I've
put them thru**

**For the times I've steered by
others charts
and we've been battered on some reef
Or, for one reason or another
I've steered us a course
into some impending cloud of grief**

**Where we found us praying for
some warm at the eye of the storm
We were in need of repairs
and a little relief**

**Then somehow we would find
that storms calmer eye
and perhaps get some rest
under a not so threatening sky**

**But now we must haste
there's no time to waste**

**We must survey our damage
and start our repairs**

**And order a new course plotted
without the last courses errors**

**Then with a new course to follow
and our repairs under way**

**We can sail back into the storm
toward the next sunny day**

**Until the winds at last subside
to a sailing breeze**

**And my crew can relax a bit
with some playing and tease**

**When we can again romp on our decks
and bask in the sun**

**Knowing we've made it thru
that last stormy run**

**And it's during those times
that sometimes
I allow me to wonder
How could one relate to the ecstasy
of that warm
If they first haven't managed
to sail thru their storm.**

**But now we must look at the cost
of the trip
That adventure into the storm
that ravaged my ship
That took my crew close to mutiny
and nearly saw us sink.**

**And it's during those times
that I allow me to think
Perhaps we're not really doing
our best
If sometimes we don't stop to
question our quest.**

Noise

Noise

can come in many forms

the roar of traffic

the tooting of horns

the piercing scream

of a passing plane

and delusion

banging about in the human brain.

Quiet can be

in the noise of a crowd.

Quiet can even

be expressed out loud

Quiet is in

your heart

your soul

your mind

Your own personal quiet

you will have to seek

to find.

Some thoughts on Now...

**Now is the bridge
from what has been
to what will be**

**That connecting structure
that conveys us
from what
we thought we saw**

**To what we hope we
will see.**

**Now is an excellent stick
with which to stir our bowl
of collected ingredients**

**To create new ingredient
to stir with a stick of now**

**To create new ingredient
to stir with a stick of now**

**To create new ingredient
to stir with a stick of now**

To Create

Directors

**To allow the wisdom
to guide another soul
is indeed
a worthy goal,**

**But, does not to often
that that good intent
by application time
become too selfishly bent??**

**Then are we not
all directors
in each other's picture show??**

**All telling each other
what we should do,
and where we should go,
the words we should say
and the roles we should play...**

**All busily
writing our scripts
and directing the scenes,
no wonder were all
going off our beans...**

**But,
what would happen if
just for a day or so
we each directed
just our own picture show??
Told only our selves
what we should do
and where we should go,
the words we should say
and the roles we should play.**

**Do you think
most folks could survive that
for even a day??**

**Consider
how frightening it is
to pull your own strings,
to be solely responsible
for doing your own things.**

**One day of that
and most folks
would never be the same,
with no place to hide
and no one to blame...**

Myself

**I don't think most of us
are ready to shoulder the load,
I think it would drive us
to our knees
in the dust of our road
Leave us searching frantically
for some refuge
in all we can see,**

**but sayeth the wise Buddha,
One is ones own refuge**

who else could be...?

Our Mill

(As we know it...)

On some days we're up

On some days we're down

On some days we smile

On some days we frown

On the days that are up

time is often too short

On the down ones

it's often too long

On the days that are bright

all seems to go right

On the dark ones

much seems to go wrong

But, if now and then we can change

a frown to a smile

We can now and then turn

a down day to worth while

**And, if that now and then helps us
to see thru our murk
Then that, you see
is just part of our work.**

**And, as we work
to keep our balance
Whether going up or down
our hill
What *is* simply *is*,
more grist for our mill.**

scnb 0:16

**Shadows on the future
cast there by the past**

**From a myriad of lives
lessons learned
we didn't know would last.**

**Hidden there in tissue
and cell
Casting dark clouds
where our futures
dwell.**

That causal effect

**That causal effect
that sometimes leaves us such a wreck
as we so ignorantly pursue it**

**Might be looked on with some mirth
for what ever it's worth**

Because we sure as hell can't sue it....

Firelight

In a window darkened
by a growing night
I see dancing fingers
of a fire's light –
Soft reflections of another night
and another fire's light.

You and I both were there,
our energies merging
in a single stare,
Dreaming dreams we
thought we'd share
In that fire's light.

Dreaming dreams
and seeing scenes
Of what we'd each like to see
in each of our dreams
From that flickering fire's light

And as those first few dreams
came to pass,
Our magic touched,
and a spell was cast.

**We didn't know how long
it would last:
Forever, we thought;
but that forever passed
Into a bleak and stormy
night
Like smoke
and the dreams
From that fire's light.**

**Now somewhere along the turns
of our chosen past
Lay the remnants of those dreams
that didn't last.
Could it be that what once
seemed so wrong
Might just have been right?**

**Perhaps now we're free
to dream again
In another fire's light.**

Consider 11

Consider
the poor soul
in depression gray
who's fears of tomorrow
assure you he'll say,
"I wish it were yesterday...."

A thought

A while ago

I had a thought.

Perhaps

it's workable.

Perhaps

it's not.

But

consider for a moment,

with an open mind.

Perhaps

there's something there

to find.

Swollen head syndrome

**Planet Earth
is a noisy place
because man
is a noisy beast.**

**A myriad of things
will swell the head
but
it's usually the very least.**

**As a head swells up
and gets higher in the cloud
the noise level goes quickly
from midrange to loud
and soon
we have another swollen head
in the crowd.**

**Now
if it were wisdom up there
just under the hair
causing the head to swell
the swollen head
wouldn't have to yell.**

**The whole scene
reminds me somewhat
of bread and yeast
what seems to swell the head
the most
is usually the very least.**

The Real Reality

**It seems
in our world today
there are a lot of folks
awfully uptight
about who is left
and who is right,
about who's for peace
and who wants to fight
and how we should
go about it all.**

**They flail each other unmercifully
about who is liberal
and who is conservative
about who will take
and who will give.
Who will die
and who should live.**

**With each side knowing
theirs is the only way
Should their rhetoric be done
which direction
should we sway?**

**It seems to me
in the real reality
No bird
will know successful flight
when it's wings
won't work together
Left and Right.**

Third of May

Room to move

Time to stop

A place to touch down

An itch to scratch

Seems part of just being

on this pretty

spring day

When the awakening universe

has so much to say.

The meadowlarks song

to explore with my ear

The gentle brushing

of the springs warm breeze

The rude interruption

of a giant sneeze

So many of springs awakening

sounds.

And one has only

to want

to hear.

A passing buzz

by a searching bee

**Another of springs
wonders
If one cares to see.**

**A butterfly
flew gracefully by,
And paused to share her beauty
with my inner eye.**

**All this the universe,
in these few moments
shared with me today,
on this beauty of spring
on this third of May.**

**Room to move
The time to stop
A place to touch down
and my itch is scratched**

**All that is needed
to know of such wonders
Is to stop
To touch down
And to be sure
that your door is unlatched.**

scnb 0:19

**I been here a while
but it seems strange
to me, still**

**That we're taught
our most important goal
is to see ourselves registered
on someone else's till**

**It occurs to me
that perhaps the reason
for our journey
on old planet earth**

**Just might be
to discover our own self's worth.**

Box

**When one becomes totally
agendized
creativity becomes imaginatively
Paralyzed
with Imagination given over
to only support as the
agenda
That creativity becomes hopelessly Standardized
You are in your box.**

Mineral Consciousness

I allowed my beacon to scan
the other day
Along the universal waves

And on the band held
for mineral consciousness
I heard St. Helens say;
“I’m tired of those who
abuse our flanks
and leave behind their trash
I didn’t mean to hurt anyone
but they can embrace my
dull gray ash.”

She wasn’t angry I heard
her say
She was only growing in
her natural way
But some humans were up
on the mountain that day

**“I tried to warn them,
said all that I could.
I rattled and shook
did all that I should.**

**But some wouldn’t listen
they came up anyway.
I’m sorry for those few
who had to stay**

**And for the shattered dreams
and property lost
But to live with creation,
that’s part of the cost.”**

**There are so many ways
to view creation
its good
its bad
its happy
its sad.**

**The birth of a baby is
a happy thing
The growth of a mountain
now has an awesome ring**

**For its own protection
the bee has its sting
And creation goes right on
doing her thing.**

**There's great sadness
for those who's life
was the cost**

**There's great joy
for those found
who were feared to be lost**

**Its bad the expense
and property loss we mourn**

**But in the creations view
Perhaps
property was born.**

**Perhaps now mans technology
can help creation along**

**If man can ever get
in tune with creations song.**

Door

A street away from the
other day
Was where it was before
But that street has long since
turned to dust
Where it touched on that
life's shore

And in creations winds
it billows and blows
Then disappears in the
trackless wastes of time
Only to reappear in another world
served by peace and
quiet and mime

We won't again experience
that other day
Nor can we be where we were
before
But if we learn life's lessons
as well as we should
Do we perhaps forge the
key to our futures
Door.

Some world Leaders

**So often when I tune in
to check on the worldly channels
all I hear is an egocentric noise.**

**It's some world leaders
at it again
being little boys.**

**Hurling their insults
and calling their names
unfortunately it's their people
who die for their games.**

**I can remember childish differences
some times settled with sticks or stone
but today those sticks are fragmentating
and separate meat from bone.**

**Yet they spend all your money
seeking new ways to kill
then some fool has the audacity
to imply that it's all in Gods will.**

**I wonder sometimes
about their judgment day
when I see them sending their children
out to the war grounds to play.**

**What are they going to tell
the keeper of their gate,
we're sorry about all the maimed and dead
but our pride and power trips
were more important than their fate.**

**I can see now
the surprise on their faces
when they get the negative nod**

**What do you mean we can't get in?
After all---**

We Killed for God!!!!

twelve minutes

**K A L 007 was shot down over Russia
on the thirty first of August
nineteen eighty three.**

**And two hundred and sixty nine
loved ones were lost
to a cold grey Russian sea.**

**For twelve minutes they fell
through the dark empty sky.
And how long is twelve minutes
when you're waiting to die?**

**When you're falling and spinning
through the panic and terror
in a dark empty sky,
how long is twelve minutes
when you're falling to die?**

**Why were they flying
where they shouldn't have been,
was there a purpose or a reason,
and could it happen again?**

**And who knows the answers
to the questions unanswered,
who knows why they all had to die?**

**Were they blown from the earth
with out reason or rhyme,
were they caught in worldly games
and the wrong place in time?**

Why was the death of those two sixty-nine?

**Then what of the shattered dreams
of those left behind?**

**And are we always to be pawns
to a neanderthal mind?**

**How long is twelve minutes
when you're waiting to die?**

**When you're falling and spinning
through the panic and terror
in a dark empty sky,
twelve minutes is forever
when you're falling to die.**

**Are those victims to be forgotten
to have died in vain?
Or should they be remembered
that we might be reminded
we must all share the blame?**

**How long is twelve minutes
when it's the end - -
of your game?**

Now!!!

**If all of us people
on all of our earth
could think only Peace for twelve minutes,
for all that we're worth,
and if that were all done
on all the same day,
could that energy help guide us
to a more Peaceful way?**

**If there's a light in your soul friend
that wants you to live,
Twelve Minutes toward Peace
can't be too much to give.**

Donkey

**Always ride your donkey
facing forward
rather than to the rear,**

**When one can see
where one is going
there's much less cause for fear...**

open mind

It amazes me

how the culture

expects one to learn

with a mind they train

to be totally shut.

But then

if your mind is kept open

And you see other views

You're automatically classified

A Nut.

Man as a species

A brief reflection.

We are indeed a contradiction

We are of nature

we certainly

are not with nature

we combat nature

we rape nature

we pillage nature

we waste nature

we attempt to conquer nature

we indiscriminately kill nature

we plunder nature

we pollute nature

we abuse nature

we are irreverent of nature

Yet, we are nature

It might be said then, that we are a natural disaster.

Point

Speaking to the point is

generally commendable

However, it is sometimes

wise to examine the shaft

of the arrow

that carries

the point.

all things in time

**Like all things in time girl
all times have to go.
So I just recorded the best
of the scenes from our show
to play on the screen
at the back of my mind
when my days are looking dark
and the suns hard to find.**

**Then I remember you smiling
when I picture your face
while recalling where we went
each and every little place.**

**So I remember a shop
in an old part of town
the trying of a hat
and being the clown.**

**I remember your moving
I remember your grace
I remember all over
when I'm seeing your face.**

**And I'll see it as often
as my mornings look gray
cause the smiles that I'm seeing
bring some sun to that day.**

**Then I remember a corner
where the music flowed sweet
and that time shared it's beauty
on that musical street.
Then some hiding and seeking
some perching and such,
when I remember all over
I remember so much.**

**And I'll remember as often
as my mornings look gray
cause the scenes that I'm seeing
put some light in that day.**

**Now it's sometimes so sad girl
that sometimes have to go
but if you've remembered to record
just the best
of the scenes from your show
then you'll always have some beauty
for the screen in your mind
when your days are looking dark
and your suns hard to find.**

The Queen of the Ridge

**On the top of a ridge
at the outskirts of town
stood a majestic old house
sadly waiting to be torn down.**

**She was then in the summer
of her sixty-eighth year
And to this old structure and her friends
the threat of destruction
was indeed
a very real fear.**

**But she had strength and character
and an abundance of class
So with faith perhaps
this wouldn't be the time
for her reign to pass.**

**This Queen has seen
some hard times
In the last several years.
While she has sheltered not a few
of man's unaware peers.**

Those who would ravage
her majestic finery
And steel her royal jewels.
That sometimes seemingly
unending stream
of uncaring or unconscious
fools.

But like a monarch of great knowledge,
as one of compassion
She sheltered them all
as best they would allow
And always shared their fears
and pain.
While ever providing them
her royal shelter,
From the cold and the wind
and the rain.

And while there were children
growing up,
Shew shared with them
their joys and tears,
And offered them places
to hide
To contemplate the oncoming
years.

**She was born in the dreams
of Mrs. McClure,
Created with loving energy
and an abundance of gracious care,
Built of those dreams and craftsmanship
bound together in the dreamer's stare.
To reign forever on her
ridge top domain
Protecting her people from
this rain country's rain.**

**Perhaps F.M. Murphy,
long-since deceased,
The man who erected the Queen,
Still comes now and then to visit
since I've heard it now and then said
that he's been now and then seen.**

**And still she stood there so tall,
she stands yet so proud,
Knowing she had much
more to share
If more were to be allowed.**

**But the years of hard times
 have taken her down
And her decades of smile
 have been slowly replaced by frown.**

**Then just when it seemed to her
 that it was surely all over,
Like she was nearing the end
 of her rope,
Beriault and the Joyces
 by some happenstance met.
And the Queen knew already
 there was thought of new hope.**

**Shortly after this meeting
 I got to be with her awhile.
Then I knew that she knew
 this was all to be true,
The moment I took note
 of her smile.**

**Certainly the Joyces
and perhaps the McClures,
Perhaps F.W. Murphy
and all those who loved her
intervened in her fate.
To snatch her from destruction's
jaws.
Just a moment before too late.**

**But now the Queen smiles
for she knows she will again know love,
And that her walls will again
echo laughter;
And that she will continue to reign
over her majestic domain
With good care
from here
everafter.**

October 29th, 1980

Editors note:

**As of December of 2004 the Queen still stands in the west hills of
Portland, Oregon.**

Consider III

Hear the thunder

in the sky

As the wheels of time

roll slowly by

Grinding out mans

mournful cry,

“I wish it were quitting time...”

Wake up

Wake up

Wake up

Wake up out there

all you sleeping souls

it's later than you think.

Planet earth

could go belly up

quicker than the universal eye

can blink.

Then what

indeed

are we going to do

without Kindergarten Earth?

Where will we find a place

to put us through

whatever it is

we each need to do

on the way

to discovering our worth?

**Wake up
Wake up
Wake up out there
all you merry folks.
it's time to heal
our planets wounds
and learn to work
with the Mother.**

**It doesn't make sense
to destroy one's home
when one
does not yet have another.**

Where Did Our Quiet Go?

**We have new dawns
and new days
seeping through an industrial haze,
a noisy world
seems to be the craze,**

Where did our quiet go?

**I heard it once
in a child's mind
where beauty flowed
and the universe rhymed
and all looked well
for the human kind.**

**That world reflected
boundless joys
till the elders said
there Must be more noise...**

Where did my quiet go?

**So my search went on
thru timeless space,
till frowns of ugly
on destiny's face
said "...not so well
for the human race,
you've lost yourself
and your quiet place..."**

Where did our quiet go?

**As noise grows on
and quiet fades
we're left lost and churning
in this blaring haze,
Must we be totally engulfed
in this industrial show..?**

Where did our quiet go..??

**When it gets to be to much,
begins to destroy the feel
and the touch,
and you think
you need a place to hide,
don't look out here -
it's not around,
you'll need to look deep inside...**

**Then you'll know my friend
when you find that place
because
there's only your God there
to share your space...**

**Then you'll know
where your quiet went...**

The Brilliance Of man and the real realty...

Today...

**Sometimes in the dampness
of this spring of 1990 AD,
it seems
Our beautiful and nurturing garden
is nearing gone.**

**Sometimes it seems
this nearly brilliant organism
is barely hanging on.**

Today...

**Trees fall down
in the echo of the saw,
and the slopes
are left barren and brown,
patiently waiting to wash away
when the heavy rains come down.**

Wash Away

**To corrupt the stream,
to squeeze the fish,
to drastically alter
mother Nature's wish.
Perhaps to be dredged
from a river somewhere
much farther along,
then piled again
into a slope
somewhere it doesn't belong.**

Mother Nature

**can provide us with all we need,
all we do is help.**

Today...

**Seventy two thousand tons
of fertile soil
will be washed or blow away.**

**Over a million tons
of carbon dioxide will fall
to wet things down.**

**The groceries we grow
are tainted,
the air we breath unfit,
and the water we drink**

**is no longer pure,
and it's the mind of man
that's doing it.**

**Each moment
we've poisoned ourselves a little more
than we were the moment before.**

**Mother Nature
will provide us
with all we need,
but mother Nature
can no longer sustain
our ignorance
and growing greed.**

**Today...
Twelve million refugees
roam our home,
for want of a sustainable place to stay.
Most of the cause
a result of the gun,
so much a victim
to even
the bullet designed for one.**

**Thirty thousand acres
of productive dry land
will be new desert tomorrow.**

**Thirty thousand miles
of mono filament net
will assure us slaughter in our seas.**

**Twenty five thousand
loved ones will perish
for want of clean water to drink.**

**And sadly,
if it doesn't all happen
in ones backyard,
it scarcely causes
a serious thought to think.**

**Mother Nature
will provide us
with all we need.
But Mother Nature
can no longer sustain
our ignorance
and growing greed.**

**Simply put,
it may be time
some concluding were due,
Perhaps we'll find
Mother Nature is simply smarter
than me
and you.**

**But Alas!
Here we are yet trapped
in this remaining curse:
A single track mind
trying to manipulate
an infinitely many tracked universe.**

We need to change the way we think.

Some Random Thoughts...

**There is no forever bliss
until you come to
the place where there
is no forever.**

**Mother Nature can provide us
with all we need,
but Mother Nature can no longer sustain
our ignorance and growing greed.**

Maybe we should kill her...

**I am amazed at the
breadth and depths of
the administrations
thinking.
It would seem to me
a stream so shallow
would more quickly evaporate.**

**We have the knowledge, the tech,
the tools, to bring our knowledges
together to solve our crisis.
We need to Allow the wisdom
to remove our heads from the
bowels of our collective agendas.**

**If we continue to pour
CO2 into our atmosphere,
and should planet Earth
heat considerably,
Will that heat burn the bush?**

**Plane one, relative reality.
Planet Earth.
That place where
goofiness dwells.
Where the human condition
mixed up with tradition
becomes a problem
just after birth.**

**If you are looking for your tomorrows
on the backside of yesterday
then it's awfully hard to see ahead.**

aces

**May I wish you good times
and comfortable spaces
But may I also remind you
to keep up your sleeves
an abundant supply
of aces**

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