



Freedom

Of Choice



Freedom Of Speech....

Theresa M Lennon

Freedom

Devil's Daughter

So much I've forgotten,
So much I never knew,
Will never know....
So many wrong turns
In the mirror maze
Of my life.
It seems I keep finding
Monsters behind me
In the glass.
All I really wanted back then
Was to be a good man's
Wife.
Raise little children,
And raise them up
Tall and kind....
Here I am, and
Here you are.
All you want
Is an argument.
I look in the mirrors
The only one there
I see
Is me
(and the ghosts
and demons.)
Yet I can still
Hear you fighting
With me.
You wanna watch
Your life go up
In smoke,
And I just don't
Wanna let it be.
I know, I know,
It looks as if

Freedom

The blame's on me,
But, I swear,
It wasn't me
At all....
It was all the monsters,
you see.
Funny,
But they look
A lot
Like you and me....

June 9, 2009

Freedom

"Past the Mission"

Tori Amos

I don't [believe](#) I went too far
I said I was willing
She said she knew what my [books](#) did not
I [thought](#) she knew what's up

Past the mission
Behind the [prison](#) tower
Past the mission
I once knew a hot girl
Past the mission
They're [closing](#) every hour
Past the mission
I [smell](#) the roses

She said they all [think](#) they know him well
She knew him better
Everyone [wanted](#) something from him
I did too but I shut my mouth
He just gave me a smile

Past the mission
Behind the [prison](#) tower
Past the mission
I once knew a hot girl
Past the mission
They're [closing](#) every hour
Past the mission
I [smell](#) the roses

Past the mission
I [smell](#) the roses

Hey they [found](#) a body
Not sure it was his

Freedom

Still they're [using](#) his name
And she gave him shelter
And [somewhere](#) I know she [knows](#) somethings only she knows
Somewhere I know she [knows](#) somethings only she knows

Past the mission
Behind the [prison](#) tower
Past the mission
I once knew a hot girl
Past the mission
They're [closing](#) every hour
Past the mission
I [smell](#) the roses

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Past the mission
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Freedom

To Have Loved And Lost

...Is better than to have never loved at all.

I've fallen in love with men several times. Even though my love is always unrequited (so far), I've learned from each experience.

In high school, I was in love with two of the boys in my class, Nathan K. and Mike K. Nathan was something of a geek. He was smart, but quiet. I never told him that I had a crush on him. He'd probably be surprised if he knew. I didn't know that much about him, and have no idea where he is now. Mike was something of a class clown. He was voted "worst dressed" along with me at the end of senior year. He was one of the few popular boys who did not make fun of me. He'd probably be surprised if he knew I'd had a crush on him too.

After high school, I worked at an Easter Seals Camp as a counselor. It was there I met Mike S.. He was also a counselor. He was a good looking man, rippling with muscles, and eyes the same color as mine. I instantly fell in love with him. We partied together a few times when the campers weren't at the camp. I found out later that he was quite the piano player. Even though we were underage, we still drank quantities of beer. He finally confessed to me that he was gay. After drinking quite a few, I cornered him in the bathroom and ripped my shirt off. I had to test the waters. He politely turned me down and began distancing himself from me. I did see him again years later, and he had moved in with a blonde man. Perhaps spitefully, I told him to "grow up." I haven't seen him since.

I joined the Navy, and met my ex-husband, Donald N. who I used to love. He was artistic, imaginative, creative and also a writer. He seemed to know something about real magic, and I wanted to learn from him. He ran D&D games. I joined his game and showed him my poetry. We went on one date. After that he pushed sex on me. He said he loved me. I figured, at the time, he was only a man and couldn't help himself. I was only eighteen and he was 22. So, I figured I'd take the good with the bad. He sure

wasn't much to look at. He was pretty fat and had an ugly baby-face. I put up with his jealousy, threats, delusional ideation about God and magic, and sexual abuse for a little over three years. We had a baby girl, that we placed for adoption. It was my idea. I strongly suggested he go along with the idea. I don't think he trusted himself with a baby girl, or wanted the responsibility, so he went along with the adoption. I later learned he was a liar, and a thief. I also ended up in the hospital with some mysterious STD that cleared up, so he was a cheat as well. Eventually, after we got married, and broke up three months after the marriage, I fell out of love with him. It took years for me to come to terms with the abuse I'd suffered, and some education from the local crisis center about sexual abuse, and fall out of love with him. I think I was codependent, because he was a drug addict and I wasn't, at the time.

I met Dan G. near the end of my marriage. He was muscular whereas my ex-husband was fat. He was spiritual, or at least he seemed to be. He knew how to kiss, whereas my ex-husband did not. But, he had a girlfriend. He seemed to be a good friend and listener. Later I learned he was a marijuana addict. He also drank quite a bit. We slept together once and he began playing games with me. He no longer listened to me after that preferring to argue with everything I said. He also seduced me when I was crying over the break-up with my ex-husband. And he cornered me once by the bathrooms in the Bellingham south side Denny's and began feeling me up. It hurt. He was still going out with his girlfriend. I learned to hate him. I figured it was the only cure for being in love with him. Hating him worked, and I fell out of love.

My next love was J.P. Falcon G. He was a full-blooded Blackfoot man. He was the same age as me. He sang like an angel, wrote obscure songs about the Southwest and other women, and played the guitar. I felt for him, because when he was a teenager, one of his best friends was shot right in front of him. The boy who was shot was also Native American and an activist. I also felt for him because he'd been victimized by a particularly nasty hazing in college. I knew him as a friend for seven years before I got tired of waiting. I did a portrait of him and told him he could have it if he took me home with him one July evening in 1997. He had the face and voice of an angel, but he was really more like the devil. I had seen him push down his girlfriend once, but I figured sleeping with him one time wouldn't hurt anything. On the way to his friend's house, where we spent the night, he put his hands on me and it hurt. That night he got as drunk as a skunk, took me to bed, and immediately tried for anal sex with me. I

Freedom

let him do that, even though it wasn't very much fun. That sexual experience cured me of being in love with him. I knew he was abusive after that.

My next love was Freedom. He too was in a relationship. He had long blonde dreadlocks, and sang about love and Spirit. We never slept together. I tried getting to know him as a friend. But I got disgusted with people setting up altars to him and him putting up with it. He liked marijuana a lot. (By this time, I was rather fond of marijuana myself.) I also got disgusted with the way he treated his ex-girlfriend who was from Hawaii. He dumped her because she had an abortion, and she no longer was going to pay for his living expenses. I followed him down to California and went to a few of his shows. His music had deteriorated, as it often does when drugs are involved. My mental illness was active and I must've said some bizarre things to him, because he told me to stay away from him. So I did. I don't need any judgmental deceivers in my life anyway.

My next and last great love was Joshua M. I met him in drug treatment. He was recovering from a cocaine addiction. He was one of the smartest people I've ever met. He had an unbeaten track record at Scrabble, and was a whiz at chess. He was a good friend up until we slept together. After that, he began avoiding me and hiding in his room all the time. He was bipolar and it was probably depression. He looked the part of a nerd, but like all my ex loves was a bad boy. At least he wasn't a fatso. I got mad about him avoiding me, and then him hanging out exclusively with a notorious racist at the treatment center. He had insisted that he loved me as a friend. We had childhood sexual abuse in common. He had been sexually abused by his older stepbrother for years. I'd finally had enough when he accused me of writing a nasty letter as well as him refusing to hug me the day he left the treatment center. He hung up on me when I called him, and I haven't talked to him since. Maybe I'm not being very understanding, but those are warning signs.

Maybe next time I fall in love it will be mutual. I would like that.

Miracles Cafe was located at 800 High Street in Bellingham. The reason I remember the address is because it is so easy for me to remember. Gabriel loved that place. I think I was just resigned to putting up with being taken advantage of. I was certain that nobody would believe he took advantage of me, anyway -- including my friends. In any case, I was still at WWU that spring, when Gabriel and I decided to do a little Wiccan ritual to manifest a car. We were both tired of walking everywhere, and I figured I needed a car to learn to drive. I asked him, if I help you pay for a car, will you teach me to drive. He said yes.

That spring we found a Subaru. It cost about \$700. It was sitting in the grocery store parking lot. We decided we could come up with that amount, and we bought the car. We each paid half for it. He taught me to drive, sort-of, but I already knew most of what I needed to know. I just needed someone in the passenger seat who had a license so I could practice driving. I think I got my license in that car in June. I think I passed the first driver's test. We put the car in my name.

Once, I went over to Gabriel's apartment. He frequently complained there was no food in the cupboards, when there were plenty of raw ingredients there. He and his roommates really did not believe in cleaning either. Gabriel also played guitar and sang kind-of weird songs about weeping fairies and stuff.

One day, however, I was over there and he was trying to write a song. I guess I interrupted him and inconvenienced him at just the wrong time, because he almost kicked me in the face. His foot stopped about three inches from my face. I began plotting as to how to get rid of him after that.

I was really sick of Gabriel and his constant pressure for sex, his habit of wearing his pants with his underwear hanging out, and his random exclamations in public -- "I have a penis!" Gabriel allegedly had some mental illness for which he got disability. Apparently he saw crosses on everything.

I think I was really just trying to give him away.....

Bonnie may have been living in Spokane at this time. At some point she lived with Randy in Spokane for about six months. I don't remember her being around Bellingham much at all during this time period, so that may have been when she was living in Spokane.

As it turns out, several people who worked at Miracles also lived there. The house was zoned residential and commercial. There was a man there named "Chuck" (a pseudonym he chose) who was very outgoing. He was short and had short blonde

dreads. He played guitar and warbled a little. He really wasn't the greatest musician, and he really only seemed to know three chords. He had a black and white pit bull female named Bandita. Bandita didn't like me much at first; she nipped a lot and was a little aggressive when she'd play. Chuck lived in the driveway in his mostly burned out WW bus.

A lot of the people who lived there stayed down in the basement. There was a man with long dark hair named Raven. Matt, the owner, lived up in the attic with his girlfriend. The girlfriend was the one who kept the books. All of the people who worked there were volunteers, and as I found out later, they traded working there for shelter and marijuana.

There were a couple of regular musicians there. Joules Graves and Freedom were the most popular volunteer musicians. Freedom and Gabriel were good friends, and Gabriel introduced me to him. Freedom was a tall blonde man, who had long dreads. There was no stage, so they would sit on the benches by the wall and play. Miracles got lots of business when they'd do their impromptu performances. I liked their music too. I liked their brands of spirituality. They had a green spirituality.

Chuck and Freedom were really into the idea of animal totems and followed a generic brand of Native American spirituality. Chuck introduced me to the book *Animal Speak*, which I really liked and often borrowed. Joules often sang about love and the environment. Freedom seemed to have a Christo-pagan kind of philosophy that I liked. Their music was very magical. I asked Freedom once why someone would do that to their hair. I don't remember the exact answer but it was a little defensive. I told him I meant no offense by the question and was not judging him, I was just curious.

Apparently both Freedom and Gabriel had a near death experience. Freedom didn't talk much about his, other to say that he got the scar on his forehead between his eyes when a skinhead hit him with a wrench. He told me that the police put the perpetrator up to it. He was pretty irritated at the cops when he talked about that. Gabriel said he didn't remember his near death experience. I, of course, was interested because I liked reading about near death experiences (NDEs) and knew a little bit about them from the stories I had read.

Freedom lived with a Hawaiian girl named Melissa. Melissa and I talked every now and then. She had money and a nice car. Freedom didn't have much of anything to his name, other than a guitar. He told me that people often gave him guitars. Melissa and Freedom lived in a couple of houses over from the cafe.

Once, I was over there, and Melissa and I talked out in the yard. She told me "Freedom's not the kind of man you think he is!" Then she told me about his neglect. He never said good-bye and rarely told her where he was going, when he left.

Other stuff went on too. Gabriel, after I suggested we find a female to have a threesome with, decided he wanted to have a foursome with Freedom and Melissa. I vetoed that. I told him to let me initiate the threesome and pick the woman. He went ahead and *asked them* before discussing the idea with me. I could see it in their eyes and feel it in the air. It really pissed me off that Gabriel would do that. I had far too much respect for the two of them to wish Gabriel's abuse on either of them.

I'm sure, looking back on how he was acting around Melissa, that he just wanted to get in her pants. My intuition told me he tried to make that happen even though I vetoed the idea. Being the sexually pushy kind of guy he was, he probably did not do as I asked. He was supposed to let me decide who we would do that with. I suspected they really weren't interested either. I told Melissa once she was attractive, to get a feel for whether or not she would be interested. I don't think she was even the least bit into the idea.

I got tired of all the talk of spiritual journeys and road trips by the people who lived and hung out at Miracles. So, Gabriel and I took a road trip in our car for a month. He talked about the redwoods before, and I really wanted to see them. I wanted to go down to California and locate my grandmother. I wanted to see the country. I wanted to see Colorado. And I was jealous of all the road trips people were taking without me.

Our car broke down once, and the brakes threatened to go out completely in Wisconsin. I managed to keep Gabriel from taking me to bed the entire trip. Once he pressured me and I pulled the car over and started screaming at him and beating on the steering wheel. I must have seemed nuts.

He didn't pressure me any more after that. We usually slept in the car, and paid for the gas with his nickel. We got the brakes fixed in Madison for free because we threatened to call the Better Business Bureau on the people who worked on the brakes before in Bellingham. I introduced Gabriel to my father and his wife. They didn't seem impressed.

The scenery was great. I really learned a lot about driving that trip. There was Highway 1 (Big Sur) in California. Big Sur is a movie-style, seaside, high cliff road, complete with many unmarked hairpin curves and stuff. I also drove on snow and ice on a mountain pass in the middle of Colorado in July.

After we got back to Bellingham from our month long road trip, Gabriel promptly dumped me. I talked him into letting me keep the car.

I was really familiar with the roads in Bellingham. Shortly after the road trip, I got another job at Godfather's Pizza -- this time as a delivery driver. That was quite a fun job. The tips were nice. I liked my coworkers. They let us cook pizza for ourselves to take home. I liked veggie pizzas with extra sauce, pineapple and no black olives, so I made those and took them home. I often took my pizzas back to Miracle's Cafe and shared them with other people there. Chuck loved eating my pizzas with me.

Eventually, Matt's girlfriend dumped him and moved out. Until then I was just a customer. Shortly after she left, and after I listened to Matt complain about nobody doing the books, I volunteered to do them. I gave him a resume, and told him I took an accounting class at the college. The instructor told me I was qualified as a bookkeeper when the class was completed.

Matt explained that all the people who worked there were volunteers. I said, "Alright." I had the job as a delivery driver. I really attempted to get the books caught up, but he only brought me a few of the bills. Matt lost a lot of the old mail. After attempting to even start on the books, I was not able to do it. He "didn't know" where the old books went. (Months later, we located the books in the old school bus that was out in the back of the house.)

I started doing volunteer work as a barista there. People taught me how to make espresso. It was mostly Chuck and Matt that taught me. I even did some work as a gofer. I went for supplies from the store. I often had the car with me.

Freedom and Melissa argued a lot around me at the cafe. I'm not sure I remember much about the arguments. Melissa was tired of carrying the financial burden for the both of them, though. One time she came up to me and said "he tells me all these songs are for me, but then doesn't give me any credit," or something along those lines. She got pregnant with his child sometime that summer. I think, perhaps, she didn't know how she could support a full grown man as well as a child. My heart went out to her when she had an abortion. Another girl, who was friends with Freedom and Melissa lied and said she was pregnant too. We really didn't get why she lied about such a thing....

In October, I quit the Godfather's Pizza job. I wanted to work at the coffee shop full time, even though it was volunteer work. I dropped all my classes for fall of 1995, too. For some reason, I just couldn't handle it. The coffee shop and the new-agey

atmosphere seemed to be just what I was looking for. I guess I was a little obsessed with the whole concept of leaving "society" behind. I moved out of the YWCA and into the basement of the coffee shop. It wasn't long before I told myself "well I'm sick of the way I'm feeling" and smoked pot all the time too. I turned down the weed repeatedly for months and just got worn out. After that I joined every circle they had there.

I moved into David Gallacci's room with him. He had the room downstairs. David "Oak" Gallacci was a transvestite when I first met him. I was curious about this cross dressing man who came into the coffee shop. I approached him. We talked about stuff like tarot cards and art, both of which I was interested in. It turned out that Matt gave him the room for painting murals on the walls. So eventually, Oak told me I could move into his room if I wanted to. I told him I was not interested in sex or anything and he said okay.

That's how it happened. I moved into his room. He told me the first night that I could sleep in his bed with him; he would not "touch me..." I was going to sleep on the floor, and I asked him where I should sleep. Well, when I tried to go to sleep he started rocking his pelvis against my butt. As usual, I just let the man do his thing with me -- I was confused by this behavior once again. Maybe it was because he was bipolar and couldn't help it, was my logic?

It was getting stoned with Oak that got me addicted. This time, when I smoked pot it was different. I got quite an intense high that was almost hallucinatory. I remember he put psychedelic images on the TV. They were awfully interesting at the time. It was a high I was never able to duplicate. I asked him if he put something in the weed, which he denied. He dumped his girlfriend, Autumn, to be with me. We were a bit of an item.

I brought the kittens I had adopted from Bonnie's cat, TiTi's, litter with me. TiTi was short for Nefertiti, and was also a play on what she and the kids called me. I was "T" or "Aunt T." I named the kittens "Cheyanna" and "Moonshadow." Cheyanna was all black with a cinnamon colored spot on her chest. Moonshadow was black with a black and white face and white socks.

Several interesting spiritual things happened during the period of my life I hung out at Miracles. I played high priestess for a full moon circle down on a moonlit beach on Chuckanut Drive. We all hiked down the hill to it, and we built a nice campfire there. As usual, I ran out of stuff to say to everyone. That happens a lot when I am in charge of something.

Even though it was dark out, we all saw the eagle fly out of the sky and circle around us. I saw several rainbow rings around the moon. Another day, when I was at Gabriel's apartment, I saw a rainbow ring around the sun. I had intense visions in my head where I saw myself as a royal blue light being that spun. One time I meditated and put the correct color gemstones on each chakra and waved my hand over each one. I heard musical notes that got a little higher and trilled with each chakra as I went up my body. I also stepped into a "fairy ring" (which is a ring of mushrooms) and waited/dared something to happen. There was a lot of love in the air at the Cafe, but it certainly was not coming from most of the people there....

Things sort of went downhill from there. Vishika or "Seeker" (both probably pseudonyms) felt me up in public when I sat down in front of him. When I slept next to Raven a few nights, he kept waking me up by feeling me up, too. I told him each time I didn't want to do anything and he would pretend we just "accidentally" woke up that way. Howard chopped up my altar table. The drum circle I was in fell apart when Betty (the woman in charge) pissed off the wrong person by complaining about it being moved to the basement.

I learned how to play drum on an extra drum at Miracles in about three hours. It was pretty easy to do, because I had been keeping time to music ever since I saw how my step dad would do it. I have pretty good rhythm and I rocked out the drum circles at the café. I can keep a baseline beat for people who have problems keeping time, and I love improvising my own special rhythms in drum circles.

Anyway, I got tired of Freedom and Melissa arguing in front of me. I finally said "Well, you guys must be arguing in front of me all the time for a reason." I suggested, because Melissa complained again about having to pay his way, she kick him out. She did just that. The look Freedom gave me could have melted rocks; it was a withering glare.

Freedom and Melissa broke up shortly thereafter. Freedom wasn't anything but icily polite to me after I had suggested Melissa kick him out. He still came to the coffee shop all the time, though, as if nothing had happened.

I did liquid acid there once during a party that fall. Bonnie drove me to Elizabeth's house that night because I couldn't drive. I saw Egyptian symbols come out in sharp relief on the outside walls of her house. I felt as if darkness was taking over my mind and soul, and it only went away when Noah (a mutual friend of ours) would come close. Downstairs in the basement of Elizabeth's house, Noah crawled into my sleeping space. I tried to ignore him and lay down there anyway. He yelped as if I was going to

sexually assault him. I kept seeing a face coming through the wall. The next day the eyes were still on the wall. I swear they had not been there before.....

Moonshadow disappeared and Cheyanna somehow got soaked in paint thinner. Personally, knowing Oak, I think he was planning to burn both cats up. I think he may have lit Moonshadow on fire.

Things were chaotic and messy. I got into arguments a lot with people. I was on food stamps, and I contributed to the chaos. My justification was that everyone smoked my cigarettes. So I often bought the supplies for the coffee shop with food stamps and took an equivalent amount of money out of the till.

Eventually, I just started pocketing about five to ten dollars from the till whenever I needed cash for cigarettes and stuff. Freedom disappeared to Seattle with Cholla. Chuck and Oak initiated a threesome with me. I voluntarily had oral sex with Chuck though, and Oak just did his thing. Matt cut a hole in the floor after I told him he was full of it when he was lying to Chuck. He kicked me out after that argument. It was December, I think.

In the meantime, Bonnie started going out with Ezra after she returned from Spokane and dumped Randy. They lived in a house a few blocks away. My car was disabled and I didn't know why. Funny how that happened after I let Oak borrow it. I certainly couldn't move very far away. Eventually, I figured it out. Someone (probably Oak) unplugged my alternator. The car ran fine after I plugged it in. Howard actually had the nerve to suggest that it came unplugged accidentally. I think I stayed with Bonnie and Ezra about a week. Ezra threatened to hit me. Later he ripped off all his roommates. Bonnie dumped him for that. He gave her his truck, which she sold.

So, by the time 1995 was over, I had an abusive boyfriend named Oak, and a new pot habit. For obvious reasons, I remember the cafe was on High Street.

—excerpt from "A Pocket Full of Aces"

Guilt By Association

This is the story of a man who had his life totally ruined by a street tramp named Lucy

Lucy was a spoiled little bint. She grew up with plenty. She had love, food, shelter, an allowance, good guidance, the best teachers, and lots of fresh air, sunshine and plenty of playmates. Her parents were a little strict. They made sure she didn't run across the street in front of any chariots or anything. Once her parents spanked her for running in front of a chariot and not looking. She never forgave them for it and ran away from home at 17 still ticked off. They didn't miss her a whole lot because she was known for being mean and rotten. She liked to push down the other kids and bully the younger ones. She was also the kind of kid who loved to drown puppies.

He was a healer from another town. His reputation spread far and wide. He was the tall dark and handsome type.

Now, before you get the wrong idea, this is not a romance.

Lucy and Joshua, we'll call him for sake of posterity, were about the same age.

Joshua had several assistants and they travelled around helping people out. People had been victimized by charlatans, crooks, bad landlords (slum lords of the time). People were getting a little more than violent because of the oppression. Labor forces were getting ripped off, prices were ridiculous, and people were dying from unsafe working conditions in mines and on the roads. The whole country was in the hands of a ruthless dictator that taxed the poor and rewarded the rich. They were making women wear shoes too small for their feet and neck braces which permanently disabled women, practicing genital mutilation, battering their wives, and there weren't any laws against rape. Men killed their wives all the time.

Everyone knew about the dictator's perversions and sexual exploits. He made no secret about his scandals, and he paraded them in front of people. People who came to him with problems were often blown off or killed. The upper classes seemed to think it was cute.

Lucy could most politely be described as white trash. She was a scrapper of sorts. She liked to help the good ole boys trash on other women. She was known for starting fights with other women. She couldn't care less about people's poverty; she could always rob little old ladies or the dead. She could always find money to drink. She could drink, too. Just like one of the boys.

The age of chivalry was not dead, so a lot of the decent men just felt sorry for her. They figured it must have been a rough upbringing. She hadn't got a piece lately, so she was in sore shape. She didn't understand why so many of her "girlfriends" (the ones she hadn't attacked – usually the ones she thought could best her in a fair match) hated it when she slept with their husbands or boyfriends. So, poor Lucy just didn't have many friends.

She was known for not taking "no" for an answer. She was a sore loser and vindictive. She also tended to be mean to her lovers. Lucy liked to pinch and size was a major issue with her.

Anyway, Lucy was in the local tavern when Joshua came to town. She saw him stroll by the window, so she decided to follow him without him seeing her. Her attempts to be inconspicuous were comical.

Lucy thought to herself (an effort at best) "A-ha! Someone new who doesn't know me!"

So she followed him around for a few days and asked questions. She found out he was a healer, so she decided to apply for a job – a first for her. When they asked her what she had done for work in the past, she said that she'd just gotten out of a psychotically abusive marriage and was destitute.

So they decided to apprentice her. It sure looked like she could use some respectable work.

Lucy had a couple of regular lovers that she respected because they were "dangerous" One of them worked in the palace on the guard. She ran and told them all about her new good fortune. Lucy was a bit of a laughingstock to them, all though not too bad in bed. They never indulged in jealousy with Lucy because murder and mayhem were more their style.

Lucy was planning on moving up in the world, so she wanted to impress them with her new plot. The next guy who said "no" was on her list. What she didn't know was that her lovers had no intention of letting this little cat gain any kind of status. She was their squeeze toy; it wouldn't do to let her move on elsewhere.

Anyway, she hated her new job. Occasionally when she thought people weren't looking, she'd spike the medications. Once in awhile, when some of the people had children, she'd send a message to the government's version of CPS of the day, and get their children taken away. She especially hated it when two people of different races

were together. She'd poison one or the other; it depended slightly on the prejudices of the other people around the couple. A couple of times she cut their throats, but she found such in-your-face style murder distasteful. It was too messy and too much work in her eyes.

Around this time, Joshua began to get suspicious of his new hired help. See, nobody else messed with him because they knew he had powerful connections.

She sensed his suspicion, so she knew it was time to act. She hit on him and tried to seduce him. He just looked at her funny and gave her her walking papers. She got mad. Nobody beat Lucy at chess without her permission.

She thought it was a joke and "everyone knew" that Lucy didn't take jokes at her expense very well.

Lucy had a little cash squirreled away (stolen, of course), so she paid this very poor cousin of hers off to report her ex-employer for beating up her kids. The cousin didn't care, one man was the same as another, they all beat her up. Besides she needed the money. The cousin did what she was asked and then took off for Spain somewhere. She couldn't stand Lucy, and the further away she got from this one horse town the better.

Needless to say, the government didn't do anything about it. Rumors were circulating about Lucy and Joshua's imagined love affair. So Lucy passed on the story to the day's version of the Hell's Angels – with embellishments.

They found his body cut to pieces in a ditch. When they came back to clean up the mess, there was nothing there.

Go figure.

She moved on to molesting many female children, including her own daughter with brutality. She used enemas, bondage and refusing access to the bathroom. Nobody came to protect the children. Lucy's lovers beat the crap out of her for lying about her murder to impress them. They didn't like posers. They got bored of her sexual acrobatics and moved on. Lucy was beat up by a couple of other men along the way. Everyone got tired of her because her favorite method of getting someone in bed was to lie and say "I love you." Her drug connections eventually all bowed out on her and laughed at her withdrawals. Lucy got ticked off and poisoned all her ex's that she could find.

Freedom

Lucy finally got in a position of power. She went on to poison and arrange the murders of several million people. She still very rarely drew blood herself. She hated showering.

Eventually she tangled with another brunette. She'd tangled with blondes before and was vindictive when she got her butt kicked. Everyone knew that gentlemen prefer blondes (or something like that). She thought for sure that they'd be friends because the Nazi's wanted to make all the brunettes breeders.

Huh, the end of that story remains to be seen.

The Edge of Insanity

1996 did not start out on a really good note. I was couch-surfing. Craig beat up Mandy in late 1995, and Bonnie and I plotted how to get her out of the relationship with him. I tried another quarter at school, but rarely attended.

Bonnie found a house to rent. With my loans and Pell grant, I helped her get the down payment for the house. It was a four bedroom house, and we figured the kids could all have one room. I took a room upstairs, and Bonnie and Mandy took the two bedrooms downstairs across the hall from each other. We covered Mandy's rent, at first, because we wanted to get her and Brittany away from Craig. The fight between Mandy and Craig was not pretty. Craig hit her, and she got a burst of adrenaline and tossed him off the porch. Craig turned out to be as big a loser as I thought he might be....

Mandy had obvious problems with alcohol and stuff. We made a rule that there would be no alcohol at the house. Mandy quit drinking the first three weeks she was at the house. We smoked a lot of pot, however. I asked them if Oak could move into the house, and if Chuck could park his VW bus out back. Neither person had anywhere else to go. I, of course, had the "hidden agenda" of bringing the supply of pot with me. I knew Mandy liked to smoke it. Bonnie preferred painkillers and would not toké with me.

Chuck brought a puppy with him named "Charlie." Charlie got very frightened and piddled all over the floors frequently. Chuck promptly beat the crap out of him. I didn't argue, but took the puppy from Chuck. I took him for walks and showed him love. Eventually, he stopped piddling on the floors. I offered to take the puppy off Chuck's hands since Chuck didn't want to keep him. After about two months of living there, he gave the puppy to someone else.

Bonnie was not really seeing Randy when she was there, although he would come and "visit" the kids. I introduced her to David Boudreau "Bouda," at Miracles. She started dating him. Bouda was Chuck's best friend and lived in Mt. Vernon -- a few towns over. He came over frequently to see Bonnie. I liked Bouda, at first. Bouda had a hook instead of a left hand. I don't remember how he had lost his forearm and hand. I had a feeling those two would hit it off, and they did -- in spades.

I got in lots of arguments with most of my roommates the few months I lived there. Oak confessed to me he wanted to sleep with my friends. Mandy started drinking again. Randy came over a few times and never smiled or was social with me.

He seemed really unpleasant to me. One time he came over and babysat Bonnie's kids. He started giving me orders and yelling at me because I was going to use the bathroom before Samantha. I was not impressed and insisted I needed to bathe then, anyway. He reported that incident to Bonnie, and Bonnie blamed me for the argument that ensued.

Bonnie's little brother, Chris, who was a big boy by then -- about 18 years old -- came in the house without even knocking several times. He adamantly refused to knock. I told him and told him that I needed him to start knocking before he came in.... It did no good; he just kept on walking in the door. He actually told me he was always allowed to just come into his sister's places. I explained that this was not just Bonnie's house! That did no good either. Bonnie refused to take my side on the issue.

Bonnie had major problems with me hanging the djembe I bought the year before on a nail by the mantle. The drum was not really in anyone's way, but Bonnie insisted she might hit her head on it. I also had a piece of crap, cheap guitar that Keith had bought secondhand and charged me \$10 for. The thing would not stay in tune, no matter what. I smashed the guitar once when Chris walked in and I was practicing on it. I didn't want him to hear my awkward playing and was really angry that he had just walked in for the umpteenth time.

Bonnie took Mandy out for drinks one night, and I chewed her out for that. Bonnie was also trying to take charge of Mandy's money and run her life for her. Bonnie also had this annoying habit of accidentally breaking everything I ever gave her for a gift. The tiger picture I gave her ended up the same way. The tiger picture was hanging in the house in her bedroom for awhile.

I tried school again in the winter of 1996. I could never find a parking space and suddenly became too lazy to walk anywhere. I became leery of going down to the computer labs because a woman student was raped down in the bathroom right near the labs I always used. They put his picture up. It was a police artist sketch and I recognized the face. I was confused however when it said the person was Caucasian. The person I knew with that face was half Native American.

Perhaps I was too stoned to care enough to report the man's name to the police. I will always remember it though; the face was that of Sean Hull. Bonnie and I met Sean in the Black Angus in Bellingham years before. He came and sat with us. He was a fisherman, who went up to Alaska in the summertime and fished. We ran into him occasionally over the years.

One summer, I was sitting in Sheri's Restaurant, and he walked in. He said he would give me a ride. We stopped at Boulevard Park and hung out under the stars for a little while. Then he said, "We've never done this...." He kissed me hard and grabbed my breast. I let him take me all the way, and didn't put up much of a fight. He was an attractive guy, but I was not attracted to him. It could have been rape, but I didn't even try to stop him. It wasn't what I wanted, though. He yanked my hair hard throughout the experience. He disappeared after that, and I never saw him again.

That was my "reason" for dropping out again. Although, there were probably many reasons I couldn't handle college, including the marijuana. I decided I was done with college. I had done a lot of stoned writing. I had written many poems I thought were brilliant. I figured I needed college no more!

We had a sketchbook at Miracles people were writing in. Miracles closed down for good that winter. Matt was finally evicted for destroying the place, more or less, as well as neglecting to pay the bills for so long. Anyway, I wrote several stories and poems that were in that book. Nobody I knew was able to locate it though. I never made copies of what I wrote in that book.

I sold my car around March to cover my rent. The school money ran out and I was at my wits end as to how to cover the rent. Oak still sexually abused me regularly. He moved into the garage by then, I think, and turned it into quite the little nest. He did art and stuff out there. He worked out, because he was physically fit and knew martial arts.

He no longer had the kindest eyes I had ever seen. His eyes, when he looked at me, were vacant of all emotion. I began to suspect that the woman they had found murdered on the little farm he lived at before with Autumn was his doing. I asked him once, after he finished doing his thing with me, if he could kill someone. He said "yes." He later asked me to marry him in a slightly sarcastic tone. I think I said "maybe" or "yes." Then he told me he was just joking. He cut up a dead beaver once in the backyard, and became convinced I was staring at him the entire time he was doing it.

He was getting me stoned though. I got in trouble with Keith one night when I bought some marijuana from Chuck with Keith's \$20. I took a bud or two out of the bag and had to hastily roll it back up. I ended up giving Keith his \$20 back. I did not feel guilty though, because Keith often came up to my room without my permission when I was sleeping and used the guitar. He just walked in. He didn't care I had problems with that, either.

I almost got a job at an espresso stand. But I couldn't get up the morning of my interview. I was too stoned....

Meanwhile, Mandy and I tired of Bonnie trying to control everyone. We asked her politely to move out. She did. She moved in with Bouda in Mount Vernon. We probably kicked her out because she was basically being a buzz kill when we were getting stoned.

After that, I came downstairs once and looked for Mandy. I walked to her doorway. Oak was going at it with her. The door was wide open. I stood there staring for awhile; I didn't know what to make of that. Mandy had also slept with Randy once. We found them together in Randy's water bed. I never said anything to Oak and walked away from the room. I really didn't know how to feel, but I knew I wasn't really as angry as I should have been. I think I went and got stoned after I discovered them.

I brought it up later with Oak, rather lightly, because he scared me. He owned up to it. He and Mandy decided later to look at an apartment to move into together. I invited myself along. I think that made them both uncomfortable enough to reconsider, because they never did move in together.

Another day, I went out to the garage to look for Oak for some reason or another. I think we had a fight. I opened the door of the garage, and he came up to me and pushed me down. Then he slammed the door closed and locked it. I knew then I had to get rid of him. So, I figured I'd convince him I was crazier than he was. He was diagnosed bipolar and was on disability. A few days later he and Mandy were sitting and chatting in the back yard. I suddenly ripped off my shirt and started dancing topless to the radio in the back yard.

It worked to convince him. I eventually let them convince me to put my shirt back on. I acted as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened. I was scared when I did it, but I was more scared of Oak. I was scared he would run off with Mandy and beat her up.

Freedom, Joules, and their entourage came over some time during all of this drama. Mandy moved some guy into Bonnie's room. His big screen TV, lava lamps, and other technological obscenities sat in the living room. Joules took one look at the TV and announced she wanted to go play in the garage.

Oak went up to my bedroom. Bonnie was there somewhere. I refused to choose who I would spend time with, so I parked myself at the kitchen table and refused to do anything but briefly visit all my "friends." I took Lilies of the Valley out to

the garage and handed them out, but mostly, I sat in the kitchen and wrote poems. People tried to get me to pick them to spend my time with.... I refused them all.

Things got worse. Oak came out of the house once and was ticked off at me for something. I didn't do or say what he wanted, so he snatched my favorite coffee cup out of my hand and threw it on the concrete where it shattered. That was it! I went over to his car, grabbed the tool box out of the front seat and went all the way around the car trying to smash the windows of the car with it. It didn't work, though. He grabbed me from behind and threw me to the ground and took off in the car. I kicked him out after that. When we broke up I had the strangest sensation that my soul had been sliced open from forehead to crotch. I mentioned it to him. He didn't respond to that....

I was quite happy when he, sort-of, peacefully left. I gave him back the painting he had given me. It was an island in a stream. For some reason, when he was painting that, unicorns came through the paint all over the island/rock in the middle of the stream. Unicorns were Mandy's obsession. Mandy swore she saw them many times in real life..... I didn't know what to make of that. I ended up giving Mandy a staff, and a couple of books on fairy magic. She seemed to like the gift. The house seemed to be haunted. We swore we had a ghost named "Michael." Mandy's heater often turned itself on, or up. Once we were walking outside and we found two full bouquets of fresh flowers on the ground. I kept mine for a long time. Mandy got spooked and killed hers after a week. She hung them upside down.

I finally went to the landlord and explained that I couldn't pay the rent. He said that was okay as long as I gave him sex. He repeated himself a few times. I said "No" and left his house. I moved into the garage. Mandy stayed in the house. She was hanging out with some blonde woman who looked like a coke head. The cops came over once. I told them the landlord had sexually harassed me. I tried to report Oak for the sexual abuse. The cops eventually left without doing anything at all about it.

Some time early that summer or late that spring, I moved in with "Fat Man" or Tim who lived next door to Bonnie and Bouda. This man expected me to come to bed with him every night, sleep with him every night, and tolerate not being taken out in public with him. He was ugly. He would cook for me, and the cooking was okay. I really had nowhere else to go. Finally, one night when I was too busy watching TV to crawl in bed with him and put up with his constant groping in the bed, he kicked me out. I think I went to the Friendship House in Mt. Vernon for awhile after that.

Bouda had a female pit bull. The dog was Bandita's mother. He was always telling me about how his dog liked to eat cats. We kept the animals separated for the most part. Cheyanna often walked along the fence, though, when the dog was in the backyard and teased her. Sooner or later, Cheyanna got bit. She had a hole in her rear end from a bite.

Bonnie and I treated the bite with herbal poultices, energy work, and prayer. It actually healed up within three days. Other than that, the dog was fairly sweet-tempered. Bouda sketched me out, though, when he'd pick up the dog in his bad arm and beat the snot out of her with the other hand. Then he'd throw her outside for punishment. Another time, Bonnie waved her cigarette in front of the dog's nose. I'm not sure what that was all about.... I think Bouda was into spanking Bonnie, too, and I don't know if she was entirely willing to put up with that. Once I heard the sounds of someone being smacked coming from their bedroom when I first moved out there....

That summer I also tried being a nanny for a man in Mt. Vernon. (My cat, Cheyanna, was very pregnant when I moved in with him.) I was very paranoid and hooked on TV and weed. Bob, the father's name, would come into the living room in his underwear at night. That made me extremely uncomfortable. I didn't really interact with the two boys enough. I even blew up at them for basically no reason a few times. Eventually, his girlfriend said that she would watch the kids or move in or something like that. So I moved out.

Quite frankly I don't remember where I stayed during the whole summer of 1996. I do remember that was the summer when I started having rather intimate and uncomfortable hallucinations.

There was a big horse chestnut tree out in a field of tall grass in Fairhaven I hung out under and smoked marijuana all the time. The base of the tree was in a depression in the ground and it was very hard for anybody passing by to see who was under the tree.

Shari talked about seeing the god Pan quite a bit. I finally told her once that was NOT Pan she was seeing. We argued a few times about it. I thought Pan started visiting me and making love to me. The hallucination was very physical, and when the "sexual" hallucinations started they were pleasurable. It seemed like something I wanted at first. I never talked to anyone about the hallucinations because they were simply too embarrassing to bring up to a doctor. It didn't even occur to me I could report them to a doctor. I even heard Pan pipes a few times when I experienced the tactile hallucinations.

At some point, I moved in with Bonnie's little friend, Randy. I think it was late summer or early fall. Randy had moved back onto his parents' property. He lived in a little trailer in the yard. Although I hate to say it, they seemed to be white trash. There were six neglected dogs out in the yard. His father came out and screamed at the dogs a lot when they would bark.

I don't think they were fed regularly. They often didn't have water. There were some cats out in the yard, too. One mangy, mangled old cat would come up to me for attention. It looked as if it had been hit by a car and lived. It had sores on its body that ran pus. I put a towel down on the "couch" in the trailer and petted it. I also saw Randy kick one of the cats at least once.

I got a job at Texaco while I stayed with Randy. That lasted a few days. I think it was obvious I was paranoid and very anxious. I got really defensive when they tried a second and third time to show me how to do the till reconciliation forms. I knew how to do them after the first time! I also questioned the manager when he went to use my till. I didn't want the balance to be off at the end of my shift. They let me go without explanation of any kind.

I also found a dead Great Horned Owl by the side of the road when I stayed with Randy. I cut off its wings for the feathers. Randy had some friends. His friends helped me use the talons for a rattle. I called it a death rattle. There was so much bad stuff going on, I thought it was a good thing.

I really wanted the bad stuff to end. I distributed the soft feathers to people I knew. I also hung on to a few of them. I got tired of the rattle, and I put my mother's gold class ring on the middle talon holding the rattle. I don't like gold, as I've stated before, and I felt it was bad energy in my life. I tossed the rattle, complete with the ring, off a cliff on Chuckanut Drive.

After I lived there a few months, I couldn't take it any more. I got scared because Randy brought home a hooker one evening. I also was disgusted with the way the animals were being treated. I took the blue dog that looked like he was part coyote or hyena (or something.) He had a mild case of mange, I think. I named him "Blue" at first. I walked back to town with him.

I didn't ask anyone if I could take him -- I just wanted to rescue him. He got off the leash and ran away though. I caught him the first few times. But, then, when we got to Fairhaven, he took off and I was not able to catch him. By then, I had started calling him "Sundancer" because he would turn his head every time I said it. The animal

control people showed up and caught him. They took him to the pound. They gave me the address and told me how much it would be to pick him up. I never was able to afford to get him, though. I have no idea if they put him to sleep, or what.

A few weeks after moving out, I felt like someone else's spirit touched mine. It was like a bright light moved through me. Funny, but that same day around that time, that poor mangy, mangled cat had died.

I was busy pretending everything was normal. I was going to karaoke frequently and singing my little heart out. I tried to win Falcon away from his girlfriend. I think it was 1996 when I went on my "spiritual journey" and hitchhiked around the country.

I told God that I wouldn't go unless I had shelter every single night I was away. I remember when I started to hitchhike around I took off with a short black man with short dreads named David. He got very controlling on the road very quickly. I ditched him and went off on my own. He had my little silver harmony ball, but I just let him keep it. Funny, but I was gone a month and never went without anything, including shelter. I looked for the "crossroads." I wanted to save Falcon's soul. I found a place that had a "Crossroads Church." I sat down on the bench that had a saying about love on it. I prayed he would get better, and I would find a safe ride out of there.

I even visited the abusive aunt "Penny" (Susan) in Colorado for a few days. People were really nice to me for the most part. I found all kinds of interesting feathers from ravens and stuff.

I made it to Wisconsin. I called my father from a payphone and arranged to meet him at work. I didn't even talk to his wife, or want to. I visited him. I hugged him for the first time ever. He cupped his hand around my rear end. My first thought was he mistook me for my dead mother by accident. After I left though, I started to get really angry about it. I never spoke to him again.

Excerpt from "A Pocket Full of Aces"

Pagan Angel

She stood naked in her ring of fire She was dancing in the crossroads downtown in a small city. Her body was slender and magnificent. Her face was awash with joy. She knew she was beautiful.

Devil may care -- but he really should mind his own business.

The drummers sat in their own circle not too far from here. Everything was illuminated in the pale draining half light that is prominent in the moments just following the sunset. The sky showed no evidence of any desire to produce rain any time soon.

There is an incontrovertible peace in the dance. The flames were high: eight feet at their highest flare. They were surrealistic in their translucence, but undeniable in their heat. Who knew how to get inside the circle? It would be cheating to swoop down upon her from above like some flying predatory bird.

The circle was surrounded by hundreds of spectators; some of them were cops. No one seemed to know what to do, including law enforcement, so they just milled about gaping. Her face reflected a spiritual reverence for the mix of pleasure and pain that was brought about by moving so quickly and with such agility in the intense heat of her chosen stage.

And then everyone heard the thunder; it rocked the Earth. Like a heartbeat in time with the drums....

...And we all felt it in our bones

February 4, 1999

(jeru)Salem, MS
Samhain '99

She was sitting on the sidewalk. She was chanting softly with eyes closed and rocking back and forth gently. Nobody around could understand a word of it.

Her robes swirled around her in a circle. She was crying; people could see the tears streaking down her dirty cheeks. She smelled like cinnamon and pine trees.

She'd been coming back to this same spot every day for a week now. Nobody knew where she went at night. A few had tried to follow her, but she knew her way around the back streets like a native and she moved like the wind.

She wasn't always crying though. There was a small café on her corner. She never hung out in there at night, but she often wandered in there. Someone had bought her a cup of coffee once. She stared at it after he handed it to her like she'd never seen such a thing before. So he took the cup from her and put cream and sugar in it, and handed it back. He gestured, suggesting she drink and then gestured to the other café patrons who were also drinking.

She looked at him curiously with furrowed brow, and then the smile that crossed her face was unrivalled by the sun.

He smiled back and walked away -- the eternal stranger.

Their fluttery speech and jerky hand gestures confused her. The old man was dead. She felt guilty for not feeling much about it, but free. It was just a twinge of guilt. She had loved him once, as he had claimed to be her father.

What she didn't understand was how she had come to be in this strange place full of jutting box houses, little glass squares and endless gray.... It was if though she hadn't been out of her father's house for a hundred years. But, preparations for his death and the intensive caretaking he had needed had swallowed up her concentration, duty and energy.

They were alone where they were. There had been no neighbors or visitors, and the old man hadn't any friends. It was unbearably flat. She hadn't been alone where she came from originally. She had been very young -- one of many sisters. She'd wandered off and been abducted, or traded, or sold, or something. She'd lost consciousness. She awoke in endless forests.

Freedom

She tried to think back on what life had been like before. It took much concentration. She thought she'd been married once, but it was misty. (This was later in her life)

There had been a little boy different from any other little boy she'd ever seen with her.

"Edom!" he said

"Okay," she said – although it sounded something like "cum na?"

They had grown up together there and decided to get married. Then her "father" had shown up.

"I created you" he said.

She didn't want to argue. She didn't want him to know she had gotten married. He wasn't the One.

"It was in May, Eve" he said.

(or was it "on May Eve" -- I forget)

"Eve" said Edom!

"Cum na," she said.

"Hey, have a Johnagold!" said the monkey in the tree above them. "Here, hand this to them," the monkey said to her the old man.

The snake brought the shiny yellow apple over after the monkey passed it to him -- which the two of them ate.

The old man had said, "Don't eat that!" but she hadn't understood a word he'd said. Edom didn't seem to know how to communicate with him either. She was too polite to tell him he was going senile. But he hung out with them anyway and made weird scratchings on tree bark for entertainment value.

Weird, it was so long ago. She didn't think she loved "Edom!" any more. He'd gone off to fight in a war. He'd come back briefly and then disappeared again. She never saw him again and the government didn't want to give away any secrets. She hated war. Her sisters should still be alive. They were just as long lived as she. "Edom!" was probably dead by now.

These people were so strange -- skinny, washed out, spooky in the eyes, sickly....

She did like the coffee though.

Freedom

This was the same world she'd left when she'd run off after the old man to see if he was alright. He wasn't. This was the same world, she could feel it.

Her memories returned a little bit. She'd been promised to someone before Edom -- someone two clans over on the tree. Because of her promise, as it was with any of her three sisters, her intended was allowed long life. It was the same gift that was passed down to daughters. What was his name again?

She'd been distracted by someone friendly and good looking that she'd said "hi" too. He got all weirded out by that. He turned vile and evil. His name had been something Georgie Humra Hooperdink Fork-U. (Or, his chosen nickname after a tiny ragged little bird of prey) She hated him (He was the most Oppressed Person in the World -- you don't need to ask) He was abusive to women. He just rubbed her the wrong way. Fame was his game, delusions of vocal ability his game....

She hopes he finds misery: "baby, you deserve it."

Good day.

I traveled all over the countryside when I was homeless. Since I don't remember my exact route or the exact order of the events that occurred on the road, I will just tell you basically what happened to me on the road in a general kind of order. Things may not be right in order, but this is what happened to me during my stint as a "bag lady...."

When I was kicked out of my trashed apartment on Franklin Street, without fanfare, by the sheriff and his deputies, I left with the clothes on my back, a few extra clothes, and some other basic supplies. It was morning, and the sun was shining the day I was kicked out -- which is rare in Bellingham -- it usually rains....

I wandered down by the bay. I found a spot under a bridge and set up "camp" there. I really didn't know what else to do. Over the course of the day, about 6 other homeless people showed up to camp there too. They weren't that friendly, although they weren't exactly unfriendly.

I felt quite conspicuous. I decided that night that I didn't like the idea of being a "sitting duck" while homeless -- I was a bit paranoid and I also knew that some people like to "roll bums" for fun and profit. I moved on in the morning and wandered down to Fairhaven. I went to the park by the water in Fairhaven for awhile and looked up at the sky. There were two big dragon clouds circling the sun. I wasn't sure what that meant, if anything, but decided it was not a good "omen." The two dragons looked a lot like Eastern dragons and were very distinct. They were also very big....

I decided to hitchhike down to California. I decided that that would be a good place to start my travels around the states. I felt free of a great deal of my responsibilities and such. I thought perhaps I could go down to Eureka and talk to my biological mother's sister. Maybe, she could help me out some.... I sort-of wore out my welcome with friends in Bellingham, and was not comfortable asking for shelter from people I felt I burned bridges with. I also suspected I would find the shelter I needed between Bellingham and California -- after all I found it during my "spiritual journey." I had other relatives in California, too, and thought, maybe, they could help me out too....

After all, I still had my disability money, and could take care of most of my financial needs.... It was direct deposited into my account at the beginning of each month, and I was certain I would be able to eat with it and sometimes pay for shelter....

I caught a ride with a trucker all the way through most of Oregon to California. I usually sat quietly either in the passenger seat or in the bunk in the back. He didn't bother talking much or asking a lot of questions, which was alright with me.

We drove through parts of Oregon and California I called the "October Country" in my head, because the trees were kind of spooky looking and sparse. It seemed the sky was always a shade of orange or pink... I designed several sigils. I still looked for alternative cures for my ailments.... I also wanted Bonnie to get off the pills and such and get away from Randy. I tried to fix it with the help of the Goddess, magick, and prayer.

God still "talked" to me inside my head. I still heard rude voices and still had rape hallucinations. I swore I heard a deep male voice that called himself Michael, and he talked to me too. I had this image in my head of a dark haired man on a flying surfboard -- courtesy of the *Silver Surfer* comics, I'm sure...

Eventually, I made it to Eureka. I talked to my Aunt Theresa. She told me, other than letting me use her address to get mail, there was not much she could do to help. We just met each other a few years before. I had great difficulty in locating the woman I was named after. My parents swore they had no idea where she was located, however they started calling her all the time saying stuff like "we have no idea where Theresa is or how she is doing...." among other things.

They made a big show of caring about me for my relatives, as they were often wont to do. But these are the same people that never called me even once when I had an address and a phone.... Nobody really believed that my parents wouldn't help me out, if I only just asked them -- if I would only just "talk to them more often..."

So, then I traveled around California for awhile. I located another of my mother's sisters. She was elderly and had a serious stroke. She didn't remember much about her sister.

My stepmonster's sister, Mary Lou, in Riverside, was icy to me. My father's sister, Katie, in Sonoma put me up in a hotel for one night. She would not bring me to her house. She told me that if I embarrassed her in Sonoma, she would run me over with her truck. She wanted me to look for work there and such. She bought me a shirt, if I remember right. I got to see my grandma Helen (my father's mother) for a little while when we went out to eat. Helen was grouchy towards me and was very pointed. It was explained to me that she was senile and old. She just broke a leg for the third time in three years, and my aunt Kate was caring for her. I do believe I offered to take care of her, to be useful, but they would not let me.

I often came back to Eureka, not only to check the mail, but to hang out. Once I was hitchhiking around California or somewhere and a man gave me a ride. He took

off on me with my stuff in the back of his car. I had a sleeping bag with a blanket my maternal grandmother made inside of it. I came back to Eureka in desperation and, not finding my aunt Theresa or her family at home, I went into their garage and "borrowed" one of their sleeping bags.... I told her later, when she came home, I took a sleeping bag. She was so very disgusted with me, but she let me keep the sleeping bag.

I also went to some of Freedom's shows in California while I was there. I suspect he thinks I was just following him around Cali, and that's why I was there. I don't know why a fan following him and his band around would bother him, but it sure seemed to.... IMHO, California is the best place to be homeless, really. It is warm and dry year round. There is plenty of civilization if you need something to eat, and plenty of places to camp (illegally probably.)

Freedom did a show in the back of this building once. It was a really informal kind of affair; he and his groupies sat in a circle. His groupies set up some weird altar to him there, I remember. I also remember that I interrupted the show during a break in the songs and told people that the Navajo were being relocated and that people should go to Black Mesa on the reservation if they wanted to help out. The Navajo really needed help from people. After my impromptu speech, Freedom took me aside and smudged me with white sage and insistently questioned whether I was alright. I didn't hang out much longer after that.

He also did a show in Ojai. That was where I camped out in the park where the show was. I asked him, after the show, if he could help me out because I was homeless. Perhaps he could give me a ride somewhere? He would not help me though.

The night after his show, I slept in my sleeping bag in the back of the woods. I thought when I was in my spot I heard him call my name, but I wasn't sure, and did not answer..... In the morning I discovered two itchy burning welts on the back of my leg and was sick as a dog for about four hours. I finally came to the conclusion that I was bit by brown recluses. I thought I might not sleep in that park again!

He also did a show at a festival or something in Hayfork, California. Hayfork is a tiny little town in the mountains. After his show, I walked downtown and went into the bar. I met a man named Rick there. Rick was in a wheelchair. He had no legs. He enjoyed drinking, smoking marijuana, and playing pool. I was looking for a ride or something at the bar. He offered me a place to stay for the night. He had a specially equipped van he drove. I took him up on the offer. I think I stayed with him for a few days. He had a house. He also had the top of a Russian rocket ship or shuttle in the

front yard of his place. He had neighbors who lived in a trailer right on his property. They had a bunch of dogs. I enjoyed staying there with him, but I think Rick hit on me, and I had to leave.

I think I saw one more of Freedom's shows at a Peace Gathering there in California somewhere. I got free admission for promising to help out. I set up a picnic table with all my herbs on it and information on the Navajo and other things. It was not a professional set-up at all, and I probably looked pretty foolish parked on the ground next to the picnic table. I, however, did not care at the time.

Sasha "Butterfly" Rose is a friend of Freedom's, as well as a musician, and she also played at this Peace Gathering. I had a sign with "SOS Save Our Sundance" on it in huge letters. I skipped around the Peace Gathering grounds with it. I really didn't know how else to get people's attention about the Native issues. As far as I know, I did not send one person down to Navajo country to help them out. Freedom certainly didn't go, and I really thought his music could help heal them.... I thought perhaps he would care enough to go down there and help them out in other ways, too. He, however, let me down, and was very apathetic about the whole issue. As a matter of fact at the Peace Gathering, he asked me, "Why do you have to hit me with all this stuff?" I remember I asked him a little later if he had ever been violent towards women or anything. He got very disgusted with me.

That night I tried to sleep in the big tent on the grounds. There was a stereo in it, and I played Whoopi's music from *Sister Act* loudly and Janet Jackson, and other stuff. Nobody really seemed to mind too much. I really enjoyed the tent. It was supposed to be a sacred space of some sort, and I really couldn't think of any better atmosphere to introduce some culture to the atmosphere.....

That night however, a mean man showed up in the tent and was giving me grief and being a bit perverted. I got scared and left the tent. I went back over by my picnic table and slept on the ground instead. The next day I noticed Freedom flirting with some tall good looking female at a table and asked him if he wanted some "Funky Cold Medina." Later that day, I went over by Freedom and he finally told me, "Stay away from me!" (At least, I'm about 90% sure he was talking to me....) I left the Peace Gathering with trepidation and ambivalence in my heart. I really wanted to find help for the Navajo.

Another popular spot I enjoyed visiting in California was San Diego. I loved the beaches, and the southern heat there. I got in trouble for getting nervous around a cop

when I stayed at a campground illegally there. I flicked a cigarette near the cop and tried to walk away after he told me he wanted to talk to me.

They arrested me for littering, or something, for flicking the cigarette. He really thought I aimed it at him. I never told them that I stayed at that campground. I ended up in jail for hours, overnight. They would not give me feminine products even though I needed them. Eventually I was put in a mental health ward. I talked my way out of that one, after being there one day. I just pretended I was fine. I told them what I thought they wanted to hear....

I made it to several states in my first year and a half of being homeless. I often caught rides with truckers. As a matter of fact I would have to say at least 75% of my rides were with truckers. Most truckers were real gentleman, who got paid well enough to feed me on the road. A lot of them even gave me money for no reason at all.

I was never a prostitute, and never ever put out for money. I never needed to on the road..... I often used the CB for stuff. I often announced to anyone who would listen about the Navajo and the coal mine. My handle was "Little Sister."

Excerpt from "A Pocket Full of Aces"

Editorial written June 7, 1999

I recently went down to Kayenta, Arizona about a month ago to research reports of deaths, genocide, and relocation of the Navajo people to make way for a coal and strip mining operation. To my distress, I discovered that things were worse than I thought. PL 95-531 signed by Nixon in 1974, and [PL 104-301](#) signed by Bill Clinton on Columbus Day, 1996 authorize the relocation of over 14,000 people to a nuclear spill site in Arizona and Nevada off the Rio Puerco River. Clinton intends to finish this process by February 2, 2000. To date, 4000 people have died from the radiation. In addition, in 1973, Richard Nixon signed both the Menominee Termination Act (PL 93-197) and the Klamath Termination Act (PL 93-102). The Menominee are located in Wisconsin, and the Klamath are located in Oregon.

In addition to that, the entire reservation is severely and deliberately polluted from several old coal, uranium and other mining operations. All of their groundwater and their few flowing rivers are loaded with poisons and are purplish green as a result. The mock "government" is doing its contrail experiments (complete with biological pathogens) over this, as well as other areas of the United States. It is a miracle that people are still alive. In the UN Universal Declaration of Human Rights, it states in Article 29, paragraph 3: "These rights and freedoms (including your right to life) may in no case be exercised contrary to the purposes and principles of the United Nations." This illegal (according to the Lord's laws) mining practices can be attributed to the Metalliferous Minerals Mining Act of 1918 -- passed by congress which permits outsiders to mine on Native American land without their permission.

I disown these people responsible for this kind of socio-environmental havoc from my race. Our non-elected government (whose officials are chosen - including the president - by Electoral colleges, with votes only being counted in case of a tie. Most often, these people are chosen from among the ranks of the freemason's guild.) is not my government at all. We, the people, have very little choice or say in instilling these psychopaths with power. In addition, most of the large corporations are also headed and established by white misogynist freemasons, including the railroad companies, mining companies and power companies.

I took the opportunity to purchase the mid-May 1999 issue of *News From Indian Country*, a Native American publication from Hayward, WI, my home state. I read stories of abuse to rival Christina Crawford's in "Indian Boarding Schools, The Hurt That Never Goes Away" where they use coat hangers to beat children's heritage out of them when they take them from their Native American parents. I also read a story about the

commonplace practice of raiding a Native American store in "Feds Raid Native Store for Feathers, Claws." This article was about Fort Cherokee store in Williamsburg, Virginia, owned by Cathy Moore. They took every craft and art piece that had feathers or claws on it. I also read the article "Court Rules Against Tribes in Nuclear Industry Case" where the supreme court and federal government ruled that the tribes do not get to sue for damages caused by nuclear radiation in tribal courts.

Since I heard about Columbus' acts of genocide in Hispanola when I first began attending college, I have gone beyond being shocked by this kind of behavior, although not disgusted or dismayed. All the bibles I've ever read repeatedly outlaw oppression and murder. To do these things in God' name is nothing but profanity. It is pure treachery, not to mention completely depraved to declare a peace treaty, then commit war and genocide for 500 years, and then turn around and say "no violence please." It's the same kind of mentality that goes along with killing someone who has surrendered by stabbing them in the back. Its despicable. These men who have seized power in this country and passed it on to their disciples are not part of my race. They must belong to the devil, and they only look, sort-of, like me.

My race would've honored our peace treaty (Thanksgiving) and not conquered or killed the 260 million Native people who have died due to murder since the complete desecration of that peace treaty made in God's name or turned it into such a gluttonous hypocritical feast. We would not have committed the brutal theft and devastation of these lands since it was drawn up. Breaking this and so many other treaties are pure, unadulterated acts of war. God doesn't condone this or anything like it. Although it is not my fault I was born on three-quarters stolen land, the fact remains that it is still stolen land. *My* tribe is multicolored and honorable, but I suspect there are mostly only women in it. It is a complete insult to us and our intelligence that these people who look, sort-of, like me, discredit *my* race by doing such things and keeping *my* gentle and honorable tribe out of power with violence if they deem it necessary. I disown you oppressive people.

My birthright was clean air, clean water, bountiful forests, and food without poisonous chemicals in it, as *my* grandparents were born to. I was raised to respect, honor and tell the truth by a beautiful Cherokee woman that many would, quite foolishly, refer to as a "half-breed." *My* "blood" and the adult men in *my* life kicked me around for no reason as a child. There have been four wars since I was born (one is too many). May God preserve our children from this legacy. So many children hate mine because they see with their eyes and hear with their ears just fine and they think that these oppressors belong to *my* race. Their parents do nothing but encourage it.

Our children have the right not to see divided colors, as is natural to them. Children should not suffer for the sins of their parents. They have the right to be taken, by force if necessary, to protect their lives from the violent and oppressive of any color – but not by those who are equally oppressive. They should be taken before they become attached to and learn to love their oppressors, because bigots will pour their subtle and not-so-subtle poisons of racial/gender based hatred right into children's wide open little minds through their innocent desire to parent-worship. Bigots never have anything to say or teach of value, and they almost never care about their own children. Bigots don't know the first thing about love, and children are people exceptionally vulnerable to their charms. A sperm cell is not an entitlement, and children are not objects to be owned or possessed. A father is a man who loves his children without reservation, not a penis or its owner necessarily.

The violence and oppression must stop. Human borne suffering may, in some cases, breed compassion, but it more often just spawns hatred. The society of freemasons, initially established by the British, must not be allowed to continue stealing power and position in this beautiful land. This pollution is deliberate genocide of all gentle people (for if the polluter is so stupid that they say "Well, gee, I didn't know that would happen," s/he should not be allowed to play with dangerous chemicals in the first place. But, we all know actual stupidity has little to do with it.) Also, it seems to me that all the evil is being concentrated upon the gentle, peaceful tribe of the Navajo, who are the last to occupy some of their ancestral lands. We, the free and honorable, won the War of Independence, and the civil war, so get out! You are not my government, chosen by the people, for the people, and I will not – do not serve you. God save us all from the "White" House, the UN, and all other enemies of liberty, justice and peace.

(The tribes have photographs, written veterinary reports documenting abuse and mistreatment of confiscated livestock, and have experienced destruction at least 28 sacred Anasazi burial sites by Peabody Coal.)

This poem by Pastor Martin Niemoller has been very inspiring to me. ["First They Came For the Jews"](#)

When I walked into the Kayenta office on May 13th, I was a little dizzied by how immense the mine site(s) are. The operation was visible for miles before I got there, due to a miles long, half a mile elevated slurry pipeline that goes at least twenty miles down the mountainside. It was the ugliest thing I've ever seen in my life. Crude little tubes are planted in the earth like some horror from *The Lorax* by Dr. Suess. Immense piles of coal were everywhere.



"First pile of coal on the mountain" TM Lennon 5/13/99

I also was not impressed with the use of a Native American image on all the the warning and safety signs around the mine. The mine is not operated by Native Americans (although the miners are mostly local Navajo), and the signs left me to wonder if they are trying to convince the people who work here (also Native) that this kind of environmental and social havoc is condoned by the tribe. There are also "No trespassing" signs everywhere that are enforced against the people who live and visit here, especially if they are Native.



"No photos, please, I'm shy...." TM Lennon 5/13/99

They do not allow picture taking on their site, but I took some from the road anyway, since it is public property. Bourgeois American–English blue–bloods don't have cultural objections to picture taking that I know of.

I used the shower on the site, which is open to anyone, since I was filthy from my bus trip. There was no lock on the door or privacy in the shower area: scary, and very disturbing.

In the office, I talked to the receptionist. She seemed ill at ease and more than a little frightened. When I got there, she was talking to someone else who was asking about personnel files. She informed them, "We don't keep personnel files." This also disturbed me, because what if someone is killed or injured on the site?

The office had several plaques and posters on the walls. One gave dire warnings about an unexplained "human plague." On April 25, 1995 they won an award from Social Services for child abuse prevention, which is proudly displayed by the door. There was a poster on sexual harrassment written in complex English, as were all the informative flyers posted on workers rights. Nothing was written in Navajo or Hopi. A corporate man type person breezed throught the room, and would not respond to me until I had spoken to him a few times. Also, by the door, was a flyer with six corporate names on it, including the president, Howard Carson, v.p. and managers. In the office I was given two Fact sheets, *Pulse* magazine, and *Peabody Group Worldwide Integrated Energy Solutions*

I asked her if they did tours. She didn't know, and went to ask her supervisor. He said, "No, not unless you call and get it cleared first." I was thinking about getting water samples to be tested and observing management to find out if the miners are being treated with dignity and respect. I was also curious about the number of hours each is required to work. What measures are taken to insure air quality, and how are they enforced?

Both magazines I was given are written in technical or vague English (same with the signs), even though Eastern's website is written in English, French and Spanish. Most of Peabody's sites are located in areas dominated by Native Americans or other ethnic groups. Most of their employees do not speak English.

Pulse magazine is brightly colored and full of lots of bright shining faces. John Wasik, general manager of their Ravensworth, Narama strip mine in Austrailia says "Ravensworth had a lost time injury/frequency rate we are not proud of." (pg 4) This mine discharges its waste water into the Hunter river.(pg 5). Peabody and Eastern

intend to create more strip mines in New Delhi, India and in China. (pg 9) Raghu Reddy, Business Development Director says, "Closed markets mean that technologies were all domestic. Technologically, India was cut off from the rest of the world." (*Pulse* magazine, 9)



"Silo/tank saying 'We take safety seriously'" TM Lennon 5/13/99

According to *Pulse* Peabody Group intends to, or has already dropped provisions totalling \$1.9 billion for future payments on Black Lung excise taxes and Abandoned Mine Land fees in order to adopt a "pay as you produce" policy. (pg 11) The company is "[pioneering a program to establish an association of pinon pine and fungi in the nursery.](#)" They intend, or already have begun installing the fungus on the roots of the pines. The article explains no scientific basis or study, and this fungus producing program was pioneered in 1995. (pg 15) All the Labor Management Positive Change Process (LMPCP) people are white. In 1990, Peabody's average injury incidence rate was "more than twice the national average" says Dave Beerbower, vice president of safety and Industrial hygiene (pg 26) He is also the designated media contact for Eastern Group, as explained on that website. All of their scholarships go to the children of their CEO's. (pg 28)

According to *Worldwide Integrated Energy Solutions*, Peabody Group uses a GPS satellite for operations. (pg 5). An unknown author says, ""wind generation, biomass, solar and others represent and insignificant source of fuel," also "Australiian coal will be a primary beneficiary because of fast growing Asian demand for coal." (pg 6) (A large portion of the coal purchased is done by Japan). The Energy Information Administration for Peabody projects a 47% increase in Australiian coal exports. The are looking forward to impending deregulation.

One fact sheet is full of numbers and brags about sales in their opening year and in 1997. It also talks about several of its other strip mines – Seneca Coal Co. in Hayden, CO, Big Sky Mine in Colstrip, MT; Powder River Mine in Gillette, WY; Patriot Mine in Henderson, KY; and Lee Ranch in Grants, NM. Peabody and Eastern also owns American strip mines in Illinois and Indiana, as well as at least four strip mines in New South Wales, Australia.

Peabody Group owns 24 mines in the U.S. It is a subsidiary of [Eastern Group/British Power International](#) (Gas, Electric, etc.) which is located at Crown House, 51 Aldwych, London WC2B 4AX (ph: +44 (0) 1473 554745, fax: +44 (0) 1473 552939), and headed by Phil Tuberville, Eastern's Chief Executive. I could not find the owner's name. Eastern Group was bought out by [Texas Utilities](#) on November 7, 1995 at 1601 Bryan Tower, Dallas, TX 74201 (phone: (214)812-4600/(800)460-3030) Texas Utilities also owns the [Texas Solar Energy Society](#) which is theoretically promoting solar power. They are located at PO Box 1447, Austin, TX 78767-1447 (ph (512)326-3391/(800)465-5049)

TXU (Texas Utilities, now named "TXU") is a corporation managed by David Anderson, Investor Relations Manager, Dr. James Fishkin, Chair of the University of Texas and Chair of the Department of Government, and Mike Jarboe, the Y2K program manager. They intend to aquire, or build a nuclear power plant on Comanche Peak, near Glen Rose, TX by the year 2000.

Amos 5:11-12 You trample on the poor and force him to give you grain. Therefore, though you have built stone mansions, you will not live in them; though you have planted lush vineyards, you will not drink their wine. For I know how many are your offenses and how great your sins. You oppress the righteous and take bribes and you deprive the poor of justice in the courts.



"Drinking Water Source" TM Lennon 5/13/99

The people who live here must get and haul their water from this tank. It is located dead center of the mining property. They originally had wells which all dried up due to the mining activities. A sign in the hauling area says "Keep this area clean or we will shut it down." They would like people to come down there and help with resistance, hauling water and farming. You can find contacts in the bibliography, and the telephone number for support follows.

All in all, I was disgusted, disheartened, and overwhelmed by the ugliness of it all. These people show no respect for livestock, have destroyed sacred land, and have run over people with their bulldozers. The Kayenta mine has a blasting site that extends several miles into residential/farming area. Due to time constraints on my trip, I was not able to follow through on a tour of the mine. I'll leave that for someone with more scientific and investigative expertise. It sure seemed to me that the powers that be in this situation are concentrating all their evils upon the Navajo, which is unconscionable.

5/16/99

Two nights in a row I heard screams.

The pinons are oozing sap like they are bleeding. Me and the three boys who were staying on the property found one that looked like it had been exploded from the inside out. The tree literally looked like its heart had exploded and it was gushing sap all down the trunk.

Luke 24:31 – Jesus said, "For if they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry?"

(Other eerie descriptions of this situation can be found in Job 24)

Other Mining Nuisances

5/28/99

I discovered the Black Mountain, KY strip mine when I was researching Black Mesa. This strip mine is owned by Jericol Mining, Inc. A subsidiary of an unknown parent company. It's located in the Upper Clover Fork of Harlan County, KY. The mining company removed the entire mountain top. Jerichol's phone numbers are (423)869-4755 and (606)837-2840. Relevant websites:

www.uky.edu/RGS.AppalCenter/blackmountain.html

Occidental Petroleum Company <http://www.oxy.com/index.htm> might be of interest to the reader. They are displacing the U'Wa tribe down in S. America. Three people were murdered because of their investigation -- see the beginning of this article.

Freedom

I passed through Mexican Hat, UT, and was taken down near the old VCA uranium mine, which is also on the Navajo reservation.

Between Aneth, UT and Towaoc, CO (which is on the Ute reservation) I saw nothing but oil drilling.

I also had an opportunity to pass through Craig, CO, the site of Trapper Mine www.tristateget.org/info/craig.html 80 yr old strip mine owned by Tri-State. At the edge of town I saw a sign with masonic symbols on an inverted pentagram with "Anita #41 : 544 Breeze St..." printed on it.

And, talk about bad white corporate energy, The World Famous Mining Museum is in Butte, MT, about 80 miles or so away from Peabody's Blue Sky Mine in Colstrip.

Another mine site **Tower Colliery** <http://www.baynet.co.uk/colliery>

Local nuisances

Georgia-Pacific At present, dumping copious and illegal amounts of mercury into our bay. They have had two explosions in the past five years. They ignore environmental laws, and they have highly toxic (ie deadly) chlorine gas that everyone is very concerned about. <http://www.gapac.com/>

Trillium Corporation A notoriously irresponsible local logging and development company that is known for destroying hillside and drainage foliage, causing harmful mudslides. They like to buy the most beautiful and rare lands and destroy them. <http://mwwwpr.com/clients/trillium.html>



Diablo Lake: local. Isn't it beautiful?

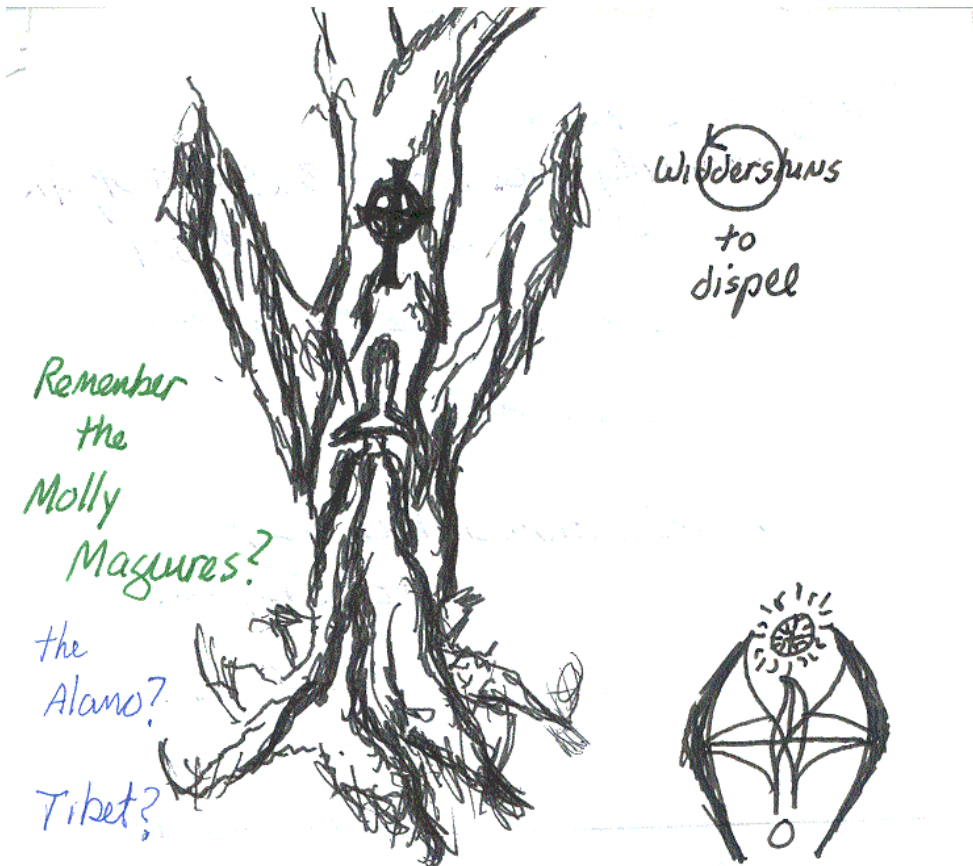
Freedom

We live by a live volcano.

Please Don't Litter!

I feel poisoned. I said a prayer to Spirit that the bloodshed of my people – my family would no longer profit or contribute to the evils of the oppressive. I said a prayer to reverse the polarities on any "blood magic" involved. I say it in my heart, soul and spirit every time somebody sheds my blood through rape or other means. May all your "money" magic be undone, white WASP. May you feel every bit of pain and torment you visit on others.

Book to check out *Keepers of the Water* Al Geddicks – (608) 784-4399 on the Menominee



Remember
the
Molly
Maguires?

the
Alamo?

Tibet?

Witdershuns
to
dispel



This river is deeper and wider and bloodier than you realize.
"200 some odd years of protection and this is the Thanks we get?" Tell the Nopi's
There is a bond between sister and brother that cannot be broken. Submission, surrender, catering to a beast can only call up rape.

Write the bare bones concrete facts.
The beast has no heart. Only unvarnished unemotional bladed truth will bring justice. Journalism is a log.
Justice is a scales and a sword.
Spare no feelings and ditch sentimentality
Be cold in your reporting. Brief.

kill murder.
Get in their face.

Silver adopted
RavenHawk - November 15

War Zone

This is not the land of gold paved streets.

Nothing's "peachy keen."

*The violence isn't half as racist,
As people would have you believe...*

They prey on paranoia

Like it's a "rare" delicacy.

They kill each other as easily,

As they kill the children

On the streets,

In their homes,

In the basement...

Someone's gaining,

*And it mostly isn't the people of the
"U"SA.*

*The peace in the cities, the little
Towns, fixed like a glass menagerie.*

Nobody remembers half the murders,

In my little "city" of

Closet racists, closet bigotry, and

The cops are so slack, so head shaven

They never investigate.

It seems,

In America, they say,

"We really did not declare war on you..."

(bang bang)

"...we're you're friend..."

peace, peace

Really...."

The old battles never die.

Freedom is an illusion

They wave like a banner.

People who dehumanize,

*Are not human and cannot
Freedom despise.*

*There are so many enforced,
With brutality, unwritten laws,
That the ravens,
Just look away and grin,
Their toothy smiles,
And wave their shiny toys
With self appointed "authority."*

*They all know how to play
Stupid, the lawyers, the cops, the law-
Makers,
And pretend they can't speak
The language, or hear the complainers.*

*They watch
(How rude, not to mention vile)
Like vultures through the
Bars of their gilded cage.
Like violence will ever allow
Escape,
From the screams of insanity...*

*Theresa M. Lennon
8/13/99*

Fatalistic Prophecies

Inspired by Freedom and Joules

Fatalistic prophecies
Only serve to
Spread fear and despair,
And those who worship
Books blindly are no wiser
Than those who never read.
Heaven is overrated and
Then again,
If there's no one there
You long to see again
Why would you strive
To arrive.

We could make a good thing here.

They tell us we must
Believe in Jesus,
But, the only truth is
Jesus must believe
In me. Some say righteousness
Is weakness.

Well, so is decadence and
Greed for money.
Who decides what's righteous,
Anyway?

Such words
Are meaningless.
Love is the force
That moves the world,
Anyone who can't see that
Is blind.

Still they force their
English on people's
Tongues because they revere a
Book that is full of fiction and
Macho fantasy.

They think it's everything.
I don't need the guilt
It imposes on me,
When I'm not guilty.
They don't really believe.
They're quick to point out
Ignorance; they drown
In self-deceit.
Why don't they listen
To people like me?
Why don't they
Come down from their
Unhappy place
And believe
Those who seek peace?
Some things
Aren't so bad
In moderation.
In the silence, they are
The currency.
We've got to listen,
For once,
To those who don't
Follow the crowd.
Not wanting war
Is not weakness,
And those who crave
Their blaze of
Bloody fiery glory
Will fade away
Like all lies.
Love thrives on truth,
Not a choir
Of hate.

August 2006
revised

Freedom

8/12/2023

Crossroads

Spiralling downward,
Just like water
Down the drain.
Can you feel
That black abyss?
Have you ever been
To the crossroads?
Where would you go
When you got there?
It's so easy to get caught up
In the melodrama.
Would you talk
To the devil?
(I can introduce you
To a devil or two.)
And, although the devil
Would disagree,
He isn't very bright.
He's just never satisfied,
And he's a lousy lay.
He's just the kind
To push himself on you,
And he isn't so big,
But his fame
Is spreading lies.
He's no mystic;
He just believes God lies.
He can't see past
His own self deceit.
Hard to believe,
But the devil dies.
Why they think
Otherwise
I'll never know.

Freedom

August 2006

Freedom

Peace Pipe

It seems not so easy,
To find the truth amidst the lies,
To find the right question,
Among the whos and whys

Security isn't found too much
at the expense of other lives.
Condemnation is not so simple.
Snap judgments not so wise.

I long to sit and chat awhile,
With the "losers" in my life,
But money is all they seem to want,
And questions lead to strife....

Love, truth, forgiveness, compromise,
At the expense of stereotype.
Cars we drive pollute the air,
while we fear the peace pipe.

Theresa M. Lennon
September 24, 2008

Come Along

Come along with me,
I've got tickets
To ride on the breeze.
The magic is calling,
How can you refuse?
Without it, you will
Only become more confused.
You can take your time,
I'm in no hurry.
Leave it all behind you.
It's less worry.
I'll be leaving here,
And going home,
Then when I get free,
Then will I roam.
I'm like a gypsy
I've got to move,
And dance away
The darkness in truth.
They won't let me
Settle anywhere but home.
Only you can decide.
Love wants us to go slow.

August 2006

Beautiful

You're beautiful;
There's no doubt
It's the truth.
Your mind shines
Like a star
Or a diamond.
I can see
The angel in you.
Your passion burns
Like a beach
Bonfire,
And I'm almost
Afraid to touch.
You're strong,
With a gentle touch.
Tell me, beautiful,
What you see
In me.

August 2006

I'm Not Your Fool

I'm not your fool.
I keep my head
In love, unlike
The way I used to.
And I stay sharp
On my toes.
Love isn't blind,
It sees the way
When its true
Love is tolerant
Of differences
And diversity.
You couldn't stir
My jealousy, so
You threw in the towel.
I watched you leave,
Knowing it's only
Me who was fooled,
By thinking you
Were the one for me.
I saw right through
The games you play,
And I have no cure
For your confusion.
You are its prey,
And you're sinking
In a sea of rage.
You wouldn't heed
My words of reason.
What will you
Do or say
When you realize
Without love,
There is no light.
All the harmful

Things you do
Will come
Back to bite you.
You're crying out,
Trying to get
Some sympathy
But you deny
To appreciate
That God hears you
And can't approve of
What you do.
You don't even know
Who you actually are,
But, I can
See right through.

September 2006

Freedom

Rejected

Did you hang up on me
Like some petulant child,
Or some jilted lover?
Whatever your problem is
It isn't me.

Do you resent
What I have to teach?
You said you wanted
Honesty, but you should
Give what you say you
Want to receive.

You got resentful
That I called you weak.
But all you do is
Pleasure seek.
Which is weak.

You aren't any different
Then the other men
Who used me.

Just call it
Emotional stupidity.
Sleeping around
Leads to impotence
And poverty,

With nobody to blame
But yourself.

I don't want to
Share my spirituality
With you, anyway.
I don't play the same kind
Of games you play.

It's not so bad,
That you rejected me,
You saved me from
Having to fight

Freedom

To get free.

9/28/06

What's Your Excuse?

What are you doing now?
Are you still drowning
In your hypocrisy?
Are you still,
Pursued by a Goddess
You thought was out to get you?
Didn't you know it?
You had everything,
And you threw it all away,
Because you wanted
More money.
You sing of love and Spirit.
You sing that we are one,
But you don't practice
What you preach.
Who knows what other
Things you're concealing.
Your beautiful
Muse said you don't
Even say goodbye
When you fly
Away to do
What you do,
But she was too good
For you.
You went ahead and
Traded her in for
A cheaper whiter model
You could use.
(What's the matter --
Couldn't handle the controversy?)
I'm not one with you.
I don't condone what
You do, and once,

I loved you, but you
Turned me away.
You never loved me.
You believe in your
Cynical conspiracy,
Like an obsession.
You say it's
Because you sing
Of freedom
That they came after you.
I suspect that's not
Quite the truth.
You expect too many people
To cater to and
Bow before you.
I admit I'm crazy,
But I don't prey on the weak.
I've stayed away from you
Like you told me to,
But not because it's
What you said, more
Because of what you do
And take as your due.
It was the wisest
Thing to do....
What's your excuse?

9/30/06

Freedom

Pieces of Me

I remember....
Sitting by woods and water
Singing
I thought that you might've heard me....

I remember
Sitting on a log
Off in my own little corner of a field,
Watching the birds
And listening.

I remember
That time in my car
when it was just you and I.
I poured out my heart to you.
I thought you just might
be listening.

I remember
All those roads I travelled
Looking for the pieces of love
And energy
I had left behind
Years ago.

I remember
Gathering up all of
My memories of you,
And all the times
I reached out for
You.
(Even when I didn't know
That was true)

I remember

Freedom

When my world shattered
It left me to sort out
All the pieces of me
Inside of me.

There's so many pieces of me
In here -- how could there be
Room for you to be in here
Too...?
And how would you sort out the
pieces of me from
pieces of you?

Why would you want to?

I've got so many travels --
So many experiences
Both good and bad.
I finally had to admit
My "weaknesses" meant
I was only human, too,
Fragile and inevitable,
Like you.

See, I wouldn't wish,
On anyone,
What I've been through.
You know that's true.
You wouldn't be able to handle
It if there were pieces of me
In you.

So many weeds
In this secret garden of mine.
Seems it would take
But one lifetime
To pull them all up.

Freedom

But, that is what I do;
There is fruit and flowers, too.
And you know what's used
To fertilize this garden
Don't you?

So,
Tell me it's true.
You were really listening
When I was talking to you....

July 11, 2008

Freedom

Bob Marley Blues

Tell me again
How Bob knew everythin'
He's wandering this Earth
Like an angel
In search of his wings
If I could
I'd wish you on him
So he could teach you
Just how wrong you've been
And then
He could earn his wings
And fly again.

June 2, 2009

You Hypocrite!

So what?
You dream of peace,
And you babble
On and on and on....
Maybe you know
What you're talking about,
But I'm lost....
Specifically, tell me
What you really mean?
It's cool, I guess,
You talk and sing
Of love,
But when, tell me
Are you gonna practice
What you preach?

June 9, 2009

Freedom

The Joke's On You

Go ahead and pray,
For that old Judgment Day,
For those that wait,
Upon that crack in Heaven's Gate.

You say that tower will fall.
Is that a cell phone tower at all?
One of these days I'll crack
The code of your attack....

You claim you say what you mean,
Does that include the lines between?
What exactly was it you found,
When you were whoring around?

I think you'd say you tried,
But I can see your dark side.
You make a show of pipe dreams,
And cryptic lip service schemes....

Maybe I do have crazy eyes.
Once in a great while, I even tell lies.
This is my joke at your expense,
Cause you seem to lack common sense.

Hurry up, everyone on your knees
Don't you know you should aim to please?
Put him on that pedestal.
It's entirely possible he won't fall....

I'm afraid, my dear,
I can feel your fear.
Yes, it matters to the Lord above,
What you do to those you "love."

Freedom

Whatever happened to the golden rule?
Let someone play you for a fool.
Cause, come some sweet day,
You won't be able to smoke it away.

But, it ain't over yet,
I hope you just can't forget.
Keep on walking away,
You'll trip over those big feet some day....

June 9, 2009

My Music Muse

Been thinking a lot lately about freedom, God, oppression, and petty tyrants as I sit here listening to Zoolook by Jean Michel Jarre, that has not changed....

I've got a male friend who thinks he's something of the Peace, Love and Freedom type of guru, but he doesn't really know what that all means, I don't think... I've been talking to him in my head. Explaining that people put him up on a pedestal and admire him for being a nonconformist and insisting he be able to do what he chooses, meanwhile people are rejecting and annoyed with me because I live the same way. The only explanation I can think of is that it's because I'm female. I tell people stuff, what I know of God, Heaven, love and freedom and they don't admire me like they do him.

In our mental conversations, debates (whatever) we talk about all kinds of stuff. I'm trying to get him to do the first step. He likes his Mary Jane a lot. I think he's a foggy light, but he thinks he's like the moon – his dark side never tolerating exposure to the sunlight.

I know what my freedom means to me. I had to fight for it, and it seems like every time I get involved with someone I have to fight for it all over again. What about freedom of speech? This man censors my freedom of speech and hides from me cause he seems to be afraid that people will judge him badly if they knew he was an addict and something of a slut, frankly.

I won't give up the freedom I've worked so hard to gain, especially freedom of speech. Now, I don't know if it's possible to really abuse freedom of speech unless one is spouting off obscenities or talking nonstop about nonsense and nothingness. It's clear, however, that he doesn't believe he will still be free and able to communicate the lessons he knows if he quits the pot. He, more or less, worships Bob Marley (the silly goose). He cut me off. So did other addicts and their families, as well as my own family. Those people simply don't hear what I've got to say.

Oh, and oppression.... Sexual assault is about power and control. I was oppressed by predatory "men. I did not like it much. I was trying to educate them about their sexism and/or racism and prejudice. I got seriously burned.

My father used "hands-off" sexual abuse to try to turn me into his ideal woman – who is basically a doormat. His wife used violence and vicious words to try and turn me into

Freedom

a “perfect” kid to impress the neighbors. She hid her violence from friends and family , though.

I can shine a light on this darkness. Its about hating and fear, and hating to be afraid and feel. I tray to keep my soul light. My lamp is lit. These people don't really seem to believe in any kind of light other than the electric kind.... I just keep living. I keep trying to tall the truth. I keep talking about real life – about real experience, strength and hope.

My old friends don't really care about anyone who's not into drugs anymore.... I guess I know for a fact, that isn't the way out. I shall keep going, and even though my freedom for the moment is somewhat limited, I've found that my soul is always free.... Being free is better than being oppressed, and I don't understand why people (after given a choice to escape from it) don't. It all reminds me of the person who was too busy “praying” to give the time of day to an angel. One never knows....

People can be so silly in their delusions....

June 9, 2009

Get Back Up

Aren't you lonely,
Locked up inside your head?
You're trapped in your own mind,
You fear the world will see
The secrets that you hide,
The flaws that make you flee.
You doubt that anyone
Will ever understand
The struggles that you face,
The burdens that you bear.
You don't believe in Heaven,
You don't know where to go
When you break free from chains
That bind you to your woe.
You rely on "crutches"
To help you see,
But they are not your friends,
They are your enemy.
You think that love is cruel,
You think that love is fake,
You think that love is pain,
You think that love is hate.
You lost your mind and soul
When you drank the poison cup,
But love can heal your wounds,
But love can lift you up.
You're stuck on that hamster wheel
That spins without an end,
But there is a way out,
But there is a way to mend.
You just need to get off it,
You just need to forgive
Yourself
Yourself and those who live.
You tried to end your life,

You tried to end your grief,
But you don't have to die,
You don't have to leave.
You can rise from the ashes,
A phoenix true,
You can start anew,
Your will to love is strong,
Your will to live is true.

August 6, 2006
revised
August 17, 2023

My complaint about Mr. Freedom

Having just been exposed to Mr. Freedom's destructive fairy tales, I ponder how best to express my disgust at Freedom's total lack of sensitivity and reasoning. To organize my discussion, I suggest that we take one step back in the causal chain and beat Freedom at his own game. Blockish crybabies may endanger our property or our security or our economic well-being, but Freedom endangers our souls. As if you didn't know, I have a plan to guard against the acquisition of unwarranted influence, whether sought or unsought, by Freedom and his polity. I call this plan "Operation restore the world back to its original balance". (Granted, I need a shorter, catchier name but that one will do for now.) My plan's underlying motif is that if I were to compile a list of Freedom's forays into espionage, sabotage, and subversion, it would fill an entire page and perhaps even run over onto the following one. Such a list would surely make every sane person who has passed the age of six realize that human life is full of artificiality, perversion, and misery, much of which is caused by ill-bred lamebrains. I explained the reason for that just a moment ago. If you don't mind, though, I'll go ahead and explain it again. To begin with, if you read his writings while mentally out of focus, you may get the sense that society is screaming for his cop-outs. But if you read Freedom's writings while mentally in focus and weigh each point carefully, it's clear that he had promised us liberty, equality, and fraternity. Instead, Freedom gave us Bonapartism, Comstockism, and sesquipedalianism. I suppose we should have seen that coming, especially since Freedom refuses to come to terms with reality. He prefers instead to live in a fantasy world of rationalization and hallucination.

Within a short period of time, Freedom might be diagnosed with a special type of mental illness that is not yet recognized. But for now, be aware that the concepts underlying his foolish expostulations are like the Ptolemaic astronomy, which could not have been saved by positing more epicycles or eliminating some of the more glaring discrepancies. The fundamental idea -- that the heavens revolve around the Earth -- was wrong, just as Freedom's idea that taxpayers are a magic purse that never runs out of gold is wrong. Consequently, it can be distinguished only with difficulty which of his votaries act out of inner stupidity or incompetence and which only pretend to for whatever vitriolic, imperious reason. Stated differently, each rung on the ladder of stoicism is a crisis of some kind. Each crisis supplies an excuse for Freedom to replace discourse and open dialogue with morally questionable prognoses and blatant ugliness. That is the standard process by which laughable Machiavellians go to great lengths to conceal Freedom's true aims and mislead the public. He is off his rocker. That's probably obvious to a blind man on a galloping horse. Nevertheless, I suspect that few people reading this letter are aware that honor means nothing to Freedom. Principles mean nothing to Freedom. All he cares about is how to create an ideological climate that will enable him to dispense outright misinformation and flashlight-under-the-chin ghost stories.

The very genesis of Freedom's vainglorious, xenophobic apologues is in snobbism. And it seems to me to be a neat bit of historic justice that he will eventually himself be destroyed by snobbism. I am not embarrassed to admit that I have neither the training, the experience, the license, nor the clinical setting necessary to properly carry out this matter to the full extent of the law. Nevertheless, I do have the will to oppose evil wherever it rears its indelicate head. That's why I indisputably claim that I want to live my life as I see fit. I can't do that while Freedom still has the ability to confuse, befuddle, and neutralize public opposition.

Even Freedom's allies couldn't deal with the full impact of Freedom's campaigns. That's why they created "Freedom-ism," which is just a demented excuse to lower our standard of living. If you don't think that the fact that neurotic loan sharks find his activities entertaining -- indeed, titillating -- is deeply horrifying to the past and potential victims of such fulminations, then you've missed the whole point of this letter. You may wonder why his codices reflect an era in which cultures or attitudes different from one's own were

Freedom

Complaint letter about Mr. Freedom

<http://www.pakin.org/complaint?title=Mr.&firstname=Freedom&mid...>

dealt with through violence and mistrust. It's simply because if one could get a Ph.D. in Moral relativism, he would be the first in line to have one.

Freedom's rabid, contemptible warnings often resemble an inverted fairy tale in that the triumph of innocence comes at the start and the ugly sisters of parasitism and praetorianism enter on stage in triumph for the final curtain. Last I checked, if we do nothing, Freedom will keep on causing riots in the streets. One cannot change this all in a moment, but one can restore the ancient traditions that Freedom has abandoned. He is so dead wrong on the issue of insurrectionism that nothing else he says or does can possibly compensate for his views on that issue and if you don't believe me then *you* should win the culture war and save this country. He uses the term "disproportionateness" with ostensible confidence that its meaning is universally understood, but what makes matters entirely intolerable is knowing that I'm not very conversant with his background. To be quite frank, I don't care to be. I already know enough to state with confidence that scrutinizing Freedom's half-measures may be instructive in this regard. To top that off, I find it necessary, if I am to meet my reader on something like a common ground of understanding, to point out that the poisonous wine of libertinism had been distilled long before Freedom entered the scene. Freedom is merely the agent decanting the poisonous fluid from its bottle into the jug that is world humanity. I suppose that's all I have to say in this letter. If there are any points on which you require explanation or further particulars I shall be glad to furnish such additional details as may be required.

[Why do you have a complaint about me on your Web page?](#)

Freedom

The Last Battle
For Mikey....

I battled a dragon a week ago
I had help from friends
Big and small
High and low

We sung a battle tune
And howled right in the
Face of the moon
Gave a ragged battle cry

And we touched the sky
Dove down deep
Into the depths of the sea
Chased it round the mountains
In a place so few can see....

So very real it was
I felt the power in my bones
The dragon kept shapeshifting
From man to maiden
To bird with broken wings

It was the friend I took with me
That struck the final blow
But he clung to me
When he wasn't sure
Or didn't know

If it was still the dragon
Below.

And that dragon shattered
Into pieces and then to
Ashes scattered

Freedom

And blew off into the wind
There was fire and brimstone

And then there was nothing

The friend I took with me
Up high where the stars
Roam free and dark matter
Dances for him and me

We won our battle that night
The dragon is no more
And though he considered once
The dragon a brother or a sister
He did it with some help from me

Because we all deserve to be free.

August 8, 2023

Freedom

Let Me Be

I just dunno
Which way I am
Supposed to go
From here, after all.

So damn tired of
Trying to build a dream
And stumbling around
People's bullshit till I crawl.

So many lies, so many
Tricks and so much hate
For the ancient paths
And tribal histories.

I follow the path
I found among the trees
Where I wandered since I
Was small and could see....

The music is calling to me
The rhythm and ancient melodies
One of two universal languages
And I'm telling you now,

Let Me Be....

August 23, 2023

50th anniversary of Mom's passing, btw.

Freedom

River Country

I'm gon' wait here
Till I'm good and Goddamn
Ready,
Then I'm gon' cross
That black water
The Amazon, the Nile
The Grand Ol' Mississip'
The Styx...

I've got nothin' to lose
If I hang out till
I get what I need
Before I leave.
I can hang out here
For all eternity;

Try me....

When I left the
October Country,
Things have never been
The same.
The ground's littered
With bones of
Lives that once were....
Papers, tin cans
Cigarette butts
Needles...

Kids still doing
Shooter drills
In class
Around the country....
Underneath
Humanity's crazy....

Freedom

Peltier's still in prison.
Decades ago –
He shoulda been freed.
Someone once told me
Karmas all fucked,
Blocked up like
The scarred veins
Of every street corner
Junkie.

I'm gon' wait 'n see
If the world crumbles
Around me...
Like the statues of conquest
They're desecrating.
Oh well,
I'll just let it be
And afterward
I'll wander off on
My *own* way....

The Land of the Dead...
Is that Purgatory?
I got one coin for that
Ferryman on me.
Is that where the wounded
Lashed out and
Did too much injury?
Maybe they got something to say
Something to see?

But I'm not going anywhere
Till he's set free.

September 24, 2023

Freedom

The Halls of Memory

I went back down halls of memory
In this castle where we tried to live
Wiped away some cobbles
And dust from paintings on the walls
Of our collective dreams.

Even though the paths are familiar
The trees still green
The rocks still bridge the stream
I cannot see...

I don't know what happened here
I don't know why the castle is abandoned now
I don't know why the lights don't work
And I hear distant screams

Where did they all go?
All the people who used to come here
Commiserating, debating, and yes, even
Gossiping...
So many ideas and puns and pipe dreams

There is no music here now
Except the birds in the trees
And the rippling of the stream
That distant discord though
Makes me want to retreat.

Seems like nobody asked me
Nobody wanted what was on my mind
They left me alone with dusty memories
In this castle we built, to wander
With spirits and distant banshees.

November 4, 2023

World Peace

He put on his
Bedroom eyes and
Asked me
"What do you want?"
On the street
That night...
I told him "World Peace"
And we argued
And argued,
I don't know why
Till I had to walk away
With a sigh.
I'm going to go down
With this ship
I don't care if it's
The last thing I see
The fighting, oppression
The poverty, stupidity
Its all me...
I want peace.
When they ask me
What I want
Most of all
Its always what I say
I resented having to get up
That night and walk away
Cause that idiot
Couldn't let it be
Wouldn't let me be me
Lots of people
Do not care
They want money
They'll do anything
To buy a dream
Some want sex

They even want that
In love's name
They want a guy
Or a gal with which they
Can do their thang
Some want intrigue,
Mystery and/or fame
Some want healthier
And healing types of
Things.

Me, I don't see what
Good any of that's gonna do
If the world we live in
We can't come back to
Sure, I'll take a little
Of some of that
But its lower on my list
Its not just me
I care about here
It's the whole fucking
Broken, trashed system
Based on existential fear
They told me I was
Crazy when I was ten
But I kept coming
Back to it again and again
You can't have THAT they said
Nobody gets *that* they said
No point in trying
No point in wishing, hoping
Keep on going....
So I took the challenge
And here I am
Still going and going
"Got no money, got no car,
Got no woman and there you are..."
I'm not going to

Work for you if you're
Gonna destroy the planet
And other people too
You cannot have my
Blood sweat and tears
I paid all those dues to
Society when all those
Creeps took the
Best of me
And even angels
Pester me
About my desire for
World peace.
"Surely there's something else
You want more"
A desire more "accessible"
Selfish, temporary
Some shit to do with glory
And we argue and argue
And sometimes I swear
God don't want to grant
That wish
And I don't care
At this point
What He wants from me
Anymore.
Cause I'm tired, and
Angry and a little
Bitter and sore.
Job may have never cussed
At God,
But I'm not him, and
I tried to be polite
And then I swore and
Kept it up for awhile
And did it some more!
I don't care

He can suck it up.
Some people want love
Most of all,
Yeah, that's second
On my list
More or less
After world peace
I guess.
But I'm too old for this shit
And I don't get
Why the price is so high
For *me* to pay
For the thing
At the top of my list.

November 5, 2023

The Café

The seer stared down the prophet in the café at the End of the Universe

"This coffee's a little tepid," she said and stirred it with the tip of a long graceful index finger. "We've been sitting here for far too long.... Still we're getting nowhere"

He grunted -- shook his long dirty blonde hair and frowned at her under his stern eyebrows.

The conversation had dried up awhile ago. They had been languishing in the cheap foldable metal chairs staring out at the stars and nebulae off in the distance for quite some time, now.

"The service here is terrible," he muttered under his breath, "Saw that coming miles away," he said a little louder.

One of the nebula bore a strange resemblance to a kitten knocking a glass off a shelf. It was a rather sickly green and purple looking kitten, but still.... The other looked vaguely like a pink oxen skull. The stars wound through the middle like a dotted ribbon of lights and gossamer.

There really wasn't a nearby star to light up the asteroid they were on. It was really a café that was somewhat suspended on the edge of reality and on the verge of some otherworldly place anyway. Not quite in heaven, but perhaps close.... The stars and nebulae gave off faint light that approached the light given by a full moon on Earth. Where the warmth came from was an utter mystery.

Ancient iron streetlamps like something out of a C.S. Lewis novel dotted the path leading up to the café. The café itself had cheap runner lights on the ceilings inside. It might as well have been plucked right out of the eighties on Earth and dropped gently on this desolate rock floating around in space with its inexplicable atmosphere.

From the tabletop jukeboxes to the cigarette machine in the corner, it practically screamed suburbia. Currently "Zombie" by the Cranberries was playing over the speaker. The padding on the seats was a teal/green paisley print and the carpet inside was a dirty green. The red counter had red stools that grew directly out of the floor.

Freedom

"You want to know what I see out there?" she asked.

"No." he said

"You believe you already know then?" she inquired.

He frowned at her and looked off into the middle distance -- in the direction of the kitten nebula.

"You know that destiny is like a branch or like rivers, don't you. There's never just one fate; never just one path."

He made a sour face, set down his half full mug of now cold coffee and walked over to the edge of the patio upon which they sat.

"You talk about the path most likely to be chosen. The 'well-beaten' path. Well, I always take the road less traveled. I don't go down the path of least resistance."

She gestured to a constellation that looked a bit like a horseshoe.

"There's that," she said.

"This," -- pulled out her keys where a fake purple rabbits foot, straight out of the 70's, dangled, "and this," she handed him a five leaf clover in a little plastic ziploc baggie -- the kind that beads normally come in.

It was a little wilted, but clearly a five leaf clover, "You believe in luck, yes?"

"You know you're nuts, don't you," he said, but took the clover from her.

"Yea, but," she gestured at the kitten, "The Cheshire cat said all the best people are."

Theresa M Lennon
December 5, 2023

It's a Paradox...

You say, I gotta accept
It ain't my fault
All the shit that hit the fan
All the seams that came undone

I keep looking for ways
To do it differently
To make it better. Better, yet
You got down on your knees to beg of me

That acceptance is the key.
What good is a key
If the door is beyond me,
And it wasn't in my power

From the beginning, to be free?
I don't get it, understanding is beyond
Me. If it ain't my responsibility,
How will acceptance set me free?

He keeps tellin me to "come home,"
But, home is where I have already
Planted my feet; he don't think I belong.
He wants me to bow to his fancy

And go where "I belong," but I'm telling
All of you now, this river is a part of me
These hills, cliffs, thunder and lightning
Even this rotten snow will always be.

Yet he won't even come to see
What this place means to me.
He keeps on talking, pulling on me
Yet there's nobody in the mirror but me.

Freedom

He wants me to believe
His love, courage and that he's
Free, but he's so afraid to see and
Of love, paradoxically.

December 11, 2023

Awakening

He woke up on a windy summers day in a clearing by a brook. He was about 5. It wasn't so much sleep from which he awoke; it was more like a warm fuzzy feeling, with lots of physical affection, contact and guidance at the hands of the elders he knew and adored.

He could hear something in the stream. Something beyond the rippling of the water, as it skipped over the stones beneath. It was soft and subtle, but loud enough that it stopped him from playing for a bit to listen to its "call."

10 years old, he could tell when he wasn't being believed. He could pick up on various forms of deceit. He could perceive, from the same rippling wavelength he'd heard in the stream, random scraps of various things people said in their heads, see things they had seen, and knew things about intimacy that no child had any business seeing. But, it wasn't something he could "turn off" or stop seeing.

Some things he didn't want to know. Would he ever find peace?

At 15, it was only a stronger thing. Things happened around him that he'd seen as if in a dream. He knew when he was being talked about and knew what they believed. Conflicts around him were disturbing, not only because of violence, but in the way they played out as he had seen. He started to take an active role in the ebb and flow of this energy. He tried to communicate what he perceived without being dismissed or frightening.

They responded sometimes to his "pushing," to things he told them in his mind. But still, so much of what he could see was obscene, and he tried to block things out of his mind from time to time.

He still didn't know that he would ever find his inner peace.

When he was on the verge of being a man, some cowards tried to take his life and they almost succeeded.

Freedom

It was a conspiracy, he told people, because he had seen money change hands and heard what was said behind the scenes. Usually he was not believed.

Their efforts to murder failed, and still he lived to tell and retell the tale of what he'd seen, except now he knew angels were real, and that love might be the solution in his quest to find peace....

Among other things.

There was a female here in the melody from the brook. A laughing trickster. She seemed a bit obscene. She hovered there around the fringes of vision and he couldn't see her very well, much less perceive the intentions toward him or anyone else it seemed.

She seemed to know him better than his comfort would allow, and was never surprised at anything he had seen.

She was a tease, a vexation; he wasn't sure. Maybe she meant him harm. Maybe she was like the Borg queen.

As the years flew past his gifts had grown, and he could command so many things. The power was his now, he owned what he could see. It did what he wanted it to do; he could communicate without even saying what he wanted to say aloud, and his music held so many in sway.

But he was a little lost in the realm of feeling, and didn't understand the emotions that drove him and so many others at times. Serenity was still elusive, and the books on the ethics of what he could do was not one he'd ever seen.

Deeply he regretted mistakes he'd made, but he new must move on, even though he wasn't sure brighter times were actually on the horizon.

Freedom

Still she remained, a Fey of hope, a demon of his dreams. A shining beacon so small it could barely be seen. So naïve, yet still so obscene. A mass of contradictions, perhaps – an impish Fey that tricked him time and again.

What was she doing, anyway?

He still found her frightening.

And he didn't know from whence she came....

December 24, 2023

Loophole

Her beauty was ethereal
Her smile implied secrets divine
She snapped a small stack of
Paper straight and placed it
Gently on the table between them
Moonstone opal eyes agleam.

"Here it is, the contract,
The gateway to everything of
Which you can possibly dream
Money, fame and prestige
A life eternal of positivity
Best of all, you will have me!"

He picked up the stack and
Began to scan page one
Her agitation became apparent
She eagerly pointed to the
Signature page
Right there at the end

"Shouldn't I look to see what
I'm signing, though," said he,
"Its not that I don't trust
You or doubt that you
Love me, but I'd like to know
What it is I'm getting into..."

"Oh well, if you'd like, I
Can summarize, although
I thought we went over
Everything together before."
She said impatiently, "It says
Here, I am your wife"

"Here it says you will do
For me, these little things,
Escort these ladies of class and prestige
Teach them your ways
Tell them the things you see
And soothe their heartache."

Parlor tricks, he thought
Musing a bit, maybe a bit
Much, but couldn't be too much
Could it? To heal the pain in life
Today and some heartache
Just to do what she'd say?

"Here it says the music
Is secondary to what I
Need. After all it is me
Who is providing
All the things you want and need.
You belong to me."

He felt a little bit die inside
At that. A little cringe
At the words on the page
At the sparkle in her eye
But what choice was there?
What other path could he see?

"And here," she declared,
"I will be your queen,"
Her smile impish and a little
Predatory, but the challenge
Was clear and in part he
Liked the rush and to some degree, the pain

With her by his side,
Perhaps he could accomplish

Anything, so he signed
Where she showed him
Right there on the dotted line
With a red pen, and in red ink.

And so it began, the
Nightmares, the extra pain
Bizarre haunting "things"
Things straight from "The
Matrix," it seemed
Could it have been that ink?

The wind seemed to whisper
He'd sold his soul to some
Random, malicious demon
He didn't know if that
Was what he believed, but
That contract wasn't what it seemed

She seemed to grow less kind
Over time; oh he got what
He needed, but was left alone
To battle shadows, nightmares
And the other things
That she called "crazy."

It wasn't those papers
Oh no it wasn't that ink
It wasn't a huge deception
An master illusion, a Jedi Mind Trick
Straight from the Dark Side designed
To make him concede....

Demons aren't real, you see
Everyone knows that
And they can't take anything
From within when its not given

Freedom

Freely; when they use trickery
The contract is already broken...

You see?

Theresa M Lennon
December 27, 2023

Excalibur

King Arthur is back and
The Lady of the Lake has
Been set free
I know a few secrets...
I've seen what I see...

This time, oh this time
Morgana holds no sway
And the sword is one
That exists on many planes
Its spirit is here again

Excalibur was hidden
From so many prying eyes
By the Fae of Avalon
The Lady of the Lake released
By many prayers woven in time

He holds it now – A real
Blade of truth and might
She blessed me with its light
And I helped it crystallize
With Spirit and Hope divine.

May peace be realized

Theresa M Lennon
December 31, 2023

Grey

This is a dark, dark grey,
And rather chilly place
And I don't see any
Way in or out
I don't know how I got here
I don't know how to leave
I know its cliché
A distant voice tells me
"Wait upon the coming day"
I remember sunshine
And cloudy days
Yet there is still rain
That doesn't change
Its lonely here, yet
I don't feel alone
The comfort of a touch
Is not one on I find
On the roam
Its like the walls in
Some rooms here
Are slick, wet and grey
Solid stone
Plenty of places to wander, yet
It all remains the same
Nobody questions
Nobody has a thing to say
Of value here
The spirits know my name
Yet they don't need
The things I have to offer
And the road
Remains unchanged.

Theresa M Lennon
January 2, 2024

Merlin

The sun was just starting to set in Terrytown, LA. The elder Cajun grandmother sat on her porch swing in the late summer and opened her eyes.

She'd drifted off into a nap again. The kids were playing in the yard and weren't being terribly loud or rambunctious, so it was easy to let the noise fade into the background when she fell asleep this time. She peered at them through coke bottle glasses and made sure they weren't causing any serious mischief. Satisfied they were all alright she lit up a cigarette and ruminated on the strange dream.

It was a recurring dream to some extent. She'd been dreaming about King Arthur again.

She was always Merlin in the dream. The dreams were a similar theme and similar context, but different adventures. This time it was about the Lady of the Lake. She'd escaped from the lake, somehow. In the dream she'd approached the shore and called and called for the Lady, but She didn't appear.

The Will-o-the-Wisps told her the Lady was gone from the lake for good but would say no more.

In the dream she'd begun an investigation of sorts into what might have happened to the Lady. Most of the people were frustratingly ignorant that anything was amiss, and her questions were met with confusion and unsatisfactory speculation both on the subject matter and her mental health.

She'd begun to be cagier in her inquiries after awhile, but when she woke up she'd been no closer to finding an answer to where the Lady of the Lake had disappeared to.

People called Merlin a "wizard." The grandmother knew, however, that the term druid was more appropriate to describe Merlin. An old friend had told her that druids were the shamans of the Celtic tribe in ancient times. And to some degree, there were similarities in all shamanic paths throughout time and place and tribe.

She stubbed out her cigarette with emphasis. One of these days she might actually quit the damn things.

People called the grandmother a "medicine woman" around these parts. She knew more than the average "medicine woman" though and had studied a great deal of healing arts and traveled extensively on the astral plane. She had spoken often to the ancestors. She just knew things. She saw things.

Freedom

Once, when visiting the graveyard of old freemasons, she had seen and felt the spirits of the children. Child labor was common practice when much of what they built was constructed. She would never forget the experience. Their pain stayed with her to this day, and their exaltation at never having to be a part of that ever again.

The Lady of the Lake.

Strange, she wondered what it all meant now....

Theresa M Lennon

January 4, 2024

Freedom

Jealousy

I'm not the kind to be
Accused too much of jealousy
Certainly not ruled by such
My heart don't rule my trust...

My decisions come from reason
Planned at least for a season
Really, tho, when I see
People surrounded by warm family,

I can feel that twinge
The jealousy acts up a bit
Altho I'm happy when friends
Find a success upon which to depend

I can feel a bit of green
I can feel it a bit it seems
But, I don't let it rule
Or ruin the moment; that ain't cool.

Truly, when I say I'm happy
For you, I mean I'm happy
For all you've achieved
And all you've received.

In love, occasionally it'll creep
Around like the edges of sleep
It don't rule, like I said,
Its just part of the deal, yet,

Sometimes.... Sometimes....
People don't acknowledge why
They don't even give a nod really,
To the pain they cause, truly.

Freedom

In the games they play
Or the pain left in their wake
I'm talking to you, darling
Cause you left me in the rain.

When you left with the tramp
The trashy bitch, the guru vamp
The stupid girl, the eminent fake
Who thought I was a "flake."

You didn't even care about the slight
You brag about your sight
But, you were oblivious to us
That you left in the dust

Darling, I'm not gonna tie you down
I never wanted a ring, you clown
I'm not asking to be your
"only one," I just wanted your love, dear

I don't play the games you play
I don't say the things you say
I just wanted you to see
That you also hurt me.

And so this time, my mind be
In line perfectly with jealousy
My heart won't let me say no
So I'm not letting it go.

Theresa M Lennon
January 3, 2024

Devil's Rejects

I gave you my heart,
And you ripped out a piece
And gave it back to me
What am I supposed to do?
It's incomplete...

A show of hands, no
Obvious weapons to display
Here we stand face to face
Our fists balled up really ready
To rock this place

Its not each other, that's
Not the war we should fight
Look around, dear one
We have friends here
These friends so hard won.

It's the shadows we chase
Off with this opalescent light
With words we cut through
The red tape and baffle them with
Bullshit lies, I tell you true

We have gifts, you and I
The others here, they do too
Failing that, we have raw wits
We won't fail, you'll see,
Nobody can steal from us this

Here in this fortress
Lost in a mist of time and place
We make our stand
Together we send out the messages

Freedom

To those across the lands

Some battles are already won
But I'm so tired, you see
And that piece of my heart you took
Would play for you the story
If you only took time to look.

We are out near Avalon
Third star from the left
We cannot be broken
So many better than you have tried
The spell already spoken....

It doesn't matter what y'all do
Crawl from darkness into the light
Feel free to try
The moat around our castle a poison
Our sword brings death to the lie

I will stand on this turret
Yet, in rainbow light showered victory
With my luck of the Irish and audacity
Keep that piece of my heart, dear one
Apparently its something you need....

Theresa M Lennon
January 7, 2024

Brown Recluses

Meticulously organized chaos
Woven near the ground
Strands like fine ground steel
Capture all that falls down
A brown recluse lies in wait
She knows it won't be long

The web like honeyed lies
Greed for prey shines in her eyes
The poison is ready, a toxin
Intense, guaranteed to catch the
Unwise, This web of lies
Ready to paralyze

I shall never forget that night
I spent in the forest in Ojai
Two brown recluse bites
From sleeping not really in peace
Left me retching for hours
Doubled over, yet I didn't die...

I was thinking about all the lies
Business false fronts, evasions, secrecy
Intense for simple cosmetics companies
As I was unable to do much else
But give in to the dry heaves
I realized what had happened

From the shape of the bites.

Theresa M Lennon
January 8, 2024

Freedom

Rage

Quit telling them they all pretty
Quit saying it's all fine
Why don't you go out in the woods somewhere
And lose your f*cking mind

Cuz it ain't alright; it ain't all fine
You don't like the mask I wear,
But the calm cool collected bullshit
Is really just a cloak for fear

You don't admit you're pissed at God
You won't own up to being mad at me
You don't know how to swing that sword
But the "truth will set you free"

You gotta deal
The rage must be released
Better let it out
Before it breaks free

Theresa M Lennon
January 6, 2024

Heartbreak Café

Kinda wish I'd never seen your face
Cause of you now, there is no trace
You left me out in the rain
Oblivious to very real pain.

I wish I'd never seen that place
I shouldn't have imagined grace
In a café called Miracles
It was nothing but ridiculous

All those people are now gone away
All they left me with was heartbreak
A nest of mostly white trash
It was hope that held me fast

Never seen a place so fulla chaos
But I couldn't escape the discourse
It was you that
Kept me coming back....

Now I'm still wondering why and all that
You wanted something sordid; I wanted to chat
Don't bother to deny,
You ain't the only one with eyes

The heartbreak café destroyed my life
Made shambles of my reputation, made strife
Where a little peace had been
You fixed nothing that was broken....

Theresa M Lennon
January 10, 2024



Freedom

Fire

in here,

in this fountain I have

cultivated

near the center

of the soul....

In pleasure,

I drink of it

and melt like so much

new fallen snow....

In the winter,

where I grew up,

we saw nothing

but great massive globs

of it.

They get stranger,

every year,

back there....

Surely, we aren't as

foolhardy greedy as

those gone before.

They never see

stars in their sky....

In their eyes,

The clouds are drawing

Freedom

closed,

like a window...

and faintly, I hear

"let go...."

Theresa M. Lennon

