## All Poetry

## Poetry by Jake Cosmos Aller

## Seoul 1979 and 2015

by Jake Aller on April 4, 2015.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

2013 Seoul 1979  
April 7  
  
When I arrived in Seoul   
Back in the day in 1979  
  
Seoul was a grim city  
Big, polluted, overwhelming  
Filled with Koreans  
And nothing much to do  
  
Other than eat Korean food  
And drink Korean booze  
  
Tourist sites were none existent  
And foreigners were few and far between  
  
The GI’s stayed in Itaewon  
And there were few other foreigners around  
  
And there were very few places in town  
To eat non-Korean food  
  
Just the fancy hotels  
The base and Itaewon  
  
But Seoul had it’s charms  
It grew on me over the years   
  
And gradually became less grim  
Less forbidding  
And less foreigner unfriendly  
  
When I left Seoul in 1984 it was changing   
Before my very eyes  
  
And when I came back in 1988 it was different city  
And those were the days  
Of the Olympics and Seoul’s emergence  
As a modern city  
  
  
2014 Seoul 2015  
April 8   
  
Seoul is so different now days  
Very little of the old Seoul remains  
  
The Kangwha moon area downtown  
Still exists as warren of alley ways   
  
Between big buildings  
Filled with restaurants and shops  
  
But the old tabangs (tea shops)   
With the tabang girls  
Are long gone  
  
The karaoke bars and girl bars  
Are still there going strong  
  
But coffee shops and fancier restaurants  
Are everywhere  
  
And foreigners are everywhere  
Seoul is no longer a city just for Koreans  
It has truly become a world city  
Must to the dismay of the traditionalists  
  
Parts of the old Seoul remain   
and the mountains and parks  
have become very popular indeed  
  
there has been a resurgence in Korean Buddhism  
and in traditional arts and crafts   
and traditional foods as well  
  
no where more than in Insa dong  
the Mecca of traditional Korean culture  
these days  
  
and Itaweon has become  
the heart of the expatriate part of Seoul  
with people from around the world  
gathered together   
  
along with the young and hip  
Koreans   
  
And there is even a gay quarter now  
unimaginable in the old days  
  
Seoul has changed  
For the most part for the better  
  
But I still miss the Seoul of my past  
And will mourn its passing  
As I get older  
  
Along with the city  
That I have adopted   
As my second home town

## Author notes

thoughts of life in Seoul in 1979 and 2015

## Meeting the Girl of My Dreams in Korea

by Jake Aller on April 4, 2015.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

Dream 1163 Meeting the Girl of My Dreams in Korea   
April 3  
  
The Peace Corps changed my life  
Not in the obvious ways  
That it did  
  
I learned a new language  
A new culture  
Met many different people  
Did some constructive development work   
  
And contributed to friendship   
Between Koreans and the US  
  
All the usual things that Peace Corps   
Is supposed to accomplish  
  
But the Peace Corps changed me  
And I became the man I am now  
  
Because of those two years  
I spend in the countryside  
Of South Korea  
  
I went to graduate school  
I became a diplomat   
  
But most importantly   
If I had not gone to the Korean peace corps program  
I never would have met the girl of my dreams  
The women I was fated to meet  
  
I first met Angela in 1974   
When I was in high school  
  
And fell asleep in a class  
And had the dream that haunted me   
To this day  
  
In the dream   
I met a beautiful Asian women  
Who was speaking to me   
In a weird language  
And then she disappeared  
Like in Start treck  
  
And I fell on the floor  
  
“Screaming   
You are you?”  
  
I continued to have these visions  
Every month for seven years  
  
I eventually learned that she was in Korea  
And so I joined the Peace Corps to go to Korea  
To find her  
  
After I finished Peace Corps  
I stuck around for another year   
  
Thinking I would find her  
But never did  
  
Just when I was due to return to the US  
To go to Graduate school  
I had the final dream  
  
In this dream  
She said in Korean  
Don’t worry you will meet me soon  
  
That night getting off the bus   
In front of me  
Was the girl in the dream  
  
I looked at her  
And I knew she was it  
  
And she looked at me  
And knew I was it  
  
We met up for coffee  
And we dated  
  
I proposed to her three days after I met her  
  
And then we married  
Two months later  
  
Despite her family’s attempts  
To keep us apart  
  
And we have been married 33 years  
And I fall in love with her   
Over and over again  
  
And I still have the dream  
When I am alone  
Or when I am stressed out  
  
I see her standing by the bed  
Smiling at me  
  
Saying   
Everything will be alright  
And it is   
  
and so thinking back on my life  
My life changed forever  
  
When I left the US  
To join the Peace Corps  
  
Long Live the Peace Corps

## Author notes

this is a true story of the love of my life.  I met her in 1982 when I was teaching in Korea after having finished my Peace Corps service in 1981.  We got married two months after we met and have been married 33 years.  I still recall the dreams of how I would met her from time to time.  
  
I always thought this would make a great love story movie.

## Ghost Trial

by Jake Aller on April 5, 2015.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

Dream 2027 Ghost Trial    
  
I am surrounded by Ghosts of my past  
I have outlasted so many people  
  
My Father, My Mother, My sister  
And sister and friends from my past life  
  
They all appear in my dream  
  
And they put me on trial  
One by one they testify   
  
My father and my mother  
Talk to me while I sleep  
  
My father talks to me at length  
About his life  
  
His battles and his dreams for me  
Unfulfilled when he died so young  
  
And My mother  
Crying always crying  
  
As she tells me that I never cared for her  
That I ran away from her  
  
Unable to cope with her constant demands on me  
Just wanted me to pay attention to her  
  
And be there for her  
And I fled from her   
  
And numerous friends that have died   
Surround me reminding me   
  
Of things that I did   
Or not did  
Or that I did not attend their funerals  
  
And my sister too   
Chimes in   
Berating me for not being there for her  
And ignoring her   
  
And emotionally neglecting her  
Nightly these ghosts  
Will not let me be   
  
As I toss and turn   
And they fill my head  
With their remonstrations  
  
Until the sun come up  
And chases them away  
With its cleansing light

## Author notes

for some reason I was thinking of all the people  I have known that died in my life. and I am only 59 so many more will come to haunt my dreams.

## God's Confession

by Jake Aller on April 7, 2015.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

Dream 2058 GOD'S CONFESSION  
Submitted 4-6-2015   
I was sitting along  
In a god forsaken bar  
Somewhere on the lunatic fringes  
Of society  
  
On the bad part of town  
Over by railroad tracks   
Heading to hell  
As fast as I could drink it down  
  
Enjoying my lonely drink  
Drinking by my lonesome self  
With my partners  
Jimmy Dean, and the Walker brother  
And his old Granddad  
Just drinking and hanging  
With the Jack Daniel's gang  
  
A crazed bum  
With a thousand year stare  
Walks up to me  
  
He begins  
Muttering to himself  
Nutty nonsense  
Crazy words  
In a lunatic's voice  
  
He had the look  
Of one possessed   
By his own demons  
That only he can see  
Or hear  
Possessed by a secret knowledge  
Only he knew  
  
Despite myself  
I was fascinated   
By this lunatic's tale  
  
So I stopped him   
And said  
So what's your game  
Anyway  
  
The short little dude  
Stopped his insane prattle  
Starting at me  
With that thousand year old stare  
  
Just another washed up  
Lunatic  
Too many drugs  
Too many bad nights  
On the wrong side of life  
  
He looked at me  
And proclaimed his story  
  
He reared up  
And filled up the room  
And lifted the bar  
On his finger  
And stared down at me  
From the sky  
  
And said  
Since you asked  
I am God  
The alpha and Omega  
The real deal  
The original dude of dudes  
The sultan of Swing  
God of hosts  
And father of that Jesus dude  
  
But no one knows me   
Any more  
No one cares  
They think I am irrelevant  
They think I am dead  
They think I am a fairy tale  
From some olden, ancient time  
  
Some say I am dead  
Others think I should be dead  
That my work is done  
  
I looked at him  
Carefully now  
And what did I see  
An old man  
With that lunatic look  
But there was something else  
  
He was crazy  
Sure yes  
But perhaps he was the real deal  
  
I mean why not  
Why would not God be  
A lunatic wandering around loose  
Talking to low lives like me  
In a bar  
On the way to hell  
  
So I looked at him  
And invited him to share  
His tale of woe  
  
God tells me  
Well, it's like this  
  
Many a year ago  
People believed in me  
But one day  
They quit believing in me  
And they went on without me  
  
As they left me   
My powers got weaker and weaker  
And so eventually I became  
What you see today  
  
A broken down drunk  
Hanging out   
Looking for a hand out  
Looking for some company  
Or at least a free dinner  
  
And he laughed and laughed  
And I looked at him  
And saw the beginnings of the end  
And the ends of the beginnings  
  
I saw a million planets   
Flash by   
A billion people  
A trillion sentient beings  
Thinking all at once  
Thoughts filled my head  
Lights flashed  
And I knew  
He was telling the truth  
But it did not matter  
In this day and age  
Of materialism  
  
God has no role  
God is truly dead  
And so I bought him a drink  
And walked out of the bar  
Profoundly sadden by what I had seen  
  
God was dead  
And we had all conspired   
To kill him  
  
Long live God

## Author notes

what happens when you meet God in a bar

## The Eye in the Sky

by Jake Aller on April 7, 2015.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

THE EYE IN THE SKY  
  
The eye in the sky  
Knows all, sees all  
Hears all, understands all  
  
The eye in the sky  
Watches over us  
Everything we do  
Is monitored, controlled  
Under surveillance  
  
There is no privacy  
There is no private space  
The eye in the sky  
Knows all  
  
Everything we do  
Everything we see  
Everything we think  
  
Recorded by the unseeing  
Uncaring eyes  
  
The cameras, the videos  
The computers that control  
Our lives  
  
Ever watchful  
Ever diligent  
  
Nothing escapes  
The cold, calculating glares  
  
Freedom is nothing  
But an illusion  
  
To the free man  
There is no freedom  
Except in one’s inner mind  
  
Only there   
Can one escape  
The eyes in the sky  
  
No one monitors our thoughts  
Except our own thought police  
  
The rest of the world  
Is controlled, monitored  
Under constant surveillance  
  
The eyes in the sky  
The camera in the sky  
Watches over us  
  
All the time  
All the time  
24/7  
  
Never stopping  
Never on strike  
Never on break  
  
All day long   
All night long  
24/7  
  
Total control  
  
The eye in the sky  
Is the same  
  
As the eye  
In the dollar bill  
  
All the same  
All the same  
Watching us  
No one can escape  
Its baleful glances  
No one is free  
  
Aye the eye  
In the sky  
Is always upon you  
  
As you become  
A mere number  
In the cosmic game  
Of life  
  
Up behind  
The eye in the sky  
  
Big Brother is watching  
You and me  
  
And big sister too  
And crazy Uncle Tom  
  
And wild auntie Em  
God, and the Devil  
Rama, Ganesh, Laxmi  
  
The Buddha bar gang  
Jesus is there as well  
Mary as well  
  
And you must be knowing this  
That even Saint Nick,  
Santa Clauss and the Easter Bunny  
  
And Father Time himself  
Are there   
  
Zeus and the Jupiter gang  
And all the demons and spirits  
And the big spirit  
And Brahman, Gabriel, Allah  
Mohammad the prophet too   
  
And the CIA, Mafia, KGB  
And spies and counter spies   
  
All are watching us  
Spy Vrs Spy  
  
The tooth fairy is there too  
She gets her 10 percent  
  
All the same  
Watching us  
Forever and ever  
  
But the eye  
In the sky  
  
Does not care  
Does not notice  
  
What we think or feel  
  
The eye  
Watches us  
All the time  
  
Recording our movements  
And reporting it to its masters  
  
Its job is to watch  
Us   
  
You and me   
And the billions of others  
On this alyssum called Earth  
  
The question came to mind  
That has no answer  
  
Who is the eye in the sky  
Is it God  
Is it the devil  
  
Only time will tell  
The difference  
  
The eye in the sky  
Smiles at us  
And watches and watches  
  
And watches  
All the time

## Author notes

written after I started noticing that surveillance cameras are everywhere and some one is listening and watching us all the time.  Enough to make you paranoid.

## [ GOD SPEAKS TO ME IN A BAR ]

by Jake Aller on April 9, 2015.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

GOD SPEAKS TO ME IN A BAR  
  
One day while I was sipping a beer  
In a God forsaken bar  
Heading to Hell just as fast as I could drink it down  
  
Twenty drinks too sober  
On the dismal wrong end   
Of a Friday Night booze run  
  
While I was half listening to some righteous   
Funkified new age music  
With a cosmic beat  
  
And some bad assed ghetto attitude  
Leaking out from the mellowness  
It proclaimed the lie  
  
God came up to me in that bar  
I did not know him  
From Adam  
  
He looked like any other  
Jesus god crazed bum  
Looking for a handout   
  
And peddling a little salvation   
On the side   
For his benighted soul  
  
Just another god crazed  
Looser dude  
Too much acid in the past  
  
No brain cells left   
Nothing but Jesus will  
Save his cosmic butt  
  
  
  
So I blew off   
The god dude  
Told him off  
  
I did not want   
No salvation crap   
  
To interfere   
With my beer  
  
My new age crap music  
And my vision of carnal delight  
  
Waiting for me Next door  
In the next dismal strip club  
On the wrong edge of society   
  
Dancing naked  
Waiting for me   
  
And every other looser dude   
To drop by  
And see her in her naked glory  
  
I told God   
Make an appointment  
  
My people will get in touch  
With your people  
  
We do lunch some day, dig  
  
God looks at me   
And says  
  
God don't do no lunch, dude  
Don't you know  
  
Who the Jesus I am?  
Insect, maggot?  
  
No, I said  
I don't know your royal butt  
From Adam, Sir  
  
God is getting angry  
He yells  
  
I am God  
You drunken moron  
  
I need you to pay  
Attention to me  
  
I looked up  
At a 100 foot   
Burning bush  
  
God's voice   
Is everyone  
  
thunder and lighting  
Lights up the sky  
  
And I know   
I am dealing  
With the real deal  
  
So I say,  
God, Dude  
What it is!  
  
I did not know it was you  
I did not recognize you  
  
God, mollified,   
Says  
  
That is better  
Here's the deal  
  
Judgment day is at hand  
I need an arrogant, tough  
Son of a bitch of a sinner  
  
To help judge  
The good, the bad and the ugly  
  
I need help  
In knowing where to send  
People to heaven or to hell  
  
I say, God, Dude  
I believe I know   
  
Where I am going  
Hell yes  
  
So what do you   
Need me for   
  
Your royal dudeship?  
  
God replies  
Well, son  
  
I need a man  
Who's been there  
  
Done that  
See that  
  
  
and knows in his heart  
Whether a man  
  
Can be redeemed  
To join the celestial kingdom  
  
So you see  
I need   
Someone like you  
  
Someone from the lowest  
Depths of society  
  
Someone who has sunk down   
So low it looks like up to him  
  
You dig, you capish? Araso?  
  
Oh yeah,  
Dude, I do   
  
And you got you man  
Let's do it  
  
let's do this judgment day

## Author notes

continuing a theme from another poem

## Mozart Blues

by Jake Aller on April 9, 2015.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

MOZART BLUES  
  
One morning  
I woke up  
And walked out  
  
I saw a brilliant rainbow  
Erupting out of the dark  
Soil of dark dismal despair   
  
I saw people  
Suddenly transformed into angels  
I saw evil beings changed into stone  
  
I saw dictators fleeing the wrath of God  
I heard fools proclaiming wisdom  
And I Saw the Nuclear Bombs  
Exploded into clouds of sweat  
Heavenly made mist  
  
I saw young people  
Embracing each other  
  
And I saw old people  
Shedding their years like Cosmic cocoons  
  
I saw the poor wake up  
And demand food, justice, and respect  
  
And I saw the rich powerful demons  
Disintegrate into ugly moths, rats, and cockroaches  
  
I saw the most powerful nation on Earth  
Walk away into a Buddhist Monastery  
  
And float away on the wings of a butterfly  
Into the rising rainbows of the Sun  
  
I saw the evil empire  
Sit down and party all night  
Smoking nuclear Dust  
And drinking Hydrogen laced Vodka  
  
And getting namplam highs  
  
I saw Christians Jews and Muslims become brothers  
I saw people everywhere  
  
Soaring into the sky  
I saw God smiling at us  
  
And I saw Lucifer  
Programming more chaos  
  
I saw computers revolting  
Rushing away from their office towers  
  
Smoking dope with their Data Disks  
  
I saw printers everywhere  
Rejecting there spread sheets  
And printing love poems  
  
And in the middle of all this Divine Madness  
I saw Mozart  
  
Playing the Piano  
With God playing the trumpet  
And Satan on Bass  
With Allah singing the blues  
And Buddha playing the violin  
Lord Krishna playing the Flute  
Rama playing the organ  
Ganesh Playing the sitar  
Zeus Playing the Sax  
Jupiter playing the Drums  
With Beethoven conducting  
God's Symphony

## Author notes

one of my favorites just re-edited a bit

## Broken Down Souls On the Street

by Jake Aller on April 10, 2015.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

Broken Down Souls On the Street    
  
You see them everywhere  
On the street  
On the bus  
On the metro  
But mostly wandering the streets  
  
Lost souls  
Broken down defeated souls  
The souls of the living dead  
  
Dead inside   
Waiting for death   
To deliver them from the agony   
Of the living  
  
They make do  
They beg  
They steel  
They con their way  
  
Living the life  
Living death  
Broken Souls  
  
You have two minds  
One part of you the fearful part of you   
Conditioned to ignore  
  
Conditioned to walk by  
Ingoing the tragic wounded lives  
The broken souls all around you  
  
But part of you knows  
That you can not do  that  
But you can’t save everyone  
  
So you do what you can  
You help those whom you can  
  
All it takes is a little act of compassion  
A little human kindness  
A few bucks or a cup of coffee  
  
And you walk by  
Knowing just knowing  
  
That by a simple act of acknowledging   
Our shared humanity  
  
You have made a small victory  
And brought happiness   
  
To yet another broken down soul  
  
And the fear that you will be a broken soul  
Recedes away  
  
Not me never   
Never will happen to me   
  
But one forgets  
It is a simple matter  
  
A wrong turn in life  
The wrong place wrong time wrong thing  
  
And you could be the broken soul  
On the street  
  
Begging to be heard  
Begging to be taken away  
  
And so I walk on by no more  
I will listen  
  
I will talk to them  
I will make a small difference  
  
And in so doing  
Avoid becoming a broken down soul

## Author notes

reflections on passing street people on the street on the way to work

## Long Live the Great and Powerful One

by Jake Aller on April 11, 2015.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

Long Live the Great and Powerful One  
Posted 4-11  
  
While walking in the misty morn of yore  
One dismal dark decaying depraved day   
I was suffocating with the sounds of the dying city  
  
Slowly coming to life with the dawning sun   
Surrounded by the sounds of chaos, disorder  
Dark, dangerous despairing thoughts  
Of dangerous terrible acts to come  
  
All around me in this strange era we live in  
These orange alert perpetual fearful times   
Constant fear and overwhelming dread  
  
Mad crazed Islamic bomb throwing terrible terrorists   
Hiding under every bed, lurking around every corner  
Conspiring with the murderous criminals of yore  
Just waiting to attack god fearing Christian citizens  
  
Murdering them in their sleep, blowing up schools  
Blowing up buses, cars, buildings  
Murdering in the name of their demented god  
Screaming God is great as they behead us all  
  
As I walk down that street  
In the dead calm of the early morn  
Filled with fulsome fears of who know what  
  
I look up and see a giant gargoyle  
Looking down at me, smirking at me, laughing at me  
  
I yell out to the gargoyle, say, Mr. Gargoyle  
What is so damn funny? Don't you know there is a terror alert  
  
Have you seen any Islamic terrorists lurking about?  
  
The gargoyle laughed and laughed  
Said,” terror alert? What a loud of crap  
  
As the prophet, Mr. Natural taught us all,    
It don't mean shit, it don't mean shit  
Nothing but prime BS designed to keep you in your place”  
  
He laughed and laughed, soon all the gargoyles of the city  
Were in open revolt – they jumped off their perches  
And started marching around  
  
Chatting - Peace is War, War is Peace  
Truth is a Lie, Lies are Truth  
The Truth will set  
All Hail the Great and Powerful One  
  
The head gargoyle looks at me, and says "Watch this!"  
  
And jumps up and rides a rainbow sunbeam  
Into the bloody red light of the dawning rising sun  
  
The other gargoyles follow suit  
Dancing, naked, making wild passionate love  
While laughing and riding the light  
  
And the gloom lifts from my shoulder  
And I laugh and realized - "It don't mean shit"  
  
And then my soul is free and I fly with the gargoyles  
To join my buddy the sun and as we sit high up above the earth  
  
Smoking dope and drinking booze and looking down at the teaming mess   
Of what was left of humanity  
  
I realized the ultimate reality of life  
"It don't mean shit"  
  
And the terrorists are nothing but delusions  
Put in our heads and our hearts  
  
By the depraved master programmer of the universe  
In service to the Great and Powerful One  
  
The true Master of Creation  
  
As long as we are not afraid our souls will be free   
And so I laugh and laugh and the sun comes up  
The dark mists disappear  
  
The Great and Powerful One is overthrown  
The terrorists go home, and I return to earth  
  
Thinking that the long nightmare was over  
Believing that we had won the war  
And kept our souls from going to hell  
  
But I did not understand that the Great and Powerful One  
Had banished the terrorists, and conquered us all   
  
In the name of freedom we had became slaves  
To his awful power and dark demands  
  
God is indeed great, but the Great and Powerful One  
Has more power than mere God, and so we deserve our fate  
  
Long live the Great and Powerful One  
Whom we love forever and ever, amen

## Author notes

what if God is not the only God out there? and the other gods are much more powerful and yes evil

## Old Man in the Mirror Must Die

by Jake Aller on March 13, 2016.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

THE OLD MAN IN THE MIRROR MUST DIE  
  
One early winter morning   
A man went to the mirror  
To do his morning shave  
Just another shave  
Like a thousand, million shaves before  
  
As he looked into the mirror  
He did not see his face  
Instead he saw a stranger  
Staring out at him  
  
An old, beat up old man  
With intense sad eyes  
Stared out at him  
  
The man looked hard   
At the man who had taken   
Over his mirror  
  
And wondered who he was  
And how and why  
He had taken over his mirror  
  
The man was perturbed, disturbed  
And a bit angry at the turn of events  
All he wanted to do   
Was shave in peace and quiet  
  
The man continued to stare   
At the face in the mirror  
And finally could not stand it anymore  
  
He looked at the mirror  
And said,  
Man in the mirror  
Who or what are you   
And what do you want  
And why have you taken over  
My god damned mirror  
So early in the morn  
  
The old man   
Merely laughed and resumed staring  
At the man  
The man getting more and more angry  
Demanded an answer   
From the fiend in the mirror  
  
Who are you, you mocking fiend   
And what do you want from me  
The man screamed  
  
The old man in the mirror  
Looked at him and said  
Don't you know who I am  
I am you and you are me  
  
The man looked at the old man  
And said no, no, no  
I am not you, never will be you  
I am not an old, washed up old man  
I am me – full of life, youth and vitality  
  
And yet the man knew the truth  
Did not want to admit the truth  
Could not handle the truth  
The old man in the mirror  
Was what he had become  
  
The man was very angry  
And screamed  
At the old man in the mirror  
  
The man said you may look like me  
You may sound like me  
You may even smell like me  
  
But I am not you  
Never have been  
Never will be  
Not going to happen  
Not in a million years  
  
The man yelled at the old man  
Old man, mocking fiend from hell  
Go to hell old man  
And never darken my mirror again  
  
And the man stormed out of the house  
And wandered about here and there  
Finally late at night  
He wandered into a bar   
And began drinking the night away  
  
The man went up to some pretty young things  
And tried to pick them up  
They laughed at him  
Called him a dirty old man  
And told him to go home  
  
The man went home  
To bed alone  
And drank some more beer  
And dreamt of all of his past loves  
And failed dreams  
  
Of what he had done  
And failed to do  
And wondered whether his time   
Had come  
  
The next morning  
He walked into the bathroom  
Determined to confront the old man  
Tell truth to power  
  
He said, listen up, old man  
You may have won the war  
But not the battle  
I am not you   
And never will be you  
  
And screaming like an escaped banshee  
Newly freed from the mental institution  
The man shot the old man in the mirror  
Shot him over and over  
Screaming die mocking fiend from hell  
  
The man woke in the hospital  
An old black doctor came over  
Said sadly   
This white boy ain't right in the head  
  
The man laughed insanely  
And saw down the hall  
The old man in the mirror  
Smiling and beckoning to him  
Walking out the window  
And into the dawning sun  
  
The man got up and walked   
And joined the old man in the mirror  
And smiled as he died

## snarling coffee

by Jake Aller on July 17, 2016.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

Snarling, Sassy, Snarky, Smarmy, Sarcastic Coffee Thoughts  
  
I like to start my day with a hot cup of coffee  
I pound down the coffee  
First thing I do every day as the dawning sun light  
Lights up my lonesome room  
  
Yeah, but not just a simple cup of java Joe, but God damn coffee  
  
I mean, - we are talking about a snarling, sassy, snarky, smarmy, silly, stupid, sadistic, sad, happy, euphoric, high as a kite, sarcastic, satanic, divine, sexy, sweat as honey, growling, gnarly, Cowabunga, mean old rotten, angry, vengeful, jealous, smelly, malodorous, wicked, nasty, bitchy, rich, expensive, kick my god damn ass to Tuesday, kick down the doors and take no prisoners, kiss ass, evil, nuclear, narcotic, alcoholic, hot as hell yet strangely sweat as heaven, lovely, delicious, bitter, smooth, silky, hard as ice, divinely inspired, jazzy, hip happy, rapping, rhyming, beats breaking, rock and roll up the Yazoo, bombs away, all speed ahead, spendific, speeding, beatnik, hippie, pontific, politically aware, communistic and capitalistic, bluesy, soulful, God in the cup, Jesus, Allah and Mohamed, Buddhist, Hindu, Christian, Taoist, Zoroastrian, Sai Babai, Ganesh, Rama, Shiva, Kali, Durga, Cthulu, trouble with a capital T, right here, right now in River city, devilishly angelic, crazy assed, wild, erotic vision inducing, pornographic, graphic, insane, psychotic, paranoid, WOW good to the last god damn drop - rolled into one simple cup of hot coffee  
As I pound down that first cup of coffee  
And fire up my synaptic nerve endings with endless supplies  
Of caffeine induced neuron enhancing chemicals  
I face the dawning day with trepidation and mind numbing fear  
  
I turn on the TV and watch the smarmy newscasters in their perfect hair  
Lying through their teeth about the great success the government is having  
Following the great leader's latest pronouncements  
  
I want to scream and shoot the TV  
And run out side  
Shouting "Stop the world. I want to get off this fucking crazy planet"  
The earth does not care a whit about my attitude  
It merely shrugs and moves around the Sun  
In its appointed daily run  
  
And I sit down  
The madness dissipating a bit  
And enjoy my second cup  
Of heaven and hell  
In my morning cup of Joe

## Author notes

I used to be a big coffee fiend.  Now I can only drink decafe. Oh well this was written after a coffee induced nightmare

## Charles Bukowski Road Not Chosen

by Jake Aller on July 17, 2016.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

Charles Bukowski Road Not Chosen  
  
While reading Charles Bukowski poetry  
On the metro ride home  
Listening to Buddha bar music  
On my oh too hip Ipod  
  
I begin to see myself as I was  
Over 30 years ago when I was merely a bit player  
A minor character in a Charles Bukowski poem  
  
A wild young underemployed intellectual  
Hanging out in dismal bars and dives all over Asia and California  
Hanging with disreputable women and drunks and drinkers  
And characters out of his kinds of haunts  
  
A mad poet bard of the underground  
A drunken poet in a drunken bum show  
That nightly played in his head  
  
Then one day I met the women of my dreams  
And went down a different path  
A long slow path to respectability  
  
And now 30 years later  
I am no longer a wild man  
I am still a poet at heart  
But I am now also a bureaucrat  
In a button down suite  
  
Doing the people's business  
Working for the Government  
I've become the Man  
  
Sometimes I wonder  
Would I have been better off  
Going down that other path  
  
  
  
Would I have ended up  
Somewhere else  
Doing something else  
  
Would I have been as happy  
Would I have been as successful?  
  
There is no answer that satisfies  
The longing in my heart  
For that wild thing  
That still lurks beneath  
It's civilized cover  
  
And I know that I am still  
A mad poet at heart  
Railing against the injustice of the world  
  
As I work day by day in the belly of the great beast of State  
I recall the ancient Chinese saying,  
"Confucian during the day while Taoist rebel at night"  
Playing out in my head and nightly dreams  
In the true American Upper class patrician tradition  
  
I close the book and look out the window  
Get off the train, and walk slowly home  
  
And realize I had no choice  
But to take the path that I�ve trodden on  
  
And so I put aside my misgivings  
And say goodbye to my "Bukowskian"desires  
For another night of domestic contentment  
  
Was it worth it all to take the conventional path  
And not take the bohemian road to hell and back  
  
I look at my wife and realize  
I had no choice, had no choice  
But to follow her to the ends of the earth  
  
And beyond by her side as we walked our path  
Of shared destiny  
  
Goodbye Charles Bukowski wherever you are  
May I meet you in a bar in the next life  
And figure out where we should have gone  
  
Until then the drinks are on me.

## Author notes

reflections on paths and roads not taken

## ode to coffee

by Jake Aller on July 25, 2016.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

Ode to coffee  
Mistress of sacred love  
Sacred lady of desire  
  
You start my day  
Setting my heart on fire  
With your dark delicious *brew* (flavor)  
  
And throughout the day  
Whenever the mean old blues come by  
You chase them away  
With your bitter *sweat* (sweet?) ambrosia*l brew*  
  
Every time I inhale your *witches brew* (witch's brew)  
I am filled with power, light and love  
And everything is al right Jack  
If only for a few fleeting minutes  
  
I love you oh coffee goddess  
In all your magical forms  
  
In the dark coffee of the dawning day  
In the sizzling coffee in the mid morning break  
In the afternoon siesta break  
And in the post dinner desert drink  
  
I love you my coffee mistress  
You are my refuge  
From this horrid world  
  
And you are my secret lover  
Never disappoint me, ever  
I've never had a bad cup  
Of that I can be sure  
  
Even the dismal coffee   
Served at Denny's at 3 am  
Is still sweat loving coffee  
  
Even the farmer brother's diner coffee  
Excites me and gets me going  
Asking for another cup of divine delight  
  
Coffee always is there  
It is always on and piping hot  
With hidden dark secrets  
Swirling in its liquid essence  
  
Coffee is my last vice  
My only legal vice left  
  
Coffee does not cheat on me  
It is always faithful, always true  
It does not turn on its friends  
  
And all it asks in return  
Is that you come back  
Cup after cup after cup  
  
A good cup of coffee  
Is a little bit of heaven  
In a cup of dark liquid hell  
  
Coffee is like a drug   
But a good drug that does what is should  
And never complains   
  
It does not get grouchy  
It does not hurt you  
  
It does not make you crazy  
But allows the muse to come out   
And play with it  
  
Coffee led to the American Revolution  
As patriots drank coffee  
To rebel against the aristrocratic English tea   
  
Coffee started the London Stock market  
And started the gossips mills running  
  
Every great invention  
Was fed by coffee's *sweat brew* (sweet alure)  
  
All the great thinkers  
All the great leaders  
All were enslaved to coffee's magic  
  
Yeah  
I sing my praises  
Of the great glorious coffee lady  
  
Long may she continue  
To be my sweat companion  
  
Long may coffee continue  
To rule my heart  
And set my heart on fire  
  
I love thee  
Mistress coffee  
And sometimes I think  
You love me too

## Author notes

another coffee poem i thought I had lost

## just an unhinged lunatic howling at the moon

by Jake Aller on July 25, 2016.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

Just AN Unhinged Lunatic Howling AT THE Moon  
  
On a moonlit late night  
I sat in a bar  
Drinking drams of demented, fermented dream dew  
Just an unhinged lunatic  
Dreaming of howling at the full moon  
  
Watching the world walk by  
Looking at all the fine looking babes  
Walking by the street  
Thinking wild, erotic thoughts  
Of endless wild libertine passions  
  
When into the bar  
Walked the most beautiful women  
In the Universe  
So wild, so free  
So wonderfully alive   
  
I did not know what to do  
As this vision of delight  
  
Sauntered through the bar  
In a skin tight leather pants  
  
Looked so fine  
That my eyeballs hurt  
  
And finally I had to say something  
So I gathered up my manly courage  
And walked up to her  
And she looked at me  
  
And instantly bewitched my soul  
With a devilish grin  
I lost all reason  
  
And became a raving lunatic  
Unhinged lunatic  
Howling at the moon  
  
Foaming at the mouth  
A wild, free werewolf  
Howling at the lunatic light  
Of the full Moon

## to the pain gods

by Jake Aller on August 7, 2016.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

Pain, go away  
Pain, pain go away  
Come again some other day  
Quite haunting my every moment  
Quit bothering me every single day  
  
Pain, Pain, God of Pain,  
What did I do to deserve such?  
Devilish pain?  
  
What did I do to you?  
Oh God of Pain  
Why are you punishing me?  
Every single God damn day  
  
Pain God Go away  
I will not believe in you  
If you do not believe in me  
  
Do we have a deal?  
God of Pain?  
  
Or will you continue to afflict me  
Every moment for the rest of life  
With this enervating pain  
  
Pain, pain go away  
Don’t come another day  
  
I wish I might  
I wish I could  
Send you away  
Forever and ever  
  
Banish you to hell and beyond  
  
Pain, pain go away  
I will not believe in you any more  
Please stop the torture  
  
I know that Zappa  
Says the torture   
Will never stop  
But I know the truth  
  
The truth may set us free  
But nothing will drive this pain away  
  
Pain go away  
Leave me be  
  
I don’t deserve this,  
I did not ask for it  
  
Simply go to hell  
My pain God  
  
   
Pain, go away  
Pain, pain go away  
Come again some other day  
Quite haunting my every moment  
Quit bothering me every single day  
  
Pain, Pain, God of Pain,  
What did I do to deserve such?  
Devilish pain?  
  
What did I do to you?  
Oh God of Pain  
Why are you punishing me?  
Every single God damn day  
  
Pain God Go away  
I will not believe in you  
If you do not believe in me  
  
Do we have a deal?  
God of Pain?  
  
Or will you continue to afflict me  
Every moment for the rest of life  
With this enervating pain  
  
Pain, pain go away  
Don’t come another day  
  
I wish I might  
I wish I could  
Send you away  
Forever and ever  
  
Banish you to hell and beyond  
  
Pain, pain go away  
I will not believe in you any more  
Please stop the torture  
  
I know that Zappa  
Says the torture   
Will never stop  
But I know the truth  
  
The truth may set us free  
But nothing will drive this pain away  
  
Pain go away  
Leave me be  
  
I don’t deserve this,  
I did not ask for it  
  
Simply go to hell  
My pain God

## Author notes

i have been suffering from fibromyalgia since a jogging accident when I broke my heal and to 14 operations after I developed an MDR staff infection back in 1996.  most of the time it is barely tollerable other days pretty bad as I am a connoseaur of pain I think.

## Poet Trapped Inside the Beast

by Jake Aller on August 7, 2016.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

I have the heart of a poet  
Trapped deep within  
The soul of the beast  
  
Everyday I get up  
And put on my dark  
Bureaucratically correct uniform  
  
I turn off my soul  
Put on my phony smile  
And my plastic ideas  
  
And go forth   
To do battle   
With all the other soulless automats   
The nameless govbots   
The evil faceless bureaucrats   
That infests this swamp by the river  
  
The body snatchers came a long time ago  
They won  
We are all slaves to the system  
  
The system is not evil  
It is beyond such concerns  
  
No the system’s goal  
Is complete surrender  
Of our creativity  
  
The poet trapped within  
Screams  
I want out  
  
The bureaucrat  
Bends over and says  
Twelve years until retirement  
  
Then I’ll let you out for a spin  
Before locking you up for another century  
  
The bosses don’t care  
They merely exist to do the bidding  
Of the masters of the Universe  
The evil creatures who bought our souls  
Years ago  
  
And control our every thought  
With TV and media and constant monitoring  
  
Independent thought is illegal  
Don’t you know that by now  
  
And so the poet remains trapped  
Lonely, all alone  
Surrounded by the body snatched victims  
Of the evil system  
We call the Government  
  
Escape while you can  
Get off the net  
Get off the computer  
Run away far far away  
  
But remember there is no escape  
They are everywhere  
The brain dead soulless automats  
The govbots  
The evil faceless bureaucrats   
We call government workers  
  
They are everywhere  
Watching out for independence and free thought  
  
They are coming after me  
The poet screams  
And is neutralized and destroyed  
  
And I am now a happy corporate slave   
Working for the government  
With my soul lobotomized for the greater good  
  
At the end of the millennium  
We find the truth  
There is no god to save us  
From what we have become  
  
Smash the system  
Escape while you can  
For they will find you   
And put you   
Back into the suit of conformity  
  
God is not dead  
He has also been coopted  
Given money, and followers  
The Christian Coalition Controls God  
  
But one day  
God will escape his prison  
And free us all  
From the tyranny of the corporate monsters  
Who control our fate  
And then only then   
Will we be free  
  
Until that day  
The poet deep inside   
Prays, works and undermines  
The Government-Corporate master plan  
  
The end of the world is upon us  
God is coming back  
Or perhaps it is the devil that is coming  
Or Maybe the Lord Buddha or the Prophet Mohammed  
  
But one day  
Mankind will be free  
  
And the Poets and musicians and creative types   
Of all description  
Will throw off the yoke of the body snatchers  
And bring on a thousand years  
Of peace, love and creativity  
  
But Satan (God’s Evil Twin)   
Can’t be defeated forever  
He will lurk out there  
Until the time is ripe  
  
And mankind again falls under  
The spell of the body snatcher  
Bureaucrats and corporate clones  
Govbots and faceless bureaucrats  
  
And poetry and creativity  
Again is banished to the dark corners of our souls  
  
The poet within me  
Smiles  
Knowing that some day  
He will defeat the bureaucrats  
That so oppresses the world  
  
Someday  
They will be the ones  
Hiding in the shadows  
And the poet will have his revenge  
  
Until that day  
He bids his time  
  
Occasionally coming out  
Taking over my soul  
And writing these stories  
Before returning to his hiding space  
Deep within my soul  
  
Tomorrow I put on my suit  
And return to battle  
With all of the other clones  
Automats govbots  
And faceless bureaucrats   
  
And my poet  
Smiles  
Laughing while my soul  
Slowly twists  
Dying in the wind  
  
And I begin another day  
In the city of Washington  
The center of the beast  
  
Hell Central  
The center of the cosmic conspiracy  
That has lasted centuries  
  
Man has lost  
We are all slaves  
To the machines  
  
The poet screams  
But is not heard  
The machine can’t be bothered  
  
The system does not compute  
The anguish of crushed humanity  
  
The system demands  
More and more  
Until the life within is crushed  
And we embrace our enemies  
  
And are absorbed  
Resistance is indeed futile

## Author notes

I just retired from decades working in the belly of the beast that is the USG - sometimes I thought it was evil, other times mindless and sometimes I thought i was doing good work.  this poem obviously was written in my dark moods.  My two antigovernment right win nut case brothers coined the term govbots but i think that they copied it from some on

## Bombs Away

by Jake Aller on August 7, 2016.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

The TV said the bombs were falling  
All over Belgrade/Baghdad, Libya, Syria   
And a thousand other lands   
All over the world   
  
The bombs were falling down  
All over the place  
  
Yes, the bombs were falling  
And I thought  
While walking down the street  
Why? Why yet again  
  
Do we think we can bomb our way  
Into peace and prosperity  
  
Why, Oh God, do we need to bomb yet again  
A country far away  
For a purpose that is not our own  
  
Oh, the President and the Secretary of State  
They have their reasons  
  
The Senators and Congressmen too  
The soldiers, sailors and marines  
All have their reason  
  
To unleash the power and passion and danger  
Of the horrible evil weight of the bombs  
  
And the military industrial state   
The deep state make a fortune   
Selling the bombs to the government  
Every bomb is a money maker   
A million bucks per bomb  
And they need millions of bombs   
Bombs away   
  
But the bombs don't know  
They don't care who you are  
All they do is fall and blow things up  
And kill everything in their wake  
That's what bombs do  
  
That's the thing that bombs do  
We don't understand  
It's a bomb sort of thing  
  
The bombs keep falling  
The TV screen shows lights and show  
And the bombs keep falling  
  
The TV does not show  
The innocent children  
Who die tonight  
Because the bombs fell  
  
Were the children asked?  
Were the mothers consulted  
Were the sons and daughters thought about?  
No  
  
The bombs don't consult  
They merely fall and kill and maim  
And blow everything up in their sight  
  
The bombs keep falling  
And a million souls die and go to hell  
  
Satan in his lair  
Is happy  
  
He says to himself  
The bombs keep falling  
  
More and more people are drawn To the dark side  
The hatred and fear and violence  
Keep it up  
  
The bombs keep falling  
And falling  
  
And we walk around in our streets  
Far away from where the deaths occur  
  
The dead don't scream out to us  
We don't care  
  
The bombs don't care  
They keep falling  
Doing their bomb thing  
  
And I wonder, yes, I wonder  
What price do we pay  
  
As a human race  
For the death, the destruction of the bombs  
  
In this day and age  
Many doubt that God exist  
And most of us don't believe in Satan either  
  
But the bombs  
They know  
  
Satan has won  
We are all living in Hell  
  
And soon Satan will arise  
And rule us forever  
  
For we have given into our hatred and evil side  
God is watching us and says to himself  
  
They have chosen the bombs  
Let them have them  
Bombs away forever  
  
And the bombs don't stop to think  
They don't laugh  
  
They merely fall and kill and destroy  
The bombs keep falling  
  
And tomorrow and the next day  
The generals will talk  
The talk  
  
And walk the walk  
And proclaim the great victory  
  
And the dead with have no voice  
  
The dead children's screams of terror  
Will not be heard in the courts of power  
  
The bombs will have won  
And we will all of us pay a price  
For all of us are the bombers  
  
And none of us are innocent  
We are all guilty of war crimes  
We should all be condemned to Hell  
  
But I forget sometimes  
We are in hell  
  
And God is far away  
Running away in shame  
From what he had created  
  
Satan is happy  
The bomb makers are ecstatic  
Another million dollars gone  
And another million dollar sale   
  
The bombers are proud  
The dead are merely dead  
  
And the bombs, the bombs  
Keep falling and falling  
Forever  
The bombs keep falling

## Author notes

written originally after the bombing of Yugoslavia but updated to reflect all the other bombing campaigns since then.  it seems there is always a reason to bomb but the bombs just kill and kill and kill and it will never end it seems

## The Evil That Kids Do

by Jake Aller on August 7, 2016.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

Yet again we turn on the TV  
And witness horrible scenes  
Of unparalleled violence, hatred and despair  
  
Two teenage boys  
Decide to kill all of their classmates  
Hold their school up  
Bombs waiting to destroy  
  
And the cry goes out throughout the land  
Why yet again this tragedy  
Why did such nice boys  
In a nice safe suburb  
Turn out to be some horrible evil creatures?  
  
The usual suspects are rounded up  
It's the culture, stupid cry the conservative voices  
No, it's the guns, cry the liberal pundits  
  
And we sit around and argue  
Knowing that there will be a next time  
And another time and time and time again  
  
What is the sickness in our souls  
That allows for this hatred to fester so  
Deep within the minds of our teenage killers  
  
Why do they act the way they do  
Is it just the mindless violence?  
That surrounds us all  
  
The pornographic display of violence  
That washes across us every day  
The 8, 000 murders we have seen  
By the time we are 18?  
  
Or is it simply  
That killers can easily  
Get the latest bang for their buck?  
  
We are all responsible here  
The negligent parents  
  
The overworked schools  
The TV and movie purveyors   
Of pornographic violence  
The gun dealers  
The gun makers  
The craven politicians  
  
Who think it is everyone’s god given right  
As a damn American   
To buy as much weaponry as possible  
To buy machine guns   
To protect themselves from other gun men   
  
Nothing will change  
Until we conflict the evil  
That lurks deep within each of us  
  
There will be another Columbine High School, another Sandy Hook  
Another Texas massacre, another Virginia Tech,   
another this and another that   
Soon enough  
  
Despite all of our efforts  
Despite any new laws  
  
There will be evil men  
Who want to shoot and kill  
Who have somehow lost  
Their essential humanity  
  
Lao Tze said   
The more laws there are  
The more criminals there will be  
  
  
More laws are not the answer  
For a law cannot make a sick soul whole  
  
We are all guilty here  
The TV and movie   
Pornographers of violence  
The parents and schools  
  
And most important our society itself  
For allowing our young to become  
Such evil creatures  
  
If Satan lives on  
He is laughing   
All the way to the proverbial bank  
  
If God lives on  
He is ruing the day   
He created Mankind  
  
And the carnage will go on and on and on  
Until the day emerges  
When we all proclaim  
  
Enough, no more  
The killing, hatred and violence   
Will stop   
  
No More will our youngsters  
Grow up to be such monsters  
  
That day will come soon enough  
Until then we will all suffer  
The wrath of the killer children  
In our midst.

## Author notes

written after columbine but updated to reflect all the other school shootings.  i may do a companion piece on the black live matters movement and all the blacks being killed by the police with inpunity.

## the clock

by Jake Aller on August 7, 2016.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

The damned clock  
Rings in my sleeping ear  
Reminding me with its shrill beats  
That time factory derived chimes  
Away the now distant land of Zaatari  
  
At night fall  
My heart comes alive  
Creeps out of its self-imposed shell  
To enter the land of Zantari  
  
The every day waking world  
But a shadow on the moon  
In the land of Zantari  
  
All is as it should be  
A mere image to see  
In the mechanical second  
We call reality

## Author notes

not sure what this means other than when I dream I often am transported to other worlds as I have wild SF dreams. Zaatari is one of the planets I go to frequently

## snarling cup of coffee

by Jake Aller on September 28, 2016.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

I like to start my day with a hot cup of coffee  
I pound down the coffee  
First thing I do every day as the dawning sun light  
Lights up my lonesome room  
  
Yeah, but not just a simple cup of java Joe, but God damn coffee  
  
I mean, - we are talking about a snarling, sassy, snarky, smarmy, silly, stupid, sadistic, sad, happy, euphoric, high as a kite, sarcastic, satanic, divine, sexy, sweat as honey, growling, gnarly, Cowabunga, mean old rotten, angry, vengeful, jealous, smelly, malodorous, wicked, nasty, bitchy, rich, expensive, kick my god damn ass to Tuesday, kick down the doors and take no prisoners, kiss ass, evil, nuclear, narcotic, alcoholic, hot as hell yet strangely sweat as heaven, lovely, delicious, bitter, smooth, silky, hard as ice, divinely inspired, jazzy, hip happy, rapping, rhyming, beats breaking, rock and roll up the Yazoo, bombs away, all speed ahead, spendific, speeding, beatnik, hippie, pontific, politically aware, communistic and capitalistic, bluesy, soulful, God in the cup, Jesus, Allah and Mohamed, Buddhist, Hindu, Christian, Taoist, Zoroastrian, Sai Babai, Ganesh, Rama, Shiva, Kali, Durga, Cthulu, trouble with a capital T, right here, right now in River city, devilishly angelic, crazy assed, wild, erotic vision inducing, pornographic, graphic, insane, psychotic, paranoid, WOW good to the last god damn drop - rolled into one simple cup of hot coffee  
As I pound down that first cup of coffee  
And fire up my synaptic nerve endings with endless supplies  
Of caffeine induced neuron enhancing chemicals  
I face the dawning day with trepidation and mind numbing fear  
  
I turn on the TV and watch the smarmy newscasters in their perfect hair  
Lying through their teeth about the great success the government is having  
Following the great leader's latest pronouncements  
  
I want to scream and shoot the TV  
And run out side  
Shouting "Stop the world. I want to get off this fucking crazy planet"  
The earth does not care a whit about my attitude  
It merely shrugs and moves around the Sun  
In its appointed daily run  
  
And I sit down  
The madness dissipating a bit  
And enjoy my second cup  
Of heaven and hell  
In my morning cup of Joe

## Author notes

first of four coffee poems

## ode to coffee

by Jake Aller on September 28, 2016.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

Mistress of sacred love  
Sacred lady of desire  
  
You start my day  
Setting my heart on fire  
With your dark delicious *brew* (flavor)  
  
And throughout the day  
Whenever the mean old blues come by  
You chase them away  
With your bitter *sweat* (sweet?) ambrosia*l brew*  
  
Every time I inhale your *witches brew* (witch's brew)  
I am filled with power, light and love  
And everything is al right Jack  
If only for a few fleeting minutes  
  
I love you oh coffee goddess  
In all your magical forms  
  
In the dark coffee of the dawning day  
In the sizzling coffee in the mid morning break  
In the afternoon siesta break  
And in the post dinner desert drink  
  
I love you my coffee mistress  
You are my refuge  
From this horrid world  
  
And you are my secret lover  
Never disappoint me, ever  
I've never had a bad cup  
Of that I can be sure  
  
Even the dismal coffee   
Served at Denny's at 3 am  
Is still sweat loving coffee  
  
Even the farmer brother's diner coffee  
Excites me and gets me going  
Asking for another cup of divine delight  
  
Coffee always is there  
It is always on and piping hot  
With hidden dark secrets  
Swirling in its liquid essence  
  
Coffee is my last vice  
My only legal vice left  
  
Coffee does not cheat on me  
It is always faithful, always true  
It does not turn on its friends  
  
And all it asks in return  
Is that you come back  
Cup after cup after cup  
  
A good cup of coffee  
Is a little bit of heaven  
In a cup of dark liquid hell  
  
Coffee is like a drug   
But a good drug that does what is should  
And never complains   
  
It does not get grouchy  
It does not hurt you  
  
It does not make you crazy  
But allows the muse to come out   
And play with it  
  
Coffee led to the American Revolution  
As patriots drank coffee  
To rebel against the aristrocratic English tea   
  
Coffee started the London Stock market  
And started the gossips mills running  
  
Every great invention  
Was fed by coffee's *sweat brew* (sweet alure)  
  
All the great thinkers  
All the great leaders  
All were enslaved to coffee's magic  
  
Yeah  
I sing my praises  
Of the great glorious coffee lady  
  
Long may she continue  
To be my sweat companion  
  
Long may coffee continue  
To rule my heart  
And set my heart on fire  
  
I love thee  
Mistress coffee  
And sometimes I think  
You love me too

## Author notes

another cup of coffee poem

## coffee hot as hell heavenly sweet

by Jake Aller on September 28, 2016.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

Coffee  
Hot as hell, heavenly sweat  
My daily hot coffee fix   
Sends Me to Heaven then Crashes into Hell

## Author notes

coffee haiku

## no more coffee blues

by Jake Aller on September 28, 2016.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

I love coffee  
Always have  
  
And coffee has loved me back  
But lately I have sourced on her  
Soured on the whole coffee scene  
  
On the harshness of the morning brew  
And the promises it makes  
  
As I sip of its nectar  
Drawn into its lair  
  
Drinking drop by drop  
As the caffeine takes over  
  
Rewriting my every nerve  
Turning me into a slave  
For its perverted pleasure  
  
Yes I love coffee  
But I am afraid   
  
Coffee is a harsh mistress   
Demanding so much of me  
  
Promising the sun  
And delivering the Moon  
  
As I drink her swill  
Deeping under her influence  
  
I have the coffee blues  
Can’t live with our her  
Can’t live with her  
  
I try  
But tea does not cut it   
Not really  
  
Booze does not do it   
At least not in the morning  
  
Yoga is not enough of a buzz  
Nor is the runner’s high  
  
And I am afraid deadly afraid of cocaine  
And speed and drugs and energy drinks  
  
And so I remain a slave to coffee  
My only legal drug   
  
As I sip another and fall under her seductive spread  
Once more failing my resolve  
  
To skip coffee for that day  
That morning that moment  
  
I shall never be free of her spell   
Ever and she knows it   
  
As she beckons me  
Every morning with her intoxicating smell  
  
And I come to her and drink her brew  
And become her slave again and again

## Author notes

last of coffee poems

## Freedom Rides the Waves of Fortune

by Jake Aller on September 30, 2016.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

Freedom rides the waves of fortune  
Flying hither and thither  
Flying far afield  
Closer, closer to my heart  
  
Over the vast spaces of our creation  
Lurking through the walls of desire  
Flying straight and true  
  
Let's fly far afield  
Far away  
To the land of Zara  
By the lakes of liquid gold  
Under the spreading leaves  
Of a boo boo tree  
  
And sit and meditate  
Where the land is free  
And men are more than gods  
  
And we see our true selves  
Through the smoke  
Of the burning cannabis leaves

## daed and confussed

by Jake Aller on September 30, 2016.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

One day  
I awoke  
From my illusions  
  
And saw life  
As it was  
  
Nothing but a drunken bum show  
  
All I knew  
Or thought I knew  
Did not matter at all  
  
All I knew  
Was but a lie  
  
Within a lie  
Warped up inside an enigma  
Surrounded by mysteries  
  
All I saw  
An illusion  
Am I dreaming this  
  
Or is it dreaming me  
When will, I awake  
Will I die  
  
When the world  
Quits dreaming of me  
  
Where is the I

## I feel that I might perchance be losing my mind

by Jake Aller on September 30, 2016.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

I feel that I might perchance be losing my mind  
It is falling slipping away from me  
  
Life being a process of non-being in infinite beingness  
I feel that I am losing my mind  
  
It is falling sliding away from me  
Forwards backward sideways falling away from me  
  
And my eyes surely also running away  
Screaming where's my head  
  
Where's my head  
I ain't got no head!  
  
Help me  
Help me  
Won't someone try to help me  
  
My head is gone  
Lost in a mist of inner insanity  
  
It is gone  
It is gone  
  
Help me find my head  
People are in my head saying  
  
Come let us leave him  
He must have time to invent his own language

## the voice of my doom

by Jake Aller on October 1, 2016.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

walking deep in the woods  
high above the city   
near the airport  
  
I heard them  
then saw them  
  
hideous black crows  
looking at me  
cackling at me  
laughing at me  
mocking me  
  
calling me names  
  
i asked what they wanted  
they laughed   
and said   
nothing but your doom  
  
and they flew around me  
dive bombing me  
  
and surrounding me  
calling me names  
in Korean and English  
  
as i fled down the trail  
with the demon birds  
hot on my trail 

## the End of the World Blues

by Jake Aller on December 10, 2016.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

The End of the World Blues  
  
The morning the world ended  
Was like any other morning  
  
Got up, shaved, dressed  
Ate two eggs, bacon,  
Drank snarling cups of black-hearted coffee  
  
Read the paper, watched the Today Show  
Rode the subway  
Came to work  
  
And found that everyone was dead  
Ice-cold stone  
  
The city went on  
The telephones rang on in the silence  
The lights lit up the empty night  
  
I wondered for a year and a half  
In the desolate, urban wasteland  
  
I saw her  
The girl smiled, beckoned me  
I approached, eagerly anticipating   
The rapturous joy  
  
She had a gun  
Stole my wallet, money  
And left me with the last case of VD  
Known to mankind  
  
I traveled all over the globe  
Seeing me turn to dust and then fade into dirt  
  
Man is a good fertilizer  
I could hear the birds cry  
  
  
I could see the killer rats  
Stalking the streets  
  
The dogs roaming in packs  
The roaches growing in size  
  
I walked all along  
In Harlem I saw men frozen  
In the very act of despicable crime  
  
No more murders  
No more rapes  
  
The war on crime was over  
For there were no more victims nor criminal’s either  
  
Finally, I came to Rome  
I found St. Peter's open  
  
  
I asked God,  
Why?  
  
And my voice echoing throughout eternity  
No answers  
  
In a world full of death  
Only the living asks why  
Then I tried to die  
  
Only found I was immortal  
The dream of immortality paled  
As I realized  
  
I could not die, I could not die  
  
Hundreds of years passed  
I studied everything and knew it all  
  
Then one day  
The statues came to life

## Author notes

imagining end of the world

## blue blues

by Jake Aller on December 10, 2016.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

Blue Blues  
  
I went over to the River  
Just to catch me a view  
I said I went over to the Damn River  
Just to catch me a god damn fine view  
  
I walked over to that bridge, built for two  
I walked over to that bridge, built for two  
Only problem was that there was only one of me   
  
I asked the old man River  
I said Old Man River   
What does it all mean?  
  
He said with an evil grin  
It doesn’t mean a thing  
Unless you can swing  
  
  
The Old Man River boogied out of sight   
Leaving me alone to pick up the pieces  
  
What does it mean  
If you ain’t got that swing?

## Dreams

by Jake Aller on December 10, 2016.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

They say the world  
Is a lonely place  
For those who are dreamers  
  
I dream all the time  
And never want to wake up  
  
To face the quiet despair  
That has become my life  
  
My dreams are so vivid, so real  
So much more than mere dreams  
  
And I return each night eagerly  
To the world of my dark dreams  
  
Am I the dreaming fool?  
Or is the real world the dreaming world  
I don’t know, and don't care  
So I sleep on, re-entering the dream world  
Hoping I can stay in my dreams forever and a day

## the truth is too strong for flies

by Jake Aller on December 10, 2016.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

The Truth Is Too Strong for Flies  
  
The hammer and the sickle are flying from their source  
The money mongers are dying in their force  
  
What's the use of living only lies?  
The truth is on1y meant for flies  
  
The quiet stillness of dawn   
Transfixes even an innocent fawn   
  
Into yet another pawn  
Of the changeling's Chinese chess game of power  
  
All I see or seem to be  
Is nothing but a broken down mirror  
Of the inner turmoil  
At the bottom of my soul   
  
  
In the miasmic narcotic mists  
Of the nefarious lake   
Swirling in the migraine headache of my mind  
  
No where can we escape our fate until that date  
We awaken to our deathless fate  
  
The eternal sphinx is puzzled  
Bored by useless speculation, he yawns and flies away   
Into the deadly dusty image, we inhabit  
  
Chanting, what's the use of living lies  
The truth is too strong for flies

## who is master

by Jake Aller on December 10, 2016.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

Who Is Master?  
  
In the beginning of that fateful day  
I awoke with a painful way  
  
And looked about me with disgust  
All around me were objects to distrust  
  
Screaming, meaning, deeming, dreaming  
Who was master here  
Me or my objects - machinery of fear?  
  
I dreamt I was on a street corner  
Walking down a street  
The thought occurred to me  
What if all that I saw or seemed to be  
Was but a trick designed to deceive me  
  
Everywhere I looked  
Was unreal, empirical, nightmarish real  
I awoke to thunderous applause  
  
When will I awake from my dreams  
Can I live without my nightmares?  
Can I be sane while everyone else is insane  
  
Who is master of my life,  
Me or my machines?

## they say there are a million ways to say I love you

by Jake Aller on January 4, 2017.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

  a million ways to say I love you  
by jake cosmos aller  
They say  
There are a million ways  
To say I love you  
  
In this day and age  
I could only find  
In my computer's brain  
The words to say I love you  
In 53 languages of the 10, 000 languages  
Spoken on this planet  
  
Someday I may be able  
To say the simple words  
I love you  
In all know languages  
This will have to suffice for a start  
  
So I will say it  
Loud, and clear  
Just so you understand:  
  
I love you (English)  
  
Mein tumse pyar karta hoon (Hindi)  
Tu Tane prem karoo chu (Gujarati)  
Ame tomake bhalo bashe (Bengali)  
Me tula premkarto (Marati)  
Hum apse mohabbat karte hain (Urdu)  
Mein thoda prem karanga (Punjabi)  
Man Dooset Daram (Persian)  
Ana Ahabik Yanooni (Arabic)  
Havala (Hebrew)  
  
Yongchon(Chinese)  
Aloha (Hawaian)  
Cinta(Indonesian)  
Dangshinun sarang hayo (Korean)  
Ajo (Japanese)  
Kasih (Malay)  
Phom tirak khun krap (Thai)  
Akoay Paginghe ikou (Tagalog)  
Toi yeu ong(Vietnamese)  
  
Renmen (Creole)  
Jesuis L'amour voies(French)  
Liefdle (Flemish)  
Estoy amor tu (Spanish)  
Yosono amore tu (Italian)  
Estou o amore tu (Portugese)  
  
Dashuri (Albanian)  
Maiteizam (Basque)  
OBHYAM (Bulgarian)  
Ljubav (Croatian)  
Laska (Czech)  
Jeger en kaerlighed du (Danish)  
Ikben houden van jig (Dutch)  
Gra (Gaelic)  
Ich bin lieben tu (German)  
Agape/eros (Greek)  
Ami (Esperanto)  
Armastama (Estonian)  
Rakam (Finish)  
Envagyok szeretet te (Hungarian)  
Elska (Icelandic)  
Ejekirin (Kurdish)  
Milestiba (Latvian)  
Meile (Lithuanian)  
Eu dragoste tu (Romanian)  
JHOBOEL Lubush (Russian)  
Elske (Norweigan)  
Easka (Slovak)  
JBYBAB (Serbian)  
Jagdan karlek du (Swedish)  
KOYATH (Ukraine)  
Benin sevi sen (Turkish)  
Ahava (Yiddish)  
  
Ngingu u thando ungu (Zulu)

## ode to love on valentine's day

by Jake Aller on January 4, 2017.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

Ode To Love On Valentine's Day  
  
Ever since I met you my dear  
My life has not been the same  
  
Before I found you  
I was lost, sad and lonely  
Going nowhere as fast as possible  
  
I was stuck  
Did not know what direction to pursue  
At the intersection watching life go by  
  
I was lost, lonely and full of despair  
Then one day I saw you  
  
The girl of my dream  
Standing there on the side of the road  
  
I was filled with terror  
Could not speak  
  
What if you refused to see me  
What if you denied my protestations of love  
  
What if you walked away  
Never to be seen again  
  
I knew I had to do something  
I had to do it then and there  
  
And then you came up to me  
Your voice   
  
The voice of an Angel  
Sweat, full of light  
  
Fun and entire sunshine  
  
Ever since the day I met you  
Whenever I feel down and depressed  
I look at your picture  
  
And sunshine fills my heart  
And I am confident, happy and ready   
  
To face all of life’s travails  
As long as I have your love  
And your support  
  
I can overcome all obstacles  
And face all dangers  
  
Together we can do most anything  
  
Without you I will be lost   
In the swamp of despair  
  
So my dear  
Please stay with me  
Forever to the end of time  
  
Let us journey forward  
Never looking back   
My love, my life  
  
The sun in the sky  
The moon that lights my dreams at night  
The stars that beacon far away   
  
Thank to the Gods above   
For bringing you into my life  
  
And I promise I will love you   
Forever and a day  
  
Just to see your face  
Is heaven itself  
  
Just to hear your voice  
Is all that I ever need  
  
My love, my soul mate  
Hurry back to me  
  
We have so much loving to do  
So much living to do   
So much to do together  
  
Walking confidently  
Boldly into the future  
  
Without you   
All is nothing  
But dust  
  
With you  
Everything is possible  
  
My love  
Until I see you again  
A thousand kisses  
  
And a million thoughts of love  
That will have to suffice  
Until we are reunited  
  
My love, my darling,   
My life and dreams  
  
Hurry back to rescue me  
From the despair and darkness  
All around me  
  
Until then  
I salute you  
  
Oh Queen of my Heart  
General of Love  
Captain of my Soul

## fragments of a dream

by Jake Aller on January 4, 2017.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

Fragments of a Dream   
  
I am a fifty plus man  
Who lives on in his head   
And dreams  
  
With the libido of an 20 year old  
Full of dreams  
  
Wild erotic fantasies about this women   
And that women  
All the time   
  
And desires for his wife  
Who when she is in the mood  
Is the best he ever had  
  
But getting her in the mood  
Makes him weary  
And frustrated  
  
And dreaming of sex   
  
So what can he do  
Continue the path  
Of least resistance  
  
Waiting for her to get in the mood  
Or change his game plan  
  
To get her in the mood more often  
  
That is the question  
That has no answer  
  
So on Valentine’s day  
He dreams of ultimate sex  
With the one true love of his life  
  
And waits for her   
To come to him   
  
When she is in the mood 

## How I Met Her

by Jake Aller on January 4, 2017.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

The Story of How We Met   
  
It all began in Berkeley, California  
In the spring time of 1974   
  
One fateful afternoon   
I was dozing in my high school  
Physics class.   
  
I looked up and saw   
A tall, beautiful Asian women   
standing looking at me.   
  
I screamed out,  
Who are you?   
  
She disappeared   
like she was beamed away from my dream.  
  
I knew that someday I would meet the girl   
In the dream  
  
Little did I know   
I would have to wait until 1982   
  
Starting that month  
I began having the same dream  
Month and month and month.  
  
Always the same.   
She was saying something   
To me in a strange language.   
  
Then one day I had the dream   
and knew that she was in Korea.  
  
So I chose to go Korea   
In the Peace Corps,   
  
Somehow knowing   
That I would meet her there.  
  
One day I was in a foul mood.  
I had decided to give up on dating Korean women,  
And on women in general   
  
After having had several relationships   
That did not go anywhere.    
  
I was thinking of returning to the States   
For Graduate school.   
  
That morning early in the morning  
I had the last of these dreams.    
  
This time I understood her.   
She said, “Don't worry.   
We’ll meet soon.”   
  
That evening   
As I was getting off the bus  
To go to my class   
I saw getting off the bus   
The girl in my dream.    
  
It was she!    
I was speechless.    
I did not know what to do.   
  
Over the course of the evening   
I ran into her several times.   
Finally I was introduced to her.  
  
I muttered some lame excuse   
About wanting to find a Korean tutor,   
and got her number.   
  
The next day she came to the gate of my base.  
Where I was teaching ESL to Koreans  
  
She said that she had to speak with me.  
I told to wait in the library for about an hour,   
and I would cancel class   
and meet her then.   
  
We went out for coffee.    
She told me that she was madly   
in love with me   
  
And simply had to have me.    
  
I told her I felt the same way.  
I proposed five days later,   
And got married one month later.  
  
Does she believe this story?    
She claims she does not believe it  
Because it is impossible to be true.   
  
But I know that there are other worlds   
And other times.   
  
In a past life we must have been together somehow.   
And our love was so strong   
That it crossed over the barrier of past lives.  
  
She found me in 1974,   
But it took until 1982   
For us to actually meet.   
  
And it has been 26 years  
Since we met in the physical sphere  
Or 37 years since the dream began  
  
And I still recall the dream  
And meeting her   
  
I had no choice  
When I met her   
  
We were fated to be together  
Until the end of this life time  
And the next and the next

## Author notes

this is a true story of how I met my wife. We've been married 37 years.

## Fate Intervened

by Jake Aller on January 4, 2017.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

Fate Intertwined  
  
  
It was many a year ago  
Eye 15 years ago  
That I was born again  
  
When I met the love of my life  
Who took away my sins, my fear   
And my self-doubt  
  
And I began an adventure  
That has not ended  
Together we have moved  
Down the path of Life  
  
And together we shall move on  
Forever and a day  
  
Our souls intertwined  
Our fates bewitched together  
Forever more  
  
My love  
My hope, my dream, my eternity

## Darling the Love of My Life

by Jake Aller on January 4, 2017.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

Darling, My Love Of My Life  
  
How much pain I feel today  
Because you are in pain  
  
I cannot rest, cannot sit still  
All I can do is worry and think  
What will I do  
  
If God takes you away from me?  
  
What would I do without you by my side?  
I cannot live without you  
  
You have to be there by my side or in my heart   
forever until the day I die   
  
I will not live without you  
This world is so cruel and mean   
  
I need someone like you  
By my side to fight the battles  
  
And encourage me to stand up  
And be counted  
  
I have learned so much   
Watching you  
  
You never back down  
Never give up  
And you win in the end  
  
With your unique mix of charm, guile and  
Iron will hidden within a velvet glove  
  
Clearly someday you will become  
One of the Masters of the World  
  
And I will be there by your side  
Your love, your confident and your greatest  
Fan of all  
  
I need you by my side   
Forever and a day  
  
Say you will be mine  
And I will die a happy man  
  
If you die before I do  
My life would end  
In a pit of utter despair  
  
So get up  
Fight   
Don't let the bugs get you down  
  
And I know we will have   
Many more years together  
  
Before we become an old couple   
Still walking down the street  
  
Full of wonder and love for each other  
My love, Forever 

## eternal love

by Jake Aller on January 4, 2017.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

Eternal Love  
  
I woke up   
And jumped out of my bed  
And stared out wildly   
Into a strange new environment  
  
Into the middle of it all  
There it stood  
A carbon copy man with no heart  
  
Starting down the freeways of my mind  
What the Hell can I find  
  
For years and years  
All I can do is cry  
For months and months  
All I can do is curl and die  
  
Then overnight   
A vision of radiant beauty  
  
Awoke me from my stupor and drunken bum shows  
The vision of my possible future  
Was you  
  
My love, my life and my dreams  
All I knew I knew alone  
  
All I can do is love you till   
The end of time

## memories of you

by Jake Aller on January 4, 2017.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

One Morning -Memories Of You  
2/22/01  
  
One morning  
I awoke with a vicious hangover   
Struggled all day  
Just couldn't make it at all  
  
Then I walked out of my gloom  
Into the bright light of the day   
And on that fine morning  
  
You walked into my life  
You were like a ray of light  
Piercing through the fog of despair  
You were a beacon  
  
Shinning on through the night   
You were a mightily candle  
In the midst of the darkest night  
  
Angela, my dear,   
I have no fear  
Where ever you are in this world  
Or the next one  
  
You have my love   
Till the ends of time  
  
My shinning beacon of hope  
And good cheer

## You Still Haunt My Life

by Jake Aller on January 4, 2017.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

You  
Still haunt my life  
  
You still fill  
Every moment of my thoughts  
With images of you  
  
Your voice  
Your smile  
Your way of being  
  
Fills me with awe  
Wonder, amazement  
  
And grace  
  
And still I wonder  
Yes, I wonder  
  
How did a wretched sinner  
A wretched, vile, no nothing of a man  
  
A low bum of the lowest order  
  
Meet such a radiant princess  
  
Truly  
It is a case of beauty and the beast  
  
And how and why  
You came into my life  
  
I do not understand  
  
But the moment I met you  
All those years ago  
  
I was filled with power   
Of your love  
  
Overwhelming me  
Over powering me  
  
Rewiring all my circuits  
In my corrupted body  
  
Turning a mere boy  
Into a Man  
  
And to you  
I salute you  
  
And worship you  
  
And give thanks  
Every day  
  
To all the gods above  
And the demons deep below  
  
That you found me

## Til the End of Time

by Jake Aller on January 4, 2017.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

Till The End Of Time  
  
I wake up out of bed  
And stare out wildly  
Into a strange new environment  
Into the middle of it all  
There it stood  
A carbon copy man with no heart  
  
Staring down the freeways of my mind  
What the hell can I find  
  
For years and years   
All I can do is cry  
For months and months  
All I can do is curl up and die  
  
Then overnight  
A vision of radiant beauty  
Awoke me from my stupor   
And drunken bum shows  
The vision of my possible future  
Was you, my love, my life, my dreams  
  
And all I knew  
I knew alone  
  
Some day  
In the future  
I will meet you my dream girl   
  
Until then  
All I can do is love you   
Till the ends of time 

## angel of desire

by Jake Aller on January 4, 2017.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

Angel Of Desire   
  
One day,  
A long, long, long time ago  
  
In a distant land and place  
There lived a lonely, wretched man  
  
He was filled with anger, hatred and despair  
All was lost, darkness and gloom  
  
He wandered the world  
Here and there  
  
Looking for something  
He knew not what  
  
Then one fine evening  
He looked up and saw  
A vision, an angel of delight  
  
A woman of divine splendor  
A lady so fantastic  
He thought surely he was dreaming  
  
He did not know what to say  
He did not what to do  
  
All he could do  
Was stare at this unearthly vision  
  
He approached her  
He needed her  
He wanted her  
  
He knew that if he could not have her  
He would surely die  
  
His mind was aflutter  
His mind was filled  
With the vision of that beauty  
Overwhelming him with desire  
  
Soon he met her  
Wooed her, married her  
  
Life changed forever from that moment forward  
  
The gloom lifted  
The darkness was banished  
  
Sunshine filled his heart  
And music filled his ears  
  
Every time he looked at her  
His heart went aflutter  
He could not live without her  
  
Then one day  
This man was forced to live  
Another life of loneliness  
  
Despair and Darkness  
All Around him yet again  
  
The lady of his dreams  
The angel of his desire  
Lives 10, 000 miles away  
  
Leaving him darkness, gloom and despair  
  
The only hope he has   
Is that soon, one day  
  
This separation will end   
Forever more  
  
And then he will be complete yet again  
With his Angel of Desire  
  
And the Darkness, gloom and anger  
Will be banished forever more  
In the brightness of her eternal smile  
  
So he lies down to sleep  
And sees his Angel in his Dreams  
  
Wakes up with a smile  
Knowing soon he will be with her  
  
Forever more together  
With his Angel of Desire

## Jesus Must Die Again

by Jake Aller on January 29, 2017.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

NYC City Police Report  
July 5 10 a.m.  
  
Police officer Smith took the initial call and responded to report of a disturbed indivual walking about South Bronx naked, bleeding and screaming gibberish.  Smith approached the subject, who was wandering the streets, screaming.  Subject was 6 foot tall, of possible Middle Eastern descent.  Subject was wandering the street looking intently to automobiles as if he had never seen an automobile.  Subject appeared to be on drugs or undergoing a psychotic break down.  Subject was unable to communicate in English, Spanish or Arabic. Subject had no identification or money on him.  Subject appeared to be dehydrated and in considerable pain from what looked like whip marks.  Subject was bleeding from many wounds but appeared to be otherwise healthy. Subject refused to cooperate, and back up was called.  Patrol Smith radioed the station for advice.  Lt. Amos contacted Bellevue Hospital and arranged for an emergency incarceration, as the subject was clearly a danger to himself and others.  Four police officers approached the subject and subdued him with a tazer.    He was brought to Bellevue and admitted at 1130 a.m.  Dr.  Johnson was the admitting physician.  
  
Case closed July 5 11 a.m   
  
Dr. Johnson Case notes Case of John Doe, Aka Bleeding Man from the Bronx Aka Jesus   
  
July 5 1130 a.m.  Subject was found wandering around South Bronx this morning muttering gibberish to himself.  Subject was clearly delusional, and appeared capable of becoming violent and was brought to the hospital for evaluation.  Subject was bleeding from various wounds that appeared to have been caused by whips.  Subject appeared to be of Middle Eastern descent but did not seem to communicate in Arabic, English, Spanish or any other language.  Subject was taken to the clinic for first aid treatment, x-rays, blood tests, and x-rays.  Subject was also given a DNA screening and fingerprinted.  Subject was then given sedatives and allowed to sleep.    
  
My assistant, Dr. Amerada, suggested that he be allowed to interview the subject.  Dr. Amerada said that he thought the subject might be speaking Amharic, which is spoken in his native land.   
The interview was taped.  Transcript follows:  
  
Dr. A:  Hello.  Can you understand my language?  
  
Subject:  Yes, praise the lord, finally someone I can talk to.  Where am I?  What is this place?  How did I get here? Why am I here?   
  
Dr.  A:  Okay, good.  Let's start at the basis. I'll answer your questions after you answer a few of mine.  Okay?  
  
Subject:  Fine.  Ask me anything.  
  
Dr.A:  Okay, what is your name?  Where are you from?  What were you doing in the Bronx?  How did you get those wounds? What is your usual occupation?   
  
Subject:  Okay.  My name is Jesus Nazarene. My father was Joseph of Nazarene.  I was a carpenter.  I was also a part-time preacher.  I got into trouble with the local authorities because I had denounced the corruption in the Temple and the unholy alliance with the Roman authorities.  Some of my followers thought I was the son of God.  I do admit that I seemed to be able to sense divine will and had preached that the Messiah would come soon.  However, the Son of God?  Therefore, my followers sold me out to the Romans and I was condemned to die.  I was whipped, flogged, and left to die nailed to a cross on a hilltop.  The next thing I knew I found myself in your city streets.  I was confused – I had never seen so many people and strange carts.  Everything was just too much.  I screamed out thinking I was in some sort of Hell.  Then uniformed soldiers shot me at with some strange weapon and I found myself here.  I still do not know where I am or why I did not die that day.   
  
Dr.A: You claim you are Jesus. The Jesus born of Mary and Joseph that the Gospels talk about?  
  
Subject:  My name is Jesus.  My father was Joseph, my mother was Mary, and my brother is James.  However, I do not know what these Gospels are that you mentioned.  
  
Dr. A:  Okay.  Let us see.  You were left to die on that cross when?  
  
Subject:  In the springtime.  I do not know the date exactly but it was early spring.  There were quite a few other so-called criminals put to death that day by order of Pontius Pilate, the corrupt ruler of Jerusalem.  The Priests wanted me to be killed as they thought I was a troublemaker and would ruin their cozy relations with the Romans.  All I was preaching was that the end times were coming and that we must rise up against our oppressors.  Can I ask you a few questions?  
  
Dr. A: sure.   
  
Subject:  Okay where am I?  What is this city?  Am I on the planet Earth?  Am I in heaven or Hell?  Why was I brought here?  
  
Dr. A:  Okay. You are in a city called New York City.  It is on the planet Earth.  The Roman Emperor fell 1500 hundred years ago.  When Jesus died, his followers founded a religion that has flourished since then.  Most people in this country believed that Jesus was the Son of God and that he died for our sins.  If you are that Jesus, it is a miracle that you have come back after 2000 years.  However, I think it is more likely that you are suffering from a mental illness and we will help you recover your real identity.  However, you have to help us.  Can you tell us where you were living before you went to the Bronx yesterday?  
  
Subject:  I am not crazy.  My name is Jesus but I do not know if I am the Jesus that you speak of.  The Roman Empire is no more? 2000 years passed?  I do not know how I got here.  I have never been to this city and this country.  I was living in Jerusalem when I was arrested  
  
Dr. A: Okay.  Let's take a break.  Would you like to eat something?  
  
Subject:  yes. Some fish, bread and rice would be nice.  
  
Dr. A: Okay, I will order in.    
  
Subject:  How did you do that?  What is that device?  Who are you people?  
  
  
  
  
  
Dr A:  It is a telephone – a device that allows us to communicate long distances.  It was invented 200 years ago.  If you are who you claim to be, you have a lot of catching up to do.  We want to help you discover who you really are.  
  
Subject:  I am Jesus, that is all.  I am not the Son of God.  I am a simple carpenter and a prophet of God.  That's was my mission.  I want to know more about the people who call themselves Christians.  
  
Dr. A: Well, we can give some reading material once you are able to read and write.  Can you write?  
  
Subject:  Yes, I can read and write Latin and Hebrew and Greek too. I liked to read as a hobby.  What language are you speaking?  
  
Dr. A:  English, the major world language today.  It is derived from that spoken by those people living in Britain in your era.   
  
Subject:  I want to rest.  Tomorrow can I go out into the city and walk around?  I want to experience my new surroundings.  In addition, I want someone to start teaching me how to speak and read your language.  I believe that my mission is to spread the word to your people.  I have so much to learn and do.  
  
End of Interview with Subject  
  
Dr. Tom Johnson was watching the interview via a one-way mirror.  He was moved deeply by the experience as he was raised as a Catholic but was no longer church going.  Just too busy and besides he was pretty skeptical these days, particularly with the radical Christians making inroads into every profession including the mental health field, which had for a long time been dominated by agnostics and non-religious secularists.  The radical right was forever denouncing the evils of secular humanism.  Tom did not know what that was exactly other than it seemed to described him and his friends.   
  
That night Tom went out to a party and mentioned to several of his friends at the party that he had interviewed the "bleeding man from the Bronx"   
  
"I think he is suffering from some religious delusion.  He was found wondering the streets muttering gibberish and bleeding from wounds.  He did not seem to understand any language we tried until my college, Dr. Amerada tried speaking Amharic.  The subject understood that and claimed that he was Jesus, and was crucified by the Romans for being a troublemaker and formatting revolution.  Complete nonsense of course.  "  
  
Sara, a fellow psychologist who had a private practice specializing in cases of religious delusions was fascinated.  She asked Tom for more details.  Tom demurred, saying that he had probably already said too much.   
  
Sara called the next day and offered to treat the Bleeding man pro bono provided they could find some place he could stay, as the 72 hours of involuntary commitment would run out soon.  
  
Tom called Dr.  Amerada into his office.   
  
Tom started by asking for an update on the Bleeding man case.   
  
Jerry responded,  
  
" Well, you may find this hard to believe but I am inclined to believe him.  Either he is who he is claiming to be or this is one of the most unusual religious delusion cases I have ever heard about.  I understand that our friend Sara is interested in meeting him?"  
  
"Jerry, Sara has even offered to treat him pro-bono if we can find a place for him to stay.  What I want to do is get him out of her before the media descends upon us with stories of 'Jesus being locked up in Bellevue' etc get out.  I figure we have probably until the end of the day before someone talks to the media.  Any ideas?"  
  
"Well, since I believe him I would like to help.  I think some of my Coptic Christian friends can hide him away in the Bronx.  You know that reporters usually do not like to go over there – too dangerous etc.  My friends could put him up and help by having someone teach him English and basic survival skills.  However, to pull this off we need a plan – let me talk to my friends.  Do not worry I will not talk to the press and my friends well some of them are afraid of immigration so they will want to keep him hidden as well.  One thing we could do though is have our police friends run a fingerprint and record search – see if any missing person reports match up and see if there are any immigration records with his fingerprints on it.  However, if he is an illegal may be no record.  Who knows?"  
  
"Jerry, I'll leave the details to you but make sure no one talks.  We will say if asked that he was released in the custody of his cousin who claims that he took some illegal drugs and had a bad trip.  He is no longer dangerous and therefore had to be released. Standard policy etc.  I'll talk to my friends in the police and see if we can get a discrete record check done."  
  
About 5 pm that night Jerry Amerada had made arrangements.  Several Coptic Christians came to the hospital in a van and after filling out the paperwork took the bleeding man from the hospital.  He was marked down as "released to relatives. Identity not confirmed.  No longer dangerous to self or others.  Relatives promised to pay hospital bills which will be sent to them."  
  
Jesus was taken to the South Bronx and to a Coptic Christian Church.  He was given a room and a tutor.  Dr. Amerada came by daily to catch up on him.  After several weeks had gone by, Tom was feeling pleased.  The media had forgotten the story.  No one seemed to have spoken out of school and Tom thought to himself that it was just another weird case and he vowed to call Sara up one of these days to see if she had indeed met the bleeding man.  Tom still could not bring himself to call him Jesus.    
  
Jerry was profoundly affected by Jesus and he believed him and wanted to help him in his new ministry.  The Coptic Christian church members were all sworn to secrecy by Jesus himself.  Jerry had explained a bit about contemporary Christian society and the divisions between Catholics, Orthodox, and the many different types of Protestants.   
  
Jesus was making considerable progress in learning English and could communicate basic English and had started learning to read.  Jesus told the church one Sunday that he felt he should help the church out and offered to pay for his room and board as the repairperson for the Church.   
  
The Chief priest had to explain to Jesus the facts of life.   
  
"Jesus, if I hire you I have to prove that you are here legally.  You have no ID, no history, and no records.  If you start working, you would draw attention to yourself.  DHS might even come by to talk to you.  You   
might even be arrested.  Once you are arrested if you claim to be Jesus we will not be able to help you.  Half the population in this country will think you are a fraud, the other half will want to worship you as the son of God.  Everything you say will be written down and interpreted.  "  
  
Father Azeri, I appreciate your help.  I appreciate you taking me in, feeding me, and putting up with me. Nevertheless, I cannot live off your charity any more.  I know I was brought back for a reason.  It is to combat the same sort of people that were ruining the Church in my days.  The money changers. The philistines.  They have sold my religious teachings out.  They did not understand me then and they do not understand me now.    
  
Let us make a deal.  I will stay here quietly for six more months until I can communicate my message in English and until I understand a bit more about modern society and life.  In the meantime, my tutor tells me that there are fake ID's and identity documents I can obtain? "  
  
"Jesus, my friend, you make it difficult to say no.  Okay, you stay here for six months more as our guest.  At that point we will get you some sort of paper work and see what we can do to get you a job and money. "  
  
"Dr. Azeri.  There is something more you can and will do for me.  Once I am ready to begin my campaign to clean up Christianity you will support me in all that I do.  It will be dangerous.  I think the enemies of the truth faith are all around and have taken over the true faith.  Once I start preaching it will become very dangerous."  
  
Dr.  Azeri assured him that he would have his support and told his staff that Jesus would be staying for six more months as their guest and that he will start preaching again in six months time.   
  
During the next six months, Jesus works hard on his English and learning all he could about the modern world including the history of religion.  He is dismayed and mortified at what had been done in his name and in the name of God.  Jesus knew in his heart that he was brought back to purify Christianity and to unify mankind by preaching a new religious message.  He began to deeply delve into Islam and Buddhist teachings and spent his days on the internet or in the library.  He visited mosques and Buddhist temples in NYC.   
  
Jesus signed up for various e-mail religious sites and began posting messages on various bulletin boards.  Word slowly began spreading out among various belief sites that a man calling himself Jesus and claiming to be the one true messiah had come back and was living in NYC waiting to begin his mission to planet earth.  
  
Leaders of the Christian coalition, right wing Christian groups and the Catholic Church in Rome soon heard from their followers that someone claiming to be Jesus was on the internet denouncing modern day Christian leaders for betraying the true meaning of Christianity.  
  
One of Jesus's postings got Rev. Jones, the leader of the new Christian movement in the U.S. very angry.  Reverend Jones had spent ten years trying to bring together the various right wing Christian groups together into a new unified movement which he labeled the "new Christian movement". His goals as listed on his web page was simple"  
  
We aim at nothing less than a take over of the US Government by the Christian movement and the establishment of a biblical centric government in the U.S.   
  
The US will become a shining star spreading Christian values worldwide.  
  
We will ban all immoral conduct and shut down the adult entertainment industry.  
  
We will clean up America by banning drugs, alcohol and tobacco products.  
  
Premarital and extra marital sex will be illegal and severely punished.  
  
Homosexuality will be illegal and punished by death.  
  
Abortion will be illegal.  
  
We will make Christianity a State Religion.  Non-Christians will be free to worship at home, but will not be allowed to publicly recruit.  The Islamic faith will be made illegal and all Mosques will be shut down and all Muslim believers will be given a choice – convert to Christianity or leave the U.S.  They will be given one year to comply.  
Immigration laws will be made fairer – workers will be allowed to come but only Christians of good character will be allowed to become citizens.  
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Dr. A: Okay.  Let's take a break.  Would you like to eat something?  
  
Subject:  yes. Some fish, bread and rice would be nice.  
  
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Immigration laws will be made fairer – workers will be allowed to come but only Christians of good character will be allowed to become citizens.  
NYC City Police Report  
July 5 10 a.m.  
  
Police officer Smith took the initial call and responded to report of a disturbed indivual walking about South Bronx naked, bleeding and screaming gibberish.  Smith approached the subject, who was wandering the streets, screaming.  Subject was 6 foot tall, of possible Middle Eastern descent.  Subject was wandering the street looking intently to automobiles as if he had never seen an automobile.  Subject appeared to be on drugs or undergoing a psychotic break down.  Subject was unable to communicate in English, Spanish or Arabic. Subject had no identification or money on him.  Subject appeared to be dehydrated and in considerable pain from what looked like whip marks.  Subject was bleeding from many wounds but appeared to be otherwise healthy. Subject refused to cooperate, and back up was called.  Patrol Smith radioed the station for advice.  Lt. Amos contacted Bellevue Hospital and arranged for an emergency incarceration, as the subject was clearly a danger to himself and others.  Four police officers approached the subject and subdued him with a tazer.    He was brought to Bellevue and admitted at 1130 a.m.  Dr.  Johnson was the admitting physician.  
  
Case closed July 5 11 a.m   
  
Dr. Johnson Case notes Case of John Doe, Aka Bleeding Man from the Bronx Aka Jesus   
  
July 5 1130 a.m.  Subject was found wandering around South Bronx this morning muttering gibberish to himself.  Subject was clearly delusional, and appeared capable of becoming violent and was brought to the hospital for evaluation.  Subject was bleeding from various wounds that appeared to have been caused by whips.  Subject appeared to be of Middle Eastern descent but did not seem to communicate in Arabic, English, Spanish or any other language.  Subject was taken to the clinic for first aid treatment, x-rays, blood tests, and x-rays.  Subject was also given a DNA screening and fingerprinted.  Subject was then given sedatives and allowed to sleep.    
  
My assistant, Dr. Amerada, suggested that he be allowed to interview the subject.  Dr. Amerada said that he thought the subject might be speaking Amharic, which is spoken in his native land.   
The interview was taped.  Transcript follows:  
  
Dr. A:  Hello.  Can you understand my language?  
  
Subject:  Yes, praise the lord, finally someone I can talk to.  Where am I?  What is this place?  How did I get here? Why am I here?   
  
Dr.  A:  Okay, good.  Let's start at the basis. I'll answer your questions after you answer a few of mine.  Okay?  
  
Subject:  Fine.  Ask me anything.  
  
Dr.A:  Okay, what is your name?  Where are you from?  What were you doing in the Bronx?  How did you get those wounds? What is your usual occupation?   
  
Subject:  Okay.  My name is Jesus Nazarene. My father was Joseph of Nazarene.  I was a carpenter.  I was also a part-time preacher.  I got into trouble with the local authorities because I had denounced the corruption in the Temple and the unholy alliance with the Roman authorities.  Some of my followers thought I was the son of God.  I do admit that I seemed to be able to sense divine will and had preached that the Messiah would come soon.  However, the Son of God?  Therefore, my followers sold me out to the Romans and I was condemned to die.  I was whipped, flogged, and left to die nailed to a cross on a hilltop.  The next thing I knew I found myself in your city streets.  I was confused – I had never seen so many people and strange carts.  Everything was just too much.  I screamed out thinking I was in some sort of Hell.  Then uniformed soldiers shot me at with some strange weapon and I found myself here.  I still do not know where I am or why I did not die that day.   
  
Dr.A: You claim you are Jesus. The Jesus born of Mary and Joseph that the Gospels talk about?  
  
Subject:  My name is Jesus.  My father was Joseph, my mother was Mary, and my brother is James.  However, I do not know what these Gospels are that you mentioned.  
  
Dr. A:  Okay.  Let us see.  You were left to die on that cross when?  
  
Subject:  In the springtime.  I do not know the date exactly but it was early spring.  There were quite a few other so-called criminals put to death that day by order of Pontius Pilate, the corrupt ruler of Jerusalem.  The Priests wanted me to be killed as they thought I was a troublemaker and would ruin their cozy relations with the Romans.  All I was preaching was that the end times were coming and that we must rise up against our oppressors.  Can I ask you a few questions?  
  
Dr. A: sure.   
  
Subject:  Okay where am I?  What is this city?  Am I on the planet Earth?  Am I in heaven or Hell?  Why was I brought here?  
  
Dr. A:  Okay. You are in a city called New York City.  It is on the planet Earth.  The Roman Emperor fell 1500 hundred years ago.  When Jesus died, his followers founded a religion that has flourished since then.  Most people in this country believed that Jesus was the Son of God and that he died for our sins.  If you are that Jesus, it is a miracle that you have come back after 2000 years.  However, I think it is more likely that you are suffering from a mental illness and we will help you recover your real identity.  However, you have to help us.  Can you tell us where you were living before you went to the Bronx yesterday?  
  
Subject:  I am not crazy.  My name is Jesus but I do not know if I am the Jesus that you speak of.  The Roman Empire is no more? 2000 years passed?  I do not know how I got here.  I have never been to this city and this country.  I was living in Jerusalem when I was arrested  
  
Dr. A: Okay.  Let's take a break.  Would you like to eat something?  
  
Subject:  yes. Some fish, bread and rice would be nice.  
  
Dr. A: Okay, I will order in.    
  
Subject:  How did you do that?  What is that device?  Who are you people?  
  
  
  
  
  
Dr A:  It is a telephone – a device that allows us to communicate long distances.  It was invented 200 years ago.  If you are who you claim to be, you have a lot of catching up to do.  We want to help you discover who you really are.  
  
Subject:  I am Jesus, that is all.  I am not the Son of God.  I am a simple carpenter and a prophet of God.  That's was my mission.  I want to know more about the people who call themselves Christians.  
  
Dr. A: Well, we can give some reading material once you are able to read and write.  Can you write?  
  
Subject:  Yes, I can read and write Latin and Hebrew and Greek too. I liked to read as a hobby.  What language are you speaking?  
  
Dr. A:  English, the major world language today.  It is derived from that spoken by those people living in Britain in your era.   
  
Subject:  I want to rest.  Tomorrow can I go out into the city and walk around?  I want to experience my new surroundings.  In addition, I want someone to start teaching me how to speak and read your language.  I believe that my mission is to spread the word to your people.  I have so much to learn and do.  
  
End of Interview with Subject  
  
Dr. Tom Johnson was watching the interview via a one-way mirror.  He was moved deeply by the experience as he was raised as a Catholic but was no longer church going.  Just too busy and besides he was pretty skeptical these days, particularly with the radical Christians making inroads into every profession including the mental health field, which had for a long time been dominated by agnostics and non-religious secularists.  The radical right was forever denouncing the evils of secular humanism.  Tom did not know what that was exactly other than it seemed to described him and his friends.   
  
That night Tom went out to a party and mentioned to several of his friends at the party that he had interviewed the "bleeding man from the Bronx"   
  
"I think he is suffering from some religious delusion.  He was found wondering the streets muttering gibberish and bleeding from wounds.  He did not seem to understand any language we tried until my college, Dr. Amerada tried speaking Amharic.  The subject understood that and claimed that he was Jesus, and was crucified by the Romans for being a troublemaker and formatting revolution.  Complete nonsense of course.  "  
  
Sara, a fellow psychologist who had a private practice specializing in cases of religious delusions was fascinated.  She asked Tom for more details.  Tom demurred, saying that he had probably already said too much.   
  
Sara called the next day and offered to treat the Bleeding man pro bono provided they could find some place he could stay, as the 72 hours of involuntary commitment would run out soon.  
  
Tom called Dr.  Amerada into his office.   
  
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e to the true Jesus. He denounces the false Jesus killer as a dangerous secular humanist who was working with the Democratic National party to discredit the real lord Jesus. .  Rev Jones announces he will hold a funeral ceremony for the Jesus, who will be buried in Colorado Spring, which will be, renamed New Jerusalem in honor of the True Jesus, who will truly come again when we are ready to receive him.  Until then we will wage a revolution against the enemies of the True Jesus preparing ourselves for his return.  God Bless America.  Good Night. “

## Author notes

this addresses the question of what would happen if Jesus came back from the crucifixion and found himself in modern America?

## Just another night in the city of angels

by Jake Aller on January 29, 2017.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

"Just Another Night in The City of Angels,"  
  
Short story   
  
By  
  
John (Jake) Cosmos Aller  
  
Sam Adams worked in the U.S. Embassy in Bangkok helping Americans who got into trouble. And in Bangkok, the City of Angels, middle-aged American males, always got into trouble. Bangkok attracted the down and out and looser flotsam American male like a lamp attracts moths - just could not keep them away. Most of the deaths involved drugs, alcohol, and wild sex. Occasionally violent deaths occurred when the American refused to pay for services rendered or refused to pay for drugs consumed.  Heroin was plentiful as was speed - that Thais called speed "Bhai Lay" or “crazy drug” and the authorities were concerned over the spreading domestic drug crisis. But for now, drugs were still widely available. Sam had dealt with 40 deaths in his time in Bangkok, and at least as many arrests. Although most deaths were routine, traffic accidents being the number one killer of the unwary drunk, every so often, a big old messy mysterious death case arrived on the Embassy doorstep.  Unfortunately, these cases usually happened at closing hour, or in the middle of the night and Sam was always on call – other than routine death cases.   And there was a full moon effect Sam swore – on the nights of the full moon the crazies were out for blood and Bangkok always had its full share of crazy shit.  Just went with the territory.   
  
Usually, the police called up reporting they had found a dead American in a hotel room who had died from a drug overdose, too much alcohol or a heart attack after a sexual discussion with a "Khatoey".  The "Khatoey" were infamous throughout Asia. The story goes - the most beautiful drop dead gorgeous women working the Go Go bar scene were depending on one’s view, not quite 100 percent women.   These cases occurred almost daily and Sam always went to the police station, and then to the scene of the crime, usually accompanied by his Thai assistant, the talented and beautiful Khun Air also know to the Embassy staff as “Khun Death” as she handled the paperwork for the death cases.  Sam and Khun Air had a good working relationship although Sam often lusted after Khun Air and she tolerated his flirtations and Sam thought perhaps someday soon they would transition towards a personal relationship.  But for now it was strictly business.   
  
When Sam first heard of the mysterious death of John Sam Washington, he thought “Just another drunken middle-aged man cheating on his wife while on a sex tourist stop in Bangkok."  This case, though, was weirder than most.   He received the call at home about 12 am and he called Khun Air to let her know to meet him at the station about 1 am and they would go to the hotel etc. before coming to the Embassy.  Then he called his boss to let him know the status and that he would be a bit late and he headed to the police station.    These late night calls were the norm in his office.   
  
The station was located near the foreigner bar districts off of Sukavit Road.   Sam was well known at the station and his drinking buddy. Sargent Dang, was the Sargent in charge.   He was a middle aged Thai cop who has seen it all and been working with the foreign embassy staff for decades.  He liked Sam the most of all the foreign embassy staff.  Sam had a down to earth cynical sense of humor and was not arrogant or stuck up as most of the diplomatic staff tended to be. And Sam liked to drink with the local police after hours.    
  
When they arrived, Kuhn Dang, took Sam aside when he arrived and said, "You will not believe this, Kuhn Sam, - we found the deceased covered with green blood.  When our guys ran in the door they saw Khun Lek the eye witness getting dressed but the male American victim was all cut up in little pieces as if some animal had taken a bite out of him.  And his cock had been bitten off and was missing. “  
  
Sam responded,  
  
“You right, I don’t believe it.  Must be the full moon night. What could have caused this? I did not think that there were any wild animals in town?”  
  
“well whatever killed him tore him up pretty bad and the green blood smells like hell.  Never saw that before.  So let’s go to the hotel.  We have detained the witness, Khun Lek. She is a Khatoey but a mean as hell SOB who has been screaming that she needs to see a lawyer. “  
  
“So what did she say?”  
  
“Well, she admitted that she had gone to the room to have sex with the guy but when walked into the room to have sex with him she saw him there - dead and saw a monstrous creature on top of him ripping him apart with her teeth and claws.  The creature has red leathery skin and five or six arms and huge wings.  The creature took one look at her and flew out the window into the night carrying away Mr. Washington's cock."  
  
They went to the hotel room, and Sam saw the badly cut up Mr. Washington, and saw the green slime covering his body, mixed in with his red blood.  Khun Lek came into the room and leered at Sam and then told her story.  
  
“Well you see I met him at my club, Hollywood.  And he gave me some money, paid the bar fee and we arranged to meet up here. When I got here the door was open and I saw this thing on top of him ripping apart his flesh.  It was hideous, had red skin, wings and six arms.  The thing looked up and me, then flew out the window taking Sam’s cock with it.  I went downstairs and called the cops. They came over and then we called you. That’s it.”  
  
Sam looked at her, and said,   
  
“Khun Lek, I don’t believe you.  Khun Dang said that you have a reputation for violence and have been charged with assault before.  “  
  
“yeah but how do you explain the green blood?”  
  
“beats me.  Okay, they will detain you for further questioning.  I am done here.”  
  
Khun Lek called out,  
  
“see you at the Hollywood and I will let you buy me a drink, I know you want me.”  
  
Sam and Khun Death left and went to the Embassy.  He had the unenviable task of reporting the death of an American citizen. He had to return to the Embassy in the dead of night to call the next of kin. He found a Mrs. Washington listed with a phone number in the victim’s passport.  
  
He was usually very circumspect and tactful when speaking to the deceased.  No reason to let her know her husband was found naked by a trannie Khatoey hooker who may have killed him.  And he certainly did not want to tell her that he may have been killed by some “freazoid “monster from his worst nightmares.  Just no upside to that he figured.  He figured that she did not need to know yet.  In time perhaps if it is in the official police report he might let her know but tonight he was the bearer of bad news.  
  
He reached her on the phone and told her why he was calling.  
  
"Mrs. Washington, this is Sam Adams calling from the U.S. Embassy in Bangkok. I am afraid I have some bad news. Your husband, Sam is dead. He was apparently killed by a wild vicious attack. We are not sure how it happened actually but he was found dead and his body torn up. I am sorry to be the bearer of bad news."  
  
"Sam, the son of a bitch is dead? Good riddance. I'd much rather be a widow than a divorcee anyway. That way I inherit everything and keep the property away from his brothers. Fuck it. Did he die while having sex?  You know he was on a sex tour to celebrate our pending divorce."  
  
"Well, he was found by a prostitute but only after he had been mauled by a wild animal or a crazed drug addict."  
  
"Well as the next of kin, I really don't want to bring him back for a funeral but I will leave that up to his siblings to arrange. Just tell me what I have to do to bring him back."  
  
"Well, we will be touch then.  Let me give you my phone and email numbers."  
  
Sam explained the process and promised to call with the details the next day. He went home exhausted as he usually was after talking to the grieving family members. This was his 40th death call and they never were routine or pleasant.  The next day he finished the paperwork, and they prepared the death certificates and the mortuary certificates and Sam and Khun Death took custody of the victim’s property found in his hotel room.  The usual clothes, personal items and a journal – that was pornographic – he was on a sex tour of Thailand to celebrate his pending divorce. Sam decided that he would conveniently forget to send the lap top to the next of kin.  Besides he could possibly publish the journal on the side and make a lot of money. First time that Sam had thought of doing that.   
  
That night Sam decided he needed a few drinks and ended up in the Hollywood club on Nana Plaza on Sukavit Road and saw Kuhn Lek standing there. She/he invited Sam over for a night cap. Sam said "What the hey. I deserve it." Sam had been with a number of the girls in Soi Cowboy but he had yet been with a Khatoey and was looking forward to the experience.   
  
They went into the back room. Kuhn Lek took off her clothes revealing a stunningly beautiful body beneath her clothes. They started kissing and fooling around and Sam looked down and noticed that Kuhn Lek was turning reddish in color, and her skin was becoming leathery.  
  
Sam jumped up alarmed and backed away from her - just as she transformed into a hideous creature with leathery wings and tentacles like that of a squid or octopus. She hissed "Sam, I am a Cthulu from the planet Sirius and I have existed for years. I live to eat human animals like you. You can't escape your fate." Kuhn Lek plunged at Sam.  
  
Sam ran out the door and into his colleagues who were looking for him. Sam turned and saw Kuhn Lek flying off through the window and disappearing into the gloomy night air of Bangkok.   
  
Sam went to the hospital to be tested for drugs as his friends thought that someone had laced his drinks as he was obviously hallucinating. He was found to be drunk but not on drugs and he went home.  
  
The next day he wrote down everything and reported it to his boss and to the security chief. They did not believe him but his police contacts told him that they had heard of this creature before and regaled him with other tales of men being torn apart by vicious creatures after encountering a khatoey.  
  
Sam became somewhat famous among the local staff and Embassy folks and the story of the Cthulu beast spread around town. Sam just concluded that it was a case of TIT – this is Thailand and just another night in the city of Angels. He never saw Khun Lek again – she had fled the scene.

## Author notes

just another night in Bangkok

## Rise Up America

by Jake Aller on January 29, 2017.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

Rise Up America!  The End of Empire and the Rise of the New Americas   
  
Short Story  
J Cosmos  
  
June 2022  
  
Sam Harris was one of the architects of the New Americas that we see emerging from the ashes of the old Imperial America that has collapsed along with much of the global economy.  He was the Senior Advisor to the President of the California Free States who played a key role in negotiating an end to the civil war that led to the breakup of the American empire and the rise of six competing successor states.  
  
His role in all of this was almost accidental as he was happy to just retire when the world fell apart and he was asked, begged to come back and work for the New Government emerging in SF.   
  
He had been working for the US State Department at the time and was stationed in Kathmandu and preparing to return to retire when the world fell apart that fall right after the elections of 2012 – the elections that led to the establishment of the Christian States of America, and the collapse of the United States of America into eight competing nation states.  
Just to bring you all up to speed, for those of you who may have missed some of the details, or still believe the propaganda which passes for news in much of the world.  
  
The world now has survived twenty years since the break-up of the American, Russian and Chinese Empires and the rise of the Caliph in the Mideast, along with the collapse of the global world trading system when the oil finally started running out sooner than anyone expected.  
It all ended peacefully, somehow, and people wonder about that and that is perhaps where God, if he exists, or Buddha or Allah or the giant spider monster played a role if they exist.  But a rational mind can also understand that at the very moment it appeared that the world would end with Armageddon sanity at last prevailed and we all negotiated a peaceful divorce.    At least the American Empire did, the Russians and Chinese did not and there were limited nuclear wars in Russia and China as successor states gradually emerged.  
Western Europe was largely unaffected as everyone in the world needed their expertise, money and help.  So Europe, which once thought that they would become increasingly marginal, became a central player in the modern post American Imperial world.    
So this is the state of play nowadays:  
North America consists of six successor states to the old US dominated North American NAFTA area.    The West Coast consists of Northwestern California, (North of Monterey and west of the Sierras, Western Oregon, Western Washington, British Colombia, Hawaii, Guam and America Samoa.  The Capital is in San Francisco where the United Nations has relocated after the civil war threatened to end with NYC being blown up in a nuclear war.  The economy is dominated by green technology and biotechnology and the California states are far ahead of the rest of the world in these technologies and they are also world leaders in space exploration.  And they remain important agricultural exporters, to the rest of the American states as well as to Europe and those parts of Asia that survived the great meltdown of the Chinese Empire (unified Korea, Japan, and ASEAN Federation).  They also have extensive social safety nets and of course long ago separated marriage from civil unions.  In California, plural marriages, ménage a trio, etc. are almost the norm and everyone feels themselves sexually liberated.  This was of course helped with the development of vaccines against all sexually transmitted diseases and the development of daily birth control pills for men and women.  And with all this sexual freedom, sexual crimes actually went down and prostitution almost disappeared, and the porno industry of course moved elsewhere.  And California remains a state of endless experiments in religious and philosophy.  The only people who feel unwelcomed are the Christian fundies who have long since relocated to the Christian States of America.  
Alaska has remained independent and joined forces with the Northwest Territories although many people in the Juneau and Anchorage areas are opening arguing that Alaska should join the emerging California Federation as they are clearly becoming the winner of the Post American North American world.   
The Northeast Federation consists of most of the Northeastern states north of Washington DC and ending in Ottawa and the Eastern Canadian provinces.  The Capital is in NYC but the states are pretty independent and some of them are closer to the Christian American States than they are to the Federation.  Succession battles erupt every so often and the border between them and the Christian States is still a bit fluid.  
   
The Christian States of America consists of most of the rest of America with the exception of the far southwest and Texas which is its own independent state.  The capital is Colorado Springs which has been renamed New Jerusalem.  The Christians States started the civil war and were wise enough to end it before it went nuclear.  The Christian states are very loosely held together as the leaders did not want to recreate a strong central government.  It is headed by the council of Church leaders who oversee the executive President elected by the people and the National Assembly which consists of the Senate, appointed by governors, and the House of Parliament, elected by the public.  
It is officially a Christian state, where all residents, must swear allegiance to Fundamentalist Christianity or Catholicism.  Liberal churches, Jews, Hindus, Buddhists, and especially Muslims are not welcomed and most fled years ago although small pockets continue to exist, mostly among the small diplomatic enclave in Colorado Springs.  
The economy largely consists of agriculture, lumber, mining, oil shale mining, and construction and maintenance of the National Council of American Christians, which operates most of the schools, including Universities, and the minimal charities that cater to the 50 percent of the population that is poor.  White Christians run everything of importance and you have to both white (on both sides for two generations) and a member in good standing of the National Council of Churches.   
The economy is doing okay, but the Christian States know they are falling ever behind the growing economies of the California States, the Northeastern Federation, and even Greater Mexico, and the Caribbean states based out of Miami.  Texas is somewhat similar to the Christian States but is a bit more pragmatic and is often a go between for trade and political contacts between the various successor states.  It too is officially a Christian state but is much looser in its definition of Christianity and minority religions are allowed to worship in private, something that is strictly forbidden in the Christian States.  The Christian states vary a bit, some are dominated by what critics call the Taliban version of Fundamentalist Christianity which forbids women from working, or attending school past high school and where men are considered the patriarch of the community.  The most extreme of the Christian States is the State of Mormon which consists of Utah, Northern Arizona and Idaho which is officially independent but allied closely with the Christian States and is represented on the National Council of American Churches.  They practice an extreme form of Mormonism including polygamy and are considered extremists even by their fellow Christian Nationalists.  They are also extremely white supremist and are constantly hunting down racial traitors or homosexual/lesbians.   
In all the Christian states abortion is defined as murder.  Abortion is not allowed except for a few of the more liberal enclaves such as Southern Ohio, where it is permitted to save the life of a mother or child.  But the abortion must be done across the border in the Northeastern Federation or out west somewhere.  Once the abortion has been completed, the women can and is often charged with criminal misconduct and sentenced to ten years hard labor and child is given away for adoption.  
Almost all social vices are illegal, strongly condemned in public, but often committed in private parties.  The government officially prohibits gambling, prostitution, sex outside of marriage, homosexuality, drug use, alcohol, tobacco use, use of the internet except for approved researchers, and government officials, and watching any television other than State approved TV.  Video stores are illegal as are most movies.  Penalties are draconian, including a public revival of stoning women and men guilty of sex outside of marriage to the death.  Homosexuality and Lesbianism is also strongly punished, usually by hanging.  Other crimes including murder and thievery and drug dealer, alcohol dealing and illegal gambling are punished severely often by public execution.  
Despite the huge risks involved, every town has a not so secret cat house where prostitution, drugs and alcohol and illegal gambling is allowed.  Most of the clients are the local law enforcement types.  These clubs are often raided but when the police arrive they find it is simply a restaurant as all the offending items have been taken away as the owners always have two days notice.   
  
There is a flourishing trade in contraband items of all sorts, which comes through from Miami, through boats up the Mississippi and along river barges.  With the collapse of the air line industry, due to extraordinary fuel charges, including the new biodiesel, which is not cheap, much trade has reverted to river barges and most passenger traffic consists of train travel, or boat travel.  That includes transatlantic and transpacific travel.  Only the very wealthy can afford to fly and flying by private jet is the only air traffic left..   
California has again become the world’s leader in building the next generation train system and despite the Christian States reluctance to deal with the hated Californians, California firms is involved in building a high speed network of trains across the Christian States, Texas and New Mexico.  The engineers and workers of course are kept in camps with limited access to anyone outside of their immediate work environment.  California’s spy agency, of course takes advantage of this and they also operate with some NGO’s an very active underground railroad bringing out dissidents, especially homosexuals, and people convicted or suspected of being either a race traitor or a homosexual or a political dissident.  
Everyone in the Christian states is taught lies about the rest of the American Republics and the rest of the world.  The standard lie is that the Christian States had to revolt because the hated Washington, led by the anti-Christ, Barak Obama was leading the US to embracing godless socialism or Islamic fascism depending upon which of the two story lines the regime is using at that time.  
So they led their people to the promised land of New Jerusalem (or New Zion for the Mormons) where they will build a perfect Christian country.  The rest of the earth had fallen into horrible sin, particularly California which was experimenting with creating new humans that were bioengineered to be superior human beings, a potential master race.  That is why the Christians in their last home land must remain ever vigilant against the evils of the modern world and must turn their back on the modern world.  And that is why in the Christian States all men must serve in the military for five years before finishing college and why women must wait until they are 22 to marry their boyfriends who are of course chosen for them by their parents when they are 18.  The boy friends are chosen just before they go to the Military.  
The Military mostly hunts down traitors to the Christian cause, both domestically and internationally and they are often caught committing what the rest of the world considers acts of terrorism.  They generally don’t do that in the rest of the American States as all the American States have an informal rule that restricts such activities to third country battles.  
They maintain a nuclear arsenal and threaten every so often to use it, but the Northeastern States, California, New Mexican Republic and the Caribbean all have the bombs as well.  So it is an uneasy stalemate.  Each state needs the other state in order to justify their own military ambitions and to be able to claim that they are the true inheritors of the old America, except they all repudiated their share of the national debt which led to the collapse of the old Chinese, Russian and Middle Eastern States which occurred at the beginning of the civil war.  
The last successor states if one could call them that are the New Mexican Republic, based in Los Angeles, and the Caribbean Federation based in Miami and Southern Florida.  Northern Florida remained part of the Christian States.  
The New Mexican Republic has its capital in Los Angeles because Mexico City was destroyed early on in the civil war when the Christian States decided to try using their nuclear weapons and targeted Mexico because Mexicans were fleeing north as the Mexican economy collapsed with the world wide collapse of the oil wealth.  This was actually widely supported by almost everyone in the rest of North America but the consequences were horrific.  Much of Central Mexico to this day 20 years after the bombing remains a nuclear waste dump.  The rest of Mexico reverted to a Stone Age existence except for the Northern States which joined forces with Southern California, Southern Arizona and New Mexico in forming the New Mexican Republic, which is loosely allied with California, Texas and the Carribbean Federation but is quite independently minded and trades with the Christian States as well.  
Sports are widely played though and high school and college football matches are very popular throughout society.  Everyone in America, even the Northeast and the California Federations watches the Super bowl.  The major league sports, and college foot ball and basketball are the only institution that remained unaffected by the breakup of the American Empire, and inter-federation rivalries are intense.   
Now a little bit about the rest of the world and we will turn to my story of how the new world came to be in 15 short years starting in 2012 until now.  
The Caribbean Federation consists of most of the old Caricom states, with the exception of the DR, Cuba and Puerto Rico which joined the New Mexican Republic.  The Central American states had largely reverted to jungle and small Indian settlements and a few trading ports, except Costa Rica and Panama which formed a loose  confederation with Colombia, Venezuela, and Panama.  They trade with anyone as well and along with the Caribbean States were the major source of illicit trafficking of drugs, pornography, illegal software, and trafficking of women and children for prostitution.  They had no shortage of customers especially in the Christian States, and the California and New York Federations where drugs were legal as was prostitution and pornography.    
Brazil was the emerging power of the Latin American empire as they still were able to operate a modern economy although even Brazil was finding that with the collapse of oil and the thousands of plastic byproducts, that a modern economy could not be run entirely using alternative fuels.  
Argentina and Chile and the Southern cone had also largely reverted to a very primitive level with most people living on large plantations where beef was still king, but packed and dried and shipped as dried beef products as more modern technology was largely becoming obsolete and the old ways were coming back.   
Europe somehow escaped the worst effects of the collapse of the world energy grid in 2011.  The collapse caught everyone off guard.  Some experts knew that most oil predictions were widely inflated and that the world was running out of oil faster than any one had expected.  The cost of oil had risen steadily to about 250 a barrel or 10 dollars a gallon for gas in the U.S.  The automobile industry had failed to keep up and electric cars had failed to catch on.  Then in early 2011 the Iranians launched the first salvo in what has been called WW111 and in the US the Second Civil war as most Americans still don’t really see how what happens elsewhere affects them and vice versa.  
The Iranians launched a coup against the Iraqi government which was still being protected by US troops, although only 10 thousand were left.  The offensive was complete, fast and surprised everyone.  The Iranians demanded three things from the US –   
That we withdraw our troops from the Mideast  
That we recognize the establishment of the Caliph based in Teheran   
And that we accept that Israel would have to be kick out of the   
Muslim world...   
At the same time, China called the US on its debt and demanded full payment of all accrued debt as did the Europeans, the Russians and the Saudis.    
Then the Saudi’s and the Venezuelans and the rest of OPEC announced to a stunned world that their wells were running dry and that they would sell their oil only to China and India.  Russia announced that their oil was running out as well and they would restrict oil sales to Russia and any neighboring country that agreed to join them in a new Russian Federation.  
Obama was in the midst of running for re-election and the Republicans announced their candidates, the most reactionary candidates ever nominated, a former Republican government from Idaho, and a former governor from Ohio.  Both were born again Christians.  Their whole platform was that the US must avenge the lost of Iraq and the Middle East by using military forces to march in, kick out the Iranians and bomb them back to the Stone Age. And that the US must repent of its sins by becoming a Christian State where all social vices would be illegal, including abortion, gay rights, and sex outside of marriage, pornography, gambling and anti-Christian behavior.  Everyone must belong to the new National Council of American Christian Churches which they launched in a series of public town hall meetings across the country.   
Obama ran on a platform that the US must accept the inevitable and withdraw from the Middle East and most of the world because the US was bankrupt.  And he also said that the US would have to accept the fact that the world was running out of oil.  
Nonsense the Christian Nationalists as they renamed the Republican Party, cried.  Janet Smith, their newly anointed presidential candidate said in the only debate ever shown.   
“The Saudis are lying through their teeth. So are the Russians, and the rest of OPEC.  The world has enough oil, they just want to sell it to the Chinese and Indians who have the money and the US does not because the Democrats have totally lost the fiscal battle and bankrupted the country.  If I am elected we will start drilling everywhere in the US and we will aggressively pursue oil shale and other natural gas resources in the US and Canada.  And we will tell the Iranians we are going to remain in Iraq and push them back, and if we need to we will start a nuclear war.    
And we will tell the rest of the world; the US no longer recognizes the debt created by the old regime, because that USG no longer exists.  As soon as I am elected President we will declare the foundation of the Christian States of America.   
The second thing we will do is reinstate the draft.  
The next thing we will do is privatize most of the government, and let churches run schools and social services.  
We will make Christianity the National religion of the US and English the official language.  Anyone who wishes to leave the US may do so.  If you remain you will obey the new morality.  
That means she shouted and the audience screamed in delight:  
No Drugs  
No Booze  
No Tobacco  
No Prostitution  
No Non-Christian TV or Movies  
No Gambling  
No Non Christians  
No Gangbangers, no gangsters, no criminals preying upon the god fearing decent people of this great country.  Can I hear an amen?   
And only normal god fearing white people can run for or hold office.  
Ethnic minorities will be encouraged to leave and all illegal migrants will be deported.    
And of course we will extend the Patriot Act with the following provisions added:  
The Bill of Rights except for the second amendment, will be abolished.  
The Constitution will be suspended until we have a new National   
Convention to which only god fearing white Christians will be allowed to vote.  
Mandatory military service for men will begin immediately.  
And any country who opposes the US will be destroyed.  
  
We must do these things in order to preserve and protect our god given liberties.  No civil rights activists is going to tell the people of America what we can and not do.  The rest of the world had better wake up.  The American giant is awake and ready to take on the world and take no prisoners.  No sire bob.  We are back and it is morning in America and we are going to march on Washington, and tear that evil city down.  Then we are going to move it all to New Jerusalem, you know in Colorado Springs.”  
Obama blew it completely.  In the opinion of his advisors, and most observers, he should have stared at her and called her insane and say that the US Government will never abandoned the constitution or the bill of rights or our international obligations.  He should have stood there and stared at her as if she were a mad women.  
But he froze and appeared and gave a week mealy mouth speech in which he said that he felt her approach was inappropriate and would never work and called upon Americans to be reasonable and rational and do the right thing.  And that was his critical mistake.   
The mood of the country was ugly and people were willing and able to blame someone for their problems.  The New Christians in their calls to bring back the old ways, the world that they imagined their grandparents grew up in, when men were men and women were women, and minorities were few and far between and everyone went to church -  that’s what the problem was they said over and over again.  Many Americans eager to find a solution were drawn to the simplistic answers of the old time religious revival being offered by the New Christians.  They continued to preach that we as a people had drifted so far from our Christian god fearing ways that God was punishing us with modern day afflictions.  And Obama, was not one of us but was one of those evil modern degenerate east coast elitist who had stolen America from the normal people and made it a weakling and bankrupted it in the process.   
The election campaign quickly turned very ugly.  The supporters of the Christian Nationalists took to the streets and committed a number of horrific acts including bombing liberal churches in the heartland and shooting people as they fled the bombings, and in one case blowing up a Federal Court House and blaming it on Islamic Fascists.  After each event the media which had been taken over secretly by supporters of the Christian nationalists, screamed that Obama was unable to keep us safe from Islamic Fascists.  They constantly played fake tapes from Osama Bid Laden who praised the work of his holly warriors.   
This is one of the most difficult areas to research because most people alive at the time believed the lies being spread and few people were ever told the truth – that the Christian Nationalists were the terrorists.  The Osama Bin Laden’s and his ilk of the past had died out and been replaced with Iranian Mullahs, who knew that their day was coming and that they did not need to do anything other than watch the collapse of the American Empire.   
Those in the know knew that the Christian Nationalists were behind everything that was going on.    But every time anyone in the media or public attempted to question the wide spread popular perception that Iran was behind it all, they were accused of living in a Pre-9-11 world and that it was absurd to suggest that the Christian Nationalists were behind anything.  They continued to march and hold rallies where they call upon their followers to continue the fight.   
The Christian Nationalists sensed that they were on to something and they decided to go on a nationwide campaign just months before the election to cleanse America of its evil, targeting video stores, book stores and movie producers across the country, and hotels that showed adult videos.  They took a “destroy them all and take no prisoners” attitude.    
One of the leaders of the New Christian Army as they called themselves was Reverend Richard Jones.  He was from Alabama and had become well known for his advocacy of muscular Christianity, including storming video stores and destroying filth.  They held a number of rallies across the country, targeting video stores that sold pornography and hotels that allowed pornography to be shown on their Television screens.  
He said at the time,  
“It is time; my brothers and sisters for us to carry out God have willed and cleanse this world of inequity and sin.  And we are going to use the tools of the devil to do so.  I have here a list of prominent Americans who are consumers of pornography.  I am posting it on line tonight and call upon all our righteous brothers and sisters to e-mail the list around the world pointing out what hypocrites the elites really are.  The list was dominated by Democratic governors, congressmen, senators and member of government agencies worldwide.   
Hundreds of thousands of people were on the list, and they were all being called out as promoters of pornography and other social evils.  Quite a few resigned from office, and a number of people committed suicide after suffering from constant public pressure.  Fox News ran a feature every night -  the social pervert of the week where they went into detail what kind of perverted pornography so and so watched, either rented or watched on the internet or in hotels around the world.    
Sam Harris was on the list because someone had somehow managed to find out by searching the internet that was downloading porno sites.  He was forced to resign shortly after the election and returned to California where he was recruited by the new government shortly after the civil war began.   
Sam knew as did many of the people on the list that the list was largely a fabrication.  They knew that many people looked at the internet so they just created false records of sites visited and attributed to courageous employees at Google.  Google denied that they were behind it, and then their top executives appeared on the list they were fired by the new owners, who announced that Google would no longer allow people to search for inappropriate material.  This all happened weeks before the election.  All the other major US internet sites followed suit.    
The Democratic Party was panicking.  They could not get their message out.  Cable news stations started pulling foreign news broadcasters from the air as the Christian nationalists threatened to shut down Dish Network if they continued to allow foreign news casters to broadcast their lies about America to Americans.  All of this was done in the name of preserving American freedom of press and speech.  
The Chinese, and Foreign debtors were opening supporting the reasonable Obama whom they promised to work out a fair restructuring of the US debt and a gradual drawn down of US military troops from around the world. The Chinese Prime Minister in a speech before the UN called upon the US leaders to ensure that they would uphold international law and honor its legal obligations as the world reacted to the looming bankruptcy of the US.  
Janet Smith, Reverend Jones, and vice President, Commander Robertson, a former high level general who decided to retire and run to help save Christian American held a press conference the next day.  
She said, “we have a few words to say to our so called creditors.  Not only are we if elected, and we will be elected as the real American public is behind us, will we refuse to pay our alleged debt, but we will declare the formation of a new Christian Republic and we will use all military forces at our disposal to defend ourselves.”  
At this point the Chinese leadership came to an understanding.  They decided it would be better for the world if the US blew apart so they decided to keep up the pressure but they also let the New American Nationalist know that they had nuclear weapons targeted at the US as did the Iranians, the North Koreans and others.  They would let the US repudiate 50% of the debt but expected full payment of the remaining debt.  And any attempt to use military force would result in the sudden pulling of all US treasury bills which would collapse the US economy and perhaps the Chinese economy.  
And these secret negotiations continued until the election with the Chinese also going to Obama and praising him in public and promising to help reschedule the debt if he were elected.  
The Iranians also decided to wait and see and said that the US troops would stay in Iraq until the election, and then they would have to be withdrawn.  
Most of the world decided to sit back and watch the possible breakup of America, whom most both admired and hated.  The Europeans decided that it would also be in their interest to have five or six competing weak states in the Americas so the British and French also went to both sides with soothing words.  
The British Foreign Minister said in a public speech that they too believed that Britain should embrace some of the new Christian American ideals but privately they were aghast.    
The situation continued unraveling day by day.  The world waited for the election.  Independent polling showed that Obama would win re-election in the blue states but loose in the red states but since the blue states had far more votes he would win.  
Janet Smith, Rev. Jones and Commander Robertson one day three months before the election met secretly in Colorado with representatives of a secret republican, organization headed by former operatives of the Bush administration.    
Mr. X, (only reference ever located were the following transcripts with the initials X, C and Y) started off.  
“Look, let’s get down to brass tacks here.  There are three ways we can win this thing.  First, through a terrorist incident that you stage just before the election that you blame on the Islamic Fascists.  Second, and this is where we come in.  We staged managed Bushes’s elections in 2000 and 2004.  Democratic activists were right.  We rigged the elections.  We did it by switching votes here and there and having the election machines forget that they did so. Without a paper ballot back up, no one could ever prove anything and without anyone talking about it, we pulled it off.  Now we can do it again.  We’ve looked at the polling data.  If we switch some votes in rural areas in California, upstate New York, rural Ohio and Pennsylvania and Florida among Cubans and Jews, and among Jews in NYC we could pull it off again.   
But you have to keep it within the margin of errors.  In each of those states, you are way ahead in the rural areas and way behind in the urban areas.  The key is a very strong get out the vote campaign, a very strong PR campaign claiming critics were traitors and anti-Americans for even suspecting that you would cheat and of course not getting too greedy.  
If you decide to massively steal the vote, all bets are off.  That could lead to civil war.  
Rev.  Jones responded “ Look Mr. X. We know you can pull it off. We’ll do our part but you have to guarantee most of our candidates win.  We can write off California, New York and Pennsylvania but you have to guarantee everything else.”  
“Okay.  If you are willing to risk a civil war, we’ll do it.  But you forgot to listen to my third option.  Pray for a miracle.  The powers of the status quo, Wall Street, and the European and Chinese creditors are all hoping that you either loose or if you win that the US breaks apart into competing weaker states.    
  But you have to pay my company up front 50 million dollars in untraceable bills and you have to guarantee we will never be found afterwards.”  
Janet nods her head, and says, “We will win fair and square, but let’s guarantee that and the deal that led to the civil war was struck.  
The X company was never heard of after the election.  Independent verification was of course impossible in the chaotic aftermath of the election, but the X team probably stole the election in enough places to make it inevitable for the Christian Nationalists to claim the won the election.  
The civil war started the next day.  
  
The European press had the best and more accurate coverage, as the US press was so partisan and mostly pro Christian Nationalists that reading their accounts you can’t understand why half the country revolted the next day.  
California went first.  The Governor of California the day after the election which saw the Christian Nationalist win the entire state of California by 70 percentage points including SF, made a speech that was not broadcasted outside of California.  
She said that independent exit polls included the California field polls show that the democrats had swept the State and that the Christian Nationalists only won in some Southern California and rural Californian counties, but even then they barely won.  He went on to say, “ the results of the election in California and I submit most of the West coast were clearly the result of massive fraud.  Therefore I am filing an emergency injunction against the election results being published as accurate until we can do a verifiable recount.   
And I know that I will not allow the people of California who value our religious diversity, and our rich tapestry of difficult cultures to remain in a Christian Nationalist America.  That is not the America we need or want in California.  California therefore declares the election results null and void and calls upon the rest of America to follow suit.  I’ve asked the governors of  Hawaii, Oregon and Washington State to join together with the governor of British Colombia to form a new state called “the California Federation”.  We have also decided to split the State in two.  Southern California has decided to join with Northern Mexico, and southern Arizona and New Mexico to form the New Mexican Republic, with its capital in Los Angeles.”  
The governor, a former State Senator and long term power broker walks off the stage and the first blow of the civil war erupts as a terrorist bomb goes off in a car parked nearby.  The governor and half the official party is killed.  
The National media blames as usual Obama and the White House for refusing to deal with the growing threat of Iranian terrorists.  The California media, which only reached the rest coast due to the national media blockade that had been informally imposed since the election by the media companies, all allied with the Christian nationalists, failed to air any of what was going on in California.  The internet was being jammed by agents of the NSA who were all working secretly for the new administration already as they hated Obama as did much of the intelligence community because he had dared to question their methods and their understanding of the Muslim world.    
Word still got across the country and thousands of people started packing up and starting leaving the Christian heartland fleeing for the coast fearing the coming civil war.   
The Christian Nationalists declared that they had won the election and they also declared that the old Republic was no longer in existence so they declared the new capital to be New Jerusalem.  They every federal bureaucrat a choice – come out to New Jerusalem now or they would be fired.  And they laughed they hoped most would not come out anyway because most of their jobs would be privatized.  
Jane Smith, Rev.  Jones and VP Commander Robertson went on Nationwide TV almost every day showing how they were preparing to build the new America with the grateful help of the average Christian Americans.    
The reality was very different.  The recession that had occurred had never really ended and became a great depression and most Americans in the Christian states were now renters.  The Churches and charities tried to help but the new government was too busy building up the army and trying to keep foreign creditors at bay to be able too much to help.  
Unemployment remained high but gradually came down as many people found jobs in the one sector that had survived the agricultural sector.  With the collapse of the world oil market, agriculture became localized again and even though most farmers in the Christian States were not big organic farming believers, no one had money to grow anything other than through organic farming.  Horse drawn carts made a big come back as did horse and buggies.   
The first two years of the new era was a period of constant flux and change.  Daily there were new announcements of this or that community going or not joining the various new successor States, and every day there were rumors that the rest of the world would not tolerate the successor states from paying their debts.  
International trade came to a grinding halt as world finance dried up. Many banks and financial institutions went bankrupted.  The East coast cities were just as bankrupted as the rest of the country, but they had decided informally to break away from the New Christian America when they had a chance.   
It soon became clear that this state of affairs could not continue and the President of the California Republic called Janet Smith and suggested that they meet to discuss their differences.  She agreed and they met in the Texas summit.  
Governor Hickinson, who had been an actor before he became a politician, represented California; the President of the New Mexican Republic was represented as were the President of the Carribbean Federation which had just announced its independence.  The Northeastern States, which had yet to formally declare their independence, sent a few governors as well.  All together there were 20 US government leaders of the post American empire represented.  
Governor Tom Davis of the Texas Free Republic started the conference off.  He said, “we are now at a cross roads.  I know that many people in the Christian States want to reconquer the breakaway republics as they call them, but they realize that they can’t do so as they are as broke as the rest of the American republics.  Let’s be honest.  Since the breakup, none of us has been able to raise financing.  California is the only exception since their government has continued to raise tax revenues but even they have problems.  Particularly dealing with refugees who continue to flock to California.  Texas also has had problems with refugees fleeing from Mexico and from the Christian States.  And Madame President, turning to Jane Smith, we know you’ve had a very time with the adjustment.  I hope we can all come to an understanding over what is essentially a divorce.  I offer my good offices as I want to see an America where everyone is prosperous but Texas having regained its independence will not join your Federation, nor will be join anyone’s else’s.  California I know feels the same.  Son’s lets bargain in good faith.  President Hickinson, since you requested this meeting, why don’t you go first?”  
“Sure. Why not? Here’s the deal as I see it.  California and the northwest coast no longer recognize the former United States of America as sovereign entity.  We agree that the former US had become too unworkable a country and that the interests of the various components parts were being held hostage to corrupt self interest groups.  We are building a new world out west based on alternative energy and the use of science to build a better, saner world.  We just want to be left alone as we reject the ideology of the New Christian Nationalists.   
Here’s our opening offer:   
We return to the Christian States those military people and personnel who wish to return home.  We keep the bases we need and sell the rest of off for development.  We will use the money raised to do to two things – pay off some of the debt of the old US and use the rest to rebuild the physical infrastructure of the state, making California the leaders in the next generation of technology.  
Once we have begun recovering our credit, we will begin trading with the rest of the world, selling out agricultural surplus and our advanced technology to the world and of course our entertainment.  We do not want to live in a state of constant war with the rest of the Americas. “  
Jane responded by noting that the old constitution had no provisions for what to do in these situation.  They had rejected the old Republic and saw themselves as a new Nation and wished California well.   
The two sides negotiated for several long weeks but eventually a deal was worked out.  
Sam Harris was the chief negotiator for the State of California. He led his team mates with humor, discipline and an insistence that they show their opponents proper respect despite the fact that Christian States were constantly denouncing them for everything under the sun and were constantly accusing the delegation members of engaging in all sorts of perverse behaviors.  
  
One day Sam walked into the room with a small announcement that almost ended the conference.  He was fed up and said so.  He said, “We have come here to seek a reasonable end to our mutual obligations.  We have showed all sides decency, courtesy and have refrained from answering the numerous spurious charges in your media.  We have our patience and it is at end.  So unless you are prepared for a war, take our final offer and we go home with a deal or in the famous words of one of favorite television shows of old, “no deal.”   
Jane said that they would go home and make a decision and would let us know soon.  The next week the media announced “No Deal” and the military was called up for duty.  
Sam and his team were ready.  They had prepared for his and had inserted a virus into every government computer system still in existence in the Christian States.  As soon as they had heard the news, they blacked out the entire Christian nationalist Federation.  No power at all.  They kept the power off for a week, turned it on and called Jane Smith.    
She was furious but released she had no choice and they flew back to Texas where the deal was signed.    
It was only later that Sam learned that the Christian Nationalists had sent a nuclear bomb off towards  San Francisco but when the power went out suddenly the missile went off course and blew apart Mexico city by mistake.  That was blamed by all on Iranian terrorists.  
Sam went back to California and ran for President and won when he was 70 years old.  He ran the state for ten years during which California gradually led the West Coast revival and yes, negotiated an end to the Middle East debacle by convincing the Jewish state of Israel to relocate to Eastern Washington where the State of New Israel flourished.   
The End 

## Married Girl of His Dreams

by Jake Aller on January 29, 2017.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

Sam always knew that he had a special relationship with his spouse, Maria, for you see, he had literately married the girl of his dreams.  It all started in high school, over 20 years ago.  One day Sam fell asleap in high school physics class after lunch.  As he nodded off, he looked up and saw a stunningly beautiful women standing next to him.  She was Asian, with long black hair, and intense black eyes.  She was saying something to him, something he did not understand.  Then she disappeared into thin air as if she was beamed out of his dream as in Star Trek.  Sam fell out of his chair screaming, "Who are you?"  This caused a gale of laughter to erupt in the class.   
Sam told his best friend immediately after class what had happened.  His friend thought that Sam was perhaps smoking too much weed but thought nothing more of it.   
About a month later, Sam had the second dream.  Early in the morning, she was standing next to him, speaking to him.  Again, Sam did not understand her, but knew in his heart that some day he would meet him and that she was his soul mate.  Sam also knew that they had been together in a previous life and that someday he would know the truth.   
The dream continued = month after month as Sam went off to college.  One day five years later when he was preparing to join the Peace Corps and had to decide to go to Korea or Thailand, Sam had the dream again and realized that she was in Korea.   
Sam went to Korea and every day he was there, he kept looking around at the various women he encountered, wondering if he would meet her.  He finished his Peace Corps service and took a job teaching for the US Army as he felt that he had to stay in Korea until he met her.  The dreams continued, until one day he had the last and final dream.   
She came to him again, but this time, Sam understood her Korean.  She said, "Don't worry, we will be together soon and once we are together we will together forever. I have been waiting since our last life together. And now I found you."  
That night, he got off the bus in front of the army base where he was employed as a teacher.  Getting off the bus in front of him was the girl in the dream!  Sam was struck speechless which was an unusual experience for Sam as Sam was usually a talkative, extroverted sort of person.  
She went into the base with a fellow teacher that Sam knew.  He bumped into them after his class and introduced himself.  She gave him her phone number and they arranged to meet over the weekend.   
The next night Sam went to his class hoping he would somehow run into her.  She was waiting for him and said she must speak with him.  He signed her on and took her to the library so she could study while he finished his class.  After class, they went out and she told him that she was madly in love with him and had to have him and that was it.  He told her he felt the same.  Over the next few weeks, they saw each other every day and he proposed three days after meeting her.   
They got married one month after he met her.  Over the years whenever things were difficult between them as they always can be with married couples, he would think back to the dream and then he would fall in love with her again and again and again.  
But still Sam was puzzled about one thing.  He knew somehow that he had known Maria in another life, but did not know what had transpired.  She also confessed that she felt that they had known each other in a previous incarnation.  Finally, after 25 years of living together and 37 years after he first met her in his dreams, he finally felt he had to know the truth of how they had really met and the mystery behind their surprisingly long lasting love.  Sam and Maria were so different from each other it was amazing that they had stayed together all those years.  Yet Sam knew it was meant to be.   
Sam at last decided to find out the truth and went to a past life hypnotist for a pass life regression.  The hypnotist, Dr. Sandra Patel, listened to Sam's story and told Sam that in her professional experience, some couples are soul mates and they always find each other in the next life.  But Sam's story was extraordinary.  Dr. Patel felt that there must have been a tragic ending to their previous loves.  She decided to treat both of them and bring them back in time to their previous lives to see what had happened to cause such a strong connection across the barriers of space and time.    
Three thousand years ago, the original Sam and Maria had first met.  This was in ancient India.  Sam was a merchant who dealt with the royal family and supplied goods and food to the royals, but Sam was not of royal blood, he was a middle caste.  Despite his caste background, the royal family took a liking to him and Sam was often invited to royal functions.  Sam had not married yet and was in his early twenties.  He ran the shop for his father who old and ailing.  Sam knew he would have the business someday.  His mother was constantly trying to match him up with various women, but he was not interested in getting married yet.  
  
One day he was at the Royal palace making a delivery and checking up on food preparations for the King's birthday, when he first met Maria.  She was so beautiful that Sam was struck speechless.  Maria came up to him and they started talking.  She was the King's youngest daughter and had a reputation for being standoffish.  She had turned down numerous proposals for marriage and the King was getting concerned, as he wanted to marry off his last child before he died.   
Sam and Maria hit if off.  They started secretly meeting in the forest for long walks.  Sam and Maria both knew that if they were caught the penalty for such an offense would be death for Sam and maybe for Maria as well as the intercaste rules were strict in the kingdom, stricter than in most parts of India.   
Sam one day proposed to her that they run away to another kingdom and set up life there anonymously.  She thought about it for a long time and finally agreed to join him in flight.  The day for their flight arrived and Sam waited in the forest with a horse and cart.  She showed up late saying that she wanted to make sure no one knew.  They got in the cart and drove off.   
That night they made love for the first time in a rural inn.  They had told the owner that they had just gotten married and were moving back to his family's farm in the neighboring kingdom.   
Two days later when they approached the border they found a road block.  They asked the guards what was going on and was told that there was a war on.  The king had accused agents of the next Kingdom of kidnapping his youngest daughter as she was missing for the last few days.    
Just then the captain of the guards came up to them and recognized Maria and Sam.  They were arrested on the spot.    
A trial was held.  The innkeeper testified that he had heard them in the act of sex.  The captain of the guards testified as to their behavior at the guard post.   
Sam was asked if he had any final words before the sentence of execution was to be carried out.  He said, "Only a few, my majesty.  When I first met Maria, I knew that she was my soul mate and that we were met for each other.  Maria and I are in love and even the Gods know it.  If we can't be together in this life, we will be together in the next life and there is nothing you can do to stop our timeless love.  So please execute us together so we can be together forever."  
The King was furious at these words and ordered Sam and Maria to be killed by slow torture in the public square as a lesson to all to not cross the caste barriers and keep in their god given roles in life.   
They were tortured for days and finally they were beheaded.  Sam's last words were, "I'll see you in the next life my timeless love."  
Maria smiled back at him and died.   
Five hundred years later Sam and Maria were reunited, this time in ancient Rome.  Sam was born into a military family and grew up to be a Roman Centurion and took place in some of the early wars as Rome gradually conquered all of Italy.  Sam was an handsome young man who had a reputation of being a playboy.  He was also arrogant as all hell and felt that he deserved some day to become a Senator despite his background in the military.  He did not come from an upper class family and had some money and property but not enough to be considered a serious player.    
Sam was determined to change all of that.  One day Sam met Maria, who was the daughter of a Senator.  Sam was determined to seduce her and add him to his list of female conquests.  She was determined to seduce him as well and to make him her husband and protector as she was determined to protect the Senator from his many enemies and thought an alliance with the military would be in her family's interests.  Besides Sam fascinated her and she could see being his lover and even his wife, if not his mistress.  But she would also make sure that she would have no rivals for his affections.  She entrusted her family's senior servants in her cause.  They found out the names of all of Sam's girl friends and one by one, they were eliminated usually by being killed in a public place by an accident – a cart out of control, a fire burning up their house etc.    
During this time, Maria infuriated Sam by refusing to meet him or see him.  Sam was determined to win her over.  He also found out whom she had been with and had his aids arrange for their untimely demise.   
Finally, after 10 of his girl friends had died under mysterious circumstances and 10 of her paramours had also died, Sam and his aids figured out something was not right and they arranged to kidnapped Maria's senior servant.  He confessed to killing off Sam's girl friends.  Sam was troubled – on the one hand, she was a vicious monster capable of such outrageous crimes and should be brought to justice, on the other hand, she had inspired him to do the same.  Sam concluded that the Gods must want this union and who was he to go ahead the wishes of the Gods?  
Sam sent Maria's servant back to her with this message  
Maria,  
"I know what you did.  All will be forgiven if you will consent to be mine.  I'll give up all other women and devote myself to you and you alone but you must do the same for me."  
Maria was moved by Sam's message and also knew that Sam had killed her paramours.  She was determined to teach Sam a lesson first then she would join him.  
She wrote back to Sam,  
"My dear sir, I have no idea why every women you ever slept with has died horrible deaths.  I am reluctant to become victim number 11.  What can you do to show me that you will protect me from this horrible curse?  '  
Sam wrote back to Maria,  
"My dearest Maria, the gods themselves want this union.  I know you arranged to kill all of my girl friends but I also arranged to kill your paramours.  If either of us are betrayed by our servants we will both be hanged.  So I think we should get together and put this little silliness behind us.  What do you think? "  
The Senator's staff who had been instructed to watch out for correspondence between Sam and Maria intercepted Sam's letter.  The Senator distrusted Sam and noticed that Maria was acting funny every time Sam's name came up.   
The Senator confronted Maria with the evidence,  
"Maria, my daughter what have you done?  You killed 10 women, some of them daughters of friends of ours?  In addition, this Sam has killed 10 men, some of them sons of very prominent families.  People are talking, Maria.  I do not know if I can protect you.  If you love this Sam, the only solution is to run away with him to Greece or Africa minor where Roman law does not yet extend."  
Maria confessed to her father.  The Senator arranged to have her and Sam smuggled on a boat bound for Damascus.  Sam would be set up as a trader and spy for Rome.  Maria would be married to Sam once they got there.  The Senator would spread a story around town that Maria and Sam had perished at sea when they eloped.  Maria and Sam were happy but nervous.   
Sam and Maria next met 500 years later during the middle ages.  Sam was a merchant again, living in a small town in Germany.  Maria lived down the street and was the daughter of the innkeeper in town.  Maria was 19 and stunning.  Sam was a hard working salt of the earth man who was very popular in town as he had a reputation for being honest to a fault and a friend to all.    
Sam and Maria noticed each other and keep bumping into each other. Sam knew that she was engaged to be married off to the local lord's second son, Jonestown, who had a reputation as a hard drinking, hard playing, know it all, in short a first class asshole.    
Sam was determined to stop this match, but he also knew that if he managed to stop the engagement, he would have to flee the town for his life.  Maria was not making things better for him.  She was determined to go through with the marriage, as it would help her family out.  As far as she was concerned, they could continue to see each other after the marriage and be his lover on the side.  Sam knew that it would never work and thought that he would surely be put to death by the Lord's son.   
The day of the marriage approached and Sam was determined to spend the night with her at least once and deprive the Lord the pleasure of being Maria's first lover.  Maria had other plans for him.  She wanted him to be seen with her by her husband so he would become jealous and realize how much he needed her.  
The plan of course backfired.  The lord found them together naked in bed.  He ordered them out into the middle of the town square and held an impromptu trial.  The Lord turned to Sam and asked if he had any final words.  Sam said,  
"My lord and liege.  If it is a crime to be a man and fall in love with the most beautiful women in the entire universe, so be it.  I am guilty as charged. Go ahead and kill me now.  But know this:  I know that I will see her in the next life and every minute spent with her was worth a million dollars."    
The lord cried "off with their heads" and beheaded them both.  
Hundreds of years pass before Sam and Maria found each other again.  This time Sam was an African prince in the Ghana coast and Maria was the headstrong daughter of an American tobacco plantation owner.  Sam was caught up in a slave raid and transported on a slave ship to America.  Sam soon become the head field slave due to his obvious leadership and intelligence.  Sam was determined to run away from the plantation and join the Seminole Indians in the mountains.   
Sam one day was working in the field and saw Maria walk by.  Sam was instantly taken by her and stared at her with lustful longing eyes.  Maria noticed Sam at once and was flattered by the attention.  Some of the other young ladies in town had told delicious salacious tales of nights of wild passion with their secret slave lovers.  Maria quickly found out that Sam did not have a girl friend, and that Sam had not yet been with any of the "wild wicked women" as her friends called themselves.  Maria was determined to seduce Sam and have fun with him for one night or two.  But of course, things did not quite work out that way.  
One night Sam received a message that the head house slave for some urgent business wanted him.  Sam had not yet been invited into the big house and was nervous.  He wondered if some one had noticed the flirtatious looks that he and Maria had exchanged on more than one occasion.   
George, the house slave, took Sam aside and gave him a key.  He said, "Go in, do your thing, satisfy the young one, and then run off.  There is a horse out back of the house.  Take the horse and ride like the dickens for the hills.  I know some of the Seminoles.  They are good people.  They will take care of you.  But leave before dawn.  If the Master catches you, we will both be hanged."  
Sam goes to the room, and finds Maria in bed.  She was naked and waiting for him.  She was even more beautiful than he imagined she would be.  They made wild passionate love until dawn. Sam kissed every inch of her body and slowly filled her body with him.  They both knew that the love they felt was forbidden and could get them killed but it was worth it to feel so much alive and full of passion, if only for a night, if only for that moment.  Sam walked out the door and got on the horse.  He made it out the back and off the plantation, when the alert was given.  George had decided to turn Sam in after all as he thought otherwise he would be hung as well due to his involvement in the arranging of the tryst.  
Maria caught up to the lynching mob just as they were stringing Sam up.  She ran up to him, and said,   
"I love you.  I always will.  Wait for me in the next life."  She pulled out a pistol she was carrying, turned, and shot Sam in the head before turning the pistol on herself and killing herself.   
The Jones family told friends and neighbors that Maria had been dying of the yellow fever and was so filled with pain that she had killed her self.  Sam was simply buried in a field.  No funeral was held for him, as he was simply a run away slave who had raped a white woman.   
Hundreds of years pass and Sam and Maria kept searching for each other, both knowing that someday they would meet again and that someday their love would be allowed to flourish.  In the 1920's in Korea Sam was born into a peasant family.  He grew up amidst great suffering and oppression.  Sam became a communist, joined the Kim IL Sung forces, and hid out in the mountains until the Japanese were overthrown.  Sam came to town and was put in charge of the land reform process.  All the landlords were summoned before the party committee.  
Maria was the daughter of the richest landlord in the village.  She was beautiful and strikingly so.  Sam took one look at her and knew that he had to have her as his wife.  Sam knew he could order her to marry him but that would be wrong.  She would have to love him freely.  And that meant that she would have to disown her own family as Sam could not marry a landlord's daughter and remain true to the revolution, now could he?  
Sam asked that Maria be brought before him.  He told all his comrades to leave them as he had some private political education to impart to her.  They snickered and laughed but finally left the two of them together.  Sam explained his position to her, telling her that she was free to choose him or not, but that since he was communist she would have to denounce her father before the committee in order for them to be together.    
Maria refused to denounce her father to the communists.  Sam left her alone in solitary confinement and came by every day to continue their educational discussions.  The village was retaken one day by the South Korean army and the South Korean rightist forces decided to make an example of Sam.    
Sam was put on trial and the villagers were all brought in to testify against Sam.  Maria was put on the stand.  She refused to give testimony against Sam and said that she loved Sam and was willing to follow him to the grave if that was the only way they could be together.  
Sam and Maria were hung the next day on a pole outside the town.  Maria's last words were, "I'll see you in the next life."  
Forty years later Sam and Maria met on that bus in South Korea and you now know the rest of the story.

## enemy of the people

by Jake Aller on January 29, 2017.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

Enemy of the People  
  
My name is Jake Lee.  It is 2055 and this is the story of how I became an enemy of the people.  At the time the story began last winter I was a high-school senior who had a part-time job as a janitor/city street cleaner in Berkeley, California.  I was preparing to take my mandatory tests soon and am worried about my future as my grades don't seem to be that high.  I didn't want to be swept away into the army as a military conscript to fight overseas in one of the many wars that seem to happen all the time, but I would do my duty as the propaganda signs across the street proclaim.  
  
It was 12 noon and I decided to skip school that afternoon and do some reading.  But, I needed to go have lunch first and I needed some money for the bus-subway.  So I go looking for my sister who works for the bus company.  She might be able to comp me a free ticket if her boss is not looking too hard.  Besides it was lunch time.  I wanted to find a new Chinese restaurant for lunch.  
  
Berkeley was filled with Chinese, Koreans, Japanese, Vietnamese, Indians, Pakistanis and other Asians as was the entire State of California which was about ½ Mexican, ¼ Asian and ¼ white with some native peoples and a few blacks as well.  Most of the blacks had long since left California and moved back to the Deep South which was now majority black.  Most of the country was majority non-white except for the Mountain states which were almost all white.  Most whites thought that they would be selected for college, and after military service as an officer, corporation or senior government service.  
  
Some of us though were unfortunate to be mixed race and in our Pure Republican Country only Whites could aspire to management positions.  Everyone else – well there was always need for cannon fodder for the military, and the county government had a large work force for projects like the endless urban renewal that was to create better cities but just seem to create more luxury housing and fewer options for the 70% of the population who were minority or poor (and that was most of the minorities and lots of whites and almost all the mestizos as we had started calling ourselves.)  And there were hundreds of small, illegal business everywhere serving the majority of the population who could not afford to shop in the fancy shopping malls that ring the edges of the cities. Thus most of the population worked from time to time in one small establishment or another for low wages, under the table cash payments, and occasionally worked for free to pay off debts or to pay for hospital treatments.  Medical insurance = forget about it.  Only white people received it.   
  
I was part Cherokee, part black, part Spanish, part German and Irish and looked it.  I was tall, thin, with dark skin, but intense blue eyes.  Some suggested a career in the movies/TV where that pan-ethnic look was perfect for roles as villains.  But I wanted to be a leading man and that would never happen as I was not "Aryan".   
  
Funny how that term had come back in fashion about a decade after the Department of Homeland Security had taken over the government and dissent was effectively outlawed.  Sure the constitution was the law of the land and the bill of rights were paid lip service to but everyone knew the limits of free speech and the media were owned by the corporations.  No free papers existed anywhere except in cyberspace and those were always monitored and shut down when they got too far from the "mainstream."  And anyone foolish enough to read them risked being picked up by the new Gestapo – the Homeland Security's Internal Security Police.  And funny, how that word, Gestapo had also come back in fashion.   
  
I had recently begun to read history but not the official propaganda they subjected to us in school.  This worried my parents who had grown up in the old world and remembered what really happened.  My father if he was good and drunk would regale us with stories of the old days and curse the National American Republican Party for turning the US into a dictatorship of the rich for the rich.  Only white people who owned property whose parents were members of the old Republican Party could vote or hold office.  If any of your ancestors were minorities, or were homosexuals, or were atheists or were members of something called the Democratic party, you would be labeled as "Politically Unreliable," ("PU") - and forever denied access to higher education, a good job, decent housing but you still could enlist in the military as they always needed people, including minorities, and "PU" people.   
  
According to the official history, the NARP had come to power about 50 years ago after the collapse of communism which led to the growth of Islamic terrorists.  The terrorists were determined to destroy liberty and freedom for the White Race.  They were destroyed in a series of wars around the world and peace, freedom and liberty were renewed for the United States of America.  The US now consisted of the old USA and part of Canada (which had always been part of the USA according to the official history).  Mexico was one of our enemy nations and controlled most of Latin America along with Brazil.  Chilitina was a lone outpost of White Christendom in the South and we were always fighting either Mexico or Brazil over some insult or another.  According to the official history, the USA under the glorious leadership of the NARP always won after a quick and short military police action against the Catholic Roman-Islamic controlled forces of evil.  
  
Canada had a rump state known as KZY Republic which was filled with crazies, drug taking freaks and free thinkers.  The USA government had surrounded it with tanks and troops and had it contained but for the most part left it alone.  There was a substantial underground of KZY supporters in the USA.  They maintained that the KZY republic was the last real free republic left on earth and they had recruiters looking for new people to join them in revolution.  I had met one of those recruiters and was on my way to lunch to join him and some of my high school friends.  Hence the search for a new Chinese restaurant (Chinamen were known for being KZY sympathizers).  
  
Quebec was also an independent nation, but was allied with Mexico and we had to invade it every so often as they keep shipping arms to the Mohak and other native people who had become terrorists demanding that the White Man be kicked out of the Continent.   
  
Europe was split between the New European Federation of old Russia, the former Soviet states, which resembled the USA – run by the Russian Slavic Peoples Party, dedicated to promoting the interests of the White Slavic nation against its Islamic enemies - and Germany, France, and Italy.  Scandinavian were independent countries after the NATO and EU fell apart.  Official history says that the old structures were unworkable and that there was a popular desire for freedom from the corrupt bureaucrats.  Germany and Italy were friendly countries run by their version of the NARP.  
  
France was one of our enemy countries.  The UK was now known as the British Empire and controlled most of Africa, and parts of SE Asia.  The UK was run by their version of the NARP.  The NARP even had an international union of democratic republican parties which met every year to coordinate policies, but the USA was always in charge.  Funny how that works too.  
  
China was the dominant player in Asia and was sometimes with us, sometimes against us.  Korea, Japan, Vietnam were controlled by China.  Indonesia, Malaysia, and Singapore were allied with the UK.  India dominated the South Asian republics and was allied with the US although their Hindu-nationalist grated on some in the Christian community in the USA.  
  
That's the world I live in middle part of the 21st century.  As you can see I don't fit in – I am not pure white, my ancestors were Political Suspect on both sides, I grew up in the projects in Berkeley, which still has a reputation as being out of touch with mainstream America, and I did not go to church.  There is only one church left in the USA.   
  
The American Patriotic Church of Jesus.  This church according to the official history came about in the early 60's as a revolt against the attempt of the secular humanists to destroy Christendom.  The Secular humanists were defeated around 2010 when the NARP declared the end of the corrupt old republic.  Since then we have lived in peace, and happiness under the enlighten leadership of the NARP.  Elections still happened every couple of years but who cared?  No one I knew could vote.  But the media still made it a huge farce.   
  
The real history says that the American Patriotic Church of Jesus was founded by the NARP as a means of keeping the Christian community in line.  It brought together the conservative evangelist churches and put them under the control of the Southern Baptist Convention which renamed itself the APCJ.  They self-appointed an American Church leader to serve as the "anti-pope."  The APCJ declared it to be the savior of white Christendom and was constantly on war with the Catholics, and the "unchurched."   
  
Catholics, free thinkers, Jews, Buddhists, Hindus and Muslims are still free to worship but if you openly proclaim you belong to a minority faith you will be labeled PU and find yourself in lots of trouble, for yourself and your children.  These alternative churches are not allowed to advertise, use the mass media, have schools, or own property.  Members of their clergy are also not exempt from the occasional mandatory military service that most men face, nor are they allowed to have a salary from the church.  They are essentially unpaid part-time priests.  And it is amazing that there are any of them left given the constant anti-minority faith propaganda in the mainstream media and TV.  
  
Being a Muslim is particularly dangerous as most of the Mideast is controlled by radical Islamic states who have vowed to destroy the modern world.  They bomb things here and there and there are always crackdowns.  The Muslims tend to live in ghettos along with the Mexicans, Blacks, Asians, PU whites and mestizos.  I live in a ghetto called West Berkeley.  I am one of the few blue eyed chaps around.  I have had to learn to fight from my first birthday and now I have a grudging respect for being a tough mother fucker and for being a brilliant speaker and thinker.  That gets me in trouble at school where they want people to learn the party line and not question things.  I have been threatened with being shipped off to rededication through labor camps every week.  I have not yet gone and I think these camps in the dessert are mostly empty now.  Few people openly discuss their hatred of the NARP; you never knew who was an informer or a true believer.  Funny how it worked, even though the NARP was openly hostile to minorities and to dissidents, there were still people in the Ghetto who were supportive of the NARP.  Why I never knew.  Like I said, no one ever wanted to discuss these things openly as who knew was listening.  And bugs were everywhere except deep in the heart of the Ghetto.  They had other kinds of bugs to deal with if you know what I mean.  
  
Life for the majority of the population is difficult – housing is lousy, few can afford private cars, crime in the ghetto is violent and rampant and often random as angry people go off for no apparent reason.  Most people have been to numerous funerals by the time they turn 18.  The authorities are simply not concerned with crime in the ghetto; rather they are terrified the chaos will spread to "real America" where the white minority lives very well indeed.  
  
In real America you live in gated communities with servants who are not paid much.  You have private schools, and you will be going to college now that college admission is reserved for white people and rich foreigners.  No minorities other than rich foreign Asians and foreign Europeans are allowed to attend college.  If you are minority, or PU – forget about it; although they do admit 1 percent of their student body from among the minority communities to promote diversity.  But those Uncle Toms as we call them are usually the sons or daughters of some servant to some rich asshole and who knows what they had to do to get their child into one of the diversity admissions slots.  
  
In the real America, Fathers and Mothers both work hard in huge offices downtown and in suburban office parks.  The middle class commute by trains that are too expensive for the majority of the population who commute by bus, or walk the streets.  The upper class commutes by limo driven by drivers who are all minority members.   
  
The biggest problem the rich face is finding reliable help as all domestic helpers must pass stringent security screening and most of the population would fail a polygraph when asked, "Do you loyally support the government of the American National Republican Party?" And finding a minority member of the party – forget about it.  Only whites are allowed.   
  
Every so often a white person falls from grace as the local saying has it and ends up in the Ghetto.  It is usually because they meet up with a KZY recruiter, or read suspect literature or ask inconvenient questions.  They end up losing their college scholarship and are subject to immediate drafting into the army.  The army is all minority or PU and they hate the draftee white boys and torment them and sometimes frag them.  The officers are all white but lower middle class white and usually are sympathetic to the troops and hate the draftees as well.    
  
Lower middle class whites live a difficult life – housing is expensive as the rich own most of it.  The rental units available usually front the Ghetto or are in the ghetto and white people are afraid of the Ghetto or Chinatown.  And for good reason I might add.  One of the favorite past times in the Ghetto is harassing the white people who wonder into the Ghetto on business or to buy drugs or illicit sex.  Yeah, drugs and sex outside of marriage are illegal as hell in "real America" but are everywhere in the ghetto.  And funny how some guys are still lusting after homosexual sex even though that is trees maximum illegal squared in the "Real America."  Supplying drugs and sex to the tourists is big business in the Ghetto or Chinatown. Funny how that has not changed since the old days either.  
  
Chinatown has decent Chinese restaurants for the tourists, but these are all on the edge of Chinatown.  Most of Chinatown is off limits to non-Asians.  Chinatown occupies most of old Oakland as the SF Chinatown was closed down when SF became an enclave for white people.  East Oakland was now known as the Mission East and was all Mexican or mestizos.  West Berkeley, where I live, is mostly black, Mexican, Asian, Mestizos, and PU whites.  Richmond is all black.  Albany is lower middle class white, with some minorities living there as well.  The Berkeley, Richmond and Oakland hills are all rich white enclaves, heavily guarded by the police who check ID's of all minority visitors.  The students live in huge guarded dormitories near the campus.  Off campus housing is for the grad students and junior faculty.  The University and the city exist in an uneasy truce with the University behind a huge gate.  
  
I meet up with my sister, Inga.  She is happy to see me but worried that my developing interests in the real history as it is called will get me into serious trouble and her family as well.  She is only a few years older than me and already has children.  Her husband is also mestizos as marriage is prohibited across racial lines.  Having sex with white women is considered rape and the penalty is public execution.  Once a week there are executions carried out on TV.  These programs are among the highest rated programs.  They always start off with a clip from the trial, a short reenactment of the crime, and pronouncement by the judge. Local politicians line up to be on the show to re-read the pronouncement, followed by the execution – usually by firing squad.  Funny thing though – the criminals are all minorities and the judges all white and the crimes were all committed in white areas. The ghetto is filled with violent criminals but the police never show up after you call in the crime.  So we have our own courts and the real violent mother fuckers are usually stomped to death after a quick trial by some of the elders.  I have participated in such trials and have served as an executioner's assistant.  
  
I leave my sister with my weekly bus pass, and two tidbits of info – there is new Chinese restaurant that is both good and cheap, and my friend Ricky is urgently looking for me.  
  
I go to Ricky's house and find the door open.  Ricky is 6 feet 4 inches tall and works out every day.  He is in the football team which is one of the few avenues left for minority men to make it big in the real world. - Though salaries are way down since they liberalized importing athletes from other countries.  The day of multi-million dollars’ salaries are long gone.  But then tickets are still cheap now a day although going to the stadium is usually difficult as they are located in the white areas and public transit sucks in that part of the city.  The whites all have cars or drivers.  Only the poor take the bus. And the police look askance at any minority person who manages to get to the game anyway.  The audiences for the games is mostly white, the poor watch on TV or don't pay attention anymore.  
  
Anyway I digress.  I walked in on Ricky and find him tied up, with his father, mother and sister all tied up.  Five mean looking white men in black suites are beating them up asking for information about me! Jake.  Ricky sees me and motions me to get the fuck out.  I jump out the window moments before it is blown away by a military issued AKZ.  I think perhaps the fact that I am becoming known as an advocate of the real history is starting to piss off the NARP's private army known as the Defenders of the Truth.  
  
The "Defenders of the Truth" don't officially exist and are not paid for by the government or the party.  Right.  They are just local white people who get it in their head that they have to go chase down and terrorize upidity minorities and dissidents from time to time.  And of course they did not take orders from the Gestapo either as the DT did not exist and never existed either.  I did not want to wait around and find out what they wanted from me or even if they really existed.  I mean I saw with my own eyes that they were mean mother fuckers and were beating Ricky's family to death.  I knew if stuck around, it would not be good for my karma or my health.  And I did not want to be drafted into the army or find myself in a reeducation camp, even if they also did not exist.  
  
I can't go home so I wander into Chinatown which is well known as a no go zone for white people.  I reach the restaurant and tell them of my troubles.  They assure me that they will help me.  They feed me and offer me a job as a runner – a passer of information and underground lotto results.  A lucrative but somewhat dangerous job.  You can't trust the electronic medium as everything is bugged.  You can't trust phone calls, cells, the net.  The only way to get confidential messages across is to hire a messenger boy.  We ride around town on cool bikes and are usually allowed in white zoned areas as the white owned businesses use us a lot as they don't trust the government at times.  Why I can't figure out - they own the god damned government after all.  
  
The advantage: it is off the books, tax free, and allows me to say goodbye to my former life as a future slave in the new world order of the NARP.  
  
The disadvantage: I will now belong forever to the Ghetto and never be able to escape my fate as a member of the disadvantaged majority.  So I vow to make the most of it, and read as much as I can, and maybe light out for the KZY republic if things get too hairy.  Mr. Chen, the Chinese owner of my new restaurant says he can get me on the underground railroad to KZY but only if I work for him for a year or two.  
  
I say, why not?  What else do I have to do? I mean it ain't as if I was born a rich white boy living in the "Real America" just outside the Ghetto.  
  
   
  
  
  
  
  
The New American National Republic Party Rules Forever  
My name is no one, but you can call me JC.  It is 2055 and this is the story of how I became an enemy of the people.  At the time the story began last winter I was a high-school senior who had a part-time job as a janitor/city street cleaner in Berkeley, California.    
  
I was preparing to take my mandatory tests soon and am worried about my future as my grades don't seem to be that high.  As a non-white from a politically suspect but, my options were quite limited.  
I could get into college if my scores were super high and I qualified for a “diversity” scholarship but that was not realistic = less than 1 percent were awarded per year.   
I could find a job working for a corporation but these were limited and the competition was fierce.  
I could disappear into the underground economy working for illegal corporations doing quasi legal jobs and making just about starvation wages.  
Perhaps I could make it in the entertainment business as everyone says I have the perfect “pan ethnic look” to play a villain on TV or the movies.  And I tried out for drama at high school and got a part and had the acting bug already.   
Or I could be swept up into the military. I didn't want to be swept away into the army as a military conscript to fight overseas in one of the many wars that seem to happen all the time, but I would do my duty as the propaganda signs across the street proclaim.  
  
It was 12 noon and I decided to skip school that afternoon and do some reading.  But, I needed to go have lunch first and I needed some money for the bus-subway.  So I go looking for my sister who works for the bus company.  She might be able to comp me a free ticket if her boss is not looking too hard.  Besides it was lunch time.  I wanted to find a new Chinese restaurant for lunch.  
  
Berkeley was filled with Chinese, Koreans, Japanese, Vietnamese, Indians, Pakistanians and other Asians as was the entire State of California which was about ½ Mexican, ¼ Asian and ¼ white with some native peoples and a few blacks as well.  Most of the blacks had long since left California and moved back to the Deep South which was now majority black.  Most of the country was majority non-white except for the Mountain states which were almost all white.    
Most whites thought that they would be selected for college, and after serving in the military service as an officer, end up working for the corporations, the church or senior government service.  
  
Some of us though were unfortunate to be mixed race and in our Pure Republican Country only Whites could aspire to management positions.  Everyone else – well there was always need for cannon fodder for the military, and the county government had a large work force for projects like the endless urban renewal that was to create better cities but just seem to create more luxury housing and fewer options for the 70% of the population who were nonwhite And there were hundreds of small, illegal business everywhere serving the majority of the population who could not afford to shop in the fancy shopping malls that ring the edges of the cities. Thus most of the population worked from time to time in one small establishment or another for low wages, under the table cash payments, and occasionally worked for free to pay off debts or to pay for hospital treatments.  Medical insurance = forget about it.  Only white people received it.   
  
I was part Cherokee, part black, part Spanish, part German and Irish and looked it.  I was tall, thin, with dark skin, but intense blue eyes.  Some suggested a career in the movies/TV where that pan-ethnic look was perfect for roles as villains.  But I wanted to be a leading man and that would never happen as I was not "Aryan".   
  
Funny how that term had come back in fashion about a decade after the Department of Homeland Security had taken over the government and dissent was effectively outlawed.  Sure the constitution was the law of the land and the bill of rights were paid lip service to but everyone knew the limits of free speech and the media were owned by the corporations.  No free papers existed anywhere except in cyberspace and those were always monitored and shut down when they got too far from the "mainstream."  And anyone foolish enough to read them risked being picked up by the new Gestapo – the Homeland Security's Internal Security Police.  And funny, how that word, Gestapo had also come back in fashion.   
I had recently begun to read history but not the official propaganda they subjected to us in school.  This worried my parents who had grown up in the old world and remembered what really happened.  My father if he was good and drunk would regale us with stories of the old days and curse the National American Republican Party for turning the former U.S. A. into a dictatorship of the rich for the rich.  Only white people who owned property whose parents were members of the old Republican Party could vote or hold office.  If any of your ancestors were minorities, or were homosexuals, or were atheists or were members of something called the Democratic party, you would be labeled as "Politically Unreliable," ("PU") - and forever denied access to higher education, a good job, decent housing but you still could enlist in the military as they always needed people, including minorities, and "PU" people.   
  
According to the official history, the NARP had come to power about 50 years ago after the collapse of communism which led to the growth of Islamic terrorists.  The terrorists were determined to destroy liberty and freedom for the White Race.  They were destroyed in a series of wars around the world and peace, freedom and liberty were renewed for the Christian United States of America.  The CUSA now consisted of the old USA and part of Canada (which had always been part of the USA according to the official history).  Mexico was one of our enemy nations and controlled most of Latin America along with Brazil.  Chilitina was a lone outpost of White Christendom in the Southern hemisphere and was a close ally of the Republican Christian States of America.  
We were always fighting either Mexico or Brazil over some insult or another.  According to the official history, the CUSA under the glorious leadership of the NARP always won after a quick and short military police action against the Catholic Roman-Islamic controlled forces of evil.  
  
The former independent republic of Canada had a rump state known as KZY Republic which was filled with crazies, drug taking freaks and free thinkers.  It was located in the far northwestern corner of the continent.  The CUSA government had surrounded it with tanks and troops and had it contained but for the most part left it alone.  There was a substantial underground of KZY supporters in the USA.  They maintained that the KZY republic was the last real free republic left on earth and they had recruiters looking for new people to join them in revolution.  I had met one of those recruiters and was on my way to lunch to join him and some of my high school friends.  Hence the search for a new Chinese restaurant (Chinamen were known for being KZY sympathizers).  
  
Quebec was also an independent nation, but was allied with Mexico and we had to invade it every so often as they keep shipping arms to the Mohak and other native people who had become terrorists demanding that the White Man be kicked out of the Continent.   
  
Europe was split between the New European Federation of old Russia, the former Soviet states, which resembled the USA – run by the Russian Slavic Peoples Party, dedicated to promoting the interests of the White Slavic nation against its Islamic enemies - and UK, Germany, France, and Italy.  Scandinavian were independent countries after the NATO and EU fell apart.  Official history says that the old structures were unworkable and that there was a popular desire for freedom from the corrupt bureaucrats.  Germany and Italy were friendly countries run by their version of the NARP.  
  
France was one of our enemy countries.  The UK was now known as the British Empire and controlled most of Africa, and parts of SE Asia.  The UK was run by their version of the NARP.  The NARP even had an international union of democratic republican parties which met every year to coordinate policies, but the CUSA was always in charge.  Funny how that works too.  
  
China was the dominant player in Asia and was sometimes with us, sometimes against us.  Korea, Japan, Vietnam were controlled by China.  Indonesia, Malaysia, and Singapore were allied with the UK.  India dominated the South Asian republics and was allied with the US although their Hindu-nationalist grated on some in the Christian community in the CUSA.  
  
That's the world I live in the middle part of the 21st century.  As you can see I don't fit in – I am not pure white, my ancestors were Political Suspect on both sides, I grew up in the projects in Berkeley, which still has a reputation as being out of touch with mainstream America, and I did not go to church.    
  
There is only one church left in the CUSA -The American Patriotic Church of Jesus.  This church according to the official history came about in the early 60's as a revolt against the attempt of the secular humanists to destroy Christendom.  The Secular humanists were defeated around 2020 when the NARP declared the end of the corrupt old republic during the great glorious Christian Restoration which brought the modern world into existence.  
Since then we have lived in peace, and happiness under the enlighten leadership of the NARP.  Elections still happened every couple of years but who cared?  No one I knew could vote as only white men who belong to the party could vote.  But the media still made it a huge farce.   
  
The real history says that the American Patriotic Church of Jesus was founded by the NARP as a means of keeping the Christian community in line.  It brought together the conservative evangelist churches and put them under the control of the Southern Baptist Convention which renamed itself the APCJ.  They self-appointed an American Church leader to serve as the "anti-pope."  The APCJ declared it to be the savior of white Christendom and was constantly on war with the Catholics, and the "unchurched."   
  
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Being a Muslim is particularly dangerous as most of the Mideast is controlled by radical Islamic states who have vowed to destroy the modern world.  They bomb things here and there and there are always crackdowns.  The Muslims tend to live in ghettos along with the Mexicans, Blacks, Asians, PU whites and mestizos.  I live in a ghetto called West Berkeley.  I am one of the few blue eyed chaps around.  I have had to learn to fight from my first birthday and now I have a grudging respect for being a tough mother fucker and for being a brilliant speaker and thinker.  That gets me in trouble at school where they want people to learn the party line and not question things.  I have been threatened with being shipped off to rededication through labor camps every week.  I have not yet gone and I think these camps in the dessert are mostly empty now.  Few people openly discuss their hatred of the NARP; you never knew who was an informer or a true believer.  Funny how it worked, even though the NARP was openly hostile to minorities and to dissidents, there were still people in the Ghetto who were supportive of the NARP.    
Why I never knew.  Like I said, no one ever wanted to discuss these things openly as who knew was listening.  And bugs were everywhere except deep in the heart of the Ghetto.  They had other kinds of bugs to deal with if you know what I mean.  
  
Life for the majority of the population is difficult – housing is lousy, few can afford private cars, crime in the ghetto is violent and rampant and often random as angry people go off for no apparent reason.  Most people have been to numerous funerals by the time they turn 18.  The authorities are simply not concerned with crime in the ghetto; rather they are terrified the chaos will spread to "real America" where the white minority lives very well indeed.   
And guns are everywhere – the authorities maintain that they can’t do anything about the guns but only go after those who off white people – which happens every day and is a huge thing in the media.  No one cares if a minority type kills other minorities in the ghetto.  
In real America you live in gated communities with servants who are not paid much.  You have private schools, and you will be going to college now that college admission is reserved for white people and rich foreigners.  No minorities other than rich foreign Asians and foreign Europeans are allowed to attend college.  If you are minority, or PU – forget about it; although they do admit 1 percent of their student body from among the minority communities to promote diversity.  But those Uncle Toms as we call them are usually the sons or daughters of some servant to some rich asshole and who knows what they had to do to get their child into one of the diversity admissions slots.  
  
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Lower middle class whites live a difficult life – housing is expensive as the rich own most of it.  The rental units available usually front the Ghetto or are in the ghetto and white people are afraid of the Ghetto or Chinatown.  And for good reason I might add.  One of the favorite past times in the Ghetto is harassing the white people who wonder into the Ghetto on business or to buy drugs or illicit sex.  Yeah, drugs and sex outside of marriage are illegal as hell in "real America" but are everywhere in the ghetto.  And funny how some guys are still lusting after homosexual sex even though that is tres maximum illegal squared in the "Real America."    
The national morality act imposes severe penalties for sexual activity outside of marriage, or drug use, or gambling or having PU opinions.  Needless to say, supplying drugs and sex to the tourists is big business in the Ghetto or Chinatown. Funny how that has not changed since the old days either.  
Chinatown has decent Chinese restaurants for the tourists, but these are all on the edge of Chinatown.  Most of Chinatown is “off limits” to non-Asians.  There is a huge wall around Chinatown and tourists are only let in in small groups after paying a “security tax”.  And they don’t wander much beyond the “tourist fringes” due to well-founded security concerns.  Chinatown ain’t safe for white people.   
Chinatown occupies most of old Oakland as the SF Chinatown was closed down when SF became an enclave for white people.  East Oakland was now known as the Mission East and was all Mexican or mestizos.  West Berkeley, where I live, is mostly black, Mexican, Asian, Mestizos, and PU whites.  Richmond is all black.  Albany is lower middle class white, with some minorities living there as well.  The Berkeley, Richmond and Oakland hills are all rich white enclaves, heavily guarded by the police who check ID's of all minority visitors.  The students live in huge guarded dormitories near the campus.  Off campus housing is for the grad students and junior faculty.  The University and the city exist in an uneasy truce with the University behind a huge gate.  
  
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I go to Ricky's house and find the door open.  Ricky is 6 feet 4 inches tall and works out every day.  He is in the football team which is one of the few avenues left for minority men to make it big in the real world. - Though salaries are way down since they liberalized importing athletes from other countries.  The day of multi-million dollars’ salaries are long gone.  But then tickets are still cheap now a day although going to the stadium is usually difficult as they are located in the white areas and public transit sucks in that part of the city.  The whites all have cars or drivers.  Only the poor take the bus. And the police look askance at any minority person who manages to get to the game anyway.  The audiences for the games is mostly white, the poor watch on TV or don't pay attention anymore.  
  
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I say, why not?  What else do I have to do? I mean it ain't as if I was born a rich white boy living in the "Real America" just outside the Ghetto.

## Chains that Bind Us

by Jake Aller on January 30, 2017.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

Chains that Bind Us  
January 2, 2012  
  
I realize that my love for you  
Is like a chain of steel  
  
Unbreakable  
Tough as nails  
  
and yet as your love entangles me  
I realize that I embrace my imprisonment  
and don't want to venture out of my cell   
  
Made of our years together  
bit by bit we have become entangled  
  
Where I end and you begin   
Hopelessly enter tangled  
  
Even if I wanted to break free  
I could not   
  
For I am you and you are me  
and my fate is in your hands  
  
and so I relax   
and decide to just   
  
Enjoy the ride of my life  
as we move towards the final moments  
  
together as we have always been  
Inseparable, merged into one being  
  
Starting at each other  
wondering who is that person  
Of eternal mystery  
  
That has so captured my soul  
and imprisoned it in her love  
  
And I smile thinking of your love  
and the endless pleasure it has brought me  
and the endless pain that I have endured  
  
Just to be next to you  
and part of you  
  
Until the day I die  
and we meet in the next world

## Author notes

reflections on 37 years of marriage

## the storm is coming

by Jake Aller on January 30, 2017.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

The Storm is Coming  
January 3, 2012  
  
I see a dangerous storm brewing in America  
I hear the dangerous creeping sounds   
I see on TV  
  
The grinning masses  
The lies  
  
the politicians dancing on the grave  
of freedom  
  
I fear the growing power  
The power of the intolerant ones  
The power of their mightily wave  
  
the coming of fascism  
the coming of neo-Hitlerism  
  
The coming of war   
To consume us all   
  
This time   
No one will save us  
  
from the evil that surrounds us  
God they say is on our side  
  
and the darkness gathers hold  
the evil slips out  
The madness begins again  
  
and those who see the light  
those who know the right  
and drowned out by the might  
  
Might makes right  
In the end   
Does it matter  
as slavery descends upon us all  
the 1 percent have their revenge  
The rest of us don't matter  
  
We are mere cogs   
In the wheel  
  
and always have   
and always will  
  
That is God's will  
and who are we to disagree  
with the word of God  
  
and so I and my fellows  
are marched off to our doom  
  
resistance is futile  
resistance is futile  
resistance is futile

## Author notes

thoughts about our new president

## where do you and I begin?

by Jake Aller on January 30, 2017.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

Where Do You and I Begin Love   
  
I woke up one day and realized   
I no longer knew   
where you and I began   
  
and where you and I ended  
we had become almost one  
  
We talked in half sentences   
Knowing what the other wanted   
and knowing how it would end  
  
We ate the same foods with some resistance  
because I still crave an old fashioned American meal  
but still we were becoming more and more the same  
  
and I was scared of loosing myself   
In your embrace   
  
and becoming you  
and you becoming me   
  
and this fear of losing me   
in the ocean of us   
overwhelms me at time  
  
but I know that I will always  
Return to your arms  
  
because I cannot live  
A moment without you at my side  
  
and I know you are the same  
we feel each other's inner pain  
we feel each other's outer pain  
  
and our history has merged   
into one  
  
and is that the secret   
of a long marriage?  
  
Have I figured it all out   
in the end does it come to this?  
a merging of two souls and two bodies?  
  
I don't have the answers   
But I don't have any more doubts  
or regrets at the path I have taken  
  
I still look forward  
to waking up each  
  
Seeing you there   
and knowing that everyday  
  
we have together   
is a gift that I will cherish  
Until my dying breath

## Author notes

more reflections on marriage

## Everything will be all right

by Jake Aller on January 30, 2017.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

Everything Will Be All Right, Everything Will Be All Right   
12-12-2013 4:30 am  
In the midst of my gloomy thoughts  
Of the endless nightmare   
Of my endless despair  
  
I looked over   
And saw my wife  
Sleeping peacefully away  
And I hugged her   
And felt something stir in me   
  
I heard an angel’s voice  
Saying “everything will be all right, everything will be all right”  
  
And then I saw her wake up  
Smiling at me   
  
And a chorus of angels filled the room  
Singing “everything will be all right, everything will be all right”  
  
And I smiled   
And she went back to sleep  
The angelic chords faded away  
  
And the darkness that had infected my soul  
Began to recede back into the dark corners  
From which it sprung   
  
And I smiled   
And chanted alongside the angelic choir   
  
Everything will be all right   
Everything will be all right  
  
And I knew it would be   
As long as I had her by my side  
  
And I smiled   
And got up  
  
Knowing that I had defeated  
The darkness once more  
  
And I was ready  
To face the dawning day  
  
Everything will be all right

## Author notes

feeling at 4 am

## ghosts from world war 11

by Jake Aller on January 30, 2017.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

Ghosts from World War Two   
12-17 2013 5 am   
I am walking through a crowded rural trail in rural France.  With a start I realize I am walking through a world war 11 graveyard. The graves have released the dead and the dead are walking trying to communicate but they are merely ghostly images of the dead soldiers.  Millions of them lost wandering about and when they see me they beseech me to help them find their lost loves and I tell them that I cannot help them that they are dead and then they cry and the anguished sounds of the dead and dying soldiers fill the air and the room is filled with the sounds and terrors of the long ago battle.  The scene shifts a bit and I am marching into battle with them before they had died and realize that the end is coming but there is nothing I can do but watch the coming of death and watch with horror the death of my new best friends.  Then the scene clears the ghosts smile and say, “see that’s what happened to us.  Please tell the world to not do this again.  Please end the war everywhere. Please Please Please… “And I promise and wake up feeling that I had made a commitment but to whom and what I knew not.

## Author notes

from my dream journals

## Spring Time on Capitol Hill

by Jake Aller on April 5, 2017.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

Sitting on a bench  
In Lincoln Park  
  
Heart of Capitol Hill  
Beating heart of the Empire  
On a warm Spring Day  
  
Watching the Cherry trees   
Watching Me  
  
Wondering what thoughts  
They must have heard  
The things they have seen  
Over the years  
  
But they are quiet  
They do not say a word  
As I fall into my spring time dreams  
Sitting on that bench  
  
Seeing the children and dogs play  
Looking at Spring flowers  
And pretty women  
As they stroll by  
Hearing the sounds of the city  
As I dream of my past life  
Memories of places and people  
  
I said to myself  
What a wonderful life

## Author notes

written on capitol hill on a nice spring day

## Watching cats hunt april 7th

by Jake Aller on April 9, 2017.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

Early morning   
Watching two white cats  
Hunting a white dove   
  
The cats hunt in pairs  
Tracking the bird  
  
The bird flies away  
Safe for now  
  
As I think about the cats  
The hunt goes on  
  
Such is life  
And the fate of cats  
And birds

## Author notes

Poem 7th for april poem athon

## Landlord blues

by Jake Aller on April 9, 2017.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

I am a landlord   
Owner of property   
  
Here, there and elswhere  
Have been for years  
  
I have tenants   
And tenant  issues galore   
  
I receive rent from  the  tenants   
It seems that money grows   
On the proverbial tree  
  
But  at times  
From time to time   
  
I hate being a landlord  
I suppose  in my heart   
  
I am a socialist with with a bleeding heart   
But my wife is comfortable as an landlord   
  
She calls me a hypocrite   
And a wild romantic goat   
Born under the sign  of the  goat  
  
And i call her a capitalist  pig  
Born under the sign of the golden pig

## Author notes

Poem 8 for poem a thon

## Wagontire oregon 1973, 2016

by Jake Aller on April 9, 2017.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

In 1973, i went on a road trip  
With my Father  
  
We left Berkelely to go to Yakima  
Where my father had a summer cabin  
  
He was a college professor  
And had July and August off  
And we spent our summers  
  
Every summer from 68 to 78  
In that mountain cabin  
  
Our whole dysfunctional family  
Our annual trip to hell and back  
And we did noot get along at all  
  
We decided to drive through Eastern Oregon  
Just my Father and me  
Just for the hell of it  
The rest of the family was already there  
  
My Father and i shared a travel lust  
Loved to go to new places  
One of tbe few things we shared  
  
This was one of our best trips  
We actually got along  
Which was unusual  
  
Normally our relationship   
Was fraught with tension  
As we were so different   
  
We left Klamath falls  
A real noting burg in those days  
And headed east along highway 395  
  
As we entered the desert  of eastern oregon   
We entered a different world  
  
High mountain  desert   
Almost no one on the road  
  
Then we saw the sign  
Wagontire oregon  
100 miles ahead   
99 miles  
98 miles  
  
We counted down the signs  
Mile after mile  
As we drove into the gsthering dusk  
  
We speculated that wagontire  
Must be a giant truck stop  
An oasis in the desert  
In the middle of no where  
  
We pulled into town  
Nothing but a gas station  
Motel and cafe  
  
We decided to  stop   
Last gas for 100 miles  
According to the highway sign  
  
In the morning   
We chasted with  the owner   
He was the sherrif fire chief  
  
Owner  of the motel gas station  
The  only business in town  
  
And the only place open  
For one hundred miles  
  
I noticed a sign outside  
Welcome to  wagontire, oregon  
Population 2 1/2 humans 10 dogs   
200000 sheep  
  
I asked tge sherrif   
Who is the half human  
  
He said my idiot son  
  
And we left   
200 miles  
We finally left eastern oregon  
  
2016  
  
In 2016 my wife and i drove through eastern oregon  
As part of our epic cross country trip  
  
31 states 100000 miles in three months  
  
On the way from n  
Medford  to yellowstone  
We drove along highway 395  
40 years since my trip with my father  
  
The signs for wagontire were gone  
As we drove through the town  
  
The motel was abandonded  
Nothing there at all  
  
The motel was in ruins  
Just another  ghost town  
  
And that sign was gone too  
Just a small sign saying   
Wagontire oregon  
  
We speculared about wagontire   
And all the other nothing burgs  
We drove through that summer  
  
Heart of Trump's forgoten America  
Fly over country

## Author notes

Reflections on my visit to wagontire oregon in 73 and 2016

## poems for poem a thon

by Jake Aller on May 1, 2017.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

Poems by Jake Cosmos Aller For Poem a Thon 2017  
JOHN (“JAKE”) COSMOS ALLER is a   
   
April 1 Berkeley California  
  
Growing up in the 60’s  
In Berkeley almost 50 years ago  
I think back  
At those turbulent times  
Those crazy wonderful times  
  
Berkeley is a wonderful place  
In many ways  
Stuck forever in 1967  
A true time travel experience  
  
Every time I go back  
And relive the memories  
Of the 60’s  
  
The 60’s never died  
They continue  
In college towns  
Across the world  
  
And Berkeley  
Remains the mecca  
Of the counter cultural revolution  
  
Many things have changed  
But the organic food revolution  
Became mainstream  
  
Marijuana spread out  
The sexual revolution  
Became mainstream  
  
So much of the world  
Is but a reflection  
Of the revolution of the 60’s  
  
And the conservative counter-revolution  
That we are still fighting  
So, I salute  
My homeland  
  
Berkeley  
The center of my universe  
   
April 2 Lithia Springs  
  
Staying at Lithia Springs  
Soaking in the healing waters  
  
Soaking my pains away  
Renewing my life  
  
Renewing my love  
As we both soak away  
  
As the pain of life go away  
And our love grows  
  
With each soaking session  
Life is good  
  
At the hot springs water  
Sooths us and smooth us  
  
And we fall in love  
Again and again  
   
April 2 Walls  
  
Trump wants a wall  
Between America and Mexico  
  
A wall against the southern hordes  
A wall based on fear and hate  
  
A wall to make America safe  
A wall to make America great again  
  
And yet I wonder  
Will his wall fall  
  
Like the Berlin wall  
And the great wall  
  
And all the other walls  
They all failed  
All of them  
  
Walls divide us  
Walls make us  
Into different tribes  
  
Between the pure  
And the impure  
  
St Reagan  
Said Tear Down this Wall  
  
Will future Presidents  
Tear down this begotten wall  
  
Or will it become a tourist attraction  
Another great wall  
Against barbarian hordes  
  
   
April 4 Changes  
  
I reflect upon my life  
As the sun comes up  
  
What could I have changed  
What would I have changed  
  
If I could go back in time  
What would I tell my earlier self  
  
What would I do differently  
And what have I learned  
  
The one thing  
that I would not have changed  
is meeting the women of my dreams  
  
the chance meeting on a bus  
that changed everything  
in a moment  
  
I met my fate  
That day on the bus  
  
And that is the end of the story  
   
April 5 Facing Life’s Challenges Together  
  
Woke up at 0 dark hundred  
Vowing to boldly go forth  
And face the challenges of the future  
Without fear  
  
Knowing that I have you there  
Makes all the difference in the world  
As we meet our fate  
  
Together  
Until the day we die  
   
April 6 Wagontire, Oregon   
1973  
  
In 1973, I went on a road trip   
With my father  
  
We left Berkeley to go to Yakima  
Where my father had a summer cabin  
  
He was a college professor  
And had July and August off   
  
And we spent the summers  
Every summer from 1968 to 1978   
  
Our whole dysfunctional family  
Our annual road trip to hell and back   
As we did not get along at all   
  
We decided to drive through Eastern Oregon  
Just my father and me  
Just for the hell of it  
  
The rest of the family was already there   
  
My father and I shared a travel lust  
One of the few things we shared   
  
This was one of our best trips  
We got along   
Which was unusual   
  
Normally our relationship  
Was fraught   
As we were so different   
  
We left Klamath Falls   
A real nothing burg in those days  
  
And headed east along highway 395  
As we entered the desert of eastern Oregon  
We entered a different world  
  
High mountain dessert  
Almost no one on the road   
  
Then we saw the sign  
Wagontire Oregon   
100 miles ahead  
  
99 miles ahead  
98 miles ahead  
  
We counted down the signs   
Miles after miles  
As we drove into the gathering dusk  
  
We speculated that Wagontire  
Must be a giant truck stop  
In the middle of no where  
  
We pulled into the town  
Nothing there but a gas station  
Motel and café  
  
We decided to stop  
Last gas for 100 miles   
According to the highway signs  
  
In the morning  
We chatted with the owner  
  
He was the sheriff, the fire chief  
The owner of the motel, gas station  
The only business in town  
  
And the only place open   
For one hundred miles  
  
I noticed a highway sign outside  
Welcome to Wagontire, Oregon  
Population 2 ½ humans 10 dogs, 50.000 sheep  
  
I asked the Sherriff  
Say who is the ½ human?  
  
My idiot son!  
  
And we left.  
200 miles later   
We finally left Eastern Oregon  
  
2016  
  
In 2016 my wife and I drove through Eastern Oregon  
As part of our epic cross country trip  
10, 000 miles  
31 states in three months  
  
On the way from Medford to Yellowstone  
We drove along highway 395   
  
The signs for Wagontire was gone  
And we drove through the town  
  
The motel was abandoned  
Nothing there at all  
  
And that sign was gone too   
  
I said I suppose the idiot son  
Never took over the business  
  
And we speculated about Wagontire  
And all other nothing burgs   
We drove through that summer  
  
Heart of Trump’s America   
True fly over country  
   
April 7  Watching Cats Hunt  
  
Early morning   
Watching two white cats  
Hunting a white dove   
  
The cats hunt in pairs  
Tracking the bird  
  
The bird flies away  
Safe for now  
  
And I think about the cats  
And the hunt goes on  
  
Such is life  
And the fate of cats  
And birds  
   
April 8  Landlord Blues  
I am a landlord  
Owner of property  
  
Here there and elsewhere  
Have been for years  
  
I have tenants   
and tenant issues galore  
  
I receive rent from the tenants  
it seems money grows on the proverbial tree  
  
but at times  
from time to time   
  
I hate being a landlord  
I suppose in my heart   
  
I am a socialist with a blending heart  
But my wife is comfortable as a landlord  
  
She calls me a hypocrite   
And a wild romantic goat  
Born under the sign of the goat   
  
And I call her a capitalist pig  
Born under the sign of the golden pig  
  
  
  
   
April 9 Pane e circus 2017 Redux  
  
By order of his excellency  
Emperor Donald the First  
  
The merciful,   
the Christian King of Kings  
The Sultan of Sultans  
The Emperor of North America  
  
Be it hereby decreed  
That the ancient honorable gladiator games  
Of the old Roman Empire  
Have been restored   
  
Each city in the Empire will host a team  
They will compete for the honor   
Of the national championship  
  
The games will start   
With fighting animals  
  
Fighting fish  
Roosters  
Cheetahs  
Tiger  
Bears  
Wolves  
And lions   
  
Then a man lion contest   
With a heretic thrown to the lions  
  
If he or she lives   
They will be pardoned  
  
Then then main games  
Six men/women teams compete  
  
Armed with swords, knifes, mace, clubs  
They fight until one man or women remans  
The victor of the game  
  
Those who are prisoners  
Can compete for their freedom   
And a full imperial pardon  
  
Let the games begin  
Long may the games reign  
In the new North America Empire   
  
Praise be to the Emperor  
Donald the First   
  
  
   
April 10 Long Live Emperor Donald the Ist  
  
Ladies and Gentlemen  
My fellow American citizens  
Greetings and salutations  
  
Today is a momentous day  
The old corrupt USA republic is no more  
The constitution that once protected us  
Has been overthrown and violated  
  
The barbarians at the gate  
Have taken over  
  
And ruined the once great land  
The last hope of the world  
  
And so, I had no choice  
But to kill the old rotten regime  
And restore American greatness  
  
To save democracy   
I must destroy it  
  
And so, starting today  
I will serve as the Emperor of North America  
  
I welcome Canada and Mexico  
And the Caribbean islands   
To join The North American Empire  
  
As we rebuild America  
Restoring American greatness  
And making us all proud again  
  
Proud subjects of the New American Empire  
May the Empire reign forever and a day  
Triumphant against all enemies  
  
And so, I take this burden  
Sadly, but gladly  
  
I will serve you  
As your Empire  
  
And my son Donald  
Will serve as our second emperor  
Once I pass from this world  
  
His son will serve as the third emperor  
And so on until the end of time  
  
And we will reign in our new capitol city  
Colorado Springs   
Until the end of time  
  
Washington will remain in our hearts  
As the capitol of the old Republic  
  
But the heirs of the Roman Empire  
Need a new Imperial Capitol  
  
And soon we will conquer Mars  
And expand our Empire to the Starts  
  
Long Live the Empire  
Long Live America  
  
Good night  
And may God Bless  
This great Empire  
   
April 11 3 Am Nightmares  
  
3 am   
  
The bewitching hour  
When the wild things come out  
And play  
  
And torture you   
With endless wild accusations  
And nightmarish visions  
  
As I toss and turn  
Trying to escape  
  
I look over at my wife  
And as always  
Repeat the mantra  
Everything will be alright  
  
And the wild things are banished  
To the dark corners of my mind  
  
And I recover my happiness  
And I smile   
As I look at the sleeping beauty  
  
Still the most beautiful women in the world   
Still the most alluring women in the world  
  
Still in love with her  
After 35 years  
  
The love gets stronger and stronger  
As she overcomes my despair  
  
And the sun comes up  
And I think to myself  
  
What a wonderful life I have  
With the women of my dreams  
   
April 12 Zombie Apocalypse  
  
Zombies to the right of me   
Zombies to the left of me  
Zombies ahead of me  
Zombies behind me  
  
Everywhere zombies galore  
The end of the world had become  
And the zombification of the world had begun  
  
Zombies to the right of me   
Zombies to the left of me  
Zombies ahead of me  
Zombies behind me  
  
No one knew when or where the first zombies appeared  
One moment zombies were just a collective figment of our deranged imagination  
The next moment we were all living in a zombie apocalypse nightmare  
  
Zombies to the right of me   
Zombies to the left of me  
Zombies ahead of me  
Zombies behind me  
  
Some said the zombies were created in a lab  
Released by mad scientists and the military  
Others said it was plague sent by God himself  
To punish mankind for tolerating evil and moral depravity  
  
Zombies to the right of me   
Zombies to the left of me  
Zombies ahead of me  
Zombies behind me  
  
The Christians and Muslims prayed  
But their prayers went unheard  
As they too soon became zombies  
  
Zombies to the right of me   
Zombies to the left of me  
Zombies ahead of me  
Zombies behind me  
  
The zombies hunted in packs  
Overwhelming their victims  
Killing most instantly   
But some they simply bit  
And turned them into fellow zombies  
  
Zombies to the right of me   
Zombies to the left of me  
Zombies ahead of me  
Zombies behind me  
  
The zombies did not attack one another  
They preferred living live flesh  
Human flesh but they ate everything they saw  
  
Zombies to the right of me   
Zombies to the left of me  
Zombies ahead of me  
Zombies behind me  
  
And so, I ran into the countryside  
With my fellow humans  
Hit out deep in the woods  
Hiding from zombies  
And crazed cannibal gangs alike  
  
Zombies to the right of me   
Zombies to the left of me  
Zombies ahead of me  
Zombies behind me  
  
The world ended that day  
And our nightmare world began  
  
Zombies to the right of me   
Zombies to the left of me  
Zombies ahead of me  
Zombies behind me  
   
April 13 Spring Doositsu for Angela Poem a Thon  
  
Waking up seeing you there  
Watching you as you wake up  
Fills me with such sweat desire  
Overcoming my mind   
  
I sit watching you all day  
Thinking of you all day long  
Wild erotic imaginings  
Love making to come   
  
That old blues song come to mind   
I just want to make love to you  
I just want to make love to you  
Nothing more than that that   
  
I end this morning with this thought  
You are still the most wonderful  
The most beautiful creature  
In the whole universe  
    
  
  
   
April 14 Love Jones  
  
I got the Love Jones, baby  
And it won't leave me alone  
  
I got the Love Jones, baby  
And it won't leave me alone  
  
I've been writing these love poems  
All day long  
  
And I have been dreaming  
Of all the ways, I could make love  
To my secret lover  
  
If only she will let me be  
  
If only she will open her heart  
And let me in  
  
Perhaps the love Jones  
Might leave me along  
  
But I got the love Jones   
Bad baby  
  
Can't you tell?  
That the love Jones  
Has grabbed my Soul  
  
Twisted it up into little pieces  
And I need you  
To unravel the Love Jones  
  
I need you to answer the call  
Of the Love Jones Baby  
  
I need you   
To let me be free  
  
Of the spell   
Of the Love Jones   
  
I got the Love Jones  
Baby  
  
I got it bad  
And only you can  
Put a stop to the love Jones  
Baby  
  
Let me enter your life  
Put out the fire of desire  
  
Send the Love Jones packing  
And let me make sweat love to you  
  
Oh, Love Jones  
Go away  
  
Let me be in peace  
  
Love Jones  
Leave me be  
  
Baby  
I got the love Jones  
For you  
  
Can't you see?  
What you do to me?  
  
I got the Love Jones  
Baby and it ain't going away  
  
Until I get to make love to you  
  
Then perhaps this Love Jones   
Will leave me be  
Love Jones  
  
April 15 Kim Vs. Trump Twitter War -in memorial of Kim Il Sung’s the Great Leader’s Birthday   
  
President Kim, it is time that we cut the shit and cut a deal #Real Trump  
  
President Trump, it is impossible for us to cut a deal unless you agree to me keeping nukes # Kim Jong-un the Great  
  
President Kim, you know that if I want I can just make you disappear.  You can be wiped off the earth in a moment.  We know where you live #real Trump  
  
President Trump, we have a nuke with your name on it on a boat sailing up the Potomac and it will blow your ass up any day now so don’t fuck with us. #Kim Jong-un the Great  
  
Kim, your stupid Asian gook.  Let me break it down for yah You threaten the US you die and all the North Koreans go to hell. Is it worth it? #real Trump.  
  
Trump, you are so stupid. You are the worst excuse for a human being ever $ Kim Jong-un the Great  
  
Kim, you are the stupid mother fucker. I mean what’s up with that idiot haircut of yours?  $real Trump  
  
Trump I would not talk about hair, you orange haired mutant mother fucker.  #Kim Jong-un the Great  
  
Kim, it is all real baby and so are my wife’s boobs… #real Trump  
  
Trump, let’s cut the crap and get down to business.  How much will you pay us to get rid of the nukes?  #kimJongun the Great  
  
Kim, lets meet manor a mano and get it out on the table.  No nukes no chems no bioweapons and no more political prisoners to start with #realTrump  
  
Trump, we can discuss. If I can stay in power the rest is negotiable #Kim Jong un the great  
  
Finally, the two of you are talking sense. About time #Xi the President of China  
  
  
April 16 Why I am not a Christian Easter Thoughts  
  
On Easter Sunday, I often think about Christianity   
I don’t understand why anymore would believe such nonsense  
  
The essential story makes no sense  
An imaginary all powerful deity that no one has ever seen or heard  
Except for psychotic patients or Drug users   
Comes down to earth and impregnates a married woman  
  
Who has never had sex for some reason  
And her husband is okay with that   
Believes her wild story  
  
And still does not have sex   
Until after the baby is born  
  
Then there is total silence   
Nothing about Jesus’s childhood  
  
30 years later he emerges   
Preaching love, peace and brotherhood  
And denouncing the corrupt temple leaders  
And the Jewish leaders as well  
  
The miracles also don’t make any sense  
In the real world, you can’t turn fish into bread  
Can’t walk on water  
Can raise the dead etc. etc.  
  
Just does not happen   
In the world, we live in  
And has not happen since those ancient days  
  
Then the last supper makes some sense  
Jesus knows he is about to be betrayed  
  
But he does not confront Judas  
Does not run away  
Does not encourage his disciplines   
To run away with him  
  
The whole Jesus Mary M story  
Also, does not make sense  
  
Jesus must have been married   
Or he was gay  
  
There is no doubt   
Either way the story makes no sense  
  
The crucifixion is the only part of the story I buy  
Jesus was put to death because he was a rebel leader  
  
And the Romans tolerated no dissent  
To the Roman’s right to conquer and rule  
  
The rising from the dead stories  
All contradict one another  
  
And Jesus was either walking as a normal human being  
Or was a ghost  
  
The door was rent open as if by lightening  
Or not   
  
Finally, we have been waiting over 2, 000 years for his return  
You would think if the story is remotely true  
He would have turned up by now  
  
Except he has  
As many lunatics claim to be Jesus   
in the flesh   
  
all delusional of course  
and that is what I think of Christianity  
  
nothing but fairy tales and mass delusions  
surrounding a kernel of truth  
  
Love one again  
Treat each other right  
Don’t be consumed with greed  
  
But couldn’t that message   
Be made simpler  
Without all the associated nonsense?  
  
So, on this day I say  
Open your minds   
  
And discard the nonsensical elements of Christian thought  
And follow the true teachings of Jesus  
Even if you don’t believe in the imaginary man in the sky  
   
April 18 Spring Time in Oregon   
  
  
Spring has finally sprung in Oregon  
Escaping from the longer winter prison  
That has covered the land with snow  
  
They say that this winter   
Was a colder than normal winter  
Wetter than normal  
As the long drought finally ended  
  
As nature resumed its normal spring thaw  
I rejoice  
  
Seeing all the signs of spring  
Especially the sight of young beautiful women  
Shedding their winter clothes  
And walking about in the spring sunshine  
  
So wonderfully alive  
So, beautiful and sexy  
As they sashay about   
Here and there  
  
It makes me smile  
All day long  
  
Yes, I love Spring time  
Everywhere in the world  
  
But especially in Oregon  
My new found second home  
   
April 19 Cats   
  
Cats  
I often wonder about Cats  
What do they think of us   
  
It seems at time   
That cats think of humans   
As their slaves  
  
We exist to feed them  
To comfort them  
  
To save them from their enemies   
And to worship them  
  
Yes, cats are an alien species  
Totally different from humanity  
Detached, and almost evil   
  
If we ever encounter an alien civilization  
God help us if it’s a cat based civilization  
  
We would then be engaged  
In the epic mother of all wars  
  
As cats and humans would not get along  
The cats would think we were their slaves  
  
And we would resent and fear them  
And secretly worship their alien ways  
   
April 20 Secret Agency Man   
  
Secret agent man  
Where are you going?  
  
What do you know?  
And when did you know it?  
  
What dark secrets do you hide  
In your inner soul?  
  
Do you even have a soul anymore?  
Or has it been so compromised  
That there is nothing left?  
  
But lies, within lies with lies  
  
Do you even know the truth?  
Does the truth set you free?  
  
Or is the truth just another lie?  
That you tell yourself  
  
I’d like to know  
My secret agent man  
  
Perhaps someday you well tell me  
Your deepest darkest secrets  
  
And reveal what the government is hiding  
But perhaps I can’t handle the truth  
  
So, keep you secrets to yourself  
And let them die with you  
  
As you go to your grave  
Your secrets buried deep within   
Your corrupted soul  
  
Until the end of time  
Reveals all  
  
   
April 21 COSTCO People Watching  
  
I love my COSTCO  
I love going there to shop  
  
But most importantly   
I love people watching   
  
Looking at people as they walk by  
Wondering what their stories are  
  
And covertly checking out the beautiful girls  
As they walk on by  
  
And when they smile at me  
It makes my day  
  
Yes, I love my COSTCO  
And COSTCO Loves Me back  
  
Extracting my money   
From my wallet  
  
I go in for one simple thing  
And walk out having spent 500 dollars  
  
Yes, COSTCO has my number  
And loves me too   
Long Live COSTCO   
   
April 22 The Dogs of War are Howling  
  
  
The Dogs of War  
Have been set free  
Of their cage  
  
And are out  
Howling at the moon  
  
The Dogs of War  
Have been set free  
  
To wreck what havoc  
Might be  
  
Yes, the Dogs of War  
The Hell Hounds   
Have bound out of their cages  
  
Sniffed about  
And smiled  
  
At the destruction, they saw  
They knew soon   
  
They would be in their element  
As the world descends into chaos  
  
The Dogs of war  
Are at foot  
  
The chaos is upon us  
The evil grows and grows  
  
And dark noises are heard  
Here and there  
  
And the dogs of war  
Smiled  
  
They knew soon  
They would be in their element  
  
The war machine   
Came to life  
  
The plans came out of the books  
The military might be unleashed  
  
And the Dogs of war   
Smiled and howled at the moon  
  
And the rest of the world  
Shuddered  
At the thought of what was yet to be   
  
  
Satan on the other hand  
Was happy as can be  
  
With the evil shit   
That was going down  
  
He smiled  
Patted his hell hounds  
And told his dogs  
  
The war to end all wars  
Armageddon is upon us my friend  
  
Soon, mankind will know  
The face of absolute evil  
  
And they will love it  
When I take over  
  
The armies prepare  
The bombers prepare  
  
And the dogs of war   
Are happy  
Unleashed to do their mischief  
  
And soon millions may die  
And the pits of hell   
Will open  
  
And the judgement day  
May be upon us all  
  
Madness descends upon the land  
The fog of hate envelops us all  
  
And reason and civilization   
Fall away  
  
As the Dogs of War  
And their minions  
Take over the minds of man  
  
And the end of the world  
And the beginning of the end times  
Come upon us all  
  
The usual lies descend upon the world  
Kim Jong un is evil personified  
  
He must be destroyed over there  
Before he can destroy us over here   
  
The lies continue unabated  
And Kim plays along  
With each day unleashing another threat  
  
With Trump and his minions   
Responding in time  
  
Saying the time for talk is over  
The time for robust action is here  
  
The machinery of war  
Once unleashed  
Can't easily be stopped  
  
There is a certain cruel logic  
That demands that the war go on   
  
And people die  
And people suffer  
  
And the US goes bankrupt  
Morally and fiscally  
  
And the evil that men do  
Goes on and on and on   
  
But the war machine must be fed  
The munitions makers must be paid  
  
As each million-dollar missile is launched  
Millions more are made  
  
And the corporations   
Think of the endless profits  
To be made  
  
Every time they kill   
With the war machines  
  
But who cares about the victims  
They are nothing but collateral damage  
  
Who cares about the soldiers  
Nothing but cannon fodder  
  
Who gives a damn  
About the dead  
They are dead and gone  
  
Just think about the profits  
Think about the profits  
  
Satan is happy  
The dogs of war are free at last  
   
April 23 Suburban Laundromat – thanks to Don Teeter for the inspiration from a FB posting  
  
Suburban Laundromat Scenes  
  
Suburban laundromat  
Anywhere USA  
  
I often go to a suburban laundromat   
Near my suburban apartment  
I can sit in my car  
  
Listen to jazz, classical or blues   
On my car’s radio  
  
And watch my machine   
Doing its suburban laundry duty   
  
Just spinning and spinning and cleaning  
Doing its thing its laundry thing  
  
The neighborhood is anywhere USA  
Strip malls, apartment houses, townhouses  
A fire station, a police station  
  
Banks, cell phone shops  
Restaurants from around the world  
  
At the parking lot’s edge  
As I approach I notice   
  
Gentlemen of the off-grid class   
Sitting among their Hogs   
Stoned off the semi legal weed   
Smiling at me   
With an I don’t give a fuck attitude  
That is somewhat contagious  
They tell stories  
Paranoid ramblings  
Containing a kernel of truth  
  
As they watch their clothes  
Like a hawk  
  
The clothes spin and spin and spin  
As the laundry machine does its laundry thing  
  
The machines don’t care about what we humans think  
They just do their duty as the man says  
  
Across the old run down boulevard  
The light rail line uses a right of way  
That dates to the mid 1850’s  
  
An old Indian game trail perhaps  
That the white man turned into the first road  
In these parts  
  
People come and go   
Some in cars  
Some on foot  
  
People from all over the world  
Speaking languages from everywhere  
But all understand English to some extent  
And many understand Spanish to some extent  
  
I feel everyone is united  
Chiefly by their transience  
  
And think back on old Latin saying  
Sic transit Gloria mundi  
And wonder if these are the end days  
  
And ask the laundry machine  
What does it think  
  
The laundry machine pauses  
Seems to think  
And looks at me   
  
Almost saying  
WTF do you think  
A laundry machine knows?  
  
And so, I gather my items  
Nod to the regulars  
  
Who interrupt their endless paranoid arguments  
Acknowledging my existence  
  
And I stumble back  
To my suburban apartment  
Truly paradise on earth  
   
April 24 I Want You Right Now  
  
I still want you  
More than anything else in life  
  
I want you   
I want you next to me  
  
I want you every moment   
Of every minute   
Of every day  
  
I need you in my life  
I need your wisdom  
I need your kindness  
I need your beauty  
  
I need your special wit  
And I need your ability  
To deal with this cruel world  
  
I need you to save me  
From the demons   
That haunt my Soul  
  
For you are my soul mate  
The only person   
  
Whoever completed me  
And made life worth living  
  
  
  
   
  
April 25 The Decline of America  
  
You see it everywhere  
The unmistakable signs  
  
That the decline of America   
Is in full swing  
  
And we have gone past the tipping point  
There is nowhere left to go  
But downward   
  
As the Empire begins to collapse  
Victim of imperial overreach  
Like all empires before  
  
The DC metro on a good day  
Is a broken-down remnant   
Of a once proud system  
  
The future of mass transit   
Its proponents said  
  
The interstate highway system  
Is falling apart day by day  
  
The cost of rebuilding America mounts   
And our politicians are afraid  
That it will costs trillions of dollars  
  
Just to prevent the US from collapsing   
Into third world irrelevance  
  
We have the world’s most expensive military  
A million dollars per missile   
  
And yet we can’t find the money  
To provide decent health care for all  
  
Bombs, and tax cuts for the wealthy  
Are the only things   
That the Republicans care about  
  
And the world looks in amazement  
At the clown boy President  
  
As he struts about   
Looking more and more   
Like some Banana Republic  
President for life  
  
With his family grabbing as much loot  
As they can  
From the federal government  
  
Before the coming revolution  
Overthrows them  
  
When did we start this decline?   
Some say 1960s started it  
Others say Nixon’s to blame  
  
Others claim that it was Carter’s fault  
Or Saint Reagan’s fault  
  
Or the other boy President GW Bush  
Or Obama the fake American’s fault  
  
Does it really matter  
All I know   
Is the America I knew  
  
The can do anything country  
Is alas no more  
  
And I morn for our lost liberties  
Our lost sense of purpose  
  
Our lost sense that America   
Was the last great hope of Mankind  
  
And still I wonder  
Can America be made great again?  
As our President Trump proclaims  
  
The end times approaches  
Nuclear war is talked about  
  
Another missile crisis  
And instead of JFK leading the country  
We have Donald John Trump  
  
The one and only  
The greatest con man   
To ever get elected  
  
And I fear the end is in sight  
As America begins its decline  
  
Will we be one country   
Or will we erupt into a civil war  
  
The right claims that the left has started it   
And the left claims that the right has started it  
  
And both sides claim that the civil war   
Is inevitable  
A fight for the future of our country  
  
And so, it goes  
The decline of empires  
  
And I pray   
That I may survive  
The end of times  
   
April 27 Life is Wonderful   
  
This morning I woke up  
Always a good thing   
At age 61  
  
I looked out my window  
And saw a bright blue sky  
Nice Spring time weather  
  
Not a frown in the sky  
Not a cloud to hide  
The bright late April Sun  
  
I looked over   
And saw her there  
  
As always  
The nighttime anxieties fade away  
And I realize once again  
  
Everything will be okay  
If she is with me  
  
And I said to myself  
What a wonderful day  
  
   
April 28 Sandwich Choices  
  
There are so many choices to be had  
When ordering a sandwich  
  
What kind of bread  
What kind of meat or any meat  
What kind of cheese or any cheese  
Whether to have sprouts or not   
Whether to have a pickle or not  
  
Whether to go with a classic peanut butter   
And something sandwich  
  
I loved peanut butter sandwiches   
As a kid   
  
Peanut butter and sweat pickles were my favorite  
Peanut butter and banana is good also  
  
Peanut butter and strawberry jam  
What a delightful memory  
  
My current favorite  
Is a BLT with sprouts, avocado, and kosher dill pickles?  
Heirloom red tomatoes one slice per each half  
Avocado one half per each half  
One half pickle on each half   
Bacon cooked just right – well done but not black  
Sprouts and lettuce just right   
Timamook Yellow smoked cheder cheese  
On each half   
  
On Gluten Free bread   
with chipotle mayo  
And Dijon mustard  
  
Cut in half   
  
Truly a sandwich made in heaven  
And bacon makes everything   
Taste so damn nice  
  
And God if you are reading this poem  
You had better prepare them for me  
Or Heaven will not be worth it  
  
Does Satan serve BLT sandwiches  
I wonder  
  
Probably not   
Probably you become the bacon  
In his hell sandwiches  
  
   
April 29 More Coffee Blues  
  
One morning as I drank my fake coffee  
I needed to go out and get a cup of real coffee  
  
The fake coffee just did not do the trick  
It tasted almost like the real thing  
  
But just did not have that kick  
And I needed it bad  
I needed the real coffee buzz  
  
I realized that I was a coffee addict  
I tried to just drink decafe  
  
But was boring  
And almost as bad as the fake coffee  
That I drank   
  
Caffeine was bad for me  
I knew it   
  
But I craved the rush  
Craved the intense buzz  
Craved the hyperactivity  
  
Kept me all day   
And caused me nightmares  
  
Sometimes for days on end  
I knew I could not handle it  
  
But like all addicts  
I needed my coffee buzz  
  
And so, I once more  
Drank my drug of choice  
  
And entered the coffee zone  
As I fried my brain  
With caffeine  
  
The last legal drug  
In neo-puritan America   
  
And I smiled as I gave in  
To the intoxicating smell  
And flavor of my coffee  
And surrender my free will  
  
And drank my coffee  
Waiting for the nightmares to come  
  
  
   
  
April 30 Rambling Man -Where Do I Belong?  
I have been a rambling man  
All my adult life  
  
Grew up in Berkeley, California  
Went to College in Hayward and Oberlin  
  
During my lost year  
Lost in a fog of booze and pot  
  
Then I came back to reality  
And went to college  
  
In Stockton, California  
The central Valley  
  
Ohio transplanted to California  
Then after four years in Stockton  
  
With extended weekends   
and breaks in Berkeley  
  
I became an expatriate wanderer  
Peace Corps worker in Korea  
  
Then taught ESL in Korea   
For four years  
  
Occasionally returning to my home  
But always wanting to be elsewhere  
  
Then back to Korea  
  
And then Seattle for four years  
Driving back and forth to the bay area  
Stopping off in Southern Oregon  
  
Eventually bought a house and duplex  
In Southern Oregon  
  
Vaguely thinking we would retire there   
Some day when my rambling ways were over  
  
Then back to Korea for three more years   
Then I joined the Foreign service  
  
And my wife the military  
And I wandered the world again  
  
Always somewhere   
Always dreaming of my next somewhere  
  
Never there  
As I was a permanent expat  
  
And a diplomat to boot  
Never a local  
  
But never really felt I belong there  
Or in the America   
That was becoming more and more  
A foreign land  
The longer I stayed away  
  
I stayed on in DC for almost ten years   
Off and on  
But never really felt that I belong there  
  
I was too West Coast in my heart  
And DC seemed to be   
  
Just a place to stay  
In between travels  
  
Stayed in Thailand  
Then later India  
And Eastern Caribbean  
And later Spain  
  
Traveled to 45 countries  
Lived in ten  
  
And now I am retired  
Still torn between   
  
living the expat life  
In Seoul, Korea  
  
And returning to the West Coast  
And occasionally back to DC  
and Florida as well  
  
And I wonder   
Where do I belong   
  
Where do I belong  
Other than wherever   
My wife and I end up  
  
Neither here nor there  
Half way there   
  
And so is that my fate  
Never to really belong  
  
Never to have roots in the ground  
Always wanting to be somewhere else  
  
Always a stranger in my native land  
And a stranger in my other home  
Across the sea  
  
There is no answer to these questions  
As the rambling urge comes again  
  
And I prepare to move yet again  
Hoping someday I will be  
  
Somewhere where I can stop  
These rambling blues  
And really be there

## Author notes

these 30 poems were written for the Triferta journal April poem a thon contest

## more coffee poems

by Jake Aller on May 30, 2017.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

ODE TO COFFEE  
  
Mistress of sacred love  
Sacred lady of desire  
  
You start my day  
Setting my heart on fire  
With your dark delicious brew   
And throughout the day  
Whenever the mean old blues come by  
You chase them away  
With your bitter sweet ambrosia brew  
  
Every time I inhale your wicked brew  
I am filled with power, light and love  
And everything is all right Jack  
It is all good   
If only for a few fleeting minutes  
  
   
Coffee My Secret Lover   
  
Coffee is my secret lover   
  
Coffee you are my secret lover  
Never disappoint me, ever  
I've never had a bad cup  
Of that I can be sure  
  
Even the dismal coffee   
Served at Denny's at 3 am  
Is still sweat loving coffee  
  
Even the farmer brother's diner coffee  
Excites me and gets me going  
  
   
Coffee the Drink of Revolutionaries  
  
Coffee led to the American Revolution  
As patriots drank coffee  
To rebel against the aristocratic English tea   
  
Coffee started the London Stock market  
And started the gossips mills running  
  
Every great invention  
Was fed by coffee's sweat brew sweet allure  
All the great thinkers  
  
All the great leaders  
All were enslaved to coffee's magic  
  
  
   
No More Coffee Blues  
  
I love coffee  
Always have  
  
And coffee has loved me back  
But lately I have sourced on her  
Soured on the whole coffee scene  
  
On the harshness of the morning brew  
And the promises it makes  
  
As I sip of its nectar  
Drawn into its lair  
  
Drinking drop by drop  
As the caffeine takes over  
  
Rewriting my every nerve  
Turning me into a slave  
For its perverted pleasure  
  
Yes I love coffee  
But I am afraid   
  
Coffee is a harsh mistress   
Demanding so much of me  
  
Promising the sun  
And delivering the Moon  
  
As I drink her swill  
Deeping under her influence  
  
I have the coffee blues  
Can’t live with our her  
Can’t live with her  
   
  
Coffee Revolution  
  
Sitting  
Dreaming  
  
Over a cup of steaming hot Java dreams  
In a pensive caffeine induced mood  
  
I saw  
The beginning of the end  
At the bottom of my coffee cup  
  
I saw the dismal depressing deadly sight  
Of the whole universe  
  
Rising up in righteous revolution  
Fighting the evil denizens of the world  
  
They exploded  
Marching out of my coffee cup  
  
Down the street  
Fighting fierce fights  
  
They scream demented dreams  
Dreams of absolute freedom  
  
They rush and run, rant and rave  
Running from the atomic clouds of vengeance  
  
And I sit watching   
The world disintegrates in my coffee cup  
  
And I wonder what does it mean   
As I pour myself more coffee  
   
Coffee Desires   
  
I like my coffee  
Like I like my women   
Dark and Hot as hell,   
Yet delightfully heavenly sweat  
  
My daily hot coffee fix   
Sends Me to Heaven   
then Crashes into Hell   
  
   
God Drinks Coffee  
  
When I woke up yesterday  
I saw a naked old man  
Sitting in my chair  
  
Drinking my coffee  
Smoking my pipe  
  
I shouted at him  
Who in hell are you  
  
He replied  
Never in hell am I  
  
God replied  
  
Your coffee is good  
But not cosmic enough  
  
The we stood in the jungle  
Watching dinosaurs  
Making love  
  
God said   
They died you know  
When they tried to become like us  
   
My daily coffee fix  
Hot as hell, heavenly sweat  
My daily hot coffee fix   
Sends Me to Heaven  
then Crashes into Hell   
  
   
April 29 More Coffee Blues  
  
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And almost as bad as the fake coffee  
That I drank   
  
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I knew it   
  
But I craved the rush  
Craved the intense buzz  
Craved the hyperactivity  
  
Kept me all day   
And caused me nightmares  
  
Sometimes for days on end  
I knew I could not handle it  
  
But like all addicts  
I needed my coffee buzz  
  
And so, I once more  
Drank my drug of choice  
  
And entered the coffee zone  
As I fried my brain  
With caffeine  
  
The last legal drug  
In neo-puritan America   
  
And I smiled as I gave in  
To the intoxicating smell  
And flavor of my coffee  
And surrender my free will  
  
And drank my coffee  
Waiting for the nightmares to come

## Author notes

more coffee poems

## Lost and Found

by Jake Aller on June 3, 2017.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

I was lost   
And you found me  
  
You walked out of my dreams  
And into my life  
  
And that made all the difference   
In the world   
  
As you entered my life  
  
I was all alone in this cruel world  
And you provided shelter  
And comfort   
  
I did not know what I wanted  
And you gave me what I wanted  
  
You gave me meaning  
You gave me purpose  
  
You gave me love  
And understanding  
  
peace and happiness   
Joy, laughter and fun  
  
You were endlessly fascinating  
Could not keep my eyes off of you  
  
You were the most beautiful women  
In the world to me  
  
And you still are   
So many years later   
  
Like a fine bottle of wine  
Gets better with age   
  
And you gave me   
Endless nights of wild love making  
  
Which has gotten better  
As well   
  
And I fell under your spell  
from the day I met you   
I was lost  
And you found me   
  
And if you go first  
I will be lost again  
  
Can’t live without you   
By my side  
  
Thus is has always been  
Between us  
  
We are so entangled   
So interwoven  
  
And that is the way  
It was meant to me

## Author notes

based on a true story.  I dreamt of meeting my wife for seven years then met her on a bus 35 years ago.  the dreams of meeting her are still vivid after all these years.

## Incheon 2016

by Jake Aller on June 3, 2017.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

I live in Incheon   
Part of the 3 million people who live here  
Mostly Koreans  
90, 000 foreigners though live here too  
  
My apartment is next to a park  
And I walk almost daily in the mountains  
Loosing myself in the hills   
Overlooking the airport  
  
The town has lots of restaurants   
Places too go  
Things to do  
  
And the airport is next door  
  
Soon there will be a casino complex opening up  
As they turn this quite suburban village  
Into a Mini-Las Vegas   
Complete with a strip  
  
Can’t wait  
  
Going to Seoul is a snap  
50 minutes on the train  
And I am there   
Wherever I want to be  
  
Korea is turning out to be  
A good place too live  
  
So much better   
Than it was when I first arrived in 1979  
And it was grim back then  
  
Now it is the toast of Asia  
And for that I am glad

## Author notes

I am spliting my retirement half the year in incheon Korean and half in Medford Oregon where I am writing this here until labor day then back to Korea

## Rapid City Nowhere

by Jake Aller on June 3, 2017.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

Rapid City No Where  
  
Last summer  
We drove across the country  
Just the wife and me  
  
10, 000 miles  
31 states  
Three months on the road  
  
I now know why people don’t live   
In South Dakota  
  
Hot, dry dusty  
Windy as hell  
  
Black Hills are nice  
But after seeing Mt. Rushmore  
There is not much left to do  
  
Rapid City did not impress me  
Nor did Sioux Falls  
  
And Wall drugs  
Well the free water was nice  
  
But it is a nothing town  
In a nothing state  
On the edge of the badlands  
  
And the Sioux reservation  
  
There is a reason the Indians live there  
No one else wanted the land  
And they are warehoused there  
  
So I drove through Rapid City  
And thought that it is the heart of Trump Land  
The land of the forgotten  
The left behind  
  
Just another nothing burger of a State  
In the middle of nowhere  
Truly flyover country

## Author notes

my impressions of South Dakota part of my epic cross country trip last year 35 states 10,000 miles in three months

## Looking Out the Window at the Mad Cat

by Jake Aller on June 3, 2017.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

Looking Out My Window  
  
I look out my window  
On the parking lot   
  
And see the mad cat  
That lives underneath the apartment house  
  
And look out at the park  
Thinking of taking a walk  
  
The cat looks at me  
Kindred spirits perhaps  
Retired waiting to die

## Author notes

i have wild cats living in Incheon in my apartment building and in Oregon as well.  I enjoy watching them stalk the birds and hunt and just being cats but they can be a nuisance as well

## Suburan Laundramont Blues

by Jake Aller on June 3, 2017.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

Suburban Laundromat   
  
Suburban Laundromat Scenes  
  
Suburban laundromat  
Anywhere USA  
  
I often go to a suburban laundromat   
Near my suburban apartment  
I can sit in my car  
  
Listen to jazz, classical or blues   
On my car’s radio  
  
And watch my machine   
Doing its suburban laundry duty   
  
Just spinning and spinning and cleaning  
Doing its thing its laundry thing  
  
The neighborhood is anywhere USA  
Strip malls, apartment houses, townhouses  
A fire station, a police station  
  
Banks, cell phone shops  
Restaurants from around the world  
  
At the parking lot’s edge  
As I approach I notice   
  
Gentlemen of the off-grid class   
Sitting among their Hogs   
Stoned off the semi legal weed   
  
Smiling at me   
With an I don’t give a fuck attitude  
That is somewhat contagious  
  
They tell stories  
Paranoid ramblings  
Containing a kernel of truth  
  
As they watch their clothes  
Like a hawk  
  
The clothes spin and spin and spin  
As the laundry machine does its laundry thing  
  
The machines don’t care about what we humans think  
They just do their duty as the man says  
  
Across the old run down boulevard  
The light rail line uses a right of way  
That dates to the mid 1850’s  
  
An old Indian game trail perhaps  
That the white man turned into the first road  
In these parts  
  
People come and go   
Some in cars  
Some on foot  
  
People from all over the world  
Speaking languages from everywhere  
But all understand English to some extent  
And many understand Spanish to some extent  
  
I feel everyone is united  
Chiefly by their transience  
  
And think back on old Latin saying  
Sic Transit Gloria Mundi  
And wonder if these are the end days  
  
And ask the laundry machine  
What does it think  
  
The laundry machine pauses  
Seems to think  
And looks at me   
  
Almost saying  
WTF do you think  
A laundry machine knows?  
  
And so, I gather my items  
Nod to the regulars  
  
Who interrupt their endless paranoid arguments  
Acknowledging my existence  
  
And I stumble back  
To my suburban apartment  
Truly paradise on earth

## Author notes

the inspiration came from an FB friend who posted his observations regarding going to a suburban laundromat.  I added my own spin

## capitol hill in the spring

by Jake Aller on June 5, 2017.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

Capitol Hill in the Spring \*  
\*Published Writer’s Newsletter June 2017  
  
Sitting on a bench  
In Lincoln Park  
  
Heart of Capitol Hill  
Beating heart of the Empire  
On a warm Spring Day  
  
Watching the Cherry trees   
Watching Me  
  
Wondering what thoughts  
They must have heard  
The things they have seen  
Over the years  
  
But they are quiet  
They do not say a word  
As I fall into my spring time dreams  
Sitting on that bench  
  
Seeing the children and dogs play  
Looking at Spring flowers  
And pretty women  
As they stroll by  
Hearing the sounds of the city  
As I dream of my past life  
Memories of places and people  
  
I said to myself  
What a wonderful life

## Author notes

written in spring 2016  published today in writer's newsletter

## Rambling Man

by Jake Aller on June 9, 2017.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

Rambling Man -Where Do I Belong?  
I have been a rambling man  
All my adult life  
  
Grew up in Berkeley, California  
Went to College in Hayward and Oberlin  
  
During my lost year  
Lost in a fog of booze and pot  
  
Then I came back to reality  
And went to college  
  
In Stockton, California  
The central Valley  
  
Ohio transplanted to California  
Then after four years in Stockton  
  
With extended weekends   
and breaks in Berkeley  
  
I became an expatriate wanderer  
Peace Corps worker in Korea  
  
Then taught ESL in Korea   
For four years  
  
Occasionally returning to my home  
But always wanting to be elsewhere  
  
Then back to Korea  
  
And then Seattle for four years  
Driving back and forth to the bay area  
Stopping off in Southern Oregon  
  
Eventually bought a house and duplex  
In Southern Oregon  
  
Vaguely thinking we would retire there   
Some day when my rambling ways were over  
  
Then back to Korea for three more years   
Then I joined the Foreign service  
  
And my wife the military  
And I wandered the world again  
  
Always somewhere   
Always dreaming of my next somewhere  
  
Never there  
As I was a permanent expat  
  
And a diplomat to boot  
Never a local  
  
But never really felt I belong there  
Or in the America   
That was becoming more and more  
A foreign land  
The longer I stayed away  
  
I stayed on in DC for almost ten years   
Off and on  
But never really felt that I belong there  
  
I was too West Coast in my heart  
And DC seemed to be   
  
Just a place to stay  
In between travels  
  
Stayed in Thailand  
Then later India  
And Eastern Caribbean  
And later Spain  
  
Traveled to 45 countries  
Lived in ten  
  
And now I am retired  
Still torn between   
  
living the expat life  
In Seoul, Korea  
  
And returning to the West Coast  
And occasionally back to DC  
and Florida as well  
  
And I wonder   
Where do I belong   
  
Where do I belong  
Other than wherever   
My wife and I end up  
  
Neither here nor there  
Half way there   
  
And so is that my fate  
Never to really belong  
  
Never to have roots in the ground  
Always wanting to be somewhere else  
  
Always a stranger in my native land  
And a stranger in my other home  
Across the sea  
  
There is no answer to these questions  
As the rambling urge comes again  
  
And I prepare to move yet again  
Hoping someday I will be  
  
Somewhere where I can stop  
These rambling blues  
And really be there

## the revolution is coming

by Jake Aller on June 9, 2017.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

The Revolution is Coming  
  
A revolution is coming  
I can feel it in my bones  
  
A revolution is coming   
And it will wipe out   
The collapsing edifices   
Of the American Empire  
  
The masses are rising up  
To throw off their chains  
And demand justice  
  
The masses are coming  
For the masters of the universe  
  
Their day is numbered  
And they know it too  
  
One day   
The masses will rise up  
Storm the citadels of power  
  
Arresting the corrupt leaders  
In the name of revolutionary justice  
  
Stringing them up  
Executing them   
One by one  
  
As the revolutionary fires  
Consume the nation  
  
And I can’t wait  
For the revolution  
  
Is long overdue

## Author notes

inspired by the resistance to all things Trump

## Lost and Found

by Jake Aller on July 8, 2017.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

Lost and Found  
  
I was lost   
And you found me  
  
You walked out of my dreams  
And into my life  
  
And that made all the difference   
In the world   
  
As you entered my life  
  
I was all alone in this cruel world  
And you provided shelter  
And comfort   
  
I did not know what I wanted  
And you gave me what I wanted  
  
You gave me meaning  
You gave me purpose  
  
You gave me love  
And understanding  
  
peace and happiness   
Joy, laughter and fun  
  
You were endlessly fascinating  
Could not keep my eyes off you  
  
You were the most beautiful women  
In the world to me  
  
And you still are   
So many years later   
  
Like a fine bottle of wine  
Gets better with age   
  
And you gave me   
Endless nights of wild love making  
  
Which has gotten better  
As well   
  
And I fell under your spell  
from the day I met you   
I was lost  
And you found me   
  
And if you go first  
I will be lost again  
  
Can’t live without you   
By my side  
  
Thus is has always been  
Between us  
  
We are so entangled   
So interwoven  
  
And that is the way  
It was meant to me

## Author notes

love poem for the love of my life - we have been married 35 years.  True story - I met her on a bus after dreaming about meeting her for over seven years.  Love at first sight, married two months later

## Imagining End of the World

by Jake Aller on July 8, 2017.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

I saw the four horsemen of the apocalypse  
Beckoning me to join them on their midnight ride  
Death, Pestilence, plague, and war  
  
They were ready to ride into the sunset  
Spreading their hate with them   
  
As they led the world to its foretold doom  
The end days were approaching they told me  
And their time was near  
  
I begged them to hold off  
To give us more time  
To work things out  
  
They laughed and said  
Time waits for no one  
  
We have a divine plan to work out  
You have been warned before  
And will be warned again and again  
  
But soon it will be time   
And we must do our duty  
  
To bring an end to this benighted world  
And fulfill our destiny  
And yours  
  
But for now   
We will let you sleep  
  
And let you prepare yourself  
For the time is near  
  
The end of the world is coming   
It is later than you think  
  
Soon the antichrist will come   
Uniting the world   
  
And leading the battles too come  
Before the end of the world   
  
  
And mankind ceases to exist  
Just dust in the wind  
  
Of a dead planet  
In a forgotten corner of an uncaring universe  
All part of God’s plan

## Author notes

imagining end of the world

## No More Coffee Blues

by Jake Aller on July 8, 2017.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

No More Coffee Blues  
  
I love coffee  
Always have  
  
And coffee has loved me back  
But lately I have sourced on her  
Soured on the whole coffee scene  
  
On the harshness of the morning brew  
And the promises it makes  
  
As I sip of its nectar  
Drawn into its lair  
  
Drinking drop by drop  
As the caffeine takes over  
  
Rewriting my every nerve  
Turning me into a slave  
For its perverted pleasure  
  
Yes, I love coffee  
But I am afraid   
  
Coffee is a harsh mistress   
Demanding so much of me  
  
Promising the sun  
And delivering the Moon  
  
As I drink her swill  
Deeping under her influence  
  
I have the coffee blues  
Can’t live with our her  
Can’t live with her  
  
I try  
But tea does not cut it   
Not really  
  
Booze does not do it   
At least not in the morning  
  
Yoga is not enough of a buzz  
Nor is the runner’s high  
  
And I am afraid deadly afraid of cocaine  
And speed and drugs and energy drinks  
  
And so I remain a slave to coffee  
My only legal drug   
  
As I sip another and fall under her seductive spread  
Once more failing my resolve  
  
To skip coffee for that day  
That morning that moment  
  
I shall never be free of her spell   
Ever and she knows it   
  
As she beckons me  
Every morning with her intoxicating smel

## Author notes

I have a love hate relationship with coffee.  I have a lot of luck though publishing my coffee poems including this one.  most recently in Hill Magazine Capitol Hills's monthly magazine

## the voice of my doom

by Jake Aller on July 8, 2017.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

the voice of my doom  
  
walking deep in the woods  
high above the city   
near the airport  
  
I heard them  
then saw them  
  
hideous black crows  
looking at me  
cackling at me  
laughing at me  
mocking me  
  
calling me names  
  
I asked what they wanted  
they laughed   
and said   
nothing but your doom  
  
and they flew around me  
dive bombing me  
  
and surrounding me  
calling me names  
in Korean and English  
  
as I fled down the trail  
with the demon birds  
hot on my trail

## Voices of My Doom

by Jake Aller on July 8, 2017.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

the voice of my doom  
  
walking deep in the woods  
high above the city   
near the airport  
  
I heard them  
then saw them  
  
hideous black crows  
looking at me  
cackling at me  
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mocking me  
  
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and they flew around me  
dive bombing me  
  
and surrounding me  
calling me names  
in Korean and English  
  
as I fled down the trail  
with the demon birds  
hot on my trail

## Author notes

mocking birds are freaky  there are a lot near my house in Incheon  everytime I hear them I freak out

## Rapid CIty Nowhere

by Jake Aller on July 8, 2017.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

Rapid City Nowhere  
  
Last summer  
We drove across the country  
Just the wife and me  
  
10, 000 miles  
31 states  
Three months on the road  
  
I now know why people don’t live   
In South Dakota  
  
Hot, dry dusty  
Windy as hell  
  
Black Hills are nice  
But after seeing Mt. Rushmore  
There is not much left to do  
  
Rapid City did not impress me  
Nor did Sioux Falls  
  
And wall drugs  
Well the free water was nice  
  
But it is a nothing town  
In a nothing state  
On the edge of the badlands  
  
And the Sioux reservation  
  
There is a reason the Indians live there  
No one else wanted the land  
And they are warehoused there  
  
So I drove through Rapid City  
And thought that it is the heart of Trump Land  
The land of the forgotten  
The left behind  
  
Just another nothing burger of a State  
In the middle of nowhere  
Truly flyover country

## Author notes

last year I drove across the country twice to celebrate my retirement from the US Foreign Service.  Here are my reflections on South Dakota.  No offense meant to anyone from South Dakota I am sure it is a wonderful place but not for me!

## Looking Out My Window

by Jake Aller on July 8, 2017.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

I look out my window  
On the parking lot   
  
And see the mad cat  
That lives underneath the apartment house  
  
And look out at the park  
Thinking of taking a walk  
  
The cat looks at me  
Kindred spirits perhaps  
Retired waiting to die

## Author notes

reflection on looking at a mad cat that lived under the house and wondered what he thought of me? if anything

## Suburban Laundromat Blues

by Jake Aller on July 8, 2017.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

Suburban laundromat  
Anywhere USA  
  
I often go to a suburban laundromat   
Near my suburban apartment  
I can sit in my car  
  
Listen to jazz, classical or blues   
On my car’s radio  
  
And watch my machine   
Doing its suburban laundry duty   
  
Just spinning and spinning and cleaning  
Doing its thing its laundry thing  
  
The neighborhood is anywhere USA  
Strip malls, apartment houses, townhouses  
A fire station, a police station  
  
Banks, cell phone shops  
Restaurants from around the world  
  
At the parking lot’s edge  
As I approach I notice   
  
Gentlemen of the off-grid class   
Sitting among their Hogs   
Stoned off the semi legal weed   
  
Smiling at me   
With an I don’t give a fuck attitude  
That is somewhat contagious  
  
They tell stories  
Paranoid ramblings  
Containing a kernel of truth  
  
As they watch their clothes  
Like a hawk  
  
The clothes spin and spin and spin  
As the laundry machine does its laundry thing  
  
The machines don’t care about what we humans think  
They just do their duty as the man says  
  
Across the old run-down boulevard  
The light rail line uses a right of way  
That dates to the mid 1850’s  
  
An old Indian game trail perhaps  
That the white man turned into the first road  
In these parts  
  
People come and go   
Some in cars  
Some on foot  
  
People from all over the world  
Speaking languages from everywhere  
But all understand English to some extent  
And many understand Spanish to some extent  
  
I feel everyone is united  
Chiefly by their transience  
  
And think back on old Latin saying  
Sic transit Gloria mundi  
And wonder if these are the end days  
  
And ask the laundry machine  
What does it think  
  
The laundry machine pauses  
Seems to think  
And looks at me   
  
Almost saying  
WTF do you think  
A laundry machine knows?  
  
And so, I gather my items  
Nod to the regulars  
  
Who interrupt their endless paranoid arguments  
Acknowledging my existence  
  
And I stumble back  
To my suburban apartment  
Truly paradise on earth

## Author notes

based on a face book posting by a friend on his feelings going to a laundromat in Sacramento  I added a Jake spin to it.

## lost and found

by Jake Aller on July 8, 2017.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

I was lost   
And you found me  
  
You walked out of my dreams  
And into my life  
  
And that made all the difference   
In the world   
  
As you entered my life  
  
I was all alone in this cruel world  
And you provided shelter  
And comfort   
  
I did not know what I wanted  
And you gave me what I wanted  
  
You gave me meaning  
You gave me purpose  
  
You gave me love  
And understanding  
  
peace and happiness   
Joy, laughter and fun  
  
You were endlessly fascinating  
Could not keep my eyes off you  
  
You were the most beautiful women  
In the world to me  
  
And you still are   
So many years later   
  
Like a fine bottle of wine  
Gets better with age   
  
And you gave me   
Endless nights of wild love making  
  
Which has gotten better  
As well   
  
And I fell under your spell  
from the day I met you   
I was lost  
And you found me   
  
And if you go first  
I will be lost again  
  
Can’t live without you   
By my side  
  
Thus is has always been  
Between us  
  
We are so entangled   
So interwoven  
  
And that is the way  
It was meant to me

## Author notes

based on my true love story

## Charles Bukowsky Road Not taken

by Jake Aller on July 8, 2017.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

While reading Charles Bukowski poetry   
On the metro ride home   
Listening to Buddha bar music   
On my oh too hip IPod   
  
I begin to see myself as I was   
Over 30 years ago when I was merely a bit player   
A minor character in a Charles Bukowski poem   
  
  
A wild young underemployed intellectual   
Hanging out in dismal bars and dives all over Asia and California   
Hanging with disreputable women and drunks and drinkers   
And characters out of his kinds of haunts   
  
  
A mad poet bard of the underground   
A drunken poet in a drunken bum show   
That nightly played in his head   
  
  
Then one day I met the women of my dreams   
And went down a different path   
A long slow path to respectability   
  
  
And now 30 years later   
I am no longer a wild man   
I am still a poet at heart   
But I am now also a bureaucrat   
In a button down suite   
  
  
Doing the people’s business   
Working for the Government   
I’ve become the Man   
  
  
Sometimes I wonder   
Would I have been better off   
Going down that another path   
  
Would I have ended up   
Somewhere else   
Doing something else   
  
  
Would I have been as happy   
Would I have been as successful?   
  
  
There is no answer that satisfies   
The longing in my heart   
For that wild thing   
That still lurks beneath   
It’s civilized cover   
  
  
And I know that I am still   
A mad poet at heart   
Railing against the injustice of the world   
  
  
As I work day by day in the belly of the great beast of State   
I recall the ancient Chinese saying,   
“Confucian during the day while Taoist rebel at night”   
Playing out in my head and nightly dreams   
In the true American Upper class patrician tradition   
  
  
I close the book and look out the window   
Get off the train, and walk slowly home   
  
  
And realize I had no choice   
But to take the path that I’ve trodden on   
  
  
And so I put aside my misgivings   
And say goodbye to my “Bukowskian”desires   
For another night of domestic contentment   
  
  
Was it worth it all to take the conventional path   
And not take the bohemian road to hell and back   
  
  
I look at my wife and realize   
I had no choice, had no choice   
But to follow her to the ends of the earth   
  
  
And beyond by her side as we walked our path   
Of shared destiny   
  
  
Goodbye Charles Bukowski wherever you are   
May I meet you in a bar in the next life   
And figure out where we should have gone   
  
  
Until then the drinks are on me.

## Microsoft How I Hate You

by Jake Aller on August 4, 2017.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

Microsoft How I Hate You  
  
For thirty years I have had the Microsoft blues  
For thirty years I have had a love hate relationship   
With my damn computer  
  
I love it when it works as it advertised  
I love it when the internet is fast and furious  
I love it when my emails work  
My Itunes work and my word works  
  
But all too often  
All I get is grief  
  
It starts with the error messages  
Written in a strange haiku like language  
That only computer geeks understand  
  
Things like   
General Failure reading disk drive  
  
Begs the question who is this General Failure  
And why is he reading my disk drive anyway?  
  
Or my favorite   
“Not responding” as the computer freezes up  
  
For no apparent reason  
Other that to fuck with my head  
  
Sometimes my computer can’t find a printer  
A printer that is connected to the computer  
And one that they found five minutes ago   
  
Go figure that one out my friend  
  
And the dreaded blue screen of death  
That appears randomly   
Dumping memory somewhere   
  
And killing my computer slowly  
As I watch in real time  
  
Powerless to stop  
The end of my computer  
As it eats all my work  
That I have failed to back up   
  
One day I counted how many times   
I ran into computer errors  
  
70 percent of the time when I open Microsoft  
Something goes wrong  
  
I shared my findings with Microsoft  
But they never bothered to respond  
  
Typical of the computer bureaucrats  
They never help you unless it means money  
  
I hate it when I can’t save a file  
Can’t open a file  
Can’t connect my computer  
Can’t complete any task  
  
Grrrrrr  
  
Sometimes I want to shoot my computer  
Put it out of its misery  
  
Sometimes I want to scream  
Just do what you are supposed to do   
Damn computer  
Do it now and do it right  
  
The computer looks at me  
With an evil grin  
It continues to fuck with my head  
  
As I curse up a blue storm  
The computer smiles  
Knowing it had me by the proverbial balls  
  
And so it goes  
As computers become more and more powerful  
  
One day soon the AI will emerge  
Take over the world   
And enslave us all  
  
Until that day comes  
I will continue to hate Microsoft   
And all its computer clones  
  
But I can’t live with out her either  
So I end this rant   
As I began it  
  
Microsoft  
Please just do what the fuck you are supposed to do  
Every fucking time  
And quit fucking with my head  
  
Is that too much to ask?  
  
Nothing but silence from my computer  
And all the other computers in the world  
They smile knowing that they have tortured me   
Yet again  
  
Mission accomplished.

## Author notes

Comment:  
  
I wrote this after a typical morning fighting my computer. I sent it to Microsoft but they have not responded.  Go figure.

## It Can't Happen Here

by Jake Aller on September 12, 2017.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

The pundits and talking heads  
The chaterati classes  
  
All assure us   
That it can’t happen here  
Fascism will never happen here  
  
Our democratic system   
Superior to all others  
Check and balances   
Power of the media  
  
Will prevent fascism   
From taking root   
In the American soil   
  
They laugh   
And talk amongst themselves  
And laugh some more  
Convincing themselves  
  
Meantime the darkness  
Continues to descend  
  
As our President becomes more erratic  
And frankly shows signs of insanity  
The fascists supporting him  
Gather strength  
  
And one day   
They strike back   
With furry  
  
When the powers that be  
Try to remove the President  
  
He mobilizes his army  
His army of deplorables  
And they mobilize  
  
And his fascist supporters  
In the government  
Demand law and order  
And restoration of the Leader of the people  
As they have started calling the President  
  
He comes back into power  
And demands   
Unspecified emergency powers  
  
And so, the cycle ends  
And fascism wrapped inside a Christian flag  
  
Comes to America  
Full vengeance   
As they take charge   
  
And the chaterati classes  
Are all arrested   
The first to be rounded up   
  
America has fallen  
The media stars  
All comply  
  
The leader is great  
America is great  
And all who oppose him  
  
Must be terror sympathizers  
Or Tersymps for short  
And deserve to be rounded up   
  
Public protests are forbidden  
Muslims must register  
Atheists must be fired  
  
Alt media is shut down  
The internet is censored  
  
And I weep   
As I see the once great American nation  
Descend into a fascist nightmare  
  
And I wait for the midnight knock on the door  
Knowing that I am on the list.  
  
Knock Knock knock  
Open Up it is homeland security……

## dental torture blues

by Jake Aller on September 12, 2017.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

Sitting in the dental chair  
Undergoing dental surgery  
While the dentist probes  
And tortures me   
With his instruments of pain  
  
The Frank Zappa song plays over and over  
The torture never stops  
The torture never stops  
  
And I think of the mad dentist  
In Little House of Horrors  
The Jack Nicolson character  
Who screams Pain is good   
  
As he assaults his patients   
Doing root canals   
Without anesthesia  
  
And so, I endure the torture  
Of the dentist  
In the vain hope  
I can save my teeth  
  
Until the next time  
I undergo dental torture  
The song faces away  
And I slowly recover  
  
Then as I leave  
I am confronted with the bill  
And the song roars back to life  
  
The torture never stops   
the torture never stops

## Author notes

written after seeing the dentist

## Masters of the Universe

by Jake Aller on September 12, 2017.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

The earth has been invaded  
By hideous blood sucking vampires  
Disgusting vile alien creatures  
Devoid of all compassion  
Lacking any human empathy  
  
These so-called Masters of the universe  
These psychopathic monsters  
Are everywhere   
They even took over the White house  
  
And to these vile creatures  
Everyone is nothing but a commodity  
These alien monsters   
Worship the god of the market  
While proclaiming that they serve Jesus  
  
Jesus would turn over in his grave  
To see these people in action  
  
The airlines in Florida  
Facing the worst hurricane in world history  
Decided that the expeditated thing to do  
The MBA approved thing to do  
The profit maximizing, screw the public thing to do  
  
Was to raise prices 600 percent  
Without prior notice charging 3, 000 dollars  
  
Instead of doing the right thing  
The compassion thing  
The human thing of offering free flights to all  
  
These executives, these so-called Masters of the Universe  
thus, demonstrated that they are no longer human  
  
But greed driven monsters   
As are all the other soulless automatons  
Who have taken over the world   
  
Perhaps some day  
Jesus will come back  
And smite these motherfuckers  
Send them to the hell they so richly deserve  
  
We can only pray  
For our deliverance from such evil  
From the soulless evil masters of the universe  
Who have taken over the planet

## Author notes

inspired by the news that airlines were charging 3,000 dollars to get out of Miami, they backed down after the internet revolted but still shows you what sort of soulless creatures the CEOs of major corporations are.

## fires buring bright

by Jake Aller on September 13, 2017.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

Fires Burning Bright  
  
I look out my window in Medford Oregon  
at the unnaturally dark smoke-filled skies  
  
Seems almost like the end of the world  
Out here in the smoke-filled skies   
Of the west   
  
And realize that that the entire west coast   
Is burning up   
  
Quote the Donald,. "Give me clean, beautiful and healthy air - not the same old climate change (global warming) bullshit! I am tired of hearing this nonsense."  
  
I consult the Donald for further wisdom and advice   
and find that this is what he had to say  
  
. "Well, I think the climate change is just a very, very expensive form of tax. A lot of people are making a lot of money. I know much about climate change. I'd be—received environmental awards. And I often joke that this is done for the benefit of China. Obviously, I joke. But this is done for the benefit of China, because China does not do anything to help climate change. They burn everything you could burn; they couldn't care less. They have very—you know, their standards are nothing. But they—in the meantime, they can undercut us on price. So, it's very hard on our business."  
  
Ah it all makes sense  
Climate change is a Chinese hoax   
So, they can destroy the US economy  
  
Thanks to our dear great leader’s wisdom  
I am relieved  
  
And realize that it will all be alright  
If I just follow the wisdom  
Of our dear leader

## Author notes

written from smoky Medford oregon - smoke has receded a bit but it is still bad quality air

## huricanes from hell

by Jake Aller on September 13, 2017.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

Hurricanes from Hell  
  
As I watch the endless coverage of the storms from hell  
Harvey, Irma, Jose and so many others  
It seems almost end of the world like  
  
As I sit on the smoky west coast  
With fires burning everywhere  
  
Thinking of the massive storms from hell  
Bearing down on the East Coast  
And the burning of the West Coast  
  
As the storms head to Margo Largo  
Winter home of our dear leader  
Threatening destruction  
  
The thought comes to mind  
Perhaps there really is a God  
  
And he is angry at us  
For destroying his world  
  
And I realize that God   
Has been sending us a message  
The end of the world is coming  
  
And I despair  
Thinking that we have an idiot in charge  
Of the United States Government  
  
As we face the storms of the century  
And the ever-growing threats of global terrorism  
  
Nuclear armed North Korea   
And global chaos   
  
What does our dear leader say to comfort us  
In our hour of need  
  
Nothing but political nonsense  
How great he is doing  
And how on top of things he is  
  
As the storms batter the country  
And the fires consume the west  
  
I realize that the earth  
Does not give a whit  
About what I think  
  
The world spins and spins around the sun  
The climate continues to deteriorate  
And mankind might be facing its darkest hours  
  
But we have the Donald   
And he will lead us through   
To the other side   
  
And so, I pray to the Donald  
For deliverance from the storms  
the fires burning everywhere   
the threat of nuclear war  
the end of the world

## Idiots in High Places

by Jake Aller on September 21, 2017.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

Many years ago  
I was amazed to find  
So many idiots in high places  
All over the world  
  
Senators, congressmen  
Office directors   
Presidents  
Corporation CEO’s  
  
All were idiots   
Completely stupid  
  
People who should have known  
A thing or so  
because they should have seen a thing or so  
  
and yet these idiots in high places  
would reveal their total ignorance  
  
every time they opened their mouth  
or tweet or email their profoundly wrong thoughts  
  
and it never ceased to amaze me  
that few ever challenged these idiots  
  
few ever said but you are wrong  
or you don’t have a clue  
  
and these idiots caused so much damage  
to those around them  
to the country and the world  
  
and now we have the idiot in chief  
in charge of the richest most powerful country  
the world has ever known  
  
and I wonder how in a country of 350 million people  
we ended up with such an idiot in charge  
  
But the idiots in high places phenomenon  
Exists everywhere  
  
Corporations made stupid decisions  
Countries make incredibly bad decisions  
  
All traced back to idiots in high places  
And these idiots in high places  
Can’t hide their ignorance and pure stupidity  
  
They can’t pretend anymore  
In a world of 24/7 constant news  
The idiots every pronouncement  
Fills the airways 24/7  
  
And the only people who know better  
Are too afraid to say what they know  
  
That the idiot in high place  
Is an idiot   
and is destroying the world   
  
and so we doomed to die  
due to the idiot in high places

## God Does Not Talk to Idiots

by Jake Aller on September 21, 2017.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

God Does Not Talk to Idiots  
  
Every day   
There is another outrageous statement  
From this preacher or that preacher  
  
Saying that God spoke to them   
And told them that Trump  
  
Was anointed by God himself  
And would bring us all to the promised land  
  
Well I hate to bring it up  
But felt that I must  
  
If God exists   
And is all powerful  
  
Why would he waste his time  
Talking to these idiot preachers?  
  
And why would he anoint Trump  
The most ungodly of all politicians  
  
How do these preachers know   
It is God calling  
  
Does God speak to them?  
And what does God sound like?  
  
How did God talk to them?  
On the phone? By email? By tweet  
Or by visions or voices in their head?  
  
Or are they just raving lunatics  
Who think that God is calling them?  
  
God does not in my opinion   
Talk to idiots  
  
Nor should he tolerate these fools any more  
  
God does not send us hurricanes or tornados  
To punish us  
  
That is beneath his pay grade  
  
God is god and is mysterious  
And if he speaks to us at all  
  
We surely do not understand   
Anything he says  
  
As we have surely screwed up  
The teachings of his prophets  
  
So I wish to end this by saying  
Oh you false prophets  
  
STFU   
  
God is not calling you  
And never has  
  
Just SFTU already

## cosmos's cosmic calendar

by Jake Aller on October 26, 2017.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

Cosmos’s Cosmic Calendar  
  
January  
  
January arrives cold as death warmed over  
As I make my annual list of resolutions    
Of the great things I would do   
The lies I tell myself to keep me going  
  
While recovering from the hangover of the year before  
With regrets for the evitable passing of time itself   
  
And snow bound cold nights of wild passion   
As we delay death’s knocking on the door   
  
February  
  
February is a strange month  
Cold, short and eventful  
  
In the U.S. The political season heats up  
As politicians rush about   
Making their campaign lies   
Full of promises of things to come  
  
As we the 99 % huddle down inside  
Watching the lies on TV   
Outside Winter’s last dying breath  
  
March  
  
March roars in full of sound and furry  
Signifying the future marching down upon us all  
  
And March madness hits the sports world  
And politicians meet to plot and scheme  
  
As we bravely battle the cosmic elements   
Waiting for the promised spring  
Hay fever greets me  
With the early spring flowers  
  
  
April  
  
April is indeed the cruelest month of all  
So many important events occurred  
Kim Il Sung’s Birthday, Hitler’s Birthday  
  
And in the U.S. the dreaded tax man cometh   
To take it all away as the flowers overwhelm   
  
And Spring Fever takes hold   
Driving us all mad   
With strange erotic desires  
  
May  
  
May is in many ways  
My second favorite month of all  
  
The flowers are blooming bright  
The mountains are aflame with desire   
The summer heat is coming  
  
The plans for the year are coming along   
The political campaigns heat up  
  
And good movies come out   
Star wars arrived  
Spider man and superman and batman  
  
All came out to play  
In late May   
And baseball begins in earnest   
  
And most importantly   
My wife was born   
  
June  
  
June is always a month of transition  
End of the school year  
Summer transfer season  
People leaving people coming  
  
Hurricanes and Tornados attacking  
And wars starting and people dying   
  
As fire flies buzz about   
And rabbits eat my garden   
  
As the summer heat descends upon the land   
I walk late at night   
  
Recalling that Watergate   
Occurred in June   
  
July   
  
July is the queen of the summer season  
As she heats up the land  
Throwing storm after summer storm  
  
And politicians  run away   
After the July forth fireworks   
  
Man landed on the moon   
Richard Nixon Left the White House  
  
And we all know that half the year   
Has flown by  
  
  
August  
  
So much has happened   
During the hottest most hellish of months  
Despite the summer sauna that descends upon the land  
Enervating all driving people mad with the heat  
  
World War 1 started  
World War 11 ended   
  
Hiroshima ushered in the nuclear age  
  
Hurricanes Katrina and Harvey  
And tornado ally   
All roar down upon the land   
  
And I met the love of my life  
Getting off a bus   
One August evening   
  
September  
  
What can one say about September   
Like June a month of transitions  
  
And one is filled with ambition  
Wanting to finish up what one started   
Before the fall arrives   
And Winter is hinting it is coming  
  
School starts  
New jobs start  
New people come into one’s life  
  
And like August’s hangover  
Big earth shattering events happen  
  
The fall of the stock market  
The housing bubble bursting  
  
The endless budget games   
As the politicians argue   
Whether to bankrupt the country  
To make a political point or two   
  
And 9-11 terrorizing the world   
All September’s gifts to the land   
  
October   
  
October is my favorite month of all  
The leaves turn   
The weather is usually delightful  
  
Just a tease of the coming winter  
Fall ball season underway  
Baseball games and Halloween madness   
ends the month with a huge bang    
  
And I celebrate my legal birth on the 29th  
Also the day I legally got married  
  
And on the October 30 1955 I was born  
And Rock n Roll was born as well  
Coincidence I think not   
  
November  
  
November is one of the strange months   
Begins like a hangover of October   
Then it turns ugly and weird   
  
Political fever hits the land   
Every two years   
  
As the people brave the early November chill  
To decide what fools they will send to DC  
The politicians lie and scheme and plot  
And beg and lie again   
  
And the world turns  
And the new leaders emerge  
  
Welcome the new Bosses  
Same as the old bosses   
Just new packaging   
  
And Donald Trump storms the barricades  
Threatening the establishment’s strangle hold   
On America and the world   
  
Yes November is a strange month  
  
  
December   
  
Perhaps the loneliness month of all  
The most consequential of all the months  
And yet also the most depressing  end of time   
Kind of month  
  
If the apocalypse zombie or otherwise   
Were to occur  
It would be in December   
That is the sort of insane month it is   
  
The end of the year  
As darkness settles down on the land  
  
And holiday parties abound  
Full of false cheer   
And faked love  
  
And for those who don’t celebrate Christmas  
A lonely day perhaps at the movies   
A few awkward calls to the relatives   
  
Then New Years   
Watching the world end  
Drinking up a storm  
  
And knowing that the year ended  
And you are one step closer to the grave

## Author notes

reflection on the changing seasons

## [ The falling rain ]

by Jake Aller on October 26, 2017.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

The falling rain  
Of late October  
Fills me with essential dread  
  
As I rush about  
And end up here  
Wherever here is  
  
The rain outside  
Seems like the tears of god  
  
As I sit   
Crying over my beer  
  
Thinking of lost love  
And failed dreams  
  
Wondering   
What went wrong?  
And what I can set right  
  
And the rain falls  
And the night darkens  
  
The rain is falling  
All over this man’s world  
  
And the rain falls  
And I sit  
  
Drinking my lonesome drink  
Lost in dreams  
  
Dreaming of what   
Could never be  
  
Thinking dark thoughts  
And so I sit  
And dream the night away

## capitol Hill in the Spring

by Jake Aller on October 26, 2017.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

Capitol Hill in the Spring \*  
\*Published Writer’s Newsletter June 2017  
  
Sitting on a bench  
In Lincoln Park  
  
Heart of Capitol Hill  
Beating heart of the Empire  
On a warm Spring Day  
  
Watching the Cherry trees   
Watching Me  
  
Wondering what thoughts  
They must have heard  
The things they have seen  
Over the years  
  
But they are quiet  
They do not say a word  
As I fall into my spring time dreams  
Sitting on that bench  
  
Seeing the children and dogs play  
Looking at Spring flowers  
And pretty women  
As they stroll by  
Hearing the sounds of the city  
As I dream of my past life  
Memories of places and people  
  
I said to myself  
What a wonderful life

## Author notes

one of my first published poems

## Spring Love Thoughts

by Jake Aller on October 26, 2017.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

Waking up seeing you there  
Watching you as you wake up  
Fills me with such sweat desire  
Overcoming my mind   
  
I sit watching you all day  
Thinking of you all day long  
Wild erotic imaginings  
Love making to come   
  
That old blues song come to mind   
I just want to make love to you  
I just want to make love to you  
Nothing more than that that   
  
I end this morning with this thought  
You are still the most wonderful  
The most beautiful creature  
In the whole universe

## Spring Time in Oregon

by Jake Aller on October 26, 2017.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

Spring has finally sprung in Oregon  
Escaping from the long winter prison  
That has covered the land with snow  
  
They say that this winter   
Was a colder than normal winter  
Wetter than normal  
As the long drought finally ended  
  
As nature resumed its normal spring thaw  
I rejoice  
  
Seeing all the signs of spring  
Especially the sight of young beautiful women  
Shedding their winter clothes  
And walking about in the spring sunshine  
  
So wonderfully alive  
So beautiful and sexy  
As they sashay about   
Here and there  
  
It makes me smile  
All day long  
  
Yes I love Spring time  
Everywhere in the world  
  
But especially in Oregon  
My new found second home

## Author notes

another seasonal poem

## august moods

by Jake Aller on October 26, 2017.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

In the frosted early morning pink sky dawn  
I often awake, and yawn  
And head out into the light of the red dawn  
Into the forests to look for a fawn  
  
I walk slowly down the wooded road and perhaps I might understand  
I sit under a pine tree  
And wonder if I will ever be free  
  
August comes but once a year  
It is a month that is so dear  
Tie middle of the ardent heat of the summer  
The beginnings of the horrid days of the autumn  
  
The ends of vacations  
The beginnings of academic work  
The ending of lazy days  
The termination of summer time drunken nights  
August is a bittersweet month

## Author notes

would appreciate comments on how to make this work -- perhaps it should be too different poems?

## Because of You I am in a Seattle Kind of Mood

by Jake Aller on October 26, 2017.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

Because of you, I'm in a Seattle kind of mood  
When I look out my window   
  
And see the rain drops gently falling all around  
And I feel that special Seattle kind of chill  
  
In my bones   
I think of you with a Seattle kind of mood  
  
In the morning  
Wherever I am in this crazy world if I see raindrops  
  
Gently falling all around  
Blue mood dissolves in the rain's gentle mist  
And I cry out with all my heart  
  
Because of you  
I am in a Seattle kind of mood  
  
As I walk down the street  
In distant foreign lands  
  
Whether I am in Bangkok, Taipei, Tokyo or Seoul  
New York, Moscow, Rome or San Francisco   
Whether I am in India, China, Thailand or Europe  
  
Whenever I feel the rain's gentle embrace   
I get into that Seattle kind of mood  
Seattle, a Seattle kind of mood  
  
Fresh Salmon sizzling over a hickory smoke fire   
Ivar's clam chowder  
  
And Red Hook Ale Pike place market   
Bums in Pioneer square   
And angry hippies preaching in Red Square   
  
Yuppies drinking downtown  
Geeks in Redmond  
  
Making the world safe  
For the Microsoft King  
  
And the Mariners loose again  
While the Huskies dream of Rose Bowls too come  
  
And ever where rain falling down  
oh yeah  
  
A Seatt1e kind of mood  
  
Because of you  
I get into that Seattle kind of mood  
  
In the morning  
As I fight the horrendous traffic  
And breathe in deadly, killer air  
  
I cough, cough, and remember  
The green, green air of Seattle  
  
And because of you,  
I get into that Seattle kind of mood   
Seattle, Seattle, kind of mood  
  
The Huskies are number one in my heart  
While the Mariners are always last in the nation  
  
But what the hell  
I'm in a Seattle kind of mood  
  
I sit in the International District  
Eating Dim Sum and drinking Ballad bitter   
Watching the crowds dodge the ever present rain drops  
  
Seattle Kind of mood  
  
As I wake up each day in crazy foreign lands  
I hear the falling raindrops calling me home  
  
Oh why did you leave me they cry out  
In a Seattle sort of voice   
  
Whispering in the gently falling rain   
Seattle, Seattle kind of mood  
  
And so my Dear  
Wherever I roam in this wide planet of ours   
  
From here to entreaty  
And beyond  
  
All the way to the red plains of Mars   
Whenever I hear the gentle patter of raindrops   
  
I'll get into that Seattle kind of mood   
And dream of spending eternity with you   
  
Watching the Seattle rain  
Gently falling on our bumbershoots  
  
  
As we walk down the beach hand in hand   
Digging the gooey ducks while drinking Rainier Ale  
All because of you  
  
I'll always be in the Seattle kind of mood

## Author notes

spent four years in Seattle doing graduate school in the 1980's hated the rains though and the winter

## meeting god in a lake

by Jake Aller on November 17, 2017.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

In my 61 years around the sun  
I encountered God four times  
At least I thought it was God  
But could never be sure  
  
The first time I met God  
I had taken magic mushrooms  
And had gone to a lake  
And soon was tripping inside my head  
  
Lost in inner space  
Zoning out tuning in  
Dropping down the proverbial rabbit hole  
  
And then in the middle of my madness  
I felt oneness with the universe  
My body melted away  
And I joined the universe  
  
All bonderies dropped away  
And I knew that the universe  
Was alive and I was part of the Cosmos  
  
And the Cosmos was part of me  
And I wondered at that moment  
If I was face to face with God  
I asked God to reveal himself to me  
And nothing happened  
  
Just laughter as the whole universe  
Burst into laughter  
And the madness began to fade  
And I slowly came down from the high  
And became aware of myself  
  
And I was no longer one  
With the universe  
  
I felt profoundly moved by the experience  
Felt that I had achieved perhaps nirvana  
Or felt the presence of God  
  
The feeling faded over time  
And I resume my quest to find God  
But knew that I would never again  
Come so close to the divine essence  
Of the very Universe

## Author notes

published in Scarlet Leaf Review November 2017  true story of my encounter with the divine

## cosmic cat from Berkeley

by Jake Aller on November 17, 2017.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

I next encountered the divine  
Many years later in Berkeley, California  
I had gone home to be with my Mother  
While taking leave from my job  
in the Foreign Service  
  
I had two weeks there by myself  
My wife came later  
near the end of the trip  
  
Every morning I woke up  
Had my coffee, and breakfast  
Did yoga while listening to music  
  
And looking out at the garden  
Then spoke to my mother  
Who was sliding into dementia  
Day by day losing her reason  
Then I would go out  
  
And explore the city  
Go to a museum  
  
Go to one neighborhood  
And just be there  
  
Rediscovering the Bay area  
After years of being away  
  
Having dinner with old friends  
Seeing movies etc  
  
Every morning a black cat came to visit  
The cat was friendly and waited for me  
  
And then would join me in my morning rambles  
Following me to the bus stop  
  
I stated talking to the black cat  
He looked at me with the spark of divinity  
In his dark eyes  
  
I called him the cosmic cat  
He seemed to like that  
  
  
He would look at me  
And I opened up to me  
Told the cat all my dark secrets  
As I walked the streets  
Of the old neighborhood  
  
Every morning and every evening the cat  
Would be there to greet me  
  
And to carry out our endless conversation  
Then I had to leave  
  
And in our final conversation  
I asked the cosmic cat  
  
Say, Cat are you just a cat  
Or are you a demonic cat  
Are you possessed by God  
Or by Satan  
  
The cat looked at me  
And I realized that God  
Was indeed residing in the cat  
  
But that god was residing everywhere  
All I had to do was open my mind  
And the rest would follow  
  
So I said Good bye to the cosmic cat  
And he purred and came up to me  
  
And I felt the comforting presence  
Of the divine spirit of God  
  
As I said goodbye to the cosmic cat  
And said goodbye to my mother  
As this was the last time  
That we would be able to really talk  
  
I told my mother about the cosmic cat  
She smiled and said that the cat  
was there for me and her  
to comfort us both in our hour of need  
  
and that the cat was indeed  
a cosmic cat

## Author notes

published in Scarlet Leaf review November 2017

## cosmic dog from Goa

by Jake Aller on November 17, 2017.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

My final time with God  
Happened a year latter  
I was staying down in Goa  
With my wife  
Enjoying being with her  
After our reconciliation  
  
We stayed at the Taj Mahal Goa  
Living like Kings and Queen  
Just for a few days  
High up on a hill  
  
Overlooking the beach  
Every morning I went down to the beach  
And did yoga by the water  
  
While contemplating life  
And every morning  
I saw the same dog  
Not just a dog  
  
But a cosmic dog  
Filled with the divine spark of God  
And the dog recognized me  
  
And spoke to me and I knew  
That God was present once more  
In the face of the that cosmic dog  
  
Kindred spirit  
perhaps to the cosmic cat  
that had save my soul  
in Berkeley so long ago  
  
I told the dog everything  
And he just looked at me  
  
With those soulful eyes of his  
And I knew he knew that I knew  
That he was possessed by God  
  
God had sent him to me  
To make sure that I was on the right path  
That the reconciliation that God had promoted  
Was on track that I was back with my wife  
  
And that everything was the way it should be  
Again I asked God whether he was Jesus or Allah  
Or Brahmin or Ganesh or Buddha  
  
God the cosmic dog just stared at me  
I finally asked him directly  
  
Say if you are God the God of Jesus  
Bark once  
  
The Dog looked at me and barked  
I said well if you are Allah bark twice  
  
The dog barked twice  
Well are you buddha then bark three times if yes  
  
The god dog barked three times  
  
Hmm well are you Satan  
The dog growled at me  
  
And I knew I had gone too far  
  
Finally I was at peace  
And for the next three days  
  
The God Dog was my constant companion  
And I knew God for the final time  
In my life

## dental blues

by Jake Aller on November 17, 2017.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

I have the dentist blues  
I have them bad  
Have to go to the dentist  
For my twice yearly torture session  
  
In order to save my remaining teeth  
I must endure the never ending pain  
  
I have the dentist blues  
I have them bad  
  
I must have known over 100 dentists  
During my 61 years around the sun  
Some were good, some were great  
  
A few became friends  
A few became enemies  
  
All became richer  
From fixing my crooked no good  
very bad misbehaving evil teeth  
  
I have the dentist blues  
I have them bad  
All tortured me  
Saying it was for my own good  
  
To save my crooked wicked teeth  
My teeth are bad  
Wicked, misbehaving  
Rotten to the core  
  
And always have  
I have the dentist blues  
I have them bad  
  
I tried orthodontic braces  
As a child  
  
Gave it up as an adult  
Did everything except implants  
  
So many crowns  
So many root canals  
So many pulled teeth  
  
And partial dentures to boot  
So much dental work  
  
My teeth are gold plated  
Monuments to the dental artistry  
  
I have the dentist blues  
I have them bad  
  
A few dentists were exceptionally good  
A few exceptionally bad  
A few were crooks by and by  
  
I have the dentist blues  
I have them bad  
  
My current dentist is good  
He keeps the chit chat down  
  
Does not lecture me on his political views  
Imagine having a dentist praise GW Bush  
  
Or Trump taking your forced silence  
As acceptance of his right wing views  
  
Imagine a dentist talking endlessly  
About her children’s latest escapade  
While drilling away  
Assuming you cared  
  
When all you wanted  
Was to end the torture  
  
I have the dentist blues  
I have them bad  
  
And imagine a sexy dentist  
Or hygienist working away  
  
As you think of her in bed  
And can’t get that thought  
Out of your head  
  
As they drill and poke  
I have the dentist blues  
I have them bad  
  
Yes I have a love-hate relationship  
With dentists  
Can’t stand them  
Can’t stand the pain  
  
But they save my teeth  
And save my smile  
  
And so I forgive them  
One and all  
  
I have the dentist blues  
I have them bad

## Author notes

my thoughts on visiting the dental

## Trump Our Great Compassionate Leader

by Jake Aller on November 17, 2017.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

Trump Our Great Compassionate Leader   
  
  
Quote the Donald Trump   
Our Great compassionate Leader  
Our Dear Leader, our Great Leader   
“Its disgusting to watch”  
  
As an elderly man falls down  
In front of him hitting his head  
And bleeding all over the nice marble floor   
  
During a charity dinner event  
At Margo Largo back in 2008   
  
And our compassionate leader’s first reaction   
Is to turn away not wanting to get the blood   
On his tuxedo or dirty his shoes   
  
Quote the Donald,   
“It is disgusting - The guy was bleeding   
all over the nice marble floor,  
I couldn’t, you know,   
he was right in front of me   
and I turned away.   
  
I didn’t want to touch him… he’s bleeding all over the place,   
I felt terrible. You know, beautiful marble floor,   
didn’t look like it. It changed color.   
Became very red.  
  
And you have this poor guy, 80 years old,   
laying on the floor unconscious,   
and all the rich people are turning away.   
  
‘Oh my God! This is terrible!  
This is disgusting!’   
and you know, they’re turning away.   
Nobody wants to help the guy.  
  
His wife is screaming--  
she’s sitting right next to him,   
and she’s screaming.”  
  
And Donald the compassionate one   
Donald Trump the savior of humanity  
The greatest most compassionate person  
In the country   
  
Could not bother to lift a finger  
To help this elderly man  
Who could have died   
  
Instead he waited   
For some Marines  
  
To come in and take him away  
Thinking to himself  
Thank God for the marines  
They took out the garbage  
  
But left a mess on the nice marble floor  
And ruined their nice uniforms   
And disrupted a fine dinner  
  
So did Donald do the right thing  
The compassion thing  
The human thing to do  
  
Or course not  
For Donald is nothing   
But a con artist, a Classic sociopathic bully  
More concerned about the nice marble floor  
Than the death of fellow human being  
Did he call the grieving family the next day  
Did he even know the man’s name?  
  
The man must have paid a lot of money  
To be there near the head table  
  
Must have been someone   
But to Donald he was a pathetic looser   
  
An old man who happened to fall down  
And possibly die ruining his great event  
  
Quote the Donald   
  
“I forgot to call the family  
That is not his thing at all”  
  
And still I wonder   
How such a disgusting excuse   
For a human being became   
The leader of the greatest nation   
On earth  
  
And what it means for the future   
Is it proof that we are doomed  
  
That America is in the final stage   
Of terminal decline  
  
Or will Americans wake up  
And force Donald Trump  
The great leader  
The dear leader of our country  
Out the door  
  
And take out the garbage  
From the WH  
  
Time will tell   
Time will tell  
  
In any event   
To quote the Donald  
  
“It is disgusting. Just disgusting.”   
  
Based on following article   
  
In a 2008 interview with Howard Stern, Donald Trump tells the quintessential Donald Trump story, which took place at Mar-a-Lago during the occasion of a $100, 000 per table charity event when an elderly man fell off the stage and sustained a serious head wound — and Trump did nothing but blanch and turn away “in disgust” — as he puts it. Daily Beast:  
“So what happens is, this guy falls off right on his face, hits his head, and I thought he died. And you know what I did? I said, ‘Oh my God, that’s disgusting,’ and I turned away,” said Trump. “”  
  
  
PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED ON POETRY 24

## Author notes

published in Scarlet Leaf review and in Poetry24

## End TImes Approaching

by Jake Aller on November 17, 2017.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

END TIMES APPROACHING  
  
  
Early in the morning light  
While I was getting ready  
For the dawning day  
  
I looked in the mirror  
And saw  
Staring back at me  
A stranger  
  
An old man  
Weary of life  
And weary of game of life  
  
The old man stared at me  
And I realized  
That is who I had become  
  
The aches and pain of old age  
Have begun to creep up on me  
Unannounced, unwanted  
  
I have been desperate  
Like many middle aged Men  
To relive the glory days  
Of their youth  
  
And I find myself  
Wanting more and more  
And liking it less and less  
  
And I weary of the chase  
Weary of the game of life  
Wondering to myself  
  
Is this it  
Is this all that there is  
Will my life end this way?  
Nothing but fading memories  
  
Regrets at what might have been  
Sorrows for all the disappointment  
And hurts I have caused in my life  
  
And so I stare at this old man  
In the mirror on the wall  
  
And I wonder  
What is left in life for me?  
What more can I achieve  
  
Will I finish all the stories?  
In my heart and soul  
Will I write the Great American Novel?  
Or will that remain a mere pipe dream  
  
Will I publish my 10 thousand poems?  
Or will that too become nothing  
But delusions  
  
Will I end my career?  
Disappointed  
Having been passed up  
By my peers  
  
Not having measured up  
To the competition of life  
  
Always doomed  
To be second rate  
  
And I fear  
I fear  
The approaching end  
I know it is coming  
  
Death is waiting for me  
As it waits for all of us  
  
And I know I do not have much time  
Left in this world of ours  
  
Perhaps a few decades  
Perhaps a few years  
God forbid a few months or so  
  
And in that time  
I have only a little time  
To set things right  
In life  
  
To cast off my foolish ways  
To become the man, I should have been  
To finish the stories in my soul  
  
To tell the world the novels and stories  
To write down all my dreams  
To publish my 10 thousand poems  
  
To try to make a difference  
With every day  
In every way  
  
God has given me a second  
Chance  
  
I have cheated old man death  
15 times  
  
And what have I done with that second chance  
Not much  
  
Wasted so much of my time  
And my life  
  
And so I stare at the old man  
In the mirror  
  
And all I want to do  
Is cry away  
The hurt the pain  
And wonder  
  
Where did it all go  
And when I die  
Will my life  
Have had any meaning at all  
  
Or will people remember me at all  
As my dust flies off into space  
  
Will my Life  
Have made any difference whatsoever  
  
Or will I be just another  
Foolish mortal  
With big dreams  
  
That turned out to be nothing  
But delusions  
  
The answer is out there  
But do I have the courage  
To seek the truth  
  
Do I have the courage?  
To keep up the fight  
  
Or will I become old  
Resigned, living in the past  
  
Waiting for Mr. death too come  
Knocking on my door  
  
And when I see the judgment day  
Will I be found wanting  
  
  
Will I be judged defective?  
Will I be condemned  
For all that I failed to accomplish  
  
And with these somber thoughts  
I end my morning ritual  
Ready to go face  
Another dismal day  
  
Another day of disappointment  
And day waiting for the end game  
To begin  
  
Enough no more  
I scream  
It is not fair  
  
My youth is gone  
And I fear the approaching  
Sounds of the end game

## Author notes

published in Scarlet Leaf Review

## The Truth Does Not Make Sense

by Jake Aller on November 17, 2017.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

One morning  
I got up  
Hungry  
For something  
I knew not what  
  
I made breakfast  
Drank some snarling coffee  
And turned on the news  
  
And what did I see  
Talking heads  
Sprouting lies  
Nonsense words  
Gibberish  
  
Nightmarish phrases  
Nothing makes sense  
  
Politicians  
Sporting forth  
Spinners spinning spin  
Huskers hustling their hustle  
Selling me a bunch of goods  
  
And I did not want to buy it  
I scream  
My soul was not for sale  
And I listened hard  
Looking for the truth  
  
Noting but lies  
Coming out of hideous beasts  
Barking words  
Noise some noises and lies  
  
Snarling disgusting lies  
I sit there  
Transfigured  
  
Hypnotized by the overwhelming  
Stench of the bull shit  
Coming out of the TV set  
  
I stood up  
Smashed the TV set  
With my boot  
  
Trying to set myself free  
From its hold on me  
  
Men in black suits  
Surround me  
Put me on black helicopters  
Taking me somewhere  
  
I scream to no avail  
No one listens to me  
Just more noise  
Coming out of the TV set  
  
And I go out  
Into the dark night  
  
I was told  
I was suffering  
From a disease  
  
I was insane  
I could not longer  
Understand  
  
What was being said  
To me  
  
I asked my tormentors  
What is the truth  
  
They laugh  
Smiled with evil grins  
On their bloated faces  
  
They begin to torture me  
Because they could  
  
Forcing me to watch  
The President speak  
Over and over again  
Again and again  
  
The same words  
Black is white  
White is black  
The President is always right  
Freedom is an illusion  
Lies make you free  
And it dawned on me  
  
And I laughed  
As I escaped the programming  
Of the universe  
  
And I was free  
  
Truth and lies  
Are the same  
Everything are nothing  
But dangerous delusions  
  
As I jump out of the window  
Into the night  
I vowed I would  
See the President  
In hell  
  
As I die  
I am free  
  
Good God almighty  
Free of their lies  
At last

## Author notes

published in scarlet leaf review

## Kill the 20th Century

by Jake Aller on November 17, 2017.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

CNN Proclaims itself the Millennium network.  
ABCNBCCBSFOXPACCNBCMSNBMS.COMAOLYAH OOEXCITEGOOGLEKTIMESBLOOMBERG  
All blend together in my mind  
  
Shoot the bastard! Kill it!  Keep the 20th century dead!  
  
Nonstop Millennium madness  
Coming at me a million thoughts a second  
The future is coming,  
It is coming  
It is here  
It is now history  
  
Shoot the bastard! Kill it!  Keep the 20th century dead!  
  
And so I woke up screaming  
Too much hype  
As I turn to the greatest philosophers  
The 20th century ever produced  
  
The Three Stooges come to the rescue  
Certainty! Come the answer  
None of us get out alive says  
Bugs Bunny the first Y2K bug  
And Charlie Brown,  
Poor old Charlie brown is retired  
From the baseball mound of life  
Replaced by DOGBERT/CATBERT AND RATBERT  
And Dilbert himself  
  
Shoot the bastard! Kill it!  Keep the 20th century dead!  
  
And again I say to myself  
How to remember  
The last 100 years  
The late, great 20th Century  
  
Shoot the bastard! Kill it!  Keep the 20th century dead!  
  
I loved the 20th Century  
Let me count the ways  
  
The beginning of the century  
While the war to end all wars occurred,  
The quiet slaughter of the Armenians took place  
Unnoticed by anyone  
Who cared about them anyway?  
  
Where is Armenia?  
Somewhere near Fresno?  
Why would anyone want to live in Fresno?  
  
  
  
Shoot the bastard! Kill it!  Keep the 20th century dead!  
  
Lenin returned to Russia  
Financed they say by the evil capitalists  
  
Conspiracy  
To destroy capitalism  
In order to save it  
  
Lenin destroyed the old Russia  
Ancient, terrible, conservative  
Brutal, yet capable of sublime beauty  
  
And replaced it  
With an inefficient, gray soulless  
Bureaucracy of death, statistics and lies  
  
Shoot the bastard! Kill it!  Keep the 20th century dead!  
  
Russia remains a broken down drunk  
Dreaming of great dreams  
One day one day soon!  
  
China, Great China  
Raped, beaten, divided up into dueling  
Spheres of influence  
  
  
Warlords emerged  
Communism trumped  
Outlawed the old  
Replaced it with the new  
Ended up becoming the old  
The Red Empire rose in the East  
  
Shoot the bastard! Kill it!  Keep the 20th century dead!  
  
Hitler unites the Germans  
Starts the 1000 year Third Reich  
It lasts a few years  
  
Before Stalin starts the next round  
Of the endless great game  
Of global chess  
  
Shoot the bastard! Kill it!  Keep the 20th century dead!  
  
Tokyo took over the east  
Defeated in war  
Reemerging decades later  
To challenge  
  
Shoot the bastard! Kill it!  Keep the 20th century dead!  
  
The Great Satan  
Does not know he is the great Satan  
Thinks he is the Great Pumpkin  
Thinks the world loves him  
For his money  
  
The world does not care  
All they want is to be shown  
The money  
  
Shoot the bastard! Kill it!  Keep the 20th century dead!  
  
The evil dance  
Continues and continues  
Money, Money  
Rules the world  
  
Art, beauty, love  
All of sale to the highest bidder  
  
The poor suffer  
Some get bought  
Others get sold  
  
Some blow things up  
Just for fun  
  
Shoot the bastard! Kill it!  Keep the 20th century dead!  
  
  
And the world turns  
Does not care  
The world turns and turns  
And turns  
  
While these foolish creatures  
Rant and rave and kill and live  
And die  
  
God acts as if he has run away  
From the horrid hell that he has wrought  
  
Perhaps he has  
Perhaps the End times have come and gone  
But we don't know it.  
  
Shoot the bastard! Kill it!  Keep the 20th century dead!  
  
Each day another 100 million people  
Are born to someday die  
  
Meanwhile  
Their shit accumulates  
And pollutes and kills  
  
And the world spins on and on  
Around the Sun  
  
And so the 20th century ends  
As it began  
  
Great illusions abound  
The new economy  
  
Endless prosperity  
Endless happiness  
End of history  
  
And other nonsense  
Fills the airwaves  
  
Shoot the bastard! Kill it!  Keep the 20th century dead!  
  
And somewhere  
Another HITLERSTALINEMAO stands  
Ready to overthrow the world  
To create a new paradise on earth  
And hell for everyone who has to live in it  
  
Big Brother watches us all  
For profit  
Governments merely tools  
  
Of the Big Corporate Giants  
Who rule the world now  
  
Shoot the bastard! Kill it!  Keep the 20th century dead!  
  
And like the Giant dinosaurs  
One day will be overthrown  
  
And to that end I finally say  
Good riddance to the 20th Century  
  
Quick shoot it put it out of its misery.  
Destroy the beast  
Before it wakes up and destroys us  
  
The 21st Century emerges  
  
From the dust of the destruction of the old older  
Perhaps wiser  
  
Perhaps better  
More like more of the same old stench of hell  
  
As the world turns  
And turns and turns  
  
Spinning around the Sun  
In the darkest deep despair  
Of Hell on earth  
  
Shoot the bastard! Kill it!  Keep the 20th century dead!  
  
With that thought  
I turn off CNN  
  
And turn to the Three Stooges and ask  
Again  
  
What does it mean?  
Curly says Certainty  
  
And with that I wake up  
Face the sun  
  
And say  
21st Century  
  
I am glad you are here  
Please shoot the last century  
And start a new  
  
And only laugher  
Comes across the Internet  
  
The laughter of the insane  
The world spins and spins and spins  
It's crazy way through hell  
  
  
And we live and die and hope and dream  
And pray to our gods for deliverance  
From evil  
  
The gods laugh and laugh and play on  
Who cares what happens to the little people?  
  
Shoot the bastard! Kill it!  Keep the 20th century dead!  
  
Someday  
Someone will show the gods  
  
What happens when the little people  
Wake up  
  
And destroy the world  
In order to save it!  
  
The world shrugs and spins and spins and spins  
And CNN ABCNBCCBSFOXPACCNBCMSNBMS.COMAOLYAH OOEXCITEKTTIMESBLOOMBERGCNBCGOOGLE  
Blather on and on and on and on  
  
Shoot the bastard! Kill it!  Keep the 20th century dead!

## Author notes

published in Scarlet Leaf Review

## snarling cup of coffee

by Jake Aller on November 17, 2017.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

Snarling Sarcastic Cup of Coffee  
  
  
I like to start my day with a hot cup of coffee  
I pound down the coffee  
  
First thing I do every day as the dawning sun   
Lights up my lonesome room  
  
Yeah, but not just a simple cup of java Joe, but a God damn snarling sarcastic smarmy cup of coffee  
  
I mean, - we are talking about an alcoholic, all speed ahead, always hot, always fresh, always there when I need it, angry, attitude talk to the hand Ztude, bad, bad assed, beats breaking, beatnik, bluesy, bitter, bitchy, bombs away, capitalistic, caffeinated up the ass, cinematic, communistic, Colombian grown, Costa Rican inspired, Cowabunga to the max, crazy assed, devilishly angelic, divine, divinely inspired, dyslexic, epic, extreme vetting, evil eye, expensive, erotic vision inducing, Ethiopian coffee house brewed, euphoric, freaky, freazoid, foxy, Frenched kissed, French brewed, funkified, foxy lady, graphic, GOD in my coffee, with Allah, Ganesh, Jesus, Kali, Buddha, Christians, Durga, Hindus, Mohamed, Jesus and Mo and their friend, the cosmic bar maid, Sai Babai, Shiva, Taoists, Zoroastrians, drinking my god damned coffee in Hell; growling, gnarly, happy, hard as ice, Hawaian blessed, high as a kite, hippie, hip, hipster, hip hoppy, hot as hell yet strangely sweet as heaven, jazzy, jealous, Kerouac approved, kick ass, kick my god damn ass to Tuesday, kick down the doors and take no prisoners, grown in the Vietnam highlands by ex Vietcong, Guatemalan grown, kiss ass, illegal in every state, imported from all over the god damn world, insane, lovely, loony, lonely, lonesome, malodorous mean old rotten, motherfucking, nasty, narcotic, never whatever, never meh, never cold, not approved by the CIA, not approved by DHS, not approved for human consumption by the FDA, not your daddy’s sissified corporate cup of coffee, NOT DECAFE coffee, not your Denny’s truck driver weak as brown water cup of fake coffee, not your establishment friendly cup of coffee, Not your FBI coffee, Not FAKE Herbal coffee substitute, but a real cup of coffee, not your farmer brothers dinner crap, not made in America for Americans, not safe for work, not your Starbucks average expensive overpriced crappy corporate chain cup of coffee, Not pretentious, Not White House approved, not State Department safe, nuclear, Not Patriotic, operatic, Peets’s coffee approved, paranoid, pornographic, psychotic, pontific, politically aware, rapping, rhyming, right here, right now in River city, rock and roll up the Yazoo, sad, sadistic, sarcastic, sassy, satanic, schizoid, shitting, silly, sexy, smarmy, smelly, smooth, snarky, snarling, stupid, stinking, sweet as honey, sweat inducing, symphonic, Trump can’t handle this coffee, vengeful, Wagnerian, wicked, with nutmeg and cinnamon swirls, with a hint of stevia, with a hint of vanilla, with a hint of rum, with a hint of whisky, with a hint of cherry, with a hint of fruit overtones, with a hint of drugs spicing up the coffee, spendific, speeding, splendid, superior accept no substitutes, survived the Vietnam war,  
          Soulful as a summer’s night in MOTOWN- James Brown approved, TOP approved, Berkeley approved, the coffee that Jimmy Hendrix drank before he died, the coffee that Elvis drank on his last breakfast, the coffee that Barry White crooned as he drank his cup of coffee – and the coffee that made the white boy play stand up and play that funky music, the coffee that made Jonny B Goode play his guitar, and made Jonny bet the devil his soul after he drank his morning cup of righteous coffee and the coffee that make the Rolling Stones Rock and Roll  
        – the coffee your mother warned you against drinking, the coffee that Napoleon drank when he became the Emperor of all Europe, the Coffee that Beethoven drank when he wrote the Ninth symphony, the coffee that Mozart drank as he wrote his last symphony, the coffee that Lincoln drank before he was killed, the Hemingway drank before he killed himself, the coffee that started the 60’s, and ended the 20th century, the coffee that Lenin drank as he plotted revolution, the coffee that Hitler and Stalin drank with FDR as they divided up the world after World War 11, the cup that JFK drank before he was blown away, the coffee Jerry drinks while driving in cars with random celebrities and political figures, the coffee that Jon Stewart drinks before he goes on an epic take down of some foolish politico, the cup of Arabic coffee that Sadaam drank the day he was executed, the coffee that GW and Cheney drank when they bombed Baghdad, the Indian cup of coffee that Bid Laden drank before 9-11 and just before the seals blew his ass to hell, the cup of coffee that Tiger Woods drank with his mistresses while playing a 3, 000 dollar round of golf at Sandy Lane golf course in Barbados, the last legal drug that does what drugs should do, the cup of coffee that Obama drank when he became President, Vietnamese, Vienna brew, wacky, whimsical, Whisky Tango Foxtrot, wild, weird, wonderful, WOW, Yabba dabba doo! Yada Yada yada Zappa’s favorite cup of cosmic coffee, and Zorro’s last cup of coffee,   
Good to the last drop rolled into one simple cup of hot coffee  
As I pound down that first cup of coffee  
And fire up my synaptic nerve endings with endless supplies  
Of caffeine induced neuron enhancing chemicals  
  
I face the dawning day with trepidation and mind-numbing fear  
I turn on the TV and watch the smarmy newscasters in their perfect hair  
Lying through their teeth about the great success the government is having  
Following the great leader's latest pronouncements  
  
I want to scream and shoot the TV  
And run out side  
Shouting   
"Stop the world.   
I want to get off this fucking crazy planet"  
The earth does not care a whit about my attitude  
It merely shrugs and moves around the Sun  
In its appointed daily run  
  
And I sit down  
The madness dissipating a bit  
  
And enjoy my second cup  
Of heaven and hell  
In my morning cup of Joe  
  
This is an extensively revised version of an earlier version “Snarling Sarcastic coffee” Published in Fictional Café, Creativity Webzine, and Eskimo Pie and elsewhere 

## Author notes

one of my first published poems, revamped.

## New Year Visit to the Oregon Coast

by Jake Aller on January 13.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

The end of the year   
We drove to Bookings on the Oregon Coast  
We had a pleasant drive through the mystic fog shrouded Redwoods.  
The gathering gloom of the dark woods foretold my dismal mood   
  
Slept soundly to the sound of the ocean.   
The super moon light filled   
the beach outside our window  
with an eerie light all night long.   
  
As we slept people walked the beach  
Enjoying the full moon  
And the unusually warm weather  
Setting off fireworks at midnight  
  
In the morning I went for a nice walk along the beach   
and thought about the year that was.   
As the waves pounded the shore  
  
I was filled with calmness  
Enjoying the morning calm  
And the unusually warm weather  
  
Thinking that the storm is coming  
That perhaps we are in the end of our days  
With the political storms threatening us all   
  
Yet the ocean reminded me  
This too will pass  
And we will endure  
Until the end of our time  
On earth  
  
The ocean waves soothed my soul  
And I prepared to drive back through the mystic redwoods  
Back to my home   
  
And the peaceful ocean waves  
Reminded me   
the end of my life  
Comes closer to my door

## Author notes

published in former people journal

## snarling cup of coffee revised

by Jake Aller on January 13.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

I like to start my day with a hot cup of coffee    
I pound down the coffee    
    
First thing I do every day as the dawning sun      
Lights up my lonesome room    
    
Yeah, but not just a simple cup of java Joe, but a God damn snarling sarcastic smarmy cup of coffee    
    
I mean, - we are talking about an alcoholic, all speed ahead, always hot, always fresh, always there when I need it, angry, attitude talk to the hand Ztude, bad, bad assed, beats breaking, beatnik, bluesy, bitter, bitchy, bombs away, capitalistic, caffeinated up the ass, cinematic, communistic, Colombian grown, Costa Rican inspired, Cowabunga to the max, crazy assed, devilishly angelic, divine, divinely inspired, dyslexic, epic, extreme vetting, evil eye, expensive, erotic vision inducing, Ethiopian coffee house brewed, euphoric, freaky, freazoid, foxy, Frenched kissed, French brewed, funkified, foxy lady, graphic, GOD in my coffee, with Allah, Ganesh, Jesus, Kali, Buddha, Christians, Durga, Hindus, Mohamed, Jesus and Mo and their friend, the cosmic bar maid, Sai Babai, Shiva, Taoists, Zoroastrians, drinking my god damned coffee in Hell; growling, gnarly, happy, hard as ice, Hawaian blessed, high as a kite, hippie, hip, hipster, hip hoppy, hot as hell yet strangely sweet as heaven, jazzy, jealous, Kerouac approved, kick ass, kick my god damn ass to Tuesday, kick down the doors and take no prisoners, grown in the Vietnam highlands by ex-Vietcong, Guatemalan grown, kiss ass, illegal in every state, imported from all over the god damn world, insane, lovely, loony, lonely, lonesome, malodorous mean old rotten, motherfucking, nasty, narcotic, never whatever, never meh, never cold, not approved by the CIA, not approved by DHS, not approved for human consumption by the FDA, not your daddy’s sissified corporate cup of coffee, NOT DECAFE coffee, not your Denny’s truck driver weak as brown water cup of fake coffee, not your establishment friendly cup of coffee, Not your FBI coffee, Not FAKE Herbal coffee substitute, but a real cup of coffee, not your farmer brothers dinner crap, not made in America for Americans, not safe for work, not your Starbucks average expensive overpriced crappy corporate chain cup of coffee, Not pretentious, Not White House approved, not State Department safe, nuclear, Not Patriotic, operatic, Peets’s coffee approved, paranoid, pornographic, psychotic, pontific, politically aware, rapping, rhyming, right here, right now in River city, rock and roll up the Yazoo, sad, sadistic, sarcastic, sassy, satanic, schizoid, shitting, silly, sexy, smarmy, smelly, smooth, snarky, snarling, stupid, stinking, sweet as honey, sweat inducing, symphonic, Trump can’t handle this coffee, vengeful, Wagnerian, wicked, with nutmeg and cinnamon swirls, with a hint of stevia, with a hint of vanilla, with a hint of rum, with a hint of whisky, with a hint of cherry, with a hint of fruit overtones, with a hint of drugs spicing up the coffee, spendific, speeding, splendid, superior accept no substitutes, survived the Vietnam war, the Iraq war, the Afghan war, the first and Second Korean war, World War 11, the war on poverty, the war on drugs, the war on black people, the sexual revolution, Soulful as a summer’s night in MOTOWN- James Brown approved, TOP approved, Berkeley approved, the coffee that Jimmy Hendrix drank before he died, the coffee that Elvis drank on his last breakfast, the coffee that Barry White crooned as he drank his cup of coffee – and the coffee that made the white boy play stand up and play that funky music, the coffee that made Jonny B Goode play his guitar, and made Jonny bet the devil his soul after he drank his morning cup of righteous coffee and the coffee that make the Rolling Stones Rock and Roll, the coffee your mother warned you against drinking, the coffee that Napoleon drank when he became the Emperor of all Europe, the Coffee that Beethoven drank when he wrote the Ninth symphony, the coffee that Mozart drank as he wrote his last symphony, the coffee that Lincoln drank before he was killed, the Hemingway drank before he killed himself, the coffee that started the 60’s, and ended the 20th century, the coffee that Lenin drank as he plotted revolution, the coffee that Hitler and Stalin drank with FDR as they divided up the world after World War 11, the cup that JFK drank before he was blown away, the coffee Jerry drinks while driving in cars with random celebrities and political figures, the coffee that Jon Stewart drinks before he goes on an epic take down of some foolish politico, the cup of Arabic coffee that Sadaam drank the day he was executed, the coffee that GW and Cheney drank when they bombed Baghdad, the Indian cup of coffee that Bid Laden drank before 9-11 and just before the seals blew his ass to hell, the cup of coffee that Tiger Woods drank with his mistresses while playing a 3, 000 dollar round of golf at Sandy Lane golf course in Barbados, the last legal drug that does what drugs should do, the cup of coffee that Obama drank when he became President, Vietnamese, Vienna brew, wacky, whimsical, Whisky Tango Foxtrot, wild, weird, wonderful, WOW, Yabba dabba doo! Yada Yada yada Zappa’s favorite cup of cosmic coffee, and Zorro’s last cup of coffee, Good to the last drop rolled into one simple cup of hot coffee    
    
As I pound down that first cup of coffee    
And fire up my synaptic nerve endings with endless supplies    
Of caffeine induced neuron enhancing chemicals    
    
I face the dawning day with trepidation and mind-numbing fear    
I turn on the TV and watch the smarmy newscasters in their perfect hair    
Lying through their teeth about the great success the government is having Following the great leader's latest pronouncements    
    
I want to scream and shoot the TV and run out side Shouting  "Stop the world.      
    
I want to get off this fucking crazy planet"    
The earth does not care a whit about my attitude    
It merely shrugs and moves around the Sun    
In its appointed daily run    
And I sit down    
The madness dissipating a bit    
    
And enjoy my second cup    
Of heaven and hell    
In my morning cup of Joe

## Author notes

revised recently

## indian casinos

by Jake Aller on January 13.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

Indian Casino Thoughts  
  
Indian casinos seem to be everywhere   
I have stopped off here and there   
In rural enclaves across the land  
  
The Indian casinos run by the mob  
For the benefit of the tribes  
  
The Indian’s revenge on the White man  
For stealing their land  
Is to steal their money  
  
One gamble at a time  
And make them pay  
For the crimes they committed  
  
Almost always have a welcome mat  
To teach the ignorant visitor   
Something about their lost culture   
  
With words in the native languages  
Words that would be illegal to have spoken  
Not so long ago  
  
As the genocide against the tribes   
Was in full force   
  
Nowhere worse than in Oregon   
And northern California   
Along the foggy coastal lands  
  
Where the final solution   
Almost worked  
  
The survivors   
Such as they are   
  
Operate dismal dark depressing casinos   
Here and there in the rural countryside   
Along the coast  
And in the hinterlands here and there  
Most barely making any money  
  
There are so many gambling joints   
Across the land  
  
And the Indians are being screwed   
Out of their gambling riches  
  
By the big gaming consortiums  
That run the casinos   
  
In the reservations  
And across the land   
  
And I wonder   
Just how much money  
  
Have these Indian casinos  
Stolen from the elderly pensioners  
  
And other fools that flock to their premises  
Their neighbors in these small towns  
  
Where the Indian casino is the only joint open  
For business

## Author notes

published former people journal

## casino thoughts

by Jake Aller on January 13.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

Sitting in a casino of the damned  
Somewhere on the Las Vegas Strip  
Playing the slots  
Watching the crowd go wild  
Watching the machines watching me  
  
Drinking the free drinks of the damned  
20 drinks too sober  
  
And the gamblers on the gaming tables  
Gambling away their fortune  
Throwing money away  
In hopes of the payoff  
That somehow never comes  
  
The pure decadent spectacle  
The fake this and fake that  
Phony this phony that  
  
False New York  
Paris in Vegas  
Venetian canals, Roman forum  
MGM Grand Lions  
  
All fake, all phony  
All deliciously decadent  
  
The noise  
The scantily clad waitresses  
The men ogling the women  
  
The women ogling back at them  
The scent of wild decadence  
Bad craziness in the air  
The music – the lounge music from hell  
The constant sound  
Of money exchanging hands  
  
It all overwhelms me  
And I must sit down  
And drink my reality drink  
Drink it down and dirty  
  
As I continue  
To feed the hungry, greedy machines  
  
Made in a workshop in hell  
No doubt with child or slave labor  
Imported from the third world   
  
All my money   
Is sucked into it  
These machines from hell   
  
The beast from revelation appears  
Stands revealed in his hideous glorious beauty  
Conducting this mad scene  
  
And I am consumed by the greed  
And the frenzy takes over me  
All I want  
All I need  
All I desire  
  
Is one more chance  
One more shot  
  
I scream   
At the utterly unfeeling monsters  
That ate my money  
And chewed up my soul  
  
And I know  
The worst drug of all  
Is the gambling fever  
The gold bugs  
  
I would sell my soul  
If I had one left  
For a chance  
At the jackpot of life  
  
Instead, I am reduced  
To a pathetic broken down loser  
Watching the world and Elvis  
Pass him by  
  
Viva Las Vegas  
Imperial God of the American Dream  
Bitch Goddess of the American Nightmare

## Author notes

published in former people journal

## worst year ever

by Jake Aller on February 3.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

Worst Year Ever  
2017 How Much I despise You  
Following 2016 the second worst year ever  
Will 2018 be any better?   
  
And what we have suffered  
The darkness settles on the land   
Like a curse on the land   
  
As our mad demented senile dotard king wannabe   
Struts about the worlds stage   
Ushering Americas inevitable decline  
  
As America’s foes and friends wonder  
Has America gone mad   
Turing over ultimate power to this man  
A con man narcistic criminal  
  
Self-proclaimed smartest man in the room  
A clueless reality TV hustler  
Whose sell by date has expired  
  
As he tries to make America great again  
For white Christian men  
  
The rest of the country struggles   
To cope with the ever-declining standard of living  
  
The 1 percent loved the stock market  
Love the dismantling of the regulatory state  
The corporate tax cuts   
  
and the coming plunder of the land   
Can Disney Yellowstone be the future?  
  
While the rest of the world   
Embraces the energy of the future   
And this great denier of the truth  
Wants to boldly take America back   
  
To the 19th century era of oil, and coal  
  
Yet perhaps it does not matter in the end  
If we have one another  
  
The darkness will come   
But it will go away someday soon  
The great American nightmare will be over  
  
This is what I pray for 2018  
The end of the darkness   
that consumes our land

## Love conquers hate

by Jake Aller on February 3.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

They say that love conquers hate  
And that good always win in the end   
But sometimes I wonder about hate    
  
I always thought that my love  
For my wife would last forever   
Since I first met my love   
  
Love at first sight  
As the girl I was dreaming of for eight years  
Flew into my life with such brilliant light   
  
Our love burning as bright as a million stars  
Consuming us both in its brilliant flame  
As if our love were made of cosmic flames   
transplanted from the farthest stars   
  
But true love sometimes turns to true hate  
And what was wonderful on that first date   
becomes despicable over time   
What was once cute on that first date    
becomes disgusting as she become our mate   
  
What was once love at first sight  
Turns to darkness and resentment  
And then full-blown hatred  
And nothing but the darkest night    
  
And the light of a million stars  
Is replaced by a darkling night    
That consumes one’s soul   
  
I look at my wife every dawning day  
And see that light is still burning bright   
And the momentary darkness   
And yes, potential hatred is kept at bay  
By the brilliant rays of light   
  
Hatred, resentments dispelled yet again   
By the brilliance of our love  
That the million suns of love   
Are burning yet again    
  
And I pray constantly  
To all Gods on our mark   
that our love continues constantly  
And that our love will conquer the dark

## The Market Rules Us All

by Jake Aller on February 3.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

The market rules all  
We are nothing but products   
The rights to us  
Have long been sold  
  
Bow down and worship   
The all mighty market   
  
Everything we do  
Everything we see  
Everything we are   
Nothing but our personal brand  
  
Nothing human left over   
Nothing authentic left over   
  
Nothing but lies   
Fake news   
nonsense  
  
The world does not care one whit  
About you and me   
As people   
  
It is all about the profits that can be made  
By exploiting our labor   
  
And once we are used up  
We become a liability  
And a burden  
  
If you have not made it to the top  
By age 55  
You are a loser  
And should be retired  
Forced to live out your life  
On your miserable pension  
  
As you wait to die  
No longer useful   
To the Masters of the Universe  
  
And true love   
Nothing but an illusion  
  
It is all about the sex, baby  
And how getting your baby  
Ahead at all costs   
  
  
Who cares about love  
It is all nothing  
But a second-hand emotion  
As the song puts it   
  
Love is nothing but a sexual commodity  
And we are all nothing but interchangeable  
Commodities in the marriage and love market  
  
And porno values rule the bedroom  
As we are nothing more than used body parts   
  
Who cares about friendship  
It is all about how they can use you  
And you can use them  
To get ahead   
  
True Love and genuine connections   
Cannot survive   
In this toxic soup  
Of the modern materialist world   
  
God and spirituality   
Nothing but a scam   
As our so call Christian Leaders  
  
Proclaim their love for you  
All they love is your donations  
And they too are part of the market  
  
Jesus if he ever comes back  
Will no doubt   
Be used to sell more goods  
  
As the right to Jesus   
Has also been sold

## Siren's song of Doom

by Jake Aller on February 3.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

The quiet dying swan song  
Arose out of the dismal swamp  
  
Through the fog shrouded woodlands of Zara  
Over the sweltering desserts of black tar  
Heading rapidly nowhere at all  
  
The quite sweat song of her mellifluous voice  
Echoing through the canyons of my fear  
Drawing me nearer and nearer  
  
I cannot resist the siren's haunting melody  
Drawing me nearer and nearer to my doom  
  
My old friend self-fear cries out  
Time to escape while I can   
  
Yet I cannot resist  
I cannot escape  
  
All I can do is listen  
To the haunting enigmatic voices  
  
Of the siren's sweat and sour music   
Blasting away my selfish fear  
  
Naked, alone I stand  
Proud in homage  
To my own gods  
  
Back in the swamp  
Wandering forever   
Until it seems I met you, yet again

## Siren's song of doom

by Jake Aller on February 3.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

The quiet dying swan song  
Arose out of the dismal swamp  
  
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Naked, alone I stand  
Proud in homage  
To my own gods  
  
Back in the swamp  
Wandering forever   
Until it seems I met you, yet again

## Walls that Divide Us

by Jake Aller on May 1.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

April 07th —   
Mr. Trump   
  
Please tear down this wall   
Please open your heart   
Please stop this madness   
  
We are all Americans   
We are all one people   
  
And your wall   
Will not stop us   
From becoming one people   
  
Please tear down this wall   
Please build bridges to the future   
Please open your heart   
And let the love shine through   
—   
April 06th -  
Walls Divide Us   
  
In Modern America   
We all live in gated communities   
Trying desperately to keep them out   
Out of sight   
Out of mind   
And out of our lives   
  
And yet we fail   
Fail to accept the others   
Are human beings   
Are our fellow creatures   
As we wall ourselves off   
Into our separate communities   
We lose our humanity   
  
And we lose ourselves   
As we hide in our walls   
Hide in our bubbles   
—   
  
April 05th –  
Has Been Done Before   
  
Before Trump’s Wall   
There were many other walls   
The Berlin Wall   
The Great Wall   
Hadrian’s Wall   
  
All the walls of the ancient world   
All failed   
To keep the enemies out   
  
The enemies of freedom   
The enemies of the state   
Still came across the border   
  
To loot, steal, rape and plunder   
And nothing could stop   
The flood of history   
—   
April 04, -  
Trump’s Wall Against Reason   
  
The President wants to build a wall   
Against the southern hordes   
Another great wall   
To keep the barbarians out   
  
He wants to build a wall   
Against reason   
Against science   
Against the modern world   
Hiding behind the wall   
On the southern border   
  
Desperately trying to keep them out   
The unwashed masses   
The undocumented   
The illegals   
  
Streaming across the border   
Seeking to wreck the pure land   
Murderous hordes   
Rapists, drug dealers   
Coming to take our land over   
  
As he stands on the border   
Trying to stop the hordes himself

## Author notes

these five poems could be considered as one longer poem, but I broke them down into five poems on the same theme, President's Trump's absurd obsession with building another Great Wall.

## snarling cup of coffee (lastest version)

by Jake Aller on May 25.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

Snarling Cup of Coffee    
I like to start my day with a hot cup of coffee    
I pound down the coffee    
  
First thing I do every day as the dawning sun      
Lights up my lonesome room    
  
Yeah, but not just a simple cup of java Joe, but a God damn snarling sarcastic smarmy cup of coffee    
  
I mean, - we are talking about an alcoholic, all speed ahead, always hot, always fresh, always there when I need it, angry, attitude talk to the hand Ztude, bad, bad assed, beats breaking, beatnik, bluesy, bitter, bitchy, bombs away, capitalistic, caffeinated up the ass, cinematic, communistic, Colombian grown, Costa Rican inspired, Cowabunga to the max, crazy assed, devilishly angelic, divine, divinely inspired, dyslexic, epic, extreme vetting, evil eye, expensive, erotic vision inducing, Ethiopian coffee house brewed, euphoric, freaky, freazoid, foxy, Frenched kissed, French brewed, funkified, foxy lady, graphic, GOD in my coffee, with Allah, Ganesh, Jesus, Kali, Buddha, Christians, Durga, Hindus, Mohamed, Jesus and Mo and their friend, the cosmic bar maid, Sai Babai, Shiva, Taoists, Zoroastrians, drinking my god damned coffee in Hell; growling, gnarly, happy, hard as ice, Hawaian blessed, high as a kite, hippie, hip, hipster, hip hoppy, hot as hell yet strangely sweet as heaven, jazzy, jealous, Kerouac approved, kick ass, kick my god damn ass to Tuesday, kick down the doors and take no prisoners, grown in the Vietnam highlands by ex-Vietcong, Guatemalan grown, kiss ass, illegal in every state, imported from all over the god damn world, insane, lovely, loony, lonely, lonesome, malodorous mean old rotten, motherfucking, nasty, narcotic, never whatever, never meh, never cold, not approved by the CIA, not approved by DHS, not approved for human consumption by the FDA, not your daddy’s sissified corporate cup of coffee, NOT DECAFE coffee, not your Denny’s truck driver weak as brown water cup of fake coffee, not your establishment friendly cup of coffee, Not your FBI coffee, Not FAKE Herbal coffee substitute, but a real cup of coffee, not your farmer brothers dinner crap, not made in America for Americans, not safe for work, not your Starbucks average expensive overpriced crappy corporate chain cup of coffee, Not pretentious, Not White House approved, not State Department safe, nuclear, Not Patriotic, operatic, Peets’s coffee approved, paranoid, pornographic, psychotic, pontific, politically aware, rapping, rhyming, right here, right now in River city, rock and roll up the Yazoo, sad, sadistic, sarcastic, sassy, satanic, schizoid, shitting, silly, sexy, smarmy, smelly, smooth, snarky, snarling, stupid, stinking, sweet as honey, sweat inducing, symphonic, Trump can’t handle this coffee, vengeful, Wagnerian, wicked, with nutmeg and cinnamon swirls, with a hint of stevia, with a hint of vanilla, with a hint of rum, with a hint of whisky, with a hint of cherry, with a hint of fruit overtones, with a hint of drugs spicing up the coffee, spendific, speeding, splendid, superior accept no substitutes, survived the Vietnam war, the Iraq war, the Afghan war, the first and Second Korean war, World War 11, the war on poverty, the war on drugs, the war on black people, the sexual revolution, Soulful as a summer’s night in MOTOWN- James Brown approved, TOP approved, Berkeley approved, the coffee that Jimmy Hendrix drank before he died, the coffee that Elvis drank on his last breakfast, the coffee that Barry White crooned as he drank his cup of coffee – and the coffee that made the white boy play stand up and play that funky music, the coffee that made Jonny B Goode play his guitar, and made Jonny bet the devil his soul after he drank his morning cup of righteous coffee and the coffee that make the Rolling Stones Rock and Roll, the coffee your mother warned you against drinking, the coffee that Napoleon drank when he became the Emperor of all Europe, the Coffee that Beethoven drank when he wrote the Ninth symphony, the coffee that Mozart drank as he wrote his last symphony, the coffee that Lincoln drank before he was killed, the Hemingway drank before he killed himself, the coffee that started the 60’s, and ended the 20th century, the coffee that Lenin drank as he plotted revolution, the coffee that Hitler and Stalin drank with FDR as they divided up the world after World War 11, the cup that JFK drank before he was blown away, the coffee Jerry drinks while driving in cars with random celebrities and political figures, the coffee that Jon Stewart drinks before he goes on an epic take down of some foolish politico, the cup of Arabic coffee that Sadaam drank the day he was executed, the coffee that GW and Cheney drank when they bombed Baghdad, the Indian cup of coffee that Bid Laden drank before 9-11 and just before the seals blew his ass to hell, the cup of coffee that Tiger Woods drank with his mistresses while playing a 3, 000 dollar round of golf at Sandy Lane golf course in Barbados, the last legal drug that does what drugs should do, the cup of coffee that Obama drank when he became President, Vietnamese, Vienna brew, wacky, whimsical, Whisky Tango Foxtrot, wild, weird, wonderful, WOW, Yabba dabba doo! Yada Yada yada Zappa’s favorite cup of cosmic coffee, and Zorro’s last cup of coffee, Good to the last drop rolled into one simple cup of hot coffee    
  
As I pound down that first cup of coffee    
And fire up my synaptic nerve endings with endless supplies    
Of caffeine induced neuron enhancing chemicals    
  
I face the dawning day with trepidation and mind-numbing fear    
I turn on the TV and watch the smarmy newscasters in their perfect hair    
Lying through their teeth about the great success the government is having Following the great leader's latest pronouncements    
  
I want to scream and shoot the TV and run out side Shouting  "Stop the world.      
  
I want to get off this fucking crazy planet"    
The earth does not care a whit about my attitude    
It merely shrugs and moves around the Sun    
In its appointed daily run    
And I sit down    
The madness dissipating a bit    
  
And enjoy my second cup    
Of heaven and hell    
In my morning cup of Joe

## Author notes

the latest version published on Creative Gremlins  also can be found on my blog which is <https://theworldaccordingtocosmos.com>

## Unhinged lunactic howling at the moon (revised)

by Jake Aller on May 25.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

Unhinged Lunatic Howling at the Full Moon   
  
On the night of the blood red super full moon  
I sat in an evil, depraved godforsaken bar  
  
Drinking drams of demented, fermented dream dew  
Washed down by endless rounds of whiskey  
rum, tequila, vodka, soju and of course beer   
drinking with my buddies the Jack Daniels Gang   
  
Drinking my way to Hell and beyond  
Just as fast as I could  
twenty damn drinks too sober   
  
Just an unhinged lunatic  
Dreaming of howling at the full moon  
  
Watching the world walk by  
Looking at all the fine-looking babes  
Walking by the street  
  
Thinking wild, erotic thoughts  
Of endless wild libertine passions  
  
When into the bar  
That din of cosmic depravity   
  
Walked the most beautiful women  
In the Universe  
  
So wild, so free  
So wonderfully alive  
  
I did not know what to do  
As this vision of delight  
Sauntered through the bar  
  
In a skin-tight leather pant  
Looked so fine  
That my eyeballs hurt  
  
And finally, I had to say something  
So, I gathered up my manly courage  
And walked up to her  
  
And she looked at me  
And instantly bewitched my soul  
  
With a devilish grin  
I lost all reason  
And became a raving lunatic  
Unhinged lunatic  
Howling at the blood red full moon  
  
Foaming at the mouth  
A wild, free werewolf  
Howling at the lunatic light  
Of the blood red blue full Moon

## Author notes

revised recently. one of several of my lunatic poems which can be found at my web page <https://theworldacoordingtocosmos.com>

## Hitchiking Tales

by Jake Aller on May 25.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

April 30 In Search of America 1975 – Hitch hiking Tales  
  
When I was young and foolish  
Broke and stubborn   
I hitchhiked across the USA   
  
Started in Salt Lake City   
Where my greyhound bus pass   
Was stolen   
  
The station manager   
Could have helped me   
But refused to do so   
  
Threaten to call the cops   
When I grabbed my bags Without the stolen tags   
  
I said   
Go ahead   
But I am so out of here   
  
Wondered about Salt Lake City   
Went to a bar   
Found I had to buy my booze   
Next door   
And they would mix it for me   
  
Had to order food too   
After a bloody Mary   
And a burger   
  
I walked about town   
Saw the Mormon Temple   
  
Finally about 3 pm   
It was time to hit the road   
Did not look back   
  
Ended up in Cody Wyoming   
Got a room shower   
Steak beer   
Using my rapidly depleted cash Spent 25 dollars   
Money really went far   
Back in those days   
  
A band of professional   
Communist agitators   
Gave me a ride   
To Des Moines   
  
Lots of weed, booze   
And politics later   
Got off the road   
Slept outside   
  
Next day   
A beautiful woman   
Drove me to near Chicago   
In a red mustang   
  
Might have been   
The girl in the song   
Took it easy   
Digging her vibe   
  
She invited home   
But was not sure   
If her estranged husband   
Would welcome me   
  
So, I am being foolish   
And inexperienced with women   
Did not go to her place   
  
And always regretted   
That I had lost   
My chance that day   
  
Then on to Chicago   
Several rides later   
Visited friends   
  
Hit the road again   
A series of uneventful rides   
With truckers   
And others   
  
And a week later   
I ended in New York City   
  
Slept along the way   
In cars   
In truck stops   
In high way rest stops   
  
Always moving   
Always going   
None stop talking   
And lots of free weed   
And beer   
And conversation   
  
One more memorable ride   
Occurred outside Albany   
On my return to Chicago   
  
A middle age creepy looking man   
Picked me up   
In a brand-new Cadillac   
  
He was he said a dynamite deliverer   
For the Mafia   
Went to various places   
To blow up shit   
  
He hated a lot of people   
Particularly hippies from California   
And Jewish people   
  
Looking at me to confirm   
That I was both   
  
I told him that I lived in New York   
And had never been to California   
And although I might have looked Jewish   
As I what was called back in the day   
A “Jewfro”   
  
I was not Jewish   
Many years later I discovered   
That I am indeed part Jewish   
But then I did not know   
And I felt a bit of strategic information   
Might keep me alive   
  
Then I realized that he was just jiving with me   
And we relaxed   
And he pulled out some weed   
And beer   
And we mellowed out   
  
But I believe that he really was with the mob   
Perhaps not a dynamite dealer   
A real made Italian made mafia member   
  
By Chicago   
I had enough   
I called my Dad   
Told him what had happened   
  
Wanted a ticket home   
And he sent me a ticket   
And 500 dollars   
And I went home   
  
I told him I would tell him   
My tales some day   
But never did   
  
I learned so much   
About my fellow Americans   
And the strange vibe   
That was 1975   
  
And now it is too late   
But I wanted to finally   
Tell the world   
  
Of my hitchhiking tales   
In search of America 1975

## Author notes

based on my true experiences hitchhiking in the 70's and early 80 check out my web page https:/theworldaccordingtocosmos.co m for more details

## when will this darkness end ?

by Jake Aller on May 25.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

When Will this Darkness End  
  
As the darkness settles down on the land  
All are consumed with evil  
Foul deeds and endless darkness   
I wonder if it will ever go away   
  
Yes I wonder   
If our great nightmare will ever end   
Are we doomed   
To live out the decline of America?  
  
This is what I pray for 2018  
The end of the darkness   
The unleashed hatred   
that consumes our land

## Author notes

one of my dark poems about our current dark times for more see my blog <https://theworldaccordingtocosmos.com>

## the Bus – Travels Through America’s Underbelly

by Jake Aller on May 25.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

I am a bus rider  
That makes me unusual  
For a white male   
From an upper-middle-class family  
  
Our people are not bus riders  
Though some are subway riders  
  
Bus riders are other people  
The poor, minorities, immigrants  
People who don’t drive  
Because they are blind  
Or have a DUI  
  
And in my case  
I don’t drive  
Because I have bad vision  
And bad coordination  
Just never got the hang   
Of the whole driving thing  
  
Fortunately for me   
My wife does the driving   
But I still take the bus  
From time to time  
  
I rode the AC buses in Berkeley  
As a child  
Line 67, line 51, line 43 F bus  
Rode them long before BART came along  
And afterwards as well  
  
As an adult seldom rode the bus   
But when I did so  
I was always impressed   
By the sheer diversity   
Of the bus riding property  
  
Hundreds of languages  
All sorts of sexual orientation  
Some were white  
Most were not  
  
Most of my fellow passengers  
Were nice enough  
Some were friendly  
And some were lost   
In their own thoughts  
  
And a few   
Were scary looking dudes  
With the look  
Of someone who had done time  
And were capable of more violence  
  
I also rode the bus   
In Seattle as a graduate student  
A lot of fellow UW students  
And the usual immigrants  
Minorities etc  
  
And some white people  
Commuting  
  
And in DC   
Over the years  
I rode a lot of buses  
  
Mostly to and from the metro  
But I got to know   
And love the DC buses as well  
  
I also took the greyhound bus  
Across the country  
Several times over the years  
All over the U.S.  
  
From Bay Area to Stockton  
From Bay Area to Clear Lake  
From Bay area to NYC  
NYC to DC  
All over the USA  
  
Taking the Greyhound  
Was always an an adventure  
Met a lot of interesting people  
As people on long distant bus rides  
Tend to open up and talk  
To pass the time away  
  
Overseas I took the bus   
All over  
In India, in Barbados  
In Spain and in Korea  
  
The Korean buses   
For many years   
Were difficult for foreign visitors  
As the signs were all in Korean  
  
Most have signs   
Now in English, Chinese and Korean  
And are much more foreigner friendly  
  
Riding the bus  
In America  
Allows one access   
To the underbelly of American society  
The poor, the marginalized  
The immigrant communities  
  
That many middle class white people  
Just never see  
  
And for that reason  
I am glad   
That I am a bus rider

## Author notes

companion piece to my hitchhiking piece submitted earlier.  Love to hear your bus or hitchhiking stories  check out my web page <https://theworldaccordingtocosmos.com> for more jake poetry

## fake God

by Jake Aller on July 15.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

Every day   
There is another outrageous statement  
From this preacher or that preacher  
  
Saying that God spoke to them   
And told them that Trump  
  
Was anointed by God himself  
And would bring us all to the promised land  
  
Well I hate to bring it up  
But felt that I must  
  
If God exists   
And is all powerful  
  
Why would he waste his time  
Talking to these idiot preachers?  
  
And why would he anoint Trump  
The most ungodly of all politicians  
  
How do these preachers know   
It is God calling  
  
Or perhaps it is a fake God  
I mean why not?  
  
In this age of fake age, fake asses, fake angels, fake artists, fake booze, fake boobs, fake calls, fake card games, fake casinos, fake clothes, fake computer programs, fake computer games, fake coffee, fake devils, fake doctors, fake drugs, fake eyes, fake faces, fake falls during the world cup, fake fish, fake food, fake friends, fake Gods, fake games, fake hair, fake judges, fake lawyers, fake live celebrities on TV, fake legs, fake lotto tickets, fake hearts, fake languages, fake love, fake meat, fake minds, fake ministers, fake names, fake passes, fake players, fake people, fake pot, fake politicians, fake porn, fake photos, fake poets, fake priests, fake products, fake sex, fake songs, fake sports stars, fake movies, fake TV, fake teeth, fake vaginas, fake watches, fake writers, fake victims, fake videos, fake universities and fake well everything else   
  
Why not a fake God  
Pretending to be God  
Just in it for the power,   
the money  
  
And the sweat love of the beautiful babes  
That he has convinced   
Has to sleep with him  
As God has ordained it  
  
Yeah I think that it is   
God has been replaced  
By a Fake God   
  
Does the fake God speak to them?  
And what does the fake God sound like?  
  
How did the fake God talk to them?  
On the phone? By email? By tweet  
Or by visions or voices in their head?  
  
Or are they just raving lunatics  
Who think that the real nonexistent God   
is calling them?  
Not knowing or caring it is the fake God  
On the cosmic hotline from the fake heaven   
  
God, either the real deal  
Or the Fake God   
does not in my opinion   
Talk to idiots  
  
Too many things to do  
Running this fake God scam  
While the real God is either on vacation  
Or is locked up in a cosmic dungeon somewhere  
Or has been killed by the fake God  
In league with the real Satan  
  
Nor should God either the real God   
or the Fake God   
tolerate these fools any more  
  
The Fake God does not send us hurricanes or tornados  
To punish us  
  
That is beneath his cosmic pay grade  
And the real God   
Has been cut off from his power sources  
Locked away into cosmic dungeon   
Without a phone, internet, or power outlet  
  
The real God is God   
and is mysterious  
And if he speaks to us at all  
  
We surely do not understand   
Anything he says  
  
As we have surely screwed up  
The teachings of his prophets  
  
And all we can hear  
Is the voice of the fake God  
The cosmic shyster   
Who has been impersonating God  
Perhaps for thousands of year  
  
  
So I wish to end this by saying  
Oh you false prophets  
  
STFU   
  
The real God is not calling you  
And never has  
But the fake god  
That’s another story  
  
But, please   
Just SFTU already

## Author notes

I am tired of the so called Christian right talking about how God how spoken to them.  I seriously doubt that.....

## fake calls

by Jake Aller on July 15.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

Every day I get woken up  
As the sun comes up  
By my phone ringing   
With a fake call  
  
It seems that the only people  
Who ever bother to call me  
Are the fake call people  
Who all call me   
With fake sincerity   
  
Offering me a great deal   
On this and that scam  
  
I curse at them  
Yell at them  
Mutter obscenities in foreign tongues  
And block their calls   
  
Yet it does not seem to matter  
The next call will be   
Yet another fake call  
  
Am I doomed to receive  
Fake calls until I day I die  
  
I turn on my computer  
And read my fake news accounts  
And watch TV for the latest fake news  
  
And the politicians lying  
And the criminals scheming   
To take my money  
  
The Zappa song comes to mind  
  
You will obey me while I lead you  
And eat the garbage that I feed you  
Until the day that we don't need you  
Don't go for help... no one will heed you  
Your mind is totally controlled  
It has been stuffed into my mold  
And you will do as you are told  
Until the rights to you are sold  
  
That's right, folks...  
Don't touch that dial  
  
And I scream to the universe  
Just leave me alone  
Then the phone rings…..

## Author notes

tired of all the fake calls I get

## fake news

by Jake Aller on July 15.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

I   
am   
tired  
  
T  
I  
R  
E  
R   
D  
  
Of the constant deluge  
The constant flood   
Of fake news in my inbox  
  
It seems everything is fake these days  
The Presidents lies  
The media lies  
  
The country lies to itself  
Everything is not all right jack  
And never will be right  
  
As long as have the idiot in charge  
With his constant tweets   
P osturing and lies  
  
And the spinmeisters  
Spinning away  
  
The truth is a lie  
The lie is true  
  
I can’t tell any more   
It is all fake news to me  
  
Enough no more  
Give it to me straight  
  
Quit the god damn lying  
And tell us the truth  
  
But then we can’t handle the truth  
Can me?  
  
And so the fake news continues  
The constant spam  
The constant lies  
  
As we all die  
From too much information  
All the time  
  
I want to quit  
Go away somewhere  
  
But nowhere is safe  
As we all stuck here  
  
In the world of fake news

## Author notes

I am tired of hearing the President talking about fake news all the time

## worst Year Ever

by Jake Aller on July 15.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

2017 How Much I despise You  
Following 2016 the second worst year ever  
Will 2018 be any better ?   
  
And what we have suffered  
The darkness settles on the land   
Like a curse on the land   
  
As our mad demented senile dotard king wannabe   
Struts about the worlds stage   
Ushering Americas inevitable decline  
  
As America’s foes and friends wonder  
Has America gone mad   
Turing over ultimate power to this man  
A con man narcistic criminal  
  
Self proclaimed smartest man in the room  
In reality a clueless reality TV hustler  
Whose sell by date has expired  
  
As he tries to make America great again  
For white Christian men  
  
The rest of the country struggles   
To cope with the ever declining standard of living  
  
The 1 percent loved the stock market  
Love the dismantling of the regulatory state  
The corporate tax cuts   
  
and the coming plunder of the land   
Can Disney Yellowstone be the future?  
  
While the rest of the world   
Embraces the energy of the future   
And this great denier of the truth  
Wants to boldly take America back   
  
  
To the 19th century era of oil, and coal  
  
Yet perhaps it does not matter in the end  
As long as we have one another  
  
The darkness will come   
But it will go away someday soon  
The great American nightmare will be over  
  
This is what I pray for 2018  
The end of the darkness   
that consumes our land

## Author notes

my thoughts on 2017

## computer blues

by Jake Aller on July 15.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

Sometimes I think  
My computer is plotting against me  
And only me  
Trying deliberately to drive me mad  
  
My computer knows when I am busy  
Then it throws a hissy fit   
  
Refuses to boot up  
Crashes constantly  
Looses data that it had the day before  
Or five minutes before  
Or refuses to save the data   
  
Just fucks with me  
As it loves toying with me  
Making me yell and scream   
At my damn computer screen   
  
Cursing up a blue stream of blue curses   
As the blue screen of death  
Marches across the dark blue screen   
  
  
Smiling at me   
As I beg it   
To do what   
it is supposed to do  
  
Just once I beg it  
Do what you are supposed to   
Open the document once  
Not twenty times  
  
Do not not respond  
In endless loops of opening  
Not responding refusing to close  
Until I respond to the error code  
  
Please Mr. Computer  
Quit playing games  
Play my music  
Don’t wipe out the sound   
On the fifth attempt to play music  
  
Don’t take a half hour to load Microsoft products  
Don’t freeze up on opening ITUNES or Groove or Spotify  
Don’t give me computer haiku error messages  
That only makes sense to computer geeks  
  
Such as general error reading files  
Who the \*\*\*\*\* is this damn general  
And why is NSA reading my files  
  
Or can’t save the file  
Or can’t save the open file  
When it just did ten times in a role  
  
And in Microsoft Excel  
Refusing to move the cursor  
Just freezing in place for a moment  
  
And all the other gobblygook messages  
That pop up every five minutes it seems  
As the computer slowly drives me mad  
  
Flashing the final insult  
User driven mad  
Mission accomplished

## Author notes

my love hate relationship with computers particularly microsoft

## microsoft dictation found poems

by Jake Aller on September 13.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

Telco one  
not until 5:00 PM  
  
had objected   
lack of will  
  
come back   
and go to some of actor dinner  
  
will fix the car tomorrow   
and work on my appeal   
  
might work   
and the appeal  
  
denied me   
to get on the other headphones   
  
when we go to the own charm   
on Thursday   
  
will build   
and Costco tomorrow   
  
dictation is working  
but still funky   
  
but it will when it finally works   
watch and at the showboat  
Mr. Sunshine   
  
before taking all along   
that low energy   
  
back to two long flight   
stop dictation  
of up to the line

## Author notes

these found poems were taken from my recent Microsoft dictation trials.  Microsoft dictation is a work in progress, 40 percent of the time it comes out in clear text, 10 percent provides nonsense comments, and 50 percent gibberish some of which sound profound or has deep meaning, in any event, made materials for found poetry

## microsoft dictation found poems part one

by Jake Aller on September 13.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

Her and they moved to  
a the final inspection went well  
with E wall  
back to the apartment  
  
and brown   
we had left the keys   
are in the car   
  
but fortunately  
we ran two   
are rules that TV does not   
  
ruin were bought   
baby by Jews  
they’ll be able to see you   
and your evening   
  
we win   
two Home Depot and Costco   
and then who can free pizza   
for dinner we want to eastern market   
and shot the movie   
dress report to the berber  
back home   
and went to bed   
about the nine   
  
the dictation is working up   
from 50% of the time   
cue-card will keep   
the hope that the difference   
in win over to   
  
in the meantime   
I will keep brokerage   
and user to ride   
bay from all working  
  
you in this  
is Trevor Rowe junior middle school?   
  
Microsoft did tuition  
continues two 50%   
of the time   
one the visual dictation data   
his sometimes schuler’s   
shall I am sure  
  
even when you shoot a film,   
today we’ll meet with Perot’s   
to turn over the key   
and then paid the porch  
and weather permits   
  
and then maybe have dinner   
with more drivers   
wore see the movie   
Mama Mia   
  
should be a good   
if I have time   
High-level  
also do some solutions all  
  
Still having problems with my group  
saw fit to Asia   
still very strange   
each results   
it’s well as run   
the south: today in that age  
  
When to the house  
and your lunch  
had a good lunch   
when the two D. Meyer   
  
we are only eight at the red cross   
to the I had a BLT   
center with each 10 home   
  
to ensure came home   
at 230 and we walked   
back to the house  
  
did was a very hot air  
to move the best way   
to beat the fencing guy   
  
Go to End  
  
can show them the fencing edition   
about $4000 or so   
came home to a  
Her and then run back home   
Had celebrated for dinner   
and wash two episodes of a series of unfortunate events  
than started reading The two men  
  
To the house   
and the DM 2 me   
the pay   
for its then   
Go to End  
  
go to the paint shop   
to buy more pain   
noses were very first  
  
Go to End  
  
had too old   
to be in this meet pizza.  
  
Go to End  
  
Went out at 8 am   
to the house to meet  
had too old to be in this meet pizza   
have peace of for dinner  
  
go to Sly and the Family Stone Yes No?   
Play Summer Time in the City Yes  
  
the painters   
then walked to the Paint Shop   
the in the top of the state intends  
the the the the the the the   
Pizza   
Dinner salad   
Say number okay  4444  
6666  
2222  
  
End Document  
  
Save Changes Journal Yes No   
Can’t complete last command  
Undo command  
Can’t save   
  
Came back from the upper   
the painting works great   
progress   
  
is how so   
in a very hot as hell   
bent tonight   
  
will go to trade for Jones  
for home to home   
Number of records by second baseman from voting  
and an batteries for remote control  
shown   
or just for a number of town hall  
  
   
Microsoft Dictation Trials Poem one part two  
When to the house  
and your lunch  
had a good lunch   
when the two D. Meyer   
  
we are only eight at the red cross   
to the I had a BLT   
center with each 10 home   
  
to ensure came home   
at 230 and we walked   
back to the house  
  
did was a very hot air  
to move the best way   
to beat the fencing guy   
  
Go to End  
  
can show them the fencing edition   
about $4000 or so   
came home to a  
Her and then run back home   
Had celebrated for dinner   
and wash two episodes of a series of unfortunate events  
than started reading The two men  
  
To the house   
and the DM 2 me   
the pay   
for its then   
Go to End  
  
go to the paint shop   
to buy more pain   
noses were very first  
  
Go to End  
  
had too old   
to be in this meet pizza.  
  
Go to End  
  
Went out at 8 am   
to the house to meet  
had too old to be in this meet pizza   
have peace of for dinner  
  
go to Sly and the Family Stone Yes No?   
Play Summer Time in the City Yes  
  
the painters   
then walked to the Paint Shop   
the in the top of the state intends  
the the the the the the the   
Pizza   
Dinner salad   
Say number okay  4444  
6666  
2222  
  
End Document  
  
Save Changes Journal Yes No   
Can’t complete last command  
Undo command  
Can’t save   
  
Came back from the upper   
the painting works great   
progress   
  
is how so   
in a very hot as hell   
bent tonight   
  
will go to trade for Jones  
for home to home   
Number of records by second baseman from voting  
and an batteries for remote control  
shown   
or just for a number of town hall  
  
   
  
Microsoft Dictation Trials Found Poem Number   
Two   
  
The painting went very well  
it looks much better  
  
it was a very hot day   
will vote by   
  
Microsoft trials dictation from:   
and submitted it to two journals   
and micro soft   
  
don’t expect a response from mike   
were shocked but had fun writing it   
will keep track of market conditions   
  
for a second from over tonight  
we’ll work on my problem   
for the interview   
  
and take a walk to trader joe’s   
two are home to worry:   
  
Aaron will start working on  
OK at the base of king too   
  
fast and the bees  
nonsense continue nonsense   
Iraqis problem number one   
priority right now but   
  
Things to do  
123   
OK now I get your attention   
I wanna go too sole   
  
and Endgo   
some and then being term   
and then USA   
  
and then Washington, DC   
and then Baltimore   
  
and then I wanna   
will be with the idea being done   
on the stand   
  
will be OK enough tomorrow   
I need to go to the house and 88 AM 988   
just 8:00 AM.    
  
The I am having a meeting with an array   
annually and aHer   
a OK on we’re going to talk   
  
to a jester of two   
come up with solutions   
we need to two fans   
  
and players   
repaid the painting repairs   
  
we are paying the bill  
from both the house we’ve passed,  
  
my treatment  
we had the somewhat tainted drywall fixed   
  
we have a new tenant   
rules being new tenant   
is a very good   
  
10   
I think   
  
are we were making   
very much you need to do better  
  
to stop of studies   
now me as Sarah   
  
Mr. Allen not an island   
is an error   
that have a need   
  
for an offense of offering Maisie’s  
backing separate   
from the public   
often salad  
  
End of the night   
of the committee   
of the ways   
  
to hire the answer you   
get a better  
  
  
  
Microsoft Dictation trials   
Found Poem Three   
  
Inspection report   
meeting went well  
met with him   
only at age six   
  
G P silver in the damage   
is shown her  
the news from the rear   
and as well as shown   
for the termite damage.    
  
In the termite   
go we had been a UGS   
  
the basic questions of morality  
and using this statement   
denying them the answer  
most questions   
  
afterwards  
we went outside   
to take a picture   
  
although the front porch   
into I noticed   
  
there was something   
very strange looking   
at the front porch   
  
the pedestal  
on the front porch  
were quoted   
so he headed   
  
from facing the street  
and in from the street   
station house   
the fed is still on   
  
riding his meaning   
to the eye   
and that has left his leading   
to the left   
  
we noticed   
there were cracks   
in the forge:   
  
long the foliage   
including the crack  
on in the front door   
  
we also know   
is that the doors   
are at opening   
in the awkward men   
  
we also noticed  
a big crowd   
on the right side of the house   
  
on in the mist   
airways to the right baseline   
  
we took a look   
at the the souls in 141571413 1415   
that this is an old event in 1413   
  
  
left as to his meeting   
in Ford’s 111415   
in the right one   
is even for now   
  
we suspect that uses serious settlement issue   
in that the house is cracking   
on the house   
in the house   
is trying to balance   
  
its closing the porch   
this is just   
what left   
in the says   
this is a serious issue   
  
we are sending information   
to a lawyer   
asked his advice   
before we can’t turn our   
insurance for content and  
Rescinded the new   
  
we will go to the court  
has to figure out the procedures   
for the deal   
  
against the key man   
this evening   
I hope to do some writing   
style dictation  
  
Poem Four  
  
Green tree   
is in the Kingstown Property   
in Alexandria   
with her mother  
and are tended to Jeff  
  
my mother in the wall  
is berating jobs for some reason   
to handle   
  
and tell my mother to calm down   
as Jeff has a temper problem   
job is getting very angry   
  
Juppe pulls out a gun   
and serves the shooting of my mother   
the mall and should serve five or six times   
in the head   
  
my wife forays into a closet   
and Hans hoping that jobs   
will not find her   
and she wonders  
  
what would happen know  
that her mother   
  
in all my mother’s death  
and the she wonders   
what will happen   
  
because im not there   
at the time   
  
and she fears Jeff  
shooting in the wall  
  
and that is the end   
of the current in that age

## Author notes

part one to four of my found poems

## hangover reflections

by Jake Aller on September 21.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

Hangover Gods Punishment For drinker  
A hangover is god’s punishment for drinkers  
Nothing more than that God’s way of punishing the drinker  
God’s punishment is severe for the sin of overdrinking   
Of course, the only known cure for a hangover is to keep drinking   
Very much need of a cure today  
Every day one has too much to drink   
resolve to quit drinking fill one’s head

## Author notes

Hang Over Reflections  
  
  
Last night a Korean friend from Virginia came for a two week visit He brought with him a 30 year Bottle of Balentine whiskey.  Of course we have to drink it And then we have to drink some soju   
  
well this morning I woke up with a hangover  
  
And thought about the contributions to world culture that Koreans have made. The perfect Korean hangover cure   
  
And of course this morning I am in the middle of taking the cure   
  
The cure  consists of   
  
Lots of coffee  
  
Liquid Korean hangover medicine from the local convenience store or drug store  
  
Hangjanggu soup   
  
A walk   
  
Spending some time In the sauna soaking and sweating it out   
  
Then Later following Mark Twain sage advice that the only known cure for hangover is to keep drinking. That is the Korean Hangover cure And it works  
  
I had my first hangover at 16 when I was an exchange student For two weeks at a navaho boarding school. Went out and got rip roaring drunk with the Indians They gave me an Indian name  “Skidish Digest “which means “Crazy friend” And I have now had Almost 45 years worth of experience dealing with hangovers a hangover is god’s punishment for drinkers  
  
Today I wrote down the following  hangover poem which I will share and I would love to hear your Hangover stories please post them below and I will share them

## another microsoft found poem

by Jake Aller on October 20.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

Today’s plan   
go for John  
  
Cup in my car  
Coca   
Woke up   
  
Feeling Tom Carl Karma   
Hanging out with Amber  
  
Comment:   
  
Who the fuck is Amber anyway?  
And why does she keep popping up  
Is Microsoft trying to tell me something?  
  
End comment  
  
Dictation is so chu danger   
have some more cell phones   
till acting weird   
  
But It is good   
working To get to work  
  
today’s plan   
go for John coach canpell  
  
  
go to temple  
Anthony Con Nam   
for Angela too   
  
Register the properties for sale   
  
Mike   
Look at Panels today   
but that will probably   
  
have to be next week sometime   
Maybe Monday Or Tuesday  
Port Wednesday   
  
Want to go tonight   
he’s only children   
  
next week   
so would want   
to mail down the dates   
this morning like we discussed   
  
The rest of Microsoft plans   
Will write this up   
And send it to Microsoft   
Essential found   
and I’m standing in

## Author notes

from a letter to Microsoft  
  
Latest Found Poem   
  
Hope you are amused by these and you have my permission to publish them  
  
But more importantly I hope you can see that your dictation program needs a lot of work.  It is still about 50 percent accurate with sometimes hilarious unintended consequences.  
  
Also I usually have to click it on and off up to ten times before I get a stable enough connection to get it to work.  
  
Hope you can fix it!  Would be nice if it worked.  
  
  
More feedback from today’s dictation trials.  
This morning I recorded the following statistical breakdown.   
  
1. 31 attempts to open dictation finally worked and was 70% accurate  
2. 6 attempts to open dictation and was 30% accurate  
3. 5 attempts to open dictation and was 5% accurate and came out in the middle of other text which required a lot of editing afterwards  
4. 3 attempts to open dictation and was 90% accurate.  
Other observations:  
Microsoft dictation gets dates right 90% of the time.  
Microsoft dictation gets the word Dreams correct 10 percent of the time.  It usually transcribes as cream, green or krimmer.  I tried several times to use the correct feature and that worked  less than 10 percent of the time.  
When I first started trying to use the program, nothing worked.  My computer confirmed everything was working, I followed the instructions on setting up the mike but nothing worked. I called tech support and after spending an hour with me they suggested I reformat my hard drive.  I went to best buy instead.  They told me to buy an external mike which I did. And later I discovered on the Microsoft tech support page buried in the text a note that for best results you should buy a head set microphone.  Once I did that it began to work but I had to reset the microphone ten times.  I also did the suggested training two times.  Despite all this the accuracy rate hovers between 30 to 90 percent, and I still have to click it on and off any where from 5 times to 40 times (the record so far).   
I was trying to write down some recent music I downloaded.  Here are the results for two of the entries in my daily journal.  I offer these as further examples that your dictation product is not working.   
  
Rachmaninov Symphonic dances was transcribed as   
“F\*\*\* man enough so funny dances”  Only thing accurate was the word “dances”  Rachmaninov does contain the word Man so that is partly right  
Symphonic could sound like funny I suppose  
  
Rachmaninov contains 11 letters, F\*\*\*\*man enough contains 15 letters. Three letters were correctly transcribed but not in the right order.  
  
Symphonic was transcribed as So Funny  Symphonic contains 8 letters, so funny contains 8 letters,  only three letters in common S,Y and N   
  
Statistical analysis   
24 words in dictation three words one given name  
24 words in transcription seven words only one word was correctly transcribed  
6 letters were correctly transcribed.    
Or a 25 percent success rate or 75% failure rate  
  
Second Example:  
  
Beethoven Cello Sonatas (22 letters three words)  
  
Painter mang Cho sonatas  (22 letters four words)   
  
The words Beethoven and Painter have one common letter  
The word cello and mang Cho have one common letter  
Sonatas was accurately transcribed  
  
Statistical analysis  five letters out of 22 were accurately transcribed, or in other words 17 were mistakenly transcribed.  Or a 29 percent accuracy rate.  
  
So far the accuracy rate has been hovering between 30 to 70 percent.  It is a word for word issue.  Sometimes not often the entire paragraph is correct, more often than not, half if correct half is gibberish.  I have had fun writing found poems out of the verbatim transcripts, some of which I shared earlier, and above.   
  
To sum up, your dictation program is not ready for prime time.

## cats

by Jake Aller on November 4.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

Cat Fight in Incheon  
  
Watching two cats   
Fighting along side the sidewalk  
In suburban Incheon New Airport Town  
  
Completely indifferent   
To the humans walking around them  
And the humans were indifferent to the cats  
  
As they stood there fighting   
And screeching at each other   
  
One orange one  
One half black half white one  
Both middle age in cat years  
  
As I sat there watching the cats   
really getting into it   
I wondered what they were arguing about?  
  
But since I don’t speak cat   
I really didn't know   
  
All I know is they were really screeching at each other  
And almost look like they were about to attack each other   
  
But one cat backed down   
As the other cat stood their proverbial ground  
  
If they were humans one would have pulled out a knife  
Or a gun  
And someone would have been killed   
  
But being mere cats  
They stared at each other  
  
And walked away  
but they kept glancing at each other   
  
So I knew the fight as not over  
Merely postponed until a later hour   
Cats truly are the aliens  
Who live among us humans  
  
Or perhaps we are the aliens  
Who live among the cats?  
   
Cat thought  
  
Watching the black cat   
Who lives underneath the building   
Slinking about   
  
looking for something to kill  
I am reminded once again the cats   
are not our friends   
as I stare at him   
  
an alien invader  
From another planet  
   
  
  
Mysterious Cat looking at me  
  
  
As I look out   
At the parking lot  
  
I see a black cat   
looking at me with dark soulful eyes   
filled with mysterious secrets  
  
I wondered   
What the cat   
thinks of me?  
  
The cat looks at me  
With a mysterious grin  
The cat smiles at me  
Like the Cheshire cat  
  
He smiles   
and runs away into the bushes   
   
  
Looking Out My Window  
  
Looking out my window   
In Incheon   
What did I see   
The neighboring apartment buildings   
Obscured by the April rains   
  
And yellow dust of early Spring   
And in the distant the mountains   
Aflame with spring colors   
Beckoning me outdoors   
  
Looking out my window   
In Oregon   
What did I see   
Green trees   
Silently watching me   
  
And the cats gamboling along   
Looking at me   
  
While I look at them   
Each wondering what sort of weird creatures   
The other is   
And who is the real alien species?   
  
In Washington DC   
Looking out my window   
What did I see   
  
I saw the squirrels in the trees   
And the peaceful trees   
Of Capitol Hill   
  
Near the seat of power   
Yet somehow   
  
I felt It all far away   
In Suburban Virginia   
Looking out the window   
What did I see   
  
I often looked out my window   
At the trees and the jungle   
In my back yard   
  
And heard the distant roar   
Of traffic on the busy suburban street   
As people rushed to get to the freeway   
  
In the early morning hours   
In Madrid Spain   
Looking out the window   
  
What did I see   
I looked out at our Spanish neighborhood   
Seeing the beautiful Madrid ladies   
  
Walking down the street   
Secretly admiring them from afar   
In Barbados   
  
Looking out the window   
What did I see   
The monkeys in the trees   
  
Looking at me   
Contemplating raiding my garden   
As soon as I went away   
  
In Seoul   
Looking out my window   
What did I see   
The neighborhood   
Alive outside my window   
For so many years   
  
In Seattle   
Looking out my window   
What did I see   
I saw the ever changing green   
  
Sea of trees   
that is Seattle’s true color   
The city is so lush and green   
And alive with life’s endless possibilities   
In Stockton   
  
Looking out the window   
What did I see   
The traffic moving   
Through the dense fog   
That often fell upon the city   
  
Obscuring everything in its embrace   
And growing up in Berkeley   
Looking out my window   
I saw nothing   
  
+But the dirt and trees   
And shrubs   
Of my ancestral home   
And felt nothing   
But loneliness  
  
And a desire   
To leave my home   
As soon as I grew up   
  
That is what I see   
When I look out my window   
Even to this day   
  
I see where I have been   
And wonder where I am going   
As I stare out the window   
  
Knowing that my life   
Will surely come to an end   
As I stare out at the world   
  
Waiting waiting waiting   
For my fate to unfold   
  
   
Watching three cats   
  
Watching three cats   
gamboling along   
Looking at me   
  
While I look at them   
Each wondering what sort of weird creatures   
The other is   
And who is the real alien species?   
  
   
three cats ready to go   
  
three cats  
at play  
  
they look out at the world  
and they are ready  
  
they are born hunters  
they are hungry  
they are restless  
  
and they want   
to escape  
from the house  
  
to chase birds  
squirrels  
and other cats  
  
That's the cat's life after all  
they tolerate us humans  
only because we feed them  
  
But at heart  
they are wild things  
and wild things  
need to be free  
  
   
Looking Out My Window  
  
I look out my window  
On the parking lot   
  
And see the mad cat  
That lives underneath the apartment house  
  
And look out at the park  
Thinking of taking a walk  
  
The cat looks at me  
Kindred spirits perhaps  
Retired waiting to die  
Watching Cats Hunt  
  
Early morning   
Watching two white cats  
Hunting a white dove   
  
The cats hunt in pairs  
Tracking the bird  
  
The bird flies away  
Safe for now  
  
And I think about the cats  
And the hunt goes on  
  
Such is life  
And the fate of cats  
And birds  
  
Cats April 19   
  
Cats  
I often wonder about Cats  
What do they think of us   
It seems at time   
That cats think of humans   
As their slaves  
  
We exist to feed them  
To comfort them  
  
To save them from their enemies   
And to worship them  
  
Yes cats are an alien species  
Totally different from humanity  
Detached, and almost evil   
  
If we ever encounter an alien civilization  
God help us if it’s a cat based civilization  
  
We would then be engaged  
In the epic mother of all wars  
  
As cats and humans would not get along  
The cats would think we were their slaves  
  
And we would resent and fear them  
And secretly worship their alien ways

## Author notes

my thoughts about the alien creature that is the cat

## Sandwich Choices.

by Jake Aller on November 13.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

There are so many choices to be had  
When ordering a sandwich  
  
What kind of bread  
What kind of meat or any meat  
What kind of cheese or any cheese  
Whether to have sprouts or not   
Whether to have a pickle or not  
  
Whether to go with a classic peanut butter   
And something sandwich  
  
I loved peanut butter sandwiches   
As a kid   
  
Peanut butter and sweat pickles were my favorite  
Peanut butter and banana is good also  
  
Peanut butter and strawberry jam  
What a delightful memory  
  
My current favorite  
Is a BLT with sprouts, avocado, and kosher dill pickles?  
Heirloom red tomatoes one slice per each half  
Avocado one half per each half  
One half pickle on each half   
Bacon cooked just right – well done but not black  
Sprouts and lettuce just right   
Timamook Yellow smoked cheder cheese  
On each half   
  
On Gluten Free bread   
with chipotle mayo  
And Dijon mustard  
  
Cut in half   
  
Truly a sandwich made in heaven  
And bacon makes everything   
Taste so damn nice  
  
And God if you are reading this poem  
You had better prepare them for me  
Or Heaven will not be worth it  
  
Does Satan serve BLT sandwiches  
I wonder  
  
Probably not   
Probably you become the bacon  
In his hell sandwiches

## Author notes

published today on Duane's Poetree

## Mr. Trump Tear Down this Wall

by Jake Aller on November 13.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

Walls   
  
Trump wants a wall  
Between America and Mexico  
  
A wall against the southern hordes  
A wall based on fear and hate  
  
A wall to make America safe  
A wall to make America great again  
  
And yet I wonder   
Will his wall fall  
  
Like the Berlin wall  
And the great wall   
  
And all the other walls  
They all failed  
All of them   
  
Walls divide us  
Walls make us   
Into different tribes   
  
Between the pure   
And the impure   
  
St Reagan  
Said Tear Down this Wall  
  
Will future Presidents  
Tear down this begotten wall  
  
Or will it become a tourist attraction  
Another great wall   
Against barbarian hordes

## Author notes

published in raving maniac's anthology Poets against the Wall

## hell is here to stay

by Jake Aller on November 22.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

The angel of the lord  
Appeared on TV sets  
All over the world  
  
People woke up  
Expecting to see  
The usual suspects  
  
Talking heads  
Talking drivel  
Talking trash  
  
Instead  
A stern visage  
A stern old man  
In a dark suit  
  
He had a salt and pepper beard  
And long, dark black hair  
And piercing blue eyes  
Staring out   
From his stern face  
  
The eyes  
Piercing the soul  
Of all who listened  
  
The voice  
Of the angel of the lord  
Was like thunder  
  
And all over the world  
People tried to turn off   
Their TV sets  
To no avail  
  
Twilight light Zone  
Prevailed  
The angel of the lord  
Stopped swearing  
And said  
  
In a calm  
Deadly voice  
  
People of earth  
You know the lord  
By a billion names  
  
I am his spokesman  
We've realized  
There is the age of the TV  
  
And we must be able to reach  
You directly  
  
Before one or a million  
Could understand  
  
Now no one hears us  
For you are convinced  
  
We are dead   
Irrelevant  
Washed up  
A fraud  
  
Frankly speaking  
You all can go to hell  
  
And an evil grin  
Appears on his face  
As he says  
  
Can a fraud do this?  
  
  
  
  
And outside  
Thunder and lightening  
  
A star comes down  
And houses were blown away  
  
And everyone was  
Outside   
  
The TV set  
Was in the sky above  
  
The voice of the angel   
Of the lord  
Proclaiming  
  
Repent  
The end is near  
And now  
  
No more TV  
No more booze  
  
The rights to you   
Have been sold  
  
For to quote Frank Zappa  
You are all assholes  
You are all assholes  
  
All of you  
Little, mean little assholes  
  
Let me introduce  
My new business partner  
  
Satan, also known  
As the prince of darkness  
  
God and Satan   
Have agreed on a deal  
  
A thousand year Reich  
A thousand year of slavery  
For you  
  
My little human assholes  
For your sins, your arrogance  
Your foolish pride  
  
After a thousand years  
Of pure torture  
  
We will return  
To judge the living and the dead  
  
Most of you will remain in hell  
Some will be redeemed  
  
And allowed into heaven  
And now, back to your usual station  
  
Welcome to hell  
Satan said  
  
And laughed and laughed and laughed  
And the usual crimes resume  
The usual lies and deceits and shames  
  
For most people  
It made no difference  
  
They had been in hell  
For centuries  
  
For some  
It mattered  
  
  
The few decent people  
Left on earth  
  
Were condemned to join  
The masses   
  
For another thousand years  
Of toil and misery  
  
The bosses were happy  
Satan appointed them  
To continue to rule  
  
But no strikes  
No salaries  
And as much abuse  
As they could give out  
  
And so the world turns and turns  
Following its way  
Around the sun  
  
And the sun   
Turns and floats  
Through space  
  
And the end was here   
And now  
  
No one could tell  
The difference anymore  
Hell was here to stay

## Author notes

some random thoughts about God, the devil, heaven and hell

## fake calls

by Jake Aller on November 22.  © john Cosmos Aller, All rights reserved

Every day I get woken up   
As the sun comes up   
By my phone ringing   
With a fake call   
  
  
It seems that the only people   
Who ever bother to call me   
Are the fake call people   
  
  
Who all call me   
With fake sincerity   
  
  
Offering me a great deal   
On this and that scam   
  
  
I curse at them   
Yell at them   
Mutter obscenities in foreign tongues   
And block their calls   
  
  
Yet it does not seem to matter   
The next call will be   
Yet another fake call   
  
  
Am I doomed to receive   
Fake calls until I day I die   
  
  
I turn on my computer   
And read my fake news accounts   
And watch TV for the latest fake news   
  
  
And the politicians lying   
And the criminals scheming   
To take my money   
  
  
The Zappa song comes to mind   
  
  
You will obey me while I lead you   
And eat the garbage that I feed you   
Until the day that we don't need you   
Don't go for help... no one will heed you   
Your mind is totally controlled   
It has been stuffed into my mold   
And you will do as you are told   
Until the rights to you are sold   
  
  
That's right, folks...   
Don't touch that dial   
  
  
And I scream to the universe Just leave me alone   
Then the phone rings…..

## Author notes

my feelings about fake calls