## 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

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Will never stop
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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.

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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"

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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.
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.

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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?"

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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?

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Dr. A: sure.

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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? "

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"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"

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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.
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?"

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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.

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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?

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"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.
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.

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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.

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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.
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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).

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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.

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 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.

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! JC.
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 Gestapo 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.

## 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

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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
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cackling at me
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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

## 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

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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

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I pound down the coffee

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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

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

## 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
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Came back from the upper
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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