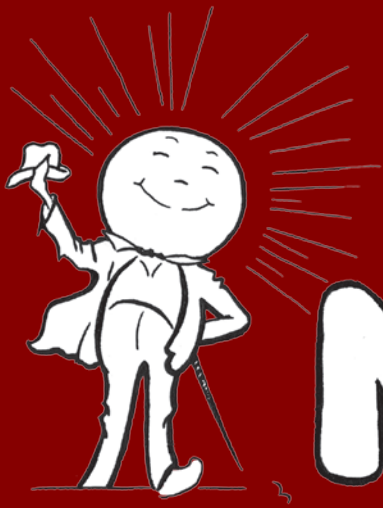


"To Laugh That We May Not Weep"



GOOD MORNING

the (s)election number(s)

November 8th 2016

Founded 1919 by Henry Arthur "Art" Young

Vol. 5 No. 1

The Establishment Democrats Would Have Us Believe That An Infinite Number of Russian Bears, Sitting At An Infinite Number Of Soviet-Era Typewriters, Came Up With The Entire Email History Of John Podesta, Just In Time For The General Election...



"Politicize Your Dead...Politicize Your Dead..."

(Nothing Fills the Connecticut Coffers Like Nine Pence Nails in the Charter Oakwood Coffins)



Help us continue to shine a light upon the shadowy beast that puts a burden upon us all...

Enclosed find twelve dollars (US only) for three issues (appearing every two months) of Good Morning.

Send Good Morning to:

Name _____

Address _____

Seraphemera Books 211 Greenwood Ave Suite 224 Bethel CT 06801
Or order at: <http://www.artyoungsgoodmorning.org/store.html>

Help us continue to shine a light upon the shadowy beast that puts a burden upon us all...

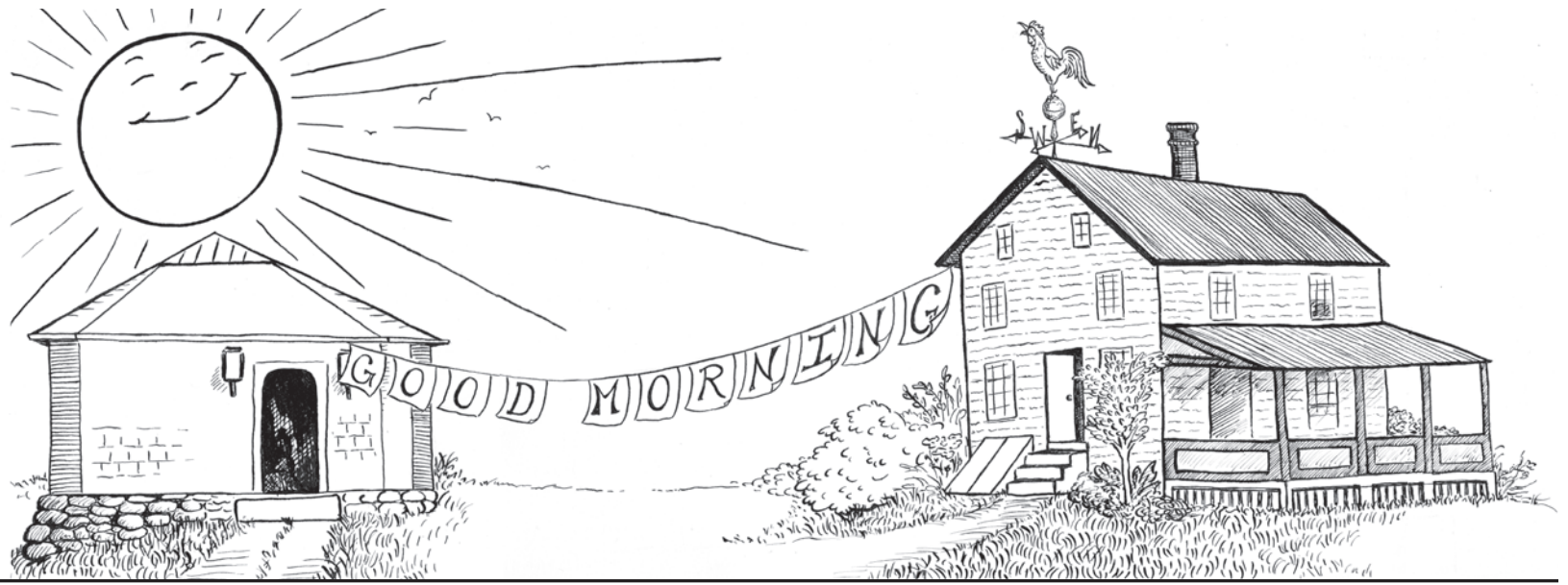
Enclosed find twenty four dollars (US only) for six issues (appearing every two months) of Good Morning.

Send Good Morning to:

Name _____

Address _____

Seraphemera Books 211 Greenwood Ave Suite 224 Bethel CT 06801
Or order at: <http://www.artyoungsgoodmorning.org/store.html>



November 8th 2016

Vol. 5 No. 1

TO VOTE OR NOT TO VOTE

Is it even a question? Of course it is. Why? Because this election stands a good chance of having more than half of the votes not even count! What's that you say - more voter suppression? More registration shenanigans? More gerrymandering for the man named Gerry? Not at all.

Why, it's the Electoral College, silly friends! It isn't even a college at all, more like a collage of out-of-date laws, a conglomerate of archaic rules when it took horses and wagons to get vote calculations from Springfield to Springfield (with nary a locked box to fend off the resulting recounts).

Candidate A gets 1,000,000 votes, candidate B gets 999,999 votes. Candidate A gets all the electoral votes. Guess what? The votes of 999,999 people don't count. Add in the votes of candidate C and D, and well...we're all just ghosts.

TWO VOTES OR NOT TWO VOTES

Of course, the Electoral College isn't just some automated tally system. There are actually 538 people in this country who will, actually and truly, select the President of the United States.

But, what about...well yes, we only strive to be an entire human being. It turns out, according to the one hundred and forty million people who voted in 2008, that each was only the equivalent of 0.00000384285714286 of a person (538/140,000,000).

Maybe this is what is meant in higher illuminated thought when it is said, we are none of us complete?

TO VETO OR NOT TO VETO

What's fascinating is there is no law, be it Federal, or clause written into some Constitutional Amendment, that forces these electoral voters to follow the popular vote.

Say what? Known as a "faithless elector" - technically they can vote for anybody, although some states allow fines to be levied. Hey 538...you can be heroes...

So, to be a hero, you would need to rescind your faith, pay a fine (we can crowd source that - no question) and after looking at the main two choices for President, state clearly and cleanly, that you can't possibly pick either - and choose another...

TO VET OR NOT TO VET

In such a scenario, we hereby absolve you of having absconded our vote - and in fact encourage you, with our state of being of 0.00000384285714286 (which as there are two editors that equals 0.00000768571428572 of us) to move your electoral ballot to Senator Bernard (no middle initial) Sanders.

A VOTER OR NOT A VOTER

At the end of it all, the solution here is to end the Electoral College. If democracy is about one person, one vote - then make it count. Move toward a popular vote tally that decides and decodes the riddle of the presidency.

While we're at it - given the plethora of technological advances (bye-bye chads, hello hackable voting machines) we believe it is time for a transparent and receipt-driven voter experience.

A free soda, maybe a bake sale to raise money for local schools (goodness knows the candidates are mostly selling out to Common Core), and something that every grocery store and cell phone shoppe already does - a receipt with a bar code (or we could be all fancy and pump out a QC code).

Finally let, it be said, we are not alone in this call. From the archives.gov website: "The American Bar Association has criticized the Electoral College as "archaic" and "ambiguous" and its polling showed 69 percent of lawyers favored abolishing it in 1987. But surveys of political scientists have supported continuation of the Electoral College. Public opinion polls have shown Americans favored abolishing it by majorities of 58 percent in 1967; 81 percent in 1968; and 75 percent in 1981."

Political scientists appear to rule the day then...certainly the majority vote of the American public, does not...

THE WISDOM OF THE POOR FISH



When the day after November 8th finally arrives, there is only one way that we can possibly describe it after the campaign season we have all been through...and that is to name it... November 9th...

LET US GIVE A (DIS)COUNT

The tally is two hundred and twenty seven million dollars. The number, as some know, the sum raised by the Bernie Sanders campaign, through the immortal forever meme-candidate words of twenty seven dollar donations from us groundlings and groundhogs across the country (why groundhogs – because they two have struck allegiance against the tuxedo and top-hat capitalists who abscond with their leader, from out his burrow, each February second – what an illegal entry if ever there was one!).

Absurd, really. Absurd that we the people would have to raise such a fund to fund a candidate who would finally stand up for the rights of people. Absurd that we have reached a point in politics where candidates would spend one billion dollars on their overall campaign. Maybe even more absurd is that the one billionaire left standing in this campaign, has barely spent any money at all.

Why? Why spend money when the mainstream media will put you on for free, regardless of the absurdity of the phrase you speak. In fact, the more absurd the phrase, the more air time it gets! The more airtime it gets, the more it acts like a pop song and becomes the unstoppable ear worm that bores into the brain and finally takes over the cerebral cortex via a newly-created neuron path and...Absurd, really. Truly and utterly absurd. Next time, we're going to put a spending cap or have every cent spent have a matching donation go toward a homeless shelter.

STAND UP AND BE (DIS)COUNTED

There is a population of approximately three hundred and twenty million citizens of the United States. We watch the mainstream media present two as the only valid options to vote for. Two more are close-but-no-cigar (and given the Clinton connection to this campaign – we'd like to leave the cigars out of it), and about ten more fall into the "Who?" category.

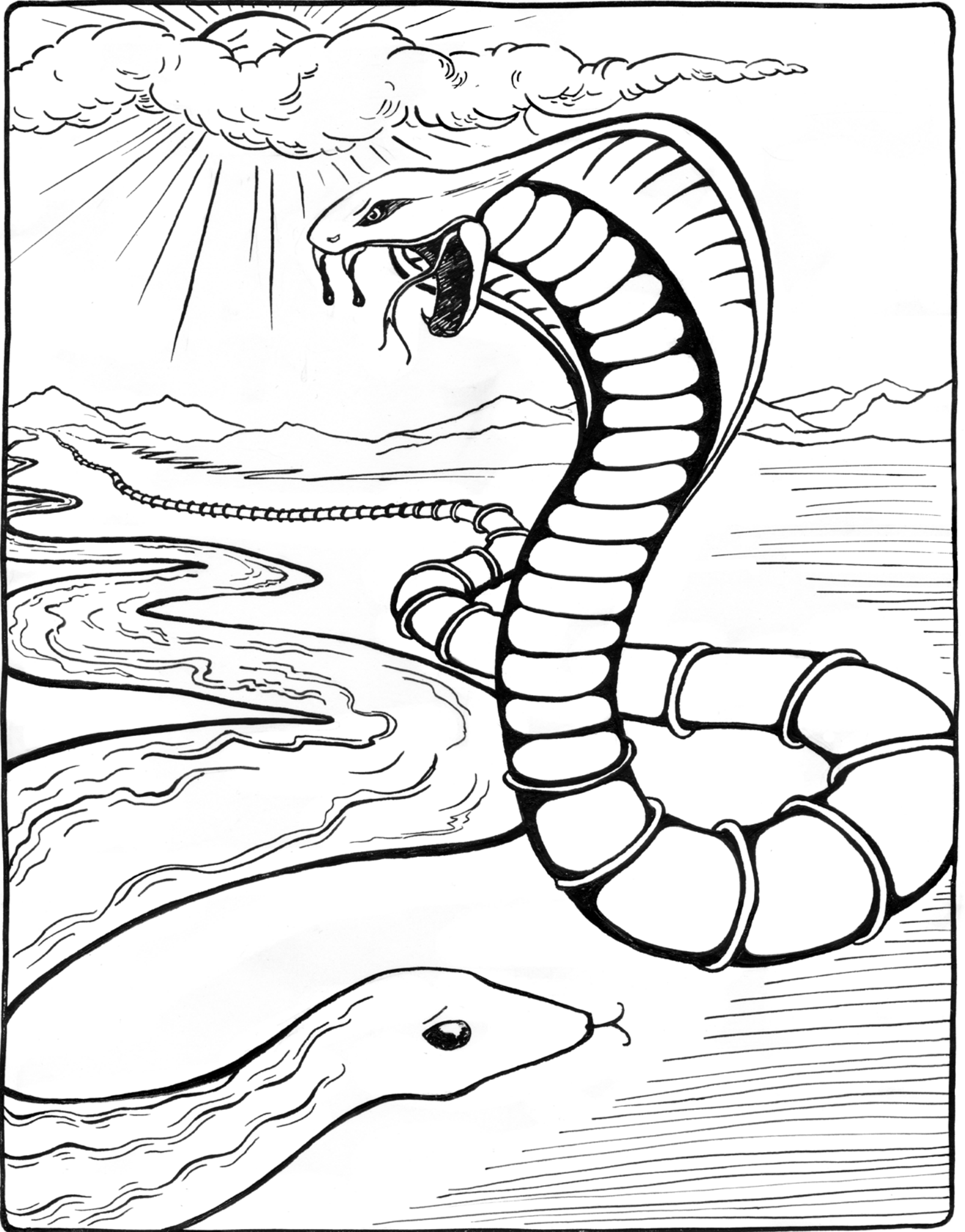
So, back to our math problems of earlier. Now we realize that we've given ourselves a choice of 0.00000004375% of the population. Does this seem like a sensible way to choose the person who some sarcastically call the "Leader of the Free World" and alternately the imperialistic "Most Powerful Person on the Planet". Sounds more like a master villain than a hero.

While a certain number of citizens are disqualified simply because they are too smart to want to put themselves in a job where nine percent of the workers have been assassinated, (and a higher percentage shot at) there are those who would, should, and could run, were the process not locked down by a couple of corporations, private entities who like most corporations have only their profits and power in mind. These two companies trade under the name Republican and Democrat.

See, this is the problem with being not-a-billionaire. All of our important numbers have zeroes in front of the numbers, rather than zeroes after the numbers.



Birds of a Feather, Frock Together



Snake Oil (A Venomous Age #NoDAPL)



A Burst of Humor, Satire and Fun...

With Now and Then a Fleeting Beam of Wisdom

UNDER THE PICTORIAL AND LITERARY DIRECTION OF
AVA DAWN HEYDT AND MARC MOORASH

Published by seraphemera books in Bethel Conn.

www.artyoungsgoodmorning.org - editor@artyoungsgoodmorning.org

fb: artyoungsgoodmorning twit: AYgoodmorning ISSN 2474-7734

November 8th 2016

At first, this editorial was going to be about voting - and what it is to exercise (or exorcise) one's right to vote for whomever, whatever, whichever and however one chooses. In an age in which vote shaming and fuzzy math has led to all sorts of pressures to vote for someone that we might not want...this would have been topical and potentially poignant.

Later, this space was going to be filled with a conversation in regards to Wikileaks, and the plethora of emails that have been released in regards to the campaign that the Democrat National Committee raged against democracy. It is, however, enough to officially remove the "-ic" from their name and call it a day.

Instead, in an act not too familiar to us, we're going to take this space to leave a letter to the future - in the case that what befalls us all, after November 8th, is a world that we can no longer see to believe.

Dear Tomorrow. Know that we stood. We stood tall for Bernie Sanders and his campaign and echoed the call to bring down the billionaires, to provide health care and concern for all, to seek jobs and education and not jails and incarceration, for legalization, for humanization of all races and colors and creeds...

Know that we still stand. That the buttons on the jacket, the stickers on the car, the signs in the yard - while trinkets - are meant to identify us - as criminals, vandals, idealists, dreamers, what-have-you. We stand for something that will be whispered in coffee houses and screamed in the streets - that there is a better way. And we can get there.

We stood, we stand...we didn't and don't need to fight for Bernie. We were not an army, we are a sea. We had truth on our side. And in that we learned the greatest lesson of all - that in the halls of this country's government the need to shoot, to kill, to bomb and to destroy begins with the fact that none of what was promised, is true. We have truth on our side. And it makes falsehood feel very very afraid.

Our only mistake then was to trust. Trust that our blood scraped canvassing knees, our sweat touched brows while phonebanking until midnight, and the post-primary tears that flowed not because of the losses but because we saw ideas that so few held dear become so well spread and so widely touted...would be enough. We made so much progress in such a short amount of time - and we know now that we made even more than any poll, voting machine, or news reporter, reported. We won. There are more of us who want a compassionate world than there are who want to hawk war like a candy bar at a ballgame.

Understand this - we won, and history will eventually show this to be true. And while we won, we won without victory, and those feelings will drive this movement forward more than any trophy could have accomplished.

But please know this - here at the precipice of the choice of two evils, when third and fourth party candidates are hidden away like family secrets that ought not exist, the greatest darkness of all - that we are ruled over, that we shirked off a British Monarchy for an American Oligarchy...is revelation - and this just won't do.

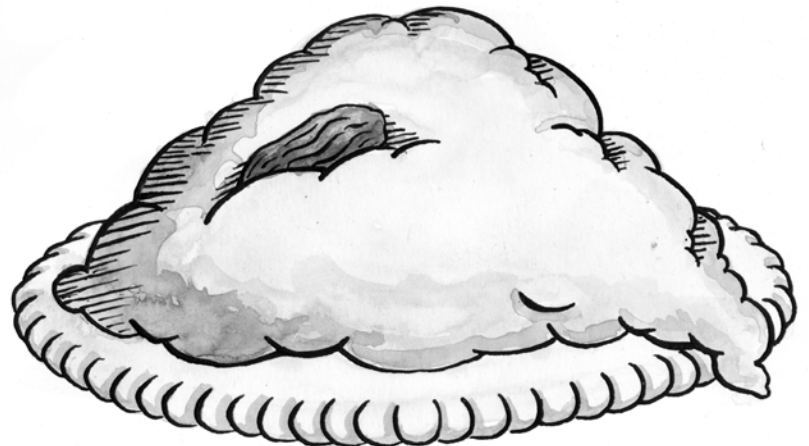
Yet while we have the numbers, we must try every stance, every plead, every ask, every tell - before it turns into another bloody revolution. Maybe, just maybe, because that is what is least expected...it will work. Who would expect us to just walk in the front door, change the locks, and say, ok it is our turn. You've had your turn, establishment. Now it is Our Turn. We are With Each Other. We will have a non-violent coup of ideas.

And why not? If there can be a coup for evil...then why can we not raise a coup for good. Call it a coup for Bernie Sanders - and the millions of us who won't go home quietly and who cannot in our good conscience let this country and the millions of people yearning to be free, remain in poverty, remain in false justice, remain in fear for their lives every time they leave home.

So this is what we ask of you, Dear Tomorrow - on whatever day or whatever time this is read - remember that we stood and we stand and we did what we thought was best when all of the odds were rigged to be stacked against us. It wasn't enough. It was never going to be enough. And while a pyrrhic win doesn't make college affordable, or stop the bombing around the world, it gave us a moment to pass down to our children and our children's children - a moment to show not tell that if the eyes are not always open and the ears not always listening and the mouth not constantly speaking up - someone, somewhere, will slip in unnoticed, and begin to recreate the world in their own effigy.

But even so, when millions stand together, activated by a word here, a sentence there, a speech and rally everywhere... then something special happens - the light holds strong against the darkness until the cavalry arrives - on horseback, with chanting and prayer, candle and marker, camera and mirror - so that all the world can see that when one of us is in danger, yet stands tall before the night - a single bird will land upon their podium and remind us for generations to come - that we will not go quietly into the night.

To everybody we have met and stood and stand with, who have cried out #ForeverBernie, it has been a pleasure to meet you - and now let's do that which our hero has shown us - every day, together, we continue to try and change the world.



Puddin' on the Ritz

The Spectre of Big Oil



GREENSLEEVES OF MEDIA

There would be some level of sense to the Green Party and the Libertarian Party working together to fund and found a major mainstream news source. Some channel that wouldn't be carried by any major cable system but could dish out news of the not-quite-radical third and fourth and fifth parties of the burgeoning political landscape.

While it can't be just GNN or LNN, and LGNN would be inviting a lawsuit from the electronics manufacturer LG (unless of course they wanted to hop in as an advertiser), and NIN (News Independent Network) would bring about getting sued by Trent Reznor, might we suggest a title along the lines of TNT.

TNT - Truth Network Today (or Terrifying News of Truth or even Truthiest News Truly) - with a tagline of something similar to "Blowing Up Falsehoods Everywhere" or "Blowing Up The Wall of Mass Media Control" - while both are a little bit of marbles in the mouth, we're sure your press folks can gussy it up a bit.



"Oh Prosperous, White Phosphorus...
Thou Anointest My Head With Oil; My Cup Runneth Over..."



The Only Good Thing About Bernie Not Being in the General Elect



ion Is That We Can Now All Wear Our Bernie Gear to the Polls...

THE BENEFIT TO NOT KNOWING

When Gary Johnson was shamed for not knowing the location of Aleppo (in Syria – coordinates here) we actually looked at this supposed faux-pas in a much different manner than most who used it as a quick opportunity to undermine his validity as a Presidential candidate or to confirm his identity as an active and experienced proponent of legalization.

Imagine the meeting – the Joint Chiefs of Staff, the heads of Media Corporations who haven't had a good ratings boost in months and are demanding at least tens of thousands of heads on pikes and platters. They ask President Johnson (to borrow a line from Michael Moore) "Where Do We Invade Next?"

Numerous ideas are bounced around, the pie charts of diamond mines, the graphs of oil reserves, the profit margin based on both short term and long term projections, the cost-per-soldier-death kept under budget. The President, having passed legalization, sits back and smokes while the war mongers rage. Finally, they decide, "Aleppo".

"Aleppo?"

Silence grows around the room, the audience sits waiting for the figurehead's word. After what seems like careful consideration, he speaks, "Aleppo? I don't know where that is. I can't invade a place that I can't find."

And with that, a lack of knowledge, and a bit of chill, averts the next war. Who says we should really consider teaching more geography in schools?

GREEN WITH...

Over the course of this election, we've been remiss in our mentions of the Green Party. That grassroots, grass-stained knees group of folks who history will look back upon as being much too soon.

So too, for the Libertarians (for whom spell check knows naught but Librarians) for that matter. On the ballot in all fifty states but unable to play the trump card and build a proper bridge.

It is far too easy to get caught up in the faux-duality of the thing – inadvertently not providing space for the alternatives, alternates, altered nets, and alliterates that pervade each and every campaign. Just pointing out the flaws in the big players, is not enough to lift up the newcomers and newbies and newlyweds.

Imagine that, then – like some 1970s throwback – The Newlywed Game but with the candidates for President. How well do you know the person you've elected? But before then, why not harken back to The Dating Game.

One by one we the people could ask questions to the candidates – are you a match for me? How do you feel about this? About that? And in a modern twist as the candidate passes or fails muster, they get swiped left or right (now isn't that some mixed metaphor somewhere begging for a YouTube video) and off they go to their next interview.

Forget having time for fundraisers and thousand dollar plates, a campaign in which they have to look each of us in the eye, in the I, in the aye...would be far more fruitful.



Blight Club

NIGHTMARES BY DAY, HORRORS BY NIGHT...WHO SHALL CAST THE LIGHT?

By the time you finish this sentence, another five year old Syrian child will be dead.

Maybe a bomb exploded in the remains of the apartment block and he was crushed under rebar and concrete.

Get to the end of this sentence and another refugee child - pick any number of cultures and countries from which they flee - and she has drowned - or been crushed to death in a ship packed so tightly nobody realized she was dead because her corpse was propped up in the middle of all the half-dead and living.

All this death, all these children dying...and here we are eating Cheetos at the intersection of billion dollar arms-sales and xenophobia skin-color fear-mongering and we are guilty of not even noticing that this crossroad hasn't been repaved in three decades so who is getting all that money in the end, anyhow? And is it not obvious that we are arming governments who will eventually use those munitions against us?

And would lower taxes and a repaired infrastructure in trade for the continued obliteration of other countries be acceptable? And is it unacceptable that we don't even need to be placated with shiny double-yellow lines and new bridges anyway...because what are we doing about it anyhow?

When the murder of children is justified by any, it is time for a reclamation of the society we live in.

When half-a-million Iraqi dead are a business opportunity, we need to track down the maker of body bags and send the insider

trader hounds back to Wall Street to see who shorted the lives of so many and went long with their wealth and tax evasion.

When the war hawk swoops with the claws out and the marching bands continue a parade route so as to drown out dissent and drum up more willing meat...we must stand together no matter how unpopular peace may become...

...and no matter how mind-bending that statement may be...

Because ever since a childhood in which Connecticut had no fear of a missile killing younger siblings, or the boy who was on the next swing over just yesterday...just one question has repeated itself as a lock and barre across a forever assaulted double door - "Why would anybody not want peace?"

The answer is Greed.

In the history of warfare the Ace of Spades was used to torment the minds of the Vietnamese - and now patriotism has taken on the trait of The Joker - the wild card, the play that tops all other plays.

Tested on others, perfected on our citizens. Psychological warfare has turned into urban pacification. Sitcoms and pornography and sporting events. Pass another can of Pringles, pronto.

Patriotism is the super-villain power that turns a crowd against Gandhi, and initiates the brain switch that makes youth

ready and willing to die (or maybe just convince themselves that a helmet and an M-16 makes one immortal). What a trick has been played to convince the unknowing that there is more in heaven with halos than there is on earth with family.

A money maker to sell flags, pins, hats, bumper stickers, and a wall built round the border...who needs bricks and mortar when our hearts are already contained? What keeps others out can also be used to keep the unwitting, in.

So scream out of a window and set down some words. Battle through our poverty and fear of homelessness and realize they have an army but we are a sea...and those we will flow over are our neighbors and we can choose to drag them down or teach them to swim. And while the latter is preferable, the former is simpler. So we hold to a greater ideal, with a promise of sleep to come on some future day.

Which means work ahead of us - arms linked, aim true, determination set. Hold on, and hold on tight because no matter the hurricane bearing down on people tonight, the outcome of November 8th and the Un-natural (S)election Day, means that our chorus of song must be louder than the bombs bursting in ears like the sonic cannon dispersal units that attempt to disrupt our tune.

And so there remains but one question - what is it we will sing?



FEED THE BERN (BIRDIE & BERNIE: A CONVERSATION - PART THREE)

As the United States speeds toward a Divisive Election, our dear Bernie takes a Burlington Moment (a measure of time a far cry from a New York Minute) to visit with friends...

Birdie: Feeding the hungry as usual. Thank you.

Bernie: It isn't exactly a feast. *Birdie:* You know as I do, that for the hungry, all food is a festive time.

The feeding of the birds is not new. Only this feeder is new - able to accommodate more visitors.

Bernie: But is it enough?

Birdie: Never.

Amongst those who are not this close, such a response might sting a little. But not here.

Birdie: But that's somewhat the point.

Bernie runs his hand through the seed, watches it cascade through his fingers.

Bernie: There's still time to bring about the world we are looking for, but... *Birdie:* Too many feel as if time is running away from us...and we want it to stop.

The remaining pieces of seed sit in Bernie's palm. He studies them as if seeking a pattern, a meaning, a direction. Birdie hops from Bernie's shoulder and begins to peck at the millet.

Bernie: After the election there's so much to do...My place most useful is on the inside. Navigating. These are things for which I am indebted.

Birdie: Many of us would rather have a President who knows personal debt, than one who is wealthy...because you'll fight to pull open the doors of the castle from within.

A moat made of millions. A bastion built from billions. A parapet formed of militarized police. A fortress of favors. Cannons of kickbacks. How did The Capitol becomes so entrenched in capital?

Bernie: But how to make certain we the people work together? If we both pull, from inside and out, the doors will remain shut.

Birdie: Speak to us. As you once did. Speak with us. As only you can.

Bernie looks up. Looks out at the crowd of birds who traveled with Birdie today.

Birdie: You somewhat need a proper tree stump for your speech.

Bernie: That time has passed. I'll leave that for the next person. I'm not cutting anything down just for a place to stand.

Birdie: Nor would we expect you to do so. But please, speak to us. Speak with us.

Bernie slowly raises his hand as Birdie hops, turns, tilts his head to look at his friend, proper.

Bernie: We...

Birdie: We're asking you to stay as long as you're needed. There are millions of people who are asking but one more action from you. Speak to us. Speak with us. You've started a movement. Because you and your words and your compassion are moving. Because you are not moving into the White House doesn't mean people don't still want and need to be moved. Yes, leadership is a moveable feast...but you're the Papa.

Bernie: Is that better than a Patriarch? *Birdie:* Feed the birds. Feed the Berners. Twenty seven dollars a bag...

The gentle rustle of leaves pauses the conversation. The friends know the sound of the pair of feet shuffling over. None of the birds leave in fear or worry.

Jane: Good to see you Birdie.

Birdie: And you, Mama of The Revolution.

If we're the middle children of history, left to our own devices by a government who cares more about war and patriotism than peace and inclusiveness, then we Children of The Revolution are all that remain between oligarchs and generals and a war to end all wars. If we accept Birdie is the sign of peace, then no matter what happens, we must stand together, and continue to help each other *Feed the Bern*. #ForeverBernie



Arts & Treasure

LOOKING ON TO SOME OF
OUR FOUNDER'S LEGACY

In January 2015, we had the honor of publishing Art Young's final manuscript, unpublished for over seventy years, and now available in the form of a hand-bound art-book.

The book, *Types of the Old Home Town* is a collection of "types" - the people you would see in any small town in the late 1800s. While folksy Americana, Art's soical poignancy also shines through.

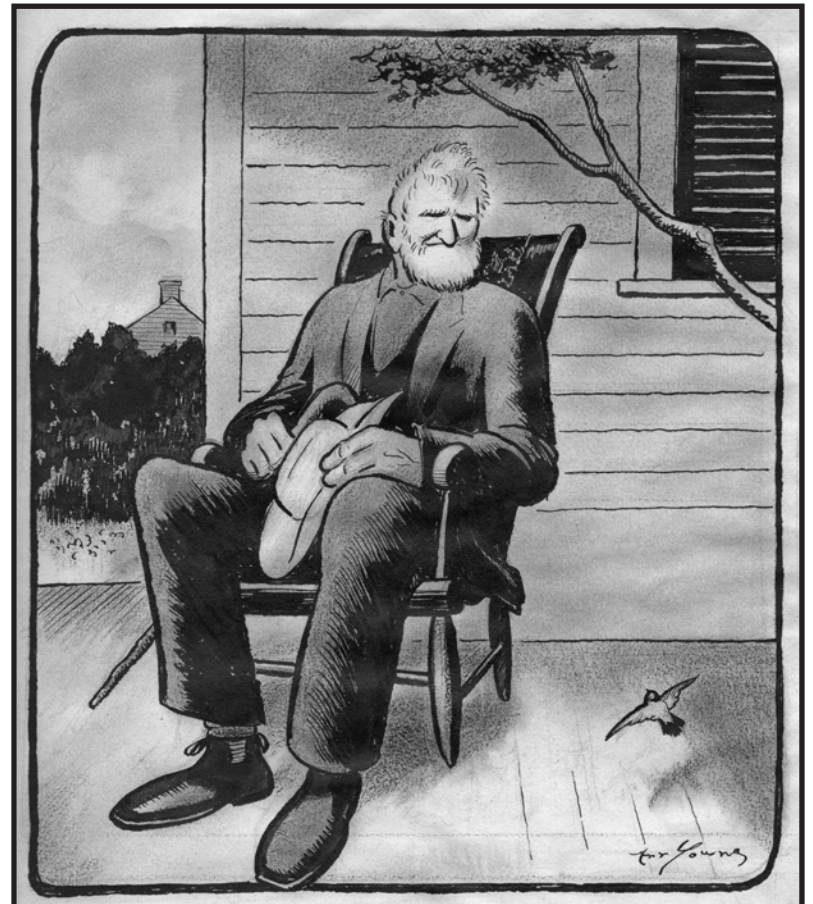
The piece to the right is The Retired Farmer:

"In his old age, a farmer would sell his farm and buy a house in town, living thereafter retired.

He spent much of his time on the porch of the new home but occasionally walked downtown for groceries and to the Post Office to see if there was a letter from his married daughter who lived in a city away out farther west.

After a half century of back breaking work on a farm, his system was subject to rheumatism, sciatica, and a liver complaint, so an easy chair on the porch came as near comfort as anything.

A caustic wag of the town said: "A retired farmer comes to town to die and then forgets what he came for."





Feed the Bern



Volume 6.07 - November 8th 2016

Your Life Contains More than 140 Characters...
All We're Asking Is That You Share One of Them...

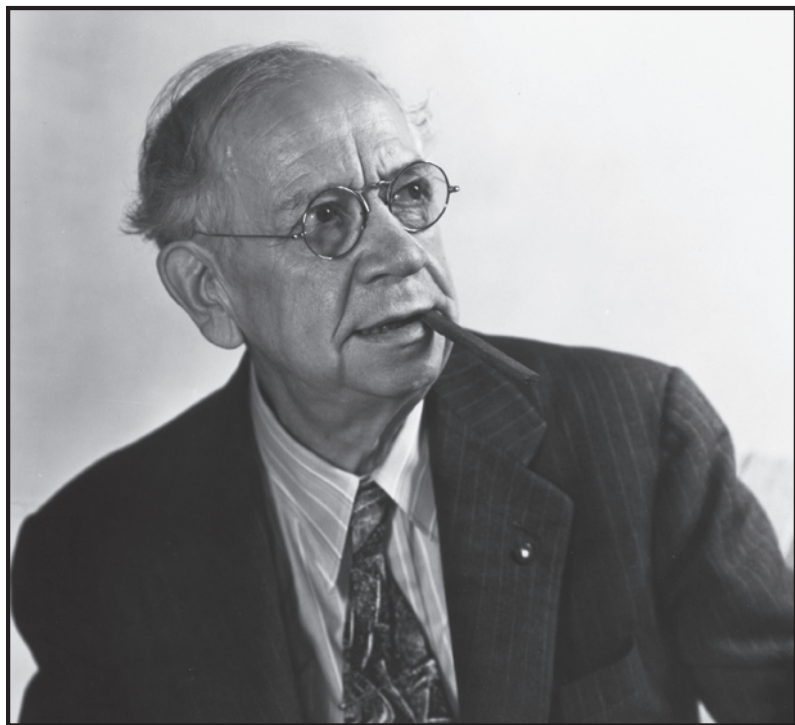
UNDER THE PICTORIAL AND LITERARY DIRECTION OF
MRS & MR GARBANZO

Published by seraphemera books in Bethel Conn.

www.garbanzoliteraryjournal.org

storyteller@garbanzoliteraryjournal.org - fb: garbanzoliteraryjournal

THE ART YOUNG MEMORIAL AWARD (FOR POETRY)



There's an artist, so forgotten, that one almost believes he couldn't have possibly existed - because when you see what he created, you think, how could somebody with such insight, such clarity, such incite, such vision, ever get lost to the fractals of time... yet this is exactly how one might describe the legacy of Art Young.

Two years ago we announced the return (after a seventy year hiatus) of the Art Young Memorial Award for Poetry, as one of many steps being taken to rewrite time so as to right this wrong. The 2015 winner of the Art Young Memorial Award for Poetry was Amy Lerman, with her poem *Why Is It?* In 2016, Terry Severhill won for his work, *Beneath the Shadow of the Sun*.

You can read both winning entries, and learn more about the award at: http://www.garbanzoliteraryjournal.org/Art_Young_Award.html

In 1945, about eighteen months after he passed away, his friends at *The New Masses* wrote, "When our beloved colleague, Art Young, died we thought there could be no more fitting memorial to him than to continue, in his name, the deep and abiding interest he always had in the work of younger artists and writers... thus were born the Art Young Memorial Awards" - which included awards for poetry, short story, reportage and art.

The winning poem of 1945, *Soldier Song* by Floyd Wallace, included publication of the work in *The New Masses* along with a \$100 prize. The poem (which can be seen below) will be the only provided guide as to theme and cadence of the work. We do suggest, however, researching Art Young, Max Eastman, Hellen Keller, *The Masses* (magazine 1911 - 1917), and *Art Young's Good Morning* (magazine 1919 - 2016 and beyond).

Now, with inflation, that \$100 from 1945 would presently be \$1,323.61 at a cumulative rate of 1223.6%. I can assure you Art Young would have something brilliant, poignant, and eviscerating, to say about this. Sadly, as but a small journal, we cannot afford to keep pace with these exorbitant times. So, we're offering the same \$100 and who knows what else will be thrown into the prize mix beyond the financial. Our whimsy knows no bounds.

The winning piece will be published in *Art Young's Good Morning* (the present home of the ongoing *Garbanzo Literary Journal* project) for the March 1st 2017 issue.

There is one free submission per person. If you'd like to submit more than one piece for consideration, there is a \$5 reading fee for each additional piece. Winners will be announced on Art Young's 151st birthday - January 14th, 2017 - with this being the annual award date. Now confirmed as an annual award, the entry deadline is December 20th. Please, no previously published work. All submissions should be sent to artyoung@garbanzoliteraryjournal.org

Initial round of judging will be by Mrs & Mr Garbanzo who will whittle the entries down to 15 - 20 finalists. Final decisions will be the purview of our judges team...tbd for the 2017 award...We look forward to reading your works!

When I come home
When I come home
Unpack the sun, unwrap the moon
And turn on all the stars in sight
I'm gonna stand in the grass near the porch
And look at my own yard for a week.

I've hiked holes in a stranger's trails
And slept with a stump for a pillow
He's got a land that's fine I think
But mine knows me like a brother

When I come home
When I come home
I'm gonna jump from a streamline train
Into sunlight yellow as butter
Like a leaf, like a happy leopard
Or a soldier, home from the war

I'm gonna touch each fence and tree
And name each street at the corner
Hang out the town like a blue work shirt
That still fits right on a soldier

When I come home
When I come home
With my hands grown big on guns
I wanna job as big as my hands
And after the whistle each night I'll go
And wash them at Boulder Dam

Mountains and stone and miles of iron
Bridges and planes and a school or two
And if you want, on my overtime
I'll stoke up the sun for you

When I come home
When I come home
I wanna wear my laughing shoes
And walk around like a river
I wanna buy some rocket clothes
And live like a slice of summer

I've gotta staircase in my heart
And I've gotta long-legged dream
That waits at the top of the breathless steps
Till I come home from the war.

Have you ever studied the complexity of a fiddlehead? its sinuous reminder that mathematical symmetry is inherently sexy? its grace adorning bubbling-brook banks an image of Bambi romping in the woods without harm? its short life a notice that we should also be free to romp in our own complexity?

Fern is mesmerizing. Fern is also a therapeutical hypnotist by trade and a modern-day shaman. Fern has led me frond by frond by frond, by suggestion, through the adventures of serendipitous past lives, from a WWII nightmare to a noble Mayan reign to Imperial China, possibly more than 2000 years ago. Mesmerizing.

I know deep inside I am Mayan. On my first visit to Huamantla, in the gorgeous altiplano state of Tlaxcala, Mexico, where one can find beauty in pre-Columbian ruins, Spanish colonial haciendas, and the majestic, dormant volcano La Malinche, I was treated to a tour of the region, including the Mayan-designed palace of Cacaxtla, dating to 400 AD. The well preserved room murals are well-known in the country, intact by hibernating under dirt and soil until the 1970s. Strange. I knew I had been there. Walking about the palace site, a guide pointed out one room and said that it was where sacrifices took place. I blurted out, in my usual fashion, "No, it was where women gave birth, menstruated, and blood-letting took place." What did I know? I learned later that the Mayan peoples would draw their own blood for ceremonies and to maintain vigor.

On a subsequent return, on a visit to Puebla, I ended up at an AirBnB in the next town over, Cholula, the oldest active city in Mexico, founded in the 2nd century BC. The booking was quite by mistake, but not necessarily a coincidence. Cholula hosts the largest pyramid in the world, named Tlachihualtepetl, and it was right outside my window in the distance. I knew I was home, and perhaps I will move there.

Before I had ever seen Cholula, I was under a pleasant hypnosis. I was garbed in princely attire, many feathers and colorful textiles. Hurling flying down a corridor and up the side of a...tall and stately pyramid, The Great One, I had to choose to live and serve my country or sacrifice my blood to the gods. In this life, I often sacrifice myself as second fiddlehead or sidekick, to serve as grand vizier or spinster uncle. Did I die? Or have I died? I don't know what happened at the top. A glorious garden followed.

I love cherry blossom trees. Probably, everyone does. I remember being in a royal enclave, surrounded by high walls, certainly during the Imperial era, circa 300 BC. I was staring at a stunning young woman surrounded by cherry blossoms. Those who follow the migration of seed (-ists of some kind) say that cherry blossom trees traveled from the Himalayas east and were first cultivated in China, then on to Japan. Was I an imprisoned Gongzhu or a concubine, kept from the world outside?

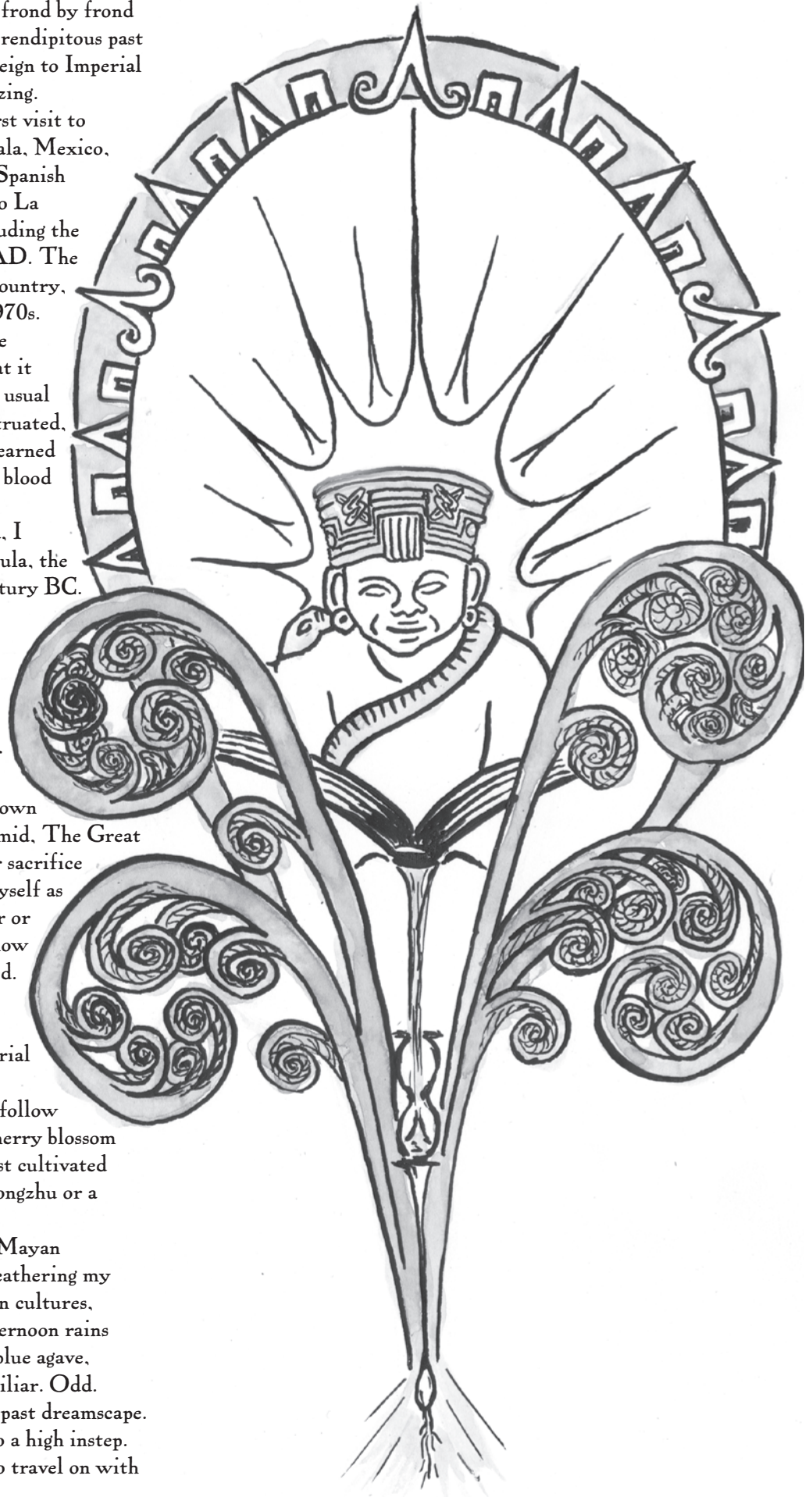
I'll not really know. I do know my current Mayan astrological hieroglyph is Storm, and perhaps I'm weathering my great affinity for the regions of classic Mesoamerican cultures, where I feel quite at home. There, the daily late afternoon rains don't bother me, and there, I was introduced to the blue agave, source of tequila, a warming allergy, hauntingly familiar. Odd.

I have not stepped foot in China except in a past dreamscape. However, I have unbearably tiny feet, crunched into a high instep. I will die again, and with death, what will remain to travel on with

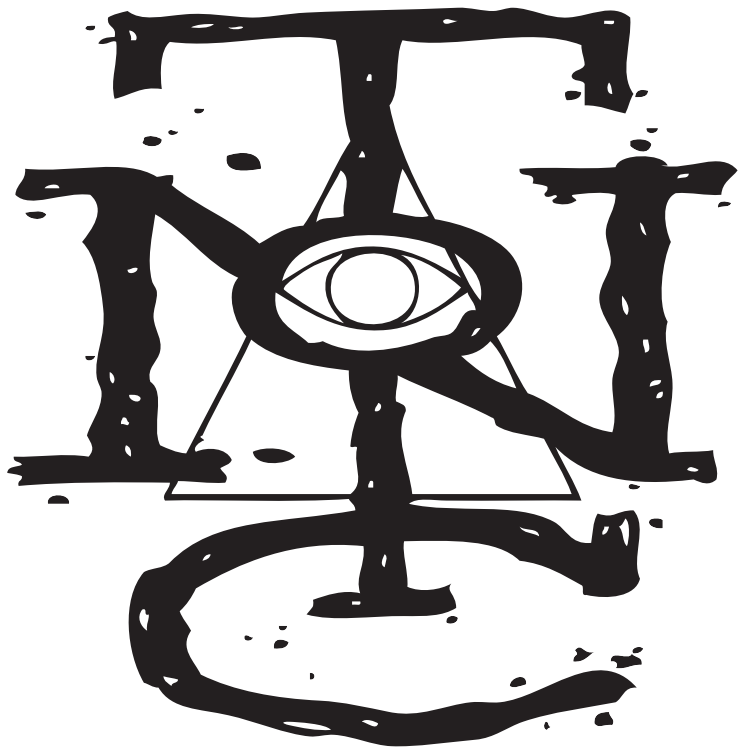
my soul and what will only be retained in an intriguing continuum of memories made human? The complexity of a fiddlehead. Fern is mesmerizing.

A Frond of Suggestion

BY TED KILLMER



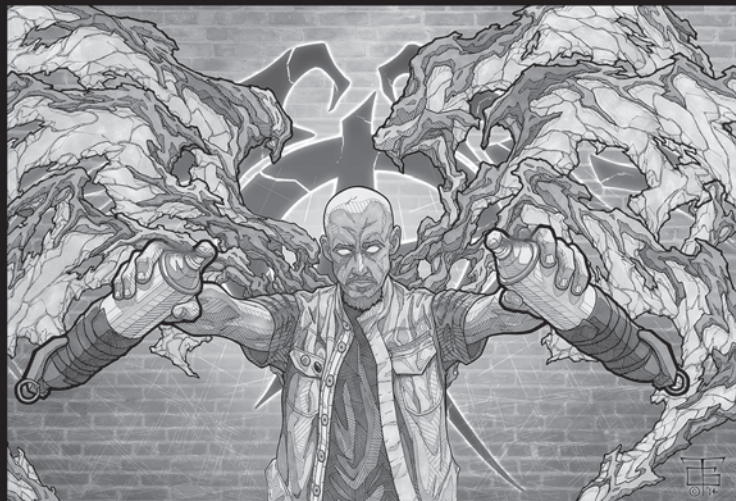
OLD WORLD HORROR
FOR THE NEW WORLD ORDER



PUNK, DEATHROCK, WAVE
WWW.TOMBONICKCAGE.COM



WWW.ANT1HER0.COM



ART IS THE FASTEST AND MOST EFFECTIVE VEHICLE
FOR INFLUENCING SOCIOPOLITICAL CHANGE



"BIRDIE & BERNIE: A CONVERSATION"
#foreverBernie shirts

WWW.ARTYOUNSGOODMORNING.ORG/BIRDIE_AND_BERNIE.HTML





The Only Good Thing About Bernie Not Being in the General Election Is That We Can Now All Wear Our Bernie Gear to the Polls...