

# FEEDBACK (CONTINUED)

## TIME FOR A POEM?

Jim,

I wanted to respond to The Dirty Coal Caper story, but it's no use. Nothing will change. Greed trumps grace and Coal is king. I thought differently until I visited Monument Valley, Utah. I was looking for some John Wayne scenery, but the haze from the coal-fired power plants was so thick that much of that infamous territory was obscured. I was aghast. Especially when I heard that the polluters are operated by Native Americans. When it gets that far, it's gone too far.

And I wanted to respond to your article on population, The Obligations of Death Must be Observed, but I ran the numbers once. It's been years now, but I don't imagine the situation is yet overwhelming. Give each person on the planet 36 square feet—enough to reach out and not touch anyone else—and you could fit every one of us in Harney County, Oregon. It's not a matter of too many people, it's a matter of incredibly poor management of resources (spell that G-R-E-D.)

So, I figured I'd just write a poem. We're victims of our own lust and greed, and since we aren't willing to change, at least we could sing about it. How about a Zephyr poetry section? Like this...

### This Day

*Normal days are like this: Darkness is turned to light. The blind receive their sight. Wrongs are made right. Yes, normal days are like this, but few of us are amazed.*

*Here is what happens: We become accustomed to the miraculous and lose the magic. Life becomes just another day, another dollar, another trip south. Another, "Who cares?"*

*Here is what happens: Those who are most precious to us become our enemies. Those to whom we owe the most, we treat the worst. The television news show is more urgent than the voice of a child wanting to play. Answering e-mail is more important than saying, "I love you."*

*We begin to disappear, long before death overtakes us. We become cogs in the machine, zombies rolling out of bed, consumers of plastic toys and throw-away containers. Our big concern is gas mileage. Our main ambition is money in the bank. Our over-riding emotion is fear...for we cannot face the reality of our non-existence. Happy hour is God on Sunday. This is what happens to the best of us.*

*Perhaps someone tries to warn us, but we scold them, we chastise them, they must be silenced, status quo is the way to go, it's always been done like this. We shut them away quickly so that their disturbing ideas are silenced. No one visits them. The guards become infected and must be replaced. They get early retirement, or are given other positions of promise in return for their silence. Shhhh. No one must know.*

*Nothing is sacred. We want sanitary preachers in clean suits and not too bold ties. We will gladly give them our money, if they continue to leave us alone. Let us wilt and die. Some of them become show-men. This is a helpful diversion. A room-full of imposters can hide the Truth and allow us to believe our chosen lie. We can pretend that all lunacy is equal. We need not listen with our hearts,*

*our cold hearts. We are safe from wisdom here. We have money and highways and malls. We have universities and basketball and cheerleaders.*

*I write this to warn you. You are not safe. The Lion is loose. Your life is at stake.*

*You may be asked to be kind to a stranger—the one with unclean hands. You may be asked to visit the imprisoned, tend the sick, give your belongings to the poor, even deny yourself...and not just on Sundays only. Beware. The time is soon upon us. The hour is near. The Master cometh....Even at the door.*

*You see...normal days are like this: Darkness is turned to light. The blind receive their sight. Wrongs are made right. And hardly anyone is amazed.*

Don Sturgill

Appalachia, USA

### STILES THE...."PATRIOT?"

Dear Mr. Stiles,

Thanks for your take on ... things... as you perceive them; I perceive them the same way. I too look outside the continental borders for some semblance of absence of lunacy, or misplaced wishful thinking. Its nice to see someone see things the same way, and to recognize in the tone of your discontentment the germ of true patriotism. There is something charming and disarming about someone who will charge at windmills, and make no excuse for the tactic.

If you'd like to get more perspective, and have the time for it, I remain your servant, sir.

Ron Hindman

Palisade, Colorado

(swat!)

sealed with what remain sof my one remaining testicle

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**WE DEMAND!!!**

**THAT YOU SEND US YOUR  
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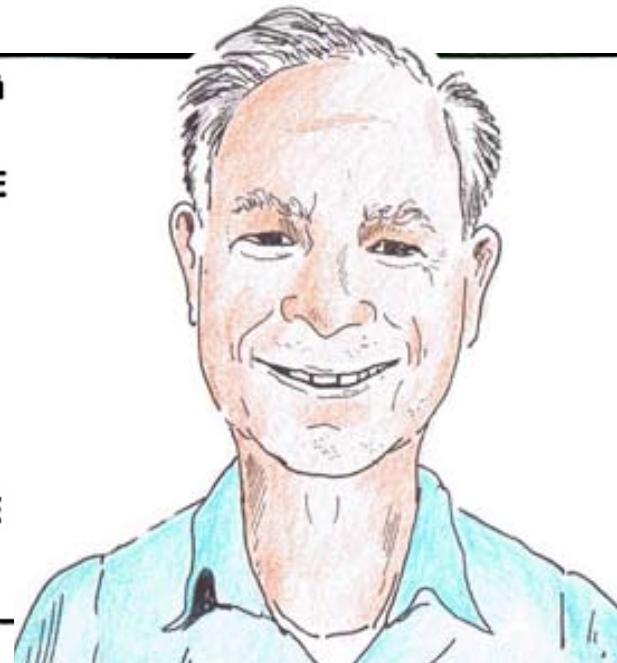
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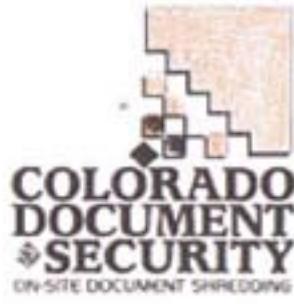
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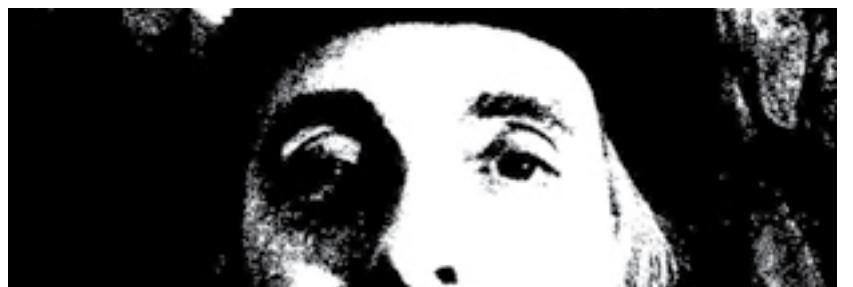


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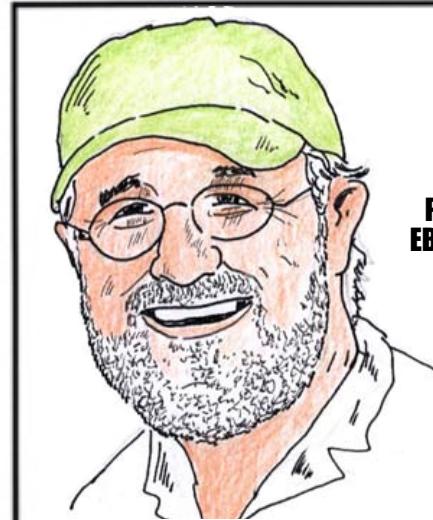
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