

Forever Jones

And from the tomb he did reply:  
Tho, few have fought so well as I.  
Mortal flesh anon, must die;

From the depth of skin and bone  
Unshaken still, did he intone:  
My charges were unloved and lone  
And I, destined from the start  
To know the grief that storms the heart  
of the forsaken and to impart  
to them the surging strength of me.  
Mightier than the charging sea,  
Attuned to all that be, specially unto thee  
Who suffered much to walk with me.

Dream ye not of streets of gold.  
Nor an end to pain,  
Often in our forever, we will walk  
this way again.

The tall pine opened an aging eye and  
trembled its brittle cones  
Then it fell full length, it did  
Athwart the tomb of Jones.

Jim Jones      10/11/69

EE-3-CC4

The Choice

Where now?

Perhaps there is hope for Life someday - but not for our lives.

Perhaps there is hope for Happiness somewhere- but not for us.

No expectations... only the acceptance of the Void -  
the profound, inexpressable void:  
that all-encompassing abyss which demands from us  
that we function according to Duty.

Who is keeping score in this absurd game? Will it never end?  
And who made the rules?

Such Trickery!

For if we had wanted to 'win' - we would have already lost -  
pitifully so.

But I wonder - when it is all tallied.  
When it is asked:

"Which wars did you choose?"

"What battles did you wage?"

Who could answer better than we?

For did we not have a high road to travel and the way made clear?

Did we not find comradeship of spirits never before encountered...  
Unity of Purpose binding us together.

What greater heights could we have reached?

Did we not see life... and prefer death?

Is there not some Victory in the choice of Reality?

EE-3-CCS

REFLECTIONS:

Look around-  
What do you see?

Greed,  
corruption,  
violence...  
Nothing worth saving!

(except for the children.

So many soul-less beings,  
whose real substance  
has long been abandoned in the struggle.

For when the load grew heavy,  
it was quickly laid down in exchange for all-pervading apathy...

now they are the walking dead.

There is no pulse left...

except for the children.

Gentle, wistful spirits-  
knowledgable of the secrets  
of creation.

Pitiful trespassors  
in a foreign world-

the children bear the scars of their parents battles.

There is no hope at all...

except for the children.

EE-3-CC4

THE DEBTOR

I would offer you something - but everything I have  
is either borrowed  
or stolen.

Stolen from the bulk of Humanity which can claim  
nothing as its own.

The faintest smile; the slightest moment of respite...  
belongs to others.

The despair of the millions; the agony of those  
death claims slowly...  
is no less mine.

The - Debt - Is - So - Great.

Nothing is transferable...  
no negotiating.

Where then in this barren womb is the renewal?  
What is there of nourishment for the 'intangible'?

Nothing...

but the undying  
conviction reflected  
in familiar, trusted eyes.

Unqualified committment is the only Redemption.

EE-3-RC7

ODE TO THE PLANTS

In silence majesty  
they offer

themselves-

as a tribute  
to whatever is the sacred  
essence

of life...

if only it was  
so easy

to see the Divinity

in the liter  
that blows

along the sidewalk.

EE-3-008

TRAITOR BEWARE!

What was that?  
Who is it?

Is someone there?

Oh, maybe it's nothing.

As you grow bolder and more careless- those forces you  
have wronged grow keener-  
Ever patient...

watching,  
waiting.

FOOL!

Do not think that we have forgotten!

Our memories are sharp with the pain and suffering you have  
caused.  
How vividly we recall the emptiness of the post that you  
deserted!

COWARD!

The breathe of those whose lives you sold cheaply fills  
our lungs- even as they lie dying.  
We are not discouraged.  
We are biding our time.

We know who you are.  
But you do not know us... for everyday our side increases  
its strength, 10 fold... 100 fold.  
The forces of the People grow!

Who shall win in this life and death struggle?

Can you not see the 'writing on the wall'?  
And very soon- there will be no wall standing.

You can run and hide TRAITOR- but it will not help.  
The Hounds of the People shall sniff you out!

And even the most merciful will turn away from you...  
as Justice prevails!

EE-3-CCQ