

If the truth is harmful to America's image, America needs to change.  
Things were hidden and now they are not, thanks to Julian Assange.

A blanket of snow  
Like the desert or the sea  
Simplifies the scene

The pigeons in the North don't know  
That there are countries in the South  
Which aren't bound in ice and snow  
Winter is part of their life, they work around it  
If ignorance is bliss, then they have found it

It's lovely that it rained today

It doesn't matter, it's O.K.

The sky was gray, anyway

And we'll just stay inside

At least it will not interfere

With a day that's bright and clear

We'll sit outdoors and drink some beer

And take our bikes for a ride

The spider spins a web so thin  
we barely know it's there  
but drops of water dot the lines  
they ornament the threads so fine  
and they shimmer and they shine  
while hanging in the still, sweet air  
beware, oh flies, beware  
the spider's jeweled lair

Antares

There are dust specks  
There are asteroids  
And comets made of snow

There are moons and there are planets  
There are balls of gas which glow

At the center of each solar system  
There is only one  
A nuclear reactor called a sun

About 400 billion, throughout our galaxy  
Some are bigger, some are smaller  
Because how else could it be?

Like the words within a language  
Like the movements in a dance  
Like the moves within a chess game  
Like the animals and plants  
As time and space are infinite  
Why should it seem so strange?  
There's an infinite variety in the range

When I was in 5<sup>th</sup> grade or so

I thought the etymology

Of poem, poet, poetry

Was from Edgar Allen Poe

It seemed logical to me

The rhyming and the symmetry

As sound as any symphony

It had a haunting quality

That stuck within my memory

It was naïve, of course that's true

And somewhat silly, I confess

But based on all that I then knew

It wasn't such a stupid guess

When Robert's Rules of Order are applied

opposing points of view can be discussed

We may not understand the other side

or like them much, but deal with them we must

Of course, some people prattle on too long

They shout, they scream, they shake their fists in rage

The most verbose are usually most wrong

and yet they tend to dominate the stage

And that is why I love the written word

It's silent and does not offend the ear

It is, inside your head, distinctly heard

It isn't loud at all, but still it's clear

I write down all my thoughts and post the text

and then I wait to hear what you say next