

## Ode to Lady Dawn

As we approach life as do all men,  
especially blessed are those singular children  
who have loved for eons with allegiance drawn  
to the life giver, the illustrator, glorious Dawn.

A few are instinctive and others become  
the early riser greeting the newborn sun  
with proper devotion and subliminal glee  
with heart felt happiness and souls made free.

To watch the light changing 'midst the soothing hues,  
as Dawn's extravaganza banishes the blues.  
The display ever changing continues to call  
the glorious colors keeps you enthralled.

The riotous welcome of the birds and the frogs  
their wild melody does set one agog.  
On a morn when the air is filled with such cheer  
your day will advance with little to fear.

And you're feeling pity for those tormented gents,  
who miss the enlightenment, start the day with heads bent.  
Weighted down with all of their fears, worries, and woes,  
because of late nights, more sleep they chose.

And Lady Dawn gives a different offering each morn,  
when clear and calm, a gentle awaking is not scorned.  
With an even lightening of the eastern shore,  
a gentle increase in light is borne.

With partial clouds and the help of her brother Sun,  
She gets spectacular and that's lots of fun.  
The luminous shining and breath taking hues,  
elevates the emotions of the watchers few.

With heavy cloud cover she changes her mood,  
to one with shadows and colors subdued.  
But the elegant brush strokes and oft changing mode,  
leave your mind stretched and singing an ode.

Although requiring fortitude and determined grit,  
in storms and hurricanes, her work she does fit,  
for true believers who would not miss,  
and arrive all bundled to partake of it.

So an Ode of Appreciation to the Lady Dawn,  
from a lifelong follower of her morning song.  
She has given me encouragement and mind filling calm,  
in turbulent times and when things went way wrong.

The peace and quiet received from her hands,  
is parceled out slowly to meet Day's demands.  
It has kept me sane, though that's for you to judge,  
I give her much credit and my opinion won't budge.

### **Angry Red Sky**

the angry red sky  
through the trees it did lie  
as I walked the dim paths of the dawn

the blood red with orange  
did beckon and gorge  
and call forth those memories that spawn

it did drive this scene  
through the dark trees it did gleam  
as I try to capture for you

I wanted to share  
this seemed a bit rare  
as this time the memories flew

but the camera can't take  
the sullen reds it won't make  
in the clash of the dark and the bright

so we're left with words  
does seem kind of absurd  
but I'll try to splash some mind sight

the memory scenes  
recalled like bad dreams  
from some youthful adventures of mine

some you've heard before  
the scenes from the core  
that jar the memories and signs

and this is the trail  
where a full blown flashback did flail  
and drop me to war function, mach schnell!

the shock of that gale  
makes me sensitive as hell  
so I walk cautious of the memory bell

well, back to the views  
which started this do  
and the mind run that carried that walk

as words tumbled and rhymed  
about old troubled times  
and the visions that accompany that shock

as I neared the bluff  
water reflecting the tough  
and angry red tones the sky bridged

like the sullen red might  
as a 52 flight  
dumped pure hell right over the ridge

where the sound and the shake  
many seconds did take  
to traverse the distance that bored

and the memory of  
the grave flag above  
the bunker hole I'm sprinting toward

through the dusty bright sun  
the explosion sound done  
you see in the air as a scythe

it is this view I see  
as the anthem for me  
chokes and brings tears to my eyes

why this one does call  
I don't know, can't recall  
but I do feel and do smell the debris

that red danger does fall  
as you hurry, don't stall  
to get down there where you can see

but once out of the trees  
the early light sometimes flees  
and leaves a very mellow quite golden gaus

you stop and you look  
while your mind continues to cook  
on the scenes and the memories aroused

So the next couple of miles  
go by in a pile  
as the focus is the churning mind rack

so I'll bring this to a halt  
like a little earth salt  
that spreads a type of mind frack.

## **Defending the Home**

This is about what did set me off  
as our discussion of gun nuts did froth.  
Trying to read Hume, a difficult task  
without the mind jumping and thrashing fast.

Defending the home is a complex brew  
seldom considered as a stand-alone stew.  
The many facets and choices in all areas vast  
I'll list a few, just to cover the class.

From weather, you chose  
the structure, siding, and roof  
considering cost, living, and maintenance too  
and comfort and looks, overall a multipart brew.

From INTRUDERS, the driver of this  
and the simple-minded, unthinking taker of risks,  
the choices ignored for a culture task  
the life threatening decisions taken by chance.

Preventing Entry, choices are made  
types of windows and doors, the locks they contain  
and your personal and family habits of use  
lockup at night or never or excuse.

And when the 'evil doer' does invade  
what decisions and choices have you already made?  
A telephone and 911 call, let society solve  
and get local trained police involved?

A home protection company, I've seen the signs  
and adds on TV, but have no experience to mine.  
Now what various actions have you planned  
after thinking over the ramifications?

Are you going to play defense and hunker down  
pick a room with your family around  
and bunker up with defensive works?  
or are you going to attack, go after those jerks?

What is the result you want to achieve?  
drive off the intruders or capture those thieves?  
Sounds and alarms usually work for the first,  
the second more risky, takes much prep work.

Incapacitating agents must be on hand  
posing a danger to family and friends.  
And you need training and a physical regime  
to insure you're ready to risk everything.

Now we have the wimpy options out of the way  
time to consider the 'MAGIC WAND' of today.  
A GUN, probably a hand gun or rifle  
a sexy, potent, mind numbing trifle  
easy to get, easy to use  
the overall considerations huge.

What training do you have with your weapon of choice?  
How often do you practice? What conditions posed?  
You are planning to operate in crises mode,  
in the restricted space of your abode,  
under low light conditions, shadows galore,  
after a day's work when your energy's poor.

So shooting paper targets once a week  
won't do for the response you seek.  
You need an urban combat course to run  
until your competent and good with that gun.

And aware of where the bullets will fly  
you need stopping power, the walls won't defy.  
So where do your family and neighbors stay?  
Have you ID'd no fire zones for your fray?

You don't want to kill the little girl next door  
when you hose down the room seeking to score  
and your condition, heart rate sky high  
you're in mortal peril and the blood pressure flies.

You need to train to hit the zone  
and then it's if'y, if you are all alone  
in the dark, the familiar is scary and weird  
and this is your combat zone I fear.

You are the attacker, the guy's already there  
if he doesn't run he's defending where  
he can set up, you're on the move  
ambush country, what do you do?

And that's just one, what if there's more?  
Cold-blooded felons just waiting to score?  
So you shot one, you see a shadow move  
hope it's not your wife checking on you

Have you been there, in the tight and the fright  
when the focus narrows and you enter 'no mind'  
when all you see are threats  
and hyper reflexes are all that's left?

Better do some thinking, way back from that zone  
when the sound you heard, a teenage son sneaking home,  
or you daughter's boyfriend sneaking out  
and you, with your gun, ready to pounce.

And give some consideration to  
the aftermath of a shooting by you.  
The blood and the gore are your problem to clean  
and it's extensive, messy, and stinks and reeks.

While you a hero, if a felon you shoot,  
an NRA star with a parade to boot.  
But if it's your son or the neighbor's little girl  
the NRA into purgatory will hurl.

And no matter what, your involved in the coils  
of the criminal justice system, boy o boy.  
So do your thinking and planning ahead  
a gun has consequences, not often said.

It's only purpose to KILL, you can't deny that  
and strategic positions don't implement.  
That's tactics, when you pick up that piece  
better have that planned and considered each.

I'm not anti-gun, just dislike breezy thoughts  
that the NRA and the gun nuts wrought  
Do I have guns? Yes I do  
brought when I was young and foolish as you.

Used to train the kids in the use and the danger  
of the 'Magic Wand' thinking of popular rangers.  
What is the purpose and what to do  
when 'the tight and the scary' comes calling on you?

Before you spin the wheel and drop that ball  
what are your chances to win overall?  
What are the chances that you will lose?  
Does the family have any say in what you choose?

You're playing with life, not just your own,  
you big, brave hero, macho to the bone.  
If you lose, who else loses too?  
Should have an impact on what you chose.

So quit blowing hard and take some time,  
think it through, before events go prime.  
Once you buy that gun, it just sits there  
waiting to Kill, its purpose, bare.

### **Reflections on Conventional People and Rules and Regulations**

I have been thinking on this for a while,  
of conventional folk and their operating style.  
And the impacts this has on the way things are done,  
by habit and custom, can't change even one.

And since these folks are the majority type,  
convinced of their skill, knowledge, and hype.  
And as they work their way to the top,  
and drag up their protégés, work slows, often stops.

Thus over a sufficient number of years,  
Organizations' top layers are filled with such dears.  
All living and operating 50 years in the past,  
convinced all is right, if you doubt, just ask.

But the world's ever changing, as we can see,  
and for us lone wolves it had better be.  
Light on our, feet inhabiting the cracks,  
in the fabric of the workplace, hiding in back.

This may partially explain how engineering and supply,  
recognized dumping grounds, manage to survive.  
It also provides cover to those who don't conform,  
with the prevailing philosophy of workplace norms.

The cracks and the crevices are greatest here,  
letting the doers work without a whole lot of fear.  
And keep the working rolling in spite of the dumb,  
and all of the rules imposed from above.

Since the self-confident arrogant of the top,  
seldom have the knowledge or skills to unlock,  
the way work and paper actually flow,  
a little smoke up their butts, and they turn and go.

It makes you wonder, how in the world?  
Does competence occasionally get a whorl.  
But no matter, it happens, so there,  
a work place to treasure, and where,  
if your extremely lucky to have such a place,  
can make going to work, a fun type race.

Enough of that distraction, let us return,  
to the conventional where we discern,  
the fact that success for the organization is measured,  
by and for the personnel success of the individual player

It matters not of efficiency or risk or petard  
as long as the particular boss sees a reward.  
Which somewhat explains the banking bail  
as the top took the money and the system failed.

And the strict following of the rules and regulations;  
handed down from on high and carved by Satan.  
However if you read really close,  
always have exceptions you can exploit.

To get the job done or farther the work,  
if you can just it get by the officious jerk.  
This is where asking permission is usually verboten,  
just do it, be prepared to ask, to be forgiven.

Most regulations have a good base,  
to set a standard for the work place.  
Read them and know them for your own use,  
gives you a measure of how far or how close,  
your current action is to the norms,  
and the potential risks of any reforms.

Generally speaking you can find gold,  
of overlooked requirements hidden in the fold,



or forgotten or not done due to worker constraints,  
that you can pursue at your own time and pace.

I used this often during my work time,  
to get out of the office, some time that was mine  
When the weather was good or I was bored,  
I head out to handle the overlooked sward.

So over the years, based on the regs and my call,  
I have quite often performed these overlooked all:  
golf course, roof truss, and rail track inspector,  
fallout shelter analysis, and kitchen surveyor.

### **Light Show**

such a glorious treat  
which I occasionally meet  
on the early morning walks that I take

so vivid the shades  
that nature has made  
you stop cold as wonder does take

and each time the sky  
so different and high  
that words can thus only hint

while the clouds effervesce  
overcoming your sense  
and your mind is totally skint

how some times the sky  
through the wood's view does drive  
a desire to see this light show

and the hurrying pace  
the anticipation case  
does often reward the fast go

and the clouds sometimes star  
in the blaze from afar  
and the colors and hues all around

with the lake to reflect  
and the silence is rent  
by the early awaking bird sounds

the path by the lake  
new vistas does make  
in framing the colorful show

where the dark and the light  
do fuss and do fight  
that pictures do occasionally show

and the effect on the mind  
of this so special time  
just nature and you all alone

as the universe explodes  
right under your nose  
purifying your mind in that zone

how the light seems to wipe  
the on-going gripes  
replacing with wonder and peace

that last for a while  
though life does down dial  
and remove as the experience does cease

but the memory recalls  
and the pictures you saw  
drives you forth each morning in hope

that once again for today  
that nature will play  
and the light extravaganza will cope

the chances are slim  
but every now and again  
the reward is massive and huge

that keeps driving you forth  
the hope that once more  
you'll experience that mind churning deluge