

~Brooklyn Blue~

A baby beauty was born in Brooklyn,
With small, round eyes of Bavarian blue
Working class survivor, as a child, thin,
Love of words and aspiration grew.

Once decided, she, a playwright to be.
Going was tough, for she had to quit school.
Working was hard, alone in the city
Loved and did marry an emotionless mule.

She had him some children, then was divorc'd.
Wrote an autobiographical book
Call'd it a novel, writing reinforc'd.
Married twice more, smart with fish lure and hook.

Although through her life, from fame she did hide,
Many lov'd ones talk'd of her when she died.

~Where the Heart Is~

What is more important than family?
Nothing. So when people have excess love
They choose to adopt.
For their children, they build a home.
The relationship is always happy and open,
Yet the children still have questions, still don't understand.

What they don't understand
their history – that of their biological family
Even though discussions may be open,
Adoptive children often wonder why they weren't loved
Why their biological parents did not want to give them a home
Or why they were given up, abandoned to adoption.

And why do mothers and fathers let their children be adopted?
It must be because they understand.
Not all people can give a child a deserved, happy home
And others can't give them a supportive family
That doesn't negate their parental love,
but instead proves their hearts and minds are open.

Some children seek out their bio-parents, hoping doors to their past will open
Desiring to find answers to their questions about
their adoptions.

Generally, they find their biological parents remember them with love
With these insights, they come to understand
That their adoptive parents are their true family
Those who provided them hugs, warm cookies, and home.

Home sweet home
There is a newer form of adoption - open
Biological and adoptive parents unite to become a family
Even though one group adopts
The child is raised to understand
that they were always loved.

The essential ingredient to any household is love.
Without it, a house is not a home.
Knowledge of genetic history helps people understand
And helps doors open
for their life, as humans and as adopted children. .
There is no more-important value in human society than family.

It matters not, whether family is founded upon biology or love,
Adoption is just one more way to say home.
Even if you can have children naturally, keep your mind open to understanding.

~Supernatural~

Something hand-made
can be just as beautiful
as something natural.

A stone, gothic
cathedral
can offer as much joy and
beauty
as a regenerative tree.

A painting by Monet
can be just as lovely
as his garden.

Women with MRKH Syndrome
are born without a vagina.
That makes them,
us,
no less gorgeous
and amazing
than the rest of these women.
The women who recite
monologues and proclaim
the beauty of nature and femininity
which all derive from
the vagina.

There are options
to create one
through surgery or dilation,
but it will never
function like "normal"
in terms of fertility.

But it will still be beautiful.

I've heard so many monologues about
how beautiful women
and their vaginas
are.
I'm just adding,
for all those out there
struggling with MRKH
or any form of infertility,
that even hand-made vaginas
are beautiful and
that you are beautiful
with or without
one.

Not having a
natural vagina,
or any vagina,
does not make you
"unnatural" or "weird".

It makes us
Supernatural.

~Second Childhood ~

Swirling snow
clean, crisp, bright
wading, deep
white world
Flurries
windowsill blankets
white glitter against the navy evening sky
clear, sharp, cold but not unbearable
youthful, laughter, sledding
powder – not snowman making snow
no snowball fights or snow forts today
I can't remember loving walking through
the snow, up to my calf, this much.
When was the last time?
This snow flurry/blizzard/storm makes
me feel like a kid again.

~Oracles~

What a crazy, messed up world we're living in
Guess the Ramones got their way.
Just like Aldous and Ray:
Maybe I'm just the melancholy type,
But I don't wanna be sedated.
Love the idea of world peace,
But don't want to forget about war.
History repeats itself and
classic sci-fi writers were like prophets.

Peace, Montag, Cram them full of data
But for the sake of playing
So thanks for all the fish.
Don't give me comfort,
I want God, poetry, danger, freedom, and sin!
Breathing isn't easy in a dystopia.

Do you think you're smart
Because you avoid the absurd?
Haven't you heard?
Fortune favors the brave - not the fun.
Smashmouth's world is nearing 451.
Just 'cause controversy hurts doesn't mean it doesn't matter:
Let yourself be bothered.
Don't let your voice be smothered.
Listen to Douglas, Jules, and the others.

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Maybe we didn't start the fire,
But we seem to keep feeding it.
This is why reading is still so important
and music makes us feel more than nothing.
Pay attention to current events,
governments.
Technology may be vast and impressive,
But passion is what keeps us alive -
Take it from Whedon and Schulman.

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But for the sake of playing
So thanks for all the fish.
Don't give me comfort,
I want God, poetry, danger, freedom, and sin!
Breathing isn't easy in a dystopia.

Sure, it's painful and gritty and hard
To spend life wide awake,
But Momma always said:
The right way is the hard way.