

48. Causes of Cancer

People use metaphors derived from nature. A cancer is diseased tissue that eats away integrity of whole. In a social situation, it means anyone who disturbs a sense of oneness, private fulfillment, or some such 1-way fantasy. What about his fulfillment? Al was accused of being a cancer. After having lost loved ones to this actual disease, it was a terribly cruel affront, just plain hurtful, if somewhat accurate. He looked at it this way, "If you don't increase my bliss, why should I preserve yours? In fact, why shouldn't I do everything in my power to ensure you don't have any?" Bliss is not a right, only a smug attitude among those who never shoulder their responsibility, parasites who think they're in charge, the ruling class. Anarchists are bent on disturbing serenity, but to what end? Rudeness, subversion of rules of law for personal gain, taxation without representation, thoughtless greed will all invite some eventual retribution. If up to him, it'd be sooner not later. Agitate change, hope for resolutions, just don't put up with smug insiders. Too stressful.

You might make an offhand comment, wish someone ill within earshot of another, who'll warn you, "Better be careful what you say," as if to save you from sudden invisible retribution. Speaking one's mind, expressing hostility that arises from frustration, is never a good idea. But it is a form of release, a pressure valve, superior to lashing out at surrogate victims or swallowing poison until it gnaws out your insides. A psychic cancer in one's soul becomes a real cancer in one's body. There must be some value to the fevered fear of momentary stress and gut level pain, since people call it a love affair and want to flounder in it. Later they concoct euphemistic metaphors, not fact but feints, to evade criticism and scrutiny for their illicit fire.

They say stress causes cancer, but they can't physiologically define stress. What is it? Excessive hormone production? Dysfunctional amygdala? Stressful situations include grief, job loss, overcrowding, and perhaps everything that describes contemporary urban life or global awareness. Filling your mind with negative thoughts causes stress, they say. There's an entire industry built around alleviating it, from books and CDs about gathering correct amount of data for confident decision making, to courses in holistic self awareness, to myriad massage therapies. It's always, "How badly society treats you," never the real culprit, "What you do wrong." Some researchers say a little stress is beneficial, but too

much degrades vascular tissue, leads to heart attack and stroke. Ways to lose stress they wrest include getting things off your chest by communication (writing a book), relaxation techniques (meditating and yoga), and repetitive aerobics, particularly kinds that don't cause irreparable harm (riding a bike). Doesn't cure problem but treats symptoms. Getting rid of clerics, lawmakers, lawyers, politicians, and warmongers, then getting together for mutual advantage sounded more effective to him.

Unlike other art forms, writing is totally dependent on conventions. If reader can't understand words you present, whatever you wish to impart is squandered. One might cobble any words together and let reader sort it out, as do elements of dance or visual forms. Yet, if you frame words in pleasing phrases with logical sense, you can possibly reach out and touch someone, even heal. He could paint pictures with words, then leave painting to painters with hand. Craft helps bridge gaps, if that's what you want to do. Anyone can possess this craft, though, not something granted only to authorities. Writing is only as democratic as it gets circulated. The new censorship is in lawsuits, publishing, and repression. What is it about freedom of expression that's so feared?

Is originality the Almighty's sole province? Is it an expression from those HE deems to touch? Those who think they have a divine right or original idea are either egotistical self-deceivers or plainly evil. But aren't you supposed to imitate divinity? Demons dance in recesses of one's mind. Writing was as much about process of bringing ideas forth as ideas themselves. How an idea came about, where it came from, matters. Really, people lionized by posterity were only those who immersed themselves in some narrow discipline—probably to escape commonplace worries, domestic hassles, or humdrum drudgery—then applied it to some conclusion, or battled beyond normal confines, or somehow found themselves in an irrevocable rapture. Cultivation of uniqueness may be the most valuable achievement of human culture, yet the famous always distinguished themselves on existing ideas. Ideas predate all efforts, formed a basis, realized an effect. Nothing is original, after all, just concepts deconstructed and reconstructed. Writing exemplifies this, mundane phrases and vocabulary rehashed, yet result in reactions that change everything, like gathering worthless stones and building a bridge to unite both sides. Writing alleviates or brings danger, reading moreso, drinking from an oversized vessel, likely to drown or spill.

Any assemblage of atoms and cells is unique for an individual, but atoms were around forever. After all, uniqueness matters little.

Contributing to unified criteria is generally preferable. Individuals collectively make up a whole, so are like cells in an organism, each somehow necessary for body to function. Just 1 cell dividing in error causes a cancer that consumes whole. Or it mutates entire organism into something superior. Should doctors excise that cell? Waffling back and forth, who could make up their mind about the value of individuality? Or human rights? All he knew was he wouldn't care about anything if he didn't exist, and thus his own opinions and rights mattered to him. This journey was only for him. Life is a lonesome highway each must journey alongside billions of others doing likewise, barely separate and thoroughly intertwined. Why go alone? Civilization is the grandest spectacle on earth. Why not be an integral part? Why not take it all in? Why listen to leaders who want to fortify their own power through isolation, nationalism, and segregation. Because they've gotten away with it for millennia? That's no reason at all.

Community is all about compromises. Neighbors let each other be until they become unbearable. Society applies restraint, processes violators observing their rights, tolerates differences, in fact, welcomes diversity. Decent Americans obey laws, uphold constitution, and venerate what it stands for, as in Emma Lazarus' poem gracing pedestal of Statue of Liberty, "Send me your tired and poor, who struggle to be free, I lift my lamp beside the golden door". Constitution grants rights to citizens. With these ideals, nobody granted asylum or here legally should ever be forsaken. So why are they? Why are some born without inalienable rights?

Must diversity be preserved? Minorities are disappearing. Nowadays, people don't marry along ethnic or racial lines. World is becoming cosmopolitan and homogenous. He was no thoroughbred and wrote for mongrels like himself. A bit Carpathian and pinch Hungarian gypsy; Canadian concurrent with the storied Pilgrims, descended from French courtiers; a tad Native American, specifically Abenaki, dawn people, what others called them, since they lived along North America's eastern seaboard, where sun rises, or Alnanbal, the men, what Abenaki called themselves, neither of which is officially recognized as a tribe, deemed extinct; grandson of a famous bronze and silver smith; son of a wartime pilot; but mainly American, born late in a baby boom. Ultimately, his ancestors could probably be traced from around globe, both ways, East and West. His European element commingled along Silk Roads from Orient through Ottoman Empire, American element from Orient via a land bridge where Alaska now is. He could have cousins on every continent, as far as anyone could tell.

With Genome Project, geneticists have recently traced 40 generations of all races from around globe to bloodline of a single nomad living in Central Asia. Didn't think he was directly related to an American Indian Movement activist, American pianist, Bangladesh pamphleteer, Czechoslovakian composer, Illinois clarinetist, research geomorphist, 16th century operatic teacher, software language author, volleyball champion, Venezuelan Archbishop, Viennese biochemist, or Wall Street Journal Reporter he googled on web, but he wasn't sure, although he felt connected in every case. How could he be prejudiced against anyone? He wallowed in diversity without even trying, born to it. Yet he wasn't his ancestors, just some nondescript guy here now. Pity those who feel stuck with only 1 heritage to fight over. Facts be known, they might be directly related to those they hate. Of course, some people hate relatives worse than strangers. Especially if they contribute genes that predispose you to deadly disease or madness.

What's the horror in unvarnished truth? Makes guilty scream or shudder, those who don't participate bitter or envious; insiders circle their wagons and load weapons. You can tell when people know they're wrong. They begin name calling, like *a cancer*. McCain calls any talk of past Viet Nam experiences "opening old wounds"; for him talk of cancer was more like salting a raw gash. Why hang around mental defectives? Society is already driven between extremes of hypercritical and insensitive leading to endless conflict. Best to defuse conflict. He generally sidestepped accusers and tormenters, since, how things are, society refuses to interact nicely. But that doesn't deal with their rudeness, tough to patiently bear.

The real horror is people who can't get along, who resort to taking advantage of others, turn troubles that can be solved into disasters or genocide. Understandably, in one's own grief you sometimes overlook another's. When his mother died of a cerebral tumor, his family was devastated. It happened all at once. She wasn't one to exercise regularly, raised nine children, effort enough. But it wasn't aerobic. She knew little of vegetarian food, served fried spam, the tinned meat, with ketchup. She played cards badly, okay only when she wasn't teamed up with you. She did, however, baby-sit grandchildren, help elderly get groceries, and open her purse to undeserving prodigals. Although under a doctor's care, her complaint of tiredness for 2 years was completely misdiagnosed—she should have been tired given her history! Doctor wouldn't order tests. HMOs set policies and prices. Hospitals squeeze patients for a little extra. As a minimum, hospitals should be made to reveal how much that amount will deviate before patient incurs

any cost, but a sick patient isn't in much of a position to refuse care or shop around. It's a license to steal. By law in many states, hospitals can't deny service or force you to pay, but that doesn't ensure good treatment. They never would have known what ailed her if he hadn't insisted on a CAT scan, which clearly revealed an operable tumor, and got her hospitalized immediately. But, when visitor's hours ended and they went home, same doctor ordered her out of intensive care, where, unsupervised, she died. She'd be alive today if it wasn't for malpractice or murder, pecuniary insurance payouts, and reprehensible lack of caring by medical establishment. There was no settlement, as doctor coldly calculated, since they never prosecute such cases. Nursing friends in ERs report getting bitten, bruised, kicked and scratched by surly patients and splattered with bodily fluids, sins for which his polite mom paid. It's a wonder anyone stays; many don't. A dedicated handful have their hands full with fear, pain, and schemes. Even if cures become available, only prevention can save you from a greedy, wicked World.

A call came in from California. There are a lot of insane people there. A former radio hostess, who had written a book suited for sale at gun shows about perpetual skulking government evil, spoke to him about several hidden horrors. Why not address reported atrocities? According to her there were warehouses full of body bags with 1-way zippers, enough to go around for 75% of nation's population. If so many die, who'll care? Was warned of elegant elitism of Bank of Rothschild, failures of medicine—nearly killed her husband, who's now alright—how there's no difference between either candidate for office—both stooges for bigger powers—importance of home ownership, and takeover of America by foreign billionaires. Bless their *little* hearts. It was the usual spiel he'd heard so often among those not busy creating a future for everyone around them. Losers see conspiracies in everything. There's a general wish to impune anyone other than themselves for their own failures and whatever impending ruin mankind faces, should doom suddenly raise its ugly head and make them look clairvoyant. Doom is their self-fulfilling prophecy. Ignoring doomsayers doesn't seem to alter outcomes. Best not to indulge in fantasies of final explosions of a Death Star that irrevocably alters all life as you know it. Evil empires exist on all levels, from families to nations, even bike clubs. All people in a population, whether they participate or not, affect how things are. A few work tirelessly for little—carry poor losers and rich parasites until they become either themselves or fall flat in their faces—and rest live off tax paid pensions and trust funds.

One can say that at noon he'll have lunch, then eat lunch at noon. A better term for this than prophecy is *planning*. Where's there a prophet who can predict the unpredictable? Even *he* could definitely say America is doomed, but not how or when. If it weren't for barrier of 2 big oceans, it would have already happened. Demotivated couch potatoes and fuelish nonvoters will always be beaten. All organized systems, whether galactic, organic, physical, or societal, are destined for dissolution due to entropy, a fixed law of physics and universal constant. Everything seeks its lowest energy state by releasing its stored energy. Steel rusts. Workers retire then die. The only things that endure without renewal are either of too little value to exploit or practically inert: dirt, dust, played out veins in an abandoned mine. Nations that don't continually restore diverse cooperation and mass prosperity are just as surely destined to collapse and decay.

Everyone is fighting with good versus evil. But battleground isn't out in World, it's within. Each has to control an impulse to be driven insane by incomprehensible input. Each has to limit event horizon, map a short destination, move toward it, see it through. He had made his millennium list, picked an issue he could do something about, and set about doing it. Getting approval to build an area-wide bike system was going to take years, if not his entire remaining lifetime. It would raise quality of life for everyone; even those who didn't use it would benefit by its presence, increases in property value, mitigation of traffic, reductions in health costs, and so forth. With cost of gasoline spiraling out of control, people may eventually just use existing roads with no sharing worries. Of course, this would mean road quality would decline; mountain bikes will then rule. Bikeways now might forestall the inevitable.

If anyone could be called a cancer, it's leaders who have no intention of serving those who follow. Parasites are guided by self interest to destroy host. Of ills that can befall man, this was nothing to blithely tolerate. Disease, federal policies, morbidity, ravages of weather, unfair foreign competition were all to be raged against, even if little could be done to defeat them. He'd never kowtow to phonies. Because he wouldn't tolerate pettiness and smug malfeasance, a fat-assed namecalling insider, Pam Cloon, practically went postal, which connotes violent craziness; could also once have meant Johnny Legstrong adulation in another context. People always think since you're a bicyclist, you're also a Legstrong wannabe. Americans grabbed attention, made history, set records, but what did it mean? Only that someone—not merely a countryman—exceptional found a niche suited to a talent. So what?

Good for victor, nothing for struggling masses. They don't give trophies for constant farmers, diligent manufacturers, geologists who find new oil deposits, or outsiders who bring critical issues to light, all far more important.

Why call names? Why not raise issues, i.e., club presidency? Leadership should be for special people who possess people skills, smarts, solutions. Candidates, including Pam, didn't respect members enough to put together a few words on why they'd want position. The onus was on candidates to show why they merit club's trust with a turnover of about \$60,000 a year [members dues x 800 = \$15,000, plus \$25 x 1800 at the big fundraising event = \$45,000 = \$60,000]. Buys a lot of paint; 5 cans average x 56 rides x \$5 retail = \$1,400. How much for pbjs, police, t-shirts, and water? All volunteering is allegedly unpaid. Other similar events raise a sizable surplus for charities. Why was that? All he heard from those who ran was, "Who'd want the job?" as they clawed over each other for it. Doesn't inspire trust. At stake was advocacy, good will and reputation of the oldest bicycling club in nation. Instead reigns are passed under cover of more important World events. Then bylaws are suddenly simplified, as if to bury any deviations from nonprofit rules from investigative scrutiny.

He decided finding his niche wasn't something he'd be denied. Upon doing all required work for an A in an elective college philosophy course, his professor gave him a B. Naturally, with a straight A cum, he challenged it. Bastard reserved A's for those who could go on to become philosophers, and pronounced he'd never become one. Rightly, he vigorously objected, "Bullshit! Who are *you* to say who'll become a philosopher? What sort of criterion is that to meet?" He got his mark instantly raised to an A-. It came to pass that this professor was somewhat vindicated; he decided becoming a philosopher was an intense waste. Just look what happened to Bruno. Professor was never heard of again either, produced nothing of merit in any circles, and rapidly faded into oblivion.

What struck him was how poor this transaction had been, its arbitrariness, dishonesty, intellectual bait and switch of setting requirements then lazily grading by staircase method, petty personal preference, total lack of integrity. Seemed to go along with any pursuit suited to those who seek to wriggle out of responsibilities, words instead of actions. It raised all sorts of questions. Who ever got an A? What did they do to earn it? What signs warned you were off track? Why weren't they reinforced throughout? These discrepancies point to process. If he began with good intentions, dealt honestly, followed through, and fully covered his ass, nobody

should ever be able to accuse him falsely, but who plays fairly? Times when he deviated from this basic formula blew up in his face or came back to haunt him, just as his accusers would learn if not too ignorant to grasp this. In fact, his long successful career had a lot to do with this process. He took chances, which mostly failed but rarely succeeded, and stuck mostly to a prescribed course of behavior easy to tolerate. When does fortune favor the brave? Promise only what you're sure you can deliver.

He once was diagnosed as bordering on obese, how people who play it safe often wind up. He began walking, logging an extra 300 miles over 15 weeks. Didn't lose any weight, just increased his appetite. Had to try something totally new. Aerobics and weightlifting are pretty boring, not something anyone wants to do over and over, although some do despite their shortcomings. The only thing that interested him was bicycling. Rode often when a kid and young adult fully grown, and weighed *only half*. Must have had something to it. Bicycling long distances is a nearly ideal workout: healthier than sitting and watching television as your arteries harden, less likely to cause heel spurs or shin splints than jumping, running or walking, and minimal potential for broken bones, decapitation or muscle tears as in weightlifting. Might go out early in morning and return late in afternoon. The 1st several miles you break a sweat and breathe hard; your butt might chafe, hands go numb, and thighs ache. Soon discomforts fade as lungs fill and muscles load with oxygenated blood. You scarcely puff climbing steepest hills. Your body enters an elevated state: core temperature spike destroys invading viruses, fights cancers, increases immunity, and lasts a couple days until next ride. He trimmed 60 pounds, and, while not at his target weight, nobody recognized him, noted increased muscle mass. The only downside is an occasional post ride cramp, generally caused by lack of fluids. To avoid, had to rehydrate religiously after, before and during.

If he were suddenly crowned emperor he'd take people's cars away and hand them bicycles. Then cyclists wouldn't have to compete with mo-ves and everyone would be healthier. Since that's never going to happen, have to make it as easy as possible for people to try bicycling, not *just* for recreation, but as a practical transportation alternative. It's *riding daily* that really induces wellness, as in commutes to work or visits to shops. He never made a trip without deciding whether he could do it by bike, thereby eliminating *half* his motoring miles. But not everyone could manage as he. He herded mo-ves, passed on left, rode on bridges and highways, and tried many things he wouldn't recommend to others

without considerable experience. If they tried, eventually they'd match his experience, but it should be an individual's choice alone. So, instead, he hoped to change how businesses, cities, motorists and states perceive cycling and plan infrastructure, since, unlike riders, they were obligated by law to do something.

Bicycling is not only good exercise, it's a cure for smoking, resource depletion, traffic congestion, unhealthy lifestyles, and a wasteland of other ills. It cries to be promoted on the scale of automobile sales, cigarette use, soft drink consumption, and whole lot of nonprofits combined, since prevention will always be the best cure. In industrialized countries, only tobacco exceeds sloth as a health risk. Sitting around watching television cost more than \$50 billion/year in otherwise unnecessary healthcare costs. In relation to these statistics, the World Health Organization suggests bicycling as a "highly suitable" way to increase activity. HMO's don't even compensate smoke cessation, would rather pay thousands of times more for claims by sick smokers. Prevention, you'd think, would serve their interests: less outgo, more income. But they devote little toward this ideal, and you can only guess why.

Those who smoke claim it eases stress. True for a moment, but it creates more stress later, as does any addiction. Substance abuse not only ensnares its victim, it directly harms innocents surrounding—children, nonsmokers, waiters—through current 2nd-hand smoke and later losses of health, jobs, lives. Asthmatics often come from smoking households. Each year 56,000 nonsmokers die of smoking. Smokers cause a net loss of \$200 billion per year for which everyone pays, including you. Smoking causes disease and loss even when direct link remains unexplained, for instance, drivers distracted by cigarette ash who crash or drunken smokers who fall asleep and light houses on fire. Bad habits are not just self-destructive but affect families, restaurants, surrounding public, theatres, and cause fires and loss of life. Worse, stress is rumored to be responsible for cancer and other diseases. Facts are clear if you bother to sort them out, search out root causes. Drinking, smoking, and substance abuse lead inevitably to ill effects including stress. Behaving nicely, biking, eating right, and walking more lead to good things, maybe great things. With such obvious facts, you'd think people would simply give up hateful, stupid, wasteful acts. PSAs aimed at raising this awareness have been like whistling into wind, practically futile. People prefer cancer, pain, self torture.

Tobacco smoke contains some 300 known carcinogens, as bad a habit as they now know. Why subject your lungs to this filth? Not only does it mutate cells, it clogs alveoli causing chronic obstruc-

tive bronchitis, which is always fatal. Millions of people who used to smoke quit. Surgeon General made cigarette manufacturers claim health warnings. Good. But every action has an equal and opposite reaction. Enough don't quit and manufacturers are free to ignore dangers. Since they put labels warning of health risks, they have a license to make cigarettes as addictive and injurious as they want. They exonerate themselves. Quality control goes to hell; floor sweepings and rat fur are fair ingredients. Cigarettes are more poisonous than ever. They might have banned tobacco altogether, but this would open black market trafficking resulting in even more deaths, just like other drugs they've banned. What's the solution? Look at numbers; whichever leads to least loss of life, followed by property loss, do it. Afterwards, you'll probably find they've done the best they could except for not keeping tobacco out of schools and having smokers pay bigger healthcare premiums.

Smoking may be your worse habit, but there's plenty of other causes of cancer. Concentrated fumes, food additives, lack of antioxidants in foods, and who knows what else, worrisome black bile dominating a person's temperament? Foisted upon you by unfair trade by reasons for which you won't repent, an *auto-mobile*, your average car, is a key source of bile against oneself, practically warning you by its name. Nobody pays attention to obvious clues. Petroleum is among the most toxic substances on Earth, only its effects act slowly compared to biotoxins, metals, or venom.

Do drugs open doors to hidden perceptions? Or do they make you a lazy, stupid consumer. With widespread use for over 50 years in America, it's quite obvious they don't do much to make World a better place, negatively impact arts, commerce, social responsibilities, turn users into emotional cripples, parasites, and religious fanatics. Drunks and stoners might be fun to watch, but not after you compute what they cost you.

If health means legalizing drugs, so be it. He didn't think people who aren't addicted would suddenly kill themselves with junk. If parlors were set up, like bar rooms, addicts could get stoned with less danger to society and themselves. Orient's opium dens persisted well into last century. This could control distribution, localize, shut off abusers. Gang slayings over turf and thefts for drug habits would diminish. Frankly, America hasn't cured this by interdiction. But he didn't want his kid taking them, nor would you want them in schools, where they already are. Antidrug education didn't work. As a class of miscreants, drug possessors shouldn't be locked up with drug vendors or murderers. It's too petty an offense to incarcerate over, less than domestic violence or DUI but

easier to indict, more a psychological illness to cure. By their logic, you might as well lock up overeaters, too. Food can be just as much a drug. Yet so much transgression is drug related you wonder whether root problem is abuse of drugs, civic pressures, or laws themselves that make criminals of nonconformists. False conviction in a failed construct produces convicts.

Nothing leads to more stress than trying to pilot a huge land vessel politely, except trying to survive off a world compromised by petroleum based pollution. British researchers say that average motorists facing rush hour commutes exhibit more signs of stress than jet fighter pilots preparing for flight into combat. If true, the very act of driving itself can cause cancer. Where's the upside to motoring? It's not those who obey laws who are the problem. In a true life incident, an illegal alien hiding behind a dozen aliases carjacks a girl feeling safe in her SUV waiting for her mother in a crowded lot, then brutalizes and rapes her, and governor and mayor argue over what to do. Illegal is illegal, law is law, what's the argument? Toss this exceptional bum into jail until deporting to a worse jail. Do nothing about legal aliens. Process illegal ones. Quit trying to make political points out of splinter issues. Do your job.

Bicycling won't cure World's ills, make you more beautiful, richer, smarter or wiser, and, if so, only marginally. Motorists encase themselves in steel cages to keep out cold, heat, homeless beggars, muggers, odors, packs of wild dogs, wet, and whatever else they find offensive. They'd feel too vulnerable on a bike. And so, they become detached, don't fully experience community, embrace evil, lose their sense of humor, and sit in judgement. Bicycling keeps you humble, saves your soul, or turns you into a filthy beggar, offensive only in appearance or smell, not so environmentally destructive.

Funny what you remember and what you forget. People don't remember events, ideas or things, just how they *felt* about them. Today's issues soon fade. This is just what gangsters feed upon. If they're ever caught, they meekly testify how they're the victims, make jury feel as if they could have made the same bad decisions. "Sympathy for Satan" sang the Stones. Individuals *feel*, but societies *fail* when members forget their duty to others because they're too wrapped up in their own idea of fun. But this doesn't matter much, as long as whoever's in charge isn't out for fun at your expense.

People are mainly motivated by 3 things: duty, fame and fortune. You can't live in a market economy unless capital flows in somehow. If you're famous, income seems to all by itself. These 2 are linked. Even heinous convicts on death row, by virtue of fame, sign big book deals for their heirs to enjoy, as if a duty to make up

for less than exemplary lives. World's a pretty sick place. Why not just do what's *right* and forget this getting/spending/self-aggrandizing lifestyle? There are no tombstones that say, "Wished he could have spent more time in office." Many do say, "Beloved/devoted child/father/husband/mother/wife." Nobody remembers how much money you made, just how you made them feel. Robert Frost, buried in Bennington, got to write his own epitaph, "I had a love-hate relationship with the World," probably as good as it gets.

Poetry died, collapsed upon itself from too much self indulgence, through too many attempts to pander. All this effort for some simple lines, tap dance meter which ends in rhymes, proved too much for modern spans of attention to supply on a weak constitution. His busted body was too tired to chase what most ignore as an instance of spleen, a bit of bad beef, dumb born books, envoys between he and thee, feverish hallucinations, love lost. Time swallows entire civilizations, never mind individual legacies. The wretched gift of eternity's still a loss. In all, it's a continuum of lonely thoughts, frames filled with darkness, some solitary glowering light bulb dangling. Ideas just occur and you forget them or you write them down to rid yourself of their repeating in your head. But then you've exploded your bile onto some unsuspecting victim. Better you remain silent? For whom? Envision a positive World where everyone, each a poet, writes out all hate, then, unread, offers it up in a furnace where, incinerated, its smoke rises to heaven, smiled upon, sustains some goodness. All works of man, stone carvings to textfiles, slowly decay. But too slowly to stop cancer. Let dead cells wash away. Let seas rise above spray. Once crawled out, must journey hence. As salmon spawn to instinctive nests, need a direction that makes some sense.

