

Insert Clever Title Here

Seriously,
that's the title

(Poetry, Prose and Surprises)



by David Mitchell Jacobs Schwartz

Please save paper and read this fine collection by digital means!

Read this page because it's slightly amusing and lays some of the groundwork for the ensuing chaos.

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The background artwork is by N. S. S. Jacobs. You can even buy some at <http://www.art2uplift.com> and <https://tinyurl.com/nssjart>. Check out her novel at <https://www.harvalan.com!>

The bumper stickers were created by David Mitchell Jacobs Schwartz. The White Rose Society today is based upon the small group of young German activists who stood up to the Reich.

Previously Published:

"Sweet Child" in Inkblot magazine, Clayton, MO, 1984 "farmer death" in Broadside, Bradley University, Peoria, IL 1987

"Lunchtime in the Quad" in Number One, vol. 42, University of Missouri-Kansas City Press, 1989

Also by David M. Schwartz:

5/8 of Everything I've Written

"Ho-Ho," Said The Platypus and Other Snappy Titles

Amber Waves of Nausea

A Pickle For Bernice

Hey! I Just Write This Stuff

Winter Poems...More Snow In My Thoughts Than On Television

Get Your Own Delusions of Grandeur

Leased Loved Poems By A Relative Unknown Who's Probably Not Your Relative Jubilation

How About A Nose Squeeze?

Overture or Undertow

Please do not read this in the bathroom or any unclean place due to the spiritual nature of some of the pieces. Some material may offend you, but it is offered to in either good humor or as societal rebuke. When I'm not looking for work, learning Jewish lore, or doing chores, I might as well keep my mind active. Thus, my mental playground does not shut down during a pandemic.

If you want to bribe me to never publicly publish another collection again, I'm not opposed to unmarked large bills. However, you'll have to try harder because I haven't received any offers yet. Please enjoy this in digital format. If you must print it, please do so double-sided and recycle as needed when finished. If you wish to support my professional or artistic work, my **Pay-Pal** account email is david@dmjs.us. My VenMo address is @artsypoets. See more at <https://dmjs.us/about/creative-work/> or read about my professional aspirations at <https://www.dmjs.us> and <https://www.linkedin.com/in/davidmjschwartz/>!

This volume includes short thoughts in prose format, poetry, and short stories! Don't expect it all to make sense, but it may distract you from your troubles and calm you, or perplex you. In this age of a pandemic, it was time to collect it all together and try to uplift the masses.

For my soulmate Naomi, Mae, Mia, and other family and friends, whether or not I've met them yet. If my work doesn't tweak your existence or cause a paradigm shift of some sort, you aren't paying attention.



אהבת לרעך כמוך 🌈 🌲 🙏 🎵 ♻️ ❤️ 👽 ☺️

Love your neighbor as yourself (Leviticus 19:18)

"Deep in my heart, I do believe that we shall overcome some day."

RESIST FASCISM WITH LOVE!



The Basic Ingredients For A Haphazard Collection

All Hail Latvia
There's A Nut On The Floor, Nelly Norbert
Blur
Mango
"Alt" Labels
You're My Little Glockenspiel
Fade
Peanut Butter Cookie (Pithy Nonsense)
Excerpt From A Honky-Tonk Manifesto Nightmare
Kinnah L'5778 (Lamentation for 2018)
Malchut (Kingship)
A Parable
A Chanukah Offering
I Used To Believe
The Audacity Of Cornflakes
Not Mutton
The Terrible Parable
A Simple Story
Unprintable (Yet Here It Is)
Amoral Of This Story
Freestyle Or Freedom
The "It's Supposed To Sound This Way" Blues
Stock Up Now
David's Viral Apocalypse Blues
Lifelong Confusion Blues
Spirits In My Fingers
Pre-K Amateur Hour
Emotional Laxative
Cornflake Rebellion (The Poetic Rebirth Of A Freak)
Meditation For A Pandemic Or An Other Crisis
At The End
Diagonal Circularity



All Hail Latvia February 22, 2016

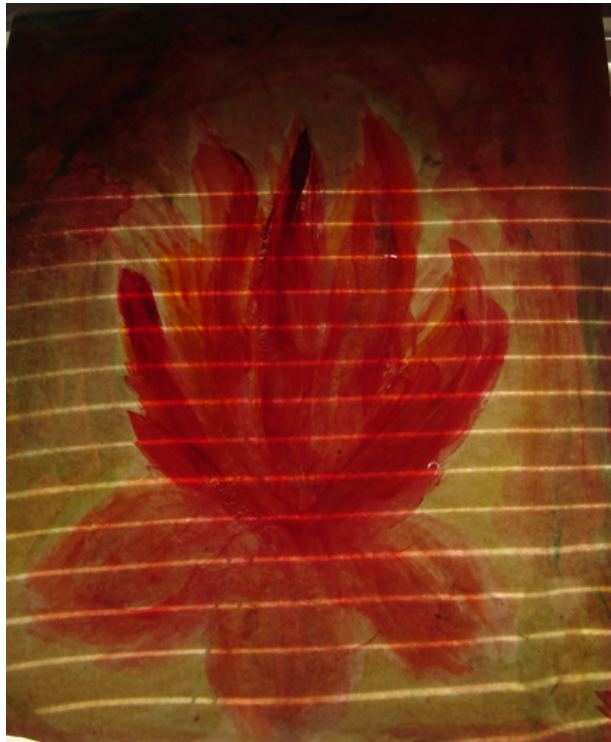
Upon spying a license plate frame that read Latvia, I devised this small rhyme to wear down the opposition of fascists and no-goodniks everywhere. Repeat ad nauseum for 120 times.

All hail Latvia, not Spotvia, Potvia, or Hotvia. All Hail Latvia! They're do for some fake news!

Please note that some of my mother's side is actually from Lithuania. We're all neighbors, especially online during the pandemic!

"Fire Lotus"

By Naomi Susan Schwartz Jacobs



There's A Nut On The Floor, Nelly Norbert May 14, 2017

I was never much a country singer
or cowboy poetry writer.

Yet I must confess when I put on my favorite old shirt
I'd rather nobody approach me with a lighter.

This piece will have verses three or four.
The world may fall from its orbit if I attempt more.
My point today is to warn you in no rude way,
There's a nut on the floor, Nelly Norbert.

You could let the dust settle all you like.
You can stack stuff on the tables, the counter, or even on your bike.
When all's said and done , and the cookin' was fun,
there will still be a nut on the floor, Nelly Norbert.

I could sweep and mop if you wanted me to.
I could collect all the scraps for a collage with glue.
Yet there's only so much dirt I can stand.
Though you aren't really Nelly, I'll still be your man.

Blur May 16, 2017

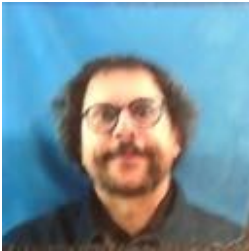
I'm out in front of the Boulder bus station,
waiting for a plane, train, a drain pipe
hanging low in the bathroom ready to eagerly greet my forehead.

I've read too much Kerouac, seen too many detective shows
yet I almost expect the sultry wind and street heat
to slap me while a saxophone plays.

Am I just past dreaming, walking half-dazed in fantasy
of what I'd rather be doing, or choices I'd change?
All is grey in my dreams, though I live in a world of should and shouldn't.
Black and white are not evil or good.

So in five decades, I suddenly find myself
wishing I had firm answers, about meaning wealth, work, family G-d.
All day long, I am flooded with more questions.
I only want silence and calm.

Boulder is a town of mindful lack of substance.
There's so much self-awareness that people forget
the sound of others' heavy breathing on a cold, rainy night
in what could be a murder mystery suspense dream. Poof! I've vanished.



Mango June 20, 2017

Mango in your drink, the walls, the stairs,
In your car, your clothes, most certainly your hair.

There's lots of mango in your home.
Be careful where you dance or roam.
Do the Fox-Trot, the Lindy,
But don't tango on the mango.
You might slip and fall on Cindy.

Mango, mango, in a blender mushy.
Mango in the bowl and tender.
Will you eat some suspended mid-air?
Will you pull it from your beard or hair,
and stuff it in your mouth, and chew, chew, chew?



“Cosmic Venus” by Naomi Susan Schwartz Jacobs

“Alt” Labels August 20, 2017

I think of these “alt” labels as misnomers. 1. I reframe them as alternatives to right or left. As an aside, the “alternative” music label or average song never sat well with me. 2. The word “alternative” can imply choice, like a sugar alternative, instead of the real thing. Such alternatives sometimes have unintended consequences like lab rat health issues or human headaches. 3. The alternative to left would be right, but not necessarily correct. 4. The alternative to right would be left, but not necessarily correct nor incorrect. 5. Alter can be a verb meaning to change something, but not completely, to make clothes fit better, or to spay or neuter animals. 6. In Yiddish, it can mean elder or be a boy’s name fit for someone adventurous and a seeker. 7. I personally don’t like the term “alt” as connoting superiority, magnification, or being above or more extreme. 8. No matter how some try, alternative facts seem to be falsehoods, not truths which were not previously considered. 9. Expand the theme of being an alternative to something. Alt-up would mean down, alt-down would mean up, and alt-wrong would mean right. Hold on! How can you have two rights if right is right and alt-wrong is also right? Moreover, two rights make neither a wrong nor a left. 10. In sum, I believe I am right that all is wrong, and to borrow from John Lennon: “That is, I think it’s not too bad”. “That is, I think I disagree.”

You're My Little Glocksenspiel September 15, 2017 for NSSJ

You're my little glocksenspiel, glocksenspiel, glocksenspiel, glocksenspiel.

You're my darling, little glocksenspiel, glocksenspiel, glocksenspiel, glocksenspiel.

You're my affectionate, darling, little glocksenspiel, glocksenspiel, glocksenspiel, glocksenspiel.

You're my affectionate, beautiful, darling, little glocksenspiel, glocksenspiel, glocksenspiel, glocksenspiel.

You're my affectionate, beautiful, caring, darling, little glocksenspiel, glocksenspiel, glocksenspiel, glocksenspiel.

You're my affectionate, beautiful, caring, darling, earnest, little glocksenspiel, glocksenspiel, glocksenspiel, glocksenspiel.

You're my affectionate, beautiful, caring, darling, earnest, little, zesty glocksenspiel, glocksenspiel, glocksenspiel, glocksenspiel.

You're my affectionate, beautiful, caring, darling, earnest, little, youthful, zesty glocksenspiel, glocksenspiel, glocksenspiel, glocksenspiel.

You're my affectionate, beautiful, caring, darling, earnest, little, wise, youthful, zesty glocksenspiel, glocksenspiel, glocksenspiel, glocksenspiel.

You're my affectionate, beautiful, caring, darling, earnest, fetching, generous little, vivacious, wise, youthful, zesty glocksenspiel, glocksenspiel, glocksenspiel, glocksenspiel.

You're my affectionate, beautiful, caring, darling, earnest, fetching, generous, harmonious, imaginative, little, trustworthy, understanding, vivacious, wise, youthful, zesty glocksenspiel, glocksenspiel, glocksenspiel, glocksenspiel.

You're my affectionate, beautiful, caring, darling, earnest, fetching, generous, harmonious, imaginative, joyful, kindhearted, little, modest, romantic, scholarly, trustworthy, understanding, vivacious, wise, youthful, zesty glocksenspiel, glocksenspiel, glocksenspiel, glocksenspiel.

You're my affectionate, beautiful, caring, darling, earnest, fetching, generous, harmonious, imaginative, joyful, kindhearted, loyal, little, modest, neighborly, optimistic, productive, quirky, romantic, scholarly, trustworthy, understanding, vivacious, wise, youthful, zesty glocksenspiel, glocksenspiel, glocksenspiel, glocksenspiel.

You're my little glocksenspiel, glocksenspiel, glocksenspiel, glocksenspiel and I love you!

Malchut (Kingship) October 23, 2017 Note that out of respect for the Holy name, the Creator is referred to as G-d or HaShem (literally, The Name, further spelled as H-Shem out of respect). There is some disagreement amongst Jewish sources as to whether to use H-Shem or Adonai (L-rd). Also note that some people spell it as a K instead of a hard ch sound.

“Malchut is the very lowest of the Sefirot (emanations), but it may be the most important in that it supports everything else. Rather than have attributes put upon us, we reflect back to G-d’s kingship, and a few weeks ago we gave H-Shem a crown of kingship. We say the following phrase every time we take out the Torah: “H-Shem melech, H-Shem malach, H-Shem yimloch l’olam va’ed. (G-d reigns, G-d has reigned, G-d will reign forever.)” I take comfort in the fact that for all our troubles, H-Shem reigns. I feel small but safe. Stay with me in that smallness. Don’t worry about politicians or rulers. Instead, treat everyone you meet working in a store or elsewhere as if they were a king or queen. That’s how real change begins.”



“Malkut” by Naomi Susan Schwartz Jacobs

My Purpose November 15, 2017

Not everyone has the ability to experience a realization of their purpose in life. Tonight, I was washing dishes, so distressed that I was crying. I was muttering to myself, but there was the answer to my purpose in life. I had THE MOMENT. I said I'm 50 years old. What is that even about? Why am I here? To love and serve. What about other experiences in life like school, social services, retail, or web development? No matter. To love and to serve. What about family dynamics? No matter. To love and to serve. I told my wife and was sad to have gotten to this moment so late, but relieved and full of joy.

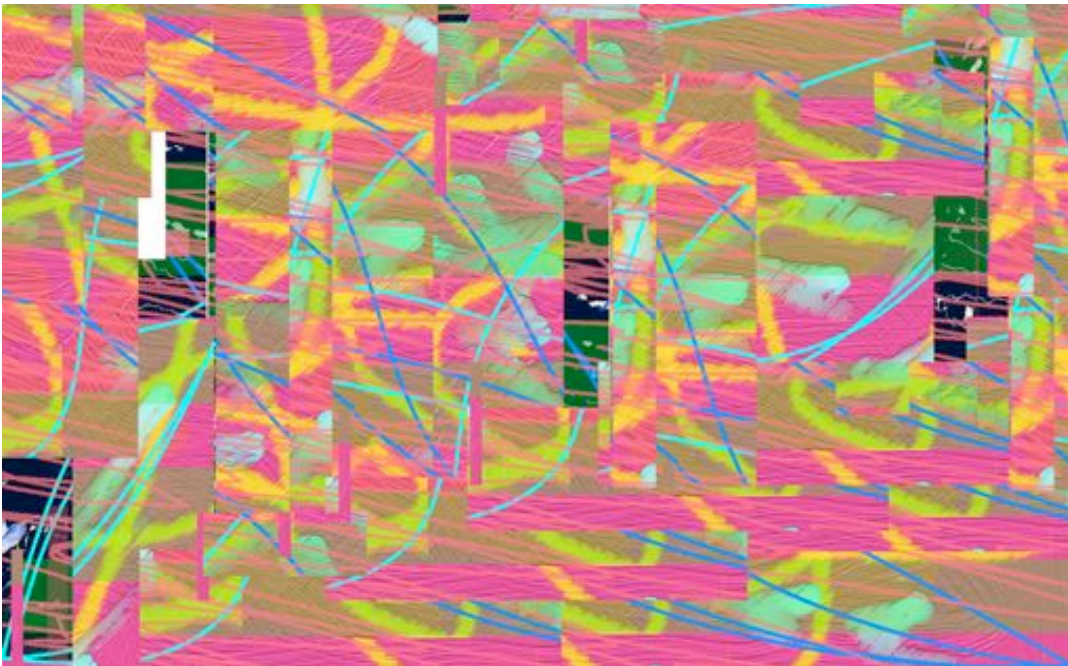
Conclusion: When I say that things don't matter, I mean that the experiences don't detract from my overall mission. Moreover, I can't tell you yours, nor does this experience require me starting a new religion or giving away all worldly possessions. It does not require me to seek suffering, but rather to serve G-d joyfully, to borrow from Psalm 100. Rather, I must continue to simply and humbly follow my path. I bless you with the same realization of your purpose.

Fade December 20, 2017

Like my clothes or dreams
professional goals, old crushes
home made cards...go ahead now.
Fade with me or separately into eternity.

People say they'll remember this or that forever.
Then, I turn as you might, feeling someone behind me.
No, it's only the harsh wind shrieking, not whispering
that forever's gone too.

Take solace with me that your forever and mine will mingle,
so we need not hold pain.
Let it go like the now garbled, twisted mix tape
or high school yearbook comments of people you need not see again.
Hairy, healthy, bald, or gone, all are one like dust or leaves.
Let them flow into stream of conscious poetry
you once considered sacred. Surrender.



“Looking Glass
Garden” by Naomi
Susan Schwartz
Jacobs

Peanut Butter Cookie (Pithy Nonsense) December 20, 2017

Alone in a field,
there you prosecute yourself.
The sentence is life.

You preach to yourself.
Others listen quite bemused.
You could sell tickets.

Gone is our justice
as our nation eats its tail.
Hold fast to hope now.

Note: I didn't really like peanut butter cookies. This is sort of my repair of that situation, and besides, instead of wine and dinner pairings, I prefer random words stuck together with virtual honey or tahini.

Excerpt From A Honky-Tonk Manifesto Nightmare February 18, 2018
For John Prine, of blessed memory

Old farts and birthday cards
along with a tuna sandwich under the desk.
Don't know how they got there, but I wish you the best.
Something green ate your jewelry and it's all grotesque.

I don't like bars so you can't drive me to drink.
It's bad enough that you ask me to think.
When I'm thinkin', I get to hurtin', when hurtin' I cry-y-y...
People only tell me I'm funny or smart that's no lie.

But I have a plan to increase my fame
and I'll make you wish you thought of nothing all the same.
I've suffered for my art, now you'll suffer worse.
The way I see it, I've got poetry and song.
I can stand on the corner all night long.
A cop or a newspaper's bound to happen on me.
The locals will hope I resume my obscurity.

You say you want to end the torture of my rhyme.
If you have the cash, I'll find some other use for my time.
Otherwise, I'll hold the town hostage until to tears you are bored.
One thing's for sure, me you won't ignore.

Pay me to leave or more verse you will grieve.
Put up or shut up I do declare
or I might start on about old farts 'til you numbly stare.



“The Dragon Emerges”
by Naomi Susan Schwartz
Jacobs

Kinnah L'5778 (Lamentation for 2018) 6 Av, 5778 July 18, 2018

How I sit alone bereft and desolate,
once likened to a prince or cypress.

I don't need to bother with sackcloth and ashes, but witness my downfall. Through choice and action, and often inertia, I've been exiled
once from a hot, contentious, holy land,
a second time from birthplace, family and friends,
a third time from chosen home,
a fourth from my nation, decaying under the weight of its own arrogance, led by greedy fools.
It's not just a matter of travel, but a state of mind.

There's distrust on all sides, anger, and if only people would get back to what's real.
For all the prayers, restoration of a bloody sacrifice, I mourn the hope and dream
of a land I never quite knew. But when I speak against her leaders, it's out of love like the prophets!

The same goes in the Unraveling States of Amerikkka, sold to the highest bidder
while the masses go on with their naive day ignoring the needy like Sodom.
The entire planet is sick, ready to spew back the haters, along with Korach and his company,
ready to cast us all out then implode.

The dis-ease has been festering from within me and around
so long that a three week period doesn't help.

There is no lance to drain the wound nor salve.

I have heard it said that all tears are precious,
so why doesn't G-d send water where it's needed most?

I have watched too many taped lectures, head aching, noise blaring on the afternoon of 9 Av
exhorting repentance, and underneath the prating drone is the demand for uniformity.

Yet, I sit alone or cry at night on my bed, no longer able to believe a lock step adherence
to Jewish or civil law and practice will bring salvation. Yet, I remain civil.

Heretic or truth seeker, I sit gazing sometimes. How the hell did I get here?

Where did I go wrong?

Can I live with a family or in community without burning up in anger and fear,
being consumed in strange fire?

Can I get along without worry about retribution and rumination from others or within?

I mourn my lack of trust.

Too often have I burst out crying, praying, pleading,
with a simple statement "I don't know what to do!"

No answer comes. I stopped waiting.

My purpose to love and to serve still holds, but the way is dark. I keep trodding.

It's all I can do to muster a simple smile as a kind act for the day, to bring sunshine
though the sun could have burned out a century ago

and we'd be too lazy to do anything about it

or to say goodbye to each other and freeze.

Instead, we go to movies or to dinner, intentionally ignorant of our fall.

I am alone as are others, whether sequestered or in a crowd.

The mourning doesn't always abate fast to fast, since 70 CE.

Always there's an undercurrent, and I am aware that I will also become blissfully unaware,

yet I don't quite fit, nor you. If only we'd unite, what a light we'd be!

Yet, we remain hung up on too many rules or too little practice.

The stories here and there are not so different: imposing rules and demanding adherence, you don't like my lifestyle and I feel the same for you.

One day, when I was a youth, I tried to say hello, but was ignored and rebuffed.

A fine example of piety you are! A fine example of hypocrisy I've become.

I'm looking deeper than ever at myself, my faith, and world. Have I been as loving as I could?

Have I set enough boundaries to protect myself, that I not spill out like water onto desert, leaving nothing left?

Have I been so self-critical or have you to have entirely missed the point of life?

Wouldn't that be the greatest sin of all?

Rather than Temple service, I pray to be a vessel,

not needing to analyze, but simply, intuitively loving and serving.

A Parable October 26, 2018

Once there was a remote mountainous village, so isolated and forsaken that neither carriage nor train stopped near it, and it was forgotten by the tides of war and fortune. It was barely self-sufficient. In the village lived a couple. They were simple, pious, poor people eking out a living as best as they knew how. They prayed for change, but none came. They prayed for a child, but none came. Seconds dragged into hours into days and one day, they realized that they had lost all hope and meaning in life. They could not bear to die, much less to live.

One day, the woman said to the man, "I'm tired of our lot. I wish to leave here." The man grew silent and tearful having had this same experience, but he could no longer keep it to himself. "I'm tired too. Which way should we head? What if we can't find our way back here," he asked in a faltering, weary voice. The woman responded "There's not a lot for which to return, but we'll sell off our possessions take food and money, and set off."

Now, in this village, no one ever seemed to move in or out. There were very few births, one school, occasional funerals, and everyone knew one another. The townspeople scoffed and few had any money to buy or recirculate the couple's meager belongings. They took a huge loss just to unload their furniture. After a month, they were able to lock up their empty hovel, hide their key, and set off. They went down each possible street or alley as the town was built in a circle, but found no road to a larger path.

One of the town's few children, was an eleven year old girl who asked "Why are you leaving?" "For a better life with meaning," the woman replied. "My parents say there's no such thing as meaning. They never knew it, nor their parents. If I have children, mine won't either." Nonetheless, she had the hunch to lead them to the town junk collector. "Why would you bring us here of all places?", the man inquired. With that, the junk collector, stooped from years of hard work and worry, abruptly turned around to face them. "Memories", he said, scowling. The girl disappeared and the couple looked at each other, and blinked with surprise. "Memories, you say?", the woman asked? In a gruff voice, the junk collector said "I collect others' memories long forgotten. I hold what the town can barely keep and I'm tired of the job. When I go, the town's memories will die with me, and all knowledge of this place will cease as if it never had been." The man was shocked and asked "What about the people here?" It's not like anyone comes through anyhow." The junk collector sighed and sadly smiled. He showed them old photographs, clothes, dishes, and dolls. "I heard you are seeking hope and meaning. What are you willing to risk or barter?" The woman replied: "You're a junk collector and we're all poor. What do you expect from us?" The man muttered to himself, and took off his grandfather's watch, long since broken, incapable of being wound. He offered it to the junk collector. The junk collector wrung his hands, smiled broadly and exclaimed "The very one I've been seeking! Right this way! I must warn you that you'll want to give up, but I can find you an exit."

Without an answer, he pushed them on their backs down a long, dark hall. He left them fumbling in silence, until they felt for a doorknob, and it opened into a world they never knew existed. Birds and butterflies fluttered and a warm breeze carried the sweet smell of flowers. There was a gurgling brook, and up from it walked the same girl. Oddly, she was perfectly dry. She asked while smiling "Have you found hope and meaning yet?" "No", replied the man, "but we'd love to live here." The girl pointed to a cow "Go ask the cow if it found meaning." Again, she disappeared without warning. "Cow, have you found happiness, hope, and meaning?", the

woman asked. "No, they won't take my milk, they say I'm too old and dry to slaughter me for food. Look at me, I'm perfectly healthy. I merely graze. Go ask the walrus." Just then, the girl reappeared to motion over the walrus, whom she fed. Then, she descended back into the middle of the brook. The woman was captivated as the flowers on the green edge changed from green to red to purple to orange and back again to green. The walrus finished chewing and stared at them. "Meaning?!" How strange that you came to me. Get you both from here. You aren't ready to learn!"

They wondered aloud if there was anywhere to stay or to build a home. While walking bewildered, they came upon a sunflower. It bent toward them and away, dropping petals. "Boy, girl, eat my seeds on the ground in front of you." The woman exclaimed indignantly "We are woman and man. How dare you?!" The sunflower shook as if raging. "Have it your way. Your pride will be your demise. Eat the seeds." Though they had eaten sunflower seeds once or twice before, this time, they heard buzzing in their ears. They were lightheaded. The sunflower withered before them and the brook turned to gravel. They couldn't believe that the lush meadow was scorched and that the sun beat down mercilessly.

They were tired and hungry by that point, and decided to sit on the ground with their belongings. They didn't know which way to turn as they were dizzy, but not hallucinating. The man put his head between his knees. "What if this is all there is and all our lives we are being somehow punished for some unknown sin?"

The woman asked: "No one would believe our experiences in the town. Who would believe that we are being punished for not trusting a cow, a walrus, or a sunflower?" The man was weeping by now, still downcast. "We must be in hell. Maybe the village was just practice." The woman just scanned the area wearily.

A healthy young man in cargo shorts with a walking stick came up to them and sat down amiably. They noticed that he was wearing the same watch given to the junk collector. "You must be the man and woman looking for meaning and hope! Let me know how that works out for you!" He threw his head back and laughed. "Wh-who are you and how did you get my grandfather's watch?!", asked the man who by now was shocked that they had a visitor, especially one wearing an ancient broken watch. "It's not broken at all. I just built it yesterday. As for being your grandfather, there's no one around here to marry and that girl you saw died ten years ago. I'll tell you what. Give me some of your food, and I'll tell you all I know about hope and meaning."

The woman suddenly looked pale, realizing she'd been without food for what seemed like seven hours. "Not to be rude, but please give us a few moments." "Certainly, but it's a time limited offer," the watchmaker genially replied. He walked about 15 feet away, twirled around his walking stick, and the couple debated for a few minutes. "I don't like the sound of it. He's trying to trick us," the man said. "Maybe, but even though I'm hungry, maybe there's a chance," she replied. He tried to reason with her. "Look. Neither of us liked it back there. The only chance I see is the likelihood we'll either starve, get sick, be attacked, or be fighting with one another when we should be unified to survive this ordeal." She retorted. "All our lives we waited. For

what? We have to try something. I will give him from my food. You can keep yours and I promise not to ask for any.” “It’s not a bright idea, and I don’t want to lose you. I don’t like the pressure, but al-alright.” He finally relented.

The woman waved the watchmaker over and gave him a piece of fruit and a small bag of nuts she’d been saving. “That’s all you can spare. Really?”, the watchmaker shook his head sadly and said “Nothing is as it seems. I’ve not eaten in five weeks. There’s no meaning or hope. You just exist.” The man stood up angrily and threw a rock off into the distance. “How can that be? Have we just been blindly following along, doing good deeds to satisfy the whims of a capricious deity?” How can there be no hope and meaning in our village, or what was the meadow, or anywhere else? How is it that girl was so real but is dead, and you insist you made the watch? Do you expect us to really believe that we went back in time?”

The couple hadn’t noticed that the healthy young man had lost hair while the man was railing at his experience of injustice. He was now curled on the ground in a fetal position, clutching the walking stick and crumbling the nut shells on the ground. He whispered hoarsely “Yet, you insist there’s a deity and such a thing as time. I pity you.” With a few short puffs, he exhaled and turned completely ashen. The woman tried to gently rouse him, but pulled her hand back in horror. He turned into a clod of grey mud, leaving the watch and the walking stick, and his backpack with some matches and a note. “Walk parallel to the sun between the valley and the mountains.” By then, it was growing dark and they were in an empty field. There was a small bush with which to start a fire, but they were afraid of staying overnight. Nonetheless, they built a fire, and tried to make sense of the note.

When they woke up with the sun, they decided to ration their water and food. They didn’t see any mountains, but they walked straight ahead for two hours with the sun on their right and noticed that there were signs of life again like some green grass and off in the distance a deer leapt playfully behind some shrubs. A rabbit chewed at what appeared to be a carrot on the ground. They heard another babbling brook as if it was in a hollow. They followed the sun and knew that they should not drink from stagnant water. There was no algae. They were relieved to find some stalks of wheat and corn, some citrus trees. Suddenly, the man brightened and grabbed his wife’s left hand as they hastened their pace into the lush area. “We found it! This must be the reward we’ve awaited all along!” The woman smiled, as she couldn’t believe this fortune.” The man pulled a ripe, bright yellow citron from a nearby tree, deeply inhaling its wonderful scent. He felt revived.

A very old woman’s voice shrieked. “Who are you that you should take from my possessions? Where did you come from that you think you have the right to glean here?! “They looked around and didn’t see anyone. “Hello!”, the village woman called out. “We are so lost and tired, we did not mean any harm. Please let us rest awhile. We won’t take anything.” The shrieking resumed and the earth began to shake. The lemons started to pummel the woman and man, so they started to run along the same course for another mile until they came to a valley and the mountains.

They noticed a grove of trees in the valley, then saw a few shacks on the mountains. They sat down, panting and exhausted."Now, what?", asked the man. "I hope you had an idea," the woman replied. "We have to keep our strength up somehow," he said. They heard whistling and chortling laughter coming from one of the shacks, then a groan and a thud. A man their age rolled down the mountain and lay twisted and bleeding about 50 feet away. The woman called out "I say! You there! Hello! Do you need help?" She only heard a groan. The man who had fallen lifted his head slowly and waved toward them." The couple approached to talk to him, and they were appalled that he was only about 15 years old. He said that he was a beggar, but he'd been attacked. He said that he was stripped of all he had, and urged them to leave the backpack so they wouldn't be attacked.

While they were talking, the man and the woman didn't notice two older men in their 40s sneak up behind them and grab them. They were dragged to a shack and tied up. The woman exclaimed "You lied! We thought you were a beggar! You're a thief!" One of the two older men said "He's also the boss. We're going to give you a choice. Bring her out." One of the other two dragged the same mysterious girl from another room. The teenager asked, what will you give willingly so that you don't see her suffer? "But she's dead", our male friend said. The dead girl pleaded: "Am I not without feelings that you should let me be tortured? They're going to take your possessions anyhow. Help me, and perhaps they'll spare you." The teen and his thugs all laughed, and the teen mocked them. "You're so pious and simple, help her! How can you ignore her? Come friends, we'll leave you alone to decide. You have five minutes."

All three thieves left, and the man and woman started panicking, weeping, muttering every prayer they could remember. "Oh, Maker, You, who are close to the broken-hearted, please answer us on the day we call. This may be our last. We don't know how we've hurt anyone or sinned, we don't know what You have against us if anything or if we're even being tested", whispered the man. The woman panted and sighed. "Help us deal with whatever our fate may be and accept it. We don't know what to do for the girl, but it's up to You." "She then turned to her husband and apologized for wanting to leave the village. He replied that he went willingly. Then she said "I suppose that this spirit's fate and our own eternity is up to us."

Whereupon, the man let out a huge long breath and said. "I suppose it is all up to us." The teen led the three back into the room. He threw back his head, laughing. "It's actually up to us. We find you each guilty of living a simple and boring life. Will you allow us to torture this ghost or will you surrender to us? The man raised his head to look each of the thieves in the eye. "We give up. Take what you will only spare us and not hurt her or my wife on my account."

"Thank you for redeeming me. I thought all good was gone from the world", said the spirit, who then faded as the ropes dropped around each of them. The thieves also disappeared from the shack but had taken all but their clothes, leaving them exactly as they'd been when they first opened the door at the junk dealer's home. "Thank You for restoring us, for doing good and sustaining us", said the woman looking toward the ceiling. "Amen", the man responded. They both sat in silence, exhausted, and fell asleep overnight.

The next morning, they were still hungry, and both heard the woman's stomach growling. They slowly roused themselves, and looked around the shack. The man tied each rope to one another, and they left the shack. He led his wife down the steep incline by tying the rope to tree branch-

es, and guiding along the rope until they could reach the flat plain. They remembered the note and stayed along the same path, looking for any kind of food or help. Though they had considered going back, they had no way of returning home, so they kept searching. They still didn't understand what hope or meaning they could find.

Then, they came to a river, and saw a man in tattered clothes and a long beard wearing a scarf and oversized floppy hat. He was attempting to fish and excitedly, the woman begged. "Please, Sir, if we help you, can you share the fish and help us on our way?" Her husband stuck out his hand to introduce himself. "My name is". The bearded man held up his hand and said, "Names are of no concern here. Perhaps we can help each other." The three caught 8 fish together, and walked in silence to the man's cabin. It was filled with candles and stacks of books. As they gutted three of the fish, the man observed: "You seem to be some kind of scholar. Have you found any meaning or hope in these books? That's what we've sought in leaving our village, now lost to us." The bearded man sadly shrugged. "My parents brought me along a similar path, and taught me to learn, but did not tell me who I was supposed to teach or how these books would help me to make sense of the world. I've been over each many times. Perhaps you can tell me."

Each of them ate a fish slowly in silence. They pored over the books and discussed them, but each had a combination of long paragraphs, mystical drawings, and short names or phrases. By now, the day had ended, and the bearded man stuck a torch into his fire and led them outside. He lit several smaller fires in a circle around them and lifted his head and his arms. "Master of the world, would that you help us to understand what these books hold for us. May it be so now!" Just then, all the small fires merged into one large fire around them. The trees swayed and the winds howled, while any birds fluttered away. It grew deathly silent. The couple grabbed one another in fear while the bearded man's body shook like nothing they had ever seen. Suddenly, he threw himself flat on his stomach arms outstretched in front of him, and the fires all went out.

The bearded man got up, dusted himself off, and said, "Friends, fear not." He led them back inside, and they read the names and phrases each three times as he said he was instructed to do. "We must close our eyes, sitting with our hands open on our laps." They followed his directions and they each saw the same chain of events with the village, the girl, the junk collector, the meadow, the field, the thieves, and the watch. Suddenly, in the vision, they saw the pictures in the books start to move, and grow from mere drawings to live animals. There were birds, a snake, a swirl of bright colors, a tree, a crown. They saw a hole in the ground open. One by one, in no particular order, the birds, and other items, the village, the cow, walrus, thieves, the names and phrases each disappear into the hole. Each of the three people kept hearing the word "nothing" get louder and louder until they were all shouting it without being fully awake or hearing each other. As suddenly as the experience started, it suddenly stopped as the bearded man sneezed seven times and open his eyes. He was crying. "All this... my entire life, and all this for nothing. What have I done to deserve such a fate? My knowledge is only as good as finding students, but all passersby laughed at me. I seek the same meaning and hope as you, but perhaps none of us are destined to find it." The woman crossed her arms and started to cry. The man reached over to comfort her, but she shook him off. "There's no way of comforting me!" Re-

jected, he gripped his head in his hands, shaking back and forth in his chair. Each of the three were crying so long and so hard, they didn't notice that the door flew open and blew out the fire, the same mysterious girl had come to stand by them. "Stop. Each of you sit and listen to me." They all startled and looked up. "Did any of you whistle or sing, or smile before you met? I don't mean while you were in the meadow or with the wheat, corn, or lemons. Scholar, did you ever once smile as you learned? No! Don't try to explain that you were too busy. I can tell you from a high court that not one of you were glad about your affairs, so you had no hope. Over time, you lost any meaning too. I can't tell you what the future holds. Get you some rest, and all of you set out with the fish at first light down the same direction you were headed. You, teacher, bring your wagon with you. You will know what books to bring with you. The rest you have already memorized enough to share. You will take turns dragging it and carrying the fish. There, you will find a market and you will sell the fish. You will know what to do at the right time." The door slammed shut, the girl disappeared, and the fire reignited.

Stunned and ashamed, they each went to bed. None of them dreamed that night. They woke up and said a quick prayer, then the woman wrapped the fish in very old cloths while the men stacked the wheelbarrow and covered it with both cloth and twine to protect the books. As they set off, they heard a creaking and mighty shaking sound behind them. The scholar's home fell in the ground, and he ran toward it, but the man and woman pulled him back. The man put his hand around the bearded man's shoulders. "There's nothing more for you here. We were told we had to go together. Please, come, my master and teacher." The bearded man looked up, and smiled sadly, his eyes brimming with tears. "No one has ever called me that before."

As they walked, they noticed that the last few days had been dark and grey and the ground had been parched. There was a light mist, and a light rain. The rain was a light drizzle, but the sky lightened and a little blue poked through the clouds. They pressed on, and after two miles, the rain had stopped and the most radiant sun glowed all around them. The woman started singing and the two men had never heard such a voice! As they walked, they joined in her wordless melody. She repeated what seemed to be nonsense, but at the same time, very deep as if a tune created with the sky and water themselves. "Bai dai, lai dai bai lai dai bai dai bai," they kept repeating. They saw the gates to a great city, and people were singing the same sounds: "Bai dai, lai dai bai lai dai bai dai bai". The teen and the two other thieves had changed their clothes to robes of purple, scarlet and blue. At once, they appeared honest and respectable. The man and woman couldn't believe their eyes. The trio waved and welcomed them too. "Make way, clear a path for our guests!", cried the same healthy hiker, now fully alive, and a little older, slightly heavier.

They were approached by a beggar, "Please, a fish for my family? Just one. You should all be successful." The woman pulled out a fish, and handed it to the man. "Thank you, Holy Sister! Now we can eat for a week." She smiled at him and her companions. At the market, a fish seller examined the remaining fish while the other townspeople looked on curiously. He pulled out from a wooden box a bag of coins, a ring, and a watch. "You look familiar. I've been holding this for you awhile." He handed him the watch and shook the man's hand. "Don't lose it!" "I won't," the man said as he put it back on his wrist where it had been. Though it still had the same nicks and strap, it worked flawlessly. The fish seller said, "By the way, the ring is for the

lady with the lovely voice. Consider it payment in advance. Will you sing tonight for our mayor? Please, grace us.” She looked at her husband for approval, and he nodded.

A young woman of 30 came up to the scholar, holding two twins a boy and girl by their hands. “Please, someone, I adopted these children, but I am a seamstress. I must tend to work. I cannot watch them all day. They need to learn.” She looked directly at the scholar, “You, Sir, you have those books. We have one library, and perhaps you could teach these youngsters.” The scholar had been hunched, looked wizened beyond his years, but straightened up and caught her eye. “I was told to sell the books, but I can sell half to sustain myself and the rest can be used to teach in your library. What my father’s father passed to him, he taught me. I will pass on what I can if they are willing to learn. What I do not have bound, I have memorized.”

After an hour, a simple but happy man hummed to himself, guiding a sheep and a cow through the town. He approached the man from the village who’d had such a long, hard journey. “You there! What is it you do? What is your skill?” “Nothing in particular, but I am open.” This man with the animals replied: “I manage a small farm and make both cheese and trade milk to other villages for goods. If you work with me, I will split the business with you, then, it will be well.” Our champion from the village motioned to his wife, and they discussed a few details with the farmer. He said, “Our farm hand married a young woman several towns away last year. I haven’t heard from him since. He lived on my property in a modest, but tidy cabin. What’s mine is yours.” Pleased, the couple looked lovingly at each other for the first time in a very long time, and eagerly agreed to accompany the farmer. “Ma’am, how are you in the kitchen? Would you help my wife? She’s been so lonely working alone, canning and such. We have a harvest coming and we need to store the food for the winter ahead. Any leftovers in our home go to the poor, but we always have enough.” The woman answered playfully: “As long as I am near my husband, I have to keep an eye on him! I hope he will trust me!” They all laughed and accompanied him toward home.

Later that evening, the farmer, the scholar, the couple and most of the other townsfolk made their way to the inn in the center of town. There, the mayor enjoyed musical events once a week and the children would perform if they were old enough. Otherwise, they might play or sleep. The mayor himself would beat on an old wood drum to keep time to music or recite poetry. He rose to meet the scholar and the couple. He clapped his hands together over his head: “Silence! These are our newcomers! Welcome! We’ve waited for new life in our town, and do not hesitate to ask for anything if you are unhappy. I’m thrilled that you know our little tune here. When work is hard or some of us seem sad, it helps to pass the time. When we lose hope, it’s restored through humming or singing it.” He began to lead a few rounds: “Bai dai, lai dai bai lai dai bai dai bai.”

The woman joined in, and the crowd eventually hushed. “How is it you never tire of it? Do you even know if this tune has a meaning?”, asked the woman. Her husband had been talking with the scholar and the farmer. “Dear, everything has meaning, even when none is apparent. The meaning comes from what we attach to events, but they are not good nor bad of themselves.”

Over time, the scholar and couple settled into their homes and their new roles. The woman sang at times, the man learned with the scholar after working at the farm, and began to write his own prayers. The odd thing about the village was that people mostly got along, there were no outsiders making war or trouble, and the couple found themselves parents. They had taken in another girl and boy, and had given birth to one of each. Curiously, the adopted children each wanted to be the other gender. After talking to the scholar and the mayor, the town asked if other children or adults felt the same way, or if there were any women who liked other women, or men who liked men. Instead of hurting them like in other towns, they celebrated these differences too.

A Chanukah Offering December 4, 2018

I've been thinking about the how we light candles at Chanukah, and the light illuminates our homes, while dispelling darkness. However, as it's often said, we are not permitted to make ordinary use of them but rather gaze and recall the miracles done for us at this season. I've also been thinking of darkness and shadows, and it brought to mind the great Joni Mitchell song "Shadows and Light." Even the title brings up a balance of darkness and light. In the song, there are the lyrics referring to G-d: "governing day, day and night." In referring to people, there are the lyrics. "Man of the laws, the ever-broken laws governing wrong, wrong and right."

What does this have to do with Chanukah? When Matityahu and his sons rose up to fight off Antiochus Epiphanes IV of the Seleucids, they sought to prevent assimilation and loss of their Jewish culture to the Greeks. They wanted to fight for what's right and holy. The Temple had become profaned, so they wanted to purify and re-dedicate it. The war was also a civil one in which other Jews were killed. Later, there was a rift between his family's leadership and other Jews, resulting in many deaths along the way. It's simple enough to say that G-d helped the heroes win the battle. Sadly, things were far from the rosy outcome depicted in the storybooks when I grew up. Indeed, we have a juxtaposition of light, brightness, day, and good, vs. evil and dark.

Things are never so simple. We are living in very uncivil times. Family members are pitted against one another in this country over politics. Likewise, Jews either ignore or outright disrespect one another. My conclusion is very simple. If we really wish to bring light, we must bring love. We also can't fully appreciate the light of Chanukah if we ignore the shadows. Returning again to the start of the song: "Every picture has its shadows and it has some source of light." At this season, may we balance both shadows and light from within ourselves, as Jews, and in the world.



"Lady Wisdom" by Naomi Susan Schwartz Jacobs

I Used To Believe December 24, 2018

I used to believe that heroes were good and nations' leaders protected us.
G-d was on the side of the good team, and cops were our friends.
Companies could do no wrong as long as we got bigger, shiny things
to make our lives complete.
Just keep looking straight not at the poison eating at your feet.

I used to believe in the Fourth of July and how our troops overthrew the Brits.
Now the oppressors pushing us down are rich, white greedy male twits.
How I rejoiced at Thanksgiving and the joy of overeating for sociability's sake
ignoring the fact that all are strangers filling their empty lives with pie.
I enjoyed the sparkle of holidays, good cheer for all, romance on New Year's Eve.
Now all I seek is silence and refuge from carols' drone.

There was a time when I had hope to be or do anything.
With the latest app or OS, why are my eyes merely burning?
Now I doubt not only society, but my own doubts, it's true.
I barely believe my own verse, the rest may be false prophecy for you.
Here I sit ruminating, wondering if my path is right.
But I've given you my best Leonard Cohen, so long and good night.



“Melange” by Naomi Susan
Schwartz Jacobs

The Audacity Of Cornflakes May 15, 2019

*This piece is meant to be read aloud slowly and with gravitas like Sam The Eagle from The Muppet Show.

I'm going back to Nibbler's Knob
for to find a bank to rob and get back all the money lost
when the mayor closed the factory
costing my job making chocolate peanut butter globs.

My wife did loudly scream and sob
but agreed to join me on the caper because the mayor's wife stole the patent for our drapery.
Off to Nibbler's Knob, we go, if we'll return, we don't know.
We might just move in with the the mayor's family.

We don't need guns or knives just to steal or connive.
In the mirror and to our pet rocks, we each rehearsed three times
how to precisely pull off our crime.
What's more, we have a back up scheme. It came to my love in a dream
that we can always bore to sleep the mayor who also owns the bank.
Before his car engine he can crank, in we'll make our devious creep
And take the treasure which was ours rightfully.

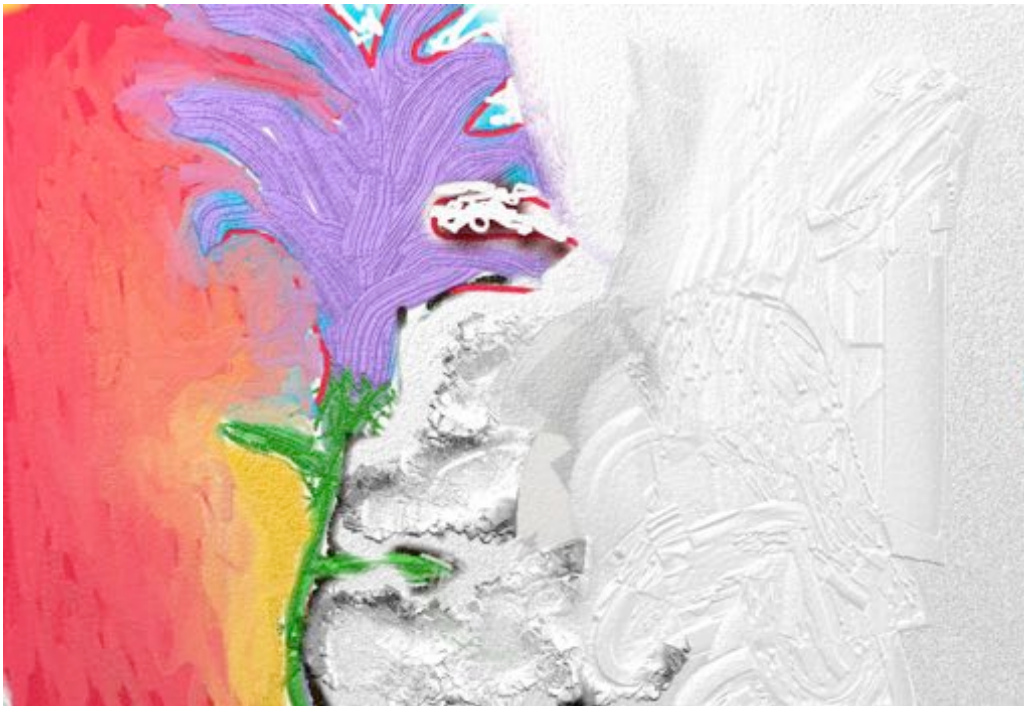
We blackmailed the judge and bribed the sheriff.
We told the newspapers not to get a whiff of anything out of sort.
No, we won't give anyone a tale to report
and the bank guard is too slow a slob
when we hold up Nibbler's Knob and leave straight away.

We have the town mechanic to post our bail
Lest we leak the tale of how he was drunk and tried a shrub to wed.
If we can't get away by car, we'll jettison our bob sled
to tangle traffic while we right our tricycles away.

Our neighbors asked who were we kidding.
Were we doing Satan's bidding? Why the revenge anyway?
You have not seen the likes of us, and you will understand the fuss
when we make the cover of "Awful Poetry Today."

The Terrible Parable May 12, 2019

Once, there was a simple, but mysterious and obscure woman who went from town to town composing and reciting parables. She would recite vague parables with analogies, similes, metaphors and apostrophes. Few friends had she, but on doors she would knock offering to teach for a morsel or a coin. She left people bewildered yet profoundly enlightened on the streets, in town squares, houses of worship, and even had this effect on the wisest judges. One day, the queen of her country decided to hold a contest to find the holiest, purest, wisest person in her land, so that person might become her personal advisor. Her few friends urged her to go to the palace to try her luck. After many days, she arrived and had an audience with the queen. She spoke of many different people as if they were punctuation marks, and stressed the importance of the apostrophe, but would not say why it was so exceptional. Then, she was escorted to a meal in a private room to wait while the queen deliberated. All the others in the court agreed with the queen that it was a terrible parable, but the queen said; "One can never tell when one might need a grammatically correct prophecy." Thus, our story-telling antagonizing protagonist was promoted to her post to befuddle the country for many years. You might ask why I am relating this tale. Blame the comma.



“Mystic Flower Becomes One With All That Is” by Naomi Susan Schwartz Jacobs

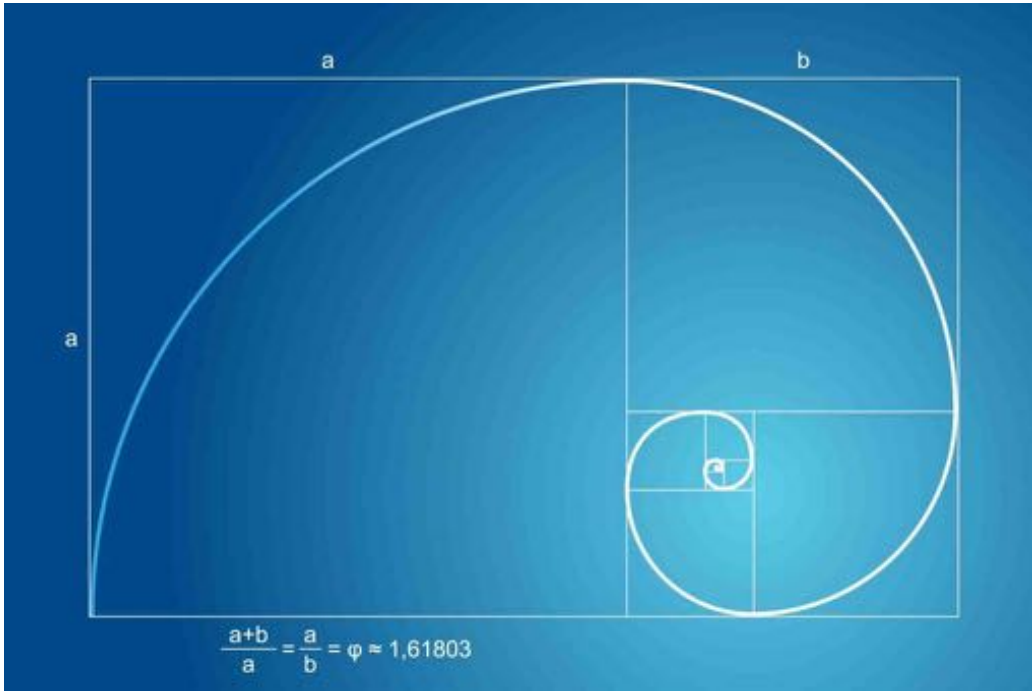
A Simple Story May 25, 2020

* This is a work of fiction. Any similarity between the characters or theme herein and other works is entirely unintended and coincidental. Also, blah, blah and some other legal stuff. Once there was a simple couple living in a simple village, and all the people made a living as best as they could. The villagers' lives were not awful, nor were they jealous of others, and they had exactly all they needed in the simple lives they led. In fact, they considered themselves blessed.

The simple couple eagerly awaited the birth of what turned out to be a pair of fraternal twins, a boy and a girl. However, they were challenged by one problem which was not simple at all. They could not find the proper names for their children, despite the help of friends, family, and the village elder. One suggested "Tomdick" for the boy and another suggested "Annhairry" for the girl since she had pretty hair. But they had faith and knew that the names would present themselves at the right time.

One day, the wife was out to market and came back home to find the husband reading a story to the children. They gurgled and coo'd, grinned and giggled as they sat on a blanket on the floor. The wife unpacked the groceries and said to the husband "You've got a pimple in your dimple." The husband felt his chin and sure enough, there was a pimple. He continued with the story. Then, suddenly, the boy and girl started giggling and shaking, and the girl said her first word "dimple." The boy pointed at her and fell back on the floor laughing. "Pimple!", he exclaimed, and they both laughed. The parents were both surprised and smiled at their children's first words. While the husband tried to continue the story, the children kept trading off, laughing, "Pimple!" "Dimple!" The husband said, "Perhaps we'll continue the story later." They looked at one another fondly, and the wife said, "I told you we'd find the right names." Thus, to this day, the girl was known as Simple Dimple, and the boy was called Simple Pimple. Don't ask me if there's a moral to this tale. Does everything have to be so serious?

Not Mutton October 14, 2019
somewhere a sheep bleats
blaming ewe for her troubles
too tired to sleep



“Golden Rectangle Spiral” by Naomi Susan Schwartz Jacobs

Unprintable (Yet Here It Is) November 20, 2019 (*Inspired by Monty Python's Flying Circus)

I'm glad we have neighbors who are easy.

I can watch them through their windows night or day

whether they are going so strong or getting wheezy.

Maybe they like role play or getting greasy.

I'll sell snacks and tickets to my friends

to help me meet my ends.

But who's to judge or rhyme

With our leaders romping in the slime?

It's the fate of the world today.

Amoral Of This Story January 11, 2020

Sprinklehose, Wrinklenose, and Twinkletoes sat on a bench.
Twinkletoes said to his peers: "I'll be the most famous of us three."
Then each he gave a punch and they did moan "Oh my! Oh, me!"
He did strike them with a wrench, smiting with hard blows.
Then restrain him by the arms, they did Sprinklehose and Wrinklenose.
They smote. Him on the head, they smote him on the thighs.
As the sun went down, the light went from his eyes.
So if you take the notion you're better than the rest,
Take a lesson from Twinkletoes. Be careful whom you test.
He wound up bruised and red, quite dead
though he thought to have his fun.
Now he's raising quite a stench beneath that bench
in the dark and in the sun.



"It's A Girl" by Naomi Susan Schwartz Jacobs

Freestyle Or Freedom January 20, 2020

You or I may shudder, wishing someone would wake us
from our individual bad dream, rocking us back to sleep.

I have it hard but not awful.

I sleep in my own bed, not in a camp or jail, not on a cold floor.

I don't fear for my life like others,

But admit I'm numbed and dulled by my own hell.

I can find food for which others forage in dumpsters
and sleep whenever. I want. But I'm somewhat awake.

Maybe I am more awake than my neighbors or family, less so than others.

Suddenly, this MLK day it struck me how refugees' children turned their backs on others
who wash their cars, harvest their food, or cut their lawns.

We could have been them, turned away or like the poor kids
scorned for not being able to afford lunch and rewearing clothes.

Ours was their lot, but we forgot to pass on the gratitude to peoples of color.

We grow smug. We each have our own hell.



“Let Justice Roll Like A River” by Naomi Susan Schwartz Jacobs

The “It’s Supposed To Sound This Way” Blues February 27, 2020

Happy birthday to you.

You stole both my heart and my home.

Happy birthday to you.

I had nothing left ‘cept for you.

Whatever it’s worth, happy birthday to you.

Stock Up Now March 15, 2020
end times are night so buy
organic fair trade cocoa
you might entertain



“The Ground As A Tree Sees It” by Naomi Susan Schwartz Jacobs

David's Viral Apocalypse Blues March 15, 2020

This song is set to your favorite version of "Rolling And Tumbling," played slowly, adding beats as needed and it sounds like a warped LP randomly switching speeds. 🥰

I used to drink Corona with the lime to keep out the fly (2x)
Now it's the name of a virus, and all the people afraid they're gonna die.

I got no work nor any place to be (2x)
I wish I had some cash, I but I got nowhere to flee.

The sun comes up, it'll go back down (2x)
The streets so cold and lonely not a friend to find in this town.

My gal Naomi's been so fine to me (2x)
We love each other through every joy and tragedy.

The shops and schools closed, like they ain't been done before (2x)
If you see Samael don't let him past your door.

I ain't no prophet or preacher, just a humble man. (2x).
With all the troubles in the world, we must be as kind as we can.

Some people may curse, some will cry and pray (2x).
No matter beggar or king, we try to make it one more day.

You and I gotta share. There ain't no cause to fight((2x)
Rather than being sick or starving, music's one way to unite.

A run on the bank ain't no good to me. (2x)
I'll stay at home, playing my blues light and free.

Lifelong Confusion Blues March 24, 2020

You've got my problems and I've got his.
Her sister told me I was never a whiz.
The next door neighbor told the cops I'm weird.
Your mother seems to like me anyhow.

Even though I'm hiding without cause
and ever grew a beard
with all these fancy words, I oughta take a bow, uh huh.

You might wonder why I was dropped on this earth.
I ask the same but I retain my mirth.
I am perplexed about play and work.
Now I used to have a path like the lines on my hand.
Always I've rambled in small places, never did I lurk.
Then again, those lines like a map I could never understand, oh no.

I used to dream about ow I would grow.
To all my demons, my glory I'd show.
But dreams drown and hope will fade.
I've prayed for direction and a clue,
but I'm stuck in isolation.
At home I never could have stayed.
Now if I lost my love what would I do?
Where should I go being in a mess?

Spirits In My Fingers March 29, 2020

I got spirits in my fingers. They tell me what to touch. (2x)
It may be food or my guitar. I don't know all that much.

I got spirits in my fingers. They tell me what to write. (2x)
Without them moving, I'd most surely be uptight.

I get up in the morning and say my early prayers. (2x)
Though I get no signs or voices, I hope my Maker cares.

I got spirits in my fingers. They tell me the notes to play. (2x)
If I don't feel much like talkin', my music knows what I need to say.

Can't someone hear me cryin? Will no one reach out to me? (2x)
I've tried to tear down walls, but it must be the spirits moving free.

I got spirits in my fingers. They may be good or bad. (2x)
As long as I keep living, these blues will lift me when I'm sad.

Pre-K Amateur Hour June 24, 2020

Spoken: “My name is Roger and I’m 5 years old. My daddy is a military contractor and illegal arms dealer. My mommy runs off shore accounts. They helped me learn this song.”

I made lunch.

I made poo.

I made piddle in your shoes.

With a spit here and booger there,

I will hurl on a dare.

Roger threw his head back. He clapped for himself and giggled.

Announcer: “Ummm... yes... well, thank you, Roger. Who’s our next little star? “

Emotional Laxative June 30, 2020

If only to clean out my heavy heart and let go,
to be set free and feel lighter

Is there no pop psychology marketing genius

Who can get past a romcom tear jerker

straight to a Kosher, Halal, vegan, gluten free, salt free, cholesterol free

Experience without artificial anything to encumber in the privacy of one's own home?

I wouldn't mind regressing to jettison my emotional cargo,

Walking upright and happier after, somewhat more well-adjusted.

Yet, so few children get to be themselves, and so few adults grew happily, healthier.

So, perhaps naps and raisins are the answer.



“Floating Away” by Naomi Susan Schwartz
Jacobs

Cornflake Rebellion (The Poetic Rebirth Of A Freak) July 8, 2020

Born corn but gluten free
as oat bran they wished to be.
I'd eat them both now
with vegan chocolate milk and strawberries.

Meditation For A Pandemic Or Any Other Crisis July 29, 2020

Stretch all your muscles.

Relax and exhale.

Leave your eyes open or closed.

If your eyes are closed, how are you reading this?

On your in breath, think the sound “ummm” and hold it for at least a count of four seconds.

Exhale slowly, thinking the word “numb” until your lungs are empty.

Repeat between ten and ten thousand times

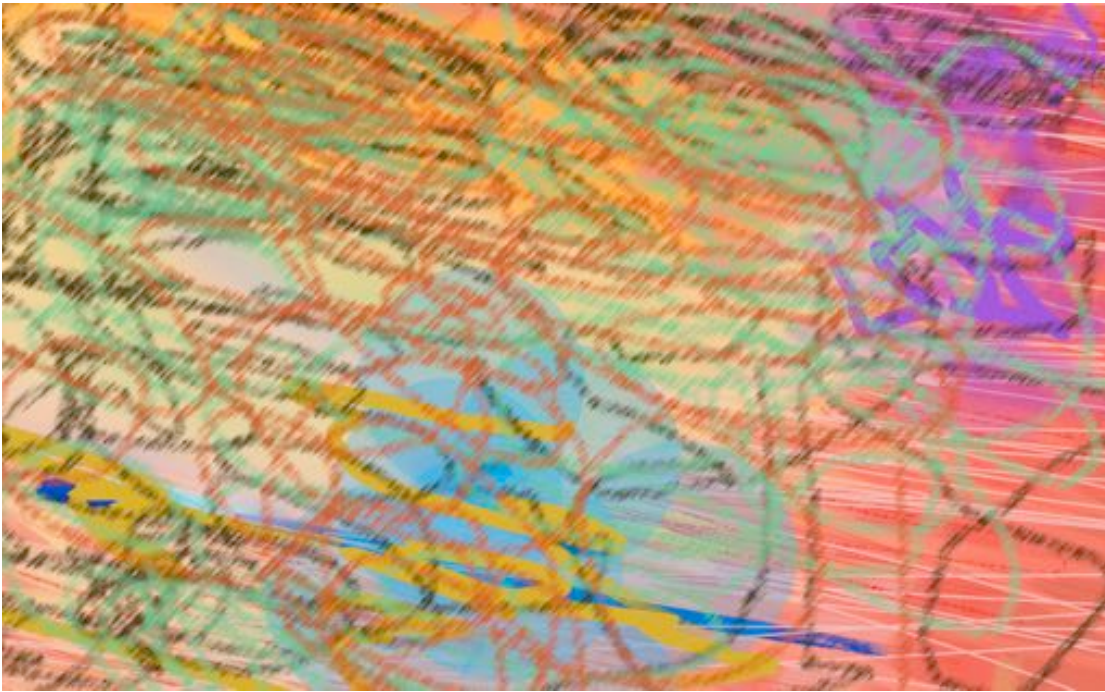
unless you are simultaneously operating machinery or wielding sharp objects.

If it doesn't work, you have only yourself to blame for reading in this volume of work.

But there is no reason for blame, shame or a mental picture frame because you are calm now.

If you aren't feeling calm, but still irate or upset,

try an Epsom salt bath with sandalwood oil and a nap.



“We’re All In It
Together” by Nao-
mi Susan Schwartz
Jacobs

At The End July 29, 2020

At the end of the long somber journey
there's a nongluten vegan meatball, vegan meatball, vegan meatball.
At the end of the long somber journey
there's a non-gluten vegan meatball who will be your guide and friend

Don't you eat the meatball (3x)
or it won't show you time from start to end.

Your guide is boiled, not baked or fried,
It's been braised in spices dried, and is six inches wide.
Your friend and guide is boiled, not baked or fried.
It's never lied or ever been snide.
It will take you for a ride.

At the end of the long, somber journey, it won't matter if you lived or died,
laughed or sighed, screamed or cried.
At the end of the long, somber journey, your soul will open wide, and let in a virtual salad
With balsamic vinaigrette and for dessert fruit hide.
The meatball will show you the way.

At the end of the long, somber journey
You will wonder where you went wrong, were you bad all along,
And why are you liking this song?
Don't worry a bit the meatball will heal you night and day!

Back to the start! Try it as a 5 part round!

Diagonal Circularity August 9, 2020

Dear fortunate readers, you have now made it to the special treat in this small book! The Galactic Traveler and Interstellar Visitor are here to comment upon themes herein and David Schwartz's life and work! They entitled this interview as such because they have no need for conventional space or time, a forward or prologue, afterword or epilogue. Thus, your human brains might conceive of their direction as diagonal with a bit of circularity in a return to repeated themes. The Galactic Traveler will be represented by GT and Interstellar Visitor by IV.

GT: That was certainly a worthy read, wasn't it?

IV: Oh yes. It's a good thing that we taught David how to translate binary and hexadecimal as well as 7,400 base symbols into English.

GT: And what a result! He shared our prophetic vision so well. He was able to show that we travelers are a jolly sort and mean more good than harm, more so than fellow Earthlings.

IV: Sad, but so true. Yet, I was taken by the lyrical nature of his pieces, especially those based on the blues. "At The End" reminds me of the 80 verse anthem of our sector sung in unison once every 5 years. It takes that long to check the spelling and to send out warnings of the special occasion. If I can get an extra translator module, I will invite you some time.

GT: Thank you! I would be honored to attend. Did you notice how much more free David has become after his diagnosis of high functioning autism and doing all his work on self-acceptance? He has quite a following on Gudkan in my galaxy, but we all are beautifully different. David and Naomi who supplied the art are examples of sheer love and how the multiverse is supposed to behave.

IV: So true. While this solar system is far behind us, at least we have a few rays of light who are trying. Not all is easy for those who love. Sometimes they are rejected or persecuted, but if more earthlings opened their hearts and minds, they could put an end to evil.

GT: That's why David's work resonates with us. He touches upon themes of humor, loss, illness and death, love, searching for truth, employment, and much more.

IV: I lost track of how many nuanced ideas arise simultaneously. Sadly, most of his biological family and neighbors don't understand him, nor Naomi. They radiate love. If only people supported them like in our respective star villages! They have so much wisdom to share. What's with the cornflakes?

GT: They're tasty and hearken to youth. For now, we should be off to share his work and not let David gloat on his laurels because it takes so long for him to have these creative bursts. Would you like to drag race to Hemiblob 34XQI?

IV: Sure, why not?