Poetry Series

James B. Earley

- 181 poems -

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James B. Earley (5 April 1934)

James B. Earley was born and reared at Mounds, within the rolling hills of Southern Illinois, nine miles north of the confluence of the Mississippi and Ohio rivers. A Californian since 1956, he resides in the San Francisco Bay area. Having served twenty-one years in the employ of the Robert Mondavi Winery, Jim retired October 2006 from his treasured assignment...personal chauffeur to its legendary Founder and Chairman...Robert Mondavi.

An ardent disciple of the Robert Frost philosophy of simplicity in style, and clarity of thought, Earley vigorously pursues that poetic vision, passionately navigating its intoxicating culture...in rhythmic verse.....

Subscribing to the spiritual notion...'poetry is the window to the soul, ' he enthusiastically embraces the medium, in any form, however the content.

Welcome..to the portfolio..of poetically infused short stories. Mostly serious..occasionally contrite...some whimsical...a few wacky...others tacky....though all...consistently...of the soul. Please browse....or linger..if you will!

.....For taking the flight, experiencing the mood, and sharing the passion.....thanks..

Author's Note:
This collection is dedicated to my family...the Muskeyvalleys/Muscovalleys....and...to Southern Illinois, and the little town called Mounds...and all the people in it...in that time...which I thought...would last.....forever.....

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Works:

A Vision of Home {1989}

A Sultry Summer's Evening {1995,1996}

.....When rocks

.....Are thrown

.....Our way

.....Maliciously

.....Thrown

.....ONLY...

.....Our way
*
*
*
*.....Should we not

*
*
.....Examine
*
*
*.....The

.....Reasons

.....WHY

James B. Earley

A Belabored Chat....With God

Please know my faith has never wavered
Still there are questions just as strong
Where and..or when…or if…ever
Our best interest..with You..belonged

Was four hundred years abject enslavement
….Simply my Ancestor's…intended loss
Perhaps some secondary….rendition
A latter day's coming…of Calvary's Cross

Though our labor built this Nation…
Remunerated nary..one single dime
….In Your wisdom tell me frankly
Was criminality..Your state of mind

Now if it was…explain precisely
That I may spiritually understand
As I'm convinced…'Mysterious Ways'
….Indeed our lot…to comprehend

And so…I go…..in quiet wonder
Await enlightenment…I hope to come
As yet..I've known no earthly answers
…Except….cynicism….the likely one

James B. Earley

A Do Nothing Congress....Of...'Select Committees'

Whatever happened
..To Chairman Gowdy's
'Select Committee'
On thoughts Benghazi
*
*
Boehner and company
Strategically foreseeing
Hillary as threatening
Unanimously agreeing

To Chairman Gowdy's
....Select Committee
Of hobgoblins seeking
...Conservative pity

..Then sudden silence
From plight Benghazi's
'Select Committee'
And Chairman..Gowdy

Circumstance altered
..Hobgoblin's course
Desperation astride
...Another dead horse

At issue the soldier
Having deserted his post
..Congress...a reflection
Of the soldier's ghost

Desertion..to the soldier
Seemed the rational course
When there's nothing to ride
...But another dead horse
*
*
Indeed the route perhaps
Of Chairman Gowdy's
...'Select Committee'
And Boehner's Benghazi

James B. Earley

A Dream...Deferred.....Perhaps

Is happiness...an illusion
...On the wings of time
Sought...and pursued...
Though impossible..to find

....That infinite mirage
One....cannot clasp...
An elusive...emotion
Beyond....the grasp

A fleeting...apparition
.....Or...does it exist...
Some cruel hoax of nature
.....Or a spiritual....twist

Whatever.....the answer
.....Satisfaction....I take
In that measure..of comfort...
Only contentment...can make

James B. Earley

A Letter.....For Mary

There's an old road
.....Winding
Along the stream
.....Meandering

Romance...of a train
...From God knows where
Echoed.....sounds
.....Rumbling

Walking...the hills
.....Thinking....
Of the joy..those sounds
....Are bringing

Memories...welcome
....The child again
.....She's the treasure
.....Of Jamieson....Canyon

Authors note:
Dedicated to the memory of...Mary Azevedo....and....to her earthly home...Jamieson Canyon.

James B. Earley

A Mountain Speaks

That distant valley
Far below
Was I...as a child
.....Eons ago

I've known great happiness
Shared...such strife
As that of the dinosaur
Struggling for life

From a simple existence
I've seen Man grow
In the scheme of evolution
I'll watch.....him go

I question.....my being
Invariably...I find
.....A mere speck of sand
On.....God's beach...of time

Author's note: The poem addresses Mt. Tamalpais, geographically to the immediate north of San Francisco's Golden Gate Bridge. (The Mountain is sometimes known as 'The Sleeping Maiden, ' of Native American legend.) From my home, overlooking the northeastern perimeter of San Francisco Bay, I am blessed with a spectacular panorama of this magnificent creation! Viewing the Mountain, north to south, one can imagine the figure of a reclining female with an abundance.....of long...flowing hair.

During periods of intense reflection, considering the Mountain....its splendor...its circumstance...its aggregate history...its future...its reticent humility...and the arrogant juxtaposition of Mankind, I often wondered, should the Mountain speak...What would it have to say? This work is the manifestation of untold hours of meditative thought.....a spiritual rendition of extraordinary.....time....and place!

Thanks to Rani Turton.....whose observation was the catalyst inspiring the author's remark....

James B. Earley

A 'Tea Party' Maligned……Perhaps

Lighten-up on the Tea Party
Might be a bigoted sign
..Accusing Tea Party
Of a bigoted mind

..In taunts presumed
Toward ethnic folk
Fried chicken..barbecue
....Watermelon jokes

Consider America's heartland
...Nary a Black Man around
Yet barbecue..watermelon
Kentucky Fried Chicken abound
*
*
Pondering the facts
'Tis a prejudiced sign
...Accusing..Tea Party
Of that bigoted Mind

James B. Earley

A Valentine's Moment.....The Epiphany

I never knew
I'd know such bliss
How could I know
I'd feel like this

I never knew
You'd ever care
Until alone
While sitting there

....And
.....Through
.....Your
.....Eyes

.....I knew

James B. Earley

A Vision Of Home

Somewhere within dwells the soul of a boy
And childhood dreams of Illinois
....With thoughts.....of home again

Whose summers of youth are long gone by
A returning 'stranger' is the reason why
It's not easy to go home again

Why tell a soul who I am
Would anyone really give a damn
On the streets of home again

A solemn stroll through rolling hills
Gaze reminiscent on dusty fields
....The aroma...of home again

An old house sits.....atop the hill
The swing on the porch...is swinging still
...Memories.....of home...again

Down the road.....to the aging...Church
Again feel the glow of the old folk's touch
.....So near...it's almost...home again

Autumn encroaching...the kids are in line
The classroom..the books...and recess time
.....And sounds.....of home again

Mirage in the midst of a desert waste
.....A faint illusion of another place

...That vision

.....Of home

.....Again

Author's note:
Encompassing an impassioned sense of spiritual yesteryear, 'A Vision Of Home' is dedicated to that sacred Mecca - by the side of the road, at the foot of the hill, 'New Bethel Missionary Baptist Church, ' Mounds Illinois. And to its pastors, and parishioners, past and present - with all the love and affection..conceivable.

James B. Earley

A Wednesday Noon.....As I Recall

.....Stranger's face

.....Visually embraced

.....Chance encounter

...At the marketplace

.....'Twas.....

.....A Wednesday noon

.....As I recall

James B. Earley

Absent Theft..Is It Possible To Amass...Millions...Billions..In Personal Wealth

.....? ?

James B. Earley

African Brother

Who was the villain
When it all began
Some fair-haired stranger
From a faraway land

Or the African brother
Selling his neighbor away
In exchange of whatever
The fair-haired stranger would pay

For the brutal betrayal
Of his own damned kin
Has anything changed
Since the original sin

Who was the villain
.....When it all...began

James B. Earley

Al Gore - 'Some Bumbling Idiot, Climatic Change.....The Idiot's Myth'

Twisted logic...stark denial
'No such thing as climate change'
Narrow minded conversation
...Of the borderline deranged

Glacial reality..Ice Age mentality
...Incongruous..perhaps to wit:
'Critical premise..ice still melting'
...Shallow minds just don't get

And fathom not geological history
Continents born..single mass dense
Los Angeles...an Alaskan neighbor
...World's future.....eons hence

Evolution reigns...exact constant
This very moment..indeed forthwith
..Yet…Al Gore 'Some bumbling idiot
Climatic change…..the idiot's myth'

...Politics..and Mankind's bigotry..
Together destined...both entwined
Evolution's vague..has no meaning
Where ignorance is..the state of mind

Author's Note:
'Don't Worry, Earth Will Survive Climate Change — We Won't.'
~Astrophysicist Neil deGrasse Tyson

James B. Earley

America's Quandary In A Nutshell - Owsley County Kentucky...Delta Mississippi Blacks

Owsley County Kentucky
..Delta Mississippi Blacks
Got so much in common
Still so much..out of whack

...Same lack of income
Identical wants and needs
Pitted one against the other
'Tis the moment bigotry breeds

That divide and conquer
Their sole deliberate aim
Democrats and Republicans
And hatred's old 'skin' game

James B. Earley

An Epitaph.....I Stumbled.....Across

'May his memory
Be measured
As his fans
Treasured

The amateur

Gynecologist

He was'

James B. Earley

An Ounce Of Crack

All around us
Youths are dying
Victimized by greed
Of a WALL STREET kind

Frequent arrests
..An ounce of crack
This 'War On Drugs'
..Is it really that

Congress..it's yours
Some answers to find
Rid the Nation this Cancer
At the source..of the crime
*
*
*
Government, for whatever reason, seems completely disinterested toward addressing the devastating impact of 'illicit drug trafficking' pervasive throughout our Nation! This epidemic would not possibly survive absent two key ingredients, sourcing and distribution.

James B. Earley

Anniversary

A faith with trust
This pledge to give
In thought and deed
As one shall live...
Vows they made
Those years ago...today

Now they celebrate
Once again
And have this new
Year's day begin...
As then
...Those years ago...today

James B. Earley

Anti-Abortion's Religious Creed

.....Let them live....

.....SEXUALLY MOLEST

.....Then....send them away...

.....TO DIE

.....In some

.....Ill-defined

.....Politically orchestrated

....Hypocritically conceived

.....Criminal activity

.....Called

.....WAR

Author's note:
History suggests that the fundamental concept of 'War, ' is born of hypocrisy. In this instance, the subject was broached to illustrate its connection to the moment.....and further the argument that....hypocrisy reigns as the critical EVIL....within the 'CHURCH'....and indeed throughout...the HUMAN CONDITION!

James B. Earley

Aristotle's Wisdom

Friend - A single Soul Dwelling
Within Two Separate bodies

.....Aristotle 384-322 B.C.

Did the crucifixion…ever cross his mind
As those eloquent words…poured out
Could the love …which Judas…displayed..to Christ
…Be the friendship …he wrote…about

Were his thoughts…of the "Shipp"…lost and adrift
…Somewhere…on the sea…of deceit
The man…on the stand…the tale of betrayal
…Of whom…did the philosopher…speak

Was the white Bronco…we saw…on the road…one day
…Perhaps….the vehicle….which friendship drove
During…the dream…the philosopher…dreamt
…When…that poignant verse…he wove

Of two…distinct and separate…bodies
…Where…A single soul…dwells within
Might Aristotle's wisdom…be some…sacred vision
…Through which…God…defined…A friend

*
*
*
*
*

…Should ever…"my friend"…be troubled
Shoulders bent…from the load….they tote
May there…be the friend…to comfort…that friend
…Of such…as the philosopher.....wrote

James B. Earley

Armageddon's Brink

Social injustice
....Commonplace
Denouncing a man
For simply his race

Deny....the child
A decent education
...His father a job
In a plentiful nation

Pass the shelter-less
In the cold of night
No sense of compassion
To that homeless plight

..Confusion throughout
A world in disarray
When God created all
Was it planned that way

In.....His image
Everything..everyone
A spiritual kinship
With a common bond

Equally creating
As He placed us here
...Universal breath
For all to share

And with that breath
Came an awesome dawning
Will there be....another sunrise
.....In the morning

James B. Earley

ARTICLES OF IMPEACHMENT - BARACK HUSSEIN OBAMA

'Casting Barack Obama as a president run amok, the House voted on Wednesday (12 March 2014) for a bill that would expedite congressional lawsuits against the chief executive for failure to enforce federal laws.
The vote was 233-181 in the Republican-led House as GOP lawmakers excoriated Obama for multiple changes to his 4-year-old health care law, steps he's taken to allow young immigrants to remain in the United States and the administration's resistance to defend the federal law banning gay marriage.'~Donna Cassata, Associated Press

(JBE) Lurking within Congress' immediate mind, perhaps the following action:

ARTICLES OF IMPEACHMENT

BARACK HUSSEIN OBAMA

1. Raised the minimum wage
2. Offered health-care to the masses
3. Subversive Executive Orders
   claiming..inequality of the classes

Be It Known, To Wit:

High crimes and misdemeanors
Equate constitutional mayhem
..For cause this august body
Forthwith hereby..IMPEACH him

BY THE ORDER OF:

THE U S HOUSE OF 'INSIDER TRADING'

JOHN A. BOEHNER, SPEAKER

James B. Earley

Atheism At Christmas

..Atheism at Christmas
Exchanging knick-knacks
Appreciating the spirit
Yet..denying...the facts

Atheists and politicians
...Commonality to-wit
Raging…within ‘em
That beguiled hypocrite

15 April for example
..U S National tax time
ObamaCare deductions
Once adamantly maligned

But this day applauded
..Even Congress a fan
Boehner’s tears smile’n
“Barack’s my main Man”

Reality’s song singing
..“What’s in it for me”
Somewhere in the melody
..Resolves....mystery
*

*
‘Tis the Atheist at Christmas
Exchanging knick-knacks
Appreciating the spirit
...Still

.....Denying

.....The facts

James B. Earley

Atheism's Dilemma

Shadows of the evening
Morning sun..all erased
Earth..compelled by something
Revolves again in space

Yet..this escapes the atheist
Though he sees the sun ashining
Just as it was on yesterday
Still...a living God...denying

James B. Earley

Atheism's...'Betrayal'...Come Christmas

Deny... 'The Existence'
.....To those who pray
Yet...praise...The premise
.....Come
.....Christmas Day

James B. Earley

Aunt Cecilia....And Uncle Elbert

Elbert...the fog is thick this morning
I'm not so sure...that you can see
.....Aw-shucks.....relax Cecilia
Don't concern yourself with me

As well you know...this road I've traveled
Some forty years.....without a hitch
Aunt Cecilia...missed...her bus that morning
When Uncle Elbert...failed....to miss the ditch

James B. Earley

Ballad.....Of John McCain

Joe the plumber.....and Sarah
.....Hero John.....was there for them

Too damned old.....

.....Concern in the polls

Where are they.....

.....When he needs 'em

James B. Earley

Barnum Bailey's 'Select Committee'

Author's Note:
The House of Representatives voted largely on party lines Thursday, May 8,2014 to launch a select committee to investigate the 2012 Benghazi attacks, arguing that 50 previous hearings, briefings and investigations were good, but not good enough.

Desperation omnipresent
Obamacare alive and well
....No other cause left to muster
Hence the moment's 'show and tell'

One must admit 'tis great theater
...Pounding gavels...demanding notes
At the end.....but shattered glory
…Bitter messages....karma wrote

Of desperation omnipresent
....Obamacare...alive and well
Ain’t no other cause to muster
Just Barnum Bailey's..show and tell

James B. Earley

Because Of You...I Rise

An emotional moment
For there in the mail
Was a bundle of cards
All..wishing me well

.....A joy unique
As I read each one
Pondering the messages
Written thereon

You're a special group
In a generous way
This splendid suprise
That brightened my day

Stronger I'm getting
And less the pain
A few more weeks
I'll chuck the cane

And back in your midst
Your faces to see
With friends like you
What a grand place to be

Author's Note:
January 1989, I flew down to Los Angeles to undergo back surgery. After a three week hospital stay, I returned home to find a rather large bulging envelope; return address: Robert Mondavi Winery, Oakville, California. Opening the package, I found it brimming with delightful get well messages....all from fellow co-workers. 'Because Of You...I Rise' was composed as a tribute of thanks to this splendid group, and was included in 'A Vision Of Home, ' my first volume of poetry....published in 1989.

James B. Earley

Benghazi....And Other Material Facts

Author's Note:
'Here we are seven months into his second term and nothing has changed. Its been obvious they are doing everything they can to make him fail. And I hope, I hope, and I say this seriously, it's based on substance and not the fact that he's an African American.'
~Harry Reid, U.S. Senate Majority Leader - 12 August 2013

What's up..with Political
....Resentment it seems
Hostility in some quarters
To Barack's EVERY dream

Can't be his policies
...Most benefit..us all
No way is it Bin Laden's
..Spectacular downfall

Those wailing 'Benghazi'
...Might consider..Iraq
30,000 dead or wounded
..Americans...BUSH-whacked
*
*
Cognitive minds submit
....To the obvious clue
Harry Reid...you're not alone
....Indeed the World

.....Is wondering

.....Too

Author's Note:
"It's not about whether or not someone is a bigot, but whether or not the argument which that someone is arguing is worth being a bigot about."
~Criss Jami

James B. Earley

Benghazi...Hillary's Political Cross

Benghazi argument
Seems historically flawed
Simply desperate politicians
..Again grasping at straws

Year 2012 long gone 'bye'
What is..what ain't the accurate lie?
....As the denizens of Iraq
Go on....wondering why

Weapons of Mass Destruction?
...America's cry of the hour
Hobgoblins at our worse..
Baghdadians..cringe..cower
*
*
So 'LIES' as an argument
'Tis fundamentally flawed
..Simply desperate politicians
Again...grasping..at straws

Author's Note:
'The GOP launched the Iraq War - the most disastrous foreign policy catastrophe in the last half-century - and they want to talk about competency and honesty in foreign policy? '
~Robert Creamer

James B. Earley

Beware Hobgoblins Amongst The Issues....

ObamaCare....viewed...as demonic
..Sexual predators..angelic..carefree
Complicity begs to the question
....What manner of Nation are we

Brings to mind Ted Nugent and others
....Demented Clergymen...then such
Vulnerable children yet suffering
...Molestation's....ultimate 'touch'

Complicity yields to the notion
Of the manner of people who'll be
Hypocritical....given the moment
..Sexual predators..de facto..are we

James B. Earley

Black Man's Dilemma

Where would we go if told to leave
This land where our kidnapped forefathers grieved
For life as it once were
And not as destiny's mind perceived

We have no heritage to call our own
Where could we go if summarily thrown
From this oasis of bigotry and hate
Long....our adopted home

Would our foreign kin whose blood we share
In Africa and Europe.....welcome us there
Will they perhaps the least bit care
If ever we're told to leave
*
*
*
May the God who planned Slavery's plight
Declare aloud...our vested right
To this soil...and grant us strength
.....To stand.....and fight

Should ever...we're told to leave

James B. Earley

Chameleon's Evening...With The President

Hapless Jim Lehrer
Productions presents
'Chameleon's Evening
With the President'
*
*
Shifting dunes
Amidst the sand
Hypocrisy's scourge
..Reveals the scan

Of molting Chameleon
...In full view
As only the Chameleon
....Is liable to

Throughout an Evening
....Quintessential
President remained
..Yes..Presidential

Chameleon sought
What Chameleons seek
...Control the mind
.....Control the weak

Still..Heaven denied
..Hypocrite's intent
Sending just enough Souls
.....Forty-seven...percent

James B. Earley

Choices - Election 2012

'The Lord works in mysterious ways
.....His wonders to perform'
Once the process clears the air
..Different train of thought is born

The one who cares is debonair
Raising opposition's wrath
Juxtaposing every episode
...Reveals the sociopath

And expose'...is what it is
...Despite occasioned charm
Within the wily dwells the con
...The sociopath forewarns

There's never been a clearer choice
.....For standing in full view
Nothings changed - its always been
..That choice-between-the-two

Author's Note:
Sociopath: a person whose behavior is antisocial and who lacks a sense of moral responsibility or social conscience.

James B. Earley

Compassion Matters - Even At Sandy Hook

Laws themselves won't save a life
Rules simply have no bearing
But to the anxious soul adrift
Provides a sense of caring

And say to those who've lost a child
.....A wife....perhaps a mother
The pain you feel is sacred here
...We share that angst...together

James B. Earley

'Confused Mind'.....Defined

.....The

.....Poet

.....Subscribing

.....To

.....The

.....Concept....

.....'Atheism'

James B. Earley

'Congress' - Comprehensive...Analytical...Interpretation

'Political Contribution'
...That Congressional resolution
.....To 'BRIBERY'S' intrusion

Joint-session collusion
...Conspiratorial infusion

Inject semantical illusion
Thus..'Political Contribution'

..Ah...Bipartisan solution!

Author's note:
.....And so, a disingenuous Congress, exhibiting rare bipartisanship, unabashedly enacted 'campaign finance reform legislation, ' strategically replacing nefarious financial practices, with the semantical subrogation...'The Political Contribution! '

James B. Earley

Congressional 'Selective' Committee...Resurrecting Benghazi

In the interest of 'Truth'
Much needs to be heard
The relevant..the irrelevant
..And the patently absurd

Such as the 'Judicial' appointment
Of a President.....from the fray
..Nine 'Black Robes' selected
Therefore 'Elected'..by the way

And was it 'Truth' at Baghdad
Or Bush and Cheney simply lying
...Maimed Iraqis..and Americans
By the Thousands..still dying
*
*
Amongst politics and politicians
And the cumulative facts known
Indeed 'Lying' remains historical
Seems Benghazi...is not alone
*
*
So...in the interest of 'Truth'
Let's agree to be heard
The relevant...the irrelevant
And indeed..the patently absurd

Author's Note:
In a letter written in March 2014 responding to a request for information from a ranking Democrat in the House Armed Services Committee, the Pentagon notes: 'The department has devoted thousands of man-hours to responding to numerous and often repetitive congressional requests regarding Benghazi, which includes time devoted to approximately '50 congressional hearings, briefings and interviews' which the department has led or participated in. The total cost of compliance with Benghazi-related congressional requests sent to the department and other agencies is estimated to be in the millions of dollars.'

James B. Earley

Connecticut - America's Loss Of Innocence..Through Lack Of Will

Yesterday we witnessed the intentional violation of that sanctuary more sacred to the Nation's common good than the Church itself. The 'school' represents the Country's future, and failing that institution in any manageable way lends dismal reflection on who and what we are as a people. We are reminded of that reflection in the tragic loss of life we saw in the sanctioned act of domestic terrorism. Sanctioned in the literal sense, in part through public and legislative lack of will to constructively and positively address that pervasive malignancy - death by gunshot.

The critical understanding is that it is impossible to legislate the criminally demented mind. But legislation is in fact possible toward lessening the destructive value afforded that mind, as there is no legitimate rationale permitting public access to the types of weapons as utilized in this sordid affair. 'Gun control' remains divisive, each view presenting valid opposition - a status quo unlikely to change. But frank discussions regarding non-availability of certain weapons could perhaps induce some meeting of the minds toward mutual consideration.

The public also has a role to exercise, not only in prodding elected officials, but in a concerted societal effort toward observing others and perhaps being that emotional support to some troubled soul. The lesson we visited yesterday is utmost urgency.

James B. Earley

Courage...Or Lack Of....

.....This is an open statement in response to the recent PoemHunter postings by the anonymous 'Black Alex.'

As a person of color, I've known the ignominy, the humiliation, the vitriolic pain of racism, both in statement and deed. My years have taught me acceptance, understanding the valued principle of free-speech. However, I do believe that writers..spewing venom..such as this...should dare exercise courage of his/her convictions, and leave free-speech...unfettered.....by the cowardly cloak of.....anonymity!

James B. Earley

Cuckolded Husband

From early childhood
His dearest friend
..When intervened
Irreparable sin

Passion's moment
...Lust waylaid
Friendship doomed
Trust betrayed

Faith succumbed
To circumstance
In wanton heat...
Came child...by chance

Cuckolded husband
..Adores the mother
And the infant child...
Of the mother's lover
*
*
Both mom and babe
His treasured kin
...Sacred child..a gift
Of the despised friend

James B. Earley

Definition of Oxymoron

Honest politician.....

James B. Earley

Democracy

That system of government
.....Where a 5 - 4 plurality....
Unconditionally trumps
....The amalgamated wisdom
.....of.....
105,405,100..franchised
...Voters...who then..exercise...
Their constitutional...privilege
.....To accept it all....

Author's note:
..Bush v Gore...531 U.S.98 (2000) ...the United States Supreme
Court Decision of 12 December 2000.....effectively APPOINTING George W. Bush
President.

James B. Earley

Destiny's Choice

Which road....which fork
Which path I take
Not knowing why
This turn I make

Elsewhere my soul
Would wont to be
That distant turf
It beckons me

The horizon fades
My pathway shrinks
In vain I seek
That elusive link

Ah....the ominous glow
Of a lightened load
The path to love
At the side of the road

James B. Earley

Destiny's Wisdom

....Once.....the winds
Of passion flowed
...Amongst the leaves
On vineyard's row

Touching the vines
With such desire
Fueling the flames
....Of a raging fire
*
*
*
Destiny's wisdom
....Then...rearranged
Those winds of passion
...To winds...of change

A frigid chill
Displaced the old
With angry gusts
....Of bitter cold

James B. Earley

Distant Haze

There was a knock upon my door
…In…the light…was she
Grab your coat and in the rain
Come take a walk with me

So many times we'd hop the bus
To…A faraway…picture show
Days of Summer we'd take our poles
…And fishing…we would go

We'd sit atop the earthen bank
…Reflections in…the rippling…water
Laughing and talking…the two of us
…Without…romance…to bother

Graduation night…A distant haze
I've struggled with…so much
…The day…we went....our separate way
And failed to keep in touch

…Inquiring…of her…sometime ago
From a relative I chanced to meet
'A prostitute…on drugs…she is
…….Working…some city street'

Stinging words…….in that reply
An avalanche…of tears…inside
The pain of which I won't deny
And now…I hear....that she....has died

If perchance…it was…her darkest hour
…When that path.....she chose.....to take
Then…may God please…forgive…the call
……..The call……I failed…to make

James B. Earley

Divine Intervention.....Perhaps

Same people
...Same place
Different Politics
..For Goodness sakes

Long gone
..Yesteryear
That 'Just Say No'
...Atmosphere

Gone the chant
'I hope he fails'
'How can we help'
..Whose thought dispels

...The bitter myth
We came to know
'Gridlocked Congress'
...Is the way to go

Four years prayer
...Passioned rent
'Spare us....God
..This President'

Perhaps God answered
On Election Day
...In that quaint..
Mysterious way

...To very same people
At the same old Place..
With a Changed Attitude
..For Goodness sakes

James B. Earley

Ego's Will

'Ego's Will'...A perception of Man's inhumanity to Man. Penned late evening 12 March 2003, just prior to 20 March 2003 Iraq invasion by U S Forces.
*
*
Not..in my name
Shall ego's will
That obscene thrill to kill

Our hapless youths
..And others
Much too young
To buy....one last drink
At the brink..of..annihilation

Not...in my name
Shall ego's will
That obscene thrill to kill

....And maim...

Yet claim 'that maim' Salvation's maim
And...therefore...decidedly not the same
....But..democratically different

Not...in my name
Shall ego's will
That obscene thrill to kill

....Assassinate...

A sovereign nation's head of state
...Confiscate its resources
Desecrate..its land...
..And decimate....Its people

My country's shame
...Not...in my name
*
*
'No man is an island...any man's death diminishes me...never ask for whom the bell tolls, it tolls for thee.' John Donne (1572-1631)

James B. Earley

Eighteen Souls

Woodlawn Cemetery...Santa Monica
…Just beyond.....the Palisades
Where eighteen souls…lay buried
…….Within....a plot....beneath..the shade

…Of a gnarled…old tree…growing
From a seedling destiny placed
…On hallowed grounds…at Woodlawn
Where eighteen souls…embrace

…In…some sacred…convocation
From a cast…of many drawn
…Eighteen souls.....were favored
Amongst..thousands...dead...at Woodlawn

Whyler....Franco.....Lockwood...Diaz
…Some…of the chosen…few
Of eighteen souls....summoned
…To that spiritual.....rendezvous

With the gnarled…old tree…growing
...Whose roots…some reason….sought
To touch….eighteen souls…at Woodlawn
…And those...eighteen souls.....escort

Into…..millennia…….....called…….....forever
…Where God…has etched…that last...Decree
On....its scroll.....may joy.....be written
...For eighteen souls…
.....Eighteen souls
.....And the quaint
.....Old tree

Author's note:
Soon after the 1994 'Northridge earthquake' Los Angeles....my wife and I literally stumbled across this extraordinary spectacle. Indeed a striking scene...replete with poignancy all its own. Imagine a large tree...its roots surfacing dramatically, tenacles traveling some distance, then abruptly...disappearing into...18 individual grave sites!

Woodlawn Cemetery...1847 - 14th St....Santa Monica CA 90404

James B. Earley

Essence.....Of Solitude

Gratitude....to you....my friend
For the exotic joy you shared
When speaking of an enchanted place
Then choosing to take me there

I saw a spot secluded where
Such rustic charm exudes
A mystic aura which awed my Soul
With the essence of solitude

The only sounds....a songbird's chirp
…A falling twig.....perhaps
And the muted cry of an insect's wail
Some spider's web entrapped

Shadows hypnotic in romantic pursuit
Danced a ritual of sensual quest
To seduce the rays which frolicked about
…At this quaint ethereal fest

Whose drama ends…as sunset fades
To resume in the morning's glow
…Down the lane.....across the bridge
……..At
.....Eucalyptus
.....Row

Author's note:
Some years ago, I gifted a copy of my work 'A Vision Of Home' to my dear friend Susan Henderson. Later, she asked if I would accompany her to visit a 'cherished' place where she could capture my likeness to have as a keepsake alongside the book.

The poem is a vivid recollection of that Napa Valley moment, and the searing beauty of what I observed and sensed that stunning, sunny, lazy, summer's afternoon.

Regrettably, the spiritual haven as we saw it, no longer exist. Within couple years of our visit, this natural phenomenon was destroyed - forever lost through development.

'Essence.....Of Solitude' is dedicated, with love and appreciation, to Susan.....and.....also her family!

James B. Earley

Ethnicity

JAMES B. EARLEY,

American

of

Enslaved

African Ancestry

*

*

*

*

*

BARACK OBAMA,

African-American

James B. Earley

EULOGY TO THE MEMORY OF MY MOTHER

Rosie Leola Earley 1903 - 2001

Delivered at South Bend, Indiana February 24,2001

We gather here on this day, not to mourn Momma's passing. Rather, we assemble as a tribute commemorating the life of this a true believer. One who was passionately committed to an unswerving faith in the Omnipotent existence of a living God. An abiding faith that served her so well during those trying moments of personal adversity. Suffering the ultimate mother's nightmare, she knew the wrenching heartbreak of losing a child. Death became a regular caller, at times, under tragic circumstances. Yet, through it all, her faith never wavered. Not once doubting the will of God, she would simply bow her head in prayer, saying 'Heavenly Father, let thy will be done.' We celebrate the life of a noble person. One who was handsomely endowed with enormous spiritual wealth. A precious individual who touched our lives in such profound fashion. Difficult though it is to accept her passing, we realize that death is a necessary passage, through which at God's appointed time, we all must travel. We understand and appreciate that significance, for death is simply the mandated process in the continuum of life itself. May I share with you please the poem, 'Patches.' An original verse that explores the essence of that timeless interaction of life and death, and vividly illustrates the unique oneness of both. 'When death ends life....A thread is torn....The knot is tied....And the child is born....The cycle but.....A fabric patched.....Together bound.....Though unattached....The needle sews....Yet darkness reign....While shadows ask.....Why is the pain....When death ends life....And the thread is torn.....And the knot is tied....And the child is born.'

Momma was a remarkable lady, authoring the book I hold, titled 'And Grace Will Lead Me Home, ' which she published in 1994. Eloquently writing, she explored her days as a child growing up in her native Tennessee, then Kentucky, and later Illinois, of learning the art of cooking, of working on the farm, and of helping tend her younger brothers and sisters. Poignantly, she addresses her life as an adult, telling of the joy in raising her own family.

Reflecting upon my childhood, I often relive those glorious days of which she wrote. As an adult, my own responsibilities have taught me that those days, while rearing us, must have been emotionally and financially trying times for her. Yet, through it all she focused, persevered, showering us children with an abundance of love, affection, and direction. She raised her family properly, amidst overwhelming odds.

A few years ago I composed the poem, 'Momma's Odyssey, ' as a tribute to her, recalling that tremendous sense of love, goodness, leadership and fortitude which she so vigorously exhibited during our formative years. I first shared the verse with her in the company of my sister Jean and brother Charles. As I concluded the recitation, she addressed us collectively, saying 'I want you kids to place that poem upon my coffin.'.....'Within our home was all we needed....There was not a want for more.....Once grown and on my own...I realized then, that we were poor....She did not 'send' us off to church.....Instead, she led the way.....Through the very life she lived...She taught us how to pray.....In retrospect, she must have suffered...At times in abject pain.....Although I'll never know for sure.....Not once, did she complain....When God prepared that 'House Of Rest'....I know he saw her face....This gentle soul, who's Heaven bound.....If indeed, there's such a place.'

And so, Dear God, we bow our heads in thanksgiving, thanking you Heavenly Father

for this marvelous gift of life embodied in the person of this extraordinary woman whom you so generously allowed us the privilege to emotionally share, experiencing the wisdom, and the goodness, and the kindness of her magnificent touch. We thank you for lending us a caring and loving friend. One who was a bastion of spiritual strength, whose very life was an odyssey of faith. An odyssey she traveled all these many years religiously in search of your Kingdom...and she's at rest now. We pray that you have within your infinite wisdom, chosen her soul to dwell with you throughout eternity somewhere within that celestial paradise, we call Heaven. We pray your blessings upon the memory of those of her children who have passed on before, my sister Odessa, brothers Edward, Andy, John, and Sam. May their souls be at rest within your keeping. Wrap your loving arms, we pray, around my sisters Zelma, Jean, and Wanda. And bless please my Aunt Essie, Uncle Aaron and my brother Charles. And all the many others who in some way looked out for Momma's welfare during her final years. Touch this bereaved family, dear God, praying that you align us ever closer with Momma's teachings. Guide our feet that we may consistently walk within her footsteps...and in that 'Great Gitten-up Morning, ' may those footsteps be-the-pathway to our salvation. And on that last Day, in that Final Hour, we beg redemption. Bring-us all-together-with-Momma-again, in Jesus' name we pray....Amen.

James B. Earley

Evolution Of U S Slavery - Once Of The Body, Currently...Of The Mind

'ALL MEN ARE CREATED EQUAL'
...Declaration's..storied creed
Yet proclaimed the Indian...'savage'
Hypocrisy's document boldly reads

Ominous words..from Founding Fathers
.....Ideals derived mores ago
Independence Hall's jaundiced memories
...Persistent amidst recurrent woe

Of racism..bred...within whose walls
...SLAVERY'S birth its wisdom wrought
Four hundred years abject bondage..
America's INDEPENDENCE..bigotry bought

'Tis sad truth....to an anguished people
...Hostility reigns the atmosphere
Though our bloodlines intermingle
...Why still the HATE..of yesteryear
*
*
...Need WE gather...at yonder river
Embrace miscegenation's historical CREEP
...DNA reaffirms its resolute science..
Irrefutable evidence..WE'RE BROTHERS deep

Author's Note -

Mission Statement:
A melding of nefarious American history, we are by circumstance a mutually inclusive ethnic society of Blacks and Whites 'genetically' bound one to the other in blood dependency. Obliterating 'slavery of the mind, ' our spiritual quest; economic survival, our critical purpose.

James B. Earley

Fellow Republicans.....It's A Damn Shame

Four years ago, Barack Obama generously provided a disgraced George W. Bush, and Laura, travel accommodations home to Texas - bags and all, via the luxurious comfort of Air Force One. Curiously, no such benevolent courtesy afforded Mitt Romney. Fellow Republicans.....it is....a damn shame.

James B. Earley

Fijian Islands

Howling winds in drenching pain
Across the Fiji Islands fanned
A typhoon's thrust to kiss the surf
Where once she walked the shifting sands

Then just as quickly disappeared
Into the sea from whence it came
In the distance could be heard
The mournful wailing of her name

Author's note:

For..... Angie Guridi, a dear friend, and Fijian native, who one day asked, 'Would you write a poem about me? '

James B. Earley

Filbert Tree

Now the woman
A girl was she
Who played beneath
The filbert tree

As she spoke
An awareness grew
That filbert tree
I also knew

James B. Earley

Final Analysis

There is a message somewhere written
Etched in the annals of time
In that message a list of names
And on that list is mine

Would rather you not assemble
In some quaint house of prayer
Instead go on your daily way
As if I were still there

And recollect some thoughts of me
Whatever comes to mind
Then sing that song to my memory
When..at last...it comes..my time

James B. Earley

Final Conspiracy

Mortality binds me at its mercy
..As God and death one day conspire
Cremation I beg my final chapter
Its grace my grave..my funeral pyre

James B. Earley

First……Dalmatian

….Caucasian mom
The father Black
…Son dalmatian..
Genetic fact

Awed the world
Sheer admiration..
A Presidential truth
..The First…Dalmatian

James B. Earley

Gambler's Advice To The Atheist

'Err on the side of caution! '

James B. Earley

George Bush...Affliction

Uncontrollable.....Putin

Author's note:

Vladimir Putin (pronounced poo-ten) former Russian President...current Prime Minister.....and, George Bush antagonist.

James B. Earley

George H. Hale III - Memorial Tribute

November 1987 - August 2013

Delivered

11 August 2013

Vallejo Yacht Club

Vallejo, California

Good morning. During summer 1990 or '91, I gifted a friend and co-worker an autographed copy of 'A Vision Of Home, ' a volume of poetry I'd published. A couple weeks later she called with a message of appreciation, speaking of the inspiration she'd found within its pages. During the conversation she stated that she had a poem she'd like to share with me. Periodically, I'd remind her of the promise. Twenty plus years ensued, and still no poem. This past June I received a brief note from her advising that she and her husband were spending a few days in the Colorado mountains. That she just needed to get away for awhile. Enclosed with the message was a poem with no accompanying commentary. Reading its words through, and knowing her family history, I readily concluded that this was the poem she'd internalized all those many years. Its compassionate text had placed the tragic death of my friend's two year-old son in spiritual perspective. The poem, titled 'A Child Of Mine, ' by the poet Edgar Albert Guest:

'I'll lend you, for a little time,
A child of mine, He said.
For you to love the while he lives,
And mourn for when he's dead.
It may be six or seven years,
Or twenty-two or three.
But will you, till I call him back,
Take care of him for Me?
He'll bring his charms to gladden you,
And should his stay be brief.
You'll have his lovely memories,
As solace for your grief.
I cannot promise he will stay,
Since all from earth return.
But there are lessons taught down there,
I want this child to learn.
I've looked the wide world over,
In search for teachers true.
And from the throngs that crowd life's lanes,
I have selected you.
Now will you give him all your love,
Nor think the labour vain.
Nor hate me when I come
To take him home again?
*
*
I fancied that I heard them say,
'Dear Lord, Thy will be done! '

For all the joys Thy child shall bring,
The risk of grief we'll run.
We'll shelter him with tenderness,
We'll love him while we may,
And for the happiness we've known,
Forever grateful stay.
But should the angels call for him,
Much sooner than we'd planned.
We'll brave the bitter grief that comes,
And try to understand.'

During formidable times such as this, we seek a measure of comfort, some spiritual understanding of one of the greater pains in the annals of parental anguish. Yet try as we may, making sense of the experience remains the elusive commodity. And so we leave that wisdom to a Higher power with an humble acknowledgment of thanks for the time allotted within our physical presence. And we go forward confident that death cannot possibly destroy life, because our loved ones dwell on within our memory. And most often with a spiritual countenance even more magnificent than ever before.

Difficult though it is to accept their passing, we realize that death is a necessary passage through which at God's appointed time, we all must travel. We understand and appreciate that significance, for death is simply the mandated process in the continuum of life itself.

May I share with you please, the poem 'Patches.' An original verse that explores the essence of that ageless interaction of life and death, and vividly illustrates the unique connection of one to the other;

'When death ends life
A thread is torn
The knot is tied
And the child is born

The cycle but
A fabric patched
Together bound
Though unattached

The needle sews
Yet darkness reign
While shadows ask
Why is the pain

When death ends life
And the thread is torn
And the knot is tied
And the child is born'

Challenging questions linger, while life and death remain the mysterious norm. Of the two, I find death the most vexing. Violent death, or peaceful transition? Therein dwells the crisis of acceptance, where the mind tends to project greater questioning toward violent death, than that of peaceful transition. The ongoing struggle I find in that, is in the difficulty of accepting death equally. But faith I learned at my mother's knee, teaches me that death, however it invades ones existence is simply another

complexity of God's Master plan. That spiritual construct for our eventual reunification at some future place and time. And in that thought, I'm mindful of the American Missionary, Bishop Charles Henry Brent, and his poignant illustration that dying is in fact God’s idea of transitional living. Simply put, the ultimate spiritual experience;

'A ship sails and I stand watching
till she fades on the horizon and someone at my side says,

'She is gone! '

Gone where? Gone from my sight, that is all.
She is just as large now as when I last saw her.
Her diminished size and total loss from my sight
is in me, not in her.

And just at the moment when someone at my side says, 'She is gone, '
there are others who are watching her
coming over their horizon and other voices
take up a glad shout,

'There she comes! '

That is what dying is;
An horizon and just the limit of our sight.

Lift us up, Oh Lord, that we may see further.'

Tracey, George, and to the entire Hale Family...we beg God's blessings throughout. Thank you all for this privilege.

James B. Earley

Glass Of Wine

Romance sometimes
.....A fragile thing...
Perhaps...tenacious
...The spirit cling

For in the texture
....Lies the strength
Profound the structure
...The more intense

What logic of...
It all becomes
....Yet..mystical
It is....to some

....The powers of
That noble vine...
Romance...a legacy
...In the glass of wine

James B. Earley

God Only Knows...The Real Mitt Romney

'There are 47 percent of the people who will vote for the president no matter what. All right, there are 47 percent who are with him, who are dependent upon government, who believe that they are victims, who believe the government has a responsibility to care for them, who believe that they are entitled to health care, to food, to housing, to you-name-it. That that's an entitlement. And the government should give it to them. And they will vote for this president no matter what…These are people who pay no income tax. My job is is not to worry about those people. I'll never convince them they should take personal responsibility and care for their lives.'
~Mitt Romney - May 17,2012 - Boca Raton, Florida (courtesy Mother Jones Magazine..September 17,2012)

James B. Earley

Good And Evil

Devastation wrought
In agonizing ill
Of God's omnipotence
..Or..Satan's will

Would...an Omnipotent God
Allow Satan's power..then
Might the Devil himself
Be some necessary sin
*
*
And 'good'....and 'evil'
...Destiny's course
Conceived and executed
..By that...Omnipotent Force

Author's Note:
“There is an old illusion. It is called good and evil.”
— Friedrich Nietzsche

James B. Earley

Gospel...According To Eve

...Might it seem sacrilegious
Should the world...perceive
....The Garden...of Eden...
As.....The Garden of Eve

Where God...created
.....Soup du jour
Documented the original
.....Connoisseur

Caused.....Adam
...To righteously believe
'Damn sho ain't sacrilegious'
.....According to Eve

James B. Earley

Grandpa's Legacy

That wise..old sage..
A philosophical...gent
....Legends...he shared
And wisdom.....he lent

.....A joy.....to visit...
And work.....the land
Enraptured..by the presence
.....Of that grand...old man

Every now.....and then
...He'll pass this way....
Shadows..of the moment
....Echoing.....yesterday

With thoughts.....of life....
Believed.....to never end
...Thanks...for the memories...
My grandfather.....my friend

Dedicated.....to my maternal grandfather...Jasper Lowery.

James B. Earley

Greed...Of Death

.....Might....life exist
Through sake of chance
.....Some odd result
Of happenstance

Or is...what is
...Supposed to be...
Ordained precise
.....By destiny
*
*
*
*
Must then...we live
..To...simply die
From greed of death
..For want...of why

James B. Earley

Guns...And Unintended Consequences

The popular proposition, 'Guns don't kill, people do' is machinated falsehood. Absolute truth is 'Guns kill, ' people merely activate the trigger. The unarguable fact remains that private gun ownership however righteous the intent, whatever its perceived value, still represents the potential catastrophe in the making. The human condition is such that each of us, in an act of uncontrollable passion is capable of pulling that fateful trigger. Such is our psychological heritage.

We abhor our children playing with matches. As supposedly caring, considerate, intelligent adults - why in hell must we? Tragic events, though reprehensible, still represent opportunity.

James B. Earley

Happy New Year

I called you up
But you were gone
.....So I do
As I am prone

That is to write
When I may not speak direct
.....and use
Whatever intellect
I muster

.....To get
The message through
Which is...Happy New Year...to your family
....And.....especially.....to you

James B. Earley

Harassing IRS - And Other Congressional Indiscretions

Illegal Campaigning
...Insider Trading
Who's interrogating whom
...Brazened...gall
Arrogant protocol
Who'll be interrogating whom
Should Karma create
...IRS checkmate
Then who'll be interrogating whom
Won't need a subpoena
..At homecourt arena
And WHO'LL be interrogating whom
For Illegal Campaigning
....Insider trading
And similar matters...
Perhaps contemplating

....Comeuppance...then Karma
Summarily awaiting

...As WHO'LL be interrogating whom

James B. Earley

How Might.....The Reverend Wright.....Be Wrong...

.....The Halls of Congress.....at the Liars' Club
Where TRUTH.....never once.....belonged...
A Nation's hypocrisy.....and the Pastor's wrath
...How might....The Reverend Wright....be wrong....

OBSERVATION:

Of the varied...anti-Jeremiah Wright sentiments; 'divisive, racist, un-American, etc., ' curiously absent is the accusation labeled.....'LIAR.'

James B. Earley

Independence Day - A Black Man's Perspective...As History Relates

July....Seventeen Seventy-Six
Jubilant...folks....celebrating
....Every Fourth of July..since...
Across this land..commemorating

Freedom seized in circumstance dire
...From oppression's ominous threat
Yet.....chose to cast life's similar yoke
...Where its own soul indeed once sat

Annihilation.....centuries bondage...
The only life Indians and Negroes knew
...Picnics....fireworks.....celebrations..
BLASPHEMY....ancestral's point of view

....Again...we gather at pioused ceremony
Oppression...burdensome...as it was then
Independence for some...but not for others
...America....celebrating.....original sin

James B. Earley

Insomnia

Sleepless nights
Emotionally tossed
Caress the line
Not physically crossed

Waning hours
Life still given
Memories haunt
Days once striven

The after-life
Why even mention
.....Fiction.....fact
Or supposition

But if there is
Why must one toss
And grieve the line
Not physically crossed

Author's Note:
“They wanted so desperately to love each other more, to remove their clothes and submit their naked bodies to each other, but it was almost as if they were cursed since the first day that they met, and it was pure torture knowing that they could only get so close, but was unable to go the height that the both of them wanted so intimately to climb.”
— Keira D. Skye

James B. Earley

Iraq Invasion 19 March 2003 - An Arrogance Revisited.....

The Iraq War, another poignant reminder of the morbid capabilities we muster. Its legacy; tens of thousands U S Military dead or wounded (God only knows the depth of civilian casualties) , Middle Eastern hatred toward all things American, and monetary debt beyond comprehension.

Viewing ourselves through the mirror of capricious arrogance, we see reflecting, the decadent hypocrites we've allowed this Nation to become. Democrats blaming Republicans, Republicans finger-pointing Democrats. Fact is, we've all sat on our complicit asses, passively watching bullshit unfold.

Our current state of affairs didn't just happen unassisted, we as a People effectively caused its existence through collective acts of moral and fiscal abdication.

James B. Earley

Is Democracy....By Force.....

.....'Democracy'

James B. Earley

Is Not....Perception.....Reality

Reality says.....they've passed away
.....Is not.....perception.....reality.....
For I feel...a living presence...as though
.....They stand....right next.....to me

Those guiding hands.....of long ago
.....So firm....against.....my brow
As strong and gentle...as yesterday
...Is the warmth....which I....know now

That legacy of.....the distant past
.....Still.....a mighty roar
Memories.....sustain.....my soul
.....And on...whose wings....I soar

Reality says.....they've passed away
...Silenced.....in death.....and then
Perception says...they're just...as close
....And real....as way.....back when

James B. Earley

It Is A Marvelous Moment Just Being Alive....Easter Or Not! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

Whether it is in the ritual of the 'Hunt, ' or simply through custom of the ordinary meal, here's wishing Believers and non-believers alike a celebratory experience in the treasured company of the noble egg. May you all enjoy a memorable Easter Sunday.

James B. Earley

It's A Doozy Them Democrats Delivering A Speech

Ya know....

It's a doozy them Democrats
Delivering a speech
...Salivating....women
Seductively reach

Off fly the panties
Purses and keys
And wallets of men
Caught-up in the breeze
Of crescendo's oratorian
Orgasmic release

Meanwhile....

At the Supreme Court
Scheming away
Republicans...anticipate
'SELECTION'....day

Back-room collusion
Stacking the deck
Finagle the process
.....Double check

Sneak in a dose
Of judicial flimflam
Hijack the Presidency
At some midnight scam

Then....

....Relax to the rhythm
Those Liberals preach

'Cause....

'It's a doozy them Democrats
.....Delivering a speech'

Author's note:
Observations...assessments...conclusion - The only.....U S
'DEFICIT'.....perhaps.....

James B. Earley

Jealousy

.....No buts
Noooo.....Nuts..

Did it....again!

Messy....
.....Jessie

James B. Earley

Jesus Wept

Fiscal Conservatism
Blatantly destroying
Social consciousness
While piously drawing

Parallels of righteousness
To its Christian views..
As the mantra of Christ
..Is hypocritically abused
*
*
Got Jesus in a quandary
...Scratching his head
Questioning the wisdom
Of rising from the dead

...And wondering aloud
'Ought I simply adjourn
Whose idea....after all
..That I should ever return'

Author's Note:
"What an ironic tragedy that an affluent, "Christian" minority in the world continues to hoard its wealth while hundreds of millions of people hover on the edge of starvation! "
— Ronald J. Sider, Rich Christians in an Age of Hunger

James B. Earley

John McCain's Legacy

John McCain.....the hero
...Illusionary.....to quite....a few..
Where Palin stands..John's the man
..Sarah's..'current'...point of view

James B. Earley

Kareem Abdul-Jabbar

The artist..the legend
The sphere in flight
Sounds of the faithful
Screaming delight

Incredible skyhook
A target to make
Man against time
Another record to break

Thank you my friend
For excitement you've wrought
Through rigorous years
The battles you've fought

And so as you leave
May your spirit remain
Forever……at the FORUM
Still playing…..the GAME

James B. Earley

'Kentucky Kynect' - The Political Riddle...Or Bigotry Will Find A Way

....Obamacare
A loathed...reject
Its welcomed alternative
'Kentucky Kynect'
*
*
'Difference' reflects
The ominous clue
Of 'non' at all
Yet 'one' of hue

Author's Note:
In Kentucky, the Affordable Act's Obamacare is officially (acceptably) known as 'Kentucky Kynect.'

James B. Earley

'Kidnapped Child'

Though they are with you
Yet....they're alone
Frightened and longing
For surroundings they've known

....Send them on home

To loved ones awaiting
Loved ones.....deprived
Of an answer to the question
...'Is my child alive'

....Send them on home

'Cause time is still dragging
...Seconds.....seem years
Siblings and parents
...Living...the tears

Send them on home

.....To the happiness
And laughter..once they knew
If there is any decency
....Left ever.....in you
.....Then..

Send them on home

James B. Earley

Larry L. Graeber.....Memorial Address

28 August 1938 - 3 September 2012

Delivered

25 September 2012

At

Michael Mondavi Family Estate

Napa, California

I was born and reared in the rolling hills of Southern Illinois. In 1956, after a four-year stint with the Marine Corps I decided to settle in San Francisco. Come the last week of next month, I will have lived in California fifty-six years. Outside my immediate family, the majority of my relatives are still concentrated in Mid-Western States.

I visit them from time to time. Not as often as I should. Still I think of them frequently, and miss them dearly. Those reflective moments always lead me back to those magnificent days of my childhood, where the whole world it seemed knew me simply as the roly poly little boy named Jimmy.

Much has happened since those days of yesteryear. During the intervening decades, death has laid claim to family. My maternal Grandfather, both my parents, and five of my siblings. Faith leads me to believe a spiritual rebirth awaits, and that one day in that sacred future we will all be re-united...bound together...forever. And through that faith I've come to appreciate that death and dying is a necessary passage through which we all must travel. There is reassurance in the realization that death is merely a finality of the body, but not of the spirit. And in that fashion the dead are destined to live on in the memory, ever closer than before. Within that glorious significance dwells the continuum of life itself. For in that divining moment perception does in fact become reality. One afternoon while exploring, and appreciating the depth of this poignant revelation, I was moved in a fit of anguish to compose the following poem: 'Reality says they've passed away...Is not perception reality..for I feel a living presence...as though they stand...right next to me. Those guiding hands...of long ago...so firm against my brow...as strong, yet gentle...as yesterday...is the warmth...that I know now. That legacy of the distant past...still a mighty roar...memories sustain my soul...and on whose wings I soar...reality says they've passed away...silenced in death and then...perception says they're just as close...and real as way back when.'

I was 21 years Robert Mondavi's driver. A time that brought me intense satisfaction, for I found within the Company an extraordinary sense of family. That association with Mr. Mondavi afforded me the opportunity to meet and greet...getting to know, and becoming friends with scores of folks where otherwise life would have simply passed them by.

As the keeper of the Company Limousine, I was assigned on rare occasions the task of driving varied members of senior staff. It was during one such engagement that I met Larry. From time to time I'd chat with him at the office, or maybe during the

random encounter somewhere along the street. I learned to appreciate his radiant sense of life, his wit and intellect, his pride of work, and hearing him speak longingly of avid love of family.

A couple weeks ago Anna informed me of Larry's passing. I messaged her back, offering condolences, and shared this personal story...that excluding family, few folks have ever called me Jimmy. Larry was among the few. Not once asking my permission, it was Jimmy from the moment we first met. And from that day forward, the mere sight of Larry approaching, brought with it an intoxicating sense of pure invigorating joy. That very presence returning me ever nearer.....to home.

James B. Earley

Last Flicker Of An Old Flame

An old flame
Passed my way
I heard a voice
Within me say

Call out to her
And say hello
Another voice
Said oh no..no

What's done is done
Is done....is done
The Devil passed
Your way...my son

James B. Earley

Limbaugh

Forgive the lust
Of the craving pill
Though the choice
...Indeed freewill

Perhaps the ranting
...Raves that gush
Not of the man
.....But..
Pharmaceutical Rush

James B. Earley

Love At First Sight

A rose I encountered
In the bright moonlight
Elation of the soul
Was mine that night

Rays of luminescence
Emitted all around
Igniting the beauty
Of romance I'd found

In love at first sight
Her response replete
With a radiant urgency
The moment complete

……She in my arms
For eternity it seemed
…My love at first sight..
The evening's…wet dream

James B. Earley

Margrit's Words....Addressing Jim

Elegy to Mary Azevedo - June 2005

...Julie.....Carissa
Laureen and Kim
And Margrit's words
Addressing Jim

The day a dreary
..One...of June
Its moment...an even
....Greater...gloom

Of death...without
A doubt...expected
...Still..the mind
Outright rejected

The oddity...of
God's will to give
Then snatch away
That right to live

Much.....we fail
....To understand
Yet...clear...the role
Of the fellowman

....An intense glow
Amidst the gloom
...Soothed the soul
That day....in June

...When oxymoron
Lost its meaning
...As joyful sorrow's
Songs were singing

Of Julie....Carissa
...Laureen and Kim
And Margrit's words
..Addressing....Jim

Author's note:

The assignment; Pickup Margrit Mondavi at Robert Mondavi Winery, and drive to late afternoon appointment:

Arriving onsite some minutes ahead of scheduled departure, I reclined in the limo, seizing the opportunity to unwind a bit from the rigors of an earlier excursion into San Francisco. Alerted by distant voices, I looked up to see Mrs. Mondavi approaching accompanied by an entourage of four co-workers. Exiting the vehicle, I acknowleged

their presence, and exchanged a bit of light banter with a member of the group. Immediately thereafter Margrit addressed me saying, 'Jim I have some bad news. Mary (Mary Azevedo, Robert Mondavi's Adminstrative Assistant) passed away this morning.' I recall closing my eyes, bitting my lip, struggling to maintain composure - sinking ever deeper into the widening abyss of excruciating grief. But just as quickly sensed an oxymoronic relief buoyed by the quintessential gift of friendship exemplified by the presence of these compassionate folks who in their collective wisdom chose to stand with me in spiritual solidarity during this challenging ordeal they surmised would be one of my most difficult. Often I visit that overcast day, still I see them all approaching, that portrait ever more celestial than before. Some years ago, I composed the poem 'Margrit's Words Addressing Jim, ' as a note of appreciation, thanking these special folks whose sensitivity helped transform a moment of paralytic anguish into the luxurious grandeur of consummate bliss.

James B. Earley

Mary Azevedo 13 March 1947 - 2 June 2005...Memorial Tribute

Delivered

11 August 2005

Vineyard Room

Robert Mondavi Winery

Oakville, California

Good afternoon. Varied folks have spoken fondly of Mary, and over and over, and over again, I've heard the word compassion. I have my own little story to tell.

I've known Mary many years, first as a Winery employee, and later more specifically as Robert Mondavi's Administrative Assistant. In that capacity, I reported directly to Mary. During a late Saturday afternoon incident, May 2001 I found myself at the mercy of a work-related mental lapse, so radically uncharacteristic, so emotionally disturbing, that its happening caused me to seriously re-examine my ability to continue functioning at the heightened level of excellence I'd decreed myself early on. That evening...and all of Sunday I pondered the tragedy that might have occurred. I thought of the enormous responsibility I held in my position of trust...the lives of all those folks whose ultimate safety the Company faithfully placed in my hands. Amid hours of internal questioning and self-doubt speculation, and later discussing the matter with my family, I concluded that I should resign forthwith my position with Robert Mondavi Winery.

Meeting with Mary early the following Monday morning, I presented the letter of resignation, hand-written on an 8 1/2 x 11 inch sheet of paper, full-page text. She read the letter through, pausing to ask questions, counseling as she went. Setting the letter aside, she said 'I don't want you to do this. Take a week off, two weeks, whatever time you think you need, but don't do this.' I've always held the utmost respect and admiration for Mary, but I walked away that morning with a new-found appreciation of her that had absolutely nothing to do with anything she had said during the course of our conference. But, I grasped its relevance dramatically etched in the poignant observation I'd made during the interval. For as she read the letter, she began to cry, and the tears continued flowing throughout the duration of our meeting. She took my pain, that Monday morning, and made it.....her very own.
*
*
During July 4th weekend 1995, I attended my family's reunion at Pontiac, just outside Detroit, Michigan. At the conclusion of the event, I shared an airport ride with my cousin Alyce. Along the way she reminisced about her late father, saying 'I miss him so much. I think about him every day, and I feel his presence near me...every single day. As I ride along in this car, I feel him seated...right here...beside me.' Turning toward me, smiling, with tears flowing down her face, she asked 'Would you write a poem about that? '

Aboard the aircraft, later that evening, I thought of an urgent matter I needed to discuss with Mary. As I thought of her, a startling recollection came to mind. Saint Patrick's Day, just past, I'd encountered Mary strolling the Winery grounds, stunningly attired in an elegant pale green dress. I commented, 'What a beautiful dress.' A broad smile came over her face, and through streaming tears she said, 'This was my mother's

dress. My mother went to bed one evening in good health, as far as I knew, but she did not awaken the following morning. She passed away during her slumber.'

I sat there on the plane pondering Mary and her story, her smile and her tears, and was instantly reminded of my cousin's presence during our airport ride hours earlier. I thought of the two women, totally unacquainted, yet together bound....in spiritual poignancy, that identical melding of 'joy and sorrow...an infinite longing. And at that moment.....the image of my maternal grandfather came vividly to mind.....and somewhere over the Sierra Nevada Mountains, I was moved to write; immediately composing the poem:

IS NOT PERCEPTION.....REALITY

Reality says they've passed away
.....Is not perception...reality
For I feel a living presence, as though
They stand right next to me

Those guiding hands of long ago
So firm against my brow
As strong and gentle as yesterday
Is the warmth which I know now

That legacy of the distant past
Still.....a mighty roar
Memories sustain my soul
And on whose wings I soar

Reality says they've passed away
Silenced in death, and then
Perception says they're just as close
And real as way back when
*
*
I was born and reared on a small farm in Southern Illinois, nine miles north of the confluence of the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers, and moved away the morning following my High School graduation. Fond are the memories of my childhood. I remember standing out in the yard, gazing down the hill, and across the flat-lands. Looming in the distance, I could easily see the highway bridge spanning the Mississippi River. I spent countless hours imagining all sorts of happenings on and about that bridge. I recall the sight and sounds of the approaching rain, long before the showers arrived at my vantage point, there on the old porch swing. In the backyard I see the five fruit trees I planted. Out front, just beyond the driveway, is my little red wagon. And down the lane, across the graveled road, sits the old two-room grammar schoolhouse. I was barely seventeen years old when I last laid eyes on any of this. One of the many appreciations I have of Mary is the fact that she never lost sight of her roots. Though she went away for a while, she answered the love of the land, and found her way back to the ranch. And I imagine...the joy she found in the simple act of stepping outside her door to some magical interaction with those magnificent days of her childhood. She might have sensed it in the screech of a passing car on State Route 12, or she may have seen it somewhere within the shadows of the humongous hills rising only feet from where she stood, or it could have been a random sparkle lurking in the stream

that flowed by the house, or she might have heard it in the approaching sound of a distant train, or it could have been a rock, or perhaps a tree. But, clearly I see the woman, and I see the little girl. I see them holding hands, walking and talking, and savoring the moment, and I see this jewel of a person I'm am so blessed to have known as, 'The treasure of Jamieson Canyon.'....There's an old road, winding...Along the stream, meandering....Romance of a train...From God knows where...Echoed sounds rumbling....Walking the hills thinking....Of the joy those sounds are bringing....Memories welcome the child again.....She's the treasure of Jamieson....Canyon.
*
*
Thank you, and good evening.

~JAMES B. EARLEY

James B. Earley

Mega Churches...'Pomp Mobiles'...Elaborate Statues..Ornate Structures - And Other 'Christ-like' Images

Memories return my spirit to another place and time. That impoverished community of my birth, and its bastion of spiritual strength..New Bethel Missionary Baptist Church - Mounds, Illinois. A faded white, ramshackle building it was. Its stately support - a single metal bar fragilely binding leaning exterior walls together. In the child's perspective, providing a helping hand to others seemed its only mission. That priority driven sense of 'Church' is now long extinct, the distant relic of a once caring past. In its stead a masquerading pretense maliciously supersedes with mega churches...slick oratory..forked tongues...sleights of hand...'pomp-mobiles'....elaborate statues.....ornate structures - and other 'Christ-like' Images

James B. Earley

Memoirs.....Of A Cunning Linguist

..Some wizened poets gathered
For a challenge thought absurd
'Compose a poem of driven passion
...Using only a single word'

An old codger rose..and made his way
To the podium....painfully slow
..'Hell..I have two damn poems for ya
Cunnilingus.....and Fellatio'

James B. Earley

Memorial Day 2014

This Memorial Day we gather, commemorating the many who have given the ultimate sacrifice with the expectation, and hope that their contributions would be held forever sacred within the minds of current and future generations. Venue after venue, we hear empty words disingenuously spoken. We hear hypocritically expressed messages of gratitude from those in esteemed positions of power, whose continuing acts of commission or omission threaten the very future those unfortunate souls envisioned - through collective cultures of official divisiveness, perpetually condoned, purposely inciting the clinically ignitable - all the while in consistent state of pompous denial.

Thanks to the generous benevolence of today's honorees, we have a military might far superior to that of any foreign adversary, yet we stand dangerously at the precipice of internal annihilation. We see Syria, Ukraine, etc. as distant abnormalities. Yet, one need look no further then the 'armed' response in support of the Nevada "Rancher, " where cooler heads ultimately got the better of anarchy's wisdom, postponing for the moment our own possible future. We wonder about that future, where military-style attack weapons and associated tons of ammunition languish in the hands of an anarchistically inclined public.

This Memorial Day, as we say thanks, may we also understand that we have miserably failed those we claim to honor. Going forward, may our concerted lives be expressed in a manner consistent with the portrait that our military dead should never-ever be considered as having died in vain.

James B. Earley

Memories...Of Carmel By-The-Sea

She prays her deeds are sanctuaried
In the storage room of time
..Every indiscretion silenced
Should the tapes of time unwind

And may that prayer ease the ache
..Another lonely night..as she
Grieves the memory of yesteryear
...At Carmel.....By...The.....Sea

James B. Earley

Mitt's Own Millions - A Political Consequence

Admittedly a man
Of convenient faces
...Fluid positions
Changing places

'Forty-seven percent
Just don't belong'
When publicly outed
'I'm completely wrong'

....All is not lost
Beyond retrieval
Choice is harbored
At the lesser....evil

....Election 2012
Begs significant thought...
Mitt's own millions
..What has it bought...

Abject abdication
Subordinated will
Diminished wisdom
Conscious periled

HealthCare..Don'tCare
..A future fraught
Hobgoblin purchases
Mitt's money done bought

James B. Earley

Moment Of Reckoning

Once before
I was in love
At least I felt
Or thought I was

The joy two loves
Would seem to share
That joy was never
…Ever there

Time somehow
As it's wont to do
Will heal the soul
The heart renew

And fill the void
Of an empty space
The magic of time
With its saving grace

Though we're apart
For awhile we'll be
During that time
Please think of me

We've come so far
And I know you will
Just felt the need
….To say it still

Your soul companions
My innermost thoughts
That constant dream
My hope is about

When the breath of life
Is forever gone
My our spirits reign
In that Great Unknown

James B. Earley

Momma's Odyssey

Within our home was all we needed
There was not a want for more
Once grown and on my own
...I realized then....that we were poor

She did not 'send' us off to church
.....Instead....she led the way
Through the very life she lived
...She taught us how...to pray

In retrospect...she must have suffered
...At times.....in abject pain
Although.....I'll never know for sure
Not once...did she complain

When God prepared that 'House Of Rest'
....I know....he saw....her face
This gentle soul...who's Heaven bound
.....If indeed.....there's....such a place

Author's note:

Dedicated to my mother.....Rosie Leola Earley...1903 - 2001.
.....Petite of figure...yet...a bastion of strength...whose very life..was an odyssey..of faith. If there is indeed a heaven..she will own a seat!

James B. Earley

Moral Conundrum - Syrian/American Dilemma

Death...is still dying
Whatever..its source
'Tis the final analysis
As matter...of course

..Once past the period
Of reflection...I saw
In 'Salvation's' missiles
..That hypocritical flaw

For it boggles the mind
...To conceivably rejoice
Between Assad's chemicals
And 'Our' missiles..of choice

Again...we go nosing
...In lands faraway
Right here..in America
Thousands dying each day

Where is the outrage
Where might the pain
Indeed we go meddling
In some foreign terrain

While our own lay dying
From whatever the source
....'Tis the final analysis
As...a matter....of course

James B. Earley

Mr. Chairman...Put God Under Oath.....Demand He Explain

Ironic such mess when the IRS
Simply does what IRS does best
'Investigating lying..scheming..conniving'
...Its reward....Congressional unrest

Whose critics are the sort
Who'd haul God into court
Under oath demand He explain
Wind and the rain..dust on the plain
..Complexities of Abel and Cain

Why spring follows winter
....Comes before summer
And fall just an afterthought
Beans ain't gaseous..cabbage ain't sauerkraut
..What are such shenanigans about

Why the cyclical moon..planet Neptune
....Why Barack...in the Oval Cocoon
Dare God entertain Obama Hussein
...Knowing this Committee's official disdain..

Mr. Chairman!

...Put God under oath.....demand He explain

James B. Earley

Mr. Price....The Principal

The student body adored Mr. Price..the principal
Though.....despising his floppy hat
.....Upon the High School grounds...they burned it
Mr. Price.....resigned.....shortly after that

James B. Earley

My Friend

.....My friend.....
Indeed you've been my friend
Through all these years
Spanning when

I first laid eyes upon your face
Fond memories of which
No evil may detract
....Nor....shall time erase

James B. Earley

N ebulous R ebellions A rticulated

Not the Muslim concern
That's bothering me
Nor is it some bin Laden
Brand of anxiety

Nor Al-Qaeda at-large
...A credible threat
No foreign adversaries
Disturbing me yet

It's that twenty-nine percent
....Speaking in tongues
Talk of insurrection
...Bullets and guns

Seventy-one percent
The remaining population
..Sitting ducks..aligned
Awaiting annihilation

'Tis a troubling analysis
Indeed thought provoking
Second Amendment's angst
Dire message invoking

The very document where
Official sentiment is shown
'The right to bear
...Is the right to own'
*
*
So it's not individual status
..Nor financial condition
It's mandated principle
When confronting sedition

Get your asses to the armory
Bill OF Rights in hand
Birth certificate at the ready
...Collectively....demand

Author's Note: Three in 10 registered American voters believe an armed rebellion might be necessary in the next few years, according to the results of a staggering poll released Wednesday 1 May 2013 by Fairleigh Dickinson University's PublicMind. The survey, aimed at measuring public attitudes toward gun issues, found that 29 percent (Sixty nine MILLION) of Americans agree with the statement, 'In the next few years, an armed revolution might be necessary in order to protect our liberties."

James B. Earley

N evadans...R ationalizing A narchy

Rebels and sagebrush...weapons cocked..at the ready
Were it Watts..wanton slaughter..'tis hypocrisy's delight

..Rancher Bundy...conveniently...embracing...'anarchy'
'Second Amendment's' inherent original birthright

....Compatriots on sagebrush.....replete in collusion
Were it Watts...indeed carnage...hypocrisy..forthright!

James B. Earley

Napa Valley

.....And now....

I find myself at this place
.....I never chose

Yet.....could not have planned
A more delightful life
Than...with those

Bewitching years I've known
.....At this place
.....I never chose

James B. Earley

Nature's Ambiguity

Forcing along
At tremendous speeds
Showing no mercy
For people in need

Knowing no barriers
Between rich and poor
Claiming all possible
Clamoring for more

Passionately sadistic
In torment undue
Aggressively demanding
Possessing anew

Incessantly marching
….Determined…ever
Nature's ambiguity
..The rampaging river

James B. Earley

Nevada

Come along with me
To a place I know
Where tumbleweeds
And sagebrush grow

Where lizards and scorpions
Run around all day
At night the Gila monsters
Come out to play

Flash floods unleashing
A dreadful might
Howling sandstorms
In the dead of night

The place...of romance
It's often called
They're lying dear ones
.....I've seen it all
*
*
*
*
Imagine....the Creator
An air of great dismay
..A bowed head...'Nevada'..he said
And sadly.....walking away

James B. Earley

Nevada's Anarchy - An American Future....Perhaps

Confrontation....armed rebellion
America's future..the 'Rancher's' choice
Armed rebellion's wizard wisdom
..In Bill-Of-Rights bamboozled voice

Seems twisted logic as public policy
Feeds anarchy's dubious plight
Second Amendment's rhetorical glory
Viewed again.....as righteous-right

Confrontation....armed rebellion
Banana Republic's course of choice
..Banana Republics have their places
Simply not under the flag we hoist
*
*
Wherein all this...the Paiute Nation
Indigenous tribes displaced before
Leave argument rest within its traces
Hypocrisy buried 'neath desert's floor

Author's Note:
Author's Note: Three in 10 registered American voters believe an armed rebellion might be necessary in the next few years, according to the results of a staggering poll released Wednesday 1 May 2013 by Fairleigh Dickinson University's PublicMind. The survey, aimed at measuring public attitudes toward gun issues, found that 29 percent (Sixty nine MILLION) of Americans agree with the statement, 'In the next few years, an armed revolution might be necessary in order to protect our liberties."

James B. Earley

'Nigger'.....Analytically Defined

1. a. a contemptuous caste-driven slang, generally applied to non-members of the Imperial Society of the Socioeconomic Elite. b. a second-class citizen. 2. an affectionate term of endearment mutually expressed amongst some Americans of African ancestry.

James B. Earley

Non Believing...The Atheistic Commonality

He died on the cross
...Paying God's Cost
But oh what a catastrophe
.....In the transition

His Church and His works
Seems all but a quirk
..To those frantic in
Obamacare opposition

Teachings died on the cross
..And oh what a loss
A catastrophe indeed
.....In the transition

James B. Earley

NRA - A Public Perception....

Interesting aside: To date, Sandy Hook's grieving public has yet to hear a single response from Gun Manufacturers. But guess what; no 'Industry' response is necessary when the NRA, 'its' public face, 'its' public relations 'voice in-fact, ' is so damn effective. NRA's stated position smells 'Second Amendment' sham, and increased gun sales (Gun Proliferation) seemingly, its purposed aim. (JBE)

James B. Earley

Nursing Home

They frown
....They smile
They sit awhile
And soon the day
Will pass...and then
...Tomorrow..do...it all

.....Again

James B. Earley

O.J. Simpson Jury (murder)

Too dense to sit in judgement
.....Too ignorant....to understand
An intellectual....incapacity
....Too dumb...to comprehend

What sworn liars....say...is gospel
....Never question why they deceive
Twelve...under-educated jurors
Lacking wisdom....to believe

Confused.....about the concept
Of the term.....integrity
And therefore.....see...sand castles crumbling
...Where the mountain....was said to be

...Of those who see....the mountain
Might..intellectual incapacity...be the fear
.....To the twelve.....who rendered judgement
On what the masses.....chose not.....to hear

The following is the narrator's response to the poet Marilyn Lott's query.....'do you feel O.J. Simpson is innocent of the prosecutorial charge of murder? '

Dear Marilyn,

Interestingly...no one previously has asked me that question. Via radio, and television I closely monitored the judicial proceedings from start to finish. What piqued my interest was my acute familiarity with the Los Angeles Brentwood area, gleaned through extensive work-related travel, during the early 1980's.

Innocent.....hardly! Not guilty.....yes! The prosecution presented ample evidence to convict. Problem is, there were significant flaws within some of that evidence. The circumstance of the 'glove' was critical to the case. One of the major issues confronting the jury was the testimony of Detective Mark Furhman.....and the fact that he lied during its presentation. That falsehood was not related to a material fact of the case.....but...a lie nontheless. This turn of events, amongst others, created serious pause in the minds of the jurors....in terms of his overall credibility.....as the defense had raised troubling questions in that regard! The jury, under its burden, rendered the only possible verdict.....it honestly could. Not guilty!

Again.....innocent.....hardly! Acted alone.....doubtful!

My friend, this is my take.....and thanks for asking.....

JBE

James B. Earley

O.J. Simpson Trial (murder)

*Author's Note: It is not the intent to malign, nor denigrate the memory of the two people who died tragically. Rather, the composition addresses brief periods of levity apparent during the course of the 1995 trial proceedings.

Extraordinary talent of such persuasion
…As Uelmen's...analytical mind
A finagling.....F. Lee Bailey
When the man is so inclined

Surreptitiously...Alan Dershowitz
…Of the faculty…at Harvard Law
Looking over Ito's shoulders
In search…of some…appellate flaw

And the bag-man…Robert Kardashian
Shrewdly…in charge…of luggage checks
Carl Douglas and Peter Neufeld
……And his sidekick…Barry Scheck

And Johnnie Cochran….and Shapiro
….Legal sharpies….all perhaps
Quite...at home…and most at ease
With the concept…of courtroom craps

William Hodgman…somewhat psychic
Brilliantly…feigned…a heart attack
Then disappeared…to his upstairs office
Too damned smart…to ever…come back

Goldberg…Kelberg…Cheri and Woody
Every utterance…A poetic display
Of Shakespearean prose…in its glory
…No finer thespians in all L.A.

Then there's Harmon…squeezing Charmin
Just in case…it gets too deep
And there's the fellow…at the table
Who…so often…appears asleep

Forever doomed…to a living...nightmare
Of Simpson's greatest…commercial hit
Waving and smiling….before the jury
…Christopher's gloves…just don't fit

….There is not…an adversary
More formidable…than Marcia Clark
Which leaves one…somewhat…confused
And lost…completely…in the dark

……Most…of all…Gil Garcetti
Analyzing…his wayward scheme

What the Hell….is Darden doing
…….On anybody’s…legal team

James B. Earley

Obama...The 'Single' Political Truth

....Barack Obama....
Authenticated.....thus
.....Fifty-percent....you-all...
And the balance.....us....

James B. Earley

ObamaCare - Its Nemesis...The Christian Right

Author's Note:
"Today, the constitutional conservatives in the House are keeping their word to our constituents and our nation to stand true to our principles, to protect them from the most unpopular law ever passed in the history of the country- ObamaCare- that intrudes on their privacy and our most sacred right as Americans to be left alone."
~Rep. John Culberson, R-Texas - 20 September 2013, commenting on the House vote defunding ObamaCare.
*
*
*
.....Wouldn't it be nice
As disciples of Christ
..Just once their actions held sway
To the Beatitudes of Christ
..Oh wouldn't it be nice
CONGRESS...just once..display

Wouldn't it be nice
If churches in Christ
Were truly indeed God's kin
Wouldn't it be nice
If the epitome of Christ
At least dwell once within

Wouldn't it be nice
If the Image of Christ
....Returned..possessing the day
Reminding such souls
Of the passions of old
His power..His angst..display

..And wouldn't it be nice
If deceivers of Christ
...RECEIVED...
Practising
.....What Jesus
.....Believed

Wouldn't it be nice
If God's sacrifice..
Indeed Jesus, His son paid the price
Wouldn't it be nice
Just wouldn't it be nice
..Should God's sacrifice..sufficed

James B. Earley

ObamaCare vs Don'tCare; Unsympathetic Philosophy Of Christian Right

Autistic wretch
..Just 'Don'tCare'
Until such time
Its needs declare
..Once they converge
And know despair

While in that anguished
Distressed fuss
...Beg solidarity
Of the Despised Us

When crisis fades
And all seems well
...The Despised Us
'Go rot in Hell! '

..Genius within
Man's wanton wit
....Defines the soul
Of the Hypocrite

....Sanctimony
Amidst...deceit
Sunday Mornings
..Meet and greet

And in God's name
Chant pioused prayer
..Hypocrisy's children
.....At the Church
.....'Don'tCare'

Author's note:
'What makes it so plausible to assume that hypocrisy is the vice of vices is that integrity can indeed exist under the cover of all other vices except this one. Only crime and the criminal, it is true, confront us with the perplexity of radical evil; but only the hypocrite is really rotten to the core.'
~Hannah Arendt

James B. Earley

Obscenity Defined

In politics a society deserves what it effects. In this upcoming election, those eight words will define the Nation's future. Search for truth among campaign rhetoric remains the dismal challenge, as most statements are purposely intended to deceive. Prolific reminders of the Nation's Economic plight, and which is the most able candidate flows in every hypocritical stance. The Nation's evils - unchecked spending, and unemployment simply awaits their caring judgement. Both, serious proclamations from folks who have just exhausted over two billion dollars in campaign financing. Instead of contributing toward employment of one of two people, imagine the potentiality in that same two billion dollars expended in judicious relief of the Nation's 23 million unemployed. - 'In politics a society deserves what it effects.'

James B. Earley

Ode To The Memory Of Maya Angelou

Gone the warmth
The smile
Once showing

A countenance
Itself
Bestowing

Reflective passions
All
A glowing

Strutted pride
Her body
Towing

Ah..what confidence
That stride
'Tis sowing

Heaven's gain..our loss
In her
Homegoing

Yet warmth..the smile
And grace
Still flowing

Strutted pride's
Memories
Towing

Musing gifts
Of treasured
Knowings
*
*
Though gone the warmth
And smile
..Once showing

James B. Earley

Oh...It Seems....Just Yesterday

Author's note:
.....At my mother's bedside...just before her death...February 2001...South Bend, IN.
*
*
When raging fever wracked my body
Who caressed my aching head
Before I learned to feed myself
Who saw to it that I was fed

Though she needs my help this morning
...There is nothing I can do...
To ease such dreadful suffering
...You've seen fit...to put her through

May I remind You...of my childhood
....Oh...It seems...just yesterday
Family gatherings....around Your altar
...It was she....who led the way

Now..in her name...I beg forgiveness
...Deemed transgressions...whatever sin
This...the child....of all those Sundays
...Thank You Lord...Dear God...Amen

"The suspense: the fearful, acute suspense: of standing idly by while the life of one we dearly love, is trembling in the balance; the racking thoughts that crowd upon the mind, and make the heart beat violently, and the breath come thick, by the force of the images they conjure up before it; the desperate anxiety to be doing something to relieve the pain, or lessen the danger, which we have no power to alleviate; the sinking of soul and spirit, which the sad remembrance of our helplessness produces; what tortures can equal these; what reflections of endeavours can, in the full tide and fever of the time, allay them! "
— Charles Dickens

James B. Earley

Oklahoma City...New York - And Yesterday....Boston

Ego awakens enemy
In the soul asunder
..Mayhem...carnage
World-wide plunder

COMMANDMENT scorned
...Long forsaken
'Breath God-given
...Is never taken'

Such ironic truth
Domestically lost-on
Oklahoma City..New York
..Yesterday...Boston

Tomorrow's choice
'Tis pathway steep
Life's own sown seeds
..So must life reap

Karma's destined voice
Knows not reticence
...Again..bowed heads
Bought moments of silence

Author's note:

“Everyone’s worried about stopping terrorism. Well, there’s really an easy way: Stop participating in it.”
— Noam Chomsky

James B. Earley

Old Folks' Home

They wait...

At times it seems
Without a care
And then again
Resigned despair

They wait...

Whatever blessings
Longevity holds
Though doubting eyes
Betray the soul

They wait...

Till death
One day erase
The shackles of
That wretched place

They wait.....

James B. Earley

Optometrist

Cover your eye..Mr. Earley
...Now what do you see..
It's you.....Doctor
....Looking at me...

I sense.....Mr. Earley
You're mocking..
.....Me.....
No Doctor....as I look at you
...Clearly...it's only you I see

Some..other..optometrist
.....I suggest...you see...
There's a pain...in my ass....Mr. Earley
.....Just.....looking at me

James B. Earley

Orgasmic Groans

Somewhere beyond horizon's reach
Incessant waves lap at her feet
She heaves and moans orgasmic groans
Her body sways to passion's beat

Pulsating wildly in such throes
And though the sounds are loud and clear
She doesn't seem at all to mind
Who might see or who might hear

And cast some disapproving eye
Or watch in voyeuristic lust
Her silhouette upon the water-bed
Simply doing what she must

To satisfy all.....she's ever held
.....Within...her fickle grip...
I shared her joy...indeed I did
...On a cruise...aboard..that ship

James B. Earley

Oxymoronic.....Dilemma

The 'Black' Republican

James B. Earley

Passion's Pride

Alone.....I sit
By the fishing hole
Didn't bring..don't need
...No fishing pole

Just want to catch
A breath of air
..And reconcile
Distraught..despair

..For in my slumber
Though wide awake
Passion's pride
Fueled my mistake

..And now..so alone am I
By the fishing hole
Didn't bring..don't need
...No fishing pole

Author's note:

.....Just the way life is.....sometimes.....

James B. Earley

Patches

When death ends life
A thread is torn
The knot is tied
And the child is born

The cycle but
A fabric patched
Together bound
Though unattached

The needle sews
Yet darkness reign
While shadows ask
Why is the pain

When death ends life
And the thread is torn
And the knot is tied
And the child is born

James B. Earley

Perils Of Hypocrisy

Author's Note:
'Only crime and the criminal, it is true, confront us with the perplexity of radical evil; but only the hypocrite is really rotten to the core.'
— Hannah Arendt

Hannah's assessment
…Critically terse
'Hypocrisy..the dregs
..Of society's worse'

Maybe Hannah's partly wrong
..Once viewed the facts
The objective..subjective
And the morally abstract

The epitome of the pack
Those vociferously aloud
...Pretenders of Christ
'Tis the questionable crowd
*
*
..Might God..at the end
Judge whether a curse
Christianity's Hypocrisy
...As Society's..worse

James B. Earley

Perplexity

ObamaCare
Versus
Don'tCare

...Conundrum
In the 'Woodpile'
..Somewhere

James B. Earley

Perspective

Pyramids....of Egypt
...Swooning stacks...of stone
The Colorado...a fawning stream
...On some quirky quest of home

And the Asian Himalayas
...Mesmerized piles of dirt
Awed...perhaps...in the metamorphosis
...Whence cometh...the silken shirt

James B. Earley

Polarization - The Obama Legacy

Disturbing factors shroud the moment
..Ever raging amongst the muck
If it quacks and if it waddles
Logic hears the quacking duck

..In every caustic condemnation
And should one take the closer view
..Into focus..strides hypocrisy..
ENROLLING..COMPLAINING - BENEFITING TOO

Obamacare.....'the Devil's plan
....A calamity in the making
No greater evil has man conceived'
...Yet..guess who's doing the taking

Why then...outspoken opposition
..Congressional rants..'NO..HELL..NO'
Why displays of flush-faced anger
...All expressed..disparagingly so

Why such bitterness...omnipresent
..In animosity's cantankerous voice
Why distortions...the daily constant
Malicious lies...its political choice
*
*
*
Disturbing factors hold fast the moment
..Ever raging amongst the muck
If it quacks...and indeed does waddle
..Might logic suspect..the quacking duck

Author's Note:
'Here we are seven months into his second term and nothing has changed. Its been obvious they are doing everything they can to make him fail. And I hope, I hope, and I say this seriously, it's based on substance and not the fact that he's an African American.'
~Harry Reid, U.S. Senate Majority Leader - 12 August 2013

James B. Earley

Portrait

Whenever I ponder
The true meaning of 'friend'
A portrait of you
....Recurs again

Definitions are fleeting
And fade with time
Forever is the moment
When souls entwine

I'll cherish your portrait
As a keepsake of when
A moment of destiny
Defined the word...friend

James B. Earley

Presumptions Of Innocence - Abstract Logic: One, And Two...

1. Legislation requiring 'expanded background checks' of gun transactions criminalizes the law-abiding citizen.

2. Legislation requiring 'expanded background checks' of Public Assistance clients criminalizes the law-abiding welfare recipient.

James B. Earley

Purest Saint

.....James B. Earley...
.....The purest Saint...
.....To have graced..
.....The Earth!

....I am.....James B. Earley...

.....And...I approve...

.....This message

Author's note:

Political ads....and the fallacy...thereof! If...truth...not now....then...WHEN?

James B. Earley

Racism - Just Another Word..'Til Once Experienced

I was born and reared in Southern Illinois. That region of Illinois then a part of the Segregated South. The schools I attended were not as functional as those the white kids enjoyed. Appreciating movies at the local Roxy Theatre required a lonely climb upstairs to the balcony. I've sipped water from fountains designated 'Negro Only, ' and well remember the 'Colored' signs at the rear of the 'Tri-City' bus. At an advanced age, in the center of one of the World's most renowned regions, where least expected, I've heard the disparaging word 'nigger' directed my way on separate occasions.

As an activated USMC Reservist during the Korean Conflict, I was deployed to Parris Island, South Carolina. Arriving in Beaufort soon after daybreak, famished, amid thoughts centered on an uncertain future, I was oblivious to the cultural mores around me. Dressed in full military regalia, toting a fully packed sea-bag, I entered the nearest restaurant seeking a mere breakfast meal. I was met at the door with words I shall never forget, 'We don't serve Colored People here.' My Country had just ordered me to submit my life to protect it, with death if necessary, yet found it convenient to deny me a decent meal in a comfortable setting.

Racial insensitivity, once experienced, remains indelibly ingrained, precisely defining bigotry whenever and wherever it appears. I've seen its presence in proliferated acts of political expediency. Known it denied in spite of the critical obvious. Have witnessed those who claim to abhor the practice, sit silently in tacit approval. Folks who observe, yet fail to condemn are as culpable, I'm convinced, as any committing the overt act.

Racism - Just Another Word..'Til Once Experienced

James B. Earley

Reality's Perception - Minorities..'All'...We Are

Optical illusions...racial infusions
'Minority'.....the construct divide
Reality insists we're minorities All
...Where economic needs..coincide

Collectively...victims at mercy
....Of whatever..finagling awaits
Bipartisan whims..purpose and folly
...Wall Street's Washington..creates

GOP/Democrats tactically brothers
...SURPRISE...the con job's on us
Corrupt dealings literally stealing..
Obliterating every iota...of trust
*
*
*
Beware the occasion..hold fast the persuasion
....'Minorities' dwell in all colors and hue
When robbing from one...they're robbing us all
.....Robbing me.....and decidedly.....YOU

Subscribe to the notion there ain't no lotion
.....No lubricant.....no grease.....nor salve
Once we stop bending over..it'll all be over
...That disparity..between have-nots...and haves

James B. Earley

Republican Philosophy - Idiocy, Hypocrisy, Or Both

One might logically speculate that within a nation comprised of population 300 million plus and growing, the political notion of smaller government may logistically exist only as idiotic premise, or perhaps the cleverly orchestrated exercise in hypocritical theater.

James B. Earley

Respect..And Disrespect...Of The Oval Office

Obama...has his critics
..God knows I'm one
I've also reaped benefits
God knows there's some

But to claim..I've not
Is hypocritically wrong
Still that bigoted mentality
...Steadfast...clings on

In the minds of the many
….Twisted and such
Tormented….demented
Souls out of touch

Though facts of the moment
Stare dead in the face
…Yet reality's delusion
Remains commonplace

..Indeed rising as one
Sanctimonious voice
...Savoring policies..
Cherry-pick choice

…..All said and done
Suggest the bigoted mind
...And hypocrisy's child..
Simply both…..of a kind

James B. Earley

Retirement Address - James B. Earley

Delivered Wednesday 20 September 2006

At

Vineyard Room

Robert Mondavi Winery, Oakville California

I have lived a good life. Benefited from the virtue of many. Been the recipient of good deeds, and kind words at just the right moment. I've known the infinite power of destiny. And so, I stand here today blessed by circumstance, surrounded by family and friends, secure in the belief that I am indeed a fortunate man.

Good evening. Thank you for coming. Thank you for sharing this moment. A moment whose genesis was many years ago, when I was but a young boy growing-up in the rolling hills of Southern Illinois. As a child, I often found myself preoccupied with the dream of one day residing somewhere within the state of California. Grasping the opportunity, I moved to San Francisco October 1956. During the next eighteen years I lived in various Bay Area Communities. In 1974, at age 40 wanderlust intervened. I resigned a wonderful job, and with my family in tow headed off to Southern California in total pursuit of the unknown.

Eventually I joined a Los Angeles based wealth management company as chauffeur to the firm's clientele. The position opened a broadened sphere of social and spiritual influence, as my workplace included the whole of Southern California. Finding myself daily in such places as Palm Springs, San Diego, Newport Beach, Beverly Hills, Malibu, Santa Barbara, and various points in between, I learned to appreciate the intoxicating association of the ocean, its beaches, the desert, the mountains. And in nature's magnificence I found an extraordinary sense of belonging. The chorus of the breakers became my impassioned Shangri La, and I envisioned living out my days roaming those exotic byroads of fabulous Southern California.

During summer 1983 I founded a Beverly Hills based limousine business, operating successfully a couple years. Then abruptly I discovered my dream financially threatened, then struggling, and eventually collapsing bankrupt before me. Devastation was my emotional lot, and I saw returning to the San Francisco Bay Area as my only viable option. Arriving in Vallejo August 1985, I sold the limo, bought a lesser vehicle, and began using the proceeds as family living expenses.

Tormented by the business loss, and mourning the death of my 'vision, ' I launched a determined employment search, vowing never again further involvement with any limousine operation whatsoever. One morning late October 1985 I saw a 'blind' ad posted in the San Franciso Chronicle stating, 'Chauffeur opportunity, Napa Valley premium winery, send resume.' With no immediate job prospects, and dwindling resources, I committed an act I considered at the time revolting. On a 5 x 7 inch sheet of paper I wrote a somewhat flippant message verbatim; 'This missive is in response to your San Francisco Chronicle ad, references upon request.' I dropped the envelope in the mailbox literally hoping never to hear from it again. Just before Thanksgiving to my surprise, I was contacted, then interviewed by Mr. Mondavi, and immediately hired.

In all honesty, December 2 1985, my first day at work at the Robert Mondavi Winery,

was pure misery. I recall thinking, 'My God what am I doing here? ' The negative mood persisted throughout the next two and one-half years approximately. Then an inexplicable thing occurred. I'm unsure of precisely when it happened, but mysteriously I had experienced a gradual 180 degree spiritual transformation. Through traveling the Napa Valley, interacting with its people, I discovered an inner peace, a contentment I never thought possible - and now, I find myself at this place I never chose, yet could not have planned a more delightful life than with those bewitching years I've known, at this place I never chose.

In closing.....I owe an enormous debt of gratitude to my immediate family, and to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Mondavi, The Robert Mondavi Family, Robert Mondavi Winery, the late Mary Azevedo, my Vallejo neighbors, all of you assembled, and the many others whose contributions have in some way helped make this spiritual journey possible. And for joining me in this treasured bit of reminiscing, thank you all. Good evening...

James B. Earley

'Rip Van Winkles' Now Question Benghazi

Van Winkles cared not the arrogant least
....As Nine Black Robes...waylaid
100 million disenfranchised Voters
.....Constitutional Rights..betrayed

And Iraqi hobgoblins mattered naught
....As War on innocents.....waged
30 thousand..U S dead and wounded
Van Winkles shed nary an ounce outrage

Same..Same Van Winkles...now question Benghazi
...Hypocritically awakened..aroused ESP...
'How dare Hillary lie to God's moral practitioners
Champions of virtue, paragons of good, souls of integrity'

James B. Earley

Robert Mondavi.....Memorial Tribute

Robert Gerald Mondavi

June 18 1913 - May 16 2008

Delivered

at

COPIA
Napa, California

May 21 2008

Reflecting here today, I stand convinced that I am indeed a fortunate man. Having lived 21 years in close communion with such an historical giant of a man, is the gratuitous dream most only imagine.

One of my fondest appreciations of Mr. Mondavi was his extraordinary sense of humility. Though he reigned at the pinnacle of his profession, traveled the world in privileged fashion, still he reveled in the company of the common man, never finding himself too busy to pause and converse with anyone who cared to approach. He cultivated that innate desire to reach out.....and maintain...a spiritually unique connection throughout a disparate spectrum of mainstream society.

About ten years ago, Emma Koefoed, my neighbor's 9 year-old daughter approached me asking, 'Do you really work for Robert Mondavi Winery? ' She followed with 'Do you ever see, and talk with Mr. Mondavi? ' I answered in the affirmative, to which she replied, 'You're so lucky, I'd like to meet him.' Why would you like to meet him, I asked? 'Well, I saw him on the Charlie Rose Show, and I think he's a great man, and I'd really like to meet him.'

Later, I related that story to Mr. Mondavi. A broad smile enveloped his face.....and there was a profound twinkling in his eyes...as he said, 'You're kidding.....bring....her....up! '

A few days before Christmas, little Emma, and her mother, Alexis, were invited to his office.....for a scheduled 5-10 minute meeting. Thrilled with the company of his young visitor, he soon asked Mrs. Mondavi to join. What initially was to be a brief meet and greet session, eventually became an extended festive occasion, adorned with scrumptious servings of milk and cookies fresh from the Vineyard Room!

Though blessed with a wealth of treasured memories, this is particularly favored for its vivid portrayal of character...that spiritual essence so gracefully defining this extraordinary gentleman, my beloved mentor.....and confidant.....Robert Mondavi.

Author's Note:
The Robert Mondavi Family invited six people to speak during Mr. Mondavi's memorial service. It is an honor, and indeed a privilege to have been included in that august company.

James B. Earley

San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge of Lights.....Homeless Child's Perspective

'Mommy...Daddy
..Bridge is dancing! ! ! '

Homeless still
Amidst the glare
Millions Watching
Everywhere
Those lights
..A dancing

Yet nary a soul
Sees..hears..nor cares
Those screams of joy
'Our' homeless child
...Is fancying

Save..Mommy..Daddy
And the anguished
.....Bridge...
Just...dancing

Author's Note:
'The light sculpture, which will be on every night for two years, has become a darling of moneyed Silicon Valley types. The project is privately financed and is estimated to cost some $8 million.'

James B. Earley

Sandy Hook - Its Nemesis.... Metastasized 'Profits'

Incremental
Death
By
Social
Design

Prognostic
Reality
Profits
Metastasized
Minds

James B. Earley

Santa Monica Mountains..Kanan Dume

Santa Monica Mountains....Kanan Dume
There...in the distance...and one day soon
.....I'll be on the beach....at Malibu

.....High....in the hills.....of Pepperdine
I gaze.....at the sea...the world is mine
....The beach.....at Malibu

Wade in the surf.....of the crescent bay
...Watch the sun say...goodnight....to day
On the beach.....at Malibu...

When last...I've traveled...old Kanan Dume
.....Strolled.....in the light....of my...last moon
On the beach.....at Malibu...

Set...the ashes...of my existence.....free
.....To live.....throughout.....eternity
There.....on the beach.....at Malibu

James B. Earley

Sarah Palin's...'Tea Party'

Sipping with Sarah
.....Invited.....for tea
Five hundred a cup
.....Brilliantly

Sleight.....of hand
A slip and a sup
...Ain't Sarah cute...
Five hundred a cup
*
*
.....Gorgeous smile
Indeed.....compelling...
Got 'Conservatives' buying
...What Sarah's selling

At five hundred....

.....Bucks

.....A cup

Author's note:
Provide a movement, and a leader shall emerge...rising only to the level....of that movement.

James B. Earley

Savoring The Meal - Criticizing Its Taste - Duplicitous Dining

God damning..the chef
.....Commonplace
Yet..savoring the meal
..Criticizing its taste

Reaping the spoils
..Without any shaming
Situational ethics
...Waxing and waning

..'THE PARTY OF NO'
Sustained criticism
...'America’s headed
Toward Socialism'

Down Interstate Highways
.....ObamaCare
And Social Security
Those old folks share
And yes the Post Office
...Indeed Medicare
*
*
*
Still..hypocrisy hawks
An arrogance despite
..Gorging its belly
Epicurean delight

..Just savoring the meal
Criticizing its taste
God damning..the chef
.....Commonplace

James B. Earley

Season's Magic

A taste of harvest
Permeates the air
Fragrance...igniting
.....The atmosphere

Season's magic
Wends its way again
Wines' passion flows
....At journey's end

James B. Earley

Second Amendment - Deception's Perception

'Tis absolute..

My 'Right' to own

Muskets...Pistols

Rifles...Drones

And
So
Forth
And
So
On

Yet still some folks

Just piss and moan

Deny the 'Right'

..To own my Drone

James B. Earley

Second Amendment - History Of.....

Rebellious..Slaves
Indian uprisings
...Colonial angst
Compelled devising

Legislative scheme
Of self-protection
From 'HEATHENS' dreaded
....INSURRECTIONS

James B. Earley

'Second Amendment'....And Assorted NRA Hobgoblins

Enthusiasts sing

Same maniacal song

..Industry's...'Shill'

Joins...sing-along

Gun rights rhetoric

..Social flim-flam

Snake-oil doctrine

'Conservative' sham

...Schemers..wail

Oft scripted fear

'Cling fast those guns

...Might they disappear'
*
*
'Shill' croons on

To sponsor's delight

..'Tis more about profits

...Yes....less..about 'Rights'

James B. Earley

'Second Constitutional Amendment' - Analytically Defined

1. delusional legislative after-thought granting perpetual right to possess, own, and bear unlimited firepower of any kind, up to and including Weapons of Mass Destruction.(WMDs) 2. adolescent mental disorder, psychotically characterized as N eurosis R eckoned A nxiety.

James B. Earley

Senator Jessie Helms

When as a child...I committed
An act sufficiently crass
Mother would grab a limb from the elm tree
 And she'd promptly..whip my ass

Whatever the infraction
I was never denied a seat
At my mother's table
When it came time to eat

A philosophy applicable
To the errant Jessie Helms
For right there in Washington
.....Are plenty.....of elms

So...welcome the Senator to your table
Don't deny him the seat
Just whip his ass..then pass the gavel
Now Mr. Chairman.....let's eat

Author's note:

Helms, vying to become Senate Foreign Relations Chair, ignited a 1994 political firestorm with the controversial suggestion, 'President Clinton better not show up around here (Helms' home state of North Carolina) without a bodyguard.'

Helms narrowly survived the heated opposition, and was successfully confirmed by the United States Senate.

James B. Earley

Smoke Black...Smoke White...Smoke Screen? - Vatican City

Vatican Doctrine: 'During the sede vacante, the period between a pope's death or resignation and the election of his successor, 'the day-to-day' governance of the Church as a whole is in the hands of the College of Cardinals.'

'Sede vacante; ' that rare moment in time, granting the august body complete authority of 'day-to-day governance' of the Church in its entirety. The election of a Pontiff, simply one of its many obligatory Conclave responsibilities. Whether the varied ills current within the Church have been addressed, we may never know. In the excitement of the hour, one is left to wonder about the Church and its future amidst the moral failings so evident.

James B. Earley

Society's Burden

Should not society bear the burden
Of what....guilt cannot erase
Every soul a soldier fighting
On that battlefield of faith

Through example teach the children
That bigotry is simply learned
The passion will lay in ashes...ruined
With the book of hatred burned

And church pews on Sunday morning
Where segregation shares an equity
Will release God's name from bondage
...Then.....only then....shall we all..be free

James B. Earley

Songs...The Angels Sing

Wondering why they ever met
Was it chance or fate
Doubts and fears..should they not
The circumstance...contemplate

Thinking things through..might it be
That life has made the choice
..And songs..they hear...the Angels sing
Are sounds of Destiny's voice

Crying out from somewhere..just beyond
The horizon of right and wrong
Harvest the fruit lying in the fields
..Where the seeds of fate..are sown

James B. Earley

Stolen Moments

So...long...the day.....so short....the hour
Stolen moments....angst.....deceit
.....Another night.....sooo....long....the hour
Stolen moments.....bittersweet
*
*
So far away...on an autumn's day
And yet...so near they were
Two woven lives...two souls in love
With many dreams...to share

...Memories.....fueled.....emotions
Linger.....poignant...in their hearts
Painfully....they lay....and visit
Intimate....though..a world apart

Once again.....they'll fall together
At...some future...time...and place
Unrestrained...desire...erupting
In a passion.....filled.....embrace
*
*
So....long..the day.....so...short..the hour
Stolen.....moments....angst.....deceit
.....Another....night....sooo..long...the hour
Stolen moments.....bittersweet

James B. Earley

Sultry Summer's Evening

A frail…old Negro lady
…Born…in Lincoln's day
Who knew the taste of freedom
Only… when… she passed …away

Imprisoned… by the hatred
Which gnawed… within her soul
Agony written upon her face
… From the story…that she told

Of a sultry.....summer’s evening
She was but…a child…back when
Her sister…was dragged away…in the dark
…By a group of sullen men

On horseback…silhouetted
Against…a glazed…moonlight
…And White folk...until her dying day
Reminded her…of…the night

When the cabin…in the clearing
Where the slaves called home
Was violated and desecrated
As she stood there…all alone

In the yard…and wept
…And silently…prayed
A vigil…with a purpose
Through the night…she stayed

Returning late…the next morning
……Of a sweltering day
They heaved a box…where she stood
… Without a word…rode away

...Though...they disappeared...forever...
Yet…their faces plagued her mind
…There…beside…her sister’s body…
Lying in the box…
.....They made
.....Of pine

Dedicated to my paternal grandmother, Sallie Virgie Earley 1855 -1948.....who was born into 'Slavery'...during...the 'American Holocaust, ' witnessed this moment...as a young child, and was consumed with a bitter hatred as a result of the experience. 'Sultry Summer's Evening' is a tribute to her memory....with the prayer...that she has...in death...found that measure of peace...which was so tragically elusive....during her sojourn.....on this earth.

James B. Earley

Syrian Charade

Who in hell would expect yes
Amongst the 'Party Of No'
Perhaps Bullshittin' Barry
...To those in the know

Considering such wisdom
...Thoroughly through
One only seeks permission
Of what one wishes..NOT DO

...Indeed 'Syrian Charade'
Gets its genius from whence
...'Whatever Bama's for
They're steadfast against'

Could one possibly expect yes
From that 'Congregation Of No'
..Only..Bullshittin' Barry
To those...in the know

Author's Note:
Flimflammed proof that 'Bigotry' is indeed the blinding phenomena.

James B. Earley

Ted Nugent's 'Coming Out - Black Power Tour 2013'

'Despite success
I've known regret
The missing link
Eludes me yet

Long I searched
Life's still amiss
Until day's dawn
...Disclosing this
*
*
 James Brown etcetera
Little Richard too
Bo Diddley and friends
To name a few

Whose noble ancestors
...Once so maligned
The Gods disclosed
..Kinfolks of mine

'Twas their descendants
That paved my way
....Say it out loud
I'm Black and I'm proud
.....Touche

Y'all join me now...we're all blood you know

'Twas their descendants
..That paved our way
Say it out loud
We're Black and we're proud
.....Touche

Thank y'all for coming.....goodnight'

James B. Earley

Terrorism, By Definition Is Simply A Point Of View

'The best defense is a good 'NRA' offense.'
~Gun Industry's 'silence' on Sandy Hook

James B. Earley

The Atheist..And Me

Peculiar.....hearing
..An atheist.....pray...
Disabled.....plane
.....In.....disarray...

And.....he chimed
.....Right.....in...
As.....I bowed
.....To pray

James B. Earley

The Obama Presidency

.....'Hope'

.....That fragile thread

.....We cling

.....Humanity's plight

.....A worthy resolution bring

...This fervent....prayer

.....I plead

.....I sing

Author's note:
To....its source of inspiration.....the poet....Tai Chi Italy....and the poem....'Hope'.....thanks!

James B. Earley

The SCOTUS Nomination - A President's Most Significant Power

Contrary to what mischievous minds would have weary folks believe, the Nation's stagnant economy is in reality a self-induced political hobgoblin wholly concocted by the Republican Party's very hand, and cleverly orchestrated for its own dubious purpose. 'As an observant citizen wrote; 'The Republicans stole the furniture, then mounted a hypocritical campaign based on the fact the furniture is missing.' Their devious goal it appears; seize Election 2012, and via the Presidency pack the U S Supreme Court. And through that protracted mantra, 'Control the Court, ' - in turn, 'control' the Nation. The following comment places the Presidency in crucial perspective. JBE

'Last week brought another lesson that the most significant of all presidential powers-the making of war not excepted-is the power to nominate justices to the Supreme Court. A chief executive's most ambitious domestic policies may be ignored or reversed by future presidents and Congresses; a new administration can end a war. By contrast, three justices appointed more than 20 years ago cast votes last week that would have struck down the current president's key domestic achievement. Barring illness or injury to one of these justices, Ronald Reagan and George H.W. Bush will be powerfully influencing public policy for at least another decade.'
~Jeff Greenfield - commenting on June 28,2012 Supreme Court Healthcare Decision, and reminding the U S populace of the most significant of all presidential powers - the power to nominate justices to the Supreme Court.

James B. Earley

Three Hundred-Seventeen Million Plus.....'COLLECTIVE NIGGERS'

Author's Note:
'Nigger' (usage) 3. a victim of prejudice similar to that suffered by blacks; a person who is economically, politically, or socially disenfranchised. (Random House Webster's College Dictionary)

Circumstance suggests
...'Twas no accident
God purposely created
The 'Black President'

To expose..what was
....Long suspect
'Supremacy's' cultural
.....RESURRECT

...And reaffirm..a truth
George Wallace said
'Ain't dime's worth difference
Between Blue and Red'

....Analysis taken
To subjective level
Explains a CONGRESS
Deemed disheveled

Dysfunctional rather
..The critical term
And of that travesty
...Perhaps discern

Divide and conquer
...Its ulterior aim...
The populace pawns
...Of abject disdain

Racial animosity
..Contrived bullshit
'We'..the gullible public
...'Our own'....nitwits

Oblivious to the obvious
.....Statistical figures...
535 Congressional 'Masters'
317 million..'COLLECTIVE NIGGERS'

James B. Earley

Ukrainian 'High Noon'

Crimean hysteria.....simply folly
.....A strategic naval base is at play
Putin's intervention..its obvious retention
....A fiduciary responsibility....touche

James B. Earley

Until Now!

The
Candle
Burns
Forever

Never!

Once a flicker
Then intense
A roaring fire
Ever since

Until now!

The candle burns...forever

Never!

James B. Earley

'USArian'.....I Am

Continents of heritage
Africa.....just one
Varied such blood lines
Of cultures they've come

This land conceived
Miscegenation has bred
A modern genealogy
Apprehensive the tread

A new race of mankind
Only yesterday born
Historically no lineage
That strength to lean on

Once they were Negroes
Then Black they became
Decades of frustration
In search of a name

America by birthright
This USA...their land
A soul of that soil
USArian....I am

Author's Note:

USArian; A miscegenous-race of mankind indigenously unique to this soil, 'wholly created as a direct result of acts of aggression, kidnap and rape perpetrated upon innocent African peoples.'

This is my history; this is my culture; this is my heritage; this land is my home. To this sacred land, I have a vested right. Yet, racism rampant within society has declared me an unwelcomed stranger in my own home.

A cursory look at history tells me of the need for vigilance; the centuries old plight of the Jew warns me of this; ethnic cleansing within the borders of the former Yugoslavian Republic wail out that message. Virulent assaults against the noble ideals of affirmative action; vehement diatribes directed toward immigrants of color by those whose own tormented ancestors anxiously sought, and found refuge within the out-stretched arms of Ellis Island; all tell me this.

We are a hypocritical house dangerously divided. As Abraham Lincoln once admonished, 'A house divided against itself cannot stand.'

James B. Earley

Veterans Day.....A Socialistic Experience

Maliciously branded
...Socialism
Merely political biased
....Fatalism

A society fearing
...Cataclysm
Demands absolute response
.....Nationalism
*
*
Veterans Day celebrates such roles
...Heroism
Indeed..its ultimate commitment
..Socialism

James B. Earley

Virgin Trail

The path of life
A complex way
No beacons there
...No footprints say

Beware the perils
Of the virgin trail
No point of reference
....No maps to tell

Of a sanctuary
Should the need arise
That haven of refuge
Where threatened skies

Intense the journey
....Hazy at times
Yet..through the murk
A joy we find

For we discover
As we travel on
Not once are we ever
....On the road....alone

James B. Earley

Wastin' Away Again In Obamaville

(Sung to the tune of Jimmy Buffett's Margaritaville)

Crim'nals in Congress
At permanent recess
On some junket...spending spree
Us in the backdrop
Romney flip-flops
Super PAC's defining...who we should be

Chorus: Wastin' away again in Obamaville
...Wonderin' which thief...hijacked the vault
Some people claim...Bush is to blame
.....But I know..It's Dick Cheney's fault

Judicial infusions
...Penis intrusions
Corporations are people...they'd have us perceive
Governed by nitwits
Society's misfits
Their feet up our asses..still we chose to believe

Wastin' away again in Obamaville
...Wonderin' which thief...hijacked the vault
Some people claim...Bush is to blame
.....But I know..It's Dick Cheney's fault

Lies about Iraq
....No bid contracts
Putt'n money in pockets of deliberate few
Economy in doldrums
Political breadcrumbs
Ninety-nine percent...starving anew

Wastin' away again in Obamaville
...Wonderin' which thief...hijacked the vault
Some people claim...Bush is to blame
.....But I know..It's Dick Cheney's fault

Barack in the middle
Caught in a piddle
Try'n to deliver what he promised we'd have
Congressional mishmash
Conservative backlash
Screw'n us eagerly without any salve

Wastin' away again in Obamaville
...Wonderin' which thief...hijacked the vault
Some people claim...Bush is to blame
.....But I know..It's Dick Cheney's fault

I don't know the reason
Some folks believe'n

That skin tone matters to those at the top
Money's the potion
'They're all garbage'...the notion
WE'VE got somethin' in common...let's fight till we drop

Wastin' away again in Obamaville
Wonderin' which thief...hijacked the vault
Some people claim...Bush is to blame
.....But I know..it's Dick Cheney's fault
Some people claim...Bush is to blame
.....But I know..it's Dick Cheney's fault

James B. Earley

'Weapons of Mass Destruction'.....Defined

Bagdad's...Brogans
*
*
*
.....size-10

James B. Earley

Why

When

.....Stones

..Are thrown

.....My way

.....Maliciously

.....Thrown

.....Only

....MY WAY

.....Should I Not

.....Question the reason

.....WHY

James B. Earley

Why Not.....John McCain

.....If
Nelson Mandela
.....Found....
'Solitary confinement'
...A
Presidential qualifier

...Then

.....Why

.....Not

.....John McCain

Author's Note:

Ah....the dialogue provoking atmosphere of poetry!

1. The poet Al Ramos...(comment below) posed an interesting question 'If we fail in our mission, does that qualify us as heroes? '

2. Poet Dorothy A. Holmes' commentary...intuitively grasps the poem's intent....emphatically characterizing...its critical distinction!

James B. Earley

Why The 'Regular' Black Man Walks A Difficult Path Getting Elected

Holy Jesus
.....What the hell
'This is one of those things
...I don't do well'
*
*
*
Michelle's behavior
Dramatically transcended...
That of her 'Irregular' Black Man
...Less readily offended

But our 'Regular' Black Man
...To the President's contrary
Bears centuries enlightenment
....Beyond..the ordinary

PRIDE...won't tolerate
Yesterday's stance...
The Congressman's 'YOU LIE'
Nor...such other rants

PARADE...the 'Brother' would
....Bet your life.....expect it..
Hence why the 'Regular' Black Man
...Walks a difficult path
.....Getting elected

James B. Earley

Why We Celebrate Columbus Day?

Don't have a 'clue, ' and neither did Columbus! JBE

Author's Note:
'Columbus' real achievement was managing to cross the ocean successfully in both directions. Though an accomplished enough mariner, he was not terribly good at a great deal else, especially geography, the skill that would seem most vital in an explorer. It would be hard to name any figure in history who has achieved more lasting fame with less competence. He spent large parts of eight years bouncing around Caribbean islands and coastal South America convinced that he was in the heart of the Orient and that Japan and China were at the edge of every sunset. He never worked out that Cuba is an island and never once set foot on, or even suspected the existence of, the landmass to the north that everyone thinks he discovered: the United States." ~Bill Bryson

James B. Earley

Winery Nights

Author's Note:
A whimsical moment with 'Welcome, ' the musing sculpture gracing
the grounds at Napa Valley's Robert Mondavi Winery, Oakville California.
*
*
*
Discreet within the Winery grounds
A legendary scene unfolds
The statue 'Welcome' somehow transformed
At once became.....a living soul

Stealing away from her pedestal base
On a darkened night she roamed
Throughout the width and breadth
Of this...her Oakville vineyard home

There was a rustling amongst the vines
As she moved swiftly through
Plucking the grapes….the very best
For only the best would do

And so she squeezed from the fruit…
A bit of the juice and supped
Then satisfied…resumed her pose
Before the morning sun came up

Winery nights are silent now
Until crushing time again
When shadows will find her scurrying about
Bringing the harvest in

Visitors…from around the world
Come sip…savor…and sigh…
Others are drawn to walk the grounds
Never knowing…the reason…why

Author's note:
Imagine the resonating voice emanating deep within the recesses of that Great Celestial Vineyard, proclaiming to the Universe, 'I am Robert Mondavi, and I approve this message! '

James B. Earley

Wisdom 'Sequestration' Might Learn...From 'Insider Trading'

U S Congressional Delegation, that staid once-august body finding its notorious lack of scruples publicly outed, exercised unprecedented 'mutual accord, ' within days summoned Legislative will exorcising that noxious decades-old practice of 'Insider Trading' from inside its own Washingtonian walls. Assessment: commitment toward doing the right thing is indeed possible....even in the frivolous world of politics.

James B. Earley

Wondrous Words

A life.....chock-full.....and few regrets
.....Untold.....blessings.....mounting...
At last...I learned.....to live.....again
.....Twenty....some years.....and counting

Author's note -

Dedicated....to Destiny - for I know....of no other name....to call it! The poem addresses a spiritually defining chapter in my life....one..where I found...an inner peace...a contentment...I never thought possible. Its words.....a poignant reflection of the moment!

James B. Earley

Yes....Yes.....My Friend...I Do.....Owe You That

Whatever the anguish
That grief I share
Any burdens you have
Together we'll bear

To ease what pain
Such misery begets
Indeed my friend
I owe you that

For the joy which surrounds
When I picture your face
Mysteriously my woes
Are suddenly erased

And my pathway seems brighter
Through the mere fact we've met
Oh.....yes....yes....my friend
I do.....owe you that

James B. Earley

Yesterday's Hour

As fate would have it…I called your name
The afternoon....I know...so vividly
A Sunday....awash.....in September sun
…Yet....shadows.....shroud...the memory

You were somewhat....a stranger then
…Someone I barely knew
Before the night had claimed the day
An old friend I'd found in you

Choosing not to advise or counsel
Nor make judgmental calls
Instead you simply lent an ear
…And.....listened...to it all

Touching were the gestures shown
…….So noble were the signs
Operator please…you said
Place the charges....on my line

Often I visit that Autumn's day
Often I see the painful scene
Often I think so kindly of you
…And....what...a friendship means

There is I know....a guiding light
As sure as the day…tomorrow
Which showed the way to friendship's door
In yesterday's hour…of sorrow

Author's note:

With....appreciation...to.....Bonnie Hunt
.....the stranger.....who became...my friend!

James B. Earley

Zimmerman/Martin - Now Facts Get Murky...Once Logic Shunned

Evening's events
Unfolding bizarre
BRAVERY admonished
'STAY...in your car'

BRAVERY instead
Chose wisdom du jour
....Judge...jury
.....Provocateur

Now..facts get murky
Once LOGIC shunned
..BRAVERY screams HELP?
Then fires its gun

James B. Earley